





LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

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

"Made up of every creature's best."

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

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME V.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CXX.

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH.

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WINTER.

THOU dark-robed man with solemn pace,
 And mantle muffled round thy face,
 Like the dim vision seen by Saul,
 Upraised by spells from Death's dark hall :
 Thou sad small man — face thin and old,
 Teeth set, and nose pinched blue with cold,
 Ne'er mind ! Thy coat, so long and black,
 And fitting round thee all so slack,
 Has glorious spangles, and its stars
 Are like a conqueror's fresh from wars.
 Who wove it in Time's awful loom,
 With woof of glory, warp of gloom ?
 Jove's planet glitters on thy breast,
 The morning star adorns thy crest,
 The waxing or the waning moon
 Clings to thy turban, late or soon :
 Orion's belt is thine, thy thigh
 His jewelled sword hangs brightly by :
 The Pleiades seven, the gipsy's star,
 Shine as thy shoulder-knots afar ;
 And the great Dog-star, bright, unknown,
 Blazes beside thee like a throne.
 Take heart ! thy coat so long and black,
 Sore-worn, and fitting round thee slack,
 Is brodered by the Northern Lights,
 Those silver arrows shot by sprites —
 Is powdered by the Milky Way,
 With awful pearls unknown to day,
 Which well make up for all the hues
 Proud Summer, bridegroom-like, may use.

Proud Summer with his roses' sheen,
 And dress of scarlet, blue, and green,
 Floods us with such a sea of light,
 We miss the faint far isles of night,
 And thoughtless dance, while he with lute
 Beguiles us, or assists to fruit ;
 But, like a shade from spirit-land
 Dim Winter beckons with his hand —
 He beckons ; all things darker grow,
 Save white-churned waves and wreathing snow :
 We pause ; a chill creeps through our veins ;
 We dare not thank him for his pains ;
 We fear to follow, and we creep
 To candle-light, to cards, to sleep.

Yet, when we follow him how deep
 The secret he has got to keep !
 How wonderful ! how passing grand !
 For peering through his storms there stand
 The eternal cities of the sky,
 With stars like street-lamps hung on high —
 No angel yet can sum their worth,
 Though angels sang when they had birth.

Chambers' Journal.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

A FRIENDLY bird with bosom red
 Is fluting near my garden seat,
 Your sky is fair above my head,
 And Tweed rejoices at my feet.

The squirrels gambol in the oak,
 All, all is glad, but you prefer
 To linger on amid the smoke
 Of stony-hearted Westminster.

Again I read your letter through, —
 "How wonderful is fate's decree,
 How sweet is all your life to you,
 And O, how sad is mine to me !"

I know your wail, who knows it not ? —
 HE gave, — HE taketh that HE gave.
 Yours is the lot, the common lot,
 To go down weeping to the grave.

Sad journey to a dark abyss,
 Meet ending of your sorrow keen, —
 The burthen of *my* dirge is this,
 And this *my* woe, — *It might have been !*

Dear bird ! Blythe bird that sings in frost,
 Forgive my friend if he is sad ;
 He mourns what he has only lost, —
 I weep what I have never had.

Spectator. FREDERICK LOCKER.
Lees, September 27, 1873.

MY ONLY LOVE.

MY only love is always near, —
 In country or in town
 I see her twinkling feet, I hear
 The whisper of her gown.

She foots it ever fair and young,
 Her locks are tied in haste,
 And one is o'er her shoulder flung,
 And hangs below her waist.

She ran before me in the meads ;
 And down this world-worm track
 She leads me on ; but while she leads
 She never gazes back.

And yet her voice is in my dreams,
 To witch me more and more ;
 That wooing voice ! Ah me, it seems
 Less near me than of yore.

Lightly I sped when hope was high,
 And youth beguiled the chase, —
 I follow, follow still ; but I
 Shall never see her face !

Cornhill Magazine. FREDERICK LOCKER.

From The British Quarterly Review.

SOURCES OF PLEASURE IN LANDSCAPE.

THE passion for scenery of some sort seems nowadays almost universal in civilized life. A "point of view" is an object of solicitude for a house, for a window, for a garden seat, for the bench of a pothouse, for the belvedere of a mansion. People climb a gate or a mountain, just for the view! They ride outside highland coaches, and crowd the decks of lake steamers, for the same purpose. All sorts and conditions of people seem to share in the desire. If poets ensconce themselves in Cumberland dales, actresses and dancers retire to Como. If princes fit up Rhine castles, and abandoned monasteries, commanding the choicest prospects, the "baths" in many a lovely mountain nook are thronged in their season by humbler folk, to whom "the waters" are a secondary consideration; and every summer's day a most motley crowd is tumbled out by the excursion train at some one or other of the reputed centres of landscape beauty.

When the town people go home from their tours, they hang their walls with landscape chromos. Illustrated books of travel lie upon their tables,—always "illustrated." The young people study landscape drawing, and some of them even follow Mr. Ruskin's gorgeous word painting into all its vagaries, and become learned in "mountain outlines," and "cloud chariots." What does it all mean?

Whatever it means it is associated with great varieties of taste, and many degrees of appreciation. A navy smoking his pipe on a well-placed bench, an artisan shot out by a train among woods and rocks, a citizen sipping his glass in his "little bit of an arbour," do not experience the pleasures that belong to even moderate culture. And yet they like it. Taglioni liked to float in her barge on the waters of Como, but could she even understand the emotions which Arnold has described on thrice visiting the "angle of road under chestnut shades," which commands that scene of beauty? Degrees of culture, and varieties of taste to some extent disperse the crowd, when they

take to travel. Some will seek the populous shore, some the lonely beach, some the moor, some the glen; some rocks and snow, some the bevilla'd lake. Each scene of nature finds its votaries, and all the inns are full: the 'bow windows at the watering place, the bothy door in the highlands, the trellis of the auberge, the balcony of the "grand hotel."

We have called it a passion of modern life, for its development is modern and European. Other races and other ages differed from us, and from each other, in their notions of scenery. The Hebrew looked upon nature with other eyes than the Greek; the Roman could not sympathize with the Norseman; our own immediate ancestors would be amazed at us. By the Greek mind natural scenery is characteristically regarded in connection with man, as reduced to order, fitness, and utility through architectural adornment, horticulture, or the labours of the husbandman, and thus made subservient to his comfort or enjoyment; or, as the immediate background to the human figure, divine or otherwise, and the appropriate stage for its emotions. The poetry of India and Persia deals with nature more in its seductive aspect as an adjunct to scenes of luxury and love. Hebrew literature, on the other hand, contrasts the littleness and feebleness of man with the beauty and majesty of nature, because connecting these always with the greatness of God. The Roman, again, was still more utilitarian than the Greek. He looked at nature more with the eye of a wealthy land-owner; or as subserving pleasures of the flesh; or as offering a field for the engineer. He laid out roads and great public works. He secluded himself in luxurious villas. If he liked the country, it was that he might be surrounded by a large establishment; that his fruit and his fish might be served in perfection, that he might be fanned by soft airs, and find soft paths for his feet; where too, when so minded, he might resign himself to philosophy, or discourse with a select company of friends upon men and manners. Untamed nature was to him repulsive. It has been remarked that "no description

of the eternal snows of the Alps, when tinged in the morning or evening with a rosy hue, of the beauty of the blue glacier ice, or of any part of the grandeur of Swiss scenery, has reached us from the ancients, although statesmen and generals, with men of letters in their train, were constantly passing through Helvetia into Gaul." All these travellers think only of complaining of the difficulties of the way. Julius Cæsar upon one such occasion actually beguiled the weary time by preparing a grammatical treatise!

Christianity introduced, though slowly, a new order of sentiment. To the Christian was opened, as to the ancient Hebrew, a view of nature as the express work of God, and as instinct with providential care. The Christian, after a while, could be at home anywhere in God's world; and when the necessities of persecution combined with false views of life to drive him into the wilderness, this consciousness helped to keep him there as the contemplative hermit, and gradually formed a taste for such scenes. In the letter of St. Basil to Gregory of Nazianzus, describing his retreat among forests, upon a steep mountain side in Armenia, we find a style of feeling more akin to the romantic than in any other document of antiquity. But though the Christian recluse in a measure enjoyed his seclusion, it was probably more as a seclusion,—a retreat from the vast evil of the pagan social world,—than for much else; and perhaps the naked sublime was never agreeable to him, except as testifying to his total renunciation of all that was pleasant to the senses. Christianity could not in such a matter affect the tastes of race.

The Northern nations, Scandinavian and Germanic, possessed wholly different sympathies. Among them, for the first time, we find the spirit of man embracing the spirit of Nature in her wildest moods; welcoming a contest with her wrath, rejoicing in the tumult of the elements. The classic mind confessed a pleasure only in sparkling streams, the songs of birds, the chirp of the cicada. The Gothic soul was attuned to sympa-

thy with the thunders, whether of sea or sky; with the roar of the torrent and the howling of the forest. The imagination of the one was stirred by Nature's soft subservient beauty; that of the other kindled at the spectacle of her terrible-ness.

Yet it was principally as answering to his own fierce and restless passions that the Northern loved the wildness of nature; and as civilization in the hands of Christianity tamed or directed these into new channels, his predilections were so far modified that the forest with its dreary dimness afforded sufficient scope to his less excited fancy. Hence it is the "woodland" that occupies so large a space in the tales and poetry of the Middle Ages. And if the passion for sport had much to do with this delight in leafy glades, still more we believe it was due to an inherited sensibility of race to mystery and gloom. If the baron loved to issue from his towers with hound and horn, he loved also the still beauty of the scene when the chase was done. If the outlaw was driven to the greenwood for safety, he learnt there the secret of its wild charm.

It is true that the mediæval man had always some fear of those dark shades, as peopled by he knew not what of elves and sprites; and it is true also that his tastes sometimes took the opposite direction of a pedantic pleasure in the formal and trim-cut pleasure; but still, comparing him with his classic predecessors, we cannot but be struck with his heartier relish for Nature as he found her; and with the greater depth and range of his susceptibilities. His habits of life aided the tendencies of his original temperament. His castle was perched on its lonely rock for security, or perhaps for purposes little better than those of a brigand, but lifted up there among clouds and mountains, the occupant must needs sometimes deepen his sympathies with all sources of the sublime, and learn to watch the streaming shadows, and the sunset rays, for their beauty, as well as the distant mule track, or the winding stream, for some luckless traveller. And if the abbey was planted at

first in the wooded dell mainly for seclusion, and for the fish of the brook, those lovely spots must have wrought their spell upon all gentle souls; and we cannot regard the choicely-set edifices commanding the sweetest reaches of the watered glen, without admitting them as evidences of a taste for the picturesque, and as proof that the founders loved to feast the eye, if also the appetite.

Yet the modern taste for landscape is again composed of new elements. To us has been revealed for the first time the poetry of dreariness. It has been reserved for us to feel the power of the untrodden wilderness, the level desert, the endless prairie, the Siberian steppe;—of the glacier field, and of Arctic seas. It might seem that to us especially had that invitation been addressed, "Come and see what desolations the Lord hath made in the earth." Our most popular books of travel furnish sufficient justification for this remark. Arctic voyages, Alpine adventures, explorations among the wildest regions of the west, or the scorched deserts of the east, form their staple; while again a large proportion of the summer tourists who do not leave our own shores, show the same preference, seeking the moorlands of Yorkshire, the solitary lochs of Scotland, or the surf-beaten rocks of Connemara. Doubtless there are many who feel no such longings; we speak only of that which is distinctive, and most certainly at no previous period has any such appetite displayed itself. It is even of very recent growth, and a few generations back was entirely unknown. Read the accounts of those who accompanied the Duke of Cumberland's army to Culloden, or who were afterwards quartered at Fort William, and you will find the most amusing diatribes upon the "ugliness of the scenery," "the great black hills," the "treeless moors," the "horrid rocks." Yet the great grandsons of those gentlemen now rejoice to possess a shooting-lodge some twenty miles from a road, or to spend their honeymoon on the bleakest shores of Skye.

We have thus noticed a great variety of taste in scenery as belonging not only

to different classes among ourselves, but as distinctively marking different periods and nations. The enjoyment of landscape must, therefore, be composed of various elements, and invites analysis. This diversity of taste must be connected with a diversity in the sources of pleasure, and these we purpose now to investigate.

They may be comprised under the following principal heads:—THE UTILITARIAN, THE SCIENTIFIC, THE ARTISTIC, HISTORIC, POETIC, and MORAL.

The UTILITARIAN is, perhaps, the most common ground of pleasure in landscape. This point of view includes all that conduces to the personal comfort and bodily wants of man. A well-ploughed or fruitful field, a high cultured farm, even though all the trees be cut down, and the hedges, bright with blossom and berry are destroyed, are complacent to one whose regard is attracted by productiveness and utility. On a larger scale, therefore, a landscape which exhibits rich soil and fertilizing water-courses is agreeable. Fat pastures court the eye (especially of the proprietor), and the political economist must needs be delighted with a well-tilled country studded with commodious farm buildings and weather-tight cottages. A general air of satisfaction diffuses itself over the countenances of the passengers in a railway train as it passes through such a district. And a similar gratification is experienced by certain classes at witnessing "capabilities" of various kinds,—water power which may feed a mill, indications of mineral wealth, and conveniences for railroads, harbours for refuge, or ports for traffic, sites for building speculation; and all the various specialities which appeal to a man's business and bosom. And under this head we may include the sporting facilities of a country; for certainly good covers, open country, and a convenient distribution of hedges, are elements in a view of great importance to red coats and buckskins, and contribute to a pleased regard. While again the angler possesses also his own source of interest, difficult, perhaps, to place under its most appropriate head.

We are not sure but that it has most to do with the poetic element, and that, not because of the frequently visionary nature of the contents of the basket, but from the deep, if somewhat dreamy passion for natural scenery which often distinguishes the lovers of this branch of sport.

Manufacturing towns are no dis-sight in the utilitarian point of view. They fill the landscape with a desired activity. The drifting volumes of smoke indicate that "the pot is boiling," literally and metaphorically; and the distant rumble of the streets, and the buzz of voices, are welcome tokens of busy life. For the same reason, nothing is so pleasant to some minds as the perspective of a great high road, and it is a coveted window which commands it; while, as may often be seen, balconies are put out, and the roof of many an ale-house made available, just to survey the bustle of a railway station.

These are some of the homelier manifestations of the principle, but it is certain that utilitarian considerations affect the most cultured minds, and this apart from that moral element which we shall afterwards consider. The spectacle of an adaptation of means to an end; of ordered and well-arranged activity; of convenience and appropriateness, is a worthy spectacle. Man is a contriving and a busy animal. He has all nature put under his hands to contrive, and to be busy with; and it is inevitable that he should delight in witnessing her subjection, and the endless applications of human ingenuity to that end. The Greek and Roman tastes were, as we have seen, decidedly utilitarian.

The modern continental idea of a desirable landscape partakes very much of the Greek sentiment. It must be lively, festal, easy. The universal residence in or near towns attests this. The promenades, the avenues and gardens, the balconies and trellises, the numerous seats and tables in the open air, are all evidences of a social taste which likes Nature chiefly as she can supply soft airs and fountains, green shades and flowers, with perhaps an expanse of blue water for a boat, or a bright river for breezes. A country house, absolutely in the country, would to most be intolerably dull.

Amongst ourselves a practical utilitarianism, which is neither of the Roman nor the Grecian type, is very strong. In pursuit of our practical objects we care not for the utter defacement of Nature if she stands in our way, and seem, indeed,

for the most part, perfectly unconscious that we have defaced her. Perhaps in no civilized nation has disregard of the beautiful in our daily surroundings been carried to such an extent, and surely much to the detriment, both of daily happiness and of mental refinement.

Yet we possess a strong taste for natural scenery, and as we have already observed, at certain seasons all who can, rush away from their homes and perambulate Europe for a prospect. But, with certain exceptions, we have little care for the landscape about us. We only think of our towns as places to work in, not to live in, and break out consequently with periodic and frantic eagerness for a holiday. When we return, we are a little shocked at first with the bald and dismal aspect of things, but we soon reflect that it looks "business-like," and are comforted.

Utility, however, in some form or other will always have a large influence in the appreciation of scenery. Its most pleasing phase is habitableness, and this is quite consistent with natural beauty, nay, may be made to enhance it. The charming shores of the Italian lakes are greatly indebted to the towns, villages, and villas which glitter along the wooded heights, and bead the blue waters like a string of pearls; and most continental prospects over plains, or broad valleys, are interesting on this ground. Similar prospects in our own country are too often obscured by clouds of smoke; or, if that is absent, it is only to display the perverse ugliness of every roof and wall and chimney. Still there are stretches of scenery along some of our rich and populous valleys, round some of our bays, or comprising distant views of our great towns, which owe much to the evidences they present of wealth, prosperity, and comfort.

There is, however, a peculiar kind of scenery coming under this description, in which England is unrivalled; this is the domestic or home landscape, scarcely to be met with, as we understand it, in any other country.

Here, it is the result of our national predilection for home life, country life, and the exercise of individual rights. Under these influences every one wishes to invest his personality in a visible circle of possessions, and to collect round himself (the important central unit) every adjunct of a self-contained family. A man rejoices in his own garden, his own paddock and pond, his own farm or park;

and quite regardless of what may be on the other side of his paling or his hedge, — the other man's, his neighbour's, — he aims at the completeness of his own little home view. And bating a few unfortunate pagodas, or sham ruins, or gothic-windowed arbours, he often achieves considerable success. There is an air of neatness, cheerfulness, and often of picturesqueness, especially where larger properties afford greater scope; and in these the home views exhibit a happy medium between the trim and the careless, suggesting comfort and security and peace, without sacrificing too much of the sweet abandonment of nature. Such domestic landscapes seem to breathe the spirit of our domestic virtues, while betraying something also of our exclusiveness and rigid assertion of individual right. They are closely walled in, and closely girt by guardian plantations that the vista of the "property" may be undisturbed. It is only the man's own that he cares to decorate. The breezy common may be cut up to-morrow, or a field foot-path destroyed, for aught he cares; and we may be thankful, therefore, that individualism and utilitarianism combined, do produce a style of home scenery often so delightful and unique, and of which even the passing traveller may obtain now and then a refreshing glimpse.

The SCIENTIFIC aspect of landscape ascends from the utilitarian into higher tracts of thought. There are few, therefore, in comparison who are competent to derive pleasure from this point of view. It is, however, a source of interest growing in importance and daily enlisting more votaries.

The geographical relations of landscape come under this head: those circumstances which indicate its whereabouts on the face of the globe, which associate it with known characteristics of the region to which it belongs, and which illustrate its physical conditions. Much interest is derived from recognizing in this manner distinctive peculiarities of climate, soil, and in what is called orography, the arrangement of the mountain masses; the course and character of rivers, and the like; and the adaptation of all to the specialities of its flora and fauna, and to the wants of its human inhabitants.

But science can open yet richer veins of thought. Let us imagine ourselves standing by the side of a Humboldt, and we shall easily perceive how potent may be the spell. The disclosure of the phys-

ical conditions, relations, and interactions of what we see, as a portion of the vast system of Nature reveals a new world to us. From the clouds above our heads, to the deep buried strata beneath our feet, everything assumes a new import. The clouds, with their varied heights and conformations; the winds which bear them along; the rains they carry or disperse, and their stores of lightning; the mountain ranges where all the phenomena of geological action are set in motion before us, and the everlasting hills begin to move as in a slow dance of unnumbered ages; the upheavals and depressions; the tidal beat and wash of vanished oceans; the furnace heat of hidden flame, or its bursting fury; the tortuous grinding of the glacier, and the riving of frost; the wear and tear of rivers; the accumulation or draining of lakes; each of these is a revelation under the finger of science. Under the same guidance, vegetation arrays itself in its appropriate climatic zones, and in countless orders and degrees, till to our unsealed eyes every unsuspected corner discloses its separate marvel. The very soil becomes pregnant with significance. Every boulder stone speaks a history, and the gleam of metallic ore betrays dark secrets of the rocks. Nor does animal life partake less of the same discriminating glance. Air, earth, and water crowd with genera and species, summoned into light as by an enchanter's wand, and coming to be named anew; while air, earth, and water themselves become but one vast and vital whole; a system of powers, a dissolving view of ordered change; a portion of the sublime and universal cosmos.

Such enlargement of view it is in the power of science to bestow. And though there are few Humboldts to survey all nature with an equal eye, there are many who in some one line of scientific pursuit enjoy a special gift of vision. The geologist with his hammer; the botanist with his vasculum; the entomologist with his net; the conchologist with his dredging apparatus; the meteorologist with his barometer; these, and many more, walk abroad with a wondrous enhancement of perception — a microscopic intensity — which, while it reveals so many hidden treasures of detail, need not prevent the comprehension of its unity.

The source of interest in landscape, which we have placed next in order, is the ARTISTIC. It may be the peculiar province of the artist to appreciate this; but numbers are vividly susceptible to its

influence who may have never touched a pencil or a brush, and who may have never analyzed the cause of their enjoyment.

It is due to an innate pleasure in the Forms or Shapes of things; in the disposition of Light and Shadow; and in the qualities and arrangement of Colour. It is evident that landscape affords a large field for the expatiation and delight of this art-faculty. The pleasure derived from form may be traced to three chief constituents — Character of line, Combination and Opposition of lines, and Proportion of parts. In all three the satisfaction is due in great measure to exact mathematical relations, of which the mind may be unconscious, but which please because a harmony or relation is felt, although its precise nature may not be understood. Musical sounds possess similar profound relations, and penetrate our being because exact numerical relation pervades all things. But our delight in form is further enhanced by its symbolic expressiveness. Lines and shapes and proportions are all felt to be inextricably associated with ideas. They utter a language which immediately awakens sensations. Lines of peculiar beauty or forcibleness; lines diverse and opposed, and yet combining; parts related, yet differing, please the mind from their symbolic significance. They are truths in hieroglyphic, and we rejoice in the apt expressiveness of the symbol. This also may be felt rather than explained. We do not say to ourselves that such a line or shape is expressive of such a truth; — that the curved line is suggestive of softness and flexibility; and the straight line of rigidity, strength, and directness; but we feel it by virtue of the analogies between spirit and matter which pervade all nature; and because matter and mind are run together in the same mould, — the one everlastingly answering to, and the exponent of, the other.

All objects in nature are full of expressiveness in line and proportion — every leaf, flower, and pebble — but landscape offers the larger and richer field. In tree stems and branches abides an infinite variety; and mountain outlines, clean cut against a pure sky, present very choice examples of lines exquisite in their own immediate contour, and of lines opposed, or in combination. Quality of line is found in each separate member; a precipice in profile often yields a line of remarkable elegance; and for combination compare the long slope of the hill as

it falls away backward with the straight precipitous front of the same, and it will generally present an example of expressive construction. Take such a range as that of the Oberland as seen from Berne, or of the Pennine Alps from the top of the Gemmi; their lines are thrown up, as it were, one against another in splendid combination, like tossing waves congealed. Analyze their forms, and the nobleness of mountain outline will be apparent. The interior rifts and cleavages of mountains are also full of picturesque sweeps and breaks; but Mr. Ruskin was the first to point out the peculiar beauty of the lines of *débris*, or of mountain flank as it descends into the valley; this he ingeniously compares to the profile of a bird's wing, than which there is scarcely anything more elegant, composed as it is in most refined proportions of the straight and the curved; elements which must enter more or less into the composition of every choice line.

The interlacing lines of successive ranges of hills or distances, from the foreground to the horizon, are often exceedingly picturesque; and the contrast afforded by the dead flat lines of a lake, or of the sea, cutting sharp against the shore, is always highly effective. In continental scenery the valleys are often of this flat character, instead of being rounded like the bottom of a bowl, as in our own smaller landscapes; and the expanse of a continental plain garnished by mountains, is striking from the contrast between the tossed and soaring lines above, and the level lines below.

The nearer landscape affords this sort of beauty in abundance; rocks, crags, crumbling banks, old trees, and old cottages, present the richest combinations of line; and particularly the interlacing boughs and stems of trees, render woodland scenery in winter often perfectly captivating to the instructed eye. Our Welsh valleys, and many pleasing bits of English rural scenery owe their charm to the same endless complexity; a quality of which our artists are well aware, and encamp about them summer after summer with amusing pertinacity.

Light and Shadow derive their pictorial value from the same qualities of contour and proportion, of which we have just been speaking. Shadows present themselves primarily as variously shaped patches, distributed upon an object, or throughout a landscape; exhibiting, therefore, simply in their *forms*, certain relations and proportions interesting and sat-

isfactory in themselves. But shadow assumes a more important office in defining and relieving objects, and nothing "tells" with greater effect in scenery. It is this which renders the presence of sunshine (without which there is no shadow) so valuable; everything shows with a bright and a dark side, and stands out from its neighbour. And this is why a landscape looks so much better either at morning or evening, for then the light is lower and the shadows longer, throwing out every feature in the strongest relief; so giving variety and boldness to the mountain side or face of rock, and making every tree, cottage, or stone of value, in virtue of its own particular shadow. And it is this which renders the effect of our April or October skies so delightful; streams of shadow are coursing over our landscapes, and not only diversifying their often tame surfaces by alternate bands of light and dark, but cutting out features otherwise undistinguishable; separating the heights, distances, and particular objects,—now a tract of wood is dipped in deepest purple; now a hill stands boldly out; and now a building or a tree is printed off black against a sunlit background, or shines in silver upon a distant darkness.

Mountains owe their most magnificent effects to shadows which pour into their chasms and flood their abysses, block out their large proportions, and sculpture their details in wonderful and sharp relief. Particularly to be admired are the shadows among the Alpine snows, so delicate, yet so defined, and carrying a tender tint which defies imitation. But the mention of tint to which all shadow is much indebted for its beauty, leads us to our next element of the picturesque in landscape, namely—

Colour. The charms of colour are revealed to most eyes, yet not perhaps in the harmonies and subdued tones which so deliciously adorn the scenery of nature. Colours are affected by various circumstances—by Opposition, by Combination, by Shadow, Reflection, Transparency, Distance, and Atmosphere, and for all these influences landscape affords the fullest scope. Opposition of colours must be always sparing, and concentrated chiefly into vivid specks. Nature gives us these in flowers, insects, and bright threads of cloud, in an occasionally richly-coloured rock, or autumnal-tinted tree. But she is principally indebted to the works and ways of man in this respect, not so much in this country as almost everywhere

abroad, where the taste for colour displayed in booths, and in dresses of the peasantry, bright with scarlet and blue, and the habit in rural districts of suspending coloured mattresses from the windows, add wondrously to the effect of continental scenery. Here our artists strive desperately to retain the tattered red cloak of the invaluable old woman, but it will soon be too antiquated for use. They may be thankful if the modern red petticoat survives. Poppies by the hedge side in this strait are a great resource, lichens upon a rock or roof, and even a red jug or tile to counteract our plenitude of greens. By colours in combination, we mean that rich harmonious blending of the various tints and tones which natural objects display in such abundance. Rock scenery for its greys, Scottish moors for their purples, autumn woodlands for their browns, all exhibit this harmony of colours, while a still more excellent harmony is produced by the tender admixture of various brighter and even opposing colours, refined by distance into one indescribable glow of colour. A hill side lit up by a sun-gleam often exhibits this delightful intermingling of various tints due to the bush, and heather, and sunburnt grass, and gorse, broken rock, and soil, which are, as it were, poured over its surface in molten streams.

Shadow and Reflection, however, are important agents in blending and diffusing varieties of tint. Shadow breaks into the midst of colour with cool darks, where still the original tints are seen obscurely mingling, while again it prepares the way for reflections which strike rich colours into the gloom, and illumine it as with a hidden glow. These effects are often excellently seen among buildings, old walls, and rocks, upon the bosom of still water, and where careering clouds fleck with shade the glacier and the snow-field.

Transparency is noted for the lustre it bestows on colour. The sun shining through a roof of leaves, as in a wood, or beneath the trellised vines of the south, produces a golden green under which it is delightful to repose, and the exquisite glancing and tremulous colours which play among the waters of shallow shores, often draw forth exclamations of delight. Who that has seen the glowing topaz tints of Scotch or Yorkshire streams or the amethyst of Italian lakes, but will admit the beauty of transparency?

But Distance lends the highest enchantment to the view. Gradation is a

charm of great refinement, and from the foreground to the horizon, colour is graduated on a scale of infinite delicacy. The breaks in a landscape caused by ranges of successive elevation sometimes involve the gradation in a marked series of steps, rendering the effect of distance upon colour more obvious; while sometimes, as in the vast continental plains, the eye wanders delighted over the vanishing expanse. The tender blues and purples of distant mountains are full of loveliness, as are the soft receding azure of a sea prospect, and the upward reverse deepening of the sky-tints from the horizon to the zenith. The colours of distance always clear, bright, distinct, and yet soft, often defy analysis, and confound imitation. Atmosphere is in most respects only another name for Distance, but it may be classed separately for the effect it produces when it becomes a coloured medium. Two conditions of this sort are very noticeable, where it is suffused with yellow sun rays, as at morning, and more especially evening time, glorifying the entire face of nature; and, when following sunset, that crimson "afterglow" so well known to Alpine travellers, touches all the rocks with fire, and tinges the snow peaks with colours of the rose.

We have thus reviewed with as much condensation as the nature of the subject would allow, the various elements of the pure picturesque in natural scenery; that is to say, so far as it depends upon visible shape and colour—so far as the art-faculty alone is concerned. Something will be gained if any are induced thereby to look for beauties of which they may have been previously unaware; they will find a new and interesting field of observation open to them, and a pleasure which will never pall.

The HISTORIC phase of landscape now demands our attention. Landscape delights not only as the present habitation of man, but as the scene of his bygone exploits, as moulded and modified by the hands of many generations, and as an element in the formation of national character. Of this kind of interest the most vivid and universal is the personal, that which is connected with individual history. No one revisits the scenes of his boyhood or youth without being more or less strongly affected with this feeling. The familiar stile and footpath, the turn of the road, the church tower, the clump of elm or oak, the outline of the sheltering brow, each adds a thrill to his enjoy-

ment. They are part of his long-lost self, they may have been carried in his mind's eye for many a year, and have visited him in vision under far-away tropics. The landscape to his eye is not what it is to other eyes, for all the soil is sacred. There are few poets who have not dwelt upon the theme, and to it we have been indebted for the most charming of their poems. It is a mood with which Nature loves to sympathize; she fosters it with her mild and quiet lights, her evening or autumnal tints, the whisper of her leaves, the ripple of her streams, the soft reverberations she gives to distant sounds of cattle on the hill, or children's voices on the green; in the dream-like stillness she often breathes about her—

How soft the music of those village bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet; now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still
Clear, and sonorous, as the gale comes on;
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory sleeps.

This influence of old memories deepens apparently as the features of nature with which it is associated are the more impressive. It seems to be most powerful with inhabitants of mountainous countries. The native valley is like no other valley. Its green seclusion is the one refuge which the heart seeks during all its straits and toils—cares and woes are fondly supposed never to have entered there. It is just a quiet corner of the veritable paradise; and its guardian mountains are recognized with rapture by the returning wanderer on the far-away horizon, and trod with bounding footsteps. This sentiment of personal attachment has many deep and sacred sources. It is connected with the sanctities of home; with early loves and friendships; with aspirations and projects; self-communings and dedications; it is interwoven with the history of the soul. And we are apt to believe that without having experienced this early intercourse with Nature, she is never fully understood or appreciated. The born inhabitant of cities may indeed enjoy with a very keen relish his occasional runs into the country, but it is short-lived. It is principally the force of contrast which strikes him. There can be no appeal to his inner man, no delicate vibration of the chords of memory, no associations mysteriously awakened by casual sights and sounds speaking to him as voices in a dream. Nature has never been his

childhood's toy-house, and he can bring to her nothing therefore of the affection of a child.

But we must turn to the wider scope of history properly so-called, and our first remark is the connection which may be traced between character of scenery, and the character and development of national life. It is impossible not to recognize this connection. Egyptian life and Greek life, Swiss life and Dutch life, the life of England and of Italy, are all intimately coloured by their respective landscapes. In each instance the race has breathed in more senses than one its own atmosphere; it has shown itself the child of its soil, the inheritor of its spirit. It is as if Nature had received impersonation there in humanity; or as if man caught in each case the mood and temper of his foster-mother. In the ancient Egyptian we see, as in a glass reflected, the solemn, stern, and rigid features of his landscape—rock and sand, the eternally flowing river—life of every kind narrowed and bounded by implacable and barren death. And so he piled his pyramids as for eternity, and built himself round with tombs, and gave to his sculpture the repose of shrouded death. The Greek was surrounded by what has been well described as a "joyous chorus of mountains," and he stood up and shouted with all his buoyant heart in return. His active body and agile mind responded well to the bright alternating character of his scenery—now the blue dancing sea, now the grove and plain, now the stream and thymy hill. There was nothing to quell or deject, but everything to stimulate energy, and inspire the breast.

In the narrow and lofty valleys of Switzerland and Tyrol, threatened by some of the most tremendous powers of Nature, we find a people awestruck by superstitions, and partaking of the sternness of their mountain storms; high courage as befits those who are neighbours to the avalanche, and capable of precipitating themselves upon their foes with like resistless impetus. In the flats of Holland a people dwell who pursue their affairs, as they plod along their roads, with level and persistent energy, while the rough baptism of ocean spray gives them nerves of iron. The ordinary English character is unromantic,—exactly a counterpart to the tame but eminently serviceable scenery. England like Greece is the world in little. Not equal to Greece in beauty, every tool and store is provided ready to hand for the

workshop. The sentimental weakness and excitability of southern continental nations seem not a little dependent upon the charms of nature by which they are surrounded. True, the influence of climate and scenery upon national character has been often exaggerated, to the neglect of qualities of race and of moral training; but the curious parallelisms between the character of a landscape and that of its inhabitants are nevertheless sufficiently apparent to afford matter of much interest to the traveller. There is, however, another aspect of the same subject, and that is the association of landscape with national development.

A landscape appears not only redolent of the character of a people but of its history. Its geographical relations are the first in order. We have already touched upon them as forming part of the scientific aspect of landscape; but they have also an historical bearing, when we consider how the physical conformations have restrained, directed, or encouraged the peculiar activities of a people; how mountains have secluded or protected them; deserts served as a wall of brass; the sea become their defence and highway; rivers their great arteries of communication and traffic; fruitful plains and valleys the hives of their industry. All such points displayed in any prospect add to it a very intelligent interest, and suggest at a glance the history with which it is connected.

But there are traces of that history, and indications of its course spread all over its surface. The most obvious of these are the ruined buildings, and other remains of which most old countries are full. These are as a writing which each family of man has left upon the walls of its house; venerable and expressive characters, which time and the new occupants are blotting out year by year. But they are pregnant with meaning; and through them the silent scenery seems to fill with the murmurs of its dead generations. The obelisks and façades of the Nile valley; the columns and pedestals of Greece and Italy; the broken walls of the Rhine castles—are all instances of this breathing of history over a landscape. How many of our own landscapes are dignified and enriched by the grey abbey walls which glimmer among the trees, or by the castle turret, peering over the valley! And how much interest is added to the view as we learn that Cromwell in person battered the one, or that William Rufus lay dead at the other!

The more extensive indications of national activity exhibited in the remains, or existence of public works, as of aqueducts, roads, embankments, and other appliances of civilized life, are of similar value in imparting historical significance to scenery; especially where these are particularly expressive of national character and habits, as in the amphitheatres and aqueducts of Rome, and the dykes and canals of Holland. In the latter case these things, in themselves devoid of beauty, are so eminently suggestive, so illustrative of Dutch life—how it came to be a life at all, how it sustained itself against the fury both of man and of the elements, and how it grew and strengthened itself—that instead of making the dull landscape duller, they bestow upon it enduring interest. The same may be said of the long lines of continental roads, bordered by equally interminable poplars; they are so perfectly continental, that we recognize them with pleasure. They signify to us that peculiarly continental feature, the boundless plain; and that centralized and systematic influence of continental government, which goes straight to its end, without regarding local or individual rights. And they bring to our thoughts the movements of great armies at historic epochs; of Imperialists and Swedes, in the times of Adolphus; and Russians and French in the times of Napoleon, when trains of artillery miles long rumbled on these roads, and *corps d'armée* marched, and countermarched. Such characteristic marks in a landscape we would not willingly spare, and any link it may possess with an historical figure, or period, is sufficient to redeem it from the common-place, and to compensate for tediousness. The steppes of Russia are illustrated by the Cossack; the sierras of Spain by the muleteer and the gipsy; the forests of Germany by the tribes of Tacitus, and many a mediæval incident; the bare hills of Cornwall by the ancient British race; the fens of Lincolnshire as a Saxon retreat. Even Lapland and Kamschatka achieve an interest, as they show to us the Lap with his reindeer, and the Kamschatdale with his dogs.

Naturally, however, no feature in a landscape can be so historically interesting as a great city, seen at sufficient distance to display well its site and bearing. Here history gathers itself into a focus, and makes its most effective appeal. The first sight of any city of renown leaves

an impression not to be effaced. The whole sweep of landscape remains a vivid picture on the memory. Their sensations at first beholding Jerusalem, or Rome, have been recorded by many a traveller; and in a less degree there is hardly a city on the continent which does not possess its historic charm. We say on the continent, because there the surrounding natural features are larger, and necessities of fortification, and habits of social life, define towns to the eye much more than with us. They do not melt away so indiscriminately into the country, through miles of characterless suburb; and in consequence they can be generally recognized at once in all their historical significance. The eye is caught immediately with the advantages of position which first planted them there; or of defence which made them important; or of commerce which made them thriving; with the ramparts which have stood sieges; the churches of venerable architecture; ancient towers soaring to the sky; the bridges where the craft of their rivers cluster; the poplar lines which mark the long converging roads, and make the busy city look like a spider-web in the plain. And as the traveller stands and says—"So this is Cologne," or "This is Milan," the magic of the name and spectacle together is apt to hold him long in reverie, while he ponders over pages of history, which till now had been only pages, and never pictures.

Nor must we omit the sites of any remarkable historical event—such especially as the scenes of great battles. It is a never-failing source of interest to recognize the formation of ground which has attracted the attention and directed the manœuvres of some great captain; where he planted his cannon, or rallied his men; a point that was held as a key of position, and upon which depended the fortunes of a kingdom, or the fate of a nation. Imagination at such a spot speedily peoples the plain, or the pass, with contending hosts—fills the air with shouts and cries, darkens it with smoke and dust, tears up the ground with shot and shell, and flying wheels, and shakes it with the volleyed thunders;—till, suddenly recalled to the harmless present, the peaceful sunlight, and the quiet cottages, the mind is startled by the almost unnatural silence and calmness, and recovers itself to wonder where the buried bones repose! Waterloo, Marengo, and many another scene of deadly strife are pilgrim spots; nor less so those of the

antique time where only spear and shield were heard to clash, where Sparta stood at Thermopylæ, and Athens struck at Marathon.

But scenes less imperative in their pretensions may be fraught with even deeper sympathies. Such are the birth-places or abodes of great men,—the spot where under some humble roof, the first small cry was heard which announced a new voice in the world; the stream, or rock, where the youthful strength was tried, which was to be a new power; the shades which nursed the musings that were to issue in new thoughts! Or the scenes where such men wrought, or suffered, or died; where they retired after life's fitful fever to rest awhile upon this world's confines; or where they gave up life; and where the self-same hill or stream that meets our eyes to-day, faded upon eyes that closed too soon. Who does not feel such a landscape consecrate to genius, or to goodness, and hush intrusive sounds to gaze his fill?

A landscape which has been intimately associated with any human achievement, which has supplied the arena for some great deed, which has been the scene of some heroic act, or the stage for a life-long or an age-long drama, will tell its story in every feature, will be itself the tablet inscribed forever with the record of its fame.

Let us close this portion of our subject by pointing to the most emphatic illustration of the power of history to dignify a landscape. In Dean Stanley's admirable book upon Palestine, may be seen how every feature of a not otherwise striking landscape may become intensely significant. In harmony of character between country and people, in geographical position and conformation to suit their destiny, in scenes of great events, in records of long-departed human activity, more than all in the spectacle of such a city as Jerusalem, and in the memorials of such a Life, the Holy Land is unrivalled for historic interest—an interest indeed far higher than historic; an interest so sacred that we arrest our words. But we quote Palestine as the most striking instance of history consecrating a landscape.

The POETIC closely follows upon the historical aspect of scenery, for poetry is concerned with whatever stirs imagination and rouses emotion. What, therefore, can be more poetic than a landscape made living with a human interest? and especially a human interest

sunk into the silence of the past, and which requires imagination to restore its life, to evoke dead generations from their tomb, to fill the scene again with weeping or with laughter, to darken or to brighten it, according to the human drama once enacted there?

But every extensive prospect stimulates imagination. Let but a thin blue line of distance rim the horizon, and it proves a ready outlet for that restless faculty, which speeds away, picturing to itself the ever-receding *beyond*. The misty spaces of the far-off plain, or the vista of a valley, or the level vastness of ocean, are equally seductive; and when the setting sun gilds a landscape with his last beams, the imagination of men in all times and countries has been swift to follow the departing glory with fond yearnings after some remote paradise of delight which may lie—which alas must lie, if it exist at all—outside the boundary of our common daylight horizon.

Yet within that horizon, as we have already seen, the poetic faculty may find abundant scope. The haze of distant cities raises not only the spell of history but sets the imagination to work, picturing each crowded centre of human interests, and passions, joys and griefs: nay, is not a single blue film of cottage smoke wavering upward from the moorland side, sufficient to seduce the soul into poetic reverie? Upon every flowing water the imagination takes ship directly, and faster than oar, or sail, or current can speed the bark, follows its course; digressing curiously upon all the shores it visits. Or turning upward instead of downward, it pursues the diminishing stream till run to earth among the ferns and mosses of its solitary source. And this solitariness has itself a mighty charm. The poetic mind seeks a spot where it can be alone with nature; where it may mould to itself a subject creation, and listen undisturbed to mysterious responses. The great attraction of mountain scenery consists in its loneliness. Even the distant forms of mountains upon an horizon are a heritage for all poetic spirits, whose thoughts roam free over their summits, or nestle upon the silent uplifted crags. Nor is the sense of mystery less enticing; the mind delights to wander in mazes of its own making; to suggest to itself depths and recesses, and gulfs, into which might it but look, or heights which might it but scale, and what of the marvellous and unimaginable would not be disclosed! To such a curiosity seas and lakes, and

deserts and mountains, afford ample scope.

But the poetic mind deals also more directly with Nature. Not content with airy flight and curious prying, it seeks to establish a communion as of soul with soul; to put Nature face to face with herself. This tendency finds expression in the investment of natural objects with attributes of personality, so that the tree, the stream, the hill, become living beings, with whom fraternal greetings can be exchanged. It is difficult to resist the idea of personality in a tree. The birch is the "lady of the woods," and the oak we call "monarch of the forest;" while rivers are constantly drawing forth strains of affectionate regard. It is an affection by no means confined to poets. The passion of the German nation for their majestic Rhine is well known, and is amusingly illustrated in the story of a child, the son of a Bonn Professor, who flung his newly-acquired watch into the swift current as his fittest offering, because the fullest expression in his power, of his love and reverence for "Great Father Rhine." But perhaps mountains are clothed with a personality yet more emphatic. Their forms become expressive like a countenance; their hoary fronts seem crowned with dignity,

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago.

They are continually apostrophized as beings of conscious might or beauty. The mountaineer always uses towards them the personal pronoun, and will speak of the "Shepherd of Glencoe" or the "Old Man of Coniston;" or, in the silence of the still air rejoices (as one said) to hear them "talking to one another;" while Byron, listening to a thunder-storm, magnificently imagines that —

Jura answers through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud!

And there are yet deeper sympathies between the poetic mind and nature, through which we find in the great scene of things a mysterious answering to human emotion, an affinity which we recognize when we speak of the "moods of nature," as if the inanimate world possessed emotions of its own. Moods they are, which we transfer to it from ourselves; or rather, the scenes of nature are intended to respond to our thoughts, to be the embodiment of ideas, and to present a series of vivid symbols illustrating our mental and moral life.

Thus Power is displayed to us; *passive*, as regards magnitude and weight, in the prodigious masses and repose of rocks and hills; *active*, in the forces which are seen in movement and in conflict, where torrents dash and avalanches descend, in the rush of winds and the rack of stormy seas; and we call such scenery "majestic," and "awful," as if inhabited by a spirit of gloom and terror. Love seems to beam on us from many a fair and gracious landscape, where beautiful forms and colours are blended in happy nuptials over all the verdant earth, and earth and sky embrace in tender harmonies of tint; and such a scene of soft luxurious beauty—answering as to a mute appeal—we call it "lovely." Joy laughs in our faces when we catch the bright sparkle of streams and dewdrops, the twinkle of leaves, the dance of sprays and grasses; and we call a landscape animated thus with movement and with colour "smiling and cheerful." Peace breathes from many a calm hill-side and rural solitude, and from all the horizon round when day begins to die, and the winds are hushed, and all things settle to repose—and so of such a scene we say it is "peaceful," and that "nature sleeps." Sorrow finds its apt reflection in many a dreary prospect, in weeping clouds and wailing winds, in shadows falling deep and dark, in black depths of water,—and we say the scene is "sad" and "melancholy." The likeness of our human life we find in the jocund youth of spring and its gay renewing of the earth, in the maturity of summer and the decay of autumn. Mutability is urged upon us by the changeful influences and passing aspects of every natural scene. And Death is no less significantly enacted when light dies, and the wave, the tree, and the flower, and when all things perish in the using!

It is not necessary to be a poet to approach the poetic side of Nature. Many to whom expression is denied are keenly alive to poetic influences; and many more have deep delight in the scenes of nature, quite unconscious that it is the poetic aspect which enthalls them. They possess a dim sense of communion with nature; they feel that she responds to their vague longings and heart-yearnings; or they feel that they respond to her—as if beholding a varied and gorgeous spectacle, kindling now this, now that emotion, drawing out all their sympathies; and they know not that all the while nature is showing them their own heart, as in a "glass darkly."

We must account its poetic aspect the most refined and exquisite source of pleasure in beholding natural scenery. It enlarges and dignifies the personality of a man, when he finds himself thus at one with Nature; thinking her thoughts; his breast thrilling with the sense of mystery and grandeur, as he contemplates the abysses and the awful heights of her mightiest forms; or melting, as he surveys her scenes of lavish beauty; sensitive to her mood of sadness; rejoicing when she spreads before him her festal gaieties. And if he should forget Who it is that veils himself behind nature, Who it is that has adapted to each other the outward and the inward world, and has bestowed upon them but one speech and language, even to the ends of the earth, he may easily fall into the error of the Pantheist, and dream that one soul animates both himself and the world.

The MORAL aspect of landscape is connected on the one hand closely with the Utilitarian; as when a scene presents itself in its relation to the well-being and happiness of its inhabitants; and benevolence kindles at the sight of prosperous and fertile tracts, studded with happy homes, and yielding every innocent delight; and when at such a spectacle the heart blesses the Parent of Good, who has appointed the times of man in pleasant places. And it is a moral pleasure too, when Nature is seen submitting to culture, subduing her wildness to the hand of man, and rendering service and companionship. It was a moral drawn from landscape, when the charming shores of Como suggested to Dr. Arnold reflections upon the social condition of southern as compared with northern regions; and he thanked God for allowing him to gaze once and again upon that exquisite loveliness for solace and delight, yet not to enervate him for the noble work and duty of his life.

But it is also with the poetic side of Nature that the moral is intimately associated. Poetic emotions should educate the heart as well as delight the fancy. They are in themselves ennobling and purifying; they purge the spirit from gross and sordid desires, and shame it of its petty vexations in presence of that calm sublimity and ordered beauty. Nor are more direct lessons wanting. Power and Beauty, Joy and Peace should be translated into their spiritual equivalents, and not dwell upon for the sake only of the pleasurable emotion. Power, whose highest representative is not to be found

either in the majestic repose of mountains or the fury of the elements, but in moral energy, and the firmness of self-reliance; Beauty, to whose true significance those are blind who rejoice only in the beautiful outward show, and see not the symbol of an eternal loveliness and truth; Joy and Peace, the spiritual depths of which the fairest and the brightest scenes of nature reflect but faintly.

In reading thus the symbolism of the world a genuine source of pleasure is discovered befitting the dignity of a moral being, who is placed by a paternal hand in a theatre of existence where he is called upon not only to act and to suffer, but also to recreate himself with the glorious spectacle of material beauty; and in beholding which his pleasure culminates in the thought that all these things have been so disposed and presented before him by Divine intention, and to image forth the Divine Artificer. For those mightiest instances of physical force, in magnitude or momentum, at which he stands transfixed in conscious impotence of adequate appreciation, are but the shadows of an immeasurable almightiness; and all the lavishness of beauty spread around is but a painted picture of an inimitable loveliness; and the joy in which earth often seems to revel, and the peace which sometimes descends so calmly on her brow, are but tokens of an Infinite blessedness.

Nor may we reckon the import to be less Divine, of all that seems dark and mournful in nature's landscapes. The mournful, we know too well, rightly reflects a sorrow which revelation more emphatically declares can even afflict the heart of God; while there is also a Divine lesson in the fact that all the marks and signs of woe are essentially transient. They are but clouds that dissipate, shadows that fleet away, winds that wail and cease, storms that break and disperse, decays that are succeeded by renewed vigour, deaths that make room for life! They speak to us indeed of a mystery of evil; but they speak of a thing which while it soils and stains is not permitted to destroy; they remind us constantly of its inevitable griefs and mischiefs, but they predict the time when creation shall be delivered from it and them together.

Any one under the habitual influence of religious feeling surrendering himself to the impressions of natural scenery will not only find its beauty and grandeur wonderfully heightened, but his own soul calmed and elevated. The quiet hours of

a Sunday spent among the more imposing spectacles of nature—on the ledge of some Alpine rock, or on some solitary ocean shore, are often very memorable; as the records of many good men show. And at such times the inspired aspirations of the Psalms and other of the poetic and emotional portions of Holy Scripture touch the heart with unusual force and beauty. Ascriptions of praise, and adoration of the Divine perfections seem as if uttered in the very presence of the Divine Majesty, when in immediate contact with His mighty works. He “setteth fast the mountains.” “The strength of the hills is His also; the sea is His, and He made it.” “The valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing,”—are words clothed with unwonted power, when the hills are there before us visibly to testify of the strength that is in them; and the valley and plain of the perfection of their beauty; and the sea of its vastness, lifting up their several voices in unison with our own.

A very familiar quotation, “God made the country, but man made the town” is so pertinent to this portion of our subject that we cannot refrain from noticing it. It generally meets with vehement repudiation, inasmuch as man being the noblest work of God, and owing his faculties to Him, the exercise of those faculties in building and beautifying a town is indirectly a Divine work also. And we are far from denying that in man’s works we are to recognize what God taught him to do. Yet for purity of moral influence can they be compared with those where God alone has been the architect? Is there not a fatal propensity in man to spoil, to taint what his fingers touch? Do we not read through all his works mistake, perversion, nay, prostitution of his Divine gifts? And must there not therefore be danger to the moral sense if it be shut up among the diversified objects of man’s device, imprisoned among the creations of his brain, solicited at every turn by the allurements of his rare-show?

Of all fair works of man Venice is the fairest. Yet though fully sensible to her unequalled charms may we not feel when pacing her gay piazzas as if the oft-quoted phrase might be rendered in yet stronger terms, and that if “God built the Alps, the devil built Venice”? In no place on earth, perhaps, is man’s work so beautiful, and yet so exclusive; as if especially inspired of the Evil One to become a man’s paradise secure against

all rebuke or warning from the divine countenance of Nature. Separated by the sea from all the sweet influences of ordinary landscape, Venice knows but herself, reflected in the rippling water; while even the sea is banished from her view as a solemn and subduing spectacle, hidden as it is (to her great content) by a belt of islands, and these, not soft with foliage, but glittering with walls and towers, and so still herself! No stretch of field or grove affords to the Venetian the odour of green earth, but he floats on his canals,—not wanting in odours of their own,—among endless palaces, churches, and meaner buildings; or he sits among the crowded benches and tables of the great piazza, where the marble pavement is nightly filled by thousands of congenial ice and coffee drinkers. The very churches are dedicated less to God or the saints than to painters or sculptors, and they might be more fitly named after S. Tiziano or S. Veronese, than S. Paulo or S. Sebastiano.

The sky is the only outlet upon grander sights than man can rear; and when the glare of gas begins, and the bands strike up at every corner, the stars have a poor chance for their dim twinkling in the patch of misty dark. Not till the comet—the “Stella Cometa,” of 1858, flared overhead like a portent of doom or a veritable message from the Infinite, could a Venetian eye be tempted higher than his rich façades of Palladian architecture. Great Nature sits apart from Venice, and offers no lessons from her open book. Compare this life of walls and pavements with that of the solitary peasant of the Tyrol, and we cannot but believe that the latter is surrounded by influences more wholesome both for soul and body; that the glorious things which God has made must have a moral bearing upon the life of the dweller in the mountain, very different from that which the most ingenious or gorgeous specimens of human handiwork can exercise upon the heart of the Venetian citizen. And fact justifies the surmise. The Tyrol is the most moral country in Europe, while Venice has had a reputation of quite another sort.

We have discussed the various sources of the pleasure derived from landscape scenery, and if the Utilitarian, the Scientific, the Artistic, the Historic, Poetic and Moral, comprehend the grounds of that pleasure, it is yet instructive to observe how much they intermingle, or overlap each other. The utilitarian and

scientific have points of contact. The artistic is seldom dissociated from the historic; and with the poetic it is inextricably blended, all art being essentially of the nature of poetry; again, the historical aspect of a landscape is also the poetical; and further, the highest order of poetic feeling requires an elevated moral consciousness.

The pleasure, therefore, derived from landscape is very complex, and not easily analyzed. We experience a sweet delight, and that is sufficient for the hour, without asking why. And yet the sensation of pleasure may be enhanced and enriched by separating and recognizing its particular components. At any rate, the impression will thus become at once more intelligent and lasting.

Again, the analysis we have been pursuing explains why so many different kinds of scenery are pleasing; the great variety of taste in landscape; and the causes of particular preferences in our own times. A tame landscape may be singularly rich in utilitarian, or historic interest; or a small corner of it exquisite in artistic combinations; while that which is intrinsically gloomy, bleak, and bare, may possess high poetic claims. And varieties of taste will undoubtedly be ruled by temperament and habit, so that those whose sympathies tend more towards the artistic, or poetic, will appreciate what the practical man can see nothing in; as the scientific mind will find interest in what neither can enjoy; while the man of high moral perceptions, with larger scope than any, finds "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything."

We would now only urge for a moment in conclusion the advantage and delight arising from cultivating the pure sources of pleasure we have been reviewing. To behold the open face of Nature is a pleasure which never satiates. It is exhilarating but never exciting. Or if the more majestic scenes excite, a recurrence to the simple and near prospects is immediately restoring. Mr. Ruskin has well remarked that the way to give keener edge to our enjoyment of scenery, is not to be always seeking the highest and grandest examples, and passing from one magnificence to another, but to bring ourselves to appreciate and enjoy the humbler and simpler specimens. These are within almost every one's reach; for if our manufacturing industry too often requires to surround itself with a wilderness of its

own *débris*, yet our manufacturing skill on the other hand has contrived the means of conveying the imprisoned multitudes abroad, and of showing them green fields, bright skies, and streams. This opportunity, and the growing desire to embrace it, seem destined to be the restorative and compensating means which modern life offers for its own diseases and deprivations. There is something ineffably calming and supporting in the bosom of Nature, and those who seek her rightly, lay down many a burden. In her calm realm is no competition, no hurry, no strife of passion; but everything lives and grows, and passes through its ordered phases to its end; doing its work, and beautiful in doing it.

But it will add greatly at all times to our intelligent enjoyment to be able to look on the scenery of nature with every variety of insight, to be able to sharpen our vision by knowledge, and to detect all the interest that lurks in every landscape. How much does not one man actually see more than another, because he knows what to look for, and knows also all its significance? In this respect "whene'er we take our walks abroad" some acquaintance with the scientific, the artistic, or the historical aspect of things will wonderfully augment our powers, alike of observation and enjoyment, and will preserve us from the mere vulgarity of admiring only something that looks pretty; ignorant why, wherefore, to what end, and what other elements of higher virtue it may contain.

And if desirable to be comprehensive and instructed in our tastes, not less so is it to be elevated and refined in them; to be sensible somewhat to the poetic and moral significance of this varied world; to be open to its nobler impressions; to have the ear sensitive to its softer voices, to the subdued tones of its most eloquent speech; to appreciate its solemn far-reaching prophecies; to respond to its inner and almost sorrowful appeals, the groanings of a fair but burdened creation; to be elevated in fine into communion of spirit with nature. Thus may we find that we have risen to a higher communion still! In any degree in which we shall be able to imbue ourselves with the beauty and expressiveness of fair landscape we shall discover that it tends, as Bacon said of philosophy, "no less to the glory of God than to the relief of man's estate."

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THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

CHAPTER III.

WHILE De Brézé and his friends were feasting at the *Café Anglais*, and faring better than the host had promised — for the bill of fare comprised such luxuries as ass, mule, peas, fried potatoes, and champagne (champagne in some mysterious way was inexhaustible during the time of famine) — a very different group had assembled in the rooms of Isaura Cicogna. She and the Venosta had hitherto escaped the extreme destitution to which many richer persons had been reduced. It is true that Isaura's fortune, placed in the hands of the absent Louvier, and invested in the new street that was to have been, brought no return. It was true that in that street the Venosta, dreaming of cent per cent, had invested all her savings. But the Venosta, at the first announcement of war, had insisted on retaining in hand a small sum from the amount Isaura had received from her "*roman*," that might suffice for current expenses, and with yet more acute foresight had laid in stores of provisions and fuel immediately after the probability of a siege became apparent. But even the provident mind of the Venosta had never foreseen that the siege would endure so long, or that the prices of all articles of necessity would rise so high. And meanwhile all resources — money, fuel, provisions — had been largely drawn upon by the charity and benevolence of Isaura, without much remonstrance on the part of the Venosta, whose nature was very accessible to pity. Unfortunately, too, of late money and provisions had failed to Monsieur and Madame Rameau, their income consisting partly of rents, no longer paid, and the profits of a sleeping partnership in the old shop, from which custom had departed; so that they came to share the fireside and meals at the rooms of their son's *fiancée* with little scruple, because utterly unaware that the money retained and the provisions stored by the Venosta were now nearly exhausted.

The patriotic ardour which had first induced the elder Rameau to volunteer his services as a National Guard, had been ere this cooled if not suppressed, first by the hardships of the duty, and then by the disorderly conduct of his associates, and their ribald talk and obscene songs. He was much beyond the age at

which he could be registered. His son was, however, compelled to become his substitute, though from his sickly health and delicate frame attached to that portion of the National Guard which took no part in actual engagements, and was supposed to do work on the ramparts and maintain order in the city.

In that duty, so opposed to his tastes and habits, Gustave signalized himself as one of the loudest declaimers against the imbecility of the Government, and in the demand for immediate and energetic action, no matter at what loss of life, on the part of all — except the heroic force to which he himself was attached. Still, despite his military labours, Gustave found leisure to contribute to Red journals, and his contributions paid him tolerably well. To do him justice, his parents concealed from him the extent of their destitution; they, on their part, not aware that he was so able to assist them, rather fearing that he himself had nothing else for support but his scanty pay as a National Guard. In fact, of late the parents and son had seen little of each other. M. Rameau, though a Liberal politician, was Liberal as a tradesman, not as a Red Republican or a Socialist. And, though little heeding his son's theories while the Empire secured him from the practical effect of them, he was now as sincerely frightened at the chance of the Communists becoming rampant as most of the Parisian tradesmen were. Madame Rameau, on her side, though she had the dislike to aristocrats which was prevalent with her class, was a stanch Roman Catholic; and seeing in the disasters that had befallen her country the punishment justly incurred by its sins, could not but be shocked by the opinions of Gustave, though she little knew that he was the author of certain articles in certain journals, in which these opinions were proclaimed with a vehemence far exceeding that which they assumed in his conversation. She had spoken to him with warm anger, mixed with passionate tears, on his irreligious principles; and from that moment Gustave shunned to give her another opportunity of insulting his pride and depreciating his wisdom.

Partly to avoid meeting his parents, partly because he recoiled almost as much from the *ennui* of meeting the other visitors at her apartments — the Paris ladies associated with her in the ambulance, Raoul de Vandemar, whom he especially hated, and the Abbé Vertpré, who had recently come into intimate friendship

with both the Italian ladies — his visits to Isaura had become exceedingly rare. He made his incessant military duties the pretext for absenting himself; and now, on this evening, there were gathered round Isaura's hearth — on which burned almost the last of the hoarded fuel — the Venosta, the two Rameaus, the Abbé Vertpré, who was attached as confessor to the society of which Isaura was so zealous a member. The old priest and the young poetess had become dear friends. There is in the nature of a woman (and especially of a woman at once so gifted and so childlike as Isaura, combining an innate tendency towards faith with a restless inquisitiveness of intellect, which is always suggesting query or doubt) a craving for something afar from the sphere of her sorrow, which can only be obtained through that "bridal of the earth and sky" which we call religion. And hence to natures like Isaura's that link between the woman and the priest, which the philosophy of France has never been able to dissever.

"It is growing late," said Madame Rameau; "I am beginning to feel uneasy. Our dear Isaura is not yet returned."

"You need be under no apprehension," said the Abbé. "The ladies attached to the ambulance of which she is so tender and zealous a sister incur no risk. There are always brave men related to the sick and wounded who see to the safe return of the women. My poor Raoul visits that ambulance daily. His kinsman, M. de Rochebriant, is there among the wounded."

"Not seriously hurt, I hope," said the Venosta; "not disfigured? He was so handsome; it is only the ugly warrior whom a scar on the face improves."

"Don't be alarmed, Signora; the Prussian guns spared his face. His wounds in themselves were not dangerous, but he lost a good deal of blood. Raoul and the Christian brothers found him insensible among a heap of the slain."

"M. de Vandemar seems to have very soon recovered the shock of his poor brother's death," said Madame Rameau. "There is very little heart in an aristocrat."

The Abbé's mild brow contracted. "Have more charity, my daughter. It is because Raoul's sorrow for his lost brother is so deep and so holy that he devotes himself more than ever to the service of the Father which is in heaven. He said, a day or two after the burial, when plans for a monument to Enguer-

rand were submitted to him — 'May my prayer be vouchsafed, and my life be a memorial of him more acceptable to his gentle spirit than monuments of bronze or marble. May I be divinely guided and sustained in my desire to do such good acts as he would have done had he been spared longer to earth. And whenever tempted to weary, may my conscience whisper, Betray not the trust left to thee by thy brother, lest thou be not reunited to him at last.'"

"Pardon me, pardon!" murmured Madame Rameau humbly, while the Venosta burst into tears.

The Abbé, though a most sincere and earnest ecclesiastic, was a cheery and genial man of the world; and in order to relieve Madame Rameau from the painful self-reproach he had before excited, he turned the conversation. "I must beware, however," he said, with his pleasant laugh, "as to the company in which I interfere in family questions; and especially in which I defend my poor Raoul from any charge brought against him. For some good friend this day sent me a terrible organ of Communistic philosophy, in which we humble priests are very roughly handled, and I myself am specially singled out by name as a pestilent intermeddler in the affairs of private households. I am said to set the women against the brave men who are friends of the people, and am cautioned by very truculent threats to cease from such villainous practices." And here, with a dry humour that turned into ridicule what would otherwise have excited disgust and indignation among his listeners, he read aloud passages replete with the sort of false eloquence which was then the vogue among the Red journals. In these passages, not only the Abbé was pointed out for popular execration, but Raoul de Vandemar, though not expressly named, was clearly indicated as a pupil of the Abbé's, the type of a lay Jesuit.

The Venosta alone did not share in the contemptuous laughter with which the inflated style of these diatribes inspired the Rameaus. Her simple Italian mind was horror-stricken by language which the Abbé treated with ridicule.

"Ah!" said M. Rameau, "I guess the author — that firebrand Felix Pyat."

"No," answered the Abbé; "the writer signs himself by the name of a more learned atheist — Diderot *le jeune*."

Here the door opened, and Raoul entered, accompanying Isaura. A change had come over the face of the young

Vandemar since his brother's death. The lines about the mouth had deepened, the cheeks had lost their rounded contour and grown somewhat hollow. But the expression was as serene as ever, perhaps even less pensively melancholy. His whole aspect was that of a man who has sorrowed, but been supported in sorrow; perhaps it was more sweet—certainly it was more lofty.

And, as if there were in the atmosphere of his presence something that communicated the likeness of his own soul to others, since Isaura had been brought into his companionship, her own lovely face had caught the expression that prevailed in his—that, too, had become more sweet—that, too, had become more lofty.

The friendship that had grown up between these two young mourners was of a very rare nature. It had in it no sentiment that could ever warm into the passion of human love. Indeed, had Isaura's heart been free to give away, love for Raoul de Vandemar would have seemed to her a profanation. He was never more priestly than when he was most tender. And the tenderness of Raoul towards her was that of some saint-like nature towards the acolyte whom it attracts upwards. He had once, just before Enguerrand's death, spoken to Isaura with a touching candour as to his own predilection for a monastic life. "The worldly avocations that open useful and honourable careers for others have no charm for me. I care not for riches nor power, nor honours nor fame. The austerities of the conventual life have no terror for me; on the contrary, they have a charm, for with them are abstraction from earth and meditation on heaven. In earlier years I might, like other men, have cherished dreams of human love, and felicity in married life, but for the sort of veneration with which I regarded one to whom I owe—humanly speaking—whatever of good there may be in me. Just when first taking my place among the society of young men who banish from their life all thought of another, I came under the influence of a woman who taught me to see that holiness was beauty. She gradually associated me with her acts of benevolence, and from her I learned to love God too well not to be indulgent to his creatures. I know not whether the attachment I felt to her could have been inspired in one who had not from childhood conceived a romance, not perhaps justified by history,

for the ideal images of chivalry. My feeling for her at first was that of the pure and poetic homage which a young knight was permitted, *sans reproche*, to render to some fair queen or *châtelaine*, whose colours he wore in the lists, whose spotless repute he would have perilled his life to defend. But soon even that sentiment, pure as it was, became chastened from all breath of earthly love, in proportion as the admiration refined itself into reverence. She has often urged me to marry, but I have no bride on this earth. I do but want to see Enguerrand happily married, and then I quit the world for the cloister."

But after Enguerrand's death, Raoul resigned all idea of the convent. That evening, as he attended to their homes Isaura and the other ladies attached to the ambulance, he said, in answer to inquiries about his mother, "She is resigned and calm; I have promised her I will not, while she lives, bury her other son: I renounce my dreams of the monastery."

Raoul did not remain many minutes at Isaura's. The Abbé accompanied him on his way home. "I have a request to make to you," said the former; "you know, of course, your distant cousin the Vicomte de Mauléon?"

"Yes. Not so well as I ought, for Enguerrand liked him."

"Well enough, at all events, to call on him with a request which I am commissioned to make, but it might come better from you as a kinsman. I am a stranger to him, and I know not whether a man of that sort would not regard as an officious intermeddling any communication made to him by a priest. The matter, however, is a very simple one. At the convent of—there is a poor nun who is, I fear, dying. She has an intense desire to see M. de Mauléon, whom she declares to be her uncle, and her only surviving relative. The laws of the convent are not too austere to prevent the interview she seeks in such a case. I should add that I am not acquainted with her previous history. I am not the confessor of the sisterhood; he, poor man, was badly wounded by a chance ball a few days ago when attached to an ambulance on the ramparts. As soon as the surgeon would allow him to see any one, he sent for me, and bade me go to the nun I speak of—Sister Ursula. It seems that he had informed her that M. de Mauléon was at Paris, and had promised to ascertain his address. His wound

had prevented his doing so, but he trusted to me to procure the information. I am well acquainted with the Supérieure of the convent, and I flatter myself that she holds me in esteem. I had therefore no difficulty to obtain her permission to see this poor nun, which I did this evening. She implored me for the peace of her soul to lose no time in finding out M. de Mauléon's address, and entreating him to visit her. Lest he should demur, I was to give him the name by which he had known her in the world—Louise Duval. Of course I obeyed. The address of a man who has so distinguished himself in this unhappy siege I very easily obtained, and repaired at once to M. de Mauléon's apartment. I there learned that he was from home, and it was uncertain whether he would not spend the night on the ramparts."

"I will not fail to see him early in the morning," said Raoul, "and execute your commission."

CHAPTER IV.

DE MAULEON was somewhat surprised by Raoul's visit the next morning. He had no great liking for a kinsman whose politely distant reserve towards him, in contrast to poor Enguerrand's genial heartiness, had much wounded his sensitive self-respect; nor could he comprehend the religious scruples which forbade Raoul to take a soldier's share in the battle-field, though in seeking there to save the lives of others so fearlessly hazarding his own life.

"Pardon," said Raoul, with his sweet mournful smile, "the unseasonable hour at which I disturb you. But your duties on the ramparts and mine in the hospital begin early, and I have promised the Abbé Vertpré to communicate a message of a nature which perhaps you may deem pressing." He proceeded at once to repeat what the Abbé had communicated to him the night before relative to the illness and the request of the nun.

"Louise Duval!" exclaimed the Vicomte,— "discovered at last, and a *religieuse*! Ah! I now understand why she never sought me out when I re-appeared at Paris. Tidings of that sort do not penetrate the walls of a convent. I am greatly obliged to you, M. de Vandemar, for the trouble you have so kindly taken. This poor nun is related to me, and I will at once obey the summons. But this convent *des*—I am ashamed to say I know not where it is. A long way off, I suppose?"

"Allow me to be your guide," said Raoul; "I should take it as a favour to be allowed to see a little more of a man whom my lost brother held in such esteem."

Victor was touched by this conciliatory speech; and in a few minutes more the two men were on their way to the convent on the other side of the Seine.

Victor commenced the conversation by a warm and heartfelt tribute to Enguerrand's character and memory. "I never," he said, "knew a nature more rich in the most endearing qualities of youth; so gentle, so high-spirited, rendering every virtue more attractive, and redeeming such few faults or foibles as youth so situated and so tempted cannot wholly escape, with an urbanity not conventional, not artificial, but reflected from the frankness of a genial temper and the tenderness of a generous heart. Be comforted for his loss, my kinsman. A brave death was the proper crown of that beautiful life."

Raoul made no answer, but pressed gratefully the arm now linked within his own. The companions walked on in silence; Victor's mind settling on the visit he was about to make to the niece so long mysteriously lost, and now so unexpectedly found. Louise had inspired him with a certain interest from her beauty and force of character, but never with any warm affection. He felt relieved to find that her life had found its close in the sanctuary of the convent. He had never divested himself of a certain fear, inspired by Louvier's statement, that she might live to bring scandal and disgrace on the name he had with so much difficulty, and after so lengthened an anguish, partially cleared in his own person.

Raoul left De Mauléon at the gate of the convent, and took his way towards the hospitals where he visited, and the poor whom he relieved.

Victor was conducted silently into the convent *parloir*; and, after waiting there several minutes, the door opened, and the Supérieure entered. As she advanced towards him, with stately step and solemn visage, De Mauléon recoiled, and uttered a half-suppressed exclamation that partook both of amazement and awe. Could it be possible? Was this majestic woman, with the grave, impassible aspect, once the ardent girl whose tender letters he had cherished through stormy years, and only burned on the night before the most perilous of his battle-fields? This the

one, the sole one, whom in his younger dreams he had seen as his destined wife? It was so—it was. Doubt vanished when he heard her voice; and yet how different every tone, every accent, from those of the low, soft, thrilling music that had breathed in the voice of old!

“M. de Mauléon,” said the Supérieure, calmly, “I grieve to sadden you by very mournful intelligence. Yesterday evening, when the Abbé undertook to convey to you the request of our Sister Ursula, although she was beyond mortal hope of recovery—as otherwise you will conceive that I could not have relaxed the rules of this house so as to sanction your visit—there was no apprehension of immediate danger. It was believed that her sufferings would be prolonged for some days. I saw her late last night before retiring to my cell, and she seemed even stronger than she had been for the last week. A sister remained at watch in her cell. Towards morning she fell into apparently quiet sleep, and in that sleep she passed away.” The Supérieure here crossed herself, and murmured pious words in Latin.

“Dead! my poor niece!” said Victor, feelingly, roused from his stun at the first sight of the Supérieure by her measured tones, and the melancholy information she so composedly conveyed to him. “I cannot, then, even learn why she so wished to see me once more,—or what she might have wished to request at my hands!”

“Pardon, M. le Vicomte. Such sorrowful consolation I have resolved to afford you, not without scruples of conscience, but not without sanction of the excellent Abbé Vertpré, whom I summoned early this morning to decide my duties in the sacred office I hold. As soon as Sister Ursula heard of your return to Paris, she obtained my permission to address to you a letter, subjected, when finished, to my perusal and sanction. She felt that she had much on her mind which her feeble state might forbid her to make known to you in conversation with sufficient fulness; and as she could only have seen you in presence of one of the sisters, she imagined that there would also be less restraint in a written communication. In fine, her request was that, when you called, I might first place this letter in your hands, and allow you time to read it, before being admitted to her presence; when a few words, conveying your promise to attend to the wishes with which you would then be acquainted, would suffice for an interview in her ex-

hausted condition. Do I make myself understood?”

“Certainly, Madame,—and the letter!”

“She had concluded last evening; and when I took leave of her later in the night, she placed it in my hands for approval. M. le Vicomte, it pains me to say that there is much in the tone of that letter which I grieve for and condemn. And it was my intention to point this out to our sister at morning, and tell her that passages must be altered before I could give to you the letter. Her sudden decease deprived me of this opportunity. I could not, of course, alter or erase a line—a word. My only option was to suppress the letter altogether, or give it you intact. The Abbé thinks that, on the whole, my duty does not forbid the dictate of my own impulse—my own feelings; and now I place this letter in your hands.”

De Mauléon took a packet, unsealed, from the thin white fingers of the Supérieure; and, as he bent to receive it, lifted toward her eyes eloquent with a sorrowful, humble pathos, in which it was impossible for the heart of a woman who had loved not to see a reference to the past which the lips did not dare to utter.

A faint, scarce-perceptible blush stole over the marble cheek of the nun. But, with an exquisite delicacy, in which survived the woman while reigned the nun, she replied to the appeal.

“M. Victor de Mauléon, before, having thus met, we part forever, permit a poor *religieuse* to say with what joy—a joy rendered happier because it was tearful—I have learned through the Abbé Vertpré that the honour which, as between man and man, no one who had once known you could ever doubt, you have lived to vindicate from calumny.”

“Ah! you have heard that—at last, at last!”

“I repeat—of the honour, thus deferred, I never doubted.” The Supérieure hurried on. “Greater joy it has been to me to hear from the same venerable source that, while found bravest among the defenders of your country, you are clear from all alliance with the assailants of your God. Continue so, continue so, Victor de Mauléon.”

She retreated to the door, and then turned towards him with a look in which all the marble had melted away; adding, with words more formally nunlike, yet unmistakably womanlike, than those which had gone before,—“That to the

last you may be true to God, is a prayer never by me omitted."

She spoke, and vanished.

In a kind of dim and dreamlike bewilderment Victor de Mauléon found himself without the walls of the convent. Mechanically, as a man does when the routine of his life is presented to him, from the first Minister of State to the poor clown at a suburban theatre, doomed to appear at their posts, to prose on a Beer Bill or grin through a horse-collar, though their hearts are bleeding at every pore with some household or secret affliction,—mechanically De Mauléon went his way towards the ramparts, at a section of which he daily drilled his raw recruits. Proverbial for his severity towards those who offended, for the cordiality of his praise of those who pleased his soldierly judgment, no change of his demeanour was visible that morning, save that he might be somewhat milder to the one, somewhat less hearty to the other. This routine duty done, he passed slowly towards a more deserted because a more exposed part of the defences, and seated himself on the frozen sward alone. The cannon thundered around him. He heard unconsciously: from time to time an *obus* hissed and splintered close at his feet;—he saw with abstracted eye. His soul was with the past; and, brooding over all that in the past lay buried, there came over him a conviction of the vanity of the human earth-bounded objects for which we burn or freeze, far more absolute than had grown out of the worldly cynicism connected with his worldly ambition. The sight of that face, associated with the one pure romance of his reckless youth, the face of one so estranged, so serenely aloft from all memories of youth, of romance, of passion, smote him in the midst of the new hopes of the new career, as the look on the skull of the woman he had so loved and so mourned, when disburied from her grave, smote the brilliant noble who became the stern reformer of La Trappe. And while thus gloomily meditating, the letter of the poor Louise Duval was forgotten. She whose existence had so troubled, and crossed, and partly marred the lives of others,—she, scarcely dead, and already forgotten by her nearest of kin. Well—had she not forgotten, put wholly out of her mind, all that was due to those much nearer to her than is an uncle to a niece?

The short, bitter, sunless day was advancing towards its decline, before Victor

roused himself with a quick impatient start from his reverie, and took forth the letter from the dead nun.

It began with expressions of gratitude, of joy at the thought that she should see him again before she died, thank him for his past kindness, and receive, she trusted, his assurance that he would attend to her last remorseful injunctions. I pass over much that followed in the explanation of events in her life sufficiently known to the reader. She stated, as the strongest reason why she had refused the hand of Louvier, her knowledge that she should in due time become a mother—a fact concealed from Victor, secure that he would then urge her not to annul her informal marriage, but rather insist on the ceremonies that would render it valid. She touched briefly on her confidential intimacy with Madame Marigny, the exchange of name and papers, her confinement in the neighbourhood of Aix, the child left to the care of the nurse, the journey to Munich to find the false Louise Duval was no more. The documents obtained through the agent of her easy-tempered kinsman, the late Marquis de Rochebriant, and her subsequent domestication in the house of the Von Rudesheims,—all this it is needless to do more here than briefly recapitulate. The letter then went on: "While thus kindly treated by the family with whom nominally a governess, I was on the terms of a friend with Signor Ludovico Cicogna, an Italian of noble birth. He was the only man I ever cared for. I loved him with frail human passion. I could not tell him my true history. I could not tell him that I had a child; such intelligence would have made him renounce me at once. He had a daughter, still but an infant, by a former marriage, then brought up in France. He wished to take her to his house, and his second wife to supply the place of her mother. What was I to do with the child I had left near Aix? While doubtful and distracted, I read an advertisement in the journals to the effect that a French lady, then staying in Coblenz, wished to adopt a female child not exceeding the age of six: the child to be wholly resigned to her by the parents, she undertaking to rear and provide for it as her own. I resolved to go to Coblenz at once. I did so. I saw this lady. She seemed in affluent circumstances, yet young, but a confirmed invalid, confined the greater part of the day to her sofa by some malady of the spine. She told me very frankly her

story. She had been a professional dancer on the stage, had married respectably, quitted the stage, become a widow, and shortly afterwards been seized with the complaint that would probably for life keep her a secluded prisoner in her room. Thus afflicted, and without tie, interest, or object in the world, she conceived the idea of adopting a child that she might bring up to tend and cherish her as a daughter. In this, the imperative condition was that the child should never be resought by the parents. She was pleased by my manner and appearance: she did not wish her adopted daughter to be the child of peasants. She asked me for no references, — made no inquiries. She said cordially that she wished for no knowledge that, through any indiscretion of her own, communicated to the child, might lead her to seek the discovery of her real parents. In fine, I left Coblentz on the understanding that I was to bring the infant, and if it pleased Madame Surville, the agreement was concluded.

“I then repaired to Aix. I saw the child. Alas! unnatural mother that I was, the sight only more vividly brought before me the sense of my own perilous position. Yet the child was lovely! a likeness of myself, but lovelier far, for it was a pure, innocent, gentle loveliness. And they told her to call me “*Maman*.” Oh, did I not relent when I heard that name? No; it jarred on my ear as a word of reproach and shame. In walking with the infant towards the railway station, imagine my dismay when suddenly I met the man who had been taught to believe me dead. I soon discovered that his dismay was equal to my own — that I had nothing to fear from his desire to claim me. It did occur to me for a moment to resign his child to him. But when he shrank reluctantly from a half suggestion to that effect, my pride was wounded, my conscience absolved. And, after all, it might be unsafe to my future to leave with him any motive for retracing me. I left him hastily. I have never seen nor heard of him more. I took the child to Coblentz. Madame Surville was charmed with its prettiness and prattle, — charmed still more when I rebuked the poor infant for calling me ‘*Maman*,’ and said, ‘Thy real mother is here.’ Freed from my trouble, I returned to the kind German roof I had quitted, and shortly after became the wife of Ludovico Cicogna.

“My punishment soon began. His

was a light, fickle, pleasure-hunting nature. He soon grew weary of me. My very love made me unamiable to him. I became irritable, jealous, exacting. His daughter, who now came to live with us, was another subject of discord. I knew that he loved her better than me. I became a harsh stepmother; and Ludovico’s reproaches, vehemently made, nursed all my angriest passions. But a son of this new marriage was born to myself. My pretty Luigi! how my heart became wrapt up in him! Nursing him, I forgot resentment against his father. Well, poor Cicogna fell ill and died. I mourned him sincerely; but my boy was left. Poverty then fell on me, — poverty extreme. Cicogna’s sole income was derived from a post in the Austrian dominion in Italy, and ceased with it. He received a small pension in compensation; that died with him.

“At this time, an Englishman, with whom Ludovico had made acquaintance in Venice, and who visited often at our house in Verona, offered me his hand. He had taken an extraordinary liking to Isaura, Cicogna’s daughter by his first marriage. But I think his proposal was dictated partly by compassion for me, and more by affection for her. For the sake of my boy Luigi I married him. He was a good man, of retired learned habits with which I had no sympathy. His companionship overwhelmed me with *ennui*. But I bore it patiently for Luigi’s sake. God saw that my heart was as much as ever estranged from Him, and He took away my all on earth — my boy. Then in my desolation I turned to our Holy Church for comfort. I found a friend in the priest, my confessor. I was startled to learn from him how guilty I had been — was still. Pushing to an extreme the doctrines of the Church, he would not allow that my first marriage, though null by law, was void in the eyes of Heaven. Was not the death of the child I so cherished a penalty due to my sin towards the child I had abandoned?

“These thoughts pressed on me night and day. With the consent and approval of the good priest, I determined to quit the roof of M. Selby, and to devote myself to the discovery of my forsaken Julie.

“I had a painful interview with M. Selby. I announced my intention to separate from him. I alleged as a reason my conscientious repugnance to live with a professed heretic — an enemy to our Holy Church. When M. Selby found

that he could not shake my resolution, he lent himself to it with the forbearance and generosity which he had always exhibited. On our marriage he had settled on me five thousand pounds, to be absolutely mine in the event of his death. He now proposed to concede to me the interest on that capital during his life, and he undertook the charge of my step-daughter Isaura, and secured to her all the rest he had to leave; such landed property as he possessed in England passing to a distant relative.

“So we parted, not with hostility — tears were shed on both sides. I set out for Coblenz. Madame Surville had long since quitted that town, devoting some years to the round of various mineral spas in vain hope of cure. Not without some difficulty I traced her to her last residence in the neighbourhood of Paris, but she was then no more — her death accelerated by the shock occasioned by the loss of her whole fortune, which she had been induced to place in one of the numerous fraudulent companies by which so many have been ruined. Julie, who was with her at the time of her death, had disappeared shortly after it — none could tell me whither; but from such hints as I could gather, the poor child, thus left destitute, had been betrayed into sinful courses.

“Probably I might yet by searching inquiry have found her out; you will say it was my duty at least to institute such inquiry. No doubt; — I now remorsefully feel that it was. I did not think so at the time. The Italian priest had given me a few letters of introduction to French ladies with whom, when they had sojourned at Florence, he had made acquaintance. These ladies were very strict devotees, formal observers of those decorums by which devotion proclaims itself to the world. They had received me not only with kindness but with marked respect. They chose to exalt into the noblest self-sacrifice the act of my leaving M. Selby's house. Exaggerating the simple cause assigned to it in the priest's letter, they represented me as quitting a luxurious home and an idolizing husband rather than continue intimate intercourse with the enemy of my religion. This new sort of flattery intoxicated me with its fumes. I recoiled from the thought of shattering the pedestal to which I had found myself elevated. What if I should discover my daughter in one from the touch of whose robe these holy women would recoil as from

the rags of a leper! No; it would be impossible for me to give her the shelter of my roof. Nay, if discovered to hold any commune with such an outcast, no explanation, no excuse short of the actual truth, would avail with these austere judges of human error. And the actual truth would be yet deeper disgrace. I reasoned away my conscience. If I looked for example in the circles in which I had obtained reverential place, I could find no instance in which a girl who had fallen from virtue was not repudiated by her nearest relatives. Nay, when I thought of my own mother, had not her father refused to see her, to acknowledge her child, from no other offence than that of a *mésalliance* which wounded the family pride? That pride, alas! was in my blood — my sole inheritance from the family I sprang from.

“Thus it went on, till I had grave symptoms of a disease which rendered the duration of my life uncertain. My conscience awoke and tortured me. I resolved to take the veil. Vanity and pride again! My resolution was applauded by those whose opinion had so swayed my mind and my conduct. Before I retired into the convent from which I write, I made legal provision as to the bulk of the fortune which, by the death of M. Selby, has become absolutely at my disposal. One thousand pounds amply sufficed for dotation to the convent: the other four thousand pounds are given in trust to the eminent notary, M. Nadaud, Rue ——. On applying to him, you will find that the sum, with the accumulated interest, is bequeathed to you, — a tribute of gratitude for the assistance you afforded me in the time of your own need, and the kindness with which you acknowledged our relationship and commiserated my misfortunes.

“But oh, my uncle, find out — a man can do so with a facility not accorded to a woman — what has become of this poor Julie, and devote what you may deem right and just of the sum thus bequeathed to place her above want and temptation. In doing so, I know you will respect my name: I would not have it dishonour you, indeed.

“I have been employed in writing this long letter since the day I heard you were in Paris. It has exhausted the feeble remnants of my strength. It will be given to you before the interview I at once dread and long for, and in that interview you will not rebuke me. Will

you, my kind uncle? No, you will only soothe and pity!

"Would that I were worthy to pray for others, that I might add, 'May the Saints have you in their keeping, and lead you to faith in the Holy Church, which has power to absolve from sins those who repent as I do.'"

The letter dropped from Victor's hand. He took it up, smoothed it mechanically, and with a dim, abstracted, bewildered, pitiful wonder. Well might the Supérieure have hesitated to allow confessions, betraying a mind so little regulated by genuine religious faith, to pass into other hands. Evidently it was the paramount duty of rescuing from want or from sin the writer's forsaken child, that had overborne all other considerations in the mind of the Woman and the Priest she consulted.

Throughout that letter, what a strange perversion of understanding! what a half-unconscious confusion of wrong and right! — the duty marked out so obvious and so neglected; even the religious sentiment awakened by the conscience so dividing itself from the moral instinct! the dread of being thought less religious by obscure comparative strangers stronger than the moral obligation to discover and reclaim the child for whose errors, if she had erred, the mother who so selfishly forsook her was alone responsible! even at the last, at the approach of death, the love for a name she had never made a self-sacrifice to preserve unstained, and that concluding exhortation, — that reliance on a repentance in which there was so qualified a reparation!

More would Victor de Mauléon have wondered had he known those points of similarity in character, and on the nature of their final bequests, between Louise Duval and the husband she had deserted. By one of those singular coincidences which, if this work be judged by the ordinary rules presented to the ordinary novel-reader, a critic would not unjustly impute to defective invention in the author, the provision for this child, deprived of its natural parents during their lives, is left to the discretion and honour of trustees, accompanied on the part of the consecrated Louise and "the blameless King," with the injunction of respect to their worldly reputations — two parents so opposite in condition, in creed, in disposition, yet assimilating in that point of individual character in which it touches the wide vague circle of human opinion. For this, indeed, the excuses of Richard

King are strong, inasmuch as the secrecy he sought was for the sake, not of his own memory, but that of her whom the world knew only as his honoured wife. The conduct of Louise admits no such excuse; she dies as she had lived, an Egoist. But, whatever the motives of the parents, what is the fate of the deserted child? What revenge does the worldly opinion, which the parents would escape for themselves, inflict on the innocent infant to whom the bulk of their worldly possessions is to be clandestinely conveyed? Would all the gold of Ophir be compensation enough for her?

Slowly De Mauléon roused himself, and turned from the solitary place where he had been seated to a more crowded part of the ramparts. He passed a group of young *Moblots*, with flowers wreathed round their gun-barrels. "If," said one of them, gaily, "Paris wants bread, it never wants flowers." His companions laughed merrily, and burst out into a scurrile song in ridicule of St. Trochu. Just then an *obus* fell a few yards before the group. The sound only for a moment drowned the song, but the splinters struck a man in a coarse, ragged dress, who had stopped to listen to the singers. At his sharp cry, two men hastened to his side: one was Victor de Mauléon; the other was a surgeon, who quitted another group of idlers — National Guards — attracted by the shriek that summoned his professional aid. The poor man was terribly wounded. The surgeon, glancing at De Mauléon, shrugged his shoulders, and muttered, "Past help!" The sufferer turned his haggard eyes on the Vicomte, and gasped out, "M. de Mauleon?"

"That is my name," answered Victor, surprised, and not immediately recognizing the sufferer.

"Hist, Jean Lebeau! — look at me, you recollect me now — Marc le Roux, *concierge* to the secret Council. Ay, I found out who you were long ago — followed you home from the last meeting you broke up. But I did not betray you, or you would have been murdered long since. Beware of the old set — beware of — of —" Here his voice broke off into shrill exclamations of pain. Curbing his last agonies with a powerful effort, he faltered forth — "You owe me a service — see to the little one at home — she is starving." The death-râle came on; in a few moments he was no more.

Victor gave orders for the removal of the corpse, and hurried away. The surgeon, who had changed countenance

when he overheard the name in which the dying man had addressed De Mauléon, gazed silently after De Mauléon's retreating form, and then, also quitting the dead, rejoined the group he had quitted. Some of those who composed it acquired evil renown later in the war of the Communists, and came to disastrous ends: among that number the Pole Loubinsky and other members of the Secret Council. The Italian Raselli was there too, but, subtler than his French *confères*, he divined the fate of the Communists, and glided from it — safe now in his native land, destined there, no doubt, to the funereal honours and lasting renown which Italy bestows on the dust of her sons who have advocated assassination out of love for the human race.

Amid this group, too, was a National Guard, strayed from his proper post, and stretched on the frozen ground; and, early though the hour, in the profound sleep of intoxication.

"So," said Loubinsky, "you have found your errand in vain, Citizen le Noy; another victim to the imbecility of our generals."

"And partly one of us," replied the *Médecin des Pauvres*. "You remember poor Le Roux, who kept the old *baraque* where the Council of Ten used to meet? Yonder he lies."

"Don't talk of the Council of Ten. What fools and dupes we were made by that *vieux grédin*. Jean Lebeau! How I wish I could meet him again!"

Gaspard le Noy smiled sarcastically. "So much the worse for you if you did. A muscular and a ruthless fellow is that Jean Lebeau!" Therewith he turned to the drunken sleeper and woke him up with a shake and a kick.

"Armand — Armand Monnier, I say, rise, rub your eyes! What if you are called to your post? What if you are shamed as a deserter and a coward?"

Armand turned, rose with an effort from the recumbent to the sitting posture, and stared dizzily in the face of the *Médecin des Pauvres*.

"I was dreaming that I had caught by the throat," said Armand, wildly, "the *aristo* who shot my brother; and lo, there were two men, Victor de Mauléon and Jean Lebeau."

"Ah! there is something in dreams," said the surgeon. "Once in a thousand times a dream comes true."

From Temple Bar.

MADAME DE STAEL AND HER TIMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

FRANCE is, *par excellence*, the land of famous women. England is far behind her in that species of greatness. Our women are too much hedged in by proprieties, too much under the domination of grim-visaged Mrs. Grundies, to allow their genius fair play. Probably the French go to an opposite extreme, and frequently stray too far beyond the Grundian barriers.

No more brilliant name than that of Madame de Staël is to be found among the female writers of any country. She stands in the first rank, if not at the head of all. As a brilliant writer of fiction she is unrivalled; no woman's novel ever attained to an equal celebrity with "Corinne;" her "De l'Allemagne," her "Réflexions sur la Révolution Française," her "Dix Années d'Exil," and her works upon Literature soar into regions, and successfully, to which female genius seldom ventures to aspire, while as a conversationalist, those who enjoyed the happiness of her society say that she even surpassed the writer.

Anne-Louise-Germaine Necker was born in the spring of 1766. She was the daughter of the Genevese banker afterwards so famous as the minister of Louis the Sixteenth. From her earliest years until his death her love for her father was almost idolatrous; like the maternal love of Madame de Sévigné, it is almost unique in domestic annals. "I owe to the wonderful penetration of my father," she says, "whatever candour my character possesses. He unmasked all false pretences, and from him I acquired the habit of believing that people saw straight into my heart." He was to her the model of all that was great and good: a man endued with all the virtues of an ideal Roman. So absorbing was her affection that she was jealous even of her mother — and her mother was jealous of her. There is a very good story told by Madame Necker Saussure, in her introduction to the collected works of Madame de Staël, which, as illustrating her filial love and certain vainglorious traits of character is worth repeating. On the occasion of a certain visit which the narrator paid to the Neckers at Coppet,* the carriage that had been sent to convey her from Geneva was overturned. Upon

* M. Necker's estate near Geneva.

hearing of this accident Madame de Staël was agitated by the wildest terror, not, as it may be imagined, on account of her guest's narrow escape from injury, but from a possible contingency which the accident suggested to her mind. "Ah, heavens!" she exclaimed, "it might have been my father!" She ran to the bell, rang it furiously, and in a voice trembling with agitation ordered that the coachman should be instantly sent for. In a few moments the offender stood before her. "Have you heard that I am a woman of genius?" were the first words she spoke to him. Her question was so odd and her manner so excited that he could not find a reply. "Have you heard that I am a woman of genius?" she repeated yet more loudly and angrily. The servant, more confused than ever, was still silent. "Well, then, *I am* a woman of genius!" she said, hotly, "of great genius, of prodigious genius! And I tell you that all the genius I possess shall be exerted to secure your rotting all your days in a dungeon, if ever you overturn my father." When her agitation was over her friends rallied her upon this curious speech, but she failed to see the absurd side of it. "What had I to threaten him with except my poor genius?" she answered, naively.

The only injuries she could not forgive were those offered to her father; she could never endure to think that he was growing old, and a mere hint of such a thing would drive her into a fury. When he was dead every old man she saw recalled him to her memory, and to watch over the comforts and alleviate the sufferings of age was her greatest pleasure. She believed that her soul communicated with his in prayer, and whatever piece of good fortune befel her she would say, "My father has obtained it for me."

"In Madame de Staël's case," says Saint-Beuve, "there is no difficulty in accounting for the enduring warmth of her filial devotion. Amid the ruin which, as she advanced in life, successively overtook all the illusions of her heart and thoughts, one single mortal, one only of her old loves, retained his exalted place in her memory, untouched, untainted, without the slightest stain or infidelity to the past; and the immortal and purified flames of her youthful devotion still played about that august head."

Madame Necker was the daughter of a Swiss Calvinist clergyman; she was a woman of talent, but cold, Puritanical, and severe. She wrote a little, would have written more, but her husband was

averse to such employment of her time; for which aversion he alleged a very curious excuse: he disliked, when entering her apartment, to feel that he had interrupted her in a serious occupation! So when madame did write it was by stealth. But she principally devoted herself to the education of her daughter, of whom she desired to make a prodigy. The consequence of which ambition was that the child fell ill through overstudy, and was peremptorily ordered by the doctors to be sent into the country, and entirely exempted for some months from all intellectual exertion.

Nevertheless, little mademoiselle was a prodigy — a wonderfully precocious child. Edward Gibbon,* who was a frequent visitor at the Neckers', was very fond of her, and whenever he came her seat was upon his knee. Seeing that both her parents took great delight in his society, she one day gravely proposed that in order that he might be always with them she should marry him! In vain did her father and mother point out the impossibility of such a match — she being at the time ten years of age and her proposed husband forty. She argued against all their objections, and could be by no means convinced that her idea was not perfectly feasible.

She was passionately fond of the theatre, and after witnessing a play always wrote down the plot, and the parts which struck her most. Like Goethe she had a toy playhouse, cut out figures of kings and queens, and made them act, while she declaimed their speeches. Her mother's Puritanical instinct objected to such amusements, and so they had to be conducted — like that lady's writing — by stealth. In a like manner she had to enjoy her love for sentimental romances. She would pace up and down the room with a lesson or religious book in one hand and a romance in the other, reading them alternately as she advanced and receded from the paternal eye.

In the drawing-room she sat upon a stool beside Madame Necker's chair, very upright and looking very demure. Thither came Raynal, Grimm, Marmon- tel, and the celebrities of the day, and all would gather round the little stool and converse with the little girl of eleven, as

* Years before there had been love passages between Madame Necker and the future great historian, but his father had threatened him with disinheritance if he married her; so the affair was broken off, not, seemingly, with very much heart-aching upon either side. After the lady's marriage the quondam lovers renewed their acquaintance.

though she had been a woman of their own age. Mademoiselle Huber, one of her companions, thus describes her first introduction, which occurred about this time :

We placed ourselves at table. Mademoiselle Necker's very manner of listening was uncommon. She did not open her mouth, yet she seemed to speak in her turn, so much expression had her mobile features. Her eyes followed the looks and movements of those who talked, so that one almost thought she anticipated their ideas. She seemed acquainted even with political subjects, which at that period already formed an interesting topic of conversation. After dinner a great deal of company dropped in. Every one in approaching Madame Necker said a word to her daughter, either in the shape of a compliment or a pleasantry. She answered all easily and with grace; people seemed pleased to attack her, to embarrass her, to excite her imagination, which was already so brilliant. The most remarkable men were those who took most notice of her and who provoked her to talk. They asked for an account of her reading, recommended books for her perusal, and gave her a taste for study in talking to her of what she knew or of what she had yet to learn.

At twelve she wrote a little comedy, which was highly praised by Grimm, and at the representation of which MarmonTEL is said to have shed tears. At fifteen she had studied Montesquieu's "Esprit de Lois," made extracts from it, and written comments in the margins of her copy. She was about the same age when her father, having been dismissed from office, published his "Compte rendu," or account of the moneys expended by him during his ministry. The then all-absorbing theme of conversation was politics. Anxious to exercise her mind upon it, she wrote to M. Necker an anonymous letter upon his publication. But her little secret was quickly discovered, as he immediately recognized the style. From that time a yet more close and confidential intercourse subsisted between father and daughter.

Anecdotes of the childhood of great minds are infinitely interesting and suggestive. One such will reveal more of real character than pages of mature conversation and opinions. The constituent elements of our natures never change: they may be modified or expanded by education and circumstances, suppressed by hypocrisy or good or bad fortune, but they never undergo any radical change. In the tiniest bud is concealed every petal, pistil, and stamen which shall hereafter form the flower; favourable or un-

favourable influences may advance or retard its perfect development, but cannot change its component parts: so it is with the mind. An ignoble child never became a noble man or woman, and *vice versa*.

Mademoiselle Necker was an idolatrous worshipper of Rousseau; her first work was a passionate eulogy upon his genius, and upon that genius her own was modelled; its influence is apparent in all her works of fiction—in their burning passion, their tender melancholy. It imparted to her youthful character a tone of morbid sentimentality greatly in vogue at the time. "This intense and sorrowful soul," says Saint-Beuve, "cared only for that which made her weep." She wrote a drama in verse, entitled "Sophie, ou les Sentimens Secrets;" this, with other youthful efforts—"Mirza," "Ade-laïde et Théodore," and "Pauline"—were published collectively some time after their composition; all are lachrymously sentimental, filled with the wails of deserted lovers, and in each there is the tomb of some beloved being half concealed by trees. Little promise in this of "Corinne" and "De l'Allemagne."

Madame Necker's cold, and probably prudent, nature was desirous of checking this precocious brilliancy in her daughter; perhaps she was a little jealous of the homage she received, so much greater than that which fell to her own share. In deference to these feelings, mademoiselle would quietly retire behind her father's chair; but it was no use; one by one the company would gather round her, until she again became the centre of attraction. She was not, however, what may be termed beautiful; the charm of her face was its wonderful expressiveness. A contemporary author, in a passage purporting to be translated from a Greek poet, thus describes her—a little margin must be allowed for poetical exaggeration:

Her great black eyes speak with genius, her black hair falls back upon her shoulders in wavy curls; her features are rather strongly marked than delicate; one discerns in her countenance a promise of something above the usual destiny of her sex. . . . I listen to her, I look at her with transport; I discover in her features something superior to beauty. How much play and variety has her countenance! How many shades of expression the modulation of her voice! What a perfect agreement is there between her thought and her physiognomy! She speaks, and if her words do not reach me, the inflection of her voice, her ges-

tures, her looks, suffice to interpret her meaning.

At twenty her parents married her to the Baron de Staël-Holstein, the Swedish ambassador at Paris. It was a *mariage de convenance*, in which her heart was not consulted. The Baron was a handsome man, but many years her senior; a man of no intellect, and in all other respects the opposite of what the husband of this passionate brilliant young creature should have been. Her parents selected him for his rank and position; he selected her for her money, the match bringing him the splendid dower of eighty thousand pounds. As may be expected, it did not bring happiness to the wife; he was a man of gay and extravagant habits, utterly careless of money, and after a few years she was compelled to separate from him to preserve the wreck of her fortune. When, however, his health was broken down, he found at Coppet a home and the tenderest of nurses, until death terminated his sufferings. He exerted but little influence upon her life; indeed, in her biography we quite lose sight of him, his figure being seldom obtruded upon our notice. Three children, two sons and one daughter, were the fruit of this union.

Since her father's dismissal from the ministry, in 1781, she had resided with him at Coppet, a delightful residence, situated near the Lake of Geneva. Here she mingled with some of the highest personages of France, all of whom entertained the greatest respect for M. Necker. In 1787 the family returned to Paris, in consequence of his restoration to power. The restoration endured but a short time, and he was again dismissed, to be again recalled upon the failure of Loménie de Brienne's administration. His opposition to the nullification of the decrees of the *Tiers Etat* procured him a third dismissal and a command to quit the kingdom immediately. His popularity at this time was enormous; the news of his dismissal, revealed to the people by Camille Desmoulins, raised a terrible insurrection, which culminated in the destruction of the Bastille. Poor vacillating Louis was compelled to send a courier post haste, to bring him back long before he had crossed the frontiers. His return was a triumph, every town and village he passed through greeted him with the warmest demonstrations of joy and sympathy; at Paris his reception was an ovation—shouts, bonfires, illu-

minations, heralded his approach. He was the mob deity—for the hour.

How the heart of his daughter must have glowed at this triumph, this splendid acknowledgment of those talents which she regarded as superlative! The early principles of the Revolution were, as by all generous minds, enthusiastically embraced by her; she beheld in them the regeneration of her country, and a vast stride towards the ultimate perfectibility of the human race, in which she devoutly believed. Alas! both her triumph and her dreams were of short duration. The Revolution quickly outstripped such moderate men as M. Necker; a few months after his triumphant re-entrance he was compelled to resign amidst the hootings and revilings of the mob, to lighten whose burdens and distresses he had conscientiously laboured for years, and of whom such a short time previously he had been the idol. In 1790 he retired to Coppet, where he passed the remainder of his days, and where he died in 1804.

Madame de Staël remained with her husband in Paris, watching with shuddering interest the horrible excesses of that movement from which she had fondly hoped so much. The hunted and proscribed royalists found in her a faithful friend, who frequently concealed and protected them at the hazard of her own safety. M. de Narbonne and many others owed their lives to her. She eagerly entered into a plot for the escape of the royal family to the coast of Normandy, but, like all the rest, it came to nothing, through the immovable inertness of the King.

Day after day the enormities increase; the tocsin of the 10th of August has rung, the Tuileries has been sacked, and the King and Queen deposed and made prisoners; all countries have broken off diplomatic relations with France; day after day the exodus from Paris is more numerous, but anxious for the safety of her friends, some of whom are already prisoners, she lingers until the terrible 2nd of September, until the massacre of the priests, until the signal has gone forth for indiscriminate slaughter of prisoners, and until her safety imperatively demands immediate flight. As soon as the night closes in her travelling carriage is prepared; passports have been already obtained, and she hopes to carry away with her out of the accursed city more than one proscribed royalist. The carriage has not proceeded many paces when it is

surrounded by a crowd of wretched women. "They are carrying off gold! They are joining the enemies of the Republic! Down with the aristocrats!" cry a score of hoarse voices. The cries bring others to the spot, the servants are overpowered, ruffians mount to the box and drive to the Assembly. Arrived there, the President accuses her of aiding the escape of proscribed persons, and discovers that her passport contains one more name than she has servants to represent. She must be taken before the Tribunal, which is now sitting at the Hôtel de Ville. She is conducted back to her carriage. The crowd is now so dense that the horses can proceed only at a walking pace; half the city has to be traversed amidst groans and cries of "Death!" and hideous scowling faces peer threateningly through the windows. At last the destination is reached, she alights, presses through the ferocious mob, and shudders as she remembers that only a few days have passed since the stairs she is now ascending were reddened with the blood of massacred victims. Robespierre is presiding; the room in which he sits is filled with brutal men and women, who at the sight of the prisoner shout "*Vive la nation!*" and gather about her with wolf-like looks and growls. She demands her immediate release, as the wife of the Swedish ambassador. Notwithstanding this plea, she is removed to another apartment, and strictly guarded. Most acute are her sufferings. She knows not what fate may be in store for her. Up from the street without rise confused sounds of a surging multitude; the air is filled with a horrible din—cries of "Death!" groans made faint by distance, and clamours of murder. The window looks out upon the Place de la Grève; she presses her face against the panes, and tries to penetrate the darkness. There are no lamps alight, but here and there a torch fitfully illumines the gloom, and in these splashes of light thrown upon the dark background she can see the assassins returning from the prisons, their arms red with blood, and their hands still grasping the gleaming knives. Then up from the black moving mass ascend ferocious shouts of exultation. Six hours does she endure this suspense, these sights and sounds; then comes the order for her release. When she reaches her carriage she finds it in the hands of the mob, from whom it is with difficulty rescued. A little time longer, and they are with-

out the city gates; fainter and fainter grow the din and the dull-red horizon of the city of murder; the houses begin to straggle, then give place to the hedges; all is dark and silent—they are safe at last.

She spent a short time at Coppet, and then passed over to England. She lived in a house called Juniper Hall, at Mickleham, near Richmond. M. Necker had always been a great admirer of the English Constitution, and would fain have introduced a similar form of government into France; his daughter shared with him these English predilections, and was also well acquainted with the language and literature. London was at this time swarming with *émigrés*, and Juniper Hall, from the high position and known talents of its new possessor, soon became the headquarters of the French colony. They had very little money among them, and were reduced to many economical shifts to eke out their scanty resources. They were desirous of seeing the surrounding country, but one small carriage, the capacity of which was limited to two inside seats, was all they could afford. To economize space and expense, Talleyrand and the Count de Narbonne alternated the character of footman, while the ladies and the older gentlemen took it in turns to occupy the inside seats. A daughter of Dr. Burney, who had married a gentleman of the name of Phillips, lived at Norbury Park, close by. An intimacy sprang up between the neighbours, and it was here that Frances Burney, who was staying with her sister at the time, first met her future husband, M. D'Arbly.

Notwithstanding their straightened purses and the inconveniences of exile, the *émigrés* contrived to pass the days very pleasantly in their charming Surrey retreat. Meetings were held sometimes at the Hall, sometimes at Norbury. Madame de Staël was ever the life and soul of the party, illumining it by her brilliant conversational powers and delighting all by tragic readings from the French dramatists—which were wonderfully fine—as well as from her own works. Frances Burney, in a letter to her father, well describes this little society.

Madame de Staël is now the head of the little French colony in this neighbourhood. Monsieur de Staël is at present suspended in his embassy, but not recalled; it is yet uncertain whether the Regent, Duke of Sudermania, will send him to Paris during the present hor-

rible Convention, or order him home. He is now in Holland, waiting for commands. Madame de Staël, however, was unsafe in Paris, though an ambassadress, from the resentment owed her by the *commune*. She is a woman of the first abilities, I think, I have ever seen; she is more in the style of Mrs. Thrale than of any other celebrated character, but she has infinitely more depth, and seems even a profound politician and metaphysician. She has suffered us to hear some of her works in manuscript, which are truly wonderful for powers both of thinking and expression. She adores her father, but is alarmed at having had no news from him since he has heard of the death of the martyred Louis. Ever since her arrival she has been pressing me to spend some time with her before I return to town. She exactly resembles Mrs. Thrale in the ardour and warmth of her partialities. I find her impossible to resist. She is only a short walk from here—at Juniper Hall. There can be nothing imagined more charming, more fascinating, than this little colony; between their sufferings and their *agrément*s they occupy us almost wholly. Monsieur de Narbonne bears the highest character for goodness, parts, sweetness of temper and ready wit. He has been much affected by the King's death, but relieved by hearing through Monsieur de Malesherbes that his master retained a regard for him to the last. Monsieur de Talleyrand insists on conveying this letter to you. He has been on a visit here, and returns again on Wednesday.

But so strong has been the reaction in England since the execution of Louis that all who are known to have been sympathizers with the Revolution, even in its earliest stages, are in bad odour. This is to be traced to those bigoted royalists whose evil influence upon the King did so much to foment the nation to insurrection. Dr. Burney writes to his daughter to tell her that he has heard Madame de Staël spoken lightly of in certain high circles, and advises her to break off the connection. Miss Frances writes back to say that although the Baroness is wonderfully free in her manners she feels perfectly convinced that she is a pure woman. Yet, notwithstanding, as the certain high circles (i.e., the Grun-dies) speak lightly of her, she would give the world to be able to decline going to a party to which she has pledged herself. She is quite convinced of her friend's innocence, quite convinced that the reports are false; but the very existence of such slanders makes her desirous of eschewing the acquaintance. How truly English! What a lovely specimen of propriety you were, Miss Frances! What a grand grim visage you must have been at forty, Madame D'Arblay!

The effect of these slanders was soon apparent in the dropping of the English visitors out of the circle of Juniper Hall. Soon afterwards Madame de Staël rejoined her father at Coppet. All Europe was at the time overwhelmed with horror at the news of the approaching murder of Marie Antoinette, and she wrote a noble defence of the hapless queen, a passionate appeal for mercy. As well might she have appealed to wolves and tigers. Numerous refugees were hiding in Switzerland, and to all was she a true and indefatigable friend; she found for them Swedish names, and assisted them both with her influence and with her purse. The Swiss government dared shelter no French fugitive knowingly, and more than once this noble woman pleaded for hours the desperate cause of some poor fellow that the magistrates were upon the point of giving up to the Paris hyænas, and usually successfully.

Beyond the grief and horror she experienced at the sufferings of her unhappy country, the tedium of exile was intolerable to her. She was as essentially a Parisian as Dr. Johnson was a Londoner, and her exclamation that she preferred the stream in the Rue du Bac, a fourth storey in Paris, and an income of a hundred louis, to all the beauties of the Lake of Geneva, reads like an echo of the great lexicographer's praise of Fleet Street. "Were it not for the opinion of the world I would not open my window to see the Bay of Naples for the first time," she said, "but I would go five hundred leagues to talk with a man of travel whom I had never met." It sounds strange to say of a devoted disciple of Jean-Jacques and of a mind so sentimental and impassioned, that she was insensible to the beauties of nature; but so it was. Her sympathies were wholly engrossed by the living world, solitude had no charms for her; she lived only in society and in communion with kindred souls.

During her stay in Switzerland she published those early fictions which have been previously mentioned. A year later, 1796, she published her work upon the Passions, the most striking and remarkable book which had yet appeared from her pen.

Order being restored, she returns once more to her beloved Paris.

France is now ruled by the Directory. The Reign of Terror has passed away, and its creators have expiated their crimes upon the scaffold, or are expiating

them in distant exile under a tropical sun. The Jacobins have been swept away into holes and corners, where they lurk, wolf-like, waiting hopefully for the hour when they may again uprear the standard of anarchy. Sansculottism, still ragged and famishing, although it is the year five of the glorious Republic, has been overawed, crushed; it has clamoured for loaves and its republican masters have given it lead, as its monarchical masters have done before. Poor Sansculottism! When thy misery and hunger grow obstreperous that is the usual kind of food which a parental government, be it called republic or monarchy, provides for thee. Not without insurrection, grapeshot, and much blood-spilling has order been restored; more than once has Jacobinism nearly triumphed; but this time it has been opposed by no poor weak Girondists, but by an iron soldiery, that itself has trained, notably by a young officer named Napoleon Bonaparte, before whom that band of assassins is scattered like chaff before the wind. Jacobinism has an enemy sworn to extermination in the *Jeunesse dorée*, composed of the relatives of those who perished during the Terror, and who prowl about armed with heavy clubs to take summary vengeance upon any Jacobin who comes in their way. Notwithstanding their ruffianly employment, they dress in highly dandified costume, superfine in quality and exquisite in cut.

But who could recognize in the Paris of to-day the splendid capital of the Bourbons? Decay, ruin, disorder, are everywhere; the great houses fallen into dilapidation, their gates unhinged, trade stagnated, shops closed, a dead level of impecuniosity everywhere; a carriage passing through the streets causes every one to rush to their windows, to gaze wonderingly upon such a piece of unknown luxury.

But nevertheless there is luxury within certain doors. Barras at the Luxembourg gives receptions and *petits soupers à la Régence*. Barras, although he has worn the *bonnet rouge*, and has been an instrument of *la Terreur*, is of a noble and ancient family of Provence, and now that *la Terreur* has been swept away he affects aristocratic society. But the leader of fashion is Madame Tallien, *née* that Thérèse Fontenai who so greatly contributed to the destruction of Robespierre. A motley society is that which gathers around her, made up of wonderfully incongruous chaotic elements.

Slowly and timidly the less stiff-necked of the *émigrés* return to Paris, and are to be found both at Barras', and here, shoulder to shoulder with the bourgeois of the boulevards, or with some unlettered denizen of Saint-Antoine, grown rich upon the plunder of *suspects*. There are no distinctions of rank: all are still *citoyens* and *citoyennes*, and live in a happy state of equality in their particular *circles*. But nevertheless it is the fashion to scorn the manners that obtained under the Convention, to ridicule and caricature the Republicans of last year, and to affect aristocratic airs and graces.

The costume *à la Carmagnole*, with its black shag spencer, woollen shirt, *sabots*, and *bonnet rouge*, has long since been disdainfully cast aside, and the *citoyen* and *citoyenne* study how absurdly or how gorgeously they can dress. The ladies attire themselves in imitation of Greek statuary, to which they approach in nudity; a tunic of white cashmere, which scarcely covers their bosom and shoulders, is looped on one side to the knee by an antique cameo, and confined under the bosom by a *ceinture* of gold or bright metal; the arms are bare, and clasped with bracelets and armlets of gold studded with cameos. Upon the legs are worn buskins; the feet are bare, save for the Roman sandal, and the toes are encircled with rings of gold and precious stones. The hair is worn in loose curls, gathered in a snood, and secured by an antique fillet, and is often of a colour different to the complexion — a fashion affected by the Roman ladies. When they go abroad they drape around them shawls of white or scarlet cashmere, and veils of transparent gauze lightly cloud their faces. Classicism is still the rage, not Spartan, as under Robespierre, but rather Corinthian. The boudoirs are furnished in Pompeian style: beds, couches, urns, lamps, bronzes — all are Roman.

The men sometimes don the Roman tunic and toga. When the Directory publicly received Bonaparte after the Peace of Campo Formio, to hear him recite the story of his achievements, they wore the costume of Roman Senators. But the male dress most in vogue is that of the *Incroyables*, which is still familiar to us in the pictures of our grandfathers. The jaws and chin buried in a huge cravat, the head half concealed by an enormous coat collar, a short waistcoat, nankeen breeches, with bunches of ribbons at the knees, silk stockings and

shoes, or boots with buff tops; the hair plaited or dressed in queues, rings in the ears, a bunch of seals and trinkets hanging to the knee, and a twisted knotted cane in the hand—such was the *In-croyable*, who affected the most dandified airs and never pronounced the letter R.

The morality of such a society may be imagined. The women were beautiful, and facile as they were beautiful. All family ties were destroyed; marriage was a mere civil contract, which might be broken almost at the pleasure of the contracting parties. When husband and wife grew tired of one another, they had only to appear before the authorities and express their desire for separation, and they were henceforth strangers; a separation of six months constituted a divorce. Many women still young, had families by three different husbands, all of whom were living. The Christian religion was still under the ban of the law; the calendar of the Jacobins, which began with the year one of the Republic, was still in use; in the place of Sunday, the tenth day was set apart as a holiday or festival.

Dancing was the all pervading rage; the art was equally cultivated by men and women, and more homage was paid to a celebrated dancer than to a victorious general.* Vestris, Trénis, Gardel, were the heroes of the *salons*; the moment they arrived place was made for them, and an eager crowd formed a ring to watch them develop their marvellously intricate figures. The dances of the women resembled those of the Bacchantes; now languishing and voluptuous, now sprightly and vigorous, the cashmere shawl playing an important part as they floated gracefully through the figures, or with interwoven arms struck picturesque *tableaux*.

The first five years of the Revolution had been an interregnum in literature; who could write under *la Terreur*? Even Madame de Staël, hundred of miles away, among the peaceful lakes and mountains of Switzerland, could not pen a line. "I should even have reproached myself for a thought," she says, writing of that time, "as something too independent of grief." Such was the effect produced upon all intellectual minds by that awful period. What was written under the Directory had as well, and much better, been left unwritten. The poetry

* This is the period from which date the old caricatures of the dancing Frenchman.

was frigid, soulless, bombastic; odes to that sham Liberty in which no one now believed. The prose was sceptical, atheistical, and filthily lewd, to a degree that would have astonished even the authors of the Regency. There were two coteries, one of which still clung to Jacobinism, at the head of which was Marie-Joseph Chénier, the other, at the head of which was La Harpe, upheld the new ideas, and each ceaselessly and virulently lampooned the other.

The irrepressible Parisians had already forgotten the cruel reign of *la mère Guillotine*, and even commemorated her work in their amusements. They had their *bals des victimes*, to which no persons were admissible unless they had lost a relative under *la Terreur*, and each visitor to which was compelled to wear a band of crape round the arm. All were filled with a childish joy, such as one feels upon awaking from some dream of terrible peril, at the thought that they had survived the slaughter of the Revolution. But all things, manners, opinions, inclinations, were turning back towards aristocracy and monarchy; the Republic was already dead, only awaiting a hand strong enough to bury it to disappear from the world.

So *la mère Guillotine*, with all her labours, has not purged and purified humanity; society is little different, except that it is very much coarser, than it was in the *salons* of Du Barry. Did all those rivers of blood then flow in vain? Did all those mountains of corpses piled up in revolutionary fury offend the face of Heaven in vain? IN VAIN! Alas! for the visions of an Incorruptible Robespierre! Where is the Republic of the stoic virtues of which he dreamed? Where the regeneration and purification by blood for which he worked? A second Astolfo will have to seek them in the moon among the thousands of delusions with which enthusiasts have mocked the world since the days of Adam.

Such was society when Madame de Staël arrived in Paris. Daily, however, *émigrés* were returning to the shores of France, and more refined coteries were formed. In 1799, the Directory was overthrown by a *coup d'état*, and the Consulate established, with Napoleon for First Consul. From their first introduction, Madame de Staël never liked Bonaparte. He inspired her with an instinctive dread—a feeling which was not unique in her. Being an earnest lover

of true liberty, she early divined his ambitious projects, and foresaw the despotism that he was working to erect. "That which characterizes Bonaparte's government," she says, "is a profound contempt for all the intellectual riches of human nature, virtue, dignity of soul, religion, enthusiasm. He would desire to reduce man to mere force and cunning, and to designate everything else as mere folly and silliness. The English irritate him above all because they have found the means of combining success with honesty: a combination which Napoleon would have us consider to be impossible."

The dislike was reciprocal. "She pretends to speak neither of me nor of politics," said Napoleon; "yet I do not know how it happens, but people love me less who have been with her. She gives them fanciful notions and of the opposite kind to mine." At another time he said, "Madame de Staël has shafts that would hit a man were he seated on a rainbow."

In the year 1800 he established himself in the Tuileries, where he held a sovereign court, which in gorgeousness would not have shamed the *ancien régime*. In that same year, French society, though still mixed with base alloy, had resumed much of its old brilliance, and gathered as usual around different *nuclei*. Madame Récamière was then in all the delicate flower of her youth and exquisite grace; Madame de Visconti in all the blossom of her majestic beauty; Madame Joséphine Bonaparte gave splendid *réunions*; and the Princess de Poix small and exclusive parties. In such *salons* gathered whatever of beauty, wit and birth the guillotine had spared. But most notable and most brilliant of all these gatherings were those of Madame de Staël, whose genius and celebrity attracted the finest intellects of all nations. Brilliant as are her works, her conversation is said to have been infinitely more so. "You find that she writes well; hear her talk, and you will find that she writes badly," said a contemporary. She lived above all by conversation and in conversation; it was in that her genius was most thoroughly aroused and was most thoroughly original. "It was in that," says Saint-Beuve, "that she instructed, and as it were renewed herself unceasingly, rather than by prolonged meditation. Conversation was her inspiration and her muse."

Of these wonderful powers Madame Necker Saussure gives the following glowing description:—

In *tête-à-tête* her conversation was a thing that could not be conceived by those who have not enjoyed the privilege of her intimacy. Her finest pages, her most eloquent discourses in society, are far from equalling in all-absorbing power that which she spoke when, not being compelled to conform to the ideas of certain auditors, she gave free play to the daring and original thoughts that filled her soul. Then her grand genius spreading its wings took flight: then, knowing not whither it might lead her, a witness rather than mistress of her own inspiration, she exercised a power more than natural, to which she herself seemed to submit—a power good or bad, but over which she had no control; sometimes, animated by a bitter and biting spirit, she would wither as with the breath of death all the flowers of life, and carry sword and fire into the depths of the heart; she would destroy all the illusions of sentiment, the charm of the most cherished relations. Sometimes, delivering herself up to a singularly original gaiety, she had the ingenuous grace and confidence of a simple child who is the dupe of everything; then, at length soaring into higher regions, she would abandon herself to the sublime melancholy of a religious inspiration, which penetrates the nothingness of terrestrial existence. But it was when in the society of friends in misfortune that she displayed her grandest powers. Hurried away by rapid and profound feelings, it seemed that she traversed heaven and earth to find solaces for their afflictions. There is nothing good and ingenious that she did not invent to distract them, to lighten for a time the sombre images of their sadness. She appeared to dispose of the future and to create one expressly for them, in which, by the power of friendship, she made amends for all things.

The night before Benjamin Constant, her most intimate friend, made his speech in the Assembly against the growing power of the First Consul he drew her aside. "If I make this speech," he said, "to-morrow night your drawing-room will be deserted." "I know it. But you must do what is right," she answered intrepidly. Their prognostications were correct. A party had been arranged for that night; by five o'clock she had received letters of excuse from every person invited, not one of whom came. What could more eloquently describe the slavish adulation of the Parisians to their Moloch? But Fouché waited upon her and told her plainly that Napoleon suspected her of having composed that speech. A short time afterwards she was commanded to quit Paris and not to reside within forty leagues of it. In vain did Joseph Bonaparte, whom she frequently visited, and with whom she passed the last few days of her Parisian

residence, intercede for her; the Consul was immovable. No greater punishment could be imposed upon her than banishment from her beloved Paris, and within the prescribed limits she wandered from village to village, her thoughts ever turned to the one spot, with the same melancholy longing that Adam might have felt when looking back upon Paradise.*

"Delphine," the first of her great fictions, was now published, and created an immense sensation. Also her celebrated "Discourse upon Literature." During the two following years (1803-4) she travelled through Italy and Germany, passing the greater part of the time at Berlin, Vienna, and Weimar, where she diligently pursued the study of the German language and literature, and contracted an intimacy with Goethe, Schiller, the two Schlegels, Wieland, and other of the finest spirits of Germany. In the last-named year she was suddenly recalled to Switzerland by the death of her father. How terrible a blow this was to her may be imagined from the previous description of her doting affection for him.

She now took up her residence at Coppet, and as soon as her affliction would permit, gathered about her some of the greatest men of the age; among others, Augustus Wilhelm Schlegel, Sismondi, and Benjamin Constant. Nothing more delightful than the life of this intellectual circle can be imagined. Discussions upon literary and scientific subjects commenced at eleven o'clock, the breakfast hour, after which the party drove out upon some delightful excursion in the neighbourhood of the lake. Conversation was resumed at dinner, or between dinner and supper, and was often prolonged until midnight. Constant, whom she declared to be "the first of living minds," and herself, de Staël, were the principal talkers.

Nothing, if one may believe the testimony of those present, was ever more wonderful and dazzling than the conversation of those two in the midst of that select circle. Holding the magic battledores of speech, they kept up for

* When her eldest son was seventeen he obtained an interview with Napoleon to plead for the reversal of his mother's sentence of banishment. "Paris is my home," answered the despot; "I will have there only those who love me; to a residence in any other European capital she is welcome, but she will not do at Paris. She lost me the Tribunate. I will take care she does me no more mischief." "Ever dearest mother," wrote the boy, "does not this seem cold to you? But indeed I tried to speak with energy."

hours, without once missing, the flying shuttles of countless interesting thoughts.

Madame de Staël is a queen; and the men of intellect who live in her circle cannot withdraw from it, for she detains them by a species of magic. These men are not, as is foolishly supposed in Germany, all occupied in forming her. It is she who is giving them a social education. She possesses in an admirable degree the secret of uniting the most incongruous elements. Those who approach her may differ widely in opinion, but they agree in their adoration of this idol. Madame de Staël is of medium height, and her form, without possessing a nymph-like elegance, is noble in its proportions. She is a vigorous brunette, and her countenance is not, strictly speaking, handsome. But all that is forgotten when we meet her superb eyes, wherein a great and divine soul not merely shines, but emits fire and flame. And when she speaks from the depths of her heart, as she so often does, and we see how that mighty heart dwarfs even her vast and profound intellect, then indeed one must needs worship her, like my friends, August Wilhelm von Schlegel, Benjamin Constant, &c.

Her mode of composition was admirable. Each work was written three times. The first draft was written by her own hand, after this had gone through emendations and additions, it was copied by her secretary, then passages were read to select friends; after which, adopting any hints of value that might be offered, it was again corrected and recopied. When composing her work upon Literature she worked as follows: each morning she arranged a chapter; during the day she turned the conversation upon the subject she proposed to treat, listened to and argued the various opinions, and the following day the chapter was written.

The greatest blow that fell upon her after her father's death was the suppression of her great work, "De l'Allemagne."* It had been submitted to the censor of the Parisian press, his alterations and excisions had been carefully observed; it was put in type and printed; then came the veto of the Emperor, by whose orders 10,000 copies were destroyed. This book had been the labour of years, and she had looked forward to its publication with the utmost

* The minister of police demanded to know why neither the Emperor nor the army had been mentioned in the work upon Germany. She replied that the subject being purely literary she did not know how such references could be introduced. "Have we then made war upon Germany for eighteen years in order that a person should print a book without speaking of us?" cried the minister. "That book shall be destroyed, and the author ought to be sent to Vincennes."

eagerness. Her mortification may be imagined.

In 1807 was published her greatest and best known fiction, "Corinne," which at once took not only France, but Europe, by storm. Every one read it, and every one, young and old, frivolous and grave, was carried away by its marvellous beauty; even Scotch professors stopped each other in the streets to comment upon it, and to inquire how far each other had read. It will live forever as the most brilliant and passionate work that ever emanated from female pen. Jean-Jacques's pupil had equalled, if not surpassed, the master upon his own ground. "Corinne" was the outpourings of the inward soul of its great authoress, or rather it was the embodiment of her soul, incorporeally. "Delphine" it was said, was the *reality* of her youth, "Corinne" was what Madame de Staël would have been.*

In 1810 there came to the neighbourhood of Coppet a young French officer of Bonaparte's army, invalidated on account of his wounds. He was twenty-five, Madame De Staël forty-four, and yet a mutual passion sprung up between them which resulted in a secret marriage. People will smile upon reading this, as the image of the average worldly and matter-of-fact woman of that age rises before them. But it is gross folly to compare ordinary humanity with exceptional genius; as the one differs from the other intellectually, so does it in passion and sentiment. There are souls

that are ever youthful, the body grows old, beauty departs from it, or can only be discerned by the inward eyes; but the soul is still juvenescent, lovely and passionate, as was Psyche when the rays of her lamp fell upon the sleeping face of Eros. Alas! it is a baneful gift; for what greater misery than to feel the body aging, to feel yourself drifting farther and farther away from those sympathies which in you are vigorous as ever, youth and love looking coldly upon you, while yet your soul is full of both? How exquisitely Madame de Staël felt this was evinced by her shuddering dread of approaching age. The simple words, "We were young then," would fill her eyes with tears. Youthful indeed was the heart, the brain, the soul of her who could write "Corinne" at forty-one.

So wearisome and unbearable became the constant espionage kept upon her by Bonaparte that she at length resolved to quit Coppet and take shelter in England. But to get there was the difficulty; all southern and central Europe was now at the feet of the great conqueror. All direct access was impossible. Escaping out of Switzerland, she journeyed towards Russia, succeeded in reaching St. Petersburg, where she was well received by the Emperor, and remained some time. The news of her enemy's invasion hastened her departure. It was 1813, however, before she arrived in London. Her reception was immense. All the fashion and all the celebrities of the day crowded to visit her. Her residence was at No. 30, Argyle Place, Regent Street. Accustomed to the freer society of Paris, and not understanding English exclusiveness, her assemblies were more numerous than select. Lord Byron said that her table reminded him of the grave, because there all distinctions are levelled. Peers, dandies, the most eminent literati and Grub Street scribblers, were equally to be found there. It was at this time that "De l'Allemagne" was at length given to the world. It is the finest of all her works, and as in his earlier essays Carlyle first fully revealed the German genius to England, so did she perform the same office for France. The book, however, attained a European perusal, and as such anticipated the labours of the English author.

Upon the Restoration she returned to that darling Paris for which she was ever sighing. Her *salons* were more brilliant than ever. Wellington, Chateaubriand, Humboldt, Blucher, Sismondi, Constant,

* I cannot forbear quoting Saint-Beuve's fine analysis of this work: "The main idea of the book is the conflict between a noble, if sentimental, ambition, and that desire for domestic happiness which was ever present with Madame de Staël. No wonder that Corinne shines by moments like a priestess of Apollo, while in the daily intercourse of life she is the simplest of women—gay, versatile, susceptible of a thousand fancies, capable of the most graceful and effortless *abandon*. But for all her external and internal resources, she will never escape herself. From the moment when she feels herself seized by passion, by that vulture grip to which happiness and freedom succumb, I admire her incapability of consolation, the sentiment which is stronger in her than genius, her frequent invocation of the sanctity and permanence of those ties which alone can prevent heart-rending separation. I love to hear her confess in the swan song of her dying hour, 'of all the faculties that were born with me that of sorrow is the only one which I have exercised to the full.' This continuation of 'Delphine' in 'Corinne' is the most fascinating and endearing characteristic of the book to me. The noble framework which everywhere surrounds the experiences of this ardent and impressive soul enhances their effect by its severity. These names of lovers, no longer graven upon beech stems, but inscribed on the walls of eternal ruins, are associated with a solemn history, and come to have a living share in its immortality. This divine passion of a being whom we cannot believe imaginary, introduces into the antique arena one more victim whom men will not forget. Genius, whose child she was, becomes the last and not the least illustrious in the long list of victors."

Lafayette, Guizot, the two Schlegels, Canova, Madame Récamier, and large numbers of old friends from England, among others, Madame D'Arblay, were constantly seen there. The news of the escape from Elba scattered all these brilliant spirits to the four winds, and Madame de Staël once more retired to Coppet. But soon afterwards M. Rocca's health obliged her to go into Italy. There she remained until 1816, in which year she once more returned to Switzerland. About this time Byron hired a house near Geneva, and was her constant guest. "Madame de Staël," he wrote, "has made Coppet as agreeable to me as kindness and pleasant society can make a place." Writing of her after her death the great poet says :

All those whom the charm of involuntary wit and of easy hospitality attracted within the friendly circle of Coppet should rescue from oblivion those virtues which, although they are said to love the shade, are in fact more frequently chilled than excited by the domestic cares of private life. Some one should be found to portray the unaffected graces with which she adorned those dear relationships. Some one should be found not to celebrate but to describe the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of a society ever varied and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those about her. The mother tenderly affectionate and tenderly beloved, the friend unboundedly generous, but still esteemed, the charitable patroness of all distresses, cannot be forgotten by those whom she cherished, and protected, and fed. Her loss will be mourned the most where she was known the best, and to the sorrows of very many friends and more dependents may be offered the disinterested regret of a stranger, who amidst the sublime scenes of Lake Lemane received his chief satisfaction from contemplating the engaging qualities of the incomparable "Corinne."

Her last literary productions were among her finest, — her "Réflexions sur la Révolution Française," and her "Dix Années d'Exil." In the latter she gives some striking pictures of Russia, Poland, and the different countries through which she passed on her way to England.

In 1817 she was seized with a violent fever, to which she ultimately succumbed. The day before her death she read a portion of Byron's "Manfred," and marked some of the finest passages. Upon her sick-bed none of her great or good qualities abandoned her. To the last she was patient and devout, and her intellect undimmed. "I have always been the same,"

she said when she was dying ; "lively and sad, I have loved God, my father, and liberty."

Her husband survived her only a few months. The loss of his noble and brilliant partner proved too much for a constitution already shattered by disease.

To enter into an analysis of her books comes not within the scope of this paper, and it would not probably interest the general reader. Her character, which was frank to a fault, is revealed in her life. By her children she was loved with an ardour that almost equalled her own filial devotion. All her affections, we are told, partook of the nature of love whether they were friendship, or filial or maternal love. Although she had a considerable amount of vanity, and loved to talk of her talents and successes, she had no particle of envy, jealousy, or rancour in her nature. In friendship she was as ardent as she was constant. But she had a curious habit of analyzing the characters of those with whom she was intimate even in their presence. "I cannot help it," she would say. "If I were on my way to the scaffold I should be dissecting the characters of the friends who were to suffer with me." She also formed her judgments very quickly, and seldom changed them. She said very wisely, "A man may be known in an hour, or in ten years ; no intermediate impressions are to be relied upon." She judged herself, however, as strictly as she did others, and was the most severe upon her own faults. She always had a profound sense of religion, and although perhaps during the more brilliant period of her life she inclined a little towards philosophism, her latter years were characterized by a sincerely Christian piety.

From The Sunday Magazine.

SUKIE'S BOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HUGUENOT FAMILY," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

TWO LONE WOMEN AND THEIR CHARGE.
OLD MILES'S LAST JOB DONE.

SUKIE'S heart might have broken under the intensity of her anguish at seeing Kitty degraded from the post of honour to which they two had fondly elected her, and condemned publicly to that pity which Sukie, in her simplicity, knew is

with the hard and coarse-minded much akin to scorn. Other women and their children, all of them more or less Kitty's inferiors, were protected and cherished, while Kitty and her innocent babe were set out to be despised and forsaken. But Sukie had an immense consolation in the very circumstances which, to the commiserating or jeering world outside, appeared to put the crown on the Copes' misfortunes. There were the children; and if little Miles was so much to Sukie, what to Kitty should not the infant be who was bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh? Kitty had not ceased to be a wife and mother, though a husband and father had proved false. Sukie could take heart for her sister and herself in the midst of their misery and self-abasement. Was not God the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless? and if poor Kitty were worse than a widow, and the two children — Miles's boy as well as Will Mayne's — were worse than fatherless, would not the Lord be doubly a husband and father, and could she and Kitty be altogether rebellious and despairing?

As for daily bread, at present the children needed little, and the sisters were hardly worse off than they had been formerly, and Sukie would not fear for the future. The Lord who had blessed and consoled them by giving them children, would find bread to fill the children's mouths.

Sukie's faith communicated itself in a degree to her father and her sister, though the one continued to go about his work in a maze, and Kitty hung her head never to raise it again. From being a healthy woman she began from that date to droop into sickness.

Sukie, who had been until this time the docile follower as well as the faithful servant of her family, took sudden promotion and became its acknowledged leader.

Pending the long dreary silence which followed the departure of the children's fathers, Sukie and Kitty had had the children baptized, standing along with old Miles and a sympathetic neighbour as the children's sponsors. No sacred rite could have been more clouded with earthly grief and shame. Yet Sukie could not aid in its celebration without a certain exaltation of spirit. Her heart was sore for her sister, for their father, for the reprobate Miles, for the unoffending children who must be the sufferers; but her heart could not be all sad on the day when her little Miles and his cousin were given over to Christ, and when she

promised with all her heart, God helping her, to bring them up good, honest, Christian lads, whom He, who put his hands on the little children of Jerusalem, would yet consent to own.

Sukie, in spite of late occurrences, kept to her declaration that "Miles Cope" was a dear name to her, and gave her nephew the name of Miles. What had the poor second Miles done in his sin against God and nature, himself and them, that their father's name should not descend to be borne more worthily, as Sukie was fain to prophecy, by a third Miles? Poor Miles the second's abuse of the revered name was the very reason that it should be handed down afresh to be redeemed by Miles the third.

Kitty remained firm in her intention, also, and bade her boy be named after his father, "William Mayne." It might be her last passionate assertion of her claim to her husband — it might be a lingering, desperate appeal to him on behalf of their son, while she would not make an appeal on her own behalf, and while she practised the self-control, in spite of what was weak in her character, of never again mentioning Will Mayne himself to her sister — whatever the motive, Kitty was stubborn in calling her boy "William Mayne," but from the first the child's Christian name was abbreviated into Bill, not Will.

In course of time Sukie received a letter from her brother — an unsatisfactory letter, only less unsatisfactory than his total silence would have been. He said that he had been doing no good in Cranthorpe — that he could not look at his child — as how could he when he had gone some way to starving its mother? He had found out Will Mayne's purpose of giving Kitty and their bantling the slip. Where would have been the use of Miles trying to hold fast so slippery a customer when Will was heart-sick of Kitty and her palaver? No power would have kept Will Mayne to his bargain: he would have contrived somehow to give it the go-by, and it was better to take what good he could get out of Mayne, and let him show them a grand opening for house-painters in America, and make the opening free to both, by his oily tongue and swelling words, which imposed upon people for a time. Miles would see that Will sent home to Kitty a share of what money he made, which he would never do of his own accord, for he was a selfish dog. Miles, himself would let Sukie have the better part of his earnings, so soon

as he could spare them, which would be ere long, for there were good wages to be had in America ; — a fellow could enjoy himself there, and at the same time put by money ; so that she might have plenty for the child — which kiss for him, he was sorry he had not kissed it the morning he went, somehow it seemed unlucky.

Miles's vague intention of doing something for his child came to nothing, but it was the utmost satisfaction which the sisters got from him.

Sukie toiled like three women at watchmaking with her father, at straw-bonnet cleaning, at the heavier end of the house-keeping : all that she asked or would consent that Kitty should do, was to look after the two babies, and attend to the lighter work of the house. Sukie was sufficiently cheered when little Miles crowded to her, or when little Bill pulled his mother's hair, till she roused herself and smiled faintly while she scolded him.

"If I could but prevent father from feeling the pinch of poverty, and keep Kitty off a bed of languishing, and rear the children, I should not complain or feel any work too hard," said Sukie to herself, many a time, with a long sigh of aspiration which she half grudged, for she felt she had no breath to spare. "I have so much to be thankful for," she ended, gratefully, "I am rich in friends, if in nothing else, — richer than I ever thought to be in the two dear children, and it is no pain to work for them. How angry I am when people speak as if I could wish to be rid of them, — of my boy, the most contented, affectionate little fellow, so funny that he begins to make plays of bo-peep for Bill, though he is not a month older, and knows and singles me out already ; it is the greatest pride and pleasure for me to do for them" (Sukie did not use the last phrase in the slang sense, but in the honest working man and woman's sense).

But another trial was in store for the sisters. Old Miles had never been the same man since the departure of his son and son-in-law. He continued indeed to go through his daily routine of more than half a century's standing, and took his early walk regularly, bringing back with him from March till November the bits of groundsel, shepherd's purse, chickweed, or plantain which he had picked for his birds. Till light failed him he was at work, and then he would take his book in the window or the chimney-cor-

ner, and only leave it for the solemn slow reading of a chapter and a prayer, which sounded plain to the comprehension, after his own hazy, high-flown utterances, before retiring to rest. But all was accomplished with such perceptibly increasing feebleness, that Sukie was tempted to wish that her father would give in a little and lay aside his more fatiguing habits. From the early walk he now came back, manifestly tottering, more exhausted than refreshed. Over the more intricate fittings in and regulations of the tiny wheels and chains of his trade, his dim eyes faltered — though they were aided by magnifying glasses ; his stiff hands were unsteady, and in these things she could give him little aid.

Mr. Horrock, the other watchmaker in Cranthorpe, who combined flashy and attractive jewelry with his watchmaking, was not an unfriendly man, and was far beyond the stage of rivalry with the elder tradesman. When some of old Miles's former customers, who were in truth fast falling from him, had gone to Mr. Horrock, and had spoken to him of Miles Cope's being superannuated, Mr. Horrock had spoken in turn to Sukie, and offered to complete any fine work which her father could no longer accomplish, and to engage him to work at such jobs of clock-cleaning, &c., &c., as he was still capable of.

There was a great deal of genuine commiseration felt for the Cope family, to whom commiseration could not be very readily expressed. Not that Sukie rejected or disdained it, though it was some time before she could bring herself to see that not only her father's best days were gone, but that infirmities were advancing on him with great strides, and it was a still longer time before she could venture to convey to him Mr. Horrock's message, with all that it implied.

She contented herself, for a while, with longing that father would give in a little, stay in the house till breakfast time, if not take his coffee and slice of toast and bit of bacon in bed ; that he would take a nap after dinner with his pocket-handkerchief thrown over his head, as so many men of his age and station took a nap, in place of tramping back immediately to business, like a man in his prime ; that he would stoop to take a turn in the garden, or divert himself with the children by the fireside, or rest satisfied with the Bible and the newspapers, in place of employing his leisure in study. Surely father had studied enough in the

course of his threescore and ten, she reflected, referring to the old musty volumes (old Miles despised anything new and fresh out of a mechanic's library), over which her father was given to pore, and from which she did not doubt that he drew additional stores to add to his heap of learning.

At last Sukie dared not, having regard to the interest of the whole household, withhold from her father Mr. Horrock's really considerate and kind proposal.

It took old Miles by surprise, and by no means agreeable surprise. He was inclined to repudiate it indignantly. "He's a vapouring, new-fangled fool, is Horrock. I've been my own master for too many years to bind myself an apprentice again, least of all to him. I wonder at you, Sukie, for conspiring with so litigious a fox against your own father. I forbid you to do anything so pestilent again, girl."

"Very well, father," she answered, meekly, with tears in her eyes, all the more impressed that she had not the least idea what the terms "litigious fox" or "pestilent" might mean.

But that very same afternoon Miles fought for hours in vain with the difficult works of a valuable hunting watch of one of the few good customers who had stood by him. He wiped the perspiration from his brow in the pauses of the fight, and peered as if it were for a distraction through the little pane of glass in the partition which divided the so-called shop from the front kitchen, where he could see Sukie ironing and pressing her straw plaits, and Kitty, with her tall figure no longer straight, but stooping painfully, and her naturally thin face blanched and worn, cumbered heavily with the two children, trying to rock the cradle containing little Bill with her foot, while she stilled the fretting of little Miles in the first trouble of his first tooth on her knee.

Suddenly old Miles came in upon the two women, startling them as much as if he were there to announce an earthquake, by this break in his ordinary afternoon custom. He had always been methodical in his most fantastic speeches, and he was methodical in his humiliation; so he carried the shell of the hunting watch with its works carefully collected in a little box. He told Sukie with a kind of severity to take "the commodity" to Horrock's; Mr. Harewood was not to be put about or injured, because he (old Miles) was breaking up like a flood, neither

were women and children to be driven to death and condemned to pine if he could help it, though it brought down his bulwarks.

"Oh, never mind us, father," cried Sukie, "we can do very well for ourselves."

And Kitty chimed in, "We are children of affliction, but we would not take advantage of you, father."

But Miles declined all parley, and with mournful imperiousness, waived off Sukie on her errand as on a matter which was settled beyond the chance of change.

As for the sisters, in the midst of their admiration of their father's magnanimity, they could not, with the children, and with Miles's own grey hairs before them, remonstrate farther.

Sukie returned with a courteous message, and several counter commissions in clock-works from Mr. Horrock for Miles, which the latter accepted with his old dignity, saddened though it was, and worked at them for several weeks.

But this was only a stage in the old man's rapid decline. Sukie soon saw with a sharp pang that he was no longer fit even for the coarse work which had been assigned to him. She did her best to get him to relinquish it to her, and to overtake it by yet more spasmodic exertions of her own fully taxed energies. But Miles, who in his isolated life had never been accustomed to contradiction, and never had tolerated interference with his arrangements, grew jealous, fractious, almost fierce, at the least suggestion of aid from Sukie. He even declined to permit her to be with him at any time in the shop, or to afford him the help which she had been used to render him from her girlhood.

Thus it happened that it was without Sukie's knowledge that her father worked with immense pains for days and days at a clock which in old times would not have occupied the most conscientious worker for more than a few hours; and it was without Sukie's anxious inspection, for which she made an apology to herself, when, on inquiring whether the clock were not done yet, he had days before told her, half in dudgeon, half in triumph, that he had sent the finished clock back again.

He was so tired that he attempted no more work that afternoon, though it was a long summer's day with fine bright weather. He turned over the slender remnant of his old stock and tools, and dozed in the sun, keeping himself well

out of his daughters' sight, partly because he could not bear to be idle and they so occupied, partly because Sukie had begged him to give over his work when he had carried it on into the hours of the previous evening, and had taken it upon her to warn him that he would be knocked up, if he would not take a little well-earned rest. It would spoil the girl, who was getting too opinionative already, if he let her suspect that she had been right in her warning.

An unhappy interruption came to his present rest. Unfortunately the clock which he had put together with stifled groans and strange efforts had, in Mr. Horrock's absence, been given to a foreman who knew nothing of Miles. On examination this foreman had found some small flaw in the work, which was not to be wondered at in the circumstances, but which never would have been found in Miles Cope's work of former days. Coupling the defect with the delay in the doing of the work which had tried even his master's forbearance, the man, in a fit of surly zeal, pulled the clock down again with the utmost promptitude, and bundled the materials back to Miles Cope, accompanying them with the contemptuous notice that they did not admit bungling work at Horrock's shop — that he must sort the clock afresh, and look sharp about it.

Sukie, entering to call her father to tea, found him seated motionless, with the works of the clock before him, and the taunt rankling deep in his failing mind —

"Am I a bungler, Sukie?" he asked her in a shrill voice of attempted derision; and Sukie guessed the blow which had been dealt, and put her arms round her father's neck, as in the reserved nature of their intercourse she had not done since she was a child, and kissed and cried over him, and told him that he was the cleverest watchmaker, the wisest man — to no purpose. "I think I shall go to bed, Sukie, I'll not blunder there," said old Miles. And Sukie knew that the end had come.

"I was over proud," he further owned one day to Sukie, when she was waiting upon him, "and so I have to be beholden to women for everything. No, Sukie, don't contradict me, I'll never work for my salt again; and I may tarry on the length of the calendar, while my children's children have fallen to you girls to be reared and admonished; and I cannot spell a page to myself, or express myself as I was wont to do, but

must depend upon you for a chapter or a verse, and employ common words for common things."

"It is true, father," assented Sukie, with tender sincerity. "Oh, I wish I could bear the yoke for you."

"Not so; it is my yoke, nobody shall bear it save myself;" Old Miles asserted his old independence manfully, even then. "But oh, Sukie with all our pride as potates, it is well for us that One bare the yoke for us; I never saw it so clear as now."

"Yes, father, it is the greatest who are the humblest. I praise the Lord for your clear sight, as I have praised Him all my life long for a good father," said Sukie, devoutly.

Poor old Miles did not tarry very long to render the straits of his daughters and grandchildren more pressing: he departed in peace, and though his mourners were few, not the mightiest of men was more lovingly mourned, or more honoured in the mourning.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ONE TAKEN, AND THE OTHER LEFT.

SUKIE worked on with her straw-bonnet cleaning, and found a substitute for the loss of the small gains which, to the last, the watch-making had brought to the family. Mr. Horrock at once took over old Miles's few remaining watches, springs, screws, and pincers — relics which Sukie parted from with pain, but pain masked by the thankfulness which she experienced by the fair remuneration procured without further trouble or expense. She spent the few pounds thus obtained on tea, sugar, rice, such groceries as could be easily kept, and entered into a treaty with a baker to supply her with bread, with the view of Kitty's retailing the groceries and bread, and thus making a small profit.

There was the room which had served for "dear old father's" workroom and shop, standing empty, ready to receive the groceries and bread, and with a door opening to the street, convenient for customers. The spare room would be an oppression to the Copes, a mere melancholy reminder of the past, if not so employed, for they could not get it let easily, while the house, on which Sukie put an exaggerated value, was so far the Copes' own, that they held it by a long cheap lease.

Selling tea or bread would be a nice, light, genteel trade for Kitty, which would

not be too much for her, and with which her charge of the children need not interfere. Sukie took pride in remembering that her mother used to send her when she was young to buy half a pound of tea from the old curate's widow, who was quite the lady, and had attention shown to her by the doctor's and banker's families, and all the best people in the town. And Sukie recalled farther, that poor Mrs. Prince had a poor little daughter affected with spine complaint, who required more from her than twin babies twice over would have called for.

Kitty was willing to do anything, though she was despondent of success, and though she made objection to the word "genteel" for a recommendation of the calling. "As if anything were not fit for me, Sukie, when I see what you, on whom me and my boy and little Miles have all come to be dependent, have to do, as if I did not take blame to myself for the days when I was an untamed heifer," reflected Kitty, with her father's inappropriateness of fine similitude.

But although poor Kitty was perfectly sincere in her reflection upon herself, there was an innate fastidiousness about her which sorrow could not root out; so that it was with a melancholy satisfaction in the modified gentility of the operation that, generally with a child on one arm, she weighed out and tied up her tea and sugar, and dispensed her loaves, with the greatest exactness and neatness, and not without a certain languid grace which impressed some of her customers. The sterling, single-hearted honesty of the Copes, which made them most desirous of giving full measure and supplying good articles, was in favour of Kitty's little venture; and for any customer whom her lachrymoseness, instead of a chatty, popular shopkeeper manner frightened away, there was, to the credit of Cranthorpe, another customer attracted by the sympathy which was felt for the two women, and by the wish to support them in their honest efforts to maintain themselves and their children.

Thus to Sukie's great and permanent gratitude both ends, that of gaining and that of spending, were brought to meet in the household; and as the years rolled on, and the babies grew into little boys and young lads, with increasing appetites and increasing needs, and making additional drains for food, and clothes, and schooling, the supply was still found sufficient for the demand, and no debts had been incurred. But the women had

more than once been hard put to it, especially when Kitty's weakness of chest had threatened to confine her to that bed of languishing which Sukie had deprecated for her, and when, on her recovery, in spite of her weakness, both she and Sukie, in order to pay the doctor's bill and find sufficient food for the boys, had to dine, and sup too, on some days, on kettle-broth (bread soaked in hot water and spiced with pepper and salt).

But Kitty was spared, and the boys throve and shot up nearer and nearer to providing for themselves, and Sukie was ready to bear solemn and glad testimony that the Lord had provided — had been the husband of the widow, had given children to the desolate — for though the boys were the great care, they were also the light of the sisters' house.

The sisters had only heard once again from America, and the tidings put a stop to all likelihood of hearing farther. Miles was dead; had died in a hospital in Philadelphia, and had begged the chaplain to write home to the address which he had left, and tell those whom it concerned that the last thing he said was, that he was very sorry for all that he had failed to do, and that the last name he had spoken was that of his old sister Sukie, who had been like a mother to him, and was then acting as a mother to his child. The chaplain added that, as far as he could judge, the poor man was sincere in his sorrow, and died penitent, and in the faith of a Christian. Sukie's heart melted entirely at the small atonement, and it was one of the greatest trusts of her life, that there had been a secret sacred sorrow, as well as the open simple sorrow, enlarging and ennobling Miles's shallow heart, and a great name before hers on his faltering lips.

With Miles's death, the last hope, if it could be called a hope, as years rolled on, of their hearing anything further of Will Mayne died also. Happily for the peace of the women, they could not conceive that he would ever waste a thought either upon them or his son, or dream of returning to do penance for his sin, and to resume his unpalatable duties.

Miles and Bill were like brothers, although they bore no resemblance to each other. Miles was an irregular, squat, plain-featured little fellow (though Sukie fondly believed him handsome), very good-natured, and with a peculiar straightforwardness which some people mistook for silliness. But, though he was not clever, or at all bookish, the last rather

to Sukie's regret, he was neither silly nor dull, and, with all his liveliness, there was from his earliest years a remarkable trustworthiness about him, which rendered Sukie's boast quite true — that she could always depend upon Miles. Whatever play he was engaged in, whatever temptation he was exposed to, Miles, except in the rarest instances, remembered and attended to his aunt's injunctions, came home to his meals with a punctuality which savoured of his old grandfather, hardly ever forgot a commission with which he was entrusted, never complained, but was as cheery as a cricket, and consoled Bill on stinted diet or pleasure, and was as proud as a cropper pigeon, which he was personally not unlike, when he was set to work to help either of his aunts — Sukie with her straw-cleaning, or Kitty in her shop.

This model boy to his elderly aunts, was called a milksop. Perhaps in minor matters, notwithstanding his gaiety of heart, he was something of a milksop, as children brought up entirely by women seldom miss being, but, at least, he had the courage to go on his way and not mind being called names, though he did not think of thrashing the boys who twitted him with being a Molly Coddle. He had his recompense. Not only was he prized at home, but he had the proud position of being one of the first boys in the Vicar's Sunday-school, not because of his talents, which were not considerable, but because he learnt his tasks and kept order as if he were a little teacher himself. And yet he was not at all a prig, although he might be a little milksop. He was altogether in earnest, and had a sense of his own deficiencies. Even those teachers who preferred bright children, however flighty, could not help having some favour for the honest slow lad who was always trying to do his best, and yet his very teachers mistook him for a simpleton.

Besides his integrity and punctuality, Miles had a trait of his father's father in him, which Sukie welcomed warmly. The boy had inherited his grandfather's love of birds, and it was young Miles's part now, at any spare moment, sedulously to care for the descendants of the old canaries, and to spend every chance penny which reached him in contributing to the payment of their seed. Sukie never grudged it, and by a pleasant little feint, she and Miles bought it from Kitty — Miles going in at the shop door, laying down his coins on the counter, and say-

ing with all the gravity which he could command, "Thank you, mum, for two pen'rth of canary seed, mum, we never allow our birds hemp-seed," like any other customer, and never ceasing to enjoy his share of the joke, which did not fall on any of its innocent promoters.

Bill Mayne was decidedly like his mother, a tall, pale, long-nosed, rather refined-looking boy, with a genius for keeping his clothes and person whole and clean, which it must be confessed was not possessed by Miles. In spite of his other model qualities, he constantly contrived, amidst hearty contrition and lamentation, to get out at knees and elbows, and to black his face and soil his hands, even at the most unpropitious times — at the holiday-treat of his Sunday-school, or after he had been sent to carry home tea to his aunt's customers. Miles did not look at all above his station as the orphan nephew of poor aunts, who were in the lower rank of respectable tradespeople; but Bill had something of the air and many of the aspirations of a shabby little gentleman.

Bill was rather clever, outstripping Miles at school, and being capable of outstripping him a great deal farther had it not been for a constitutional indolence, possibly having reference to the delicate health which he had derived from his mother. But Bill had not Miles's unswerving steadiness and devotion to duty, any more than he had Miles's equal temper. Bill could trifle as well as idle, could grumble and trespass on his aunt's and his mother's kindness. At the same time he was by no means a bad boy. He was truthful, even guileless and affectionate, and the very daintiness and pride which often made him cross and dissatisfied, served as a sort of safeguard against many of the grosser faults of boyhood. Indeed Bill Mayne was so much like his mother, that it might have been trusted that the strain of his father in him was slight and innocuous.

Yet, though Bill was as much the women's boy as his cousin was, and though he was in addition a white-faced, clean, particular little fellow — the rudest boy did not call him a milksop or Molly Coddle. The fact was that there slept under Bill's gentility a fitfully violent temper, which had broken out in more than one school-fight, during which Miles had looked on in consternation, to rush in at the last moment with a whiter face than Bill's, and drag out the combatant, rendered for the nonce more disreputable by

black eyes and bleeding nose, than Miles with all his rents and stains.

The boys had of themselves taken up towards each other a good deal of the relative position which had been held formerly by Sukie and Kitty. Miles, though the elder, the stronger, and much the more useful member of the family, deferred naturally, as it were, to Bill, and looked up to him. The sisters had not contributed to this result; indeed, Kitty, when she was more low-spirited than usual, was apt to vex Sukie and affront Bill by a kind of self-mortification, in which she dwelt, a little ostentatiously as well as painfully, on the fact of herself and her boy being largely dependent on Sukie, whose boy Miles specially was. Perhaps Miles's homage to Bill, encouraged and abetted as it was by his Aunt Sukie, was only confirmed by this tone in his Aunt Kitty. Be that as it may, the lads in their dissimilarity agreed well together, and were as much attached as lads could be, almost as much attached as Sukie and Kitty had been throughout their lives.

Of course it was a great question with the sisters to what calling the boys should be reared. The guardians were resolutely bent on doing the best that they could for their charges, and Sukie and Kitty's best involved two considerations. It was absolutely necessary that the boys should be rendered as soon as possible capable of supporting themselves, and it seemed almost equally incumbent on the two narrow-minded, strongly prejudiced sisters that this desirable attainment should be made without loss of station, that is, without letting the boys "sink," as it would have seemed to their aunts, into mere mechanics.

The line between small tradesmen and mechanics is very narrow, but the narrower the line the more tenaciously it is held. "Father's grandchildren ought to be something better than wrights or farriers." Sukie Cope, the most hard-working woman in Cranthorpe, saw no inconsistency in affirming "our poor brother first lost himself by the low-lifedness which led him to be a house-painter, though no doubt he looked forward to being a master house-painter like Mr. Bridges."

"Don't speak of house-painting, Sukie," said Kitty, with a little shiver. "I should not like either of the lads to affect that."

"I suppose watchmaking is not to be thought of," said Sukie, regretfully, "since Mr. Horrock, with so many sons

and son's sons — he has flourished like a green bay tree — is not likely to want an assistant. If he had, and my hand had not been out, and if I had not been as far as No. 12 in my spectacles, I might have qualified Miles or Bill a bit for father's trade."

"As if you had not enough to do, Sukie," said Kitty, reproachfully, "and I feeling like a withered branch beside you, as it is."

"Kitty, it would have been a treat," said the indefatigable Sukie; "and you are not a withered branch; there is no want of sap in you to be the fine-looking woman you are at your age. What should we do without you?"

After much cogitation, many inquiries, and the legitimate exercise of a little patronage commanded by the Copes, which Sukie called softly "a testimony to what father was," every person concerned felt relieved and pleased when the lads were apprenticed. Miles went to a grocer, who was to give him a small wage — sufficient to keep him in clothes, and dating from the commencement of his apprenticeship on account of the handiness and the knowledge which the lad had already picked up in his aunt's shop; Bill was apprenticed to a draper, but without any present wage, as he had no acquaintance with drapery goods and was not handy.

The deprivation in Bill's case was regarded as his misfortune rather than his fault, and by none was it judged more entirely in this light than by his cousin Miles, who insisted on sharing his first wages with Bill. It came to the same thing in the end, as both boys had to fall back on the sisters for what they required, but it prevented Bill from feeling behind Miles, and it gave the former a share in the lively pleasure of being for the first time in his life master of a little money. Bill repaid the gift out of his earliest earnings, and both boys did well in the years which are the connecting links between boyhood and youth.

Then Bill achieved a rise in life. His master went out of business, and in place of remaining with his successor Bill, with his mother and aunt's consent, tried for and was successful in getting the situation of junior clerk to the principal banker in the town; for Bill with his cleverness and neatness wrote a fine legible hand, and had not only mastered the rule of three in figures, but made some progress in book-keeping. As a clerk in a bank Bill had his evenings to himself, which

was a boon both to himself and his relations in consideration of his delicacy of health.

Bill the future banker was a proud consideration to the whole household, and he loomed so grandly in Sukie's imagination, that she began already to think and speak of him with a species of awe as her gentleman nephew, with whom no liberty was to be taken—not that Bill stood on his dignity and resented liberties, and for whom no service was too good that she could render—not that Bill exacted services, or did anything, save take them graciously.

Miles, instead of envying Bill his superior gentility and leisure, was elated like the rest, and happy over them, and was so eager to preserve them intact, that he would tear home at eight o'clock, when his master's shop shut, to see that Bill was not prevented from getting to his library or his game of cricket by having to meet and pay the tax collector, or make up some bill of cleaned or turned bonnets, or take stock of the slender shop goods.

"Halloa! old boy," Bill would say, looking lazily up and stretching himself with a yawn, to find these and far humbler and more troublesome offices—water drawn and carried in from the well in the garden, potatoes and turnips hoed and weeded, sticks broken and stored conveniently for firewood—discharged by Miles, and he offering his arm to let his Aunt Kitty have the turn on the pavement in the twilight, which was all the out-of-doors exercise that she took.

"What is that you are about? I meant to do all that if you had not looked so much alive; and I know you were up with the crows this morning, making yourself as black as a crow, carrying in a sack full of coals. Don't you think I heard and saw you like a sweep, between the curtains, before you turned to the usual scrubbing up, and watering, and seeding of those canaries?"

"Never you mind, Bill; look after your own affairs," said Miles in the jolliest tone. "I ain't a future banker, so I can make a coal-heaver of myself, if I like the fun of the thing, without offence. I suppose the thunder-shower sent you cricketers in-doors; but it is quite fair again, and you had better go and see if the players are trying another match. I think you'll find them out; only I say, Bill, don't play too hard, or lie down on the wet grass after it, for your doing so worrits aunts."

Miles never thought of a game to himself: he had no time for games, and with all his activity he had no skill or ambition in that direction. He contented himself with Bill's prowess; one crack cricket-player in the family was enough. The nearest approach which Miles made to playing was when he had time to clean himself and go and look at Bill playing.

Bill Mayne was a good cricket-player; he had always been fond of the game; and he had overcome, for love of it, the drawbacks of his natural indolence and delicacy of health. When Bill set his heart on an attainment, he could do wonders and surmount great obstacles, without so much as counting the cost of the surmounting. There was risk for Bill Mayne in competitions and rivalries; and there were two risks, physical and moral, in what is rightly esteemed the healthful, innocent sport of cricket-playing, of the first of which his relations, with all their desire to indulge him, were aware. But it was from the second risk that Bill suffered soonest; and he was only delivered from it by the intervention and usurpation over him of the first.

The cricket-players of Cranthorpe happened to be most of them lads of a considerably higher rank in society than Bill Mayne, with whom, however, he was not without qualifications for mingling, in the natural propriety, and the aspirations which had distinguished his mother before him. Bill was charmed and fascinated with his new associates; but while they were neither better nor worse than the ordinary run of young men, they were bad associates for Bill Mayne, to whom they freely enough condescended. They were the sons of men of some fortune, who had the command of pocket-money, or who were in the possession of salaries that were for the most part far beyond the wages of Bill's humble clerkship. These young men had tastes which even were they perfectly harmless in themselves, were forbidden to Bill Mayne, and yet, when he was held fast in the silken toils of men better educated and still more polished than he was, and so especially attractive to him, Bill found it was very hard to evade sharing and gratifying such tastes, or breaking through the entanglement.

It made matters worse that Bill's tempters were involuntary and ignorant tempters, while his vehement inclinations were engaged for and not against them.

The field was so circumscribed that it admitted of an amount of mischief being

done which could not possibly have been accomplished by the same instrumentality in wider limits. The poor little luxuries of gloves and ties and studs which Bill was led to regard as no longer luxuries, but bare necessities, were very simple; the little debts which were incurred for them were very little debts; the indulgences of smoking and of glasses of beer were the most moderate indulgences. But what are matters of moonshine to one man are things of moment to another; and the question of situation and individuality sometimes constitutes the criterion of guilty or not guilty.

The tone of the society into which Bill Mayne had penetrated was not very much higher even on the surface than the tone of that which he had relinquished; and yet the heightened superficial tone laid hold of, and threatened to make a fool and worse than a fool of him. It was such petty rocks on which to be shipwrecked; but petty rocks, inasmuch as they are often hidden, cause more numerous and frequently as disastrous shipwrecks as are wrought by huge reefs.

Bill Mayne became more and more restless and harassed as he was more and more drawn from mother and aunt and cousin. He began to grow ashamed of his surroundings and kindred, and glad to get away from them, to occupy more than his spare time with cricket matches up and down the country, crow and pigeon shooting, &c., &c. These sports tended generally to social meetings of a tolerably harmless description to the bulk of the young sportsmen; but the least excess in which might well prove a fatal beginning for a poor fatherless excitable lad like Bill Mayne. The glimpses which he got of his friends' homes, with the glamour of their greater refinement—especially in their womankind, to which he was so constituted as to be keenly alive, were not calculated to counterbalance the peril.

His friends, who had been so fond of Bill hitherto, and who were reluctant to find fault, became troubled. His mother's eyes lighting on traces of growing extravagance and disorder in her son, grew heavy with unshed tears, and the old wounds of her heart began to smart and burn afresh, while each sore recollection stimulated a sorer foreboding. Sukie looked dull and careworn. Miles in his loyalty to his cousin was grievously perplexed; why should not Bill do like the gentlemen whom he so nearly resembled,

while nobody spied out harm in their pursuing the course for which Bill was covertly censured? But Miles's candour would not suffer him to cheat himself, however glad he would have been in this instance to be cheated. If Bill wasted more money than he had to spare, though the waste were only of a few shillings, and the object of waste were nothing worse than a cricketer's jacket or his share in the expenses of an occasional dog-cart taken by young fellows for an afternoon in the country; though Bill did not stay out later than eleven o'clock, and did not come in more unlike himself than excitement and fatigue might of themselves make him look; still there was injury done to himself and others, the same in kind, though not in degree, as if he had launched into the expenses of a nobleman's wardrobe, kept a whole stud of horses and a kennel of hounds, or been taken up by the police for being found drunk and disorderly. The screw was loosened and the bolt withdrawn in either case, and the mischief might not end till hearts were broken and grey hairs brought in sorrow to the grave.

But when the two women and Miles had made their remonstrances so much in vain, that Bill, in order to get rid of them, plunged into still more undesirable costs and amusements, a sterner claimant interposed, and, seizing the young man in a hard clutch, became his best deliverer whilst also his mortal enemy.

Bill, with all his finicalness, had managed to combine carelessness of his fragile body, and impatience of all precautions which had health as their end, and the combination brought him to physical grief. A neglected cold developed into a bad cough which speedily assumed an alarming character.

For a time he fought with a kind of fierce, defiant gaiety, against the conditions and against the piteous anxiety of his relations. He would not consent to knock under, he would go on as usual in the cricket-field, as in the bank office, with blazing hectic cheek, hollow eyes, and hair showing damp and limp or dry and thin. Till one night Bill went up to the bed where Miles lay sleeping, awoke him in the small hours and caused him to stare aghast at the announcement,—

“Miles, I'm dying; I have done for myself by my own folly.”

Bill's struggle to deny and ignore his illness was ended, but it was succeeded by a state of gloom hardly less trying to witness.

Miles, as well as the poor fellow's mother and his aunt, ministered to him, devotedly hoping against hope for his recovery, and spending every spare penny and moment in procuring for him medicine and solace, though they themselves should starve. For that matter it seemed as if Miles and Sukie, not to say Kitty, who was the lad's mother, did not feel that they had bodies to become spare and guant with abstinence, and stiff with watching during these weeks.

Then there occurred another change in Bill, which can be expressed by nothing so well as by that phrase in the Bible which describes a man as returning to his right mind, only the rightness in Bill's case was so infinitely sounder, sweeter, and higher than he had formerly manifested, that it was not so much a restoration as a re-creation, which, like all creations, has only one origin. And who shall say in these days of controversy that this change was not in answer to those prayers that had compassed Bill Mayne from his birth—to the widow's daily and nightly petition for her worse than fatherless child; to Sukie's constant, humble supplications; to Miles's stammering utterances; to the man's own cries—from the last hoarse murmur of his despair back to the first trustful fearless prayer of his innocent childhood?

In the enlargement of soul which came to Bill Mayne when his whole nature expanded with the comprehension of the one great sacrifice, which looming over life and death does not darken them by its shadow, but illuminates and transforms them by its heavenly light, he was reconciled to everything and to everybody,—to himself as pardoned and purified, to his thoughtless companions as not having known what they did, and being in many respects far better fellows than he, to his mother, his Aunt Sukie, and Miles, against whom he had sinned especially as he had sinned against his own soul, and against the Lord who had bought him. He was inspired with fresh love and gratitude for all the care which had done even more for him than to save him temporarily.

Under this new aspect all that was refined in Bill Mayne came out in the reality of gentleness. His very person wasting, was yet lit up by the fire of the fever which was consuming him. His friends gazing upon him were distracted between grief and admiration, for his manly beauty was to them as the beauty of an angel.

It became no exaggeration in Sukie to say that though his mother's face and hers were often "foul with weeping," it was yet the greatest pleasure and privilege to wait on her dear nephew, Bill, he was so brave and happy. Sukie had never known him so contented—well-nigh blythe in his resignation. He endured his pangs with such rarely intermitted patience, he enjoyed his reprieves and compensations with such hearty good-will.

Bill consoled even his mother for the prospect of his death. He displayed such tact as Sukie and Miles could only marvel at, in dealing with her in those tortures of jealousy which assail poor mothers, and with which they have to contend in the name of their Master, when their children are stricken and others left untouched. Why should Bill go and Miles stay? Oh, Miles was a dear good fellow enough, and he was kind—kind to his cousin, she admitted that, though sometimes she could not bear to see it, when Miles was giving his strong arm to Bill now instead of to her, and supporting him for a turn on the pavement; when Miles came in blown but vigorous from his shop, asking with his first breath for Bill, who was not fit to raise his head from the pillow to answer his cousin. And she knew that Bill had been longing and looking out for Miles, though it had been in silence, not to fret her, because the young man's firm hands and stout arms could lift and hold him as neither his mother nor his Aunt Sukie, with their shrunk sinews and failing muscles, could help him. And Miles was a tender nurse for a man, but, oh, the contrast was hard for a mother to mark, so hard, that even Miles in his blundering simplicity was forced to guess it, and to keep sorrowfully out of his Aunt Kitty's sight.

But Bill with his clear eyes, and faint voice, could show her another side of the question.

"Of course I should like to have lived out my days, it is natural and right that a fellow should wish that; but since it is settled otherwise by an unerring will, ay, and a Father's will, don't you see, you who are a good woman, that there is promotion in it after all? Shall I not be far better if I am permitted to be, as the Apostle Paul described, with the Lord, than I could ever have been here? And there was that in me, which might have landed me in destruction. So there is in Miles, and all of us, since we are all sin-

ners, you think? No doubt, mother, but some have in them greater weakness and stronger taints than are found in others, and for them there may be so sharp and protracted a fight that an early deliverance may be, if not the only rescue, at least a great gain. I do not want to reflect to-day on my father whom I never saw, (poor mother!) but I am my father's son, and I might have found it hard not to turn out such as he. How terrible that would have been for you, and the rest, after all that you and Aunt Sukie have done and borne! No, Miles is not his father's son, and he has been so made, or else such grace has been given to him, that things are a great deal easier for him than they could ever have been for me. He will keep and be kept right. I am not a bit frightened to trust you and Aunt Sukie to him who has always been the best son to you, though I know, dear, how you love your own little-worth son. You will let Miles be a son to you, as well as to Aunt Sukie, when I am gone to a better place, and the separation will not be for very long."

On the day that Bill died, he requested that Miles should read to him the hymn beginning,—

The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;

dwelling on the lines,—

I leave this world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear,

as expressing his sentiments.

When all was over, Kitty uttered that great cry which once far back in the centuries rang out through a whole land, that cry like which in anguish there is no cry in this sorrowful world, and which, once heard, can never be forgotten, "My boy, my first and last born, my only son whom I loved so well!" cried Kitty, ere she gave him up to God.

"It is a great lesson for all of us to be ready, Aunt Sukie," Miles confided to his aunt in as conscious-stricken — probably far more conscious-stricken a tone than if he had been a reckless scamp — and Sukie responded in awe that it was a lesson to her.

Miles and Sukie were right. Their honest hard work and loving-kindness — such good things in themselves, might yet engross them with what was seen and temporal, while they degenerated always to lower levels of virtue until death, which comes to all, might surprise them and tear them from the material to the

spiritual world — unless they held communion with it through the Divine Spirit, and learned to prune and stretch the wings of their souls before they were called on to take their last flight; since only by maintaining their connection with their head can Christians find that life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel, that the sting is taken from death, and the victory from the grave.

There was no outward change on Miles after Bill Mayne's death, and yet his character was almost indefinitely confirmed, raised, and deepened. People who had been accustomed to laugh at the single-hearted, rather girlish lad, began to respect him in spite of themselves.

Miles and Sukie, enlightened by their generous tenderness, treated Kitty with the distinction which Shakespeare makes Princess Constance claim as the due of her superiority in sorrow. Kitty, not Sukie, had Miles's arm to church; and Kitty, let her protest as she might, must have the softest seat, the daintiest morsel. And she was touched and comforted with a human comfort, even as she was upheld by the higher consideration of that grand promotion of which Bill had spoken to her, and which seemed almost to bid her be a proud mother; for how unutterably small a matter it would have been to have had a son the most vigorous and prosperous man in Cranthorpe, compared with having a son, if faith could but see him always, everlastingly safe and blest in the paradise of God!

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
SOME LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB;
WITH REMINISCENCES OF HIMSELF
AWAKENED THEREBY.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

THE other day, in looking over some long-hoarded papers, I came across the following letters, which struck me as being too intrinsically delightful to be any more withheld from general enjoyment. The time when they were written — while they had all the warm life of affectionate intercourse that refers to current personal events, inspiring the wish to treasure them in privacy — has faded into the shadow of the past. Some of the persons addressed or referred to have left this earth; others have survived to look back upon their young former selves with the

same kindliness of consideration with which Charles Lamb himself confessed to look back upon "the child Elia — that 'other me,' there in the background," and cherishing its remembrance. Even the girl, then known among her friends by the second of her baptismal names, before and not long after she had exchanged her maiden name of Mary Victoria Novello for the married one with which she signs her present communication, can feel willing to share with her more recent friends and readers the pleasure derived from dear and honoured Charles Lamb's sometimes playful, sometimes earnest allusions to her identity.

The first letter is, according to his frequent wont, undated; and the post-mark is so much blurred as to be undecipherable; but it is addressed "V. Novello, Esqre., for C. C. Clarke, Esqre.": —

"My dear Sir,—Your letter has lain in a drawer of my desk, upbraiding me every time I open the said drawer, but it is almost impossible to answer such a letter in such a place, and I am out of the habit of replying to epistles elsewhere than at office. You express yourself concerning H. like a true friend, and have made me feel that I have somehow neglected him, but without knowing very well how to rectify it. I live so remote from him — by Hackney — that he is almost out of the pale of visitation at Hampstead. And I come but seldom to Covt Gardn this summer time — and when I do, am sure to pay for the late hours and pleasant Novello suppers which I incur. I also am an invalid. But I will hit upon some way, that you shall not have cause for your reproof in future. But do not think I take the hint unkindly. When I shall be brought low by any sickness or untoward circumstance, write just such a letter to some tardy friend of mine — or come up yourself with your friendly Henshaw face — and that will be better. I shall not forget in haste our casual day at Margate. May we have many such there or elsewhere! God bless you for your kindness to H., which I will remember. But do not show N. this, for the flouting infidel doth mock when Christians cry God bless us. Yours and *his*, too, and all our little circle's most affecte
C. LAMB.
"Mary's love included."

"H." in the above letter refers to Leigh Hunt; but the initials and abbreviated forms of words used by Charles

Lamb in these letters are here preserved verbatim.

The second letter is addressed "C. C. Clarke, Esqre.," and has for post-mark "Fe. 26, 1828": —

Enfield, 25 Feb.

"My dear Clarke,—You have been accumulating on me such a heap of pleasant obligations that I feel uneasy in writing as to a Benefactor. Your smaller contributions, the little weekly rills, are refreshments in the Desert, but your large books were feasts. I hope Mrs. Hazlitt, to whom I encharged it, has taken Hunt's Lord B. to the Novellos. His picture of Literary Lordship is as pleasant as a disagreeable subject can be made, his own poor man's Education at dear Christ's is as good and hearty as the subject. Hazlitt's speculative episodes are capital; I skip the Battles. But how did I deserve to have the book? The *Companion* has too much of Madame Pasta. Theatricals have ceased to be popular attractions. His walk home after the Play is as good as the best of the old Indicators. The watchmen are embosed in a niche of fame, save the skating one that must be still fugitive. I wish I could send a scrap for good will. But I have been most seriously unwell and nervous a long long time. I have scarce mustered courage to begin this short note, but conscience duns me.

"I had a pleasant letter from your sister, greatly over acknowledging my poor sonnet. I think I should have replied to it, but tell her I think so. Alas for sonnetting, 'tis as the nerves are; all the summer I was dawdling among green lanes, and verses came as thick as fancies. I am sunk wintery below prose and zero.

"But I trust the vital principle is only as under snow. That I shall yet laugh again.

"I suppose the great change of place affects me, but I could not have lived in Town, I could not bear company.

"I see Novello flourishes in the Del Capo line, and dedications are not forgotten. I read the *Atlas*. When I pitched on the Dedn I looked for the Broom of 'Cowden knows' to be harmonized, but 'twas summat of Rossini's.

"I want to hear about Hone, does he stand above water, how is his son? I have delay'd writing to him, till it seems impossible. Break the ice for me.

"The wet ground here is intolerable, the sky above clear and delusive, but

under foot quagmires from night showers, and I am coldfooted and moisture-aborring as a cat; nevertheless I yesterday trapped to Waltham Cross; perhaps the poor bit of exertion necessary to scribble this was owing to that unusual bracing.

"If I get out, I shall get stout, and then something will out—I mean for the *Companion*—you see I rhyme insensibly.

"Traditions are rife here of one Clarke a schoolmaster, and a runaway pickle named Holmes, but much obscurity hangs over it. Is it possible they can be any relations?

"'Tis worth the research, when you can find a sunny day, with ground firm, &c. Master Sexton is intelligent, and for half-a-crown he'll pick you up a Father.

"In truth we shall be most glad to see any of the Novellian circle, middle of the week such as can come, or Sunday, as can't. But Spring will burgeon out quickly, and then, we'll talk more.

"You'd like to see the improvements on the Chase, the new Cross in the market place, the Chandler's shop from whence the rods were fetch'd. They are raised a farthing since the spread of Education. But perhaps you don't care to be reminded of the Holofernes' days, and nothing remains of the old laudable profession, but the clear firm impossible-to-be-mistaken schoolmaster text hand with which is subscribed the ever welcome name of Chas. Cowden C. Let me crowd in both our loves to all. C. L. [Added on the fold-down of the letter:] Let me never be forgotten to include in my remembces my good friend and whilom correspondent Master Stephen.

"How, especially, is Victoria?

"I try to remember all I used to meet at Shacklewell. The little household, cake-producing, wine-bringing out, Emma—the old servant, that didn't stay, and ought to have staid, and was always very dirty and friendly, and Miss H., the counter-tenor with a fine voice, whose sister married Thurtell. They all live in my mind's eye, and Mr. N.'s and Holmes's walks with us half back after supper. Troja fuit!"

His hearty yet modestly rendered thanks for lent and given books; his ever-affectionate mention of Christ's Hospital; his enjoyment of Hazlitt's "Life of Napoleon," minus "the battles;" his cordial commendation of Leigh Hunt's periodical, *The Companion* (with the witty play on the word "fugitive"), and his

wish that he could send the work a contribution from his own pen; his touching reference to the susceptibility of his nervous system; the sportive misuse of musical terms when alluding to his musician-friend Vincent Novello, immortalized in Elia's celebrated "Chapter on Ears;" his excellent pun in the word "insensibly;" his humorous mode of touching upon the professional avocation of his clerkly correspondent's father and self—the latter having been usher in the school kept some years previously at Enfield by the former—while conveying a genuine compliment to the handwriting which at eighty-five is still the "clear firm impossible-to-be-mistaken schoolmaster text hand" that it was at forty-one, when Lamb wrote these words; the genial mention of the hospitable children; the whimsically wrong-circumstanced recollection of the "counter-tenor" lady; the allusion to the night walks "half back" home; and the classically quoted words of regret—are all wonderfully characteristic of beautiful-minded Charles Lamb. In connection with the juvenile hospitality may be recorded an incident that illustrates his words. When William Etty returned as a young artist-student from Rome, and called at the Novellos' house, it chanced that the parents were from home; but the children, who were busily employed in fabricating a treat of home-made hard-bake (or toffy), made the visitor welcome by offering him a piece of their just finished sweetmeat, as an appropriate refection after his long walk; and he declared that it was the most veritable piece of spontaneous hospitality he had ever met with, since the children gave him what they thought most delicious and best worthy of acceptance. Charles Lamb so heartily shared this opinion of the subsequently renowned painter that he brought a choice condiment in the shape of a jar of preserved ginger for the little Novellos' delectation; and when some officious elder suggested that it was lost upon children, therefore had better be reserved for the grown-up people, Lamb would not hear of the transfer, but insisted that children were excellent judges of good things, and that they must and should have the cate in question. He was right; for long did the remembrance remain in the family of that delicious rarity, and of the mode in which "Mr. Lamb" stalked up and down the passage with a mysterious harbingering look and stride, muttering something that sounded like conjura-

tion, holding the precious jar under his arm, and feigning to have found it stowed away in a dark chimney somewhere near.

Another characteristic point is recalled by a concluding sentence of this letter. On one occasion — when Charles Lamb and his admirable sister Mary Lamb had been accompanied “half back after supper” by Mr. and Mrs. Novello, Edward Holmes, and Charles Cowden Clarke, between Shacklewell Green and Colebrooke Cottage, beside the New River at Islington, where the Lambs then lived, the whole party interchanging lively brightest talk as they passed along the road that they had all to themselves at that late hour — he, as usual, was the noblest of the talkers. Arrived at the usual parting-place, Lamb and his sister walked on a few steps; then, suddenly turning, he shouted out after his late companions in a tone that startled the midnight silence: “You’re very nice people!” sending them on their way home in happy laughter at his friendly oddity.

The third is addressed to “C. C. Clarke, Esqre.,” without date; but it must have been written in 1828: —

“Dear Clarke, — We did expect to see you with Victoria and the Novellos before this, and do not quite understand why we have not. Mrs. N. and V. [Vincent] promised us after the York expedition; a day being named before, which fail’d. ’Tis not too late. The autumn leaves drop gold, and Enfield is beautifuller — to a common eye — than when you lurked at the Greyhound. Benedicts are close, but how I so totally missed you at that time, going for my morning cup of ale duly, is a mystery. ’Twas stealing a match before one’s face in earnest. But certainly we had not a dream of your appropinquity. I instantly prepared an Epithalamium, in the form of a Sonata — which I was sending to Novello to compose — but Mary forbid it me, as too light for the occasion — as if the subject required anything heavy — so in a tiff with her, I sent no congratulation at all. Tho’ I promise you the wedding was very pleasant news to me indeed. Let your reply name a day this next week, when you will come as many as a coach will hold; such a day as we had at Dulwich. My very kindest love and Mary’s to Victoria and the Novellos. The enclosed is from a friend nameless, but highish in office, and a man whose accuracy of statement may be relied on with implicit con-

fidence. He wants the *exposé* to appear in a newspaper as the ‘greatest piece of legal and Parliamentary villainy he ever remembd,’ and he has had experience in both; and thinks it would answer afterwards in a cheap pamphlet printed at Lambeth in 8° sheet, as 16,000 families in that parish are interested. I know not whether the present *Examiner* keeps up the character of exposing abuses, for I scarce see a paper now. If so, you may ascertain Mr. Hunt of the strictest truth of the statement, at the peril of my head. But if this won’t do, transmit it me back, I beg, per coach, or better, bring it with you.
“Yours unaltered,
“C. Lamb.”

This letter quaintly rebukes, yet, at the same time, most affectionately congratulates, the friend addressed for silently making honeymoon quarters of the spot where Charles Lamb then resided. But lovely Enfield — a very beau-ideal of an English village — was the birthplace of Charles Cowden Clarke; and the Greyhound was a simple hostelry kept by an old man and his daughter, where there was a pretty white-curtained, quiet room, with a window made green by bowering vine leaves; combining much that was tempting as an unpretended retirement for a town-dweller to take his young new-made wife to. The invitation to “name a day this next week” was cordially responded to by a speedy visit; and very likely it was on that occasion Charles Lamb told the wedded pair of another bridal couple who, he said, when they arrived at the first stage of their marriage tour, found each other’s company so tedious that they called the landlord upstairs to enliven them by his conversation. The “Epithalamium,” here called a “Sonata,” is the “Serenata” contained in the next letter, addressed to “Vincent Novello, Esqre.”: —

“My dear Novello, — I am afraid I shall appear rather tardy in offering my congratulations, however sincere, upon your daughter’s marriage.* The truth is, I had put together a little Serenata upon the occasion, but was prevented from sending it by my sister, to whose judgment I am apt to defer too much in these kind of things; so that, now I have her consent, the offering, I am afraid, will have lost the grace of seasonableness. Such as it is, I send it. She thinks it a little too old-fashioned in the manner, too

* Which marriage took place 5th July, 1828.

much like what they wrote a century back. But I cannot write in the modern style, if I try ever so hard. I have attended to the proper divisions for the music, and you will have little difficulty in composing it. If I may advise, make Pepusch your model, or Blow. It will be necessary to have a good second voice, as the stress of the melody lies there : —

SERENATA, FOR TWO VOICES,

On the marriage of Charles Cowden Clarke, Esqre., to Victoria, eldest daughter of Vincent Novello, Esqre.

DUETTO.

Wake th' harmonious voice and string,
Love and Hymen's triumph sing,
Sounds with secret charms combining,
In melodious union joining,
Best the wondrous joys can tell,
That in hearts united dwell.

RECITATIVE.

First Voice.

To young Victoria's happy fame
Well may the Arts a trophy raise,
Music grows sweeter in her praise,
And, own'd by her, with rapture speaks her name.
To touch the brave Cowdenio's heart,
The Graces all in her conspire ;
Love arms her with his surest dart,
Apollo with his lyre.

AIR.

The list'ning Muses all around her
Think 'tis Phœbus' strain they hear ;
And Cupid, drawing near to wound her,
Drops his bow, and stands to hear.

RECITATIVE.

Second Voice.

While crowds of rivals with despair
Silent admire, or vainly court the Fair,
Behold the happy conquest of her eyes,
A Hero is the glorious prize !
In courts, in camps, thro' distant realms re-
nown'd,
Cowdenio comes ! — Victoria, see,
He comes with British honour crown'd,
Love leads his eager steps to thee.

AIR.

In tender sighs he silence breaks,
The Fair his flame approves,
Consenting blushes warm her cheeks,
She smiles, she yields, she loves.

RECITATIVE.

First Voice.

Now Hymen at the altar stands,
And while he joins their faithful hands,
Behold ! by ardent vows brought down,
Immortal Concord, heavenly bright,
Array'd in robes of purest light,
Descends, th' auspicious rites to crown.

Her golden harp the goddess brings ;
Its magic sound
Commands a sudden silence all around,
And strains prophetic thus attune the strings.

DUETTO.

First Voice.

The Swain his Nymph possessing,

Second Voice.

The Nymph her Swain caressing,

First and Second.

Shall still improve the blessing,
Forever kind and true.

Both.

While rolling years are flying
Love, Hymen's lamp supplying,
With fuel never dying,
Shall still the flame renew.

“ To so great a master as yourself I have no need to suggest that the peculiar tone of the composition demands sprightliness, occasionally checked by tenderness, as in the second air, —

She smiles, — she yields, — she loves.

“ Again, you need not be told that each fifth line of the two first recitatives requires a crescendo.

“ And your exquisite taste will prevent your falling into the error of Purcell, who at a passage similar to *that* in my first air,

Drops his bow, and stands to hear,

directed the violin thus : —

Here the first violin must drop his *bow*.

“ But, beside the absurdity of disarming his principal performer of so necessary an adjunct to his instrument, in such an emphatic part of the composition too, which must have had a droll effect at the time, all such minutiae of adaptation are at this time of day very properly exploded, and Jackson of Exeter very fairly ranks them under the head of puns.

“ Should you succeed in the setting of it, we propose having it performed (we have one very tolerable second voice here, and Mr. Holmes, I dare say, would supply the minor parts) at the Greyhound. But it must be a secret to the young couple till we can get the band in readiness.

“ Believe me, dear Novello,

“ Yours truly,

“ C. LAMB.

“ Enfield, 6 Nov., '29.”

Peculiarly *Eliau* is the humour throughout this last letter. The advice to “ make Pepusch your model, or Blow ;” the

affected "divisions" of "Duetto," "Recitative," "Air," "First Voice," "Second Voice," "First and Second," "Both," &c.; and the antiquated stiffness of the lines themselves, the burlesque "Love and Hymen's triumph sing;" the grotesque stiltedness of "the brave Cowdenio's heart;" and "a Hero is the glorious prize;" the ludicrous absurdity of hailing a peaceful man of letters (who, by the way, adopted as his crest and motto an oak-branch with Algernon Sydney's words, "*Placidam sub libertate quietem*") by "In courts, in camps, thro' distant realms renew'd Cowdenio comes!"; the adulatory pomp of styling a young girl, nowise distinguished for anything but homeliest simplicity, as "the Fair," "the Nymph," in whom "the Graces all conspire;" the droll illustrative instructions, suggesting "sprightliness, occasionally checked by tenderness," in setting lines purposely dull and heavy with old-fashioned mythological trappings; the grave assumption of technicality in the introduction of the word "crescendo;" the pretended citation of "Purcell" and "Jackson of Exeter;" the comic prohibition as to the too literal "minutiæ of adaptation" in such passages as "*Drops his bow, and stands to hear;*" the pleasant play on the word in "the minor parts;" the mock earnestness as to keeping the proposed performance "a secret to the young couple;" are all in the very spirit of fun that swayed Elia when a sportive vein ran through his Essays.

The next letter is to Charles Cowden Clarke; though it has neither address, signature, date, nor postmark:—

"My dear three C's,—The way from Southgate to Colney Hatch thro' the unfrequented Blackberry paths that ever concealed their coy bunches from a truant Citizen, we have accidentally fallen upon—the giant Tree by Cheshunt we have missed, but keep your chart to go by, unless you will be our conduct—at present I am disabled from further flights than just to skirt round Clay Hill, with a peep at the fine back woods, by strained tendons, got by skipping a skipping rope at 53—*hei mihi non sum qualis*—but do you know, now you come to talk of walks, a ramble of four hours or so—there and back—to the willow and lavender plantations at the south corner of Northaw Church by a well dedicated to Saint Claridge, with the clumps of finest moss rising hillock fashion, which I counted

to the number of two hundred and sixty, and are called 'Claridge's covers'—the tradition being that that saint entertained so many angels or hermits there, upon occasion of blessing the waters? The legends have set down the fruits spread upon that occasion, and in the Black Book of St. Albans some are named which are not supposed to have been introduced into this island till a century later. But waiving the miracle, a sweeter spot is not in ten counties round; you are knee deep in clover, that is to say, if you are not above a middling man's height—from this paradise, making a day of it, you go to see the ruins of an old convent at March Hall, where some of the painted glass is yet whole and fresh.

"If you do not know this, you do not know the capabilities of this country, you may be said to be a stranger to Enfield. I found it out one morning in October, and so delighted was I that I did not get home before dark, well a-paid.

"I shall long to show you the clump meadows, as they are called; we might do that, without reaching March Hall—when the days are longer, we might take both, and come home by Forest Cross, so skirt over Pennington and the cheerful little village of Churchley to Forty Hill.

"But these are dreams till summer; meanwhile we should be most glad to see you for a lesser excursion—say, Sunday next, you and *another*, or if more, best on a week-day with a notice, but o' Sundays, as far as a leg of mutton goes, most welcome. We can squeeze out a bed. Edmonton coaches run every hour, and my pen has run out its quarter. Heartily farewell."

Charles Lamb's enjoyment of a long ramble, and his (usually) excellent powers of walking are here denoted. He was so proud of his pedestrian feats and indefatigability, that he once told the Cowden Clarkes a story of a dog possessed by a pertinacious determination to follow him day by day when he went forth to wander in the Enfield lanes and fields; until, unendurably teased by the pertinacity of this obtrusive animal, he determined to get rid of him by fairly *tiring him out!* So he took him a circuit of many miles, including several of the loveliest spots round Enfield, coming at last to a by-road with an interminable vista of up-hill distance, where the dog turned tail, gave the matter up, and laid down beneath a hedge, panting, exhaust-

ed, thoroughly worn out and dead beat; while his defeater walked freshly home, smiling and triumphant.

Knowing Lamb's fashion of twisting facts to his own humorous view of them, those who heard the story well understood that it might easily have been wryed to represent the narrator's real potency in walking, while serving to cover his equally real liking for animals under the semblance of vanquishing a dog in a contested foot race. Far more probable that he encouraged its volunteered companionship, amusing his imagination the while by picturing the wild impossibility of any human creature attempting to tire out a dog—of all animals! As an instance of Charles Lamb's sympathy with dumb beasts, his two friends here named once saw him get up from table, while they were dining with him and his sister at Enfield, open the street-door, and give admittance to a stray donkey into the front strip of garden, where there was a grass-plot, which he said seemed to possess more attraction for the creature than the short turf of the common on Chase-side, opposite to the house where the Lambs then dwelt. This mixture of the humorous in manner and the sympathetic in feeling always more or less tinged the sayings and the doings of beloved Charles Lamb; there was a constant blending of the overtly whimsical expression or act with betrayed inner kindness and even pathos of sentiment. Beneath this sudden opening of his gate to a stray donkey that it might feast on his garden grass while he himself ate his dinner, possibly lurked some stung sense of wanderers unable to get a meal they hungered for, when others revelled in plenty,—a kind of pained fancy finding vent in playful deed or speech, that frequently might be traced by those who enjoyed his society.

The next letter is addressed "C. C. Clarke, Esqre.," with the postmark (much defaced) "Edmonton, Fe. 2, 1829":—

"Dear Cowden,—Your books are as the gushing of streams in a desert. By the way, you have sent no autobiographies. Your letters seem to imply you had. Nor do I want any. Cowden, they are of the books which I give away. What damn'd Unitarian skewer-soul'd things the general biographies turn out. Rank and Talent you shall have when Mrs. May has done with 'em. Mary likes Mrs. Bedinfield much. For me I read nothing but *Astrea*—it has turn'd my

brain—I go about with a switch turn'd up at the end for a crook; and Lambs being too old, the butcher tells me, my cat follows me in a green ribband. Becky and her cousin are getting pastoral dresses, and then we shall all four go about Arcadizing. O cruel Shepherdess! Inconstant yet fair, and more inconstant for being fair! Her gold ringlets fell in disorder superior to order!

"Come and join us.

"I am called the Black Shepherd— you shall be Cowden with the Tuft.

"Prosaically, we shall be glad to have you both,—or any two of you—drop in by surprise some Saturday night.

"This must go off.

"Loves to Vittoria.

"C. L."

The book he refers to as "*Astrea*" was one of those tall folio romances of the Sir Philip Sydney or Mdme. de Scudéry order, inspiring him with the amusing rhapsody that follows its mention; the ingeniously equivocal "*Lambs* being too old;" the familiar mingling of "Becky" (their maid) "and her cousin" with himself and sister in "pastoral dresses," to "go about Arcadizing"; the abrupt bursting forth into the Philip-Sidneyan style of antithetical rapturizing and euphuism; the invented Arcadian titles of "the Black Shepherd" and "Cowden with the Tuft"—are all in the tone of mad-cap spirits which were occasionally Lamb's. The latter name ("Cowden with the Tuft") slyly implies the smooth baldness with scant curly hair distinguishing the head of the friend addressed, and which seemed to strike Charles Lamb so forcibly that one evening, after gazing at it for some time, he suddenly broke forth with the exclamation, "Gad, Clarke! what whiskers you have behind your head!"

He was fond of trying the dispositions of those with whom he associated by an odd speech such as this; and if they stood the test pleasantly and took it in good part he liked them the better ever after. One time that the Novellos and Cowden Clarkes went down to see the Lambs at Enfield, and he was standing by his book-shelves talking with them in his usual delightful cordial way, showing them some precious volume lately added to his store, a neighbour chancing to come in to remind Charles Lamb of an appointed ramble, he excused himself by saying:—"You see I have some troublesome people just come down from

town, and I must stay and entertain them; so we'll take our walk together to-morrow." Another time, when the Cowden Clarkes were staying a few days at Enfield with Charles Lamb and his sister, they, having accepted an invitation to spend the evening and have a game of whist at a lady-schoolmistress's house there, took their guests with them. Charles Lamb, giving his arm to "Victoria," left her husband to escort Mary Lamb who walked rather more slowly than her brother. On arriving first at the house of the somewhat prim and formal hostess, Charles Lamb, bringing his young visitor into the room, introduced her by saying:—"Mrs. —, I've brought you the wife of the man who mortally hates your husband"; and when the lady replied by a polite inquiry after "Miss Lamb," hoping she was quite well, Charles Lamb said:—"She has a terrible fit o' toothache, and was obliged to stay at home this evening; so Mr. Cowden Clarke remained there to keep her company." Then, the lingerers entering, he went on to say,— "Mrs. Cowden Clarke has been telling me, as we came along, that she hopes you have sprats for supper this evening." The bewildered glance of the lady of the house at Mary Lamb and her walking-companion, her politely stifled dismay at the mention of so vulgar a dish, contrasted with Victoria's smile of enjoyment at his whimsical words, were precisely the kind of things that Charles Lamb liked and chuckled over. On another occasion he was charmed by the equanimity and even gratification with which the same guests and Miss Fanny Kelly (the skilled actress whose combined artistic and feminine attractions inspired him with the beautiful sonnet beginning

You are not, Kelly, of the common strain,

and whose performance of "The Blind Boy" caused him to address her in that other sonnet beginning

Rare artist! who with half thy tools or none
Canst execute with ease thy curious art,
And press thy powerful'st meanings on the heart
Unaided by the eye, expression's throne!)

found themselves one sunny day, after a long walk through the green Enfield meadows, seated with Charles Lamb and his sister on a rustic bench in the shade, outside a small roadside inn, quaffing draughts of his favourite porter with him from the unsophisticated pewter, su-

premely indifferent to the strangeness of the situation; nay, heartily enjoying it *with him*. The umbrageous elm, the water-trough, the dip in the road where there was a ford and foot-bridge, the rough wooden table at which the little party were seated, the pleasant voices of Charles and Mary Lamb and Fanny Kelly,—all are vividly present to the imagination of her who now writes these few memorial lines, inadequately describing the ineffaceable impression of that happy time, when Lamb so cordially delighted in the responsive ease and enjoyment of his surroundings.

The last letter is addressed "V. Novello, Esqre.," with post-mark "No. 8. 1830":—

Tears are for lighter griefs. Man weeps the doom

That seals a single victim to the tomb.

But when Death riots, when with whelming sway

Destruction sweeps a family away;

When Infancy and Youth, a huddled mass,

All in an instant to oblivion pass,

And parents' hopes are crush'd: what lamentation

Can reach the depth of such a desolation?

Look upward, Feeble Ones! look up, and trust

That He, who lays this mortal frame in dust,

Still hath the immortal Spirit in His keeping.

In Jesus' sight they are not dead, but sleeping.

"Dear N., will these lines do? I despair of better. Poor Mary is in a deplorable state here at Enfield.

"Love to all,

"C. Lamb."

These tenderly pathetic elegiac lines were written at the request of Vincent Novello in memory of four sons and two daughters of John and Ann Rigg, of York. All six—respectively aged 19, 18, 17, 16, 7, and 6—were drowned at once by their boat being run down on the river Ouse, near York, August 19, 1830. The unhappy surviving parents had begged to have lines for an epitaph from the best poetical hand; but owing to some local authority's interference, another than Charles Lamb's verse was ultimately placed on the monument raised to the lost children.

The rather, therefore, dear Sylvanus Urban, is it transcribed from the original manuscript and enshrined in your pages for the behoof of yourself and your readers by

MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

Villa Novello, Genoa.

From Chambers' Journal.
SHAM-JEWELLERY.

THE passion for jewellery has been a habit of mankind from the days of Solomon to those of the Shah. It was illustrated by the idolaters of Somnath; it blazed at the feet of the Esterhazies; it has culminated in the tiara and belt of Nasr-Shah-Eddin. This potentate made himself the cynosure of Europe by means of the diamonds flaming upon his aigrette, his breast, and the hilt and sheath of his scimitar; and so the subject of gems has been wonderfully upon the carpet lately. But with fashion comes ambition. People will wear glittering ornaments somehow, and prefer the false to none at all. In romance, these lustrous deceptions have played a high part, as in the story by Dumas, of the *Three Musketeers*, where a brilliant bit of dissimulation saves Anne of Austria from disgrace. Everybody, too, has read tales of extravagant ladies pledging their genuine jewels and wearing shams for the deception of society. And the art has reached such perfection, that, apart from certain tests, which, of course, are impossible to apply, they really do deceive. In flash and splendour, the imitated are often scarcely inferior to the originals, whence, by the chemist's magic they are copied. In dealing with this consummate kind of forgery, one preliminary remark has to be made. Jewels viewed in a natural, and jewels viewed in an artificial light, are, like certain sorts of beauty, not to be compared. There is a fluid radiance in them which wants refraction; the former take it from the sun, the latter from the chandelier. In the case of the peerless stone, however, the diamond, the object of the splendid illusion is to produce a perfectly colourless substance, thoroughly lucid, and capable of reflecting all lights. To this pebble — for it is nothing more — have been attributed many virtues; but it can be fabricated by science with a very near approach to reality. First, it is necessary to dissolve charcoal. Then follow processes requiring crystallization — a mingling of pure water, a little carbonate of sulphur, and certain proportions of liquefied phosphorus. Still, all this may not yield a thoroughly deceptive diamond. Another composition is made from silver-sand, very pure potash, minium, calcined borax, and a form of arsenic, varied occasionally by a mixture of *strass* — a mixture for which an equivalent is *paste*, and which represents transparent pebbles

burnt to powder, white-lead, and other similar materials. Sometimes rock-crystal is used, with borax acid from Italy, and nitrate of potash. Of these materials is composed the false diamond, which figures so alluringly in the shop-windows of the Palais Royal.

Let us turn to the sapphire, the next esteemed among precious stones, even above the emerald and the ruby. It is a product of the East, though found, of inferior quality, in Bohemia, Saxony, and France, among rocks of the secondary period. There are white sapphires, occasionally mistaken for diamonds; crimson or carmine, resplendent beyond description; vermilion, and topaz-tinted. Indeed, we may assign rank to the emerald as daughter of the sapphire. Do you covet them in order to beam with borrowed lustre at a ball? Take, as the cookery-books say, one ounce of paste, mix with two grains of precipitated oxide of cobalt, and there you have the coloured and glowing necklet, which none except a jeweller can detect. Supposing, however, that you desire ear-rings of chrysoberyl, or chrysopal — or *cymophane*, as the French term it, which means "floating light" — the trifle is exceedingly pretty, with its surface of asparagus green and its heart of radiating fire. Yet it is to be emulated by a combination of aluminium, silica, oxide of iron, and lime.

Coming to the splendid gem, the ruby, whether of Brazil, Barbary, or Bohemia, with its cherry or purple red, varied by opalescent, or milky aspects, there are various methods of rivalling it — with litharge and calcined shells; with paste, antimony, glass, and purple of Cassius; with white-sand, washed in hydrochloric acid, minium, calcined potash, calcined borax, and oxide of silver, stirred in a crucible. We are furnishing our jewel-box rapidly, and at a very moderate expense. But care must be taken lest, through an imprudent admixture, your fictitious ruby should suggest the idea of a garnet, which is a poor and unrecognizable relation of the family. The topaz has never been very fashionable in England; yet it is a charming gem in all its varieties — yellow, white, colourless — "drops of water" the Dutch lapidaries call these — orange, shining to little disadvantage among diamonds, "red jonquil," purple, red, blue, and violet. But it is unnecessary to search the rocks of Brazil, Saxony, or Bohemia to gain credit for wearing these bits of beautiful radiance. A

little white-lead, with some shells of a rich tint, pulverized and calcined, will yield a composition of exquisite fire and tint, capable of being cut like the genuine gem. So will a mixture of antimony, glass, and ordinary jeweller's paste with purple of Cassius; but the best imitation of any is produced by a composition of white-sand, minium, burnt potash, burnt borax, and oxide of silver. This, with the necessary processes, is a somewhat costly preparation.

Far above the topaz, however, in point of splendour and value, ranks the emerald — not that of Brazil, or India, or Carthagenia, but the "noble" quality discovered in Peru, among the valleys of New Granada, of a rich grass green, with a sort of velvet surface, unapproached by any other precious stone. There are, of course, several varieties — the sky-blue, the aquamarine, the corn-coloured, even the white; they are not often imitated. The true *smaragdus* has been converted almost into an object of worship. It has been exalted as an amulet in cases of epilepsy and insanity; its aid has been invoked for the detection of witches and hidden treasures; that of Mantu, indeed, was formerly termed the "goddess." Still, our chemist will, with paste, oxide of copper, and nitre of potash, create something wonderfully similar, or more elaborately, he may employ numerous different materials, including the invaluable silver-sand. The true hyacinth of Ceylon, often confounded with the orange sapphire and the saffron topaz, and known also as the "brown diamond," can be counterfeited almost to perfection. So with the water sapphire, hyaline, the common amethyst, the "smoke diamond" of Alençon, the cats' eye and the agate. Onyx and coral need scarcely be enumerated. There is a notorious manufacture of onyx nearly all over Europe, from German pebbles treated with acids; and the false can scarcely be distinguished from the true, except by their weight and price. We should recommend very great caution in purchasing what purports to be onyx. In no kind of precious stones is more deception practised. As regards coral, there are also false kinds as well as the reality. By the aid of the real or pink coral, many beautiful imitations are effected; sometimes with the assistance of diamond-dust for application to mosaic, to furniture ornaments, and enamel. The opal is, in its way, peerless among precious stones, and the only one which, when

extracted from the earth, as in Hungary, is soft, hardening and diminishing in size through exposure to the air. It is rarely larger, with its milk-blue beauty, illuminated by sun-tints, than a nut, but has always been marvellously esteemed. In fact, the flamboyant opal of Mexico, representing an admixture of silica, iron, and water, is a magnificent gem, and its family is mentioned in the Apocalypse as including "the most noble of stones." In consequence of their being excessively prized, and of a quickly fading nature, sham specimens are fabricated to an extraordinary extent.

Thus, also, with pearls, although by many they are preferred when they have lost their original whiteness. The rage for these has no limit. False pearls were invented in Paris towards the close of Henry IV.'s reign, by an ingenious fellow named Jaquin. Thence the manufacture spread into Italy, where it was extensively practised, though the French specimens retained their superiority. To begin with, were employed the scales of the blay, a small flat fish, with a green back and a white belly, common in numerous rivers of Europe. The scales are carefully scraped off, and repeatedly washed in pure water until they glisten like silver. They are then again washed in a sieve, inclosed in a net, and whipped into a pulp, though still retaining those rectangular particles which, to some extent distinguishable to the eye, constitute a high merit in genuine pearls. The mass thus formed was at one time known as "essence of the East." To it was added some gelatine from the same fish. Glass of the most delicate texture, and powdered white wax, with a dash of mother-of-pearl, completed the operation, and the necklace of the demoiselle was ready for wearing. It needs only a slight additional chemistry to convert these pearls into opals — a kind of jelly made from parchment is added.

The rose-pearls of Turkey are formed by pounding fresh and young flowers in a mortar until they become a paste, spreading this on cloth, and laying to partially dry in the sun. When nearly dry, they are pounded again in rose-water, then dried again, and so on until the paste is exceedingly fine, when it is rounded into shape, polished with rose-water, for the sake of lustre and scent, and thus becomes the pretty imposture celebrated as the rose-pearl. They are of various colours — black, for the white throats of Circassia; red, for beauty of a

darker depth; blue, also for fairness; and a splendid amber, fit for all complexions, though chiefly for the brunette. Mock-pearls, it should be remarked, by the way, have been made from fruit, perfumed with storax and musk. The commerce in these fictitious decorations is principally French and Austrian, though something is known about it in our own honourable country. There is Japanese cement, there is rice-paste, and there are Roman pearls, made up of silver-sand, fish-scales, spirits of wine, and white wax. The Venetian pearls are generally vitreous, and little likely to deceive, yet they are sold by thousands of boxes throughout Europe, Asia, and the New World. The art employed is simply that of producing white glass in tubes, tinted, however, by a process which the Italians still claim as a secret, though the existence of any such mystery in our days may be doubted. These tubes, so to speak, are melted again, whirled into a globular shape, or sometimes manipulated in a softened condition into the spherical form, which, however, is occasionally produced by simply stirring the fragments of glass round and round in a vessel filled with warm sand and hot wood-ashes. Nothing now remains beyond collecting the pearls, blowing off the dust, stringing them on thick strings of silk, packing them in barrels, and exporting them far and wide throughout the world, only stopping short of the uninhabited islands. Enamel would come into our scope, with gilding, silvering, damascening, besides the alloy of coinage, but that the subject, however attractive, would attain to unmanageable proportions. These are among the most tender and delicate arts existing, and their culture has always accompanied the higher progress of civilization. Enamelling is, in fact, the creation, rather than the imitation of a jewel, and calls upon the artist's taste and skill scarcely less than did the production of Ascanio's famous lily. The clouding and watering of metals, again, are artificial glosses upon nature, representing a subtle science; but it is in the fabrication of decorative insignia illustrating the various orders of chivalry in Europe, that the limits of ingenuity have been reached, with their mixture of false gems, their crucibles of colour, amaranthine enamels, bits of polished shell, and rays of burnished metal.

Thus, therefore, there is still a sort of alchemy practised in this world, for is it

not a Rosicrucian art to manufacture diamonds, emeralds, rubies, opals, and pearls from the common elements of the earth, and convert the contents of a laboratory into sparkles which shall flash as though they were beautiful secrets surrendered by the too miserly mines of Golconda, or the Sinbad valleys of Brazil? The very light of heaven, the sunbeams themselves, have been entrapped and imprisoned by these mimetic jewellers. As for the result, what myriads of people are pleased in the indulgence of a little innocent vanity, without wearing one fortune on their heads, another round their necks, and a third upon their arms! It is not the savage only who delights in baubles. Besides, do we not thus enjoy that which Marie Antoinette called the "luxury" of wearing diamonds, without her "torturing fear" of losing them?

From Chambers' Journal.

ODDS AND ENDS:

FROM DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS' SCRAP-BOOK.

RIDING OFF.—"Betty," said a mistress one morning to her servant, "why did you stay out so late last night? You were to be in at nine, and were not at home till ten o'clock." Betty denies the imputation. She does not say a word about being in at nine, but asserts in a tone of virtuous indignation that she was home at three minutes to ten, and enters into an explanation of having heard the clock strike when she was going up-stairs to bed. She could point out the precise step in the stair where she was when the half-clock began to strike. Worn out with the specious defence, the mistress gives the thing up. On the alleged error of three minutes in the accusation, Betty has made out her case of being an ill-used woman. In high quarters, this ingenious but not very honest practice of raising a false argument is called "riding off." In the department of society to which Betty belongs, it is better known as the art of "bamboozling." One day, at a court for the recovery of small debts in Edinburgh, there occurred a droll instance of a servant-girl trying to bamboozle Judge Macfarlane. She had been out all night without leave, and when she appeared next morning she was instantly discharged. Forthwith she raises an action for recovery of wages and board-wages till the end

of her appointed term of service. Her master appears in defence, and briefly explains the circumstances. "What do you say to this statement?" asks Macfarlane. Knowing that denial was vain, the girl went off on a new argument. "Sir," said she, addressing the bench, "that man there, my master, is owing my mother for a pound of butter, and ——" "We do not want to hear anything about your mother and her butter," shouted the judge; "is it true that you were out all night without leave; that is the question?" "Weel, I'm coming to that, sir; but I first wanted to speak to you about how ill my mother has been used about the butter." "Go away," was the response; "the case is dismissed!" Laughing, as reporters would say, in which Macfarlane joins.

DESTRUCTION OF BOOKS. — Amongst the influences at work for the destruction of books, one is not generally thought of — that intense love of books, called bibliomania. A regular collector obtaining a superior copy of a scarce book, will destroy the first and inferior copy in his library that his new possession may have as little rivalry as possible. Collectors of works of art likewise destroy scarce objects of *virtu*, for the same reason. A poet would say, love tends to destroy its objects; but is the passion of such men really love? Are these collectors not mere egotists, eager for the notoriety or glory of possessing unique or very rare articles?

NAMING A CHILD. — One evening, at the house of Dr. Arnott (1853), Mr. Rowland Hill gave some curious traits of the wretched ignorance of a population of nailers in some central district of England with which he was acquainted. A clergyman exerted himself to effect an improvement, and took particular care to get their children baptized. One day, having come to baptize a newly born infant, whom he understood to be a boy, he asked what name he should give the child. The father was quite at a loss, had no predilections on the subject. "Shall it be a Scripture name?" Assent. "Well, what Scripture name?" The man agreed, at the minister's suggestion, that Benjamin would do. As he was retiring afterwards, he heard a great shouting, and turning back, met the father, who exclaimed: "Sir, it wanna do — it maun be done again — the *bairn's a wench!*"

JOCULARITY OVERDONE. — (May 21, 1853.) I have been much pleased with the following remarks in Ruskin's *Modern*

Painters: "The chief bar, I suppose, to the action of imagination, and stop to all greatness in this present age of ours, is its mean and shallow love of jest; so that if there be in any good and lofty work a flaw, failing, or undipped vulnerable part, where sarcasm may stick or stay, it is caught at, and pointed at, and buzzed about, and fixed upon, and stung into, as a recent wound is by flies; and nothing is ever taken seriously or as it was meant, but always, if it may be, turned the wrong way, and misunderstood; and while this is so, there is not, nor cannot be, any hope of achievement of high things; men dare not open their hearts to us, if we are to broil them on a thorn-fire."

The above is most true. Banter reigns everywhere, even amongst the scientific men. I often deplore it, even while I to some extent join in it. It seems to me that the physical prosperity of our age and nation is the principal cause. Another lies in the peculiar religious state of the world; no longer a sincere vital faith in the old, and yet nothing satisfactory in the new. There are earnest people too — earnest in piety, earnest in philanthropic schemes, earnest in politics; but the tendency is to behold them as set aside from the main current — respectable eccentricities at the best. There is a sad want of real satisfaction in all this crackling of thorns under the pot, and I deem it far from unlikely that there was more happiness among the wretched multitude following their leaders in the Holy Land in the twelfth century, or in the poor host of Scottish enthusiasts who met on Dunse Law — nay, even in many men perishing in Dunnottar Castle, or standing under the gallows in the Grassmarket — than there is among our prosperous people of the present day, who have everything but a faith, and are fain to make matter of mirth out of every honest emotion that goes beyond the tone of polite society. [Since the above was noted twenty years ago, the practice of treating subjects jocularly has become considerably more common, till at length it amounts to a kind of pollution of literature, particularly the literature of fiction. It cannot be doubted that for this, the fashion set by certain popular writers is partly accountable.]

DISCOVERY. — The reward of the discoverer in natural science is, in all contingencies, great. To stand, as it were, between God and man — in the laboratory, the mine, the study — anywhere, and

feel that within the few by-past minutes there has stolen into his mind what has hitherto been known to God alone — to reflect further on the many born and unborn who are to take this truth into their bosoms as part of their sense of that primal mystery — is a privilege so high, and a pleasure so overwhelming, as to sink into utter insignificance not merely the toils of research, but all the emanations of jealousy and prejudice which so often attend the first coming of truths before the world.

A BUILDER'S SPECULATION.— A few nights ago (1853), at a friend's house in London, a gentleman amused the company by giving an account of the anxiety of a builder engaged in large building speculations at Birkenhead, to obtain the services of a noted preacher in Liverpool as pastor in a church there. His object, of course was to popularize the place, and get customers for his houses. He accordingly went to this famed preacher, and offered him two thousand pounds a year to come over to Birkenhead. The offer being rejected, he told my informant that if he could have secured such an attractive pulpit orator, "it would have been worth three shillings a foot to all the new streets!"

CHINAISM.— We laugh at the reluctance of the Chinese to alter old arrangements and wonder at their obstinacy in not adopting customs which are known to be valuable in our own country. But there is a good deal of this Chinaism in England. It is remarkable how debates will take place regarding the propriety of adopting certain plans, or establishing certain institutions as if they were new and difficult matters; when they are all the time flourishing as part of the venerable institutions of other countries, perhaps countries close at hand, or indeed part of the same imperial state. The system of registering rights to heritable property, has, for instance, been keenly objected to as something very dreadful; so has the proposal of establishing a public prosecutor for crime, been viewed as a dangerous innovation; though both these practices have been in use and highly esteemed for hundreds of years in Scotland. One would think that the intercourse between the north and south part of Great Britain was very small, whereas the reverse is the case. If they were completely shut up from the knowledge of each other there could not be less benefit from the example of each other's institutions. The remark is illustrated very

effectively at what took place a few nights ago at the house of a friend in London (1853). The subject of discussion was Tenant Right on grounds which showed that they were hardly aware of the lease system of Scotland. On my explaining how it worked, several of the company spoke of it as a thing still hypothetical, and which remained to be tested by experiment, whereas it is a system which has worked well for generations. [A proper knowledge of the Scottish land tenure system, by which the rights of landlords and tenants are mutually and satisfactorily respected, might have obviated legislation on Tenant Right in Ireland.]

From The Illustrated London News.
CURIOUS WILLS.

AMONG the 28,000 wills annually admitted to probate there are every year some which may fairly be called "curious wills," curious from the peculiarity and conditions of the bequests or directions. Some of these bequests or directions are simply humorous, and some are the out-comings of the affections or antipathies of the testator. It has happened that a testator has set out in his will his opinion about some one else in so strong a manner that it amounts to a libel, but in these cases the Court has ordered the libellous matter to be expunged, so that it appears neither in the probate nor on record. Some wills are curious from their brevity, some from their prodigious length, some from being in rhyme; some testators bequeath property which they have not, in order to enable them to enjoy, while living, the considerate attentions of the expectant legatees. A Welsh gentleman, for the reason, as recited, that he might give way to the unfair importunities of his wife, secretly assigned, subject to his life interest, all his property by deed, and afterwards gracefully gave way to his wife's solicitations and made a will in her favour, which, of course, at his death, turned out inoperative. There are testators who think it necessary that posterity should not be in any doubt as to their religious belief, and accordingly occupy a page or two of their wills with an elaborate statement on the subject; some even think it necessary to set out their pedigrees at full length. Some wills are curious only from the method or arrangement of the paper or the document they are written on, and require an inspection

to appreciate their peculiarity. The many ingenious ways in which, neglecting the plain way, the requirements of the Wills Act have been complied with, make up a very interesting body of cases. In writing a few articles on curious wills we shall endeavour to take our illustrations from the records of the last 20 or 30 years, and, as far as possible, to classify them; many, however, defy classification, and will in this have to form a class by themselves. There are few wills made without some directions being given either as to the place or the manner of burial; frequently the testator desires to be buried in the same grave with his wife or some other member of his family. We remember one case where the testator directed that he should be buried in the space left for that purpose between the graves of his first and second wives, so that he should lie with one on his right hand and the other on his left. More frequently still, the direction limits the expense of the funeral; in some cases no carriages are to be used, in others, the body is to be carried to the grave by persons employed on the deceased's estate; in one instance the persons so to be employed were labourers, and they were required on the occasion to wear clean white smock-frocks, and were to be paid £1 each for their trouble. Mr. Zimmerman, whose will was proved in 1840; accompanied the directions for his funeral, in case they were not carried out, with something like a threat. In his will he says, "No person is to attend my corpse to the grave, nor is any funeral bell to be rung, and my desire is to be buried plainly and in a decent manner; and, if this be not done, I will come again — that is to say, if I can." The Countess Dowager of Sandwich, in her will, written by herself at the age of eighty, proved in November, 1862, expresses her "wish to be buried decently and quietly — no undertaker's frauds or cheating; no scarfs, hatbands, or nonsense." Mrs. Kitty Jenkyn Packe Reading, although evidently possessed of sufficient means, appears by her will, proved in April, 1870, to have been very anxious that one part, at least, of the expenses attending her funeral should be kept as low as possible. After saying she is to be placed first in a leaden and then in a wooden coffin, she provides that if "I die away from Branksome I wish my remains, after being duly placed in the proper coffins, to be inclosed in a plain deal box, so that no one may know their contents, and conveyed by

a goods train to Poole, which will cost no more than any other package of the same weight, from Poole Station said box to be conveyed in a cart to Branksome Tower." The contrivance of sending her remains in a plain deal box by a goods train, so that it will cost no more than any other package of the same weight, and "said box" afterwards to be conveyed in a cart, sounds rather oddly in connection with the dignified name of its destination, Branksome Tower. Mrs. Reading seems to have considered the details of her funeral with much minuteness; among other things she states "the easiest way to convey my coffin out of the house will be to take the window out of the dining-room." Some people — we do not know whether they would rather not die — certainly would rather not be buried. Mr. J. L. Greffulhe, of Winchester street and Cornhill, merchant, whose will was proved in October, 1867, thus directs as to the disposal of his body: — "I do not wish to be buried. I enjoin my nephews to cause my body to be embalmed and placed in a coffin, the top of which shall be glazed and not nailed down, so that the body be not deprived either of air or daylight. Subsequently to cause it to be burned, if that can be legally done." It could not be from a motive of economy, as the personal property in England was sworn under half a million sterling, and he left 400,000 francs to be laid out in works of beneficence and charity. Mr. William Kensett, by his will, proved in October, 1855, seems to have been of the same opinion as the members of a recently-formed club, who have pledged themselves for sanitary reasons to have their bodies burned at their deaths; for he recites that, "believing in the impolicy of interring the dead amidst the living and as an example to others, I give my body, four days after death, to the directors of the Imperial Gas Company, London, to be placed in one of their retorts and consumed to ashes, and that they be paid £10 by my executors for the trouble this act will impose on them in so doing. Should a defence of fanaticism and superstition prevent them granting this my request, then my executors must submit to have my remains buried, in the plainest manner possible, in my family grave in St. John's-wood Cemetery, to assist in poisoning the living in that neighbourhood." Generally the curious wills are home made. The will of Mr. Kensett was made by a solicitor.

From Chambers' Journal.

A DISEASE-DESTROYING TREE.

THE following paragraph appeared lately in the *Medical Times and Gazette*, and has been copied into some of the daily newspapers :

“M. Gimbert, who has been long engaged in collecting evidence concerning the Australian tree, *Eucalyptus globulus*, the growth of which is surprisingly rapid, attaining, besides, gigantic dimensions, has addressed an interesting communication to the Academy of Sciences. This plant, it now appears, possesses an extraordinary power of destroying miasmatic influence in fever-stricken districts. It has the singular property of absorbing ten times its weight of water from the soil, and of emitting antiseptic camphorous effluvia. When sown in marshy ground, it will dry it up in a very short time. The English were the first to try it at the Cape, and within two or three years they completely changed the climatic condition of the unhealthy parts of the colony. A few years later, its plantation was undertaken on a large scale in various parts of Algeria. At Pardock, twenty miles from Algiers, a farm situated on the banks of the Hamyze was noted for its extremely pestilential air. In the spring of 1867, about 13,000 of the eucalyptus were planted there. In July of the same year—the time when the fever-season used to set in—not a single case occurred; yet the trees were not more than nine feet high. Since then, complete immunity from fever has been maintained. In the neighbourhood of Constantine, the farm of Ben Machydlin was equally in bad repute. It was covered with marshes both in winter and summer. In five years, the whole ground was dried up by 14,000 of these trees, and farmers and children enjoy excellent health. At the factory of the Gue de Constantine, in three years a plantation of eucalyptus has transformed twelve acres of marshy soil into a magnificent park, whence fever has completely disappeared. In the

island of Cuba, this and all other paludal diseases are fast disappearing from all the unhealthy districts where this tree has been introduced. A station-house at one of the ends of a railway viaduct in the department of the Var was so pestilential that the officials could not be kept there longer than a year. Forty of these trees were planted, and it is now as healthy as any other place on the line. We have no information as to whether this beneficent tree will grow in other than hot climates. We hope that experiments will be made to determine this point. It would be a good thing to introduce it on the west coast of Africa.”

The statement so given appears to require some modification. When mentioning that the tree in question has “the singular property of absorbing ten times its weight of water from the soil,” we should have been told the length of time taken to perform the operation—a day, a week, or how long. All trees whatsoever absorb moisture from the soil, equal to their own weight in a certain period of time, some more than others, and the *Eucalyptus globulus* may in this respect only offer a more than usually favourable specimen. We wish the account given had been more precise, and, for practical purposes, more trustworthy. All trees not only absorb moisture from the ground, but are useful in drying up marshy places by means of exhalation. The fir tribe being evergreen, are for the purpose invaluable. Exhaling from all points, they send off moisture into the atmosphere, where it is dispersed by winds, and which, when condensed by cold, falls down as rain. Hence, plantations of firs not only dry the land, but beneficially water it: the two phenomena united being productive less or more of improved sanitary conditions. We shall be glad to hear on good authority that the *Eucalyptus globulus*, if planted in this country, will realize all that is said of its superior properties.

A SECOND Shakespeare club has been started by the students of the Chaucer class at the London Workingmen's College. The men meet at one another's rooms, read Shakespeare's plays in chronological order, with their wives and sisters. One member prepares a short paper on each play, with which he opens

the discussion on the play after the reading of it is over. The Athenæum hears that the men confess that the women know more of Shakespeare, and read him more intelligently than they do. The first Shakespeare club at the college has lasted above fifteen years, and is in existence still.

THE Quakers are at the present time holding a conference in London "to take into consideration and to deliberate on the condition of the body, and in particular to inquire into the causes which are retarding its increase, and producing a marked diminution in the attendance at many of the meetings." There cannot be a doubt that during the last few years Quakers have either sadly dwindled in numbers or have as a rule ceased to wear the peculiar dress which distinguished them from ordinary mortals, and thus manage to escape recognition. In 1660 it was estimated that there were upwards of 60,000 Quakers in this country, and but a few years ago the sight of a broad-brimmed hat or a lavender coloured bonnet was common enough in the streets of London, whereas in the present day they are so rarely seen that they excite general attention, and it would be quite possible to frequent the busy haunts of men daily for three months without meeting a Quaker or a Quakeress. The sect appears to have been wasting rapidly since the commencement of the present century. In 1800 the Quaker meeting-houses numbered 413, whereas half a century later this number was reduced to 371. It is possible that the decision arrived at in 1858 to allow mixed marriages and a modification of costume has had the effect of not only retarding the increase of the body but of reducing its proportions. "A very intelligent physician" remarked to Lord Jeffrey, in 1813, that the wealthier Quakers often "die of stupidity, that they rarely live to be fifty, eat too much, take too little exercise, and, above all, have no nervous excitement." It is very doubtful whether a thoroughly peaceful, harmless existence is favourable to longevity. How many a household is only kept alive by its little quarrels! and we all of us probably owe more than we are aware of to our "disagreeable differences."

Pall Mall.

THE Manchester (England) Statistical Society, in its published reports of proceedings, gives data regarding the coöperative stores of Great Britain that are of interest. There were, at the end of 1870, 969 coöperative stores on the books of the registrar of Friendly Societies. In that year the sales of the stores amounted to \$41,000,000, and the saving or profit realized upon these sales amounted to \$3,240,000. The capital was \$11,155, so that the profit represented a little over twenty-nine per cent. on the money invested. In 1863 a wholesale coöperative store was started in Manchester, with a capital of nearly \$5000. In the first half year of its existence the sales amounted in value to \$29,810. In the first half of the following year \$212,625 were received for goods, and in the corresponding period of 1872 the amount had risen to \$2,025,000. This store has been started to supply the retail coöperative stores with goods, and its expenses are less than

three-fourths of one per cent. of the money received.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE, in his introductory lecture to the Greek classes of the University of Edinburgh the other day, said that "it had been his fortune to dip into various languages, and that the Greek language and the Greek literature are worth them all put together;" and further added that every person who despises Greek literature and language "proves himself to be a conceited puppy and an ignorant fool." Professor Blackie has evidently not read a poem reviewed in the *Athenæum* last week entitled "Chemistianity," which, from the extracts given, must contain some passages of rare and exceeding beauty. What, for instance, can be more striking than the following:—

Arsenic, the fool and villain's poison,
Is a metalloid of steel grey colour,
Crystalline, lustrous, and very brittle.
It tarnishes in water and air,
Unless they are free from carbonic acid.
Heated in air it volatilizes
Without fusion, but with rapid oxidation,
And smells like garlic to arsenious oxide,
Called in trade white oxide of arsenic.
Arsenic forms salts in metalloid law.
It oxides in arsen-ious and -ic acids.

Again, the following from the "Chemistian Song" is marvellously beautiful:

Chemistian lore should be
Well known on land and sea,
To sow the seed of chemistry, so heigh, so ho, so hee.

Professor Blackie would be puzzled to discover anything in Homer equal to this; but it is the fashion nowadays to decry modern poetry.

Pall Mall.

THE president of the Berlin police has profited by his recent visit to Vienna to introduce sundry reforms in the police regulations of the Prussian capital. The most important of these seems to be the precautions adopted to prevent stoppages and consequent blocks at the more frequented street crossings. At each of the twenty-six crossings where the traffic is greatest there are now placed an officer on horseback and two on foot, whose duty it is to regulate the traffic and protect the public.

THE Catholic University is declared the supreme seat of education in Ireland, and to have affiliated to it every college, diocesan school, college and primary school under ecclesiastical control in the kingdom. A Catholic training college is to be established in connection with the university, the committee charged with its establishment being Bishops Dorrian, Conroy, Lynch and Moran.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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FROM THE MAGYAR.

"Még met nern mondanak."

AND all the world is saying
That my poor fantasy
To earth is ever tending,
And never to the sky.

Yet towards the wide horizon
The eager longing springs,
But feels the heavy fetters
Which hang upon its wings.

It dives into the deepest
Abysses of the seas ;
Explores the heart's own centre
For deeper mysteries.

And when I say "Up, upwards !"
New strength the impulse brings,
And like a lark in cloud-land,
It flutters and it sings.

And when I cry "High, higher !"
It mounts into the light,
And leaves the soaring eagles
Behind it in its flight.

The eagles they get weary ;
My fancy never — never.
The clouds bar not its rising
Up higher, higher ever !

The clouds are pierced — heaven's concave
Is by its pinions riven ;
'Tis lost among the planets,
It tracks the belt of heaven.

It travels thro' the darkness,
It rules the night and day ;
Salutes the sun when passing
In its mysterious way.

Beyond the solar system,
Its planets shining bright,
It reaches other centres
Of harmony and light.

And yet it rests not — rests not,
But flies from star to star,
Untired, uncheck'd, exploring,
The infinitely far !

And having then exhausted
Creation — thro' and thro' —
It finds a new creation
As wonderful as new !

Translated by Sir John Bowring.

A CYCLE.

IF he had come in the early dawn,
When the sunrise flushed the earth,
I would have given him all my heart,
Whatever the heart was worth.

If he had come at the noontide hour,
He would not have come too late ;
I would have given him patient faith,
For then I had learned to wait.

If he had come in the after-glow,
In the peace of the eventide,
I would have given him hands and brain,
And worked for him till I died.

If he comes now the sun has set,
And the light has died away,
I will not give him a broken life
But will turn and say him "Nay !"
Good Words. C. BROOKE.

OUTCAST!

THE moon is red and low, and the stars are
few,
The city moaneth like one who talks in his
sleep,
In distant meadows full heavily falls the dew,
The dew in the city it falleth from eyes that
weep.

Now is the time, my soul, when a grieving
pain,
Frightened away by the eyes that shine in the
day,
May dare to come forth awhile, and be free
again,
And look in thy face and say what it hath to
say.

Its mien is pure and true, and it seemeth calm,
Though deep in its gaze there is lying the
gloom of death,
Its murmur sounds like the holiest heavenly
psalm,
But it singeth a siren's song to thy dreaming
faith.

Let it come forth and utter its plaintive moans,
Listened so oft that thine ears are growing dull
To sounds less sad and soft, to the cheerful
tones
That ring in the chord of life when it swelleth
full.

Hearken it now for the past and never more,
Heed not the eyes that crave and the hand
that clings,
Kiss it once at the future's glimmering door,
Float it away in the dark on its own sad wings.

PETOFI.

So shall it reach that realm on the verge of
night,
Where shadows of fair false things and their
echoes be ;
Thy way is across the hills in the kindling
light
'Mid living souls with a footstep glad and free !
All The Year Round.

From The Quarterly Review.
THE ENGLISH PULPIT.*

IF we reflect on the number of sermons periodically preached in our churches and chapels, there is presented to the mind a vast spiritual instrument of undefined limitations and immeasurable influential possibilities which naturally suggests the comparison of means with result. We are led to ask what is the use made of the gigantic institution of the pulpit distributed through the length and breadth of the British Islands so unexceptionally that there is no spot beyond its attainable reach, scarcely a place where the sound of the "church-going bell" is not more or less distinctly heard. We are prompted to inquire what the pulpit actually does towards furthering the religious and moral life of the enormous number of persons constantly exposed to its influence; if the effect of its labours is commensurate in any degree with its large claims, and the extent and magnitude of its operations, or if it obtains and holds a motive influence on the governing sentiment of the time at all corresponding to its virtual power and importance.

We think that these questions can only be answered in one way. There is no doubt the pulpit of our churches, considered as one of the spiritual motors of the time, is, with few exceptions, all but powerless. Whatever it may have done in the past, it now does nothing which can be reckoned amongst those large elements that give tone and character to society, and go to form (if the phrase may be permitted) the idiosyncrasy of the nation. So notoriously is this the fact, that there are those who hold the opinion that the function of the pulpit is now utterly decayed, that there is no more use for it, that it must inevitably grow more and more effete, until it shall no longer retain an existence amongst us. This, however, is far too hasty and unreflective a conclusion. It does not follow from the imperfect fulfilment of the office

of preaching that it is a vain or useless one. We believe the time will come when the pulpit will be again the means of disseminating truth broadcast, its voice be heard above the clatter of the world's discords, and its illuminating capacities be displayed once more in the dark places of the earth. At present, it must be confessed, there is too much ground for despondency in regard to it. When we look back to the Middle Ages, or, indeed, to a much later period, we are struck with the large power it possessed then, compared with its almost utter impotency now. We see it in its position of former days, flourishing under the eye of the Church; and, whether for good or evil, maintaining an irresistible and unopposed sway over the mind of the whole nation, ruling it at will, and moulding it into the form of its own mood, the inceptive animator of almost every large undertaking, the dominant instigator of almost every important national movement. If any testimony to its intrinsic power were required, we need only recall such names as those of Peter the Hermit, St. Augustine, St. Francis of Assisi, Savonarola, and a hundred others, which the pages of history abundantly furnish, whose discourses gave colour to the thought and feeling, and sometimes impelled the united action of the whole European quarter of the globe. Though the flame has fallen, the material of combustion still remains. The human mind is still sensitive to contact with its fellow mind, still thrills with a magic vibration to the touch of sympathy, still aspires, and still suffers. It may be that only the fervent burning of the clear torch of truth is required to set on fire once more the slumbering enthusiasm of its mission, and light the dark day with a yet more brilliant radiance. But how can this be, whilst we are trifling away the opportunities and advantages afforded by our pulpits, and wasting our religious energies upon the unfruitful performance of ecclesiastical observances, beginning and ending in themselves? How can it possibly take place amidst the struggle for new creeds, and the casting off of the old ones; in the clamour, and disorder,

* *The Penny Pulpit: a Collection of accurately-reported Sermons by the most eminent Ministers of various Denominations.* Vol. X. New Series. London, 1873.

and confusion of polemical strife, and the fever of ecclesiastical law-courts; in the clash of contending speculations; in the struggles for personal notoriety; in the attempt to institute new offices, and a disregard for the availability of the old ones? When shall we learn that true religion — the religion which can alone give dignity to our nature, raise the soul out of the dust, and fix it on the "life beyond life," enlarge our sympathies, enrich our being, soothe us in trouble, and give a deeper zest to joy, lies beyond and without all these, in the calm regions of a spiritual condition into which they can never enter? Some time, perhaps, we shall ask if it had not been better worth while to leave some of these unnoticed for worthier objects of thought and more useful fields of labour; for the exercise of grander aims, and the satisfaction of more vital desires; for the fulfilment of a life more in consonance with our lofty destiny, and the hopes we strive to foster in the midst of so much which is calculated to quell and crush them.

Before entering on the consideration of the condition of the modern pulpit, it will be necessary to premise that the term "Church" will here be used in a broad sense, specially and chiefly referring to the Church of England, beyond which its precise limitation or extension may be left open, subject to the application of our remarks. It will not be necessary for our present purpose to define it more strictly. It must also be understood, that though these observations will apply to sermons in general, they are not intended to be absolutely universal in their application. There are, of course, many notable individual exceptions to the usual aspect presented by the modern pulpit. It will not, however, on that account be necessary to furnish any evidence that such a consideration as we propose is ill-timed, exaggerated, or supererogatory, since we feel certain that every reader of these pages will at once recognize the truth of our position, and will, probably, have already felt within himself at least some portion of the sub-

stance of that which we intend to lay before him.*

Neither do we wish to detract from the good work which is done, nor to decry the praiseworthy usefulness, the disinterested activity, the broad and self-denying charity, which are so largely found in the National Church, and in many others. We are not oblivious of any of them. Our observations in regard to the present condition of the pulpit do not, and will not prejudice these. They are facts which we have infinite satisfaction in noting. They hold a place in the moral and religious history of the time, neither to be overlooked nor forgotten, not less honourable or important because frequently hidden from the public eye, and beyond the reach of the world's rewards, or even its recognition.

An obstacle greatly detrimental to the efficacy of modern preaching is that its importance is not generally reckoned at its full worth. We are accustomed to attach less value to the function of the pulpit than formerly, and by right, belonged to it. In the Church of England this is particularly the case. Why it should be so is not very apparent. It is certainly neither through idleness nor indifference. There is, perhaps, no body of men to whom these terms are as little applicable as to the clergymen of the Church of England. There is no lack of conscientious desire to fulfil the duties of the most responsible of positions; and it is in the full recognition of this that we would wish the strictures which we are about to offer on the present condi-

* A noteworthy testimony to the present condition of the English pulpit was given in a leading article in the "Times" newspaper on the day after "Hospital Sunday" (16th June, 1873). It will be recollected that on that day the sermons of the principal churches of the metropolis were reported, in a more or less condensed form, thus furnishing ample material for a correct generalization of their leading tone and sentiment. The conclusions, based upon an examination of these, were thus summed up in the article in question: — "We look in vain for any indications that the preachers by whom the cause of the Hospitals was advocated have seized upon this opportunity of strengthening their hold, of pressing home the influence that the Gospel teaching would exert upon many other of the more dark and cheerless aspects of life, and of convincing those who heard them — perhaps for the first and last time — that Christianity is something higher and better than a system or creed."

tion of the pulpit to be received rather as friendly hints towards its improvement, than as the sour fault-findings of antagonistic censorship. The question is one more of the direction of energy and line of consideration, than the want of them. Other ministrations of the Church, as the visitation of the sick, the superintendence of the education of children and adults, and the personal care, interest, and attention bestowed upon the general welfare of those committed to its charge, may challenge comparison with any other religious community, and in these respects it perhaps excels all others. The office of the pulpit seems strangely disregarded as to its importance, contrary to the example of all precedent. It is quite true that in times past it stood almost alone in its mission. There were fewer extraneous interests in operation either to assist or hinder it. It held a more unlimited and independent sway over the popular mind, and the religious and moral sentiments. But whatever weight we may theoretically attach to these considerations, it is, nevertheless, an undeniable fact that the pulpit, far from being effete, was in some respects never in a better or more influential position potentially than that which it occupies at present. Wherever there is a church, and a preacher of earnest, thoughtful views, whatever may be his individual tone, sentiment, or opinion, he never fails to gather round him a circle of listeners. The large congregations, consisting in a great part of men, which gather beneath the dome of St. Paul's and within the walls of Westminster Abbey every Sunday, show that there is no lack of interest in the message of the pulpit. Perhaps the general public never looked so earnestly as they do now towards the assistance and furtherance of the religious life by its means; they have certainly never had more need of it.

The importance of preaching, as a faculty of the Church, is undoubtedly better understood and accepted by many bodies of Dissenters than it is in the Church of England. Out of taste, as it frequently is, characterized by half-views, ignoring everything which lies out of its

own immediate vision, too exclusively dwelling on one class of truths, and those often coloured with personal, prejudiced, and sometimes with superstitious elements, it does not fail to make as large a use as possible of so efficient a means for consolidating the spiritual bond of the members of its communion. It is almost always in earnest, giving its best energies and most powerful utterances to the fulfilment of its function. Occasionally it offers examples of a noble, disinterested, and enlarged view of Christian truth and the Christian life, from which the parent Church might take a lesson with advantage. If this earnestness were always as sound as it is enthusiastic, experimental and practical as it is introspective and emotional, if it regarded the elements of actual life and practice more than mere spiritual exercise, it would leave little to be desired. Unfortunately, this is by no means the case. We may turn fearlessly from the results of its teaching as exemplified in the lives and characters of its members regarded generally, to those of the Church of England; for though the National Church cannot be said by any means to stand at the summit of its vocation, yet it must be allowed that whatever may be its faults and shortcomings, it practically embodies in the average of its members a more wholesome condition of mind and body, a better regulated social economy, a wider and more cultivated intelligence, a more tolerant charity, and, we believe, in the statistics of trade and commerce exhibits a higher standard of moral probity than is to be found in most, if not all, forms or bodies of religious Dissent.

The office of the pulpit, duly and rightly fulfilled, can never fall into desuetude. If it does so, it must be entirely through the abnegation of the proper means to maintain it. A discourse delivered *vivâ voce* will always possess infinite advantages over anything received through the medium of the press. The pulpit is thus possessed of an element of power beyond the reach of literature. Not only is there an additional force inherent in the utterances

coming directly from a fervent soul and brain, but there is a spiritual electricity which gathers energy from an assemblage of persons, passing from mind to mind with increased intensity, according to the numbers collectively submitted to its influence. For these reasons the mission of the preacher can never be rendered a vain or useless one. Preaching must always remain an instrument of power, not only indestructible, but superior to all other modes of personal influence in the propagation and dissemination of large truths relying on generally accepted bases, as those of religion may be said to do. At present there seems to be no generally accepted faith in its possibilities; preachers, as a rule, neither doing their utmost, nor making the most of its opportunities.* There is a *laissez faire* statement of formal truths or truisms which argues an entire disbelief in, mistrust of, or indifference to its commanding powers as a motive instrument. In some cases this may arise from the fear of coming into too close a contact with some phases of modern thought or certain conditions of modern feeling. It need not be so, however, since a bold exposition of absolute religious truth in its application to life and practice would quickly make its way to a responsive sentiment, whatever obstacles might appear to impede its progress or oppose its reception.

One argument of confidence in the office of preaching may be gathered from its present condition, namely, that people will listen with at least tolerance to anything whatever which comes from the pulpit. No church was ever deserted because its preacher spoke plainly. Human nature in the mass is not over-sensitive. It will listen and often like to listen to that which it is not always disposed to follow. The preacher, therefore, need not fear the effects of candour. All that is required is the tact to measure the average condition and requirement of the hearers. We do not, for example, advocate the too special exposition of the character and condition of the libertine and blasphemer in a miscellaneous congregation. It is as much likely to do harm as good. In this respect, as in many others, much must be left to the guiding tact of the preacher.

* Honourable exceptions to these remarks may be made in the names of the late Bishop Wilberforce, Canon Liddon, the present Bishop of Peterborough, and some others, whose earnest labours for the resuscitation of the pulpit are in all respects as praiseworthy as they have been successful.

Amongst the reasons for the inefficiency of the modern pulpit there are a few external ones which may be profitably glanced at before entering upon the consideration of those profounder ones which underlie them, and in which this inefficiency fundamentally and essentially subsists. They are chiefly of two kinds; first, the manner of delivery; second, the structure and composition of the sermon.

In regard to the first, the modern pulpit is lamentably defective and unsatisfactory. Contrast a man's manner in the pulpit when informing us upon those topics which he tells us are of infinitely more importance than any other, with that by which he impresses his opinions and enforces his meaning when discussing the plans for a new house, the laying out of a new pleasure-ground, the ordering of household matters or personal business, or with his narration of an after-dinner story. Observe his directness, perspicuity, lively energy of speech and manner in these cases compared with the former. His action in the pulpit (if he has any) is a merely artificial thing, not dictated by the inward power, but assumed as a mere matter of propriety—perhaps, even learnt from some one else. His intonation and mode of utterance are purely artificial. His preaching and reading tone is altogether different from his natural one, which at once removes what he has to say out of the close sympathy of his hearers. Every touch of vitality communicated by the lively motion of the mind acting upon its proper symbol is deadened as a leaf when its greenness is gone. Even the facial muscles of the preacher seem to be paralysed, as if by the aridity of his own discourse. We do not wish to see our preachers mimic the actor in their discourse. All action in the pulpit which is not natural must be bad and injurious to the effect of the sermon. Indeed it may very well be dispensed with altogether, as far as bodily movement is concerned, if the preacher's mental energies are given thoroughly to his work—if he only preaches that in which his most earnest interest is infused and deepest sympathies engaged—that which by its force, truth, and applicability must make itself heard and felt for its own sake. Then his manner is sure to be sufficiently vigorous to second his discourse and enforce his meaning without any direct effort on his part to make it so. The same principle may be applied to the matter of

eloquence. Eloquence sought for its own sake — for any attraction resulting from itself — is sure to be mischievous and defeat its intention. It will only lead from the true object, however carefully and ingeniously its mechanism may be concealed. Genuine eloquence lies in the substance of that which is said. "True eloquence," says Milton, "is the daughter of Virtue," and there is no other. A sermon preached from sincere conviction and with a sense of the importance of its object, if not eloquent in the properties of speech and fluency, will be something better than eloquent. It will attain its mission by more assured means and find its goal on quicker wings than any which mere constructive eloquence can bestow upon it. Style should be studied from the side of a clear, succinct, and unencumbered mode of expressing the ideas, not from that of rhetorical effect and display. An important message faithfully and energetically delivered is never forgotten.

As regards the mechanical arrangement and distribution of the sermon, a good test of its constructive excellence is found in the degree of distinctness with which it is remembered by the hearers. Too much division and subdivision paraded before the substance of discourse are decidedly undesirable, as they frequently frustrate their own end by introducing perplexity and confusion in the attempt to follow the various headings if very numerous. On the other hand, a looseness of arrangement and classification is just as much to be avoided. The better medium is that the connected plan of the sermon should be clearly laid down in the mind of the preacher, and then, without burdening the attention of the hearers with an enumeration and exposition of all the divisions of the discourse, to let it follow its natural sequence, which it will do insensibly and no less effectually than under a propounded system of distribution and subdivision. Of the comparative merits of extempore and written sermons much might be said, which would perhaps be as little to the purpose. Circumstances of idiosyncrasy, nature and interior propulsion must ultimately decide between the adoption or rejection of the one or the other. We believe that, as a rule, the most valuable sermons are those which are written, as the arrangement and relative value of the various parts of the discourse must be better preserved by that means than the other. On the contrary, in certain cases,

doubtless, the extempore method may be desirable as more spontaneous, vivacious, and flexible. In either case the powers should be well-measured, and no gift of mere loquacity cause the pen to be laid aside as useless. Barrow not only composed his sermons with the greatest care, but rewrote them three or four times. South inveighs strongly against extempore preaching, perhaps the more so because it was practised by the Puritans. Robert Hall, on the contrary, followed it, but always after much and close preparation — sometimes even to the pre-arrangement of the paragraphs of his discourse. Others have adopted a middle course, that is, preaching from copious written notes, perhaps a valuable method to those who know how to make efficient use of it. Which plan soever be adopted, it is always desirable that the whole substance of the discourse should be carefully thought out beforehand, and set before the listener in some well-jointed order. Under no other conditions can it possibly live as an abiding influence or find a permanent place in the memory.

We must now approach a far more important series of considerations in regard to modern preaching, namely, those of the intrinsic qualities by which it can alone fulfil its proper end and object in impressing the hearts and minds of the listeners, and producing a practical effect on their lives and conduct. In examining how far these conditions are fulfilled by the pulpit of the present day, we shall simply state its obvious inadequacies to meet the requirements of the time without dwelling upon them from a purely religious point of view. That is to say, in enumerating some of those qualities of character and disposition and states of feeling which ought to be more definitely and distinctly dwelt upon from the pulpit we shall not enter upon the consideration of the religious motives and sentiments which constitute their proper value, and which it is the special function of the pulpit to urge and demonstrate. But although we cannot do more here than indicate the defalcations of the pulpit in failing to reach in any corrective way certain tendencies and dispositions of the time, it must not be supposed that these are only placed in the category of morality, or that a mere appeal to motives of expediency and propriety is all that we would imply as necessary in dealing with them. The office of the pulpit is the ministration of religion; to appeal to that part of our nature and

those feelings by which our lives and course of conduct are brought into relationship with a Supreme Being; to rouse the soul to a sense of moral *responsibility* — to appeal to it through all the motives of love, gratitude, desire, trust, and fear, as well as to its sense of justice and right. It is not merely to set forth the Gospel plan of redemption to the soul as an article of creed, but to enforce a noble, pure, and earnest life — an actual following of the steps of Christ in a singleness of aim and purpose, a sustained elevation of feeling, and a conscientious rectitude and thoroughness of living carried out to the simplest particular, without wavering and without compromise. It is the special mission of the pulpit to enforce this by motives of union with Christ, and in virtue of that large brotherhood which He has instituted against the sin we all inherit, and which He enables us to overcome and escape. These, to their fullest extent, must be understood to furnish the basis of all our observations, though not actually reiterated at every turn of our inquiry.

We have said that we do not intend to waste time in pointing out the need of a close inquiry into the present condition of the pulpit. It is only too self-evident that our pulpits are no longer the centres of that earnestness and unity of teaching which once characterized them. For the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" are substituted a Sahara-like dryness and barrenness, appalling in their wearisome monotony of sentences and unenlivened periods. In vain is the jaded and overtaxed attention roused and spurred in the endeavour to connect the succession of paragraphs set before us in any form or idea which can take a firm hold of the baffled faculties, or leave any trace or abiding influence upon the mind. We are compelled to hear that which put before us anywhere else and under any other circumstances would not, and could not detain us for an instant — to which, in fact, nothing short of compulsion could induce us to listen. It is certain that from no person we ever meet, in no book, journal, or newspaper which we ever read would we tolerate or submit to nine-tenths of that which is given to us from the pulpit as representing matter of the gravest moment which can demand our interest or occupy our deepest consideration. Perhaps this may not be wholly the preacher's fault; perhaps the listener is somewhat to blame if he does not extract from the sleepy dialectics and

stagnating platitudes of the pulpit something towards the furtherance of his spiritual life; but we are afraid that, at the most, it can often be no other than the merely negative gain hinted at by the good George Herbert:

If all want sense,
God takes a text and preacheth patience.

In this respect, at least, we must allow there is ample room for the learner. The pulpit is no longer authoritative even in those things in the dealing with which it is most concerned. It would seem as if the preacher did not always really know whether he fully believed that which he thinks he ought to preach or not. He has perhaps never inquired into the reasonableness of the dogmas he utters so far as to ascertain if they are absolutely necessary to the spiritual life and well-being or not. He has never proved his principles by the test of their practical utility or necessity. He is by no means sure that they constitute a bank of strength sufficient to rest the moral life upon — if they will afford an efficient obstacle to evil, a steady support in affliction, an indicatory beacon in difficulty, and a reliable consolation in adversity. Generally, indeed, he is concerned in quite other matters, to prove a position or a thesis possibly nothing to the purpose of vital religion, having no bearing on or reference to life and conduct, which, proved or disproved, leaves us in regard to the larger object precisely where it found us. His discourse is of precedent, tradition, and ecclesiastical convention, of the transient and accidental rather than of the absolute and incontrovertible based upon real life and experience. The religious life is kept separate from the actual and secular one. It only touches us lightly, and moves us feebly. The slow, dry system of religious observance has no existence, no corresponding organ, in the life of human interests and activities which lies without the limiting walls of his church. Into this circle it never enters — never even approaches it.

In entering upon an analysis of the condition of the pulpit in relation to some of the peculiar characteristics of the present time, it must be understood that it can only be a very incomplete and inadequate one. All that we can do here is to submit a few facts as indications of the way in which a wider reflection and a larger consideration of the principles submitted may develop results of a vaster and more substantial importance than we

can venture to predict; for we are convinced that so much lies in them.

The pulpit of to-day does not condemn the real faults, vices, and shortcomings of the time with any degree of general force and energy commensurate with their strength and importance.

Our age is specially distinguished as an extravagantly ambitious and acquisitive one. In no age of the world was ever the love of wealth more absorbing, nor were men ever more desirous to obtain it. Perhaps one-half the evils of social life result from the excessive indulgence of this overmastering passion. It blinds the eyes to moral good, it saps the principles of virtue and honesty, it throws a veil of discontent over the simpler and purer enjoyments of life or blots them altogether out of view, it induces a thousand vanities, it fosters a world of sin, it is as unwise as it is unsatisfactory, for it makes men forget their truest interests — their allegiance to God, their duty to their fellow-men, and the general well-being of the society to which they belong. All the right enjoyment and best happiness of life are dislocated and perverted by it. It would hardly be inferred from the lax or indifferent way in which the pulpit ordinarily regards it that the uncurbed love and pursuit of wealth for its own sake was denounced in the strongest manner by the Divine Author of Christianity. But if the prevailing thirst for gold is reprehensible in itself, infinitely more so are the means used to obtain it. There is scarcely a principle of justice or honesty that is not more or less commonly sacrificed for its acquirement. No real intrinsic value is distinctly and impressively attached to the name of honesty. It is not generally received that the actual worth of a just principle brought into practice by a rightly constituted mind is in itself a thing of absolute value, and that a strictly organized life bears in itself a treasure analogous to that bestowed by large possessions in the realization of a sublime condition of being and a loftier content and satisfaction than they can bestow. All these are left as philosophical axioms, but not enforced as religious truths. They are creeds of the lips, but not of the heart or mind. One scarcely ever hears them preached from the pulpit as if they were really and vitally true; and yet they are amongst the first principles of a truly religious life. We are not advocating any Utopian views of impracticable and impossible

conditions, nor do we desire to sketch an Arcadia of ideal men and women. Social prosperity as well as personal well-being demand an active use of the faculties and the exercise of a regulated ambition; but we must not forget that these may be unduly exaggerated or misdirected. A community of slovens and idlers would be the worst national calamity. The enterprises of business and the pursuits of commerce offer a noble field for energy and action; but why should they be followed to the exclusion of every other? The interests of a happy and healthy existence must be numerous and varied, yet how often are all others excluded by the all-consuming usurpation of these! Suppose the pulpit were to institute a universal protest, a kind of united crusade, against this monstrous and growing evil; suppose it were to point out studiously and clearly at what a sacrifice such a condition of things is maintained; suppose it were persistently to impress upon those who had obtained a competency in business, instead of going on adding gold to gold, house to house, field to field, the desirability of giving themselves to other objects and pursuits, and of allowing the hundreds of others comparatively indigent the means of obtaining a subsistence. If the pulpit were to do this vigorously and energetically, its advocacy might go far ultimately to infuse a new element and motive into society; to induce a new set of principles for its government and guidance; to reveal a fresh and wider horizon in the economy of life. Of course its influence at first would be relatively small. There would be a world of prejudice and predilection to be removed; there would be numerous cases in which the man of business would be tied to his occupation by attachments more or less inseparable. But supposing the pulpit were only faithful to its mission, supposing it was effective only on a moiety of the cases presenting no real obstacle to such a course, what an enormous measure of good might be brought about! To many the very idea would be a new one — a sort of revelation presented to them with the force of a desirable possibility for the first time. But upon this the pulpit is almost silent. It is able to give us sermons upon such occasions as the "Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity;" it can even go far to invent theological and speculative difficulties in order to solve and answer them, but upon the large and allowed

evils and mistakes of the time it is mostly silent. They are heard of everywhere before they obtain a voice from the pulpit; and if, indeed, they are ever noticed by our preachers the appeal is generally so languid, so isolated, so wanting in the enthusiasm of a mission that we are hardly touched or influenced by it at all. It falls like the good seed on stony places, like rain upon the sea.

Besides the unrestricted desire for wealth, other prominent evils of our time are the false ambition for personal elevation in the social scale, and the effeminate and erroneous views of life it gives rise to.

Dissatisfaction with the existing social condition, and the eager desire to change it, are amongst the most mischievous elements in modern society. The fact that each grade in the social scale has its special functions, and that the lowest, when worthily occupied, is as honourable in itself as the highest is scarcely ever recognized as a governing principle. There are few to whom it is apparent that progress does not necessarily imply discontent—few who have no better wish than to remain in that class in which they are born and educated, and dignify its rank by the perfect fulfilment of its duties and functions; but the object of every one appears to be to get out of that which properly belongs to him as soon as possible, and to place himself in another; and this without regard to fitness, propriety, or any consideration of eligibility; that is to say, without ever inquiring in what way he will be the gainer by such an exchange, he wishes to annihilate the distinctions of class as far as it serves his purpose to do so. All this is based upon a mistake, and worse. It is a mistake to suppose that social and official distinctions can ever be dispensed with or superseded. The various classes of the social economy are just as widely separated now as they ever were. Men, it is true, approach each other more nearly in a more generally diffused education, in similar modes of thinking, in a combination and community of interests; but the social grades are as distinct in themselves, as they were a thousand years ago. Each has its appointed function, and if one gets out of that which properly belongs to him there must be another to fill his place. The falsity of view in supposing that rank and position in society are subvertible and transposable things, having, in fact, no real existence at all, excepting

a personal one, gives rise, amongst other evils, to the fulsome sycophancy and false presumption which, by stepping out of its own position, endeavours to usurp that of another. The honourable independence which, in fearlessly acknowledging and abiding by its own social status, withholds no rightful acknowledgment to its superior in the social rank—those having that pre-eminence which the economical constitution of the time agrees to recognize—is disregarded or ignored. It is not, however, the lower social ranks who are wholly to blame in this matter. A great proportion of the evil lies in the disregard of the upper classes to those special qualities which are entitled to honour and respect in those of a less elevated grade. The recognition of the full claims of the lower classes upon their rightful bases and footing is too often disregarded, and not unfrequently treated with contempt. The superciliousness of office and position is a serious fault in our national character. It is very often entirely overlooked by those occupying elevated positions that the peculiar importance they attach to themselves in virtue of these is quite a gratuitous and self-elected one as regards their mode of viewing it, and that the recognition and esteem of others must be sought and repaid by the same kind of consideration and respect which they themselves demand.

All this fundamental dissatisfaction at the heart of society is rarely alluded to from the pulpit; and perhaps it is never given that importance which it deserves. The remedies and alleviations based upon the Christian scheme which a thoughtful reflection might suggest and enforce find no name or adequate representation in our churches. However serious its contingent evils may appear to the humanitarian and the religious philosopher, remedial measures obtain no prevailing advocacy in the pulpit, though no one would deny that their consideration should occupy an important place in the economy of every religious mind as well as in the repertory of every serious thinker.

A third very crying evil of the time is the slight and perfunctory way in which business duties and workmanship are performed, and the disregard to thoroughness of practice in all the ways of life as an object desirable and valuable for its own sake.

The almost universal desire now is not to do something well, but to do some-

thing which shall have some other extraneous advantage attached to it; not allowing the accomplishment of a conscientious task to be in the least binding, or supplying any motive of pleasure in work for its own sake, or any inducement towards perfection in its labour as a thing desirable in itself. The manufacturer, producer, and vendor of every kind have generally no more than one object in view, and if their practice is not absolutely vicious, they do not appear to have any wholesome fear of making it so. But not only in our workshops, manufactories, and markets are the most unjustifiable expedients resorted to, but our professions are disgraced by the most ignoble shifts and contrivances. It is unnecessary here to specify what is well known to every one. The worst of this want of conscientiousness and rectitude in workmanship and affairs is that they are continually transferring themselves to our conduct in other respects. The chicanery and deceptions we practise in these are constantly multiplied and perpetuated in our moral and religious life. They infuse miserable self-compromising views into our minds. Each dereliction produces another and another, until the vitiation is complete. One cannot be honest because his neighbour is a thief; another has his principles sapped and undermined by the want of principle in his companion or fellow-workman. Every one acknowledges the evil, and yet nobody strives to remedy it.

All this, and much more of a similar kind, might offer a fruitful theme for the pulpit, and, if well and variously enforced, might furnish the subject for as many profitable sermons as could be preached in a lifetime. Against the evils of drunkenness, and others also, societies are formed, and large preventive means organized, but against the perversions we have indicated there are no societies formed, and no public means taken to repress or prevent them, though they are still more dangerous and deleterious from their not being apparent. Now and then, it is true, the press will make an outcry against some one of them when it becomes specially flagrant or notorious, which ends in, perhaps, a score or two of letters being printed on the subject—just enough to show the necessity of dealing with it vigorously—but no large machinery is set to work to make a deadly war against it. Some might urge that these considerations do not strictly come

under the religious category. However that may be, it is certain that as operative fruits of the religious life we cannot afford to dispense with them. Though they do not constitute religion independently, it is beyond contradiction that there can be no genuine religion without them; and that the religion which fails to meet evils of so serious a nature in any remedial manner, must either be of a very dubious nature and imperfect kind, or else very badly and inefficiently expounded and enforced.

But if the pulpit does not reach the faults and vices of the time, neither does it meet its wants and requirements.

We live in an age of inquiry. Inquiry naturally generates doubt. Our religion has not been exempted from close and strict examination. It is the nature and essence of Protestantism, if not to doubt, at least to seek for the assured foundations upon which it builds itself. In the numerous aspects in which religion is from time to time viewed, it is, perhaps, natural that although its fundamental principles are indisputable, doubt should arise, particularly in young and unformed minds, as to certain of its forms and phenomena. At all events, it is sufficient for our purpose here to notify the fact that whether rightly or wrongly, reasonably or unreasonably, doubts do actually arise not admitting of an easy or superficial solution. It is one of the characteristics of the pulpit of the present day that it scarcely ever fully recognizes these doubts by dealing with them fairly on their own grounds. It does not acknowledge that any question, arising even from a legitimate source, can be beyond its reach for dogmatical discussion or refutation if desirable, and contradiction if necessary. A great section of the pulpit, indeed, ignores doubt: brands it as a sin, or leaves it unnoticed beyond condemning it in a more or less tacit manner. This is sure to be disastrous, for it at once separates the doubting element from the religious one, and establishes enmity between them. Let doubt be recognized where it cannot be answered. The certainties which most nearly concern us will always remain. At the utmost need there is a specific for doubt, in the living of such a life as the Author of Christianity prescribed and exemplified. How many noble souls are torn with doubts and perplexities which a life of action would end at once! Doubt, even upon speculative subjects, vanishes in the exercise of a sincere and

energetic activity in the way of duty—in the persistent attempt to glorify God by a fulfilment of the obvious duties of life and devotion to the benefit of his creatures. There is no room for doubt in a soul fully occupied about its Master's business.

It should be distinctly understood that the pulpit is *not* called upon to settle all the difficult questions of the age—nor, indeed, any of them. Its true force lies in preserving its own course—that is, the direction of the moral life and the conduct of the soul's religious health and well-being—not in the reconciliation of this or that newly-discovered fact or freshly-started theory to certain creeds and beliefs which, however true fundamentally, are not always capable of being made answerable in a moment to every novel phase of thought or object of inquiry. The pulpit, for example, is not called upon to determine the precise value of the theories or inquiries of a Darwin or a Huxley—neither to accept nor reject them. What is true will ultimately assert itself: but if the reception of religion must wait upon the decision of every difficult question which may arise, not directly within its category, we fear the good and useful life will be long to live and far from us. The verities of true religion are of an independent order and nature. They are *always* true. No discoveries of science, no change of speculative belief, can ever interfere with them. The essential truth of Christianity is not a matter of logical evidence at all; it is a matter of fact: for it is based upon the highest spiritual laws, and embodies the loftiest conception of our reason, as well as our best and purest feelings. Its defence may be safely left to itself. The Christian life refutes every argument against the truth of Christianity, placing it far beyond the reach of question or cavil: but if this life is absent no measure of argument will be able satisfactorily to substantiate it.

Again, the pulpit usually makes no allowance for social, scientific, and political progress, nor for those eligible changes which the advancement of the race renders necessary.

At the most it tolerates these, but seldom or never makes use of them. It is always the last to recognize the course of Law. It does not dwell on the fact that the universe is framed on the unchangeable principles of physical laws which are inelastic; that life has to be wholly and uncompromisingly governed by these

laws, and that the sole condition upon which we subsist is by submitting to them. It loves the supernatural and extraordinary, frequently ignoring the very wisdom of those principles and conditions into which we are born and in which we live, and whose exposition shows the Creator in the noblest light in which it is possible for the human soul to behold Him. It supposes every modification of the views and teaching which differ in any degree from the conventional standard to be bad; quite forgetting how large is the religion it advocates, how vast is the power of God in the ministration of circumstances, how the very nature of the moral universe occasionally renders it necessary for us to alter our points of view, and how a more beautiful truth continually emerges from the twilight of temporary perplexity—just as the wonderful and elevating discoveries of astronomy, though at first opposed, as endangering religious faith, were afterwards seized upon and made use of as affording the most sublime and stupendous illustration of the Divine power as exemplified in the wonderful instances of undeviating order and law. The attempt to wrest or contradict facts because they appear to militate against certain present conditional aspects of our religion is not only wrong in itself but shortsighted and unwise. It is sure to have to retract the mistaken protest, and confess with shame its precipitancy and folly. In the antagonistic contraposition of religion and science, however, it must be confessed that the pulpit is not wholly to blame. It is too much the fashion for men of science to challenge or decry the office and function of the pulpit, ignoring the spiritual life altogether, or seeking to supersede the wholesome principles and influences of religion by the mere substitution of a series of physical phenomena for those internal and instinctive indications and predilections which, judging by their universal and persistent existence, are a necessary part and condition of the soul's life and being. Probably many of these difficulties dwelt upon so vehemently by some scientific men only lie on the surface, and are of those which a wider knowledge may explain without any material change in either the one or the other set of views. At all events, this opposition of science to religion is both over-hasty and ungraceful, since perhaps those who press it the most ardently would be unwilling to see the doctrines they insist upon with so much exclusiveness absolutely carried

out in all their unbending rigour. Our being is a wide and complex one, which frequently admits of apparent contradictions, but which a closer examination or a clearer spiritual light might show us to be no contradictions at all. Science and religion should have faith in each other, and whilst each follows the course that specially belongs to it, be satisfied that if the tenets and conclusions of the one are true, real, and important, those of the other are not less so; that those irresistible sentiments and instincts normal to every mind and co-existent with every nature, are doubtless as real, substantial, and unconditional as the natural laws which govern our bodies and regulate our physical economy, although belonging to quite another category and requiring another order of faculties for their understanding and appreciation. An expanded and thoughtful exposition, and the instigation to a course of action based upon these views, which we think every one will allow to be just, would go far to soothe and destroy the very wrong and unnecessary bitterness too frequently subsisting between religion and science—a bitterness which generally arises from a mutual ignorance of each other's claims due to an education given too exclusively to a single and isolated order of facts and experiences. This course, however, is rarely taken. The pulpit, which from its principles and nature should be the first to abandon the animosity, prosecutes it with more energy, not to say rancour, than the other, until the interests of truth are lost sight of in the hostility of party, and the bewildered mind, alienated from that which should furnish its chief nourishment and sustenance, and constitute its highest form of rest, turns with perplexity from both one and the other party, refusing to join hands with either.

There is another serious defect in the teaching of the modern pulpit. It does not declare and enforce common rules for the right government of life—not so much even as the heathen philosophers. That is to say, it almost disregards religion in its human or naturalistic aspect.

It has little or nothing to say on the subject of self dependence and self-respect as divine gifts and measures to be made use of in the furtherance and sustenance of the soul's religious life. It does not rest sufficiently upon the uses of the moral faculty as the proper instrument for the attainment of moral power and elevation. It lays too great a stress

upon religious observances considered in the light of a dogmatic duty; as an end, and not as the vehicle and means of reaching higher religious energies in actual life, which alone gives them their just significance and expresses their true intention. In some places it admits devotional feeling and religious emotion as indications of the religious status and condition, and does not fix its standard absolutely and entirely in the degree and extent to which the Christian life is lived in its fullest and widest interpretation. It does not proclaim distinctly and inexorably that every religious sentiment, every act of devotion, which does not produce a corresponding elevation of life and practice—which does not, for instance, insist upon the most scrupulous honesty, the most chaste sobriety, the widest charity; which does not, in short, result in some Christian grace of act and conduct—is worse than useless; that it is simply pernicious and depreciating, as ministering to self-deception with its consequent train of ills, intruding an evil under the name of good. We do not say that this would not be acknowledged as the creed of the pulpit; but that it is not clearly and emphatically brought forward as an unconditional part of its doctrine. It loves rather to appeal to a vague presumption on the Divine power arbitrarily exerted and accidentally bestowed, and not operating through the appointed vehicle of the moral and religious faculties conferred upon us as the ordained means for its reception and agency. The standard of the Divine power in relation to our lives and conduct is placed outside of us, not within. We are taught to look to an abnormal rule of circumstance in our particular favour, rather than to depend upon that Divine power which it is the office of religion to implant within us, which enables us to meet any circumstance bravely, and subjugate it by the sheer force of a spiritualized will. That noble fruit of the conscientious faculty existing within us as self-respect is rarely alluded to or appealed to, and yet in the morals of social life it plays a large, important, and very influential part. The dignity of manhood, and the respect which is due to it as bearing the mark of the Creator's highest workmanship, are rarely alluded to, and perhaps never as facts significant enough to influence our religious life and conduct. We are not taught that humanity has any inherent dignity, honour, or credit to support for its own sake as the head and crown of

creation, and that wrong doing and wrong living add a shameful disgrace to its name, though no other responsibility were attached to it. The typical *manly* element in our nature is overlooked. A noble independence and uncompromising reference to an internal standard in itself worthy of respect and consideration is virtually ignored. Yet all this is clearly implied in the teachings and doctrines of Christianity. If man is created in the image of God, however much disfigured by sin and obscured by time, the primary model is infallibly there. It is something to appeal to, and demands recognition and culture, however contemptuously or indifferently treated from the pulpit. That this mode of dealing with our humanity is one of formalistic aspect merely, is apparent from its being recognized nowhere else but in the pulpit. For of those who most studiously ignore anything like an appeal to our humanity from the pulpit, there is not one who does not fully recognize its claims, nature, and rights outside of it. To those who would deny the legitimacy of allowing the human element to speak in the offices of religion, we would ask if it may or may not be made an instrument of good; and if it really may (as it undoubtedly is the case) be so enlisted in the service of religion, why is it overlooked? To say it is unnecessary, is beside the purpose, seeing that it really does take a large part in the rule and conduct of the moral life in its secular relationship and transactions.

This brings us to a second consideration under this head, not often dealt with from the pulpit, namely, the duty and the desirability of loving what is right and true for its proper value. It does not point out how inherently lovely a right life and truthful course of action are in themselves, or how vile and ugly the contrary. Its general tone is rather calculated to repel philosophic indifference than to bring before it a series of considerations likely to impress it from its own point of view. Different classes of mind require different kinds of presentment of spiritual facts to influence them. The pulpit, as a rule, only submits one, often full of harsh and forbidding lineaments, narrow in its application and stifling in its oblivion of the wholesome breadth and airiness which to many minds would be the sole condition upon which the spiritual life would be accepted, and which, indeed, intrinsically belongs to it, as seen in the life and heard in the words

of its Founder. It is not presented to us in those colours and with the natural fascination which a good and beautiful thing ought to possess. The Platonism of ancient Greece is far less lovely, narrower, less real, than Christianity; yet how beautiful does it become by the glowing colours and tenderly drawn lines in which it finds a setting! We are continually touched by its appeal in some of the richest feelings of our nature, and raised by its attractive spiritualism into the regions of pure sentiment, as it floats through the soul in visitations of the most soothing and delightful harmony. Christianity has infinitely more to offer of the same kind, but immeasurably more noble and worthy, because it has for its ultimate object the transformation of the whole life and its absorption into the grander atmosphere of actual and practical energy. Not only is Christianity generally robbed of its proper attractiveness in our pulpits, but it is represented to us under an aspect which experience does not justify. Its attractions are placed in certain special privileges of emotion and external, or at least extraneous, reward, which are calculated to draw the mind from the consideration of its desirability for its own sake and the peculiar intrinsic worth which gives it a value far greater than anything which is derived from it, or contingent upon its adoption. It is represented as inducing a certain condition of spiritual luxury, rather than as a noble and vitalizing energy which beautifies life with the strength of an immaculate purpose glorified in the act, and receiving its chief loveliness from the robust power and wholesome activity which it infuses into our nature in the noblest courses of humanity.

The pulpit takes but a faint recognition of Moral Law as forming the basic element of the Christian religion, but dwells almost wholly on the dogmatical side.

If the Christian religion were not Divine, nothing could be more wonderful than its comprehensiveness as an exposition of Moral Law. It holds within itself the concentrated essence of the united wisdom of all the philosophies; not in the shape of axioms and abstract principles, but embodied in an actual form so simple and unmistakable that every one can understand and appreciate it without any difficulty whatever. How much better would it be to expound and dwell upon some of the eternal and essential principles on which it is based

than attempt to wrest more or less irrelevant facts in the vain and mistaken desire to corroborate what needs no confirmation more than the internal one — to show that the essential and ruling principle of a right life is as necessary and as little accidental as the laws which govern and support the physical universe; that the farthest star pulsing light in the infinitude of space keeps time to the throbbing of every rightly set human heart which seeks the fulfilment of the loftiest law of its being in carrying out the grand principles of a just, pure, and pious life!* The pulpit expresses painfully little faith in the intrinsic and essential truth of Christianity as self-confirmatory. Every attack from without seems to disturb its equanimity, for the reason that its considerations are too much fixed on the accidents and non-essentials of mode and form instead of on those universal laws which form its real bases and are the conditions of its inexpugnable immobility. The pulpit constantly seeks its means and instruments for the defence of religion from the outside, instead of appealing to the unchangeable elements in which it fundamentally subsists: for it is a great truth that no one can live, or be permitted to live, entirely without virtually accepting some portion of its principles and doctrines.

Another want of the modern pulpit is the inculcation of a recognition of the sincere religious opinions and feelings of others which differ from its own.

There is a great deal of energy thrown away in many religious communities upon the errors or shortcomings of other religious denominations. This wasteful and unworthy manifestation of party spirit, as unchristian as it is mischievous, not infrequently finds its expression in a virulent invective and denunciation, which quite overlook the fact that the persons against whom their peevish and petulant tirades are levelled, and who could alone be benefited by them — if there were any benefit to be derived from them at all — are precisely those who would be the last to place themselves under their influence. The only possible way to destroy error is by the unsectarian teaching and propagation of free and independent truth, which recommends

itself by the force of its own irresistible power, and does not wait on the rancorous iconoclasm of malevolent and overzealous declamation for the accomplishment of its mission. We think we need not dwell on the uselessness, at least, of this flagrant misuse of the office of the pulpit, whose function, rightly considered, is rather to overlook or disregard religious differences as much as possible, in order to secure some degree of friendliness or freedom from ill-will from those whose feelings and opinions are opposed to its own, instead of fomenting them to the widest possible degree of difference, and thus driving away the opposite party altogether from the reach of its influence. St. Paul affords a fine example of quite another mode of operation, in always seeking the points of resemblance between the faith or observances which he sought to supplant with his own; never making the breach wider by dwelling on their differences.

The Christianity of the pulpit is too controversial, speculative, and dialectic, to accomplish any large practical end. How often do we hear from the pulpit sermons exclusively confined to the consideration of the grounds for a speculative belief in the truth of the Christian religion! And this in the face of those who would willingly take something for granted, who bring their yearnings, cares, hopes, fears, and perplexities, seeking a little help from the ministrations of the Church of their fathers and forefathers; a Church in whose creed and belief thousands of temples have been raised; a Church for the propagation and enforcement of a religion upon which is virtually based every social and political institution under which we live, and whose religion, as a form of creed, at least it is presumable, is accepted by every one joining its congregations. And yet, in place of words of guidance or counsel, comfort or assistance, properly belonging to the function of the pulpit, and specially to Christianity itself, which would be received unquestionably, what do we hear? A wearisome disquisition from a rhetorical and logical point of view, to assure us that our religion is simply a true one: and this after almost nineteen centuries of adoption, trial, and experience! Such discourses suggest to us the illustrative case of the possessor of an estate who, instead of using it and improving it for the benefit of himself and others, should occupy himself in proving that his title is good and tenure valid. It is difficult to

* For a definition and exposition of the absoluteness of the Law of Moral Right, see Butler's three masterly discourses on "Human Nature," in which he says of Conscience (in its widest acceptance), "had it strength, as it has right; had it power as it has manifest authority; it would absolutely govern the world;" and he proves it.

see what purpose they can serve. They give no direction to energy, no stimulus to a noble life; they throw no new light on difficult subjects—even if to do so (which never formed a part of the mission of the Author of Christianity) were within the systematic range of the pulpit's function. They aim at nothing which the occasion demands, rendering assent and dissent alike indifferent; they are followed by no operative result whatever; they are only a fruitless burden to the hearer, fit to be consigned at once to the oblivious portion of "weeds and worn-out faces." How much more would a few hearty words weigh, the growth of experience fitted to the needs of ordinary and actual life—words breathed into the necessities of common humanity, with its continually flagging energies and wavering resolutions, dictated by the "still small voice" which speaks to us all in our heart of hearts, only requiring the rightly directed appeal to make itself heard within the soul, and its tender messages to be appreciated!

Another defect of our pulpit-teaching is its want of speciality.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor, in his "Rules and Advices concerning Preaching to the Clergy of his Diocese," is very explicit on this score. He says:—

Do not spend your sermons in general and indefinite things, as in exhortations to the people to get Christ, to be united to Christ, and things of the like unlimited signification; but tell them in every duty what are the measures, what circumstances, what instruments, and what is the minute meaning of every general advice. For generals not explicated do but fill the people's heads with empty notions, and their mouths with perpetually unintelligible talk; but their hearts remain empty, and themselves are not edified.

Would it have been sufficient for us to have known that the whole of the Christian religion is comprised in the terms, love to God and our fellow-creatures? The Author of Christianity conceived a different method in its dissemination. The religion of speculation finds no place in the Gospel as reported by the Evangelists. It is specifically and thoroughly the religion of life all through, and no other. It is not without significance that we are rather left to infer the principles of Christianity from facts and cases than to depend upon our own deductions for the practical application of its rules and laws. It cannot be said that the broad truths of the Christian religion are, as a rule, either garbled or suppressed in our

pulpits: on the contrary, they are commonly stated with sufficient clearness and distinctness. There is an abundant insistence on the fundamental principles of our faith: but that is all. They fail to accomplish their proper object from the want of a special application to the circumstances of life and the actual conditions of living. As we have already shown, the peculiar wants, oversights, errors, shortcomings, and more virulent evils of our present social condition, seldom meet with any careful or discriminative analysis from the pulpit: indeed it may be said to exhibit a negative acquiescence in the faults and misdirections of the time more than to offer any vigorous protest against them. Instead of investigating the moral, social and religious condition of the time, and being the first to institute inquiry and suggest or afford means of help in difficulty, it is the very last; seldom even following the lead given by the contemporary press or the indications expressed in other ways in matters quite within its range, and in which its aid might be most useful in disseminating sound practical opinions and a correct tone of feeling.

In preaching general truths therefore, and even speculative ones—for these, although they occupy at present far too exclusive a place in the pulpit, cannot be wholly proscribed a subordinate and occasional use in it—it is necessary continually to confront the auditory with their concrete bearing, to treat them persistently as much as possible in their personal and individual aspect and relationship, to pause from time to time during their enunciation in order to apply them to the test of life and experience. The judicious preacher will never forget that his appeal is to the personality of his hearers. Broadly general truths expressed without their connotative personality are quite as liable to do harm as they are to do good, since their very abstraction and impersonality cause them to be referred to an absolute category in which the hearer has no idea of placing himself. The self-deception which is a part of our nature must be met in the closest and most vigorous manner, by means so direct and explicit as to leave no doubt as to the intention of the appeal. It is very easy for a congregation to go from a sermon dealing with abstract views well-pleased with themselves and satisfied with the discourse without being reached or touched by its statements in any particular what-

ever, however strongly and with whatever logical force these may have been given. Close, special, uncompromising application—a driving home, so to speak, of the matter under treatment—is indispensable to the proper efficacy of every sermon, and to this its first aim and most strenuous efforts should be directed.

It may be urged that all we have been particularizing is included in a general exposition of the main truths of Christianity. It certainly ought to be. That it is not so to that appreciable extent which should make it a component part and ruling element in the lives of those who profess to accept it, we think we need adduce no evidence to make apparent. We are not arguing for a logical position, but simply stating and maintaining a series of incontrovertible and irresistible facts. Theoretically our pulpit may be right. This is a question we are not discussing. That it is actually almost powerless as a practical influence on the age is an unmistakable and unavoidable conclusion. On the other hand, it might be said that at least some of the specialities which we have dwelt upon do not properly belong to religion, and are not within the legitimate object of the pulpit. To this we would reply, that in the spirit of Christianity as first promulgated they are included, or are supposed to be included, to their furthest element, and that if they are not comprised in the religion of our day it is through an imperfect recognition of what that religion ought to embrace.

In order to accomplish all or any of the objects which we have laid down in the foregoing enumeration it would be necessary that the pulpit should be united in a common purpose. It is of little use occasionally and incidentally to mention this or that fault or want peculiarly incident to the time or to given circumstances. To accomplish a large object "agitation" is required. Great moral and religious questions, wants or abuses should be taken up systematically, not for speculative discussion, but for practical solution by the strongest incitements, in the warmest and most emphatic manner. They should go simultaneously through all the pulpits dispersed over the length and breadth of the land. For every political movement and matter for social and economic reform these are the means used. In the bringing forward of the great moral and social abuses and wants of the age there would be an infinite advantage over the advocacy of political

or economic changes. In the great proportion of cases there would be no difficulty of opinion as to the desirability of correcting or supplying them. The battle would be at once conceded as far as argument goes. The only thing would be to alter them. The whole force and energy of the movement might be put into pressing the accomplishment of the necessary changes to the utmost degree: nothing would need to be wasted in apology and substantiation as matters of opinion. For this end episcopal indications for the concentration and direction of a common effort might be periodically given, general clerical meetings periodically held specially set apart for the consideration of the same, and other means, as that of the press, for giving force and vitality to the movement, be instituted. What an ennobling of the office of the pulpit would this be: the voices of all preachers united as one with the whole nation for a listener! Of the fruits of such a mode of procedure perhaps no calculation would be adequate to give an idea. Instead of wasting its time in the discussion of vain appointments and extraneous observances, suppose the pulpit were to give itself vigorously and unitedly to a new reformation in this broad interpretation of the term, what a different condition would the aspect of society assume! How much more revered would be its function! How much grander and worthier would be the result of its labours! How infinitely truer and more Christian its religion!

As it is, what a saddening experience meets us in our churches! We rarely hear a sermon which touches us with the nearness of an intimate sympathy with the Christian life. We may hear the Christian truths and doctrines expounded that we are sinful and fallen, and the means of redemption pointed out in general terms, but they are for the most part represented as the merely conventional conditions for undergoing appointed spiritual changes whose end rather lies in realizing certain moods of personal feeling and emotion than the entering upon that large Christian life whose function is in the world of active dealing, and in carrying out the initial principles of sound moral law, and an uncompromising rectitude of life both in regard to ourselves and our fellow-men.

We do not wish to secularize the pulpit. We would not have it to fall one degree below its high calling as the messenger of God, nor to be the mere echo

or exponent of the shifting opinions of men. We do not wish to see it giving lectures upon ethics, science, or social economy, on the basis of utility and self-interest; but we do wish to see all these elevated into the category of religion, infused with larger motives, ensouled with a more emphatic significance, the right observance of their laws and rules considered as a part of our duty and service to God, and not merely contingent regulations to be indifferently observed or not, at the option of an arbitrary human convenience. We do wish to see our workmen and merchants, our professional men and statesmen, bring some other than merely human and trading considerations to the fulfilment of their several duties and vocations. We do wish to see responsibilities of a higher sort acknowledged than those which find a name in the legislative decalogue; and, towards this end, we would have all these recognized as a part of our Christian religion from which modern laxness or self-interest has so long and so wrongfully separated them.

Having thus cursorily glanced at some of the requirements of the modern pulpit, necessary to place it on a more influential footing, we will now apply ourselves to a short inquiry into the reasons for its inefficiency, and if there be any other means more than those already suggested of restoring to it something of its former power and efficacy.

The main causes of its present inoperative condition may be of two kinds: one, the inadequacy of the education preparatory for the pulpit, and the other, an imperfect recognition of the requirements of the pastoral office. We think we have already sufficiently clearly indicated its narrowness and exclusiveness, and the more expansive and extended footing on which it is desirable to place it in regard to the sphere of its range and the scope of its teaching.

By the term education, we do not refer to the requirement of academic knowledge, the training of the intellect and information of the understanding — we will suppose these already accomplished as far as scholastic discipline goes — but to the wider education of life and feeling, which is the result of deep reflection upon human experience, and profound inquiry into the sympathetic and emotional phenomena of our nature. The supereminent characteristic of Christianity is its warm human sympathy. In its primary and essential na-

ture it has no bigotry, no intolerance, no hardness, no dogmatism. Its tenderness rises above every other quality; it loves without reserve — without recognition of creed or party. It only denounces the hypocrite and the irreclaimable. If this loving sympathy forms the essence of Christianity as promulgated by Christ Himself, it is obvious that without it nothing is to be done — nothing attained. It implies an absolute disregard of self and personal interests, whenever these stand in the way of the interests and welfare of others, or the general good. It implies a sincerity of soul which looks honestly and unreservedly to the bottom of its own nature with the most searching scrutiny, in order that by the attainment of a knowledge of itself it may gain the knowledge of others as the basis and groundwork of its ministry. Beneath all the affectations of vanity and waywardness of folly, the cares of riches, the pride of office and position, the noise and bluster of ambition and the dissipations of vice, there is always the underlying humanity, the embryo of something better waiting to be touched into life, the witness of truth and justice and purity planted by God in every human soul. We are all brothers in affliction and in our common necessities. It only needs the invasion of a foreign enemy to bring all classes together in the closest sympathy. Such an enemy is sin; the wrong and folly which are calling upon us everywhere to redress them whilst we are still standing upon our narrow individuality as if they were matters in which we have no incumbent interest or united concern. The precious opportunities of the pulpit are lost in its virtual fusion with the commonplace social elements of the time — making no independent stand of its own to distinguish it from that by which it is surrounded. It is occupied about the transient and ephemeral accident instead of the immutable and eternal essence. It perceives no nobler destiny before it than the delivery week by week of a conventional discourse, so far removed from our interest and sympathy as to leave us exactly where it finds us, with only the added tedium of a wearisome space passed in the attitude of listening.

The other and more intrinsically personal condition necessary for the efficient discharge of the duties of the pulpit is a freedom from petty ambitions and jealousies, social and ecclesiastical. The worthy representative of the pulpit must be free from those vulgar aims and cares

which absorb and distract so large a proportion of the lay world. He must be able to see place, riches, honour, and distinction pass by him without compunction and without regret. Anything like worldly ambition is perfectly incongruous with the right fulfilment of the ministerial duty. Some predilection or predisposition for the sacred office, previous to its assumption, has been thought indispensable at all times, and amongst all religious communities. This should undoubtedly exclude every trace of personal ambition based on the desire for self-aggrandisement. All the objects of the dedicated teacher of religion should be centred in one, that of elevating his fellow-mortals into the region of the divine, showing mankind its proper destiny in the attainment and fulfilment of the Christian life. He who cannot fix his motive here should shun the responsibilities of the sacred office, for he will assuredly not be able to fulfil them worthily.

For this purpose it is necessary that the worthy occupant of the pulpit should raise himself as much as possible above the disturbances of the lower life by all the helps which his religion, united with philosophical study and reflection, can supply. He will consider that all the restlessness, ignoble competition and contention which he sees around him, are but the fashion of the time which future and better directed generations may see reason to correct; that the proper value of riches and honour lies in contentment, in the realization of a world of happiness of which their meagre proportions, with their uncertain and unsatisfactory possession, are but the false shows and cheating semblances; that the highest, noblest, and purest enjoyments of life are cheap and common to all; that the abuses of the age result, in a great measure, from an imperfect, shortsighted, or mischievous education, which it must be his object to correct and reform. Above all, he may be assured of the value and importance of his mission. Labour in the right direction will be amply repaid to him in its fruits; and if he sow with much and laborious devotion, although it may be with great misgiving and in uncertainty of heart, he will assuredly return in the end bearing his sheaves with him, crowned with the accomplishment of a lofty destiny, and pleased in the pleasure of his Master's eye.

It is scarcely necessary to say here, that all preaching which is not embodied

in the life of the preacher must be practically useless and thrown away. It may influence to religious emotion; it may lull into self-contentment and self-satisfaction; it may produce some maudlin sentiment usurping a religious title: it can never infuse that vigorous and robust growth into the Divine life and energy which is the fortress of truth and only proper ground of genuine religion. In this respect it is impossible there should be any concealment. Individuality will make itself felt. Personal insincerity and untruthfulness will be accurately measured in their results, however little they may be apparent in themselves.

In the desire to deal with the circumstances of the modern pulpit as completely and justly as possible, we do not wish to pass over some of the natural obstacles which in some degree prevent it from attaining its right and normal position and which imperil the usefulness of its legitimate function. We must, however, be free to confess that, in bringing forward these, it is more with the object of treating the subject fairly, than for any very definite practical suggestions which we can make towards surmounting them. One is the difficulty of establishing and maintaining a probationary standard for appointments to the ministerial office; for neither is it the most learned man, nor the deepest thinker, nor the most earnest, nor the most gifted in the quality of speech, nor the most devout, nor the warmest, tenderest, and most disinterested in character or disposition who is necessarily fitted above all others for the ministry; but rather one who has the happiest union or combination of all these. They are all more or less necessary, so that a perfect fulfilment of the office of the pulpit could not place its standard of appointment upon any one of them alone. In the imperfection of human institutions perhaps the one adopted in the Church of England is as good as any other: a fair amount of learning, a special sense of fitness for the duty, the feeling of a solemn call to its office, and a life accredited socially blameless. That it must prove ineffectual over and over again (as must every other) in an exact discrimination of those precisely adapted to the ministry, is an accident for which it is not wholly responsible, and one which could hardly be obviated. In the test of competency, it is compelled to depend in a great measure on those who present themselves; for abuses, after all, must chiefly lie in

their hands to correct. A full knowledge of the requirements for the sacred office should be definitely recognized and enforced. Under a broad interpretation of its function, the test of the Church of England, as clearly laid down in its offices, if carried out strictly and faithfully, is as likely to be successful on the whole as any other.

Another obstacle to good and legitimate preaching is the number of sermons usually required from each individual.

The least number of sermons generally demanded from each occupier of the pulpit is one a week—fifty-two in the course of the year, varying in length according to the habit of different pulpits: quite enough, in the present state of things, to draw out all the freshness and a great deal of the force of the average preacher. Generally, however, it is much more than this; two sermons, and even three, a week not limiting the number in every instance. This is an allowed difficulty—a task so great as to make its execution a marvel in the confined range of the pulpit of the day, with its conventional paucity of views and scantiness of aspects for consideration. If such a labour can ever be accomplished with a satisfactory result, we believe the suggestions we have been making for an enlarged appliance of the function of the pulpit will do more towards making it possible than any other means or plan. Where sermons have to be so numerous as seriously to endanger their usefulness, they might be very reasonably curtailed in length. A short exposition, strongly felt and well studied, or a few opportunely-chosen words, might have all the usefulness and efficacy of a longer treatment and more elaborately constructed discourse. A sermon is not to be considered in the light of a literary exercise. It need not be always original in its theme. It is sufficient if the preacher make it his own by the sincere and earnest energy necessary to enforce it. An enlarged freedom of discourse, a mind filled with the importance and value of its office, and a clear impression of the requirements of the occasion, will do much to render the labour of preaching a comparatively light one, by the interest which they are sure to throw into the subject of the sermon. What the preacher often wants is more interest, not less work. A preacher absorbed in his topic, and capable of retaining the attention and interest of his listeners, rarely suffers the fatigue of collapsed energies; whilst to the “pulpit

drone,” the least effort must be a fatiguing and oppressive burden.

We have thus set before the reader, as candidly and fairly as possible, the present condition of the English pulpit; we have dwelt upon the mistakes or inefficiency of our present form of preaching in its most general phase, and made suggestions for extending its power and influence; we have taken into consideration some of the natural difficulties to be overcome in order to fill our pulpits worthily: we will now close these observations with a few hints towards a right, useful, and pertinent mode of preaching. We do this with some degree of diffidence, first, because they must necessarily be incomplete; and, secondly, because it must be infinitely difficult to lay down rules of general application where almost everything depends upon individual mode of view, and the specific force given to the discourse by personal sentiment and enthusiasm.

In the first place, dialectics should be abandoned, or almost abandoned in our pulpits. We do not want long disquisitions to prove to us that the grounds of our faith are true ones, or that the Christian life is a good thing. These may fitly find a place in the literature of the day which circulates everywhere. We go to church to exercise our faith and to realize what the Christian life actually is, to receive the profit and enjoyment of a common worship and faith in the same Almighty Being, to acknowledge our union under the same Divine Head, to feel the influence of a dependence upon and living in the membership of Him whom we acknowledge as the Redeemer of our race, and to share those spiritual supports, privileges, and strengthenings flowing from a communion with Him in whom dwells the fountain of light and purity. What an impossible task useful teaching would be if every error had to be uprooted before truth could be propagated! And yet there is no reason if one kind of error must be overcome in order to inculcate and attain what is right that all forms of it should not have to be treated in the same manner. Instead of spending much time in refuting error real or supposed, let the pulpit confine itself more particularly to the exposition of sound and earnest practical Christian truth, which will prove a much more perfect weapon than any argumentative discourse directly addressed against it.

In the same manner, it is not by a spe-

cial substantiation of the Church as an institution and organization that its efficacy is maintained. It is by the penetrative and disinterested preaching of those sentiments and doctrines which form the essence of Christianity of which it is the means and vehicle that it is to be held together and obtain a prevailing influence over society. This is the only way to give root and permanency to a church, as it is to make it effectually useful, since these never change. As long as time lasts, as men progress and pass from one phase of thought and aspect to another — mutations which must be continually taking place in an advancing society — the forms and modes of religion will be liable to modification. But, as has been already said, the stable and central elements of religion will be always the same, for they are based on the primary foundations of our moral life and nature. Let these therefore be taught, preached, and insisted upon by those who would wish to render their Church impregnable. The points we have already laid down in the course of our inquiry are without controversy. Nobody would deny that they should be insisted upon more or less prominently in every pulpit professing to be the interpreter of Christian doctrine and the advocate and apologist of the Christian life. A Church which practically embodied in its members these and all other qualities necessary to the Christian life would need no propping from the side of controversy and speculation. It would be impregnable from without, for it would be possessed of the end and object of all religious creeds and doctrines. No largest measure of questioning could move or stir it a hair's-breadth from its rocky foundations. It would need no arguments to strengthen or substantiate it. Its beliefs would be the symbol and development of its life; they would be the natural induction from its faith and practice, growing out of the soul from its inner vitality, not forced upon it from the outside.

Let the preacher recollect that whilst in the pulpit he is in communication with the actual facts of life, and not with a merely philosophic dream or theory of them; that he is called upon to confront the cruelty of nature and the scorn of time, the vanity and turbulence of youth and the obduracy of unregenerate years, the half-formed sin and the lukewarm repentance, the sharp pain of regret and the rankling sting of unkindness, the weariness of hope deferred and a joyless

life, the sickness of a present sorrow and the bitterness of a new bereavement, the consuming fires of unbridled passion and the too weighty burden of many cares which crushes the soul down to the ground, and there is none to help or raise it up again. Let him recollect that he talks to the fathers of thankless children, to the struggling artisan or tradesman, to the young man about to enter life or who has just begun it, to the poor sempstress with her sorely tried powers, and the young gentlewoman who seeks some clue to her destiny in the best mode of distributing her energies and employing her time, to the widow and the fatherless, to the prosperous and wealthy, with their dangers and responsibilities. All these varying circumstances of life, and many others, which are found in every church and in every congregation, should be distinctively recognized and admonished with an earnest, fervent, and loving thoughtfulness. It is not enough that they should be grouped under one heading, and addressed without any special meaning or intention. The proper function of the pulpit and its worthy fulfilment implies something more than this. It should seek its proper field in the common experiences of life, its business, sufferings, and pleasure, not in the emotional transports of a vague and purposeless enthusiasm, which has no reference to anything beyond itself, its circle, and its Church; which leaves every-day virtues and simple offices of good for transcendental sentiments sought for their own sakes, whose effects die with themselves.

To fulfil the duty of the pulpit usefully and satisfactorily some intelligent knowledge should be acquired, not only of the present position of science physical and moral in its general bearings and direction, but also of the precise foundations for its creeds, theories, and beliefs on its own ground and from its own points of view. If the missions of the pulpit and of science are ever to be in concord, it is by such means alone that they can be united. It is absolutely necessary that the preacher should know exactly the relative position which his function occupies in regard to the scientific condition and circumstances of the time, if it be only to enable him to avoid collision with the progressive aspects of science by the fearless confidence in its issues which this knowledge will be sure to give him. He will never forget that the object of his desire is conclusive truth, under what-

ever form and in whatever manner presented, but that whilst decision is impending he can well afford to leave the extraneous for that which is intrinsic to his mission. A legal advocate in bringing his case before the adjudicator of the laws, thinks it necessary to make himself acquainted with the full basis upon which it stands; the statesman, also, in submitting a measure to the Legislature of his country, masters his position so well that he not only knows clearly beforehand all that he wishes to urge in its favour, but he has also calculated the full force and weight of every objection which may be raised against it. He does not permit himself to be surprised or to ignore anything; well assured that if he does so, his neglect will recoil upon him so strongly from without as to endanger the measure he wishes to carry. In the pulpit it is just the contrary. The reckless statements made upon subjects inadequately investigated or not at all, the way in which established truths and well-authenticated facts are either contradicted or disregarded, the utter disrespect for all the ways of induction and the experimental labours of the time, and the presumption on the impossibility of remonstrance or reply, must not only weaken its power, but, if persisted in, cannot fail ultimately to bring it into absolute indifference and contempt.

Let the preacher ask himself candidly what is the proper end and object of preaching. Is it to bolster up untenable dogmas, to further personal interest, to amuse a vacant hour with time-honoured platitudes? Is it to be the petted idol of a foolish and superficial people, to tickle the ears of worldlings, and gloze over the follies and wickedness which it is too timid, too weak, or too indifferent to denounce? Is it to exercise the pedantic acumen of the schoolman, to air the logical motives of the academic, or to display the rhetorical ability of the orator? Is it to fill the mind of the enthusiastic with fruitless emotion, or to minister to the self-confidence of the decryer of the creeds of others? Is it for these that our churches are built and our preachers ordained; that society in regard to religious progress may stand still, and sit and listen, and come and go, without being really touched or permanently influenced by them in any of the practical relationships of life?

Such questions can only receive one answer. Here our inquiry must terminate. We do not pretend to have pre-

scribed all that is necessary for the resuscitation of our pulpits; but we believe we have indicated enough to show in what way they may advantageously be remodelled. Let us have the pulpit of our churches reanimated by the soul of a living interest, and its sound may yet go like a trumpet-call through the land, and rally the disrupted forces of holy living and righteous dealing, breathing over England a breath of Divine spiritualism which shall infuse temperance in living, moderation in affairs, and teach us that there is yet a Power above the ruling disorders of the age which, if rightly invoked, may answer the perplexities of doubt, relieve the burden of sorrow, control the violence of passion, and allay the restless fevers of avarice and ambition in the cool recesses of a soul informed by the Divine Will living in the highest laws of our nature and being, recalling that substantial faith in our religion which can alone unite us to the purposes of the Creator in the furtherance of the true progress and elevation both of the individual and the species.

From Good Cheer.

ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION.

I.

A GOOD scene for an artist to come upon. A distance of blue sea, blue, changing into dark, stormy-looking purple near the horizon; dotted with ships and herring-boats, white sails and red ones. All along the north-east wild dark clouds flying; overhead white clouds shining and glittering. Fitful gleamings of sunlight on the white-washed, red-roofed cottages that cling to the sides of the rocks like so many swallows' nests. Dark, stern-looking cliffs with bold irregular outlines on the right and on the left; huge fragments of black rock standing high out of the white angry little waves. A wide sandy beach stretching right across the bay, and in the middle of the beach, just in front of the little townlet, half-a-dozen bright, busy, picturesque groups of fisher-folk.

Above the beach there is a long wooden quay, with smooth green fringes that wave gracefully when the tide rises; and there is a broken railing on the sea-board, and some red capstans, and beyond the capstans three or four boats that are being repainted. Blue stripes and white, red stripes and black, green stripes and yel-

low gleam in the morning sun. There are women mending nets at cottage doors; girls with serge petticoats and red handkerchiefs bringing up fish from the boats on the beach, spreading it out in rows on the quay. And there are men in blue guernseys and bright-coloured sou'-westers selling fish; men in pilot-cloth and bright black leggings, buying fish. There is fish in the brown barrels, fish in the straw-covered baskets, fish in the donkey-carts on the way to the station, fish everywhere. The very atmosphere is fish-laden.

Of the figures in the scene that of Robert Holt, fish-buyer, is one of the most striking. He is a tall, well-built man of forty years, dark, stern, keen, and powerful. His black crisp-looking curls are cut as closely as possible, his thick, somewhat ragged moustache lends fierceness to a face that had hardly needed it; there is a fierce, half-angry look in his eyes, and on his forehead two or three horizontal lines are deepening. Clearly not what the world calls an amiable man.

At the present moment the open quay is his office, his desk the top of a herring-cask, yet he is doing what the bystanders consider a good stroke of business. Very quietly he goes about his work, speaking very seldom, very briefly. He jots down names and figures rapidly in a much-worn pocket-book, makes bargains and gives orders in a low decided voice; attends to everything himself, has an eye everywhere, and is obeyed by everybody. Only one man seems determined to risk his displeasure, and this man is in love.

"You see I wanted to go away by the three-o'clock train," he says in a supplicating tone. He is a young man, a boat-builder from Scarborough, very handsome, very well-to-do in the world, and very much attached to Lucy Holt, the fish-buyer's sister.

"You can go by any train that suits you," Robert Holt replies, without looking up from the herring-cask.

"Well, but you know what I mean. Surely you can give a simple answer to a simple question," Walter Claydon says, with a little irritation. "You were down at the north yesterday, you know, or I might have seen you last night, and then I shouldn't have had to trouble you to-day when you're busy."

"Busy!" Robert Holt exclaims, drawing himself up for a moment, and glancing out sharply from under dark overhanging brows. "Claydon, you're the biggest fool under the sun."

And Walter walks away, perplexed and discomfited; and for another hour Holt is absorbed in the business of the fish-quay. Then he turns homeward, up the cliff, by breezy, barren, cliff-top lanes, to an old red-brick house with green window-shutters, and beds of wallflower and London-pride. His thoughts as he strides along are not altogether pleasant thoughts. Lucy is dearer to him than she knows, and she has been his house-keeper this five years, ever since she was sixteen, and parting with her is not such a light matter as Claydon seems to think.

Arriving at home he finds, a little perhaps to his surprise, Walter Claydon there, and Walter remains to dinner, and the dinner is good; for diplomatic reasons, Lucy has taken pains with the dinner. She has dressed herself with care too, and she smiles, and chatters a good deal of what Robert considers nonsense. But insensibly the two men begin to feel less unsympathetic toward each other, the discords glide into unison, and amicable arrangements are made some time before the three-o'clock train leaves Hanthorpe. . . . The wedding is to take place in August.

The whole afternoon Robert Holt remains indoors, writing business letters. After tea he makes some little change in his dress, and goes out, leaving Lucy to entertain two or three expectant bridesmaids.

He has a long walk, five miles or so, by lanes with green, daisy-studded hedgerows, by narrow field paths, by moorland ways brown and barren and stony. Presently, by a turfy track leading down from the moor he comes to a kind of ravine. A noisy sienna-coloured beck runs over the stones that lie at the bottom of it, rugged scours, grey and yellow and red, rise up on either hand, stunted trees and whin-bushes fringe the top, a few hazel-trees grow near the water, there is abundant bracken; and here and there a purple foxglove, here and there a patch of spreading coltsfoot.

At the top of the ravine — Stonebeck Gill by name — there is a waterfall. The white foam dashes over a dark bold rock, falls into a seething pool, surrounded by huge moss-tinted boulders. There is the ruin of a water-mill on the right, roofless, doorless, windowless. The useless water drips from the useless wheel, harts'-tongue waves from the crannies in the wall, from the fissures in the rock at the side; the scene is darkened by a spreading beech-tree.

On the left of the fall a thatched cottage stands, not yet quite a ruin. It is built of rough stones, rounded and tinted with time. There is a rude stone seat at the door, a few well-worn flints for pavement, and from out between the flints a pink rose-tree rises, hiding window and lintel and overhanging roof.

Thirty years ago, this was the miller's cottage. His widow, Hagar Shepherd, lives in it still; a woman of nigh seventy years, blind, partially deaf, and of sadly failing memory. There is still something noble about her face. She has been a woman neither small-minded nor low-minded. She may have been stern, perhaps, but not to pitilessness.

She looks placid now, asleep in her chair. Her high-crowned cap has a frilling of white net for border, a broad black ribbon is passed round her head and under her chin; and a small cream-coloured spun-silk shawl, last relic of better days, is folded neatly over her coarse black dress.

It is a low room, the brown rafters are bare, there is only one tiny stone-mullioned window; but there is an air of something very like refinement, lying chiefly perhaps in the absence of vulgarity. There are no coloured prints, no twopenny ornaments, such as may commonly be found in cottages of this kind; nothing here save a few plants in the window, a few roses and some heather in an ancient sugar-basin, and about a dozen books on a shelf.

By the small window Hester Shepherd, Hagar's daughter, is sitting at work, plain needle-work, exquisite to see. Twelve, sometimes fourteen hours a day, Hester sits there, as her mother used to sit in her early widowhood.

I do not know that any one ever said that Hester Shepherd was beautiful, but there are many kinds of beauty, and it is not given to every one to perceive certain of the higher kinds.

Writing of her, I cannot give a list of physical perfections, she had but one, a profusion of thick, smooth golden hair. Quite heavy, the thick yellow coils looked, though they were wound round a head by no means small for a woman. She was altogether somewhat massive, rather tall, full in figure, and possessed of a certain easy grace of manner and movement not common. Nothing about her was commonplace. The merest stranger passing in the street, if he had a soul, knew that another soul spoke to his as he passed. A strong soul too, as he might

have read in the signs of repression on her face — repressed suffering, repressed ambition. He might have said, as so many did, not beautiful, but he might have recognized the possibility of beauty, this mainly in the large soft grey eyes, soft as a rule, but not without capability of fire and passion in them.

Possibility of beauty had circumstances permitted, but no such permission had ever been given. First had been a life of thirst, intense painful thirst for knowledge, and no fountain, cups of water now and then instead. Thirst, too, for refinements of life, a wild thrill at the sound of music, at the sight of a picture in a stationer's shop; a sense of baffled expressions, of capabilities trodden down, of disappointment everywhere, in everything.

Then, at twenty-three, began a second life, with light in it and something of peace, or at least striving after peace, with consciousness where it was to be had. There was little sense of attainment, of any height reached, but always fidelity to the notion that heights were to be gained by due struggle, always a consciousness that life without effort and aspiration could be no life at all.

At thirty, an element altogether new had been infused into her life. This was three years ago, but the new element was new still, adding a fulness of fresh happiness daily, an ever-widening, ever-deepening happiness. . . . Yet still the old lives were in her face. They had left lines there; and a certain look of sadness, visible most plainly when her face was in repose.

It is only partially visible now. There is a look about her lips as if a very little would move them to a smile, and her eyes have a soft gladness in them. The sound of Robert Holt's footstep on the rough pathway deepens the gladness, and brings a warm crimson flush to her face.

It is not a lover-like meeting. Hester rises from her chair, work in hand, and with a quiet graceful bow, says, "Good evening." In a gruff voice, Robert Holt says, "Good evening," too, accompanying the words with a stiff little nod, and seating himself at a tolerable distance from Hester.

Robert Holt is not, as a rule, a man given to much speaking, but this evening he seems to be even less inclined for conversation than usual. Hagar Shepherd sleeps in her chair, awaking now and then to utter a few incoherent sentences; while Hester re-arranges her cushions, or offers her a draught of the

herb-tea that simmers on the hob. Then she falls asleep again, and Hester goes back to her sewing. The old clock ticks in the corner, the rose-sprays sweep over the window-pane, the silence is very audible.

Yet Hester's face is decidedly a happy one — earnestly and intensely happy. She knows this man all through; can sound chords and evoke tones in him as no other human being can do. If it suits him best to sit silent and moody, let him so sit. The tenderness of a man —

Cold and shy

And absent . . . tender when he thinks of it,

is a kind of tenderness not at all unsuited to a woman like Hester Shepherd.

Presently the cause of this silence appears. In a few brief words he tells Hester of the change that had been decided upon. Not pleasant words. Lucy's marriage is not in any way a pleasing thing to him; but putting Lucy out of the question, he is by no means sorry that time for change has come.

For over two years Robert Holt had been endeavouring to persuade Hester Shepherd to become his wife. Her life of loneliness, of ceaseless monotonous toil, had been a burden to him from the beginning. But no effort on his part to induce her to renounce it had hitherto been successful. He had spoken of it as a matter of course that Hester's mother should share Hester's home; he had held out as so many inducements the increased comforts that she would be able to procure for the old woman; and he had reminded Hester again and again of the fact that their own two lives were passing on; but nothing had shaken her resolution.

"I would come if you were in actual need of me," she had said; "but as it is, I would rather not disturb my mother. She has begged me more than once to promise that I would never take her away from the old home; but though I have not given my word, I will carry out her wish, if it is possible so to do."

And this evening she urges the same plea again, firmly, yet gently, and with very tender looks at the aged face that is so grand, and yet so wan and withered, so evidently the face of one who is nearing the Silent Land. Robert Holt only half comprehends, and her resistance irritates him.

"It's my belief that you are doing nothing but trifle with me," he says, fiercely.

There is something in Robert Holt's anger that has strange effect upon Hester, something that amuses and excites her, rouses her quite out of the pensive mood that has become second nature to her. A curious light comes into her eyes, and her lips part with a smile altogether indefinable.

"If I were," she says, looking up mischievously, "I shouldn't be the first woman who has trifled with a man."

A look very difficult to describe comes over Robert Holt's face; but he has himself well under control, and he hesitates. The fire dies out of his dark eyes presently, and he says —

"No, you wouldn't. But you would be the first woman who has trifled with me — and the last."

The temptation to lead him a little further into this mood is strong; but Hester resists it; and looking up from her work again, with quiet, earnest eyes, she asks gently, gravely —

"Do you really think me capable of anything so base?"

And Robert Holt's answer is generous and honest.

"No, not for a moment. I shouldn't be here if I did. You must forgive the word, Hester, and forget it."

Hester smiles, — a forgiving, understanding smile; and Robert Holt draws his chair a little nearer to her side.

"You must give me a promise before I go," he says tenderly, and very earnestly. "I don't like vague ideas of the future."

Hester looks up, looks long and intently, with a little reproof in her eyes.

"It seems to me that the future ought never to be any other than vague," she says softly. "I believe one reason why we take troubles so hardly is that they interfere with our self-laid plans."

"That is good as a general maxim; but I want you to come down to matter-of-fact for awhile, if you will."

"Certainly — then we must keep to the present, which is the only matter-of-fact."

The words seem a little perverse, but there was nothing of perversity in Hester's manner of saying them. Her utterance, peculiarly sweet by nature, had grown to a new and more graceful sweetness through the things she had suffered. It was but rarely that any word of hers jarred upon the ear. There is nothing jarring about either word or manner this evening. She is happy — so happy that to look out to any happiness to be added in the future seems half a sin. Yet she

does so look out. A time is set. The distant scene is brought near, talked over, arranged satisfactorily down to the minutest detail.—Hester Shepherd is to become Robert Holt's wife about a month after Lucy's marriage to Walter Claydon.

"You are happy, Hester?" Robert asks. They stand together in the twilight out upon the moor. The purple heather stretches far and wide on either hand, the huge grey boulders rise up like distant mountains against the sky, the beck in the hollow ripples along, the sound of the waterfall comes a little subdued, the smoke from the cottage chimney rises against the dark foliage of the beech-tree. "You are happy, Hester?"

And Hester's answer is another question.

"Do you know what it is to be afraid of happiness — to tremble when you see it coming to you?"

"No, I'm thankful to say I don't; but I know what you mean. That feeling will soon pass away. Think of the hundreds, nay, thousands, of happy wives there are in the world. Why shouldn't you be one of them? You will be one of them if I can make your happiness. You don't doubt that?"

"No, not for a moment. I have never yet had a doubt of you, but I have a good many of myself; and it seems to me, with good reason, if I look back. I have failed so often and so terribly, and lately I think I have been sitting down with failure — content, acquiescent."

"I don't understand you. Where is there another woman who would have done as you have done, who would have lived voluntarily, uncomplainingly, a life that has been one long sacrifice? Failure! In what have you failed? Certainly not in doing the work that above all others was given you to do."

"That is the surface view. Duty to others is not the whole duty of man, nor the highest. It is only now and then that I catch even a glimpse of what life might be, and would be but for the darkness and the feebleness that are mine. Suddenly, at the last, it will be no more a glimpse, but a full view of what might have been. Don't you think I shall have to veil my face from the sight?"

"Which of us will not?" Robert Holt said, looking thoughtfully, half-sadly, over the barren moor, and feeling as if Hester Shepherd had discovered for him the fact that he too had a soul. "Which of us will not? . . . But — and here is

enough for a sorrow, if one were wanted — I think that people who have ideal lives must know that they can never attain to them in this world."

"They learn to know it after much strife; but they also learn to know that the strife must never cease."

A tender parting, — a graceful figure gliding down a rough pathway to a cottage door, a tall, stern-looking man striding over stones and heather and patches of stunted grass.

"After much strife — strife that must never cease," this man says to himself. "How will it fare with those who have never begun to strive, who have no idea of striving for anything but daily bread, and after that an abundance of butter?" He is sad and subdued for a time, but presently he puts the subduing thought away, and yields to the thought of Hester. She has a strange, peculiar grace of manner and character, a strange nobility of nature. He feels that she has a power to raise him to a "higher, a more ethereal level," that no other human being has ever had, nor ever will have.

As the days went on, Robert Holt's reverence for Hester Shepherd went deeper. It seemed to him that the time spent at Stonebeck Mill could not be reckoned as time belonging to his common life. And that common life of his was unfortunately very common. He had little capacity for seeing in human nature any side but the side that was daily turned toward him — the sordid, paltry, money-making side. It was a life, too, brightened by few pleasures. Stern and hard to the world, the world was stern and hard to him. He cared little for books, less for friends — if indeed he could be said to have any friends. In days gone by it had been a matter of pride to him that his estimate of humanity was low, his aversion to associate with it on any terms but the most business-like, strong. But it has been said by a deep thinker of our own day that "the most lost cynic will get a new heart by learning thoroughly to believe in the virtue of *one* man." Robert Holt had learnt thoroughly to believe in the virtue of one woman, which, according to the views of certain philosophers, might argue even stronger ground for change of opinion.

II.

LUCY HOLT'S wedding was considered quite a brilliant affair. There were four bridesmaids in blue and white, three car-

riages, white satin favours. Guns were fired, flags displayed; the one street and the fish-quay were all but deserted; the population of Northscour Bay was assembled in the old churchyard. The pew-opener had anticipated this assembling, and, to the intense disappointment of certain curious people who were minded to witness the ceremony from without, this office-bearer had white-washed the chancel window inside.

It was sorely against his will that Robert Holt had been persuaded to give Lucy away. He had previously announced his intention of going to Scotland on business that would require his presence the whole week; but Lucy's entreaties had been made with tears, and Robert was not tear-proof. His consent would not perhaps have been given so reluctantly could Hester have been present too; but that was impossible. Hagar Shepherd was ill, confined to her bed.

Robert was glad when the ceremony was over, when he found himself on his way back to the old red house. Yet he was not quite at ease. Mark Sanderson, Walter Claydon's uncle, was in the same carriage, and Mark was an old man, and garrulous, and very deaf. And there were two bridesmaids beside, one of whom was Fanny Claydon, Walter's sister, and Fanny was altogether a puzzle to Robert Holt. She was so pretty, so sparkling, so vivacious, so little afraid of him, so unlike any other woman he had ever seen, that he found himself wondering on what possible system she could have been brought up. He had never seen her till about an hour before the wedding; yet here she was, laughing at him, flattering him, scolding him, now full of raillery, now of irony. Never before had Robert Holt been treated in such fashion; never before had he seen any airy, lightsome sprite of this kind.

There was a second ordeal to be gone through — the wedding breakfast. Robert was strangely out of his element and he knew that he was, and felt awkward and ill at ease accordingly. Toasts were drunk, jokes and speeches made, viands disappeared. Lucy, untroubled with shyness, regret, or inquietude of any kind, was happy and cheerful; Walter was radiant and self-congratulatory. The bridesmaids sat blushing and smiling in clouds of white tarlatane edged with blue. Robert Holt sat silent, seemingly indifferent, but in reality noting with curious wonderment the words and ways of Fanny Clay-

don. Fanny was more winsome than ever, and more daring, but Robert told himself that it was entirely the daring of a fearless child.

"You will come down to Aunt Sanderson's this evening?" she said coaxingly to Robert an hour later. Breakfast was over; Mr. and Mrs. Claydon had started for London; Fanny and old Mark were about to return to the White House. There was to be a party at the White House in the evening.

"I! Certainly not," Robert Holt said grimly. Then his dark rugged moustache moved as if there was something of a smile underneath. Robert Holt at a party of girls and boys! Without doubt the idea was amusing.

"Certainly not! Ah, you are joking, I see," Fanny replied, lifting her keen, sparkling, wine-brown eyes to his face. Beautiful eyes they were, and her mouth was exquisite — small, pouting, crimson, and most bewitchingly curved. "Of course you will come," she said, with one of her sweetest smiles. "I shall not care in the least for the party if you don't. Say you will come. If I don't see you this evening I shall perhaps not see you again. I am going back to Scarborough in a day or two."

What was her going back to Robert Holt? Why, when she spoke of it, was he conscious of a sudden dull sensation that was almost a pain? He did not analyze the sensation, nor think of it in any way; but he consented to go to the White House in the evening.

When evening came he regretted the promise he had made, blamed himself for being so foolish, and half-resolved to frame an excuse for staying away. But excuses did not come readily. He loitered about a little, thought he might as well go, decided not to go, and finally went, thinking as he went along what a strange sensation indecision was.

The White House was a yellow one, a new square block of glaring sandstone. There were lights in every window, lace curtains fluttering in the breeze, sounds of music and laughter. Some one came flitting down the stairs, a slight, pretty figure in a white dress.

"Now this is good of you. I *knew* you would be good."

The voice is Fanny Claydon's, and she puts her tiny fingers into Robert's big, brown hand with the simplicity of a six-year-old child. Fanny is three times six, but she appears to be hardly conscious of the fact. "Come along," she says to

Robert, "we've nearly done tea, but I'll make some fresh. You like tea, don't you? All men do if they would acknowledge it."

So Fanny goes on chattering, rarely at a loss for a topic, more rarely still at a loss for words. And she has such a pretty, bright way of saying things, smiling all the while, glancing up keenly, or coquettishly, or inquiringly; and the brown eyes sparkle, the rich red-brown hair clusters round a small head in rings and curls that remind people of old pictures; a crimson colour comes and goes rapidly under a complexion soft and fair as the petals of a blush rose.

When tea is over there is music and dancing. Fanny does not dance much; she appears to prefer an occasional chat with Robert Holt, who sits by old Mark Sanderson, looking on a little contemptuously.

"You mustn't look like that," Fanny says, holding up a tiny forefinger chidingly.

"Like what?" Robert asks, a little amused.

"Like this," Fanny says. And she draws down the corners of her pretty mouth, throws her head and shoulders back, and lets her eyelashes droop over eyes as scornful as she can make them. Robert smiles, but he feels a little hot, a little uncomfortable. Then Fanny imitates the expression of one or two other people in the room, and she does it so cleverly that Robert forgets that she had begun with himself, and laughs in a more hilarious manner than he can remember having done for years. Certainly, he thinks, there is some strange witchery about this little creature.

Presently she disappears. The gas burns as brilliantly as ever, the people are as merry, the dresses as gay, the music as festive, but Robert Holt feels as if some very undesirable change had come over him. Again, there is no definite thought of any emotion or feeling, nothing but a vague undercurrent of sensation.

When Fanny opens the door again, there is a sudden silence, then a murmur of admiration. "Deary, deary me!" old Mrs. Sanderson says, looking over her spectacles, "didn't she leuk bonny?"

Fanny is dressed in costume, meant to be that of a fisher-girl, but of what nation or country few might venture to guess. She has on a dark crimson petticoat, very short; white stockings and black velvet slippers with sandals; a blue velvet jack-

et, open in front, displaying a white embroidered boddice. There is a heavy gold chain round her neck, a tiny velvet cap resting upon her curls; her round, white arm is bare, except where the short lace sleeve covers it, and under her arm is a coarse, common Northscaur fish-basket. Fanny enters daintily, lightly, seeming to tread on air rather than on a vulgar carpet. And she glances round the room with a fearless smile, seeking Robert Holt's eyes evidently. Then she bows in that direction, and begins her song.

"Caller Herrin'" she sings. Her voice, though somewhat weak, is very pleasing; there is a sweet, silvery tone in it, and a certain refinement of vocalization that is evidently the result of training. The highest grace of all — expression — is wanting, but she has other graces. Peculiar inflections, peculiar turns of the head, various little ways of emphasizing passages that would seem to belong more to an actress than to a singer. Yet there is charm in all — the charm that youth, beauty, lightness of heart can hardly fail to have. Add to these a strong desire to please everybody, desire still stronger to please somebody in particular, and no one need wonder that the guests at the White House consider Fanny to be a very irresistible little personage.

Why the somebody in particular should have been Robert Holt it would not be easy to explain. It might have been supposed that a stern, hard man of forty years, with not one grace of speech or manner, would have had few attractions for a girl like Fanny Claydon. But the laws of attraction are very capricious laws, as most of us have seen at some period of our lives. Fanny had heard a good deal of Robert Holt from Walter. Her curiosity had been piqued; she had expected him to be even more bearish than he had proved to be, and the result of all this was an unusual interest in him from the very beginning. Then, too, she had quick perceptions. She had seen that the unusual interest had very rapidly become mutual — that she was something new to Robert Holt, a source of surprise, then of amusement. It was flattering to have been noticed at all by such a man, doubly flattering to have awakened any sensation in him.

Again Fanny disappeared, and again returned, this time dressed in the most advanced costume of the day. A tiny white hat with a high crown and waving feathers; a many-coloured chintz dress, flounced, frilled, festooned, and drawn in

at the waist to a circumference of about eighteen inches. Her figure was thrown forward by a pair of boots with heels of exaggerated height. Her gait was assumed; she turned leisurely and surveyed the amused guests through an eyeglass. Then she began a second song — no quaint Scotch lay this time, but a popular half-comic ballad, that made some of the people there laugh half against their will. It was like a glimpse into a new world for certain Northscaur men and women — something to be remembered, talked about, for months afterward.

Fanny made her exit much in the same manner as she had entered, with a certain inimitable grace that had clung to her in spite of the vulgar dress she had assumed, the yet more vulgar gait and attitude that she had tried to assume. Robert Holt sat silent, immovable, watching the last flutter of her dress. There was a hum of voices all round. Some one was playing a waltz, old Mrs. Sanderson was handing cakes and cowslip wine. This man was wishing that he was young again, or that he could live his life a second time, or that he had gone to Scotland as he had intended to do.

There was more dancing, more singing. As before, Fanny came and sat down by Robert, sat talking to him in a playful ceaseless strain, blushing, glancing, laughing, teasing him, flattering him; and for a man not free from taint of cynicism he was curiously open to flattery. It has been said that "men sometimes think they hate flattery, whilst they hate only the manner of it." There was nothing to hate in Fanny's manner of administering the harmful dose. Robert was gratified, as many other people in his place would have been. This is not to be wondered at. The struggle most people have to keep up a good opinion of themselves is a very hard one, and if anything can make it seem easier for a time it is a judiciously administered compliment. If well-timed, delicate, and half-true, the effect is very comfortable.

The party at the White House was kept up to a late hour, and Robert Holt was one of the last to take his departure. Behind the long black rocks day was coming up out of the sea; grey ghostly sails were moving slowly against the horizon; there was a splash of wavelets on the beach, a solitary sea-gull hovered on the edge of the cliff. In the garden there was a faint perfume of roses and sweet herbs; a thrush was whistling on the tiny

lawn, and on the roof a dove was cooing.

"When did you say you were going back to Scarborough?" Robert Holt asks, looking at the pretty, unwearied little face beside him.

"Oh, I don't know. Tired of me already? Why, you've only known me one day."

Only one day! Was it possible? Robert wondered. What a long day it had been! And how different from any other day!

"No, I didn't say I was tired of you," he says, looking straight into her face with an unconscious look.

"Perhaps you didn't *say* it," Fanny says airily, "but I'm not at all sure you didn't mean it. To punish you I shall not go back this week. Aunt Sanderson wants me to stay a fortnight."

"Then by all means let Aunt Sanderson be obeyed."

"How much do you care whether I obey her or not?" And Fanny looks up with a sudden depth of dreamy tenderness in her eyes, a sudden *accès* of earnestness that is almost startling.

"I *do* care," Robert Holt says, speaking by sheer force of impulse. The words are regretted as soon as said, but he cannot unsay them. The crimson flush that spreads over Fanny's face is quite visible in the dawn-light; her voice, when she speaks again, is gentler and softer; her whole manner is subdued. Robert is full of shame, self-contempt; but he is also full of bewilderment, infatuation. Then, for the moment, the manhood in him asserts itself. Fanny considers his leave-taking cold, unsatisfactory. He has said nothing of coming again.

And she goes back to the house. She has a certain dim idea of having heard something about Robert Holt being engaged. But what if the idea were ever so clear! A broken engagement! The thing is heard of every day. The remembrance is no check upon her dreams. She dreams of Robert Holt till daylight, and when daylight comes till night comes again. She recalls every word he has uttered, every glance he has bestowed, dwelling most of all, most rapturously, upon that word and glance in the garden. How strange that people should think him hard and stern, stranger still that she should have thought so herself! He is not a man to kneel slavishly at a woman's feet, but Fanny's ideal hero had never been a man of that kind; nor

had he been a man of half such powerful fascination as Robert Holt.

III.

ON the evening of the third day after the party at the White House, a strong breeze had sprung up; the fishing-boats were moored high upon the beach; and next morning the fishermen were, for the most part, walking with short quick steps up and down the quay, waiting till the sea went down a little. There was no selling nor buying to be done.

A glorious morning it was! A hot sun poured down into the little bay; a cool breeze swept over the rocks, over the green cliff tops, over the brown moorland beyond. A slight girlish figure was wandering over the moor. Quite alone she was. The wind played with a dainty muslin dress, with a daintier parasol; swept the brown-red rings of hair hither and thither under the wide-brimmed hat; carried across the heather the sound of a silvery voice, singing, "Kathleen Mavourneen."

A tiny river runs down to the sea about a mile to the south of Northscaur Bay; a river with high stratified rocks and scaurs for banks, ironstone, russet, and blue, alum shale grey and scaly. And there are graceful clusters of foliage along the top, hanging over, growing down, swaying about in the summer breeze. Down at the bottom the little stream murmurs, and there is a broad expanse of dry shaly river-bed on either side of it, quite full of fossil remains. Fanny Claydon takes no notice of the curious fluted shells that she treads upon at almost every step. She glides along, daintily as the uneven shale will permit, carolling out now and then a line of some old song. Presently she comes to a barrier, a tree loosened from the scant soil at the side lying across the river, growing there, green, and fresh, and vigorous. She might easily step over the trunk, but the river seems broader above, and . . . What is that?, a tiny flame burning deep down in the water? Fanny looks up. Half hidden by foliage, there is an angler smoking a cigar. It is Robert Holt. Fanny steps back into the shade of the rock a little. She is trembling, and her heart is beating very fast indeed.

Higher up the stream there is another pulse bounding faster than should be. A glimpse of a muslin dress, of a broad-brimmed gipsy hat, and straightway a strong man grows hot and tremulous. The cigar is thrown into the stream, the

fishing-rod laid aside, and Robert Holt, trying to assume a careless air, saunters down toward Fanny's hiding-place. She has stolen a little further back, and is sitting in a dark, cool, ferny nook, soft and green with knee-deep grasses, and with massive boughs of oak and hazel overhead, arching over and drooping till they sweep the bed of the river in front. A beautiful picture she makes sitting there. And she looks up blushing, smiling brightly and sweetly. There are two crimson lips, two rows of pearly teeth, a small hand held out — the beginning of a sad end is wrought.

"What made you leave your fishing?"

Fanny asks, with an innocent smile.

"What made you turn back so suddenly?" Robert Holt inquires, in a low, tender way. He does not press for an answer: Fanny's confusion is answer enough. They sit silent for awhile. Fanny is happy, assured of happiness; and being so, a new and softer beauty comes over her: there is less sparkle and glitter, more tenderness and humility — a very halo of humility. Her eyes are downcast, her face half-hidden by straying curls, her hands crossed quietly on her lap; she is for the moment guiltless of any kind of attitudinizing.

Perhaps Robert Holt is to pity a little. He is undergoing an agony of strife — strife that does but seem to increase the blindness that has come upon him. Yet he only deceives himself up to a certain point. He knows that Fanny Claydon is

One who in the world
Both lives and likes life's way,
Nor wishes the wings unfurled
That sleep in the worm, they say.

And he knows that with all her fascination her nature is of the shallowest, her range of thought of the narrowest, her powers of sympathy, her capacity for real insight, of the very slightest. But the knowledge in nowise deters him, he would not have her other than she is. There is a glamour about her, a glamour that holds him in thrall with a power he cannot resist. He tells himself that he cannot resist it, and the next step is to put all thought of resistance aside, to pour out a passionate confession of love and misery.

And Fanny listens — with rapture at first — half troubled with the weight of rapture. Listening still, doubt comes, and after the doubt amazement, disappointment, a feeling of being stunned.

Then a flood of hot tears streams

through her fingers, and her poor little mouth quivers with a sorrow that is very real.

"I will go home," she sobs, "I will go back to-day. Oh! why did I ever come? I can never, never be happy again. Why have you told me, when you knew that it could be no use?"

"I have told you because I couldn't help telling you," Robert says passionately. "Don't reproach me, I shall go mad if you do. I have enough to bear, more than enough."

And bounding through the rustling oak-branches, Robert Holt disappears, fleeing as a man might flee for his life. But it is not temptation he flees from. He has been tempted, and he has entered into temptation, and he does not regret having so done. He is rushing away from himself, from his own weakness, from the self-knowledge that has come upon him so suddenly.

Further up the stream there is a piece of rock jutting out into the water, and there is a dense blue-black shade of trees all round and above it. Robert Holt throws himself down there, and covers his face with his hands; and for awhile gives way to his wretchedness. Thoroughly wretched he is, and with reason. For a moment he wonders if he is sane. His forehead burns as if his brain were on fire, his thoughts are confused, he is haunted by two faces, one quiet, and sad, with a weight of sadness he dares not look upon, one mocking, upbraiding, fascinating. And with a strong effort, born of the horrible fear, he calms himself, rises to his feet, walks about a little, tries to think of other things, just to see if he can judge as to whether he is in any abnormal state of mind or not.

He is soon satisfied on this point, and the terrible difficulties of his position force themselves upon him again with greater weight than ever. The thought of Hester is half madness, but it is a thought he cannot drive away. It seems to him that never since the day he first saw her has she been to him what she is now; never before so closely and inseparably part of himself, never before so clearly and truly his one guide, his one comforter, the one human being with whom he could share his thoughts, live his life, to whom he could tell his hopes, his joys, his sorrows. What if he were to go to her now, and tell her all? The very thought is a relief. If she were to reject him forever for what he had done, she would reject him with a word of com-

fort; she would send him away with light that would keep him from stumbling on the path that he had made so dark for himself. Should he go? Would it be possible for him to go on such an errand?

Robert Holt should have gone to Stonebeck Mill; instead, he stood thinking of what he should say when he got there. And the thoughts were fatal. How could he speak of the temptation into which he had fallen without speaking of the daughter of Eve who had tempted him? And how could he do that? After all, had she tempted him? Had she done anything but be true to her own nature, a nature over-endowed, unfortunately for him, with the rare fault of transparency? And the fascinating little face came before him with all the vividness of reality, now all smiles and brightness, now all tears and tenderness. Again a tide of irresistible emotion swept over him. He would dare all, do all, lose all, rather than lose this sweet new love that had come into his life.

But another mood came upon him before long, graver, truer, sadder. He would do nothing dishonourable. He was no coward, he would face his difficulties, not sneak out of them, trusting to time and circumstance to save him from open disgrace. He would tell Hester in a few straightforward words what had happened; and his heart pained him grievously, as he acknowledged to himself that very few words would do. There would be no scene, no reproaches. Her one thought would be to make matters easy for him. There would be no need for him to see her yet, but neither would he see Fanny Claydon by design. And yet, Fanny was suffering, and he was the cause of it; was he not bound to comfort the poor little creature, by giving some sign or other?

Another week passed on, making the third week since Robert Holt had been at Stonebeck Mill. And there had been no message, nor letter, no means of accounting for this unusual absence. Hester was much occupied, her mother required attention day and night now, yet it would be untrue to say that she was in nowise disturbed by the daily disappointment that she was enduring. It wanted now somewhat less than three weeks to the day that had been fixed upon as their wedding day. She was aware that her mother's illness would cause delay, perhaps Robert was aware of it too; yet it was strange that he should act thus. His absence might be unavoidable; she had

very little real fear that he would not be able to explain it satisfactorily, yet there were times when she could not help thinking that it would be difficult for him to find a valid excuse for not writing so much as a single line.

He came at last. It was quite late in the evening, and Hester had given up expecting him for that day: she had put aside her work, too, and was reading by the light of a dim candle that flickered on the table. The door of the small room where her mother slept was ajar, so that Hester could hear the faintest sound if any came; but instead, the sound of a well-known footstep broke the silence. Hester trembled a little; she was stirred all through, but in no way would she show it.

At the first glance, Hester saw that some change had come over Robert Holt. She decided that he had been ill, and the whole strength of her woman's tenderness went out in pity. Quietly she placed her mother's high-backed chair for him, and then sat down herself without any questioning. It would all come in time. She took up her work again, but her hands shook too visibly, and she let them rest on her lap for awhile.

Robert Holt sat looking into the fire. His face was certainly pale; but Hester began to perceive that it was not the pallor of sickness. Had any trouble come to him? Would he tell her? Would he let her try to comfort him? She was very sure that he needed comfort. Even as he sat there the expression of his face seemed almost an expression of anguish. But perhaps, after all, it might only be that Lucy's going away had been a trouble to him. And Hester put the idea into words.

"I'm afraid you miss your sister very much," she says, looking up sympathetically.

Robert looks up too, and for a moment his eyes answer to the sympathy. Then they droop for very shame, and the shame brings irritation. He replies to Hester's words, and in an absent and jerky kind of way he talks about the wedding. But there is a curious under-current of thought going on in his mind. He rebels against the fate that seems to compel him to do a deed from which his whole nature recoils. Why should he do it at all? Especially why should he do it now? He has not yet spoken any word to Fanny Claydon that could possibly be considered as a word of promise. And sitting there with Hester Shepherd

before him, her bright, golden hair shining in the dim light like a halo, her large soft grey eyes appealing mutely to him for confidence, for explanation, her pensiveness tranquil face speaking of so many things that he has hardly yet learnt to understand, things that he had promised himself a whole life of highest, purest happiness in trying to understand—sitting thus, it is by no means clear to him that any such word as Fanny may reasonably expect will ever be spoken. Certainly he will say nothing to-night that he may afterward regret having said; and he will not remain at the mill any longer. He is aware that he is not at one with himself, and that consequently he cannot be at one with anybody else. Altogether, he is ill at ease. A man suffering much from self-contempt, knowing that he deserves the contempt of others, cannot fail to feel as if he were receiving what he deserves. As Robert Holt walks back across the moor, he feels intuitively that he has lost ground in Hester's estimation; that, however tenacious her love may be, her faith must be somewhat shaken.

And he is not far from the truth. Hester sits by the dim candle, by the dying fire. The clock ticks loudly through the house, the shutters groan and creak in the wind, the hoarse roar of the fall comes from without. The hours go by, still she sits there, pale and cold, and still. She does not speak to herself, she hardly thinks. Shadows of things to be can rarely be viewed or defined in any way. Yet she feels that a shadow has fallen—not from Robert's unexplained absence, not from his silence, not from the unsatisfactory visit he has paid this evening—all these things might be forgiven and forgotten. But there is more beyond; and Hester, who not long ago had reproved Robert for thinking of the future, sits alone till long past midnight, and her eyes are not strained with peering into the gloom of to-day.

More days passed on, days of silence and neglect, of growing doubt and disappointment; yet still hope lingered. Hester yet had faith in her own power over Robert Holt. When he came again she would use her power, she would draw him out of that self-absorbed mood. It could not be that anything worth dreading could come between them now. If it were possible, surely such possibility would be as terrible to Robert as to herself. They would suffer alike, and it seemed to her that she could realize his

suffering in such case more vividly than her own. But it was idle, worse than idle, to sit inventing the circumstances of a sorrow that had not yet come, that might never come. She would try not to think of Robert at all until she saw him again; or if she did so think, it should be hopefully.

So Hester resolved as she sat at her sewing, trying to encourage herself, to keep up her faith in a man who had well-nigh lost faith in himself. It was difficult work, sad work; but it would have been sadder and lonelier if she had known the truth, if, for instance, a scene like this had passed before her:—

A blue summer sea crowded with white-sailed ships, passing each other rapidly, sailing north, sailing south. Sunshine on land and sea, white waves breaking upon the sandy beach, making a cool murmur that falls pleasantly upon the ear. A back-ground of dark rocks, of high, green-topped cliffs. Between, a wide sandy beach, strewn with huge pieces of fallen rock, rounded by the waves, covered with dripping weeds, green and brown and purple. And under the stones there are little pools where other sea-weeds wave, delicate pinks and yellows, crimsons and brighter greens. And on the beach there are curious stones, and tiny beautiful shells, beautiful enough to be gathered carefully by tiny, beautiful hands.

It is Fanny Claydon who is sitting there, playing with the shells. Her face is a little paler than it should be, and the lids that droop over the bright wine-brown eyes are white and somewhat heavy. Yet she has lost nothing of her beauty, nay, these things do but add a grace, a softness of tone that was wanting.

She is, as usual, exquisitely dressed. Her muslin dress looks white in the distance, but seen near at hand it is bordered by branches of pale green leaves, and under the leaves there are shadows of delicate grey. Her whole attire is white and soft and cloudy. Her hair is pushed away from her face with a carelessness that few women can affect with impunity; but Fanny's hair arranges itself, and always to good advantage.

Is she waiting for some one? She takes her watch out very frequently, and she is sitting with her face toward Black Point, and beyond Black Point there is a pathway leading down from the top of the cliff.

She sits a long time looking out to the foot of the headland, then suddenly she

stoops over the shells that she has gathered. She is much absorbed, and does not hear a heavy footstep among the stones till it comes quite close. She looks up with a start as a shadow falls over her. It is Robert Holt who is standing there, and Fanny rises, blushing, turning pale, looking very sad and wistful.

"They told me you had gone for a walk on the sands," he says, taking her hand in his, holding it there.

"Perhaps they had better not have done anything of the kind," Fanny replies sadly. Then she looks up into Robert's face, and tries to smile, but her mouth quivers, and her eyes are bright with coming tears. She would say something, but she cannot.

Robert Holt had come there with a certain resolution—only a resolution that would give him time for further thought—but he feels that even this is giving way. It has been said before that he was not tear-proof.

"You still intend going home to-morrow?" he asks, with a shade of pain and embarrassment crossing his face.

"Yes, I go to-morrow," Fanny says, still struggling to keep the tears back. But her voice is choked by a sob, her hand trembles, her emotion is very visible.

"Stay another day, only one day more," Robert Holt pleads, earnestly, tenderly.

"Why do you ask it?" she says, with a little flush that is like anger, a certain vehemence of manner and tone. "Why do you ask that? Have I not stayed too long already? Is it kind of you to suggest such a thing? Is it kind of you to follow me here? . . ." Then her voice falters, hot tears fall, and she says with much distress, "It would have been better, better far, and easier to bear, if we had not met again, if we had parted without knowing that we were parting forever."

"But it will not be forever unless you will it so," Robert Holt says with a sudden strong determination. Then, knowing that the die is cast, a feeling of recklessness comes over him. He pours out promises and assurances with an abandonment all the greater because of other things that he cannot pour out, things that he must set his foot upon forever. A man who had thrown away a fortune, or fallen into irretrievable disgrace, could not have felt more wildly regardless of all things past, present or future, than Robert Holt did at that moment.

Fanny's tears were dried now, the last tears she would ever have to shed because of Robert Holt, and she was herself again, bright, winning, blushing, smiling. Was it possible that Robert should regret what he had done? Was it unnatural that he should resolve never to entertain another regret?

"What are you thinking about?" Fanny asked, looking up with a smile, a bright, child-like glance.

"About you," Robert said tenderly. "You mustn't say anything more about going away in the morning. If you do go I shall go with you. I shall hate this place when you are gone."

"But you never hated it before."

"No, I had no reason for hating it," Robert said, with a graver look in his eyes.

"And what reason have you now? I shall love it. I shall always love it because I have met you here. Shall I have to come and live here some day? I should like to live here always."

"But I want you to promise to stay a little longer, now you are here," Robert said, and added more vehemently, "You *must* stay, Lucy is gone; there will be nothing but dreariness and misery if you go too. Promise me you will stay."

But Fanny could only promise to remain at Northscaur one more day. She had already stayed much longer than her father had wished her to do, and his last letter requesting her immediate return had been peremptory. Fortunately, perhaps, for Fanny, he was not a man to be trifled with.

One more day. Robert Holt did no work that day. He and Fanny went for a long walk in the morning, spent a long afternoon on the sands; and the evening was passed for the most part in the orchard-garden that sloped down in front of the White House. A strange day it was, a day of charms and enchantments, a day never to be forgotten. Robert Holt walked like one walking in a dream. No shadow of remorse, no regret crossed his pathway; all was glamour, intoxication. If he had a thought of Hester, it was only a wish that she were present, that she might see with her own eyes what he had done; that she might hear from his own lips why he had done it. It seemed to him that her presence would not be in the least strange, that he could meet her there or elsewhere without the slightest embarrassment. Shame and sorrow had gone from him. He could see no cause for them. A tide had swept over him

that he had no power to resist; and if the backwater had swept over another life, it was not for him to grieve for that. Besides, Hester Shepherd was not a woman to be pitied; she would not pity herself. She was strong, self-supporting, given to religion or philosophy, or something of the kind. She would pray more for a little while, and perhaps read more books. If she were troubled in any way, she would be very sure to keep her trouble to herself; and this was satisfactory.

There was a parting scene at Hanthorpe station next morning, a few amazed bystanders; and after that conjecture, rumour; but no rumour reached Stonebeck Mill. Hester still entertained the "vile promiser" hope. When evening came the hearth was swept, the chair set, the flowers re-arranged. Hester put on another dress, coiled the golden hair round her head, and sat down to work with an expectant smile, a soft, tremulous tenderness that grew with the growing hours, and then yielded to chill and sickness and pain. And the same silent little scene was played out the next evening and the next.

IV.

ROBERT HOLT on his way to Stonebeck Mill for the last time, was not a man to be envied. The events of real life do not come and go with the same ease as the events of a dream. The thing that had seemed so easy to him with Fanny Claydon smiling and chatting by his side, seemed easy no longer. Yet he was very resolute, shamed all through when he thought of his present predicament. Shame was a new thing to him, and unendurable.

He would put an end to any cause for shame this evening, this he had determined. When he left the mill, whatever sorrow he might feel, he would be free from the pain and disgrace of a false position.

Yet he lingered on his way, and went round by the high-road and up the hill, instead of over the moor, avoiding the old path instinctively. The trees were changing colour, a few red and yellow leaves fluttered down as he went along, behind the hill-top the sun was setting.

He had almost reached the cottage. There was a piece of stony road to pass, a grey rock to round, and he would be there. He stood by the rock for a few moments, then, turning, he saw Hester standing near the cottage door. He drew

back and watched her for awhile. It seemed to him that he could not help watching her, that he could not have taken his eyes away if he had wished it. It was like coming suddenly upon a picture that an artist had painted with his soul.

Yet it was a very simple picture. A back-ground of thatched cottage and green leaves; a foreground of water and mossy stones; a tall, finely-formed woman standing with carelessly clasped hands, and uplifted head and face,—a face pensive, earnest, wistful; a grand broad forehead, a crown of smooth golden hair with one lance of sunlight quivering upon it through the trees; a dress of coarse purple-black serge fitting closely, falling heavily about her feet.

Suddenly the noble head turned, the expression of the uplifted face changed altogether; and one firm white hand was held out with a readiness that deepened a little the flush on Robert Holt's face.

It is touching sometimes to see people throwing their little handfuls of fiery coals hither and thither—coals that don't seem to burn anything, or melt anybody, or make themselves felt in any way. But this handful of Hester's went deeper than she knew, deeper than Robert Holt himself knew at the moment. Yet he felt that in some way or other the deed that he had to do was growing more and more difficult.

"You've had a longer walk than usual," Hester said, with a smile, and a little flush of pink colour. "Will you come in and rest, or shall we stay here?"

"Just as you like," Robert said, but his tone was less abrupt than his words; and he gave no sign of wishing to go indoors.

"How is your mother?" he asked presently.

"Ill, very ill. Aunt Ellen came over from Kirkthwaite this morning for a day or two; she is with her now, or I shouldn't have been standing here."

Then there was a silence. Hester waited for what Robert might say next, waited quietly at first, but as the moments went on a little tremulously. It now wanted only ten days to the day that had originally been named as their wedding-day; a day that was to change all her life, to bring her ease instead of toil, to take away her ceaseless cares and small anxieties, and give her instead peace of mind and plenty; more than all, a day to put an end to her loneliness, to place her side by side with faith and confidence

and love. "Till death do us part," she said to herself, twining her clasped hands more tightly together.

Hester knew that this day would have to be deferred, and the knowledge was in no way a trial to her, but she feared much that it was a trial to Robert. She wished that he would speak of it, she could hardly do so first herself; but if he would allude to it in any way, she would be very gentle and patient; and if Robert would be gentle and patient too, as he had been before, all would be well. She would say nothing now about his absence or his silence. He had come again, he was there by her side; she would be content with the present, forget the past. Explanations were at the best but doubtful, unsatisfactory things.

And all this while Robert Holt was thinking, so absorbed in thought as to be unconscious of his silence. It seemed to him that now for the first time he saw the true nature of the deed he was about to do. It had not occurred to him before that any brand of shame would cling to him because of his desertion. He had imagined that an outspoken confession would absolve him in his own eyes, what it might do in the eyes of the world he had never considered, nor did he consider now. But his opinions were undergoing a change. It seemed to him that he could never again think of Hester without thinking of himself as of one who had sinned against her, and sinned in a dastardly way that would be very intolerable to remember. He stood by her side, but he had a curious longing to fall at her feet, to confess his sin there, and there receive his absolution.

Presently he recollected himself. This silence was cowardly, this hesitation an added wrong. Turning suddenly, looking into Hester's quiet, loving eyes with a look of pain and confusion, he said—

"Hester, I've come up to-night to say something that I cannot say, I would give my right hand if I might go away without saying it. Try to understand me, and forgive me if you can. After all, perhaps it's best things have happened as they have. I never was worthy of you, never should have been."

It was not difficult to understand him, his tone, his manner, were plainer far than his words. Nay, Hester hardly knew what words he had said, hardly knew that she had heard any words at all. She was conscious of nothing save a kind of *aura*, creeping from her heart outwards, over her whole being, holding her

brain like a band of iron. Yet very little change was visible in her. She smiled gently, looked into Robert's face with eyes that had not much expression in them, and said softly, —

"What is it? What has come between us?" A simple question, but one that shook every fibre of Robert Holt's being, every resolution, every barrier dividing right from wrong. It was in his heart to answer, "Nothing," to look upon the events of the past three weeks as events brought about by sorcery of some kind, to tell Hester that she was to him as if these events had never been. What stayed him he hardly knew, perhaps the strange look that was coming slowly over Hester's face, perhaps the remembrance of another face, a remembrance that swayed him in a manner incomprehensible even to himself. Hester's question had to be repeated, and then the answer came, came with an impetuosity that no words could represent. Yet he told his tale very plainly, without shadow of defence, excuse, or self-condemnation. He felt intuitively that these things would be of the nature of insult. He had done this deed of which he spoke, he accused himself of having done it, hesitated, then asked once more for forgiveness.

He spoke vehemently, but his words were very few. Why he restrained himself at this moment, when words would have been so easy, he could not have said. But there was no need for him to say it. Hester knew far more of what was passing in his mind than he knew himself. She saw the bewildering influence of which he had not spoken, understood the strife and sorrow that he was hiding away out of her sight; and she perceived at once that he had spoken briefly because he had no hope of being able to make her comprehend by means of words how really and deeply he was suffering as he stood there. It was not in her to see suffering anywhere without pity, and suspecting that much of the pain he was enduring was but the reflex of that he was causing, pity rose above all else.

It is said of Paulus Æmilius that when his sons died he "assembled the people of Rome, and made a speech to them, not as one that wanted consolation himself, but like one who could alleviate the grief which his fellow-citizens felt for his misfortune." Something of this Roman spirit Hester Shepherd had, something of a spirit greater far. The virtue of forgiveness in the old-world days was not a

necessary virtue, not a natural virtue; but there are men and women now, born with the influence of centuries of Christian culture in their veins, to whom forgiveness is a first impulse. Hester Shepherd was one of these. If she was suffering any pain at this moment, she was unconscious of it, above it for the time. Her one yearning was to put an end to the suffering of this man, who seemed to be enduring more than he could endure. Forgiveness he had asked for. How was she to persuade him to accept, to believe in, such forgiveness as she felt?

There was a strange light in her eyes, a light sometimes seen in the eyes of people who listen to sad sweet music, sometimes seen in the eyes of people whose only music is the rippling of the river Acheron.

"Forgive you!" she said quietly, holding out her hand. "Forgive you! Do you know I think it is I who need forgiveness. I have known from the beginning that I was no fit wife for you. I have told you so, told you long ago that you ought to marry a younger and happier-natured woman, a woman whose life has been free and bright and harmonious. I have been too much weighed down ever to rise to the enjoyment of what you would call happiness. I long for nothing but ease and rest. I dread all else. You have done wisely and well. I should have been nothing but a drag upon your life."

"Never," Robert Holt said, with firm lips and livid, stony face.

"Don't interrupt me," Hester said, gently. "I am speaking exactly as I feel. I am hardly conscious of anything but a sense of relief. The greatest happiness I can have will be to know that you are happy. . . . You will tell me of your happiness?" she said, looking up with a brighter look. "You will let me be your friend?"

Robert Holt's face flushed, and a gleam of curious emotion shot into his eyes.

"If I have a wish," he said, passionately, "it is that I may never see you again, never hear your name mentioned."

Hester smiled a little sadly. More than ever she understood how it was with Robert Holt.

"That is a little unkind of you," she said; "but I know what you mean. That feeling will pass away. You may need a friend some time, or at least there may come a time when an old friend's voice may be a pleasant sound to you. Come and see me then. . . . I must go in now. I have been here a long time. It was

good of you to come and tell me all yourself."

Hester's voice was changing: it had tired listless tones in it; and the short sentences came with long pauses between. Robert Holt made no answer. He had expected calmness, he had expected forgiveness; but there was something in Hester that he had not expected, that he could not define; something that made him feel narrow and feeble and contemptible. He was glad when Hester held out her hand and said "Good-bye." One moment he held her hand in his, and looked into her face; but there was little there that he could understand. The wonderful light was in her eyes still, a light clear and deep, but it seemed to him altogether inexpressive. And the quiet exaltation of her face, the strange grace of repose that was in her manner and in her attitude, were equally incomprehensible. "Good-bye!" she said a second time, with a smile as sweet and unconscious as the smile of a dreaming child. And Robert Holt said "Good-bye!" There was nothing more to say.

An hour or two later Hester stood alone in her own room at the back of the cottage. There had been no reaction, no paroxysm of grief. She had passed the time mainly at her mother's bedside, listening to oft-told tales, answering oft-repeated questions. Mrs. Shepherd was asleep now, her sister dozing by her side, her daughter standing with stony face and white firm lips by an open drawer! The wonderful light that had been in her eyes had departed; instead, there was utter blankness and silence!

An open drawer! with other drawers empty below, and by the side of them a large box half filled with clothing. Articles of dress a little unlike any Hester Shepherd has been in the habit of wearing, daintier, prettier, more expensive. Garments purchased one at a time, made in the night after long days of sewing for bread. Hester had smiled many a time to find that her woman's pride in these things was so strong. She is careful of them still, folding them neatly, wrapping some in paper, putting all away in the large box. "Perhaps I can sell them if ever I am in need," she says to herself.

Half the night is gone before Hester Shepherd has arranged things to her satisfaction. The large box is put out of sight; the drawers partially refilled from a bundle that had been put together for a poorer neighbour; three or four books

and a dozen old letters are addressed to Robert Holt. Then Hester sits down and tries to think, but no thoughts come — all is blank and grey and cold.

Presently she kneels by her bedside; but no prayer comes, no relief by words nor tears; nothing but the same dull aching, nothing but the same sad silence. Even between her soul and God nothing save silence.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

INTERNATIONAL VANITIES.

I. — CEREMONIAL

THERE are some curious subjects which have become old-fashioned, which have drifted, by degrees, so far outside the necessities of ordinary educations and occupations, that most of us grow up and live and die with but a faint perception that they exist at all, and certainly with no notion of their details. If accident should bring any of them under our observation, we look at them with more or less indifference, according to our particular proclivities; but, as we get on very well without them, as they have nothing to do with money-making, or athletic sports, or Ritualism, or novels, or last night's ball, or the state of the crops, or the few remaining topics which now possess the privilege of interesting one or other of our social strata, we never think of going out of our way to make an exploration of them. And yet they are seldom altogether stupid: they all contain some sort of useful teaching; they may even occasionally be amusing; and each of them has exercised the earnest thoughts of earnest men; each of them has a literature of its own; each of them fills many dusky Latin folios, that were printed two hundred years ago, at Mayence or Amsterdam; each of them has had enthusiastic advocates in its time. Heraldry, astrology, the art of poisoning, hawking, and international law, are examples of this class of subjects.

But, if the mass of us are at liberty to know as little as we like about questions of this category, there are here and there some people in the world who, from special sympathy or professional necessity, still persist in studying them. The noble art of blazon continues to find a few eager followers; astrology is maintained as a state-craft in Persia; poisoning has not ceased to exercise a winning influence over certain contemporaneous

minds; falconry is, even now, a daily sport in Poland; whilst a smattering of international law is usual amongst diplomatists. Of these five forms of knowledge, the last is certainly the most useful and the least rare; but, though there are grave persons who go on writing books about it, it is looked at, by everybody but themselves, as being, at the best, an antiquated, disagreeable, ugly sort of learning, and scarcely any of its unwilling students have the slightest idea that it can ever become attractive. Such, however, is incontestably the case; there is a vast deal of real interest and amusement hidden away in the gloomy volumes which date from Grotius; it all depends on the way they are read. Diamonds are found in dirt; sunshine gleams out of clouds; cases have positively been known in which laughter has been provoked by dictionaries; why then should treatises on international law be absolutely excluded from the list of readings which can possibly contribute to make life pleasant? They are not limited, after all, simply to discussions of the *jus gentium* and the *jus privatum*, of the *mare liberum* and the *mare clausum*, of "derivative acquisition," or of rights of jurisdiction. They talk of other things besides — of Ceremonials, and Forms, and Dignities, of Prerogatives, Privileges, Emblems, and Decorations, of attitude towards Aliens and attitude towards Kings, of all the varied elements which make up the vanity of nations. These details of their contents are, however, covered up by such a pile of ponderous dissertation on other less diverting matter, that they not unnaturally remain invisible to the casual eye. But if some strange necessity should forcibly direct attention to them, they shine out like a lantern in a fog; they tell us curious stories; they impart to us odd experiences of character; they show us human nature in a form which is often singularly new; and especially, they teach us — incredible as it may seem — that nations reach a height of self-asserting vanity immeasurably beyond what any individual can possibly attain. This latter fact is worth communicating to the world; for no discovery can be more soothing, more strengthening, more justifying, than to find out that, whatever be the enormity of one's own pride, it never can be as vast as that of the country to which one belongs, whatever that country be.

The various books which unconsciously supply the evidence of this truth com-

mence, without exception, by the assertion that all nations theoretically possess two main rights — independence and equality. They then proceed to describe these glorious privileges in language which renders them so utterly unattractive that it is difficult to believe that we are reading of the great causes which make the blood of nations boil, and for which men are always ready to give their lives. Fortunately for us, we are not obliged to follow them in this disfigurement of noble sentiments; we have nothing at all to do with their ideas of independence here, and we have to make but one extract from their theory of equality. Independence may perhaps help states to feel vainglorious; but the legists tell us that it is in the name of equality alone that they show their pride in action, that they call upon each other for external marks of honour and respect, and that, to better realize this purpose, they have gradually invented "Ceremonial."

From Vattel down to Phillimore, all publicists have written gravely on this subject of ceremonial. Most of them treat it as if it were a form of worship, and seem inclined to kneel down when they talk about it. The Dutch and German writers particularly have applied to it all their learning, all their pedantry, and all their awe. They have analyzed and subtilized it; they have divided it into its parts; they have decomposed its motives; they have distilled its essences; they have anatomized, dissected, sorted and classified it. They wind up their laborious enthusiasms by calling it "the politeness of nations," which is a lofty sounding but particularly incorrect denomination; for the original object of ceremonial was in no way to be polite to others, but solely to manifest the high idea which each country entertained of what was due to it from its neighbours. The more ancient of the jurists talk of it in language which is evidently intended to frighten away disrespect, and to inspire profound deference. Vattel — the great Vattel, the commentator of Grotius, Puffendorf, and Wolf — says, in speaking of the details of state courtesy, "Les attribuer à un vain orgueil c'est ignorer grossièrement l'art de régner, et mépriser l'un des plus fermes appuis de la grandeur et de la sûreté d'un Etat." And Junius — our English Junius — went quite as far in the same direction when he declared, in the sonorous wordings which were proper to him: "Private credit is wealth; public honour is security; the

feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight ; strip him of his plumage and you pin him to the earth." These grand talkings, however, do not quite convince us ; we remain incredulous, and perhaps even somewhat irreverent, as becomes our century ; and we listen with more sympathy to the practical modern politician Calvo, who takes up the other ground, and argues that, "if, from an historical point of view, these questions have lost nothing of their value, it must be owned that the development of civilization, and the diminution of the prestige which formerly belonged to the monarchical principle, have considerably weakened the meaning of these vain pretensions, to which it is no longer possible to sacrifice the higher interests of humanity."

It is perhaps fair to own here, at once, that though all the legists solemnly lay claim to ceremonial as being essentially one of their own subjects, though it has grown to be an integral and undisputed element of the Law of Nations, and though the latter must consequently accept the responsibility of the former, ceremony existed long before the *Droit des Gens* was thought of. History is full of proofs of this. Did not Cyrus behead two satraps because they omitted to place their hands inside their sleeves when they saluted him ? Did not Hadrian set the example of establishing a royal household ? Was not Charlemagne — the simple, unpretending Charlemagne — served at his repasts by subject kings ? Did not royal hands present to him, at each dinner, a spit with a roast boar upon it ? And did not St. Adalbert write a book (of which Hincmar has preserved the memory) telling us the titles of the officers of his palace, expatiating, amongst other matters, on the dignity of the chief cook (*princeps coquorum* was his title), and noting, specially, the hierarchical superiority of the bottle-holder over the wine-pourer at the court of Aix-la-Chapelle ?

But there was nothing international in all this ; subservient politenesses were then addressed exclusively to the person of the local sovereign ; they were pure home actions ; they had no connection with foreign parts. They properly belonged, not to ceremonial as it is now defined and understood, but to the one particular branch of it called etiquette, which is limited to the regulation of the relations of monarchs, princes, and dignitaries between themselves and with their visitors. Ceremonial is larger, grander, more imposing. In theory it rises above kings,

for it asserts the rights of nations themselves ; in theory it cares nought for persons, for it represents the collectivity of peoples ; in theory it is a universal language, for its voice is everywhere the same. But, in practice, these superb pretensions disappear ; in practice ceremonial becomes as human as we are ourselves, with all the weaknesses, the puerilities, the jealousies, the littlenesses, which form part of the nature of each one of us. All it proves by the grandeur of its claims is that, vain as men are individually, they become, as was said just now, vastly more so in their united capacity as nations.

Ceremonial is divided by its professors into five main sections — Precedence of States, Royal Honours, Diplomatic Ceremonial, Maritime Ceremonial, and Etiquette. And yet, though etiquette has thus become simply one of the elements of ceremonial, the latter is, in reality, begotten of the former. Etiquette has existed from all time. It is so very ancient that it may be presumed, without fear of contradiction, to have come originally into use at the court of Nimrod. There is no direct evidence of the fact, for the annals of the period are, unfortunately, incomplete ; but it is perfectly logical to argue that, as every monarch in history, of whatever date or country, has invariably called upon his subjects to show him obsequious marks of inferiority, Nimrod, the first of kings, cannot have failed to do so too. Ceremonial, on the contrary, is of relatively recent birth ; it was called into existence with the object of extending to nations the privileges and rights of courtesy which, to that time, had been the personal property of sovereigns alone. It grew so fast, it was taken up and fostered by so many statesmen and so many authors, that it quickly overshadowed, eclipsed, and absorbed its progenitor ; but, notwithstanding its hasty growth and its rapid acquisition of power, it has never undertaken its predecessor's work ; the two have never been mixed up, they have constantly remained separate and distinct. The special publicists put ceremonial on their title-page, and only give a chapter to etiquette ; the foreign ministries of the Continent have each an office of ceremonial, and leave etiquette to the narrower duty of managing court receptions ; but though ceremonial has grown so great and strong, though its own name alone now constitutes the generic denomination of the whole class of processes of which it has become the chief,

it is limited in action to the comparatively new international functions for the discharge of which it was called into existence. Its ancestor, but present junior partner, continues to direct alone the particular section of their joint domain which originally pertained to it.

The antiquity of the parent justifies us in giving a little consideration to it before we describe the child; and though we have to look to other sources for its history, we find quite enough information upon it in old chronicles to be able to describe it with tolerable exactness. Some authors derive its appellation from the Greek *stichos*, order, rank; others from a corruption of "*est hic questio* inter N. et N.," the formula which French *procureurs* placed formerly on their law-papers, from which the primary French meaning of the word, in the sense of *ticket*, has evidently originated. As *étiquettes* were fastened outside documents or parcels to indicate their contents, so *étiquettes*, or tickets, were given to people on state occasions, to tell them where to stand and what to do. Thence grew up (according to this interpretation) the secondary use of etiquette as descriptive of ceremonious observances. But whether this latter etymology be correct or not, the origin of the idea expressed is distinctly traceable, in its modern application, to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, the holder of jousts and tournaments, the inventor of court courtesy (the second word was generated by the first), who sought to thereby adorn his house with more glories than kingly monarchs then possessed, as a consolation, perhaps, for not holding their title. There are, however, antiquarians who allege that the theory of royal etiquette in Europe (we need not refer to its supposed first sproutings in China, Persia, and the Caliphate of Bagdad) is older still; and that it was brought westwards by the Greek princess Theophania, who married Otho the Red in the tenth century. Be this as it may, everybody agrees that it was not till the middle of the fifteenth century that it took a serious form in the hands of Philippe le Bon. His grandchild, Mary of Burgundy, carried the new ideas to her husband Maximilian; and from Austria they passed on again, with constant augmentations and freshly devised subtleties, to France and Spain. The latter land especially became the forcing-house of etiquette; it was there that it attained those scarcely credible developments which made the Span-

ish court a model of a kind which the world has never seen before or since. Men and women ceased there to be human beings with a will; they became machines of reverence; everybody had his place marked out, and was kept mercilessly in it; the number of steps and the depth of bows which each person was to make on entering the royal presence—the width of cloaks, the length of ribbons, and, perhaps more than all, the elaborate division of offices and functions—were fixed with a precision of which examples exist nowhere else, except in decimals. The study of etiquette was, three centuries ago, the essential element of education of a Spanish gentleman; and it is naturally in Spain that we find the most vivid instances of its influence. They are, indeed, so particularly striking, that, by exception to the general indifference to such subjects which was alluded to at the beginning of this article, everybody has heard something about them. There may therefore be no novelty in the story of the queen (she was the wife of Charles II.) who fell off her horse, caught her foot, and hung indecorously by the stirrup, upside down, in the presence of her forty-three attendants. The sight was grievous; but the forty-three stood still and gazed at it, in anguish deep but motionless, because the grand equerry, whose peculiar right it was to unhook the royal ankle on such occasions, happened to be somewhere else. Her majesty would have remained suspended there indefinitely, if a good-hearted but uninstructed passer-by had not taken upon himself to release her. He received several doubloons for his useful service, but was condemned to banishment for his unpardonable indiscretion. And we all know better still the lamentable end of Philip III., who finding the fire too hot for his royal wellbeing, told the Marquis de Pobar to put it out. But the Marquis could not presume to do so, because fire-extinction was one of the attributions of the Duke d'Useda, who, most fortuitously, was at that moment hunting in Catalonia. So the king, who of course could not condescend to give way to fire—fire being bound by etiquette to give way to kings—sat majestically and scorchingly still, grew far too warm for health, got erysipelas, and thereby died. With examples such as these before their eyes, it is not astonishing that the entire people should have taken up ceremony as a duty; that a beggar should remark in the

early morning to a colleague, "Señor, has your courtesy taken his chocolate?" and that grandees of Spain should have believed themselves to be above the universe. That they really did so seems to be demonstrated by a conversation which a certain illustrious Portuguese had, in those times, with a blue-blooded Castilian. The former began by speaking to the Spaniard as your Excellency; the latter replied, your Courtesy. Then the Portuguese imagining that his first phrase was incorrect, politely said, your Courtesy; to which the other immediately answered, your Excellency. Thereupon the Lusitanian, vexed and puzzled, asked the Iberian for an explanation, and was coolly told (it appears they were speaking French), "Tous les titres me sont égaux, pourvu qu'il n'y ait rien d'égal entre vous et moi."

And French etiquette was almost as extreme as that of Spain. Arm-chairs, backed chairs, and stools were, for centuries, as Voltaire says, "important objects of politics, and illustrious subjects of quarrels." He explains, with his usual spitefulness, that the etiquette of chairs came from "the barbarians, our grandfathers," who had only one arm-chair, which was solely used by people who were ill. This latter view is borne out by the fact that there were provinces in France where the piece of furniture in question was called a *chaise de doléance*; and that the Germans have, from all time, denominated it *krankensessel*—a sick-chair. Voltaire goes on to say that Mademoiselle spent a quarter of her life in the mortal tribulation of disputes about her seats; ought she to sit in a certain room, upon a chair or upon a stool, or not sit down at all? The whole court was in emotional perplexity about these insoluble difficulties. Even the king himself was not free from the obligation of sitting according to regulation. If he condescended to pay a visit to a courtier ill in bed, etiquette constrained his majesty to lie down too, for it was impossible that a sovereign could permit a subject to indulge in unshared recumbency in his presence; so when the king was coming to a sick-room, a second bed was prepared beforehand, and the conversation was conducted in positions of mutual horizontality. Louis XIII. visited Richelieu in this way at Tarascon, and Louis XIV. did the same when he went to see the Maréchal de Villars, after he was wounded at Malplaquet. The idea of the importance of eti-

quette reached such a point at Versailles, that, amongst other things, it became a principle that "toute la femme est dans la révérence," which meant that the manner of execution of a perfect curtsy ought to visibly manifest and express all the qualities of a true woman. Etiquette exercised its action not only over form and manner, but over acts as well. Marie Leczinska did not dare to play cards one night because the court had heard that day of the death of some German prince that nobody had ever seen; and M. de Maurepas filled her heart with joy (she was choked with *ennui* when she could not play) by saying, "Madame, I have the honour to assure your majesty that the game of piquet is deep mourning."

In the earlier times, before these strange things had come to pass, there used to be several sorts of etiquette, depending not only on the rank of the persons concerned, but also, in some degree, on that of the nation to which these persons belonged. Distinctions of this nature disappeared from etiquette as ceremonial became organized; but, in passing from the former to the latter, they became still more clear and binding. Precedence belongs to each of the two classes of the subject; it forms, indeed, so essentially the basis of both, that we cannot conceive the existence of either of them without it; and though we have not to consider it here in its double character, though we have to look at it solely in its international applications, the part of it which concerns individual or local rights is peculiar enough to merit some attention from such of us as are curious in human follies. As a proof of this, an allusion may be usefully made to the position of the question in England, where precedence is still determined—in its main elements—by the statute 31 Henry VIII., but where, since the Court of Chivalry has fallen into disuse, doubts on intricate and involved problems can only be dispelled by petitioning the Crown for a solution. This is the sole official manner of obtaining a decision as to who is entitled to walk first in a procession; but as the Crown does not reply itself—as it refers the difficulty to the Heralds' College—it would be simpler to allow perplexed inquirers to go direct to the Officers of Arms, as they do in Scotland, where the Lyon King has direct jurisdiction in all matters connected with the subject. Ordinary cases can be solved by easier means; people whose standing-ground is not too complicated, who are

simply suffering from curiosity as to their exact place on earth, can learn it from the published list of precedence of English men and women (which can be found in the special dictionaries). This catalogue begins with the King and Queen, and ends with Burgesses and their wives: it includes 98 ranks of men, and 66 ranks of women. How soul-elevating it is to recognize that, in what we call our wave-girt home of freedom, we are still susceptible of division into so many categories, and that there are, in England only — without counting the two sister kingdoms — 97 sorts of men above a burgess! It was surely worth while to step aside for an instant from our subject in order to announce this remarkable but generally unknown fact.

The court etiquette of the present day is also beyond our range; for, though its component parts are everywhere substantially alike, it is in no way international. Such local differences as it presents are utterly uninteresting. No one will gain much, for instance, by learning either that there are courts where queens and princesses have official rank in public ceremonies, and others where they have to content themselves with looking on as mere spectators; or that the ceremony of the *baisemain*, the old feudal form of homage to the suzerain — which was suppressed long ago in Turkey, because an evil-minded courtier tried to profit by it to assassinate Amurath the Fourth — still exists in Russia at the Empress's New Year's Day reception, as it did in Spain when there was still a crown there, as it does in England at presentations and on nominations to certain offices. There is but one detail of court action — the bestowal of presents by sovereigns — which assumes a distinctly international character; it may therefore be cursorily mentioned before we quit the subject. Decorations, jewels, curiosities of art and literature, books written by the donor, have always been royal gifts; and certain special offerings have, at different times, grown into use, — as when the Kings of France and the Grand Masters of the Order of St. John sent every year a present of trained hawks to the King of Denmark, and as live stags were sent regularly from Germany to Napoléon. The Pope gives presents of sacred or blessed objects, gold roses, hats, and swords, *Agnus Dei*, and relics of saints. In treaties with the Porte and the Barbary States, the exchange of presents was at one time regularly stipu-

lated, as is shown by the treaties of Belgrade in 1639, and of Jassy in 1792, and even in the treaty between Prussia and the Dutch East India Company in 1717.

We can now leave etiquette, and begin to look at the origins of ceremonial. The first fact which strikes us is, that the Precedence of States and the honours due to sovereigns, though classed apart, were, in reality, synonymous terms for centuries. This was because States were nothing then, while Sovereigns were everything; and because, though all kings were theoretically equal between themselves, not one of them would ever admit equality with any other; so they all struggled, by every imaginable means, to obtain an advantage over surrounding potentates. Kluber, and most of the writers who preceded him, enumerate the principal considerations which were appealed to in this struggle to the front. Monarchs based their arguments of superiority towards each other on the antiquity of their royalty, on the size of their dominions, on the supplementary titles they possessed in addition to that of king, on the high dignity of their vassals, and, perhaps more than all, on the distinctions accorded to them by the Emperors or the Popes. Even the date of the conversion of their ancestors to Christianity has been invoked by certain princes as a ground for claiming precedence. And yet, notwithstanding the disputes and difficulties which were perpetually occurring as to rights, nothing definite ever was decided about the relative rank of states. The Popes tried more than once to express an authoritative opinion on the question; and in 1508, Julius II. composed and promulgated a complete list of seniority for the use of ambassadors in his own chapel, recommending Europe, at the same time, to adopt it everywhere. The order which he followed is in such utter contradiction with that which exists to-day, that it is worth while to give the table at full length as a measure of the changes which have since occurred. Only three of the titles enumerated 350 years ago continue to exist in their old form (the Pope, the new Emperor of Germany, and the King of England); all the others have either vanished altogether, or have become merged in other names. And it will be noticed that the Margrave of Brandenburg stands twentieth, and the Duke of Savoy twenty-second, and that Russia is not alluded to at all, though one would have thought that the Grand Dukes of

Moscow had become powerful enough to merit mention at the date when this catalogue was issued to the world : —

1. The Pope.
2. The Emperor.
3. The King of the Romans.
4. The King of France.
5. The King of Spain (Castille and Leon.)
6. The King of Aragon.
7. The King of Portugal.
8. The King of England.
9. The King of Scotland.
10. The King of Sicily.
11. The King of Hungary.
12. The King of Navarre.
13. The King of Cyprus.
14. The King of Poland.
15. The Republic of Venice (for Cyprus, Candia, and Dalmatia).
16. The Duke of Brittany.
17. The Duke of Burgundy.
18. The Duke of Bavaria and Palatine.
19. The Elector of Saxony.
20. The Margrave of Brandenburg.
21. The Archduke of Austria.
22. The Duke of Savoy.
23. The Grand Duke of Tuscany.
24. The Duke of Lorraine.
25. The Princes of the Holy See.
26. The nephews of the Pope, and the Legates of Bologna and Ferrara.

Of course this arrangement was not accepted: it contented nobody; it only served to create new difficulties by adding new graduations to the scale. Nations, or rather monarchs, went on disputing about their place, their titles, and their prerogatives; and, in many cases, even force did not suffice to bring about a permanent solution. In 1648, a hundred and forty years after the vain effort of Pope Julius, an amusing proof occurred of the inutility of his intervention. At the negotiation of the peace of Westphalia the question was evidently as complicated as ever; for we find the German plenipotentiaries, who represented the beaten side, and who might therefore have been supposed to have become less absolute in their claims, putting in Latin notes in which his sacred Imperial Majesty the Emperor marked his discontent against the most serene kings of France and Sweden; to which the French and Swedish envoys replied that their sacred Royal Majesties had much ground of complaint against the most serene Emperor. This shows that even the Thirty Years' War had not stifled the eternal strife for precedence; and no better evidence can be adduced of the nature of

international ceremonial two centuries ago. It still consisted, without variation since its origin, in requiring everything for yourself, and in granting nothing to anybody else. There was a superabundance of selfishness about it which surpasses all other examples. Directly new titles were invented, no sovereign was satisfied to continue to be called by old ones. Serenity and Royal Dilection were all very well until Majesty was employed; but, as soon as the latter name got into circulation, Dilection was abandoned to such small people as electors, who were regarded by their superiors as so unimportant that Monsieur, brother of Louis XIV., would not allow his second wife, the Grand Palatine, ever to see her family otherwise than incognito. He said, with a natural indignation which goes to our hearts and provokes our most earnest and respectful sympathy — "How can I, a Prince of the blood, pay honour to an elector, because he happens to be the uncle of my wife? As for giving a chair to an elector, I really can't."

But if no complete hierarchy of nations was ever organized, two main principles of division were generally admitted; the first, that what are called "Royal Honours" belonged only to Empires, Kingdoms, the Papal States, the Grand Duchies, the Elector of Hesse, and the Swiss Confederation; the second, that the Emperor of Germany was the first sovereign in Europe, in virtue of the Roman crown which came to him, through Charlemagne, with the Western Empire. Phillimore confirms this explanation of the reason why the Emperors enjoyed this proud and undisputed supremacy; he says, — "The idea of this paramount superiority was derived from the notion of their being successors of the Roman Emperors." Vattel remarks that, at the time of Charlemagne, there was "une idée récente de la majesté du véritable Empire Romain." Bartolus said, 450 years back, that "they were heretics who denied that the Emperor was sovereign paramount of the world." From this old, deeply rooted impression, arose, in the middle ages, the imitative disposition of many states to describe themselves as "Empires," and to speak of their crown as "Imperial," showing that the story of the frog who wanted to be an ox applies to nations as well as to frogs. But, after the abdication of Charles V. and the political dislocations which ensued from it, the place of honour ceased to be the assured property of the

Empire ; France and Spain struggled for it for two hundred years ; France at last obtained it, in 1761, by the Bourbon Family Compact. But it was too late : '89 was coming ; the reign of ceremonial was drawing to its end ; France had no time to enjoy its conquest.

The Republics of Venice and of the Low Countries were admitted, nationally, to royal honours ; but as their ambassadors had to yield precedence to those of crowned heads, their situation was incomplete. The Genoese Republic and the order of Malta never obtained a distinct recognition of the same half-privilege, though the former claimed equality with Venice and superiority over Switzerland, and though the latter considered itself to possess monarchical rights in virtue of the elective sovereignty which it exercised at Malta. In later times, the United States, the German Confederation, and the Empire of Brazil, have been considered to be entitled to royal honours. As a natural consequence of the difficulty which existed in procuring admission to the "upper ten" of nations, it followed that no state which had ever possessed these international privileges was disposed to abandon them afterwards, no matter what changes took place in its constitution. Thus Cromwell insisted on the maintenance, towards his Republic, of the forms of ceremonial which had been observed towards the Monarchy which he had suppressed. A more recent example of the same attitude is furnished by the 23d article of the treaty of Campo Formio, in which Bonaparte stipulated that "S. M. l'Empereur, Roi de Hongrie et de Bohême, et la République Française, conserveront entre elles le même cérémonial, quant au rang et aux autres étiquettes, que ce qui a été constamment observé avant la guerre." This condition was specially confirmed by the treaty of Lunéville in 1801. But if the English and French Republics preserved the rights which their countries had previously enjoyed as monarchies, it is evident that they did so solely in favour of their strength. So long as divine right was the one acknowledged source of legitimate power, it was impossible for a Government based on popular suffrage to obtain, unless by force of arms, the same exterior respect as was shown to a traditional dynasty. Indeed, the real rank of Republics was never fixed at all ; kings shrank from recognizing it, and the Congress of Vienna tried in vain to find a rule for it. It is only of late years, since

levelling tendencies have grown general, that all Republics, including even those of South America, have tacitly acquired the ceremonial rights which are accorded to other sovereign states. In Germany, however, which has now become the land of forms, unsettled difficulties continued to exist down to the suppression of the old confederation in 1866 ; the exact relative positions of the Grand Dukes and of the Elector of Hesse never having been determined, excepting as concerned their order of voting in the Diet, which left untouched "their rank in general, and their prerogatives outside the Diet."

Diplomatic ceremonial, which, at first, was but another form of manifesting the power of states through their representatives, remained during some three centuries the most conspicuous, if not the most important, part of ceremonial, in consequence of the incessant struggles for precedence between Ambassadors who sought to increase the importance of their employers by fighting for their own. The stories of their strifes are innumerable and amusing ; a few of them may usefully be told here, in order to show the furious nature of the fight, and the variousness of the measures that were adopted in order to attain success. When force could be safely used it was naturally the favourite solution, as being in harmony with the spirit of the times. The Spanish Envoy resorted to that means of obtaining priority of place when he attacked the carriage of the French Ambassador in the streets of London in 1661, hamstrung his horses and killed his men ; and then went on joyfully with the satisfying conviction that he had done his duty to his country, and that his rival could not get to court before him. In cases where milder action was momentarily employed, it was not unusual to stipulate, by previous arrangement, for absolute and exact equality in every detail. This was the plan selected when Mazarin and Don Luis de Haro met to settle the conditions of the marriage between Louis XIV. and Maria Theresa. In order to preserve the full dignity of their nations by yielding nothing to each other, the two Ministers stepped together, with the right foot, side by side, into a council chamber hung in corresponding halves with their respective colours, and sat down at the same instant precisely opposite each other at a critically square table, on two mathematically equivalent arm-chairs. In this case the previous bargain was honourably carried out ; but

it was not always so, for Bielfeld tells a story of two Envoys, one from Genoa and one from Brandenburg, who, being unable to come to terms as to which of them should present himself first to the French king, stipulated, that whoever reached Versailles soonest on the day of their reception should take precedence of the other. The cunning Prussian went down the night before the audience, and sat on a bench in the Palace until dawn. The Genoese, not suspecting this activity, arrived in the morning early, saw the Prussian, recognized that he was beaten, but with the perfidy which Italian proverbs attribute to the children of his native town, slipped surreptitiously through the door of the king's bedroom, which had been left ajar, and instantly commenced the requisite salutations. The German rushed indignantly after him, pulled him back by the skirts, and began pouring out his own harangue. Passive obstinacy was another weapon much employed. The best example which can be cited of it, is that of two Ambassadors who met face to face on the bridge at Prague, and stopped there for the entire day, because neither of them would disgrace his country by letting the other one go by. There are not many examples of the use of leaping, or of other personal gymnastics, as a means of supporting the rights of nations; but even that sort of proceeding was utilized, in 1768, at a court ball in London, where Ivan Czernicheff, Ambassador from Russia, sat down audaciously next to the Imperial Envoy, in the very place which belonged to the Comte de Châtelet-Lomon, representative of France. The latter came in a few minutes later, did not say a word, passed quietly behind the Russian, affected to sit down on a bench of the second row, and suddenly, with a bound, sprang in between his two colleagues, and in that way reconquered his legitimate position. A duel was the consequence of this, and Czernicheff was wounded, which was but justice, for his sovereign, Catherine II., had expressly recognized the supremacy of France six years before.

And if Ambassadors struggled, by all these means, for precedence between themselves, they were quite as ardent and as resolute in their attitude on the subject towards the Government to which they were accredited. The most celebrated asserter of ceremonial rights, in this aspect of the case, was Charles de Fériol, Marquis d'Argenthal, French Ambassador to the Porte at the end of the seven-

teenth century. Amongst other violent proceedings, he refused to give up his sword at audiences, although it was absolutely forbidden, since a Dervish had tried to murder Bajazet II., to appear armed in presence of the Grand Seigneur. He said, "Je déshonorerais le roi mon maître si je quittais mon épée." All the critics own, though evidently with sorrow and unwillingness, that Fériol was wrong in this pretension: for the question was not one of international ceremonial, but of local etiquette, which each court had an undisputed right to regulate as it liked. It may, however, be urged in favour of M. de Fériol, that he knew, by the experience of his predecessors at Constantinople, that the Turks were particularly exacting on points of etiquette, and that he therefore stood out for all he could obtain. The question of the *sopha*, for instance, had always been a difficulty at audiences of the Grand Vizier, the latter claiming the privilege of sitting on a higher seat than that attributed to foreign envoys. Guillerargues, another Plenipotentiary of France, persistently refused to concede this right, and carried on the contestation for five years, until it was settled in his favour. But when he at last sat down on the seat for which he had fought so long, the other side considered that it was disgraced for ever; and the Teshchifrat-Emini (what we call Master of the Ceremonies) mournfully put in a prayer to the Grand Vizier to be permitted to inscribe the fact as an odious exception in the archives of Turkey, exclaiming, in his anguish, "The Book of Ceremonies is no longer of any use; it may as well be burnt." Cases have occurred in which the entire diplomatic body has acted in unanimity for the protection of its rights. At a ball given at Versailles by Louis XV. in 1739, a special stand had been prepared for Ambassadors in the Salon d'Hercule. Soon after they were placed, the Comte de Clermont and the Prince de Dombes (princes of the blood) came and sat down on stools in front of the Ambassadors, who thereat grew so indignant that the Prince de Liechtenstein and the Marquis de la Minas, representatives of Austria and Spain, were prevented with much difficulty by their colleagues from making a public protestation then and there. The next day a collective letter, signed by the whole body, was addressed to the Foreign Minister, pointing out the highly grievous nature of the action of the two princes, which was "contrary to

ceremonial," and asking "to be tranquilized with reference to such novelties; for, in the contrary case, they would be forced to deprive themselves of the eagerness with which they had hitherto paid their court to his Majesty on such occasions" ("deprive themselves of the eagerness" is a phrase of the largest merit, which no one would be capable of inventing now).

All these are simple cases; they turn solely on formalities. It may therefore be as well to quote a more complicated example, in order to supply a type of another sort of difficulty. In 1787, when the King of Sweden raised the Baron de Sprengporten, his Minister at Copenhagen, to the rank of Ambassador at the same court, Sprengporten at once claimed, in virtue of his new position, precedence of Prince Charles of Hesse, who had married the King of Denmark's sister, and of the hereditary Prince of Holstein-Augustenburg, who had married the King's daughter. He based this demand on the habitual pretension of Ambassadors to refuse the *pas* to princes who were not "of the blood." He quoted the two examples of the Comte d'Estrades, French Ambassador at the Hague, who, in 1664, claimed and positively obtained precedence of the Prince of Orange, though, by his mother, he was grandson of a king; and of the Duchesse de Lavauguyon, wife of another French Ambassador at the same residence, who had refused to pay the first visit to the wife of the Stadtholder. A long and difficult negotiation resulted from Sprengporten's claim, which was at last settled by a compromise based on the double consideration that he represented a family allied to that of Denmark, and that, as he was the only envoy holding the rank of Ambassador at Copenhagen, he had not to fear that, if he yielded, he would damage his position towards his colleagues. For these motives it was agreed, as a sort of private compact and concession, which left the principle untouched, that Sprengporten should give way to princes who, though not themselves of royal blood, were married to princesses of the blood. This arrangement formed the subject of three detailed notes between Sprengporten and the Comte de Bernstorff, who was then Danish Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The greatest monarchs have often attached as much importance as their representatives to questions of this sort. Napoleon, particularly, never gave way

on any point where dignity or precedence could possibly be involved. We have already seen that at Campo Formio he stood up for the rights of France; as Emperor, he stood out in the same way for his own. His Book of Ceremonial still exists: it is as elaborate as that of Louis XIV., on which it was based, and almost more so than that of the Second Empire, for which it served as a model. When he was compiling it, he applied for information to many of the surviving members of the Bourbon court; and it was in reality with their aid that he made it up. But they were not all disposed to help him; for when he sent a messenger to the Princess of Chimay, who had been Lady of Honour to Marie Antoinette, asking her for details of the old etiquette, she replied, "Vous voudrez bien dire à l'Empereur que j'ai tout oublié, hors les bontés et les malheurs de celle que j'ai servie." Her refusal did not matter much, however; he framed his etiquette without her aid, assigning the first place to himself, not only when he was personally present, but wherever his name was used in print all over Europe. A curious proof of his tenacity of precedence occurred in 1808, when all the copies of the Almanach de Gotha, which had just been printed for the year, were seized and sent to Paris, because, by the old habit, always adopted in the volume, of arranging reigning houses alphabetically, the list began, not with Napoleon, but with the Anhalt Duchies. The Emperor absolutely refused to allow this, and the book had to be reprinted with his name on the first page.

The continual difficulties provoked by disputes between Ambassadors led the Congress of Vienna, at the end of 1814, to name a commission in order to fix "les principes à établir pour régler le rang entre les Couronnes et tout ce qui en est une conséquence." At the sitting of 9th February 1815, the report of this Commission — which proposed to divide nations into three degrees — was brought forward and discussed. Objections were made to the suggested classification, especially as to the position which the larger Republics ought to occupy; finally, the idea of regulating the relative status of all the Powers was abandoned as too difficult to realize, and the Congress limited itself to the less invidious task of determining the ranks of envoys. The present diplomatic precedence was thus created. The Act of 19th March 1815 divided diplomatic agents into three

classes : 1st, Ambassadors, Legates, and Nuncios ; 2d, Envoys or Ministers accredited to Sovereigns ; 3d, Chargés d'Affaires accredited to Ministers of Foreign Affairs. An intermediate category, that of Ministers resident, was added by a protocol of the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, on 21st November 1818. The ceremonial which now regulates the courtesies to be shown to each of these four ranks is not international but local, and throws us back to etiquette again ; for not only do no universal rules exist as to diplomatic honours, but there are no two states whose practice on the question is absolutely identical. The sovereign still fixes, in each country, the nature and degree of the distinctions which he is disposed to grant to the Ministers accredited to his person. For instance, there is no universal rule even for the presentation of letters of credence, though the general habit of European courts is that, when an envoy arrives at a new residence, he immediately announces his arrival to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the country, sending him a copy of his credentials, and requesting an audience : it is only after having seen the Minister that he can ask for an audience of the sovereign.

Solemn royal audiences are granted to Ambassadors alone. They are fetched to them by the introducer of Ambassadors, in court carriages, with six horses (as to the six horses there is unanimity between the states of Europe — it seems to be the one point on which they all agree), they are treated with military honours, are received by the sovereign in the throne-room, with the whole court around him, and exchange speeches with him. Directly the reception is terminated, the Ambassador is received by the Queen in another room. As soon as these royal audiences are over, he is conducted home again with the same ceremony. In some countries he waits there, in uniform, for the visit of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who comes officially within half an hour, in the name of the sovereign and in his own. There are, however, other countries — France, for instance — where the Ambassador calls upon the Minister again after the royal audience, and it is only after this second visit that the latter comes to him. Ministers plenipotentiary are received with less pomp and stateliness. They are usually admitted to the presence of the sovereign in his private room, with but two or three Ministers and a few court

officers around him. Sometimes the ceremony takes place in a large drawing-room, but never in the throne-room, which is reserved for Ambassadors alone. At Constantinople there is a special habit : Ministers do not deliver their credentials to the Sultan himself (as Ambassadors do), but hand them to the Grand Vizier, in presence of the Sultan. All those dull details are enumerated here, not because they possess the slightest novelty or interest, but because they show that as regards these particular practices our actual civilization is very nearly as precise as were the courts of Spain or Austria in the great days of etiquette. In this one respect we resemble the Bourbons of 1814, — we have “learnt nothing and forgotten nothing.” And monarchs still continue to maintain the old tradition in their receptions of the diplomatic body on state occasions : in England at courts, drawing-rooms, and levees ; on the Continent, on the sovereign's *fête*-day, or on the 1st of January. These receptions are called *Cercles Diplomatiques*, — a denomination which is supposed to date from the brilliant period of Versailles ; it is at these “Circles” that *chargés d'affaires*, councillors, secretaries, and *attachés* are presented.

As soon as an arriving Minister has been officially received by the Chief of the State, he pays visits to all the other members of the *Corps Diplomatique* ; but if he be an Ambassador, he notifies to his colleagues the fact that he has presented his credentials, and waits for their first visit, which he returns in person to Ambassadors, and by card to Ministers. There are, however, differences of rule in different countries ; and it is usual for a new-comer (unless his secretaries can instruct him) to privately consult the senior Ambassador as to the exact forms to be adopted. All Envoys take precedence in each class between themselves, according to the date of the official notification of their arrival at their post. Other details are regulated by adopting or perpetuating the old etiquette. The place of honour in all ceremonies — “the honourable point,” as the authors call it — is, as it used to be, in the centre, and each member of the ambassadorial group should strictly place himself round the centre according to his rank. But, in practice, the Nuncio (where there is one) and the Ambassadors take the centre, and the other Envoys stand anyhow, in the order or disorder diplomatically called “*pêle-mêle*.” If Ambassadors are sitting

at a table, or in a conference, "the honourable point" is opposite the door. The right is always more honourable than the left, except in Turkey, where the left is the noble side. An Ambassador still has the privilege — though he no longer uses it — of putting on his hat in the presence of the sovereign when he reads his reception speech.

The order in which names and signatures appear in treaties and other public documents used to be determined by the precedence of the states concerned; but this involved such interminable disputes that other systems were suggested, and, so long ago as 1718, at the signature of the Quadruple Alliance, each Power signed first the copy which was to remain in its own possession. At Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, the contracting parties each signed one copy for each of the others. Another system, which was at one time a good deal used, called "alternat," was first employed for the treaty between France and Austria in 1756, in which each Power was named first and signed first alternately. Finally, the present plan of alphabetical order (according to the French alphabet) was adopted. It would be useless to go on citing other examples of actual diplomatic ceremonial, for all are equally minute and unamusing. Happily most of the details are diminishing perceptibly in importance; and though some sort of ceremony will always have to be maintained as long as embassies are needed, it looks as if our children would see the end of many of the odd fashions which are still in force.

Maritime Ceremonial is by far the noblest element of the entire subject, for, however futile it may seem at first, it has, at all events, the real merit of representing an idea — that of homage to a Power represented by its flag. It has always occupied an important place amongst the exterior signs by which nations manifest respect and courtesy towards each other, and it long ago became so essential a mark of international deference that many wars have resulted from its non-observance. Some of the acts of which it is composed have been stipulated by treaties; ancient usage has given force to others; but it is quite evident that, in its origin, it was nothing but an obligatory recognition of the claim of certain states to the sovereignty of the sea, and that what has become, in our time, a simple sign of reciprocal politeness, was once, as Calvo justly says, "a testimony of humiliating inferiority on the part of the

state which had to offer it." England has naturally been one of the great promoters of this class of ceremonial, and has frequently endeavoured to enforce it as a proof of the admission by other Powers of the jurisdiction over the high seas which she once pretended to possess.

The theory on which maritime ceremonial was primitively based was that naval as well as military salutes should render the saluter temporarily powerless. Thus, firing guns, or dropping sword-points, or presenting arms, symbolically deprived the ship or soldiers of all power of aggression for the moment: dipping colours and lowering sails and manning yards all present the same idea of respectful innocuity. In early times salutes were given in the open sea: between vessels of equal rank or rights they consisted only in a certain number of cannon-shots. But in cases of inequality — and with the finely shaded differences which formerly existed, these cases were the more numerous — the inferior side had to add some additional sign of deference, — to lower or hoist its flag, to furl its upper sails, or to change its tack, according to the exigencies of the case. The relative significations of these various forms is clearly indicated by a writer in the "Encyclopédie Maritime," who says, "Le salut du canon est majestueux, celui du pavillon plié est humble, si on l'amène tout bas il est de la plus grande humilité, et même avilissant." England was quite aware of this; so in the time of James I. she insisted that her maritime supremacy should be recognized by the instant disappearance of the flags and sails of all other ships, English vessels showing their opinion of their own importance by offering no kind of recognition in return. Of course this vexed other countries, and provoked resistance from such of them as were strong enough to risk it. It is true that Philip II. had introduced this sort of action some time before by ordering all Spanish ships to refuse to salute any foreign vessel, and to fight and go to the bottom rather than give way; and that, in his tremendous pride, he had even forbidden his captains to lower his flag in any foreign port. Encouraged by this example, France soon afterwards gave precisely similar instructions to her fleet; and it was while these instructions were in force that Sully raised the fury of his Government by lowering the French colours to an English squadron when he was on his voyage to England as Ambassador. This last event brought about so bitter a

discussion between the two Governments, that, at last, as the best way out of it, an Order in Council was issued, telling English officers either to avoid French ships altogether, or to stipulate for a simultaneous salute. The French Government imitated this solution, but it was of course impossible to practically maintain it in force: so in 1689, when Louis XIV. was in all his glory, he dealt with the matter afresh, in the old way, by once more requiring his officers to oblige the vessels of every other state to salute them first, wherever they might be. This ordinance was one of the causes of the war which broke out in the same year between France and England, and did not finish till the peace of Ryswyck in 1697.

In the eighteenth century a change took place; the hauling down of flags of weaker powers was, by degrees, no longer claimed. Russia and Sweden agreed in 1721, by the treaty of Nystadt, that their war-ships should meet on a footing of equality, and that vessels of both nations should give the first salute to ports or fortresses of the other. This example was followed; distinctions began to disappear, though, as a consequence of the old theory of royal honours, the ships of monarchies still continued to claim the first salute from the vessels and even from the ports of a Republic. At last, in 1787, France and Russia agreed by treaty that "henceforth salutes shall no longer take place at sea." The same stipulation was soon after introduced into the conventions between the courts of St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and Copenhagen, and later on, into successive treaties between Russia and the two Sicilies and Portugal. We may consequently thank Russia for having been the first to introduce a total change into the character of maritime ceremonial, and to give to it its present character of equality.

The opinions of the publicists on the condition of the question since 1815 may be summed up as follows:

1. All sovereign states are equal in everything that concerns Maritime Ceremonial.
2. Salutes are obligatory on no one; they are pure acts of courtesy.
3. If a salute is not returned, explanations may be asked for, but no hostile action can be taken.
4. If two ships salute in the open sea, the inferior officer should begin.
5. Ships carrying Sovereigns, Princes, or Ambassadors, always receive the first salute.

6. All these conditions apply to war-ships only; merchant vessels owe no salute at all.

In addition to these general rules as between ships and ships, there is the habit which prescribes that every vessel arriving in a foreign port shall salute the flag on anchoring. The salute between ships and land is never personal, it is exclusively international; and the older books contain enraptured chapters on it, full of beautiful language about "deference to the foreign soul." Translated into an intelligible sentence, this means that in the opinion of their authors (it scarcely need be said that they are German) a salute to the flag of another country is imaginatively addressed to the inner self, the soul, the *âme*, the *seele* of that country. Salutes to persons of whatever rank do not excite the emotions of these eager jurists as homage to the flag does: the former provokes their close but critical attention; the latter excites their nobler aspirations, and leads them on, through fog, to poetry. They exaggerate inconceivably, they talk prodigious nonsense; but the idea which tempts them is, in itself, sound, solid, and attractive: there is a real justification for the admiration they express of the incarnation of a nation in its colours, and of the sentiment of honour which attaches to such emblems. What a pity it is that they have not all talked about it in a sane spirit and in comprehensible grammar! it is the one reasonable part of their entire subject; it is the single element of ceremonial which appeals to our heads and our hearts; so, naturally, they have composed greater twaddle about it than on all the rest together.

International salutes—from flag to flag—are returned by an exactly corresponding number of shots, while those to officers or functionaries vary, on both sides, with the degree of rank. In addition to these manifestations of courtesy on arrival in a port (to which might be added all the ceremonial as to visits between officers), it is usual for vessels to associate themselves—unless there be some political reason to the contrary—with every public demonstration of mourning or rejoicing which may occur while they are in a foreign port. If, for such purposes, officers go on shore officially, their precedence is determined by their grade, and, for each grade, by the order in which they reached the anchorage.

Each nation has promulgated regula-

tions of its own for the guidance of its naval officers on all these questions. The English rules are laconic and inexplicit; those of France (the present edition of these dates only from 1868) are very precise and clear; those of the United States are singularly minute. With reference to these last it may be observed, as an odd fact, that while the American President is saluted by his own fleets with a fixed number of twenty-one guns, the official salute of the United States to foreigners is made up of as many shots as there are states in the Confederation (forty at this moment). The Spanish rules—which date from 1838—indicate in substance that Spanish ships are to do what other vessels do, which reminds one of the practices of a hundred years ago. But all these ordinances prescribe, without exception, that no salute is ever to be given unless it is quite certain that it will be regularly returned.

Still, however general be the present application of these habits, it must be repeated that they are now in no way obligatory;—at least, that is the distinct opinion of the majority of modern authors. Phillimore, however, argues that “maritime ceremonials can be claimed as recognitions of sovereignty when the sea is subject to the sovereign who claims them.” This sovereignty, according to a usage which has acquired the force of law, extends to a maritime league (three miles) from low-water mark; and within that distance Phillimore considers that salutes are not optional but obligatory. The limit of three miles was originally chosen because it was supposed to represent the range that a cannon-ball could cover. Bynkershoek, who is the oldest authority on maritime questions, says, in colloquial modern Latin, “*terræ dominium finitur ubi finitur armorum vis.*” Lord Stowell has confirmed this theory by the phrase, “in the sea, out of the reach of cannon-shot, universal use is presumed.” And the adoption of this distance as the limit of jurisdiction is not dependent solely on ancient custom; there is at least one treaty—that of 1795 between France and Tunis—which stipulates it formally, and others might perhaps be found if they were looked for. The United States and England practically extend this notion farther still, for both of them have enacted that their Customs Laws are in vigour to a distance of four leagues from the coast, within which area no transhipment of merchan-

dise can take place without payment of duty. Phillimore furthermore contends that maritime ceremonial is also obligatory in the portion of the open sea actually occupied by a fleet,—“that portion being, during the period of the occupation, under the dominion of the state represented by the fleet, as the temporary occupation of a foreign territory by an army places it, for the time, under the dominion of the state which the army represents.” There is a subtilty about this notion which makes one suspect it was not invented by a British mind: such imaginary theories as this are usually hatched beyond the Rhine. Let us hope, out of respect for Sir Robert Phillimore, that he simply copied the conception from a trans-Rhenan quarto.

Certain nations claim maritime honours in “particular seas,”—that is to say, in waters of which they profess to hold the jurisdiction, irrespective of the limit of a league, as Venice did in the Adriatic, and Genoa in the Ligurian Sea; as Denmark once did over the Arctic seas to within four miles of Iceland and fifteen miles of Greenland; as she now does in the Sound; and as Great Britain has never ceased to do in what are called “the narrow seas” around her coasts. Grotius and Bynkershoek, the advocates of “the free sea,” of course deny that any such powers can be claimed; while Selden and Blackstone, the supporters of the “closed sea” theory, maintain the contrary. It looks as if the latter were likely to be right; for the position of Denmark in the Sound has been recognized by so many treaties that it is difficult to regard it either as unjust or as in antagonism with the law of nations; while England has immemorial usage in her favour, for she has invariably claimed jurisdiction in her “four seas,” and she distinctly vindicated the right in the reign of Charles I. But even if the attribution of jurisdiction were as complete and undisputed in these seas as it is inside English ports, it in no way follows that it would entail the obligation to salute within their limits: if saluting is a free and voluntary act of courtesy—and it is only in that aspect that it is worthy of respect—it cannot be enforced anywhere; and consequently these sovereign rights, be they imaginary or real, have no connection with the question.

The Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle recommended that all doubts on the subject of maritime ceremonial should be removed by a general convention between

the Powers ; but nothing has been done. Time, however, settles questions gradually, without treaties ; certain habits become as strong as Acts of Parliament ; others change their character or their object ; new ones spring up wherever they are needed. Even the vexed point of the nationality of ships at sea, which was once furiously disputed, and which introduced many complications into ceremonial, settled itself peaceably at last, and but few people now suspect that there ever was a doubt about it. Hautefeuille has summed up the controversy with respect to it in lucid language, and those who wish to know the arguments on both sides should read his chapter on the subject. All we need say about it here is, that if ships at sea did not continue to form an integral portion of the country to which they belong, there could be no such thing as maritime ceremonial.

Military Ceremonial has no existence in the sense which we are pursuing here. The reason is evident enough : armies are not like ships ; they go abroad in war time only, when foreigners do not show them courtesy — on the contrary.

All these things have a strange mouldy perfume of ancient times and ancient thoughts ; they do not fit in with our ideas and our practices of to-day. They may excite admiration and approbation amongst people who continue to believe in divine right, and amongst writers who seek to adorn their names with reputation by re-editing Vattel in a nineteenth-century form. But facts are stronger than the enthusiasm of the first or the ambition of the second, and facts are slowly driving out ceremonial. It is becoming a faded subject : it is ceasing to appeal to either the prejudices or the convictions of our epoch ; it no longer represents a necessity, an obligation, or a duty ; it has distinctly entered into the phase of odd antiquity. If it were not still amusing, it would have no claim to be spoken of at all.

Let us end by quoting the opinion of other people in the matter, and by shifting on to strong shoulders the responsibility of the irreverent ideas which have been here expressed. Marmontel's notion was, " Moquons nous de l'Étiquette, et du sot qui l'inventa." Voltaire said, " Les détails concernant les rangs sont le plus mince objet de l'histoire, et tous les détails des querelles excitées par les préséances sont les archives de la petitesse plutôt que de la grandeur." And, in the mortal weariness of her greatness,

Madame de Maintenon exclaimed, " Il n'y a pas dans les couvents d'austérités pareilles à celles auxquelles l'Étiquette de la cour assujettit les grands." She, at all events, had a right to an opinion, and we may accept, without hesitation, her view of these little subjects with great names.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SPANISH LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE INTERIOR, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1873.

LETTER I.

ENGLISH people, who glean their ideas of Spanish life and character from a sojourn at Madrid or Malaga, Gibraltar or Seville, know strangely little of the real state of education and social life in the less-visited towns of the interior.

When I arrived at Gibraltar on my way to the secluded town from which I write, I was warned not to attempt to return to Cadiz, as the line was cut, and that city "in a state of siege." Malaga was "in a condition very little better." However, I went on by sea to Malaga, hardly knowing — indeed, I should say, very doubtful whether or no I should be able to take train into the interior. At Malaga the first token of "La Republica Democratica Federal" was a string of red-capped Voluntarios, who had taken the place of the ordinary Custom officials. They boarded our steamer, headed by their captain, and with fixed bayonets marched up to the breakfast-table on deck to confer with our captain. They seemed but ill armed, and wore no uniform, save the scarlet flannel cap, peaked over the eyes, of which every shop window was full. Some had old fowling-pieces, some Enfield rifles, some the Snider. They seemed restless, and haggard, and indeed, one of them told me, as we smoked a cigarette together, that he was dissatisfied with his Government, his faith — in a word, with everything. Our captain, a hearty Englishman, who did not like arms at his breakfast-table, good-humouredly asked them to "unfix bayonets." This the poor fellows did, after a moment's demur, with a hearty laugh. Afterwards, I met these same men at the Custom House, and they passed my luggage unopened, in remembrance of our cigar and chat together, and behaved most courteously. This was my first introduction to the Intransigentes. Next day, two thousand Malaguanese

Voluntarios, who had been to proclaim the independence of Seville, entered the town, preceded by their band, and four cannon. They, too, were ill armed, and only distinguished from civilians by the red cap; they promenaded the street in triumph for some time, and at a bugle call dispersed at once, each man going to his own home. In two hours Malaga was quiet as ever, and not an armed man seen in its streets. The only active measure taken on that day was the issuing of the order for every Nun to leave her convent in twenty-four hours, which time of grace was readily extended, at the request of the English and American Consuls, to six days.

Starting up-country, *viâ* Cordoba, I was reminded only too sadly of the unhappy state of sunny, beautiful Spain. The corn, over-ripe, was ungathered in; at each small station stood, with fixed bayonets, a couple of Guardas Civiles. No words of mine can describe the alternate beauty and savage grandeur of the route from Malaga to Cordoba. From Malaga to Alova, the wild, semi-cultivated slopes stretched out far as the eye could see, reminding one, here and there, of the Wiltshire Downs on a grand scale; but at Alova, a lovely town of some 8,000 people, the fertile plains of Andalusia Abaga (Andalusia the lower) suddenly spread around us in all their beauty, lit up by the beams of the morning sun—the orange, the vines crowning slope after slope, the full palm-tree, and the olive-patches dotting the landscape far and near; field after field separated by hedges of prickly pear, and groups of aloes here and there, completely enchained and fascinated heart and soul, and one forgot the sorrows of one's new country, and her strife and her bloodshed, in looking on her beauty and her grace.

Suddenly all was changed—vineyards, olives, trees, were all but as a dim mist of blue far behind, and we had entered on a scene of more savage grandeur than the Alps, the Pyrenees, or the Tyrol. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the country, after crossing the Guadalhorce near Bogantes station. Far and wide there is nothing but naked rock; you look up, peak after peak of granite towers up above the line and cuts its rugged way into the deep clear blue, while to your left, seen here and there through the holes of the rock, the Guadalhorce, increased and fed by one cascade after another, foams and dashes along over its huge granite boulders. The line goes

through tunnel after tunnel in swift succession, until the far-famed viaduct at Bogantes is passed at a foot's pace.

The chief spot of interest is the "Hoyo," or gorge, with the river foaming at its side as just described. This magnificent scenery is but a short distance from Bogantes station, and is called here "the pass of the Guadalhorce." It is hardly more than fifty miles from Malaga, and I can only wonder that the artist's hand and pencil are not busy here year by year, where all is so intensely new, and almost untrodden ground.

Let me pass on to the end of my journey. The road, save for the beautiful ridge of the Sierra Morena, just tinged by the setting sun; and the silver Guadalquivir—winding among its here treeless hills—was treeless, barren, and devoid of beauty. Late at night I arrived at my destination, and was only too glad to turn off to rest.

What struck me most, at first, was the wretched state of the streets, which is common to the towns of the interior; they have no pavement, but have at some remote period been "pitched" with huge stones, many of which have gone, leaving holes a foot deep. All travelling is accomplished on horse or donkey-back: or in springless mule carts, which jolt one to pieces. These carts are covered with bamboo canes, with a sacking at each end; the bottom is simply a piece of ordinary matting stretched over the iron bars that join the wheels. But, to say truth, there *is* hardly any communication between town and town. Villages, country houses, farm-houses absolutely have no existence, owing to the unsafe state of the country. The farmers live in the towns, and gather their wheat and garvancos (a sort of pea) into the camera, or attic, at the top of the house.

Walking out the next morning, I heard in the distance the well-known strains of the Marseillaise, played in the most lively way by a brass band, and presently a tiny coffin, swung between four boys, came round the corner: the coffin of a little fair-haired child of some seven summers, laid out in blue paper, with a glass lid to show its peaceful face. A crowd of boys, cutting capers, singing and shouting, ran before it, while close behind, at a swinging pace, and playing their loudest and liveliest, came the band I had heard; behind them, four abreast, walked fifty or sixty young men, chiefly of the mining or artisan class. This ceremony is peculiar to this part of Spain, and has only exist-

ed since the Republic was formed. It is called a "civil funeral." The ceremony is simple enough; the band (of advanced Republicans) marches to the house whence the funeral is to come, and forms in a semicircle around the door, with all the followers; they then march to the cemetery, play one last lively Republican air, in token that the innocent has gone to a better country, and is safe "en manos de Dios," leaving the little flimsy coffin on one of the stones, until the grave digger can find time to inter it. The law in other days was, that no funeral should take place without a priest, but this was repealed by the Republic, and permission given to all to bury with or without a religious ceremony. It is sad, I must confess, to witness such a spectacle; it is a defiance of the religion of their fathers, from men who absolutely have no faith at all to cling to in its place. Strangely enough, I have never seen a grown-up person buried with a civil funeral. The most striking part of a Spanish funeral, is the number of those who follow. Every friend of the bereaved family, every distant relation, those in the same street, and all who knew the dead man, leave their work and follow him to his last resting-place. No women ever follow; no special mourning seems to be used.

A few days after my arrival I was introduced to the Mayor of the town, himself an Intransigente, but not an ultra-red. Here is the blot of the Spanish Republic, that there "are Republicans *and* Republicans;" the moderates are divided, the ultras are divided, and they will not, even in face of the ruin of their country, unite. This man, Intransigente himself, saw the danger to our town from his advanced brethren of the same order—men who live in the mountains of the Morena, whose one idea is equality of property, and the dividing of their country into countless small "cantones," or states, and who descend on any town at will,—which is ungarrisoned,—and simply demand and receive from the frightened inhabitants any sum they choose to name. I should say that during the summer our town had absolutely no garrison at all. The Alcalde, to his honour be it spoken, equipped and armed, and kept at his own expense, some three hundred Voluntarios, to defend the property of his fellow townsmen, English and Spanish, from the descent of the insurgents. Nightly they walked the town, and guarded the threshing floors

from fire. One night the rumour was spread, "The Intransigentes from the Sierra are in the town." Yes. They had descended to the number of fifteen or twenty, and were drinking in the very *fonda* I had occupied a few nights before. They had come to levy contributions, and to proclaim our town an independent canton. You, in England, would have taken them prisoners at once, with a force of three hundred men to support you. We, however—that is, our authorities—did no such thing. Let me tell you what befell them.

At midnight the Voluntarios marched down to the *fonda*: armed they were to the teeth; behind them followed a string of mules and donkeys. At one o'clock that morning some fifteen or twenty men on beasts of burden, guarded on each side by a string of red-capped Voluntarios, marched out of the town, and were taken to a spot twelve miles off, and—shot?—no—but simply told to dismount, and not enter our city's walls again! I asked one of the authorities *why* this was so? "Why," said he, gravely and sadly, "for aught I know those very men's party may hold the reins of government to-morrow, and some of them being men of position, may themselves be liberated, and hold office." "And then?" said I. "Why, *then*, where would I be?"

This little visit of gentlemen from the Morena, however, bore fruit afterwards, in a way we little expected. One night I passed at twelve o'clock up the dark and silent street in which the barracks of the Voluntarios stood. I had always been glad to see the gleam of their sentry's bayonet, and the red tips of their cigarillos, as the guard sat waiting for any fire or other emergency, and smoked the night away. To-night the barrack-door was closed; the sentry absent; the barracks deserted. I could not think what it meant. Next morning the town was in a ferment. The main body of our trusty defenders, arms and all, had marched boldly through the streets the evening before, openly announcing their intention to join the Intransigentes in the Sierra, and once more our town was undefended.

A strange picture then presented itself. Spanish families, in some cases, sent for their employés, from olive farm and mine, to come in nightly to the *casas*, and act as body guards. In the house next to my own, some twenty men armed sat throughout the night around and within the *casa* of their master, and drove away

alarm with frequent copas de vino, and the tinkle of guitar, as light feet danced the fandango until morning dawned. Arms were carried by hundreds in the streets and the Piazza; journeying outside the wall was at an end.

One morning, I was standing at the open window, looking out on the olive groves and withered plains, waiting for breakfast, and enjoying the cool morning air; suddenly, the maid who had gone for the fruit and bread for our early meal, entered the room with outspread hands. "What is the matter now?" I asked. "Mucha génte, mucha génte en la Piazza," was her excited answer, pointing out of window towards the olive groves. Scanning the avenues with my glass, I saw a little band of sixty or eighty men under arms. These were none other than our friends who had deserted a few nights before. Finding provisions run short in the Sierra, they had made a descent at early morn on the Piazza (where the market is held), and taken ample stores of bread, fruit, and meat; and were now almost within gun-shot of the town, calmly smoking their cigarillos and dividing the spoil.

Seven or eight hours after, a flying column of General Pavia's army, some 2,000 strong, bringing back peace to Andalusia, passed over the very spot where the deserters had stood, and entered the town, to restore order! They had come, flushed with victory, from the storming of Seville. Next day an edict went forth that all fire-arms should be delivered to the troops, under pain of punishment; the soldiers entered any disaffected house, and two mule-carts, piled with our townsmen's arms, went away with the troops.

I can hardly tell you how far behind the age, in civilization, are these towns in the interior. The streets unpaved and unlighted, save here and there with an oil lamp; children up to the age of nine and ten constantly running about the streets stark-naked,—not however *girls*; in a town of thirty thousand people not a single book-shop, the only books, chiefly of a religious order, being procurable *once a year* at the "feria," or annual fair. It may amuse you, however, to know that the first three books that met my eye were translations of Scott's "Guy Man-nering," the Bible (in Spanish, of course), and a copy of "Regula Clari." Again, people talk much of Spanish ladies; and certainly the higher classes are in some cases very beautiful, and in their grace-

ful mantillas, trailing dresses, and stately walk have no equal, but they are strangely uneducated, and their musical powers very slender; still, the Spanish women, as a rule, are good, really religious, very affectionate mothers, very generous friends. But there are no schools, and hardly any governesses, so how *can* they learn?

Let me here, as one who is neither Carlist nor Republican, nor a bigot in religion, but who simply wishes well to a country where he has received kindness from all parties, pay a passing tribute to the large-heartedness of the Spaniards. A few weeks since I was in a difficulty, and appealed to a passing stranger, a Spanish fondista (hotel-keeper) for help. The help required was readily and freely given, and, as I shook the hand of my generous friend at parting, I thanked him warmly for his help, and inquired who and what he was. "Never mind what I am," was the ready answer; "Protestant or Catholic, Republican or Carlist, you stood in need of help, and *we are brothers because we are Christians.*"

LETTER II.

YOU cannot think how entirely different Spanish domestic life is from what it is in England, nor would you credit it were I to tell you how rough and rude is the life of the lower—how ephemeral and purposeless the pursuits of the higher classes.

Let us take a glimpse of family life in the middle class. The Spanish houses are built chiefly of the hard but porous sand or iron-stone, quarries of which abound in the interior; they have some ten or twelve rooms, all of which are paved with stone, or large tiles, for in this country of dust and burning heat—the thermometer has varied from 87° to 95° throughout the summer—no carpets seem to be used, save just in one room, in the heart of the winter. The stable is at the back of the house, and horses, mules, and carriages all pass through the hall just as do the inmates of the house. I have often been taking a "refresco" with the señor and his sposa in the hall, and we have had to move the little table to let the servant and his mules pass through! Every morning the "creada," or Spanish maid-servant, takes her watering-pot, and carefully lays the dust, and cools the room with an abundant sprinkling of aqua fresca. At early morn the master rises, and his little cup of chocolati, an

egg, and a slice of melon await him in the sala, or large sitting-room—to English eyes a most comfortless place; very large, stone-flagged, with a few massive chairs, walls painted in the rudest way, and one large table in the midst. The rooms, owing to the heat, are always kept darkened by means of closed shutters throughout the day: some of the windows have glass, some not: but all are strongly protected, without exception, by a strong cage of massive ironwork outside. The señora has her chocolati in her bedroom, at the open window, enjoying the fresh morning breeze.

All the Spaniards rise as a rule at five or six in the summer to enjoy the only enjoyable time of the summer day; at one o'clock they have dinner—the comida—and after that follows the two hours' siesta in a darkened room. Evening then draws on, the delicious night-breeze rises and blows freshly from the hills, and the ladies go out in groups to the alamedo for the passao, or walk. Such is the Spanish lady's day. She has, however, her creadas to look after: and, above all, her dresses to make, or superintend, and her graceful mantilla to arrange. It is quite a striking sight to pass down the streets from six to eight at night, and see the graceful carriage of the head, and the stately upright walk of the Spanish ladies, with their long white dresses trailing behind them in a cloud of dust: how they manage to walk over the rough, unpaved, uneven streets without a trip is a mystery. At about ten all retire to rest, to rise up refreshed for another uneventful day.

As regards the master of the house, he really seems to have but one interest in life, and that is, Politics. He may ride out to view his olive farm, or his mine: and you will certainly meet him in his shop, his casino, or his friend's casa, smoking the inevitable cigarillo, and chatting, or making a bargain. But there is absolutely no reading of any sort, not even a book of the calibre of a three volume novel. Politics, politics, are everything to him, and of politics he seems never to tire. I was but yesterday talking with a friend here, a professional man, one who would give up all for the sake of "his cause," and during the whole weary evening we seemed to have nothing in common. At last I bethought myself of the unfailing subject, and said, "What is your opinion of Señor Castelar's enforcing the penalty of death again?" In a moment all was changed:

his look of utter apathy had given place to the keenest enthusiasm, and knocking the cigarillo out of his mouth, he said, with flashing eyes, and flushed cheeks, "Castelar is a statesman, a poet, and an orator; he knows and says that, in desperate cases, desperate remedies must be applied; so he does right for awhile to enforce once more capital punishment in our army; for me, I am a Republican of Republicans, and I consider capital punishment opposed to the true spirit of Christianity. I desire nothing for my country but to see her sons free; free to serve their God as they like, as their unfettered conscience tells them; freedom in their families; freedom from slavery in their colonies; *that* is the wish of Heaven; that is my wish also."

You will say, what, then, are the pleasures of the Spaniards? I asked that question too, and received for answer, shooting in the "sierra"; a pic-nic in the "campo"; the annual "ferias" (fairs); and the "bano del rio" (river bath).

It was a piping hot evening in July last, and we were all in this house fairly exhausted with the long unbroken drought and heat, when my friend said, "Let us join the ladies to-morrow, and get a bath in the river." The thought of any change to break the monotony of daily life, especially by the coolness of a bathe in the Guadalquivir, was tempting, and I thankfully accepted the proposal. We had a long ride (three miles) across the "campo," or open country, to get to the river, so it was arranged that we should ride down thither at sunrise, four o'clock, the following morning, the señoras going in a springless covered cart before us.

Before the sun broke into view we were in the saddle, after swallowing a glass of aquadiente, a kind of cognac and aniseed, the spirit of the Interior. I shall never forget the wildness of the ride. The morning was quite grey, and a chilly air blowing from the hills, as we passed outside the town walls, and entered upon the threshing-floors. These threshing-floors are simply strips of dusty land where the corn is brought and threshed; day by day, all round the town, the unmuzzled oxen are seen treading out the corn; and boys driving tiny little carriages, with wooden spikes, among the rich full ears, round and round the floors; as soon as all is threshed it is stored in sacks, and carried into the camera, or granary, at the top of each house; and the pága, or loose straw-

chaff, piled up for the horses' and mules' provender, for Andalusian horses know no taste of hay. As we passed the floors, the guards, gun in hand, were slowly rising up, like ghosts, from their bed of straw, rubbing their eyes, and lighting their cigarillos. These men, who are generally old dependents of the owners, live all day and night on the floors, and one of them told me his health was better in the two months of that duty than all the year round. Huge dogs, too, were sharing in the duties of the guards, barking at our early footsteps, but never presuming — so well were they trained — to cross over the boundary line of their own "floor."

The ride across the "campo," or open country, was not interesting. It consists here of far-stretching wastes upon wastes, treeless but not barren, for corn, and peas, and oats have been reaped therefrom in *our* months of May and June. There are no sign-posts; and the roads are mere tracks, which the fierce rains of winter obliterate. They are knee-deep in fine-dust, and, unless careful, you step into a "crack" and sprain your ankle. The only objects of interest I saw were the enormously high thistles, often twelve or fourteen feet high, covering what were just now corn-fields; and a cloud of white vultures from the Sierra Morena alighting to breakfast on the carcase of an ox which had dropped dead. The only persons we passed were the men and women with their donkeys, laden with fruit for the early morning's market in the piazza, who saluted us, one and all, with sleepy looks of wonder, and the inevitable Spanish salutation, "Vaya usted con Dios" — *Anglicè*, "Good-bye — God be with you, on your journey."

At last the three weary miles of dust and thistles was over, and the beautiful, silver Guadalquivir — here not far from its source — showed before and beneath us. Just as we came within sight of its silver windings the haze of grey and purple broke away from the sierra, and you saw in a moment the cloud turn into a jagged edge of dark brown rugged hills, and the whole river and landscape become one mass of hot crimson light. Just as I was gazing at the barren magnificence of the prospect, my companion called out, "Mind where you are riding to!" and as I looked sharply round, I saw that we had got on to a narrow sloping path, not five feet wide. On the right rose up great boulders of granite rock; far above, half shut out, was the

sky of fast-deepening blue; on my left was a tremendous chasm, the bed of a mountain torrent now dry, sixty to two hundred feet in sheer depth, running down to the "rio"!

At last we were at the river; and for the first time I stood on the banks of the far-famed Guadalquivir. Our bathing-place and our method were as follows: First we unsaddled our horses, put a halter on them, and gladly they plunged into our bathing-place to enjoy the bath. I stood still to see the place. A magnificent view it was. A few miles in front, stretching farther than eye could reach, lay the serrated edges of the Sierra Morena. In the river bed all was fertile and green; and all along its peaceful banks, and overhanging its waters, were the beautiful rose-pink oleanders, the "lilies of the valley" of well-loved story. An old mill-house, with its clumsy wheel, and a couple of pomegranates, shaded one corner of this part of the river, and under their shade, sitting up to their shoulders in the water, on the huge round boulders of which the bottom of the river is composed, were groups of Spanish ladies! Truly it *was* a pretty sight. They sat, as though on chairs, clothed to the neck in bathing gowns of the gaudiest colours — red, grey, yellow, and blue; and holding in one hand their umbrellas, and with the other hand fanning themselves, they formed a most picturesque group.

Just above them we were fain to undress, and tumble in; and we too, like them, sat down on the boulder chairs (the river was not above four or five feet deep), and lazily allowed the fast-flowing yellow stream — it is *full* of iron and sulphur — to soothe our skin and nerves, and give us strength and coolness.

I thought the bathing promiscuously was enough; but suddenly I heard shouts on the further bank, and a crowd of muleteers and mules came down the rocky incline, for *their* morning's bath. In a moment two of the men were undressed, and mules and men struggling about in the yellow water. I narrowly escaped being struck with the front hoof of one of the former. They, like ourselves, sat in the cool current for one hour, then slowly left the rio, and crawled up the bank. For ourselves — ladies and men — we spread our "mantas" (rugs) on the sandy bank, and slowly dressed.

"Will you not bathe once more this summer," said I to a Spanish lady. "No,

indeed not," was the answer. "I have had my baths up to the *odd number*." What her especial odd number was I know not; but all the Spaniards have a fixed number of baths, beyond which they think it wrong to go; and in all cases it must be, they believe, for health's sake, an odd number!

LETTER III.

LET me recur for a moment to two points already mentioned.

Since giving the description of a ceremony which is common to a very few towns in the interior, and is called a "civil funeral," another, equally significant, has come under my notice. Like the before-mentioned, it is confined, I fancy, to the lower orders and those of very extreme opinions — it is a ceremony known as a "civil christening." The sympathizers march, as before, with their brass band to the house of the newly-born infant, and, after playing a succession of Republican tunes over it, the spokesman of the party names it by some expressive name, as "Liberty," or "Equality," and the like. With this the ceremony is complete. The significance of such a proceeding, as pointing out the march of things, is only too painfully obvious. The mockery of calling it a "Christening" is almost calculated, were it not too sad a subject to joke upon, to provoke a smile. Speaking to a Spaniard on this subject, she said: "Why, I said to these people, 'You can never make a child a Christian by playing a tune over it,' and the listeners merely smiled."

The next point to which I recur is the Spanish love for politics. It may be interesting to give a short account, while on this subject, of some of the tiny photographs, sold at two or three pence apiece, with which, during a horse-fair lately held at a town in the interior, the sides of the booths were studded. Here is one: A group of gentlemen, in full dress, are standing round a female figure with flaming torch in one hand and a sword in the other — "Liberty." Around her head is a halo of lustre, and above it the words "Españoles! el rey es imposible." On her breast is a shield with the inscription —

Gobierno del pueblo por el pueblo.
Hombre libre en la familia.
Familia libre en el municipio.
Municipio libre en la provincia.
Nacion libre en la humanidad.
Vivan los derechos del hombre.

Underneath the feet of Liberty lie a crown and sceptre shattered to pieces, and tied to her waist are two lion cubs; on their scarves being written "Down with capital punishment!" "Down with slavery!" Among the knot of gentlemen the well-known features of Emilio Castelar and Pi y Margall are easily distinguishable. Surely such little things as these, trivial as they may seem, show that the heart of this once great nation is panting and yearning for that freedom to which she has too long been a stranger, in religious as well as in civil affairs.

The other photographs are of a coarser nature. In one, Spain is represented as a starving gipsy-hag, shivering on the ground; at her back the palace of Madrid in flames. A frame of nine-pins, each one having for its top the head of some Republican statesman, stands on her right hand, while Carlista and Intransigente are vying with each other in knocking them over — "one, two, three, down!" Some of the photographs publicly exhibited in the street, both of a political and of other character, were so grossly coarse and indecent that they would have been criminal in England. Notably so some of the late Queen Isabella.

And now let me come to the *lower classes* and to the *Spanish character* — two subjects closely allied; for nowhere so well-defined and marked are the outlines of Spanish character as in her wholly uneducated masses.

The dress of the lower classes is very varied and picturesque. The women wear a short skirt of some gaudy colour, especially gaudy on holidays; a red, yellow, or snowy-white handkerchief over the head, which forms their only protection (save their magnificently thick tresses of bound-up hair) against the burning, almost tropical sun. Generally they have small, well-formed feet and hands, on the latter of which one or two massive brass or silver rings are seen; on some of these I have noticed the simple word "Recibido" ("Received"), on others "No me olvides" ("Forget me not"), while others again wear a ring with the image of the saint on whose day they were born. These rings can be bought at the various "ferias," or annual fairs, for sums varying from two pence up to two shillings.

The dress of the men consists of a coloured shirt, a short jacket, and a pair of coarse woollen trousers. They do not wear boots, as a rule, but sandals bound

with string round the ankle: these sandals are of unbleached leather. Many of the women wear sandals of esparto grass, costing about fourpence; many again are barefoot.

There are, however, two articles of dress without which no man's toilet is complete — the "manta," or rug, used at home to sleep in, and as a covering from rain, or a bed, when on a journey; and the "faja," or waist-belt, pronounced "facca." This last is wholly indispensable: a muleteer, gardener, miner, or bricklayer would gladly do his day's work without his "sombbrero," or thick felt pork-pie hat, but without his "faja" it were useless to expect it. Let me describe this necessary article of clothing. It is a long piece of very thin cloth, in length about eight feet, in width about nine inches; in colour, always bright scarlet, black, or crimson. One end is tucked into the trousers just at the waist, it is then wound round and round the waist tightly, forming an elastic bandage about nine or ten inches wide, the remaining end is tucked in tightly, and then the "faja" is complete. The support of this to the back, loins, and abdomen is marvellous, and whether your calling force you to walk, ride, lift, sit upright, or dig, it is equally a comfort. Once get used to it, and you cannot dispense with it. The cheapest of these cost about four pesetas (a peseta is equal to tenpence), and a silk one about four dollars. These are worn in many cases by the better classes also.

Nor is this the only use of the "faja." It serves as the *belt* for the revolver and knife which are carried by every Spaniard — ("Why do you carry a knife?" I asked of a very intelligent Spaniard, and the answer was a very significant one, "I do not know whom I may meet") — and in its ample folds the little purse, is kept concealed.

The poorer class of Spaniards carry the whole of their worldly goods about with them; the richer keep all their wealth concealed about their house. In the towns of the Interior no one makes use of a bank: if you ask the reason, and remind them that they lose interest, a Spanish gentleman will say, "Yes, but that is better than to lose the principal."

No Spanish labourer ever walks outside his door without his knife, and those who can afford it carry a revolver too. The knives are clasp-knives, opening with a spring, so as not to close without the spring being purposely loosened, when

once opened; in shape they are exactly like the scimitar of old, but taper towards the point, and for about the two last inches are two-edged. Some of them, evidently made solely for the purpose of fighting, are a foot long in the handle and as much in the blade. Such an one was bought, out of curiosity, by an acquaintance of mine at a fair not long since. On reaching his house, he opened it in the presence of his creada, or maid-servant: truly it was a hungry, hideous-looking weapon; it seemed to thirst for blood. The poor creada shook her head. "Ah," she said, "Señor, Señor; a few years back, in the good old times, you would have had five years at Cuba for being in possession of such a weapon."

This is true enough: and the law to which she referred is, I believe, still unrepealed, but in these days of (almost) utter licence and anarchy, these knives, — generally with the motto on the blade, "Viva la Republica democratica federal" — are sold by the thousand, openly, in every street and market-place. An ordinary one, used either for stabbing or for eating, is from four to six inches long in the handle, and as much in the blade.

The Spaniards have regular duels with these knives: and a well-matched pair of duellists will cut and thrust for ten minutes, each turning aside the thrusts of his adversary on his "sombbrero," or thick felt hat. Some men are great adepts, and are known to have killed two and even three adversaries, though the crime may not have been brought home to them.

A short time ago a man was carried into the hospital badly hurt by a stab. One of the official guards of the town examined the wound, and shook his head, sagely: "I know well enough," said he, "whose hand dealt *that* thrust." On being asked, he said he knew by the character and disposition of the stab, and the spot where it was aimed at, whose practised hand had been at work.

While on the subject of knives, I must be allowed to make a still further digression.

There is a wide-spread impression among Englishmen, that the knife is a weapon used always by stealth, and one that needs no skill. This is far from being the truth, or, at least, the whole truth. The general run of things when the knife is used is this: — Two men have a quarrel: words wax higher and higher; they repair to a little roadside *venta*, and drink a *copa* or two of vile wine. This heats their passion still more: they repair out-

side the house, knives are drawn, sombreros taken off. Both receive several cuts, and at last one falls mortally wounded. As a rule, the Spanish use of the knife is not "a stab in the dark and run away" affair. It is a quarrel between two men, both of whom are on the alert. In times of festivity, such as the annual fairs, it is no uncommon thing for as many as nine or ten men to be carried off to hospital, mortally wounded.

Once more I recur to some of the other habits of the lower classes.

Their fare is the very simplest. Bread and fruit, and fruit and bread, with now and then, for the men, a "copa" (wine-glass) of Val de peñas (the rough red wine of the country), is the staple of their sustenance. The only thing about which the Spaniards high and low are really particular, is their water.

In a country where the women drink nothing whatever but agua (water) from year's end to year's end, and the men little else, it is quite necessary to have that little good; and good it is in all cases. Go into the poorest hut, only tenanted by a few wood-cutters or itinerant miners, and ask for a cup of water, and the little "jarro," or porous four-mouthed water-jar, will be unhooked from the peg where it hangs in the sun, and you will have a drink of the purest, coldest water, from the choicest spring—water perhaps brought from a distance of three miles by the water-carrier. Only be sure you hold the jarro up above your head with both hands, and pour the water down your throat in a refreshing stream, for your manners are voted simply indecent if you touch the brim with your lips.

As regards education, the lower classes have absolutely none. Seventy per cent. can neither read nor write. There are no schools to speak of in the Interior: even for the higher classes there are no governesses, and it is no uncommon thing to find a well-born lady not *very* well up to writing a letter. The lower orders are, of course, grossly superstitious. Fortune-tellers abound. There is, however, a vast deal of natural courtesy, natural wit, natural intelligence. Uncultured and uneducated as he is, the Spanish poor man has the manners of a thorough gentleman. Go to the lowest road-side "venta" (public-house), and elbow your way amid the throng who are drinking their *vino tinté*, and you will find a courtesy and a kindness to which an English roadside tavern is a stranger. The space you need will be cleared; your

bad Spanish will be interpreted by some bystander for you; the "copa" of wine will be freely offered you (for your Spanish peasant is *very* generous), and the inevitable cigarillo will be offered you ere you leave. You will then be politely helped on to your horse, and receive, in a chorus, the usual viaticum, "Vaya usted con Dios," from one and all.

Again, the poor Spaniard is witty, though he *has* no education. From the time of Sancho no one enjoys a joke so thoroughly as he.

A Spanish boatman, of the lowest class, had picked up a smattering of broken English. As he rowed me across the ferry, he asked for a light for his cigarillo, and when I handed him one of my last Bryant and May's patent safety matches, looking at its colossal and substantial stem, he said, "*English* INDEED—*fine-growing timber—regular deals.*" I afterwards learnt that he had been unloading "deals" with some of my countrymen.

Another instance is this. A poor little cat the other day tumbled into my well, a depth of forty feet. With the assistance of the servant, I got her out. On telling the man-servant of all the trouble we had had, and how rejoiced I was at the skill of his fellow-servant, "La salvadora de los gatos" (the saviour of the cats), he said, "Yes, you could only have done *one thing better than get her out—leave her in.*"

Again, as to the *intelligence* of the lower classes, they have a theory, and they illustrate it in practice, that you can tell every person's character by his eye and gait, and in their estimate of human character they rarely fail. Their perception partakes quite of the marvellous. Witness this instance.

Some little time ago two men were caught by the officials and charged with a robbery upon a large scale. As is usually the case in Spain, they were interrogated first by the lowest of the officials; both men stoutly swore they knew nothing whatever of it. The official scanned with a keen scrutinizing glance the bold, reckless faces of the two men before him, and then said, "Take *this* (pointing to one) outside for a few minutes till I come to speak to him; then," added he, aside, "I have a *MEDICINE* that will make *him* tell us all: as to the other, he is that sort of man that you can never get anything out of." He afterwards went out and administered to the one outside a good sound thrashing with a hazel-rod, and after a few strokes the hero confessed his

own guilt — a fact the truth of which was abundantly proved afterwards by other and further evidence. The other man, who subsequently received a tremendous sentence, after being clearly proved guilty, refused to acknowledge his own guilt, and would not disclose the name of the receivers, though his half-pardon was made conditional upon his so doing.

I will endeavour in my next letter to commence with that most striking of all Spanish domestic arrangements in the lower classes — the care of the daughter until her marriage.

From The Spectator.

THE SENTENCE ON MARSHAL BAZAINE.

We can see no reason whatever for objecting to the sentence on Marshal Bazaine, or for endorsing, except on grounds of policy, the recommendation to mercy which the tribunal forwarded to the President of the French Republic. That tribunal itself, composed as it was of the old soldiers of France, and presided over by the ablest of her Princes, is in itself a sufficient guarantee that on technical grounds the sentence is just, and for the rest, the world knows enough almost to dispense with evidence. We set aside absolutely the charges about Woerth and Gravelotte,—first, because we do not believe them; and secondly, because proof of them rests, and must rest solely, in the Marshal's conscience; and still there remains enough to condemn any great soldier in any country in the world. The 4th of September occurred, the Government of Defence was set up, and towards the end of the month that Government outside Paris was in the hands of a Dictator who so roused France, so disciplined and generalised his raw levies, that he compelled Count von Moltke to resolve that if better news did not arrive, he must raise the siege of Paris and march to the defeat of the one-eyed Genoese lawyer whom it pleases Englishmen to despise, but who, had Bazaine but been loyal, would have delivered France, or made for her honourable terms. Marshal Bazaine, with 170,000 splendid troops, the last regular army of France, was in Metz, giving full occupation to the Second German Army, and till it was released, Count Moltke had no great body of troops to move, except the quarter of a million of men who, in a fearful extended line, invested Paris.

If he had moved, the Count might perhaps have calculated with certainty on destroying the army at and around Coulmiers; but if he had moved, France would have been again herself, the spell would have been broken, the French people, one-third of them trained soldiers, would have risen, and although the Germans could not with their discipline and their generalship have been beaten, they could have been made, as the Southerners were in the American war, to give life for life, a game always safe for the invaded. In the midst of this wonderful scene what was Marshal Bazaine, with the last regular army of France, an army of 170,000 men, doing? Was he helping the Government of Defence? He himself says No, for he could not recognize the rabble of the 4th of September. Was he adhering to the dynasty to which he professed personal attachment, and which had raised him from a mere General of Division to the Command-in-Chief of the French army? Certainly not, for he was advising the Empress-Regent to yield Alsace for a throne, and on her repudiation of the suggestion, in a spirit which in our eyes condones half or all the offences she had committed against France, he neither obeyed nor distinctly refused to obey, but went upon his own course. That course, it is certain from the evidence and from the judgment, was not to deliver France. We do not know that he intrigued with the Germans, and should be inclined to take Prince Frederick Charles's word as conclusive that he did not; but he certainly made no use whatever of the mighty force at his disposal, which could, in the judgment of the soldiers on that tribunal, have broken out of Metz. Of all commanders in the war, Trochu was the least self-confident, yet he affirmed that, with sufficient regular troops, he could have broken out of Paris; and Bazaine had them, had drilled man for drilled man nearly as many as his enemy, more guns, and ample provision for a ten days' march. Yet he did absolutely nothing, called Councils of War, told them secrets till they remonstrated, declared battle hopeless, and finally surrendered on terms so ignominious, that his most dashing officers burnt their flags, rather than obey orders for their surrender. If there were the faintest suspicion that the Marshal had lost his nerve, that he was incompetent, or that he was afraid of disobedience in the ranks, his conduct might have been intelligible; but the man was, and remains,

as brave as steel, he knew everything he wanted to know, and he was to the last sovereign master of his army, and there remains but one fatal conclusion. He was not fighting for France, or even for the dynasty he professed to respect, but for his own hand, and either had grounds for hoping, or in mere mad ambition, hoped, that if his army were saved by surrender, he could assume the Regency and protect order. He, therefore, amid weeping officers and maddened soldiers, in the very nick of time, when ten days more would have saved France, but have saved her for the Republic, surrendered to the Germans, thus releasing 150,000 men to crush Gambetta's Generals. We leave utterly aside General de Pourcet's worst allegations, we reject for the moment the bare suspicion of transactions with the enemy, we press only the charge that a Marshal of France, a man of battles, a soldier commanding 170,000 men, did not do all honour and science required of him to do, to avoid capitulation; and what remains to say, save that for such an offence, so committed, and with such results, no penalty is possible except the one awarded unanimously by the Military Tribunal. That would be the sentence in any country of the world, Great Britain included. Many of our contemporaries are doubtful; but suppose England invaded, and all to depend upon the determined defence of our Second Army of the Red Hills, and a rough and unpopular but capable General to surrender his army because, forsooth, Mr. G. Trevelyan had been appointed Dictator,—could anything short of force alter the determination of the people, that that General should die? Those who think so, those who believe that England would be less enraged than France, less absolutely resolute to clear her soldiers' names, have little notion of their countrymen or of the temper into which the defeat they have so seldom suffered would precipitate them, even if it were not accompanied with the suspicion France has so often felt, but England never—for the single instance in our annals, the betrayal of an expedition by John Churchill, was unknown, and is still, as we think, unproved—that she had been selfishly betrayed. Any General, if he had the fame of the Duke of Wellington, would, under such circumstances, be shot with as little mercy as any private soldier who betrayed a despatch.

The single argument in favour of Mar-

shal Bazaine would have been that he had, in surrendering, obeyed either an inexorable necessity or the Government which he considered legal, but he totally failed to prove either proposition. The Empress-Regent declined peremptorily to listen to his propositions; and as Baron von Andlan has shown, there never was a time when part of his army could not have escaped, or the whole, by deadly fighting, could not have broken through a thinly extended line. Suppose he had lost half, and it takes days to lose so many in the field, the remainder could still have raised the siege of Paris, which, with an army outside, could not have gone on, or could have acted as a solid nucleus for the recruits whom Gambetta was bringing in scores of thousands from the south and west. Marshal Bazaine failed either to save France or to obey the Government he admits to have been legal, or to assist the Government which was defending France, and for that failure the Tribunal justly held him responsible with his life. That his life should be taken, is of course, under the circumstances improbable or impossible, for executions now-a-days shock Europe. His action, whatever its motive, assisted Germany, and the President can hardly fail to allow him the benefit of that vast and horrible confusion which then reigned in France. But that he cannot remain a Marshal of France is certain, and the reported commutation of his sentence to 20 years' seclusion—that is, life imprisonment—is not only just but merciful, and will we trust warn the French Generals that, amidst all the jar of parties, and principles, and pretenders, there is always France to be defended, always a flag to be the subject of devotion, always a people which survives everything, to award its gratitude or its hate. Had Dumouriez been but honest, he might, instead of fading away into night, have anticipated Napoleon.

From The Spectator.

THE PRUSSIAN "REFORMATION."

ARCHBISHOP MANNING has had another animated controversy with the *Times* this week on the drift of the recent Prussian legislation, on which we have something to say. We will not refer to the old matter in dispute as to the motive of the new laws. The *Times* says very truly that Archbishop Manning brings no proof that,

before the Falck laws were introduced, the Roman Catholic clergy in Prussia were loyal to the German Empire. But how can a man be expected to bring proof of the loyalty of a class? Where loyalty exists, it is not usual to have proofs of it, but only to have no disproofs of it. If a German Protestant had to bring proofs of the loyalty of the English Dissenters to the Crown, would it not be sufficient for him to assert that there had never been any evidence of the contrary? We do not expect the Nonconformist clergy to be constantly signing addresses of affection and fidelity. All we expect is that society shall receive with surprise and incredulity any assertion that as a class they are disaffected. And that is just what the Prussian Roman Catholics say—we suppose truly—of the attitude of the Catholic clergy of Prussia before the recent legislation. Every one knows that this was not true of the Bavarian Catholics. Their violent "Particularism" was mixed up with their religious belief, and manifested itself in ways that gave very natural and just offence to the Prussian Government. But the Prussian Ecclesiastical laws were not made for Bavarian, but for Prussian Catholics, and if there is any proof of the existence of a seditious spirit amongst them before Prince Bismarck put himself at the head of the anti-Romanist movement, it is certainly very unfortunate for the Prussian Government that it has never produced it. It is perfectly true that Archbishop Manning has failed to prove their loyalty, just as Prince Bismarck has failed to prove their disloyalty. But neither law nor public opinion expects proof of good conduct, while it does expect very explicit proof of a crime, or even of a criminal disposition. On this head, therefore, we do not believe that the position of the *Times* is for a moment tenable.

But the *Times* gives the question a new turn, by comparing the Prussian legislation of the last year or two to the Tudor laws against the Roman Catholic Church in England, whereupon the Roman Catholic Archbishop grasps at the analogy, and asks us how it is possible we can expect Roman Catholic prelates and priests to submit to a compulsory Protestant reformation? Now, that is a new, and as it seems to us, very instructive turn to give to the question. How far would anything like the policy of the Tudor Reformation be really wise and defensible in modern Europe? We should reply at once, that so far as the

secularization of Church property subject to great moral abuses is concerned, we should regard that policy as not only defensible, but in the highest sense just, in modern times; that so far as complete disestablishment is concerned, we should often hold the same; that so far as the forcible dissolution of orders and corporations which can be shown to strike at the roots of moral order in society is concerned, we should hold the same; but that so far as regards any interference with the system of religious worship and ecclesiastical government freely adopted by men who submit and adhere cordially to the ordinary moral laws of modern States, we should hold any imitation of that part of the Tudor policy in modern times one of the most wilful and superfluous of all offences against the explicit political teaching of centuries, as well as the essential spirit of the Christian revelation. If we hold it right, as all Liberals do, to divert the uses of Charitable Trusts from the support of obsolete purposes to those really useful to the State, it is hardly deniable that Church property, if once shown to be employed in fostering indolence or vice (as has been shown, we believe, in Italy), ought to be reclaimed by the State, and consecrated to the public benefit. But then *this* element in the Tudor Reformation has no application to Prussia. The Catholic Church is very poor there, and has been chiefly dependent on annual support from the State. No one even pretends that the Catholic Church in Prussia is affected by the gross abuses which were brought to light in England before our own Reformation. Then, we go further, and say that if the Prussian Government has really convinced itself that the Catholic clergy in Prussia do not exert their influence on the side of civil order, or even if they do, that they exert an influence unfavourable to the intellectual culture and moral vigour of the people, the State is justified in withdrawing, after fair notice given, all the State grants to such a Church, and would not even be justified in not withdrawing them, unless it held that the unfavourable influences exerted would increase, instead of diminishing, with the divorce between State and Church. But Prussia has not as yet shown any intention of disestablishing and disendowing the Roman Catholic clergy as a whole. Again, as to the expulsion of religious Orders, we should regard that as a question depending strictly on the evidence given as to the inner morale of each of

the Orders, and its tendency to subvert the moral order of society and the State. England has long given up her policy of forbidding even the Jesuits,—we suppose by far the most dangerous of such Orders to Protestant conceptions of duty and culture—to live amongst us,—and, as far as we know, there is no country where the Jesuits are more harmless. Still, this is a question which can hardly be decided without special reference to the political circumstances of each State; and possibly, in a new empire of very heterogeneous materials, the Jesuits may be more dangerous if tolerated than if expelled. But it is impossible to understand the principle on which orders of purely devout tendencies, like the Redemptorists, have been treated on the same footing as the Jesuits, except on the theory that Prussia is intent on making an indiscriminating attack on all the strongholds of the Roman Catholic faith.

But what we do maintain to be utterly unjust, impolitic, and contrary to the whole drift of the historical teaching of centuries, is to attempt to subject any Church and any worship which is regarded as admissible at all under modern conceptions of the moral ends of government, to a forcible control wholly inconsistent with its principle. We believe that the interference of the State is properly limited to dealing with the moral and social *outcome* of creeds, not with creeds themselves. If you won't vaccinate your child for religious reasons, if you won't educate your child for religious reasons, if you insist on widows burning themselves for religious reasons, if you excite tumult and disorder for religious reasons, if you foster pauperism for religious reasons, the State ought to interfere, and does,—but not with the motives, and reasons, only with the results, with which it is properly charged and concerned. The Tudor legislation went far beyond this. It forbade Roman Catholic ceremonials, for instance, by penal laws, just as the Roman Catholics forbade Protestant worship, and both were utterly wrong. It is ridiculous to repeat to-day the blunders of the times of the Tudors. And it is because Prussia seems to us to be repeating them in the most glaring form, that we hold her recent legislation to be so utterly bad.

But, says the *Times*, why do the Prus-

sian people so heartily support this legislation? Why, indeed? So far as we can see, simply because they have never really learned the lesson of religious freedom, and time has only changed them from persecutors of scepticism into persecutors of superstition. We have never believed that Prince Bismarck sees any intrinsic reason for this vexatious and busy-bodyish legislation. All his earlier speeches showed us that he was himself as disinclined to it as the King. And we have never seen the least atom of evidence that he is really afraid of the Church he is persecuting. But he is well aware that he cannot head a great national movement without the cordial support of Liberal opinion. He is not inclined to gain that support by giving back to the people of Prussia any of the vast influence exercised by the Throne and by the Army. And the only policy left to him is to make himself the intellectual exponent of the Liberals on some point which will not weaken the Administration. Experience has shown him that the bitter anti-clerical feeling of the Prussian Liberals,—anti-clerical feeling almost as much in relation to the Protestant as to the Catholic clergy,—affords him the point of advantage he desires. And on this he has been for some time now acting with very sufficient success. That is our only interpretation of a policy which seems to us disastrous and reactionary in every true sense, though it is an extremely popular policy among the intellectual Liberals of Prussia. But it is more than surprising, it is alarming, to hear the sympathetic tone in which English Liberals talk of it. If that sympathy is sincere to-day, why should we not have a popular movement to-morrow to enable some "Minister of Worship" to veto all Cardinal Cullen's and Archbishop Manning's appointments, to pry into Congregational elections and Presbyterian Synods, and send the Presidents of the Methodist Old and New Connections, if they should not choose to defer to State vetoes on their nominations, to a State Court of Ecclesiastical Appeal. A "Tudor Reformation" in the nineteenth century would be, in England at least, an impossible blunder and crime. Why is it otherwise in Prussia, except that the people of Prussia, though they have plenty of "light," have never learned the "sweetness" of real religious charity?

LADIES' LOGIC. — In the talk of some ladies who move in a tolerably good position, but who have been imperfectly educated, I have heard droll specimens of illogical reasoning. The following are two instances. A married lady with a family, who lived in a villa in the exterior environs of London, was asked why she was at the expense of keeping a cow, seeing that it would be surely much cheaper to buy milk for the household. "Well," said she in reply, "we keep the cow because we have a field quite at hand, which answers very nicely." "But," was the rejoinder, "why do you rent the field?" The answer was: "Because, you know, we have got the cow!" — The other instance occurred in my young days at Peebles. A lady in reduced circumstances mentioned to a friend that she had just arranged to rent a house belonging to a baker in the town. The friend was somewhat surprised at the announcement, considering the lady's circumstances, and asked if the expense would not be too much for her. "Oh, not at all," was the answer; "we'll take bread for the rent!"

Dr. R. Chambers.

A SOFT WORD. — The art of saying an unpleasant thing in a perfectly agreeable manner, is a very high accomplishment, which should be studied by all persons liable to be asked for loans. Some years ago there was a banking-house in Edinburgh which gave general offence by the rude way that customers were sometimes addressed. A tradesman leaving a bill for discount, would on his return have the bill thrown across the table, with the supercilious and loud remark: "We don't know the parties." Tradesman retires affronted, and ever afterwards speaks of the unmannerliness of the bank. There was at the same time another banking establishment in the town, the oldest in the country, which was noted for its civility. It was presided over by Mr. F——, an aged gentleman, who knew the value of a soft word. When a tradesman, as in the former case, was to be refused the discounting of a bill, the old banker came forth from his den, and addressing the would-be customer in a friendly and confidential way, said: "I am sorry it is not convenient to discount your bill to-day; but be so good as to give my compliments to your wife!" Tradesman retires a little choppfallen, but not displeased, and ever after lauds the politeness of the bank.

Dr. R. Chambers.

ENGLISH RESERVE. — Lord Ashburton, in conversing with me at Sir James Clarke's, suggested a reason for the cold formal manners of English servants, which had struck him when he was himself a subaltern of office under Lord Ripon — being then a young man, I presume, and not come to his title. He said

when he came into the room of one of his superiors, he observed great formality, that he might protect himself from being treated over-familiarly in his turn. He thinks the English servants have a similar view. It is a defensive measure. [In this last sentence, is in a great degree explained the principle of English reserve. To a certain extent, reserve may be imputed to shyness, but it is substantially a defence against over-familiarity and intrusiveness.]

Dr. R. Chambers.

CHINESE WATERPROOF VARNISH FROM BLOOD. — Dr. Scherzer, an eminent Austrian naturalist, during a recent visit to China, learned the mode of preparing a waterproof varnish very extensively used in that country for coating boxes and other packages which it is desired to protect against moisture. For this purpose four parts of blood, fresh drawn, are mixed in four parts of powdered slaked lime and a small quantity of alum. One, two, or three coats of this mass, which is slightly viscid, will impart so great a degree of impermeability to wood to which it has been applied that it is said to be unnecessary to use the interior tin or lead lining to boxes for transporting delicate articles through the tropics. Owing to its cheapness it can be used for coating boxes containing sugar, coffee, tea, and other substances.

AT Constantinople, according to a French writer, the jasmine is extensively grown for the manufacture of pipe stems (*chibouques*). For this purpose the stems are carefully trained until they have attained the desired length and thickness, care being taken to protect the bark by a covering of varnished linen or calico. Two or three times a year the bark is sponged with citron juice, which is said to give it the light color so much sought after. Some of these pipe stems are over sixteen feet in length, and sell for as much as \$100 each.

CONFUSION OF IDEAS. — My brother W. once found a lady's brooch, which he next day advertised in the newspapers. Shortly after the announcement appeared, he was waited on by a lady who eagerly stated that she had lost a ring, and proceeded to describe it. "But," said my brother, "it was not a ring that I found; it was a brooch." "Oh, yes," replied the lady, "but I thought you might have seen or heard something of my ring!" Phrenologists would call this a want of causality. It looks like a want of common-sense.

Dr. R. Chambers.

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THE YEARS.

A SHIMMER of white robes — a pall just after, —
Then, bits of song and victors' shout, anon;
Now fast, now slow — with mingled wail and
laughter

The motley, weird procession moveth on, —
And still from out the shadow, dim "To Be"
Another — and another year glides stealthily.

O phantom train! Your chill breath dulls our
pleasures;

Your footprints leave the furrows and the
frost;

With ruthless hand ye gather up our treasures
Till in the mist of "by-gones" they are lost!
And darkening windows, closing portals show
The daughters of sweet harmony brought low!

And yet, O passing years! O grim procession!
A lavish store ye tossed into our hands —
Rare gems, tried gold — ah yes! we make confession,

Your gifts well balanced all your stern demands.

And many an offered prize our idle fingers lost
Because, all heedlessly, we slumbered at our
post!

Then fair, fresh, laughing year, with light steps
gliding

Out of the mystic shade — the veiled Un-
known —

In childlike faith, in patient hope abiding,
We place warm, welcome hands within thine
own!

Your touch may thrill and brighten — or may
loose the silver cord;

It matters not — we know thee — an envoy
from our Lord!

B. E. E.

OUR LOST PET.

SHE went what time the birds of passage
sought

The sunny south, our first and only love;

A short and pleasant loan, who only brought
Joy to our hearts awhile, then soared above.

A star dropped where nought star-like long
may be —

Fair as a day-old flow'ret washed in dew,
With eyes so clear, we fancied we could see
Her soul — the Angel in her — shining
through.

Departed hath she, like the first light snow,
Quick melted in the early winter sun;

And all of her we evermore may know

Is, that a marvellous sight hath come and
gone.

For now, left lonely as we are again,

Our only darling, gone beyond recall,

Is unto us a vision in the brain,

A dream within the heart, and that is all.

Chambers' Journal.

ORPHANHOOD.

THE shadow of the forest trees —

My childhood withered 'neath their spell,
In the old home remembered well,
Shadowed by forest trees.

The shadow of the forest trees

Between me and the black sky spread,
As I lay waking on my bed,
Shadowed by forest trees.

The shadow of the forest trees —

I wept and struggled for the light,
But all around was black as night,
Shadowed by forest trees.

The shadow of the forest trees

Robbed us of life's enchanting plays;
Both heart and stream were dark always,
Shadowed by forest trees.

The shadow of the forest trees —

We heard of love and of the sun,
But in our gloomy world were none,
Shadowed by forest trees.

The shadow of the forest trees —

One morn they quivered in the blast,
Wild moaned the storm, and broke at last
The shadow of the trees.

The shadow of the forest trees —

'Mid tossing branches struggling through,
I hailed a sky of happy blue
Unshadowed by the trees.

The shadow of the forest trees

No longer hushed the streamlet's song,
In fierce wild mirth it sped along,
Unshadowed by the trees.

The shadow of the forest trees

Clouded no more my heaven above;
My heart awoke to raptured love,
Unshadowed by the trees.

Alas! alas! the forest trees —

Once more the time grew dark and still,
Murmured no more the poor lone rill,
Shadowed by forest trees.

Alas! alas! the forest trees —

Again they closed around my head,
And love and hope and joy were dead,
Shadowed by forest trees.

Alas! alas! the forest trees —

The wind that woke the stream is past,
This heart, wild beating, breaks at last,
Shadowed by forest trees.

The shadow of the forest trees —

Alas for heart! alas for stream!
But both have had one blessed gleam,
Unshadowed by the trees.

Despite the shadow of the trees,

The heart has loved, the stream has sung,
Now let their mournful knell be rung,
Shadowed by forest trees.

ISA BLAGDEN.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

PARISIAN JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

WILL the reflective reader ask himself why it is that French journalists absorb so much larger a share of public attention than the newspaper writers of other countries? They are not more argumentative than the English, they are unquestionably less wise than Germans, they yield to the Americans in the versatility of polemical invective, and even to the Irish in their favourite art of screaming about nothing; as to epigrammatic wit, the Italians with their pasquinades are, in this respect, more than their masters. Frenchmen themselves explain the interest they excite by pretending that they are the leaders of human thought; but this is a little piece of vanity with not much truth in it. The French are great adapters and magnifiers of other men's ideas, but their genius is not of the inventive sort. All that is practical in their political theories comes to them from England or America; and when the Communalists raised the standard of rebellion in the name of what seemed to them a new and indispensable right — that is local self-government — they were only claiming an institution which has flourished in Britain for now five hundred years. Even in philosophy, the Encyclopædists of the eighteenth century, who are credited by their countrymen with having been the first apostles of rationalism, did nothing but follow the lead of Hobbes and Locke; and as their writings were at bottom rather attacks upon Popery and the Jesuits than deliberate impeachments of the Christian dogma, it may be said that they were virtually continuers of the Reformation. The Revolutionists of '93 certainly seemed to go a good way in experimental novelty, but there is scarcely a single one of their vagaries which, if we look to it, can be accepted as original. When they beheaded their king and republicanized the calendar they repeated acts perpetrated with much less fuss and disorder by the Roundheads; their Rights of Man were a plagiarism — on paper, for few of the "Rights" took living effect — of *Magna Charta* and of the *Retti del Popolo* promulgated by Thomas Aniello (Masaniel-

lo) at Naples in 1648; their Goddess Reason had been imagined so far back as 1535 by that Anabaptist fanatic John Bokkold — better known as John of Leyden — who stirred up Munster against its bishop-prince, and held anarchical revels in the city for six months; and even that queerest of Republican innovations, which consisted in placing military commanders under the constant supervision of civil commissioners, was simply borrowed from the Dutch, whose meddling deputies, as we know, hampered and plagued Marlborough almost to perdition. France, it may be urged, has artistic and literary renown, a great name in science, immense military glory, and a moral influence reaching far beyond the confines of her own territory; but these again are catch phrases which do not bear very close examination. France has owned neither a Michael Angelo nor a Rubens, a Dante nor a Shakespeare, a Galileo nor a Newton, a Mozart nor a Rossini. As to military glory, before Napoleon, who was a Corsican, vanquished the armies of disunited and distracted Germany, the military annals of France offered a long series of such crushing defeats as Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Pavia, Blenheim, Ramillies, Malplaquet, Oudenarde, and Rosbach, only chequered, here and there, by a few easy triumphs over weak neighbours, or by noisy internecine struggles, so that now-a-day partisans of the white flag are reduced to boasting over the one victory of Fontenoy, which was gained not by a Frenchman, but by Marshal Saxe, a German. Turning now to moral influence, we see that whereas an Englishman finds his language, literature, and institutions thriving over a third of the globe, and whereas Spaniards, Portuguese, Dutchmen, and Germans can point to prosperous settlements of their founding in North and South America, Africa and Australia, Frenchmen have done so little to propagate their name and customs by colonizing, that Algeria itself would retain not a trace of them if once the garrisons were removed. To be sure all these circumstances need not constitute a reason why we English should be indifferent to the

French, but they make us wonder why such a comparatively inferior nation should arouse so much more attention than ourselves, as they undoubtedly do. Great as our own power, and successful as our own institutions may be, we, as Englishmen, cannot be in perpetual adoration before them; but that foreign States should rank us rather below than on a line with the French, and should have done so from time immemorial, both when France reared her head and crowed and when she lay bruised under our feet, is a mysterious thing which can only be accounted for by seeking the causes of France's popularity outside her actual achievements or deserts.

But we need not search far. Frenchmen owe their popularity not so much to their qualities as to their defects, though it should be noticed that their defects, being exempt from hypocrisy, often wear an honester look than other people's virtues. If the French affected British propriety, German gravity, Spanish superciliousness, or if they were servile as the Italians, we might speak in severe terms of their ungovernable natures, their inordinate bumptiousness, factiousness, and immorality. But how be angry with men who are the first to laugh at their own vices, and who yet retain self-respect enough to show that they think none the worse of themselves for being sinners? It is in this inner consciousness of innocence that lies the great charm of the French;—they do wrong, but there is such a smiling candour in their waywardness that it disarms censure. British and German vice is an ugly thing because it is underhand and cloaked with a pretence of respectability which renders it doubly offensive. If we look at a crowd of young English people disporting themselves loosely in a casino, we see at once by their constrained attitudes or by their boisterous gaiety that they are ill at ease and trying to stifle the prickings of their consciences which tell them that they are misbehaving themselves. Some, perhaps, are cynically dissolute, but the majority are ashamed of themselves, and will slink away from the place of riot, dreading to be seen, and consequently

throwing upon themselves and their dissipation an air wholly disreputable. In the same way a young Spaniard who stalks off grandly from a house of debauchery to pay his orisons at the shrine of his patron Saint, and, who, in speaking to a tailor whose bill he does not intend to pay, adopts a tone of grandiloquent haughtiness, is a grotesque creature exciting little sympathy. But a Frenchman who laughingly brags that he has got the better of his tailor, and French people of both sexes who revel at casinos, are all in their ways funny and seductive; because there is not one among them, man or woman, but feels that his or her mission in this life is amusement, and that there is no reason to make a secret of the matter. Viewed in this light Frenchmen occupy towards the rest of the world the position filled in private circles by those merry, bright-witted rakes who, with impunity, do and say things for which steadier persons would be ostracised. They are in fact the spoiled children of this earth, whom we love in our own despite, and towards whose extravagances, political and social, we shall always feel indulgently. We do not envy them their institutions, and often, aloud, we thank Heaven that we are not as these men are; but, inwardly, we rejoice that there should be a nation ever ready to put our own unspoken thoughts into words, and to fling stones for us at the many fallacies, humbugs, and prejudices which we dare not assail ourselves. In this respect the encouragements we bestow on the French resemble not only the kindness we cherish for rakes, but also the patronage which noblemen of old used to vouchsafe to court jesters, whom they egged on to say spiteful things and to play pranks against big people who could not be molested otherwise. If the jester was whipped for his pains, the nobles put on a virtuous expression which seemed to say that he had quite deserved it; and so we, when the French have got into trouble through trying, with our warm approval, to effect something—say a Revolution or the establishment of a Republic—which we have not the slightest desire to see at-

tempted on our shores ; so we moralize finely over their failure, and say : " What could you expect of such a people ? " After the cruel humiliations of their late war and the Commune it looked as if the French had awoke to a sense of the cat's-paw part they had been made to play by other nations, and their serious writers inveighed in bitter terms against the foreigners who had always goaded them on to ridiculous or perilous adventures at home and abroad, and then left them in the lurch. " Foreigners," they said, " were delighted to see us liberate the Italians, but they gave us no help, and would have given us none if our generous folly had drawn down on us, as it very nearly did, a coalition of all Germany. It pleased them again to see us try to civilize Mexico, and found there an empire which should check the United States ; but they left us to manage this, as also the settlement of the Roman question, single-handed ; just as they would have had us, single-handed, go forth to free the Poles, defend the Danes, and save Saxony and Hanover from being swallowed up. As to home matters, foreigners seem to regard our country as an insensible body politic on which the most venturesome experiments can be practised as *in corpore vili* ; and demagogues like Gambetta, Louis Blanc, and Delescluze are enthusiastically applauded by the very men who are loudest in denouncing the Radicals of their own lands. We have been pricked on, in short, to act as the Quixotes and clowns of Europe ; and if now and then we appeared to lead other nations, we did so only like those unlucky sappers who walk in the van of armies. It is not the sappers who have settled the line of march ; those who did that are behind, but the sappers are sent in front to clear the way and run the risks of ambush."

This is the substance of what Frenchmen wrote in the first hours that followed defeat ; but their fit of perspicacity was short-lived. Now that thirty months have elapsed, they have resumed their old habit of laughing at themselves and at others, of blustering, quarrelling, cutting capers, and shouting ; and Europe

surveys them with the same wondering curiosity as before, setting them down for a people who are decidedly incorrigible, and who, victorious or beaten, will continue to amuse, frighten, and scandalize other nations to the end of the chapter. This being so, it may please the reader to be introduced familiarly to the score or so of journalists who sway French people, such as they are, and make up what is popularly called " the great voice of the French Press." The present writer speaks of them from personal knowledge, and will endeavour to sketch them, as far as may be, in their natural colours.

II.

A NAME that is often quoted in London papers is that of M. John Lemoinne, who writes for the *Journal des Débats*. There are plenty of English essayists as clever as M. Lemoinne, whose names are not known to the public, and never will be ; but to see a Frenchman write sound sense without rhapsody appears so strange a thing on this side of the Channel that whenever M. Lemoinne puts his hand to a long leader we hear of it from Lerwick to Land's End. Perhaps it ought to gratify us that M. Lemoinne was brought up in England, owed his first successes to a thorough knowledge of English literature, and speaks our language with a musical purity not often found even amongst us natives. He is now fifty-eight, and is a thoughtful, undemonstrative man, who wears a white neck-cloth, and has passed his manhood in wondering why France should not adapt herself to British institutions. About two years ago he let himself be converted to Republicanism, much as a man is converted to swallowing a black-draught ; but he readily seized on the Fusion as a pretext for changing sides again, and on the evening when the Count de Chambord's letter of renunciation was made public there was not an unhappier face in Paris than M. Lemoinne's. In his solemn way, M. Lemoinne has two bugbears : 1st, the British newspaper which writes up M. Gambetta in one column and sneers down

Sir Charles Dilke in the next; and 2nd, the British politician of the Palmerston school, who asserts that Frenchmen are not fit for liberty, and can only be managed by a government like the Second Empire. Full two-thirds of the leaders M. Lemoinne has ever penned are protests against the latter proposition; and during the Empire M. Lemoinne was backed up by a most distinguished phalanx of Anglophilists such as M.M. St. Marc Girardin, Eugène Forcade, Prévost Paradol, and Edouard Hervé, the last of whom alone survives. Of these gentlemen it may truly be said that they knew the British Constitution as well as if it were an invention of their own. When Mr. Bright thundered against this or that "superannuated contrivance," when Mr. Beales's good friends pulled up the Park railings, when Mr. Stuart-Mill lent his countenance to woman suffrage or crotchety agrarian schemes, and when Mr. Disraeli dished the Whigs in the ingenious fashion we remember, M. Lemoinne and his co-thinkers all uttered piercing cries as if they were being personally molested. For all that, they made few proselytes outside the ranks of educated Frenchmen. Parisians approved their articles because the *Débats* and other papers in which their effusions were published were much disliked by the Emperor; and being disagreeable to the reigning potentate has always been a powerful element in French politics. But average Parisians were sceptical as to the panaceal properties of the British Constitution for distempers of the body politic; and after the fall of Napoleon III. the Anglophilists were carried onwards by the tide of events, or left high and dry miles behind it. M. Hervé, who is editor of the *Journal de Paris* and an amiable, scholarly writer, much terrified by the unwashed face of Democracy — M. Hervé still does battle for Westminster customs in his journal, which is the organ of the Orleanes family; but M. Lemoinne can scarcely be said to have any opinion, except that everything and everybody are going wrong. A short while since, he declared ruefully that Reason had ceased to have a voice in public matters, and he is in just such a frame of mind as may cause us to hear any morning that he has retired from militant journalism. The readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* would not complain of this, for they might get a new series of literary essays like the *Life of Brummel*, *English Electoral Habits*, and *Caroline of Brunswick*, which

first drew public notice on M. Lemoinne some thirty years ago; but journalists at once learned, able, and temperate are everywhere so scarce that one must hope M. Lemoinne will be content to take the world as he finds it, nor be disgusted because he cannot lift it out of its wayward grooves. M. Lemoinne is not decorated, nor has he ever sought a post under Government, though he could long ago have had his pick of good places for the asking. The reason of this abstinence is that M. Lemoinne looks upon journalism as being itself a profession, the *bâton* in which is a character for independence and truth, which character M. Lemoinne has got. A prefectship would be no promotion, and indeed it might put him in grievous straits; for if M. Lemoinne were appointed prefect, he would not fail to commence ruling on British principles. With *Hallam* for his daily guide, *Blackstone* for his philosopher and friend, he would measure the length of his prerogatives by those of a Lord-Lieutenant; whereat the Ministry of the Interior, perceiving that he neither imprisoned anybody, nor suppressed newspapers, nor had recourse to the military to disperse meetings of orderly citizens assembled to discuss politics, would conclude that he had none of the qualifications necessary to a French official, and dismiss him with ignominy.

To speak of M. Louis Veuillot in the same breath with temperate journalism seems a strong measure, but the shock may be broken by coupling with M. Veuillot's name that of M. Ernest Rénan, M. Lemoinne's colleague on the *Débats*. Now, M. Rénan is the champion of free-thought, and M. Veuillot the beadle of Catholic orthodoxy; yet by a freak of fate these two gentlemen, who stand at the opposite poles of journalism, happen to be the two most skilful and pungent writers of their own language. The most courtly and classical among French writers is Count de Rémusat; the most academical in purism M. Guizot or M. Barthélémy St. Hilaire; the sweetest and softest, M. Octave Feuillet; and the most Parisian, M. Edmond About; but for extent of vocabulary, and for a complete mastery of all the resources of the French tongue, there are no two such penmen as M.M. Rénan and Veuillot; and if only M. Rénan shared M. Veuillot's love for controversy, there might be some hot skirmishes now and then to keep the Boulevards lively. Unfortunately, M. Rénan writes seldom, and he

never gives heed to personal attacks. A man of fifty, with quiet, winning manners, a pleasing voice, and a handsome face, clean shaven as a priest's, no one would take him for the best abused man on the face of the globe—the author who, with his *Life of Jesus*, has sowed doubt broadcast, earned at M. Veuillot's hands the title of "wholesale peopler of madhouses and Antichrist," and been solemnly excommunicated by the Pope. Yet the strangest thing about M. Rénan is, that having been educated for holy orders, he has retained none of the casuistry of Romish seminaries. He refused ordination (and thereby renounced lucrative preferment, which had been promised him) because his master, M. Dupanloup, now Bishop of Orleans, was unable to solve some doubts that had beset him; and ever since he first put a pen to paper he has abided by two maxims: to make his own meaning clear, and never by a subterfuge to avoid facing the argument of an adversary. M. Rénan may be accepted as the incarnation of that French passion for logic which will take nothing for granted, but must have it all proved by rule of thumb. The consequence is, that instead of being a Republican, he is a theoretic Monarchist (without reference to particular dynasties), reflection having convinced him that Republicanism, however sound in doctrine, has invariably broken down (save in small States) in practice. This is a bitter pill for Republicans of the Louis Blanc type to swallow; but the great difference between M. Rénan's style of reasoning and theirs is that they will make no allowance for facts which do not tally with their preconceived notions and prejudices, whereas M. Rénan starts without any prejudice, and aims solely at discovering abstract truth. M. Louis Blanc, whom we have all of us met in London or Brighton at the period when he was English correspondent to the *Temps*, and who now divides his time between fidgety silence in the National Assembly, and occasional dogmatic contributions to the *Red Raphael*—M. Louis Blanc, with his systematic one-sidedness, would make any fair-tempered man hate Republicanism, and he has made such men hate it by the thousand. A dainty *homunculus* (as Mr. Carlyle might call him), smaller in stature than even M. Thiers, with a wizen, hairless face, dapper hands, feminine voice, and a feline method in conversation, he has been surnamed the Jesuit of Republicanism, and is the originator of that

sound theory that Republicanism is a law of nature, and that nations have no right to set up kings, even if it suits them. Premising all his arguments with this hypothesis, he rejects lessons of history, experience, facts, knowledge, and all expedient policy in short, and is, in his own way, every whit as intolerant as the most fanatical of Legitimists. Indeed, if there be Legitimists so hot, it is because there are Republicans so fractious—pragmatical little men, who ride big hobbies over the likes and dislikes of mankind, and would have all humanity bow to an ideal picture of Democracy, as absurdly overcoloured as the daubs which are hung up outside shows to set clowns agape. M. Louis Blanc cannot understand that a man of M. Rénan's intellect should be so feeble as to look at two sides of a question; and M. Rénan is at a loss to conceive why a man should swear that the whole earth is red because his own spectacles happen to be scarlet. M. Louis Blanc will go to his final judgment with the ten volumes of his *Histoire de la Révolution* under his arm, and he will point to his panegyric of Robespierre with the satisfaction of one who has done his best to promote goodwill and confusion among men. M. Rénan will reach his death-bed unshaken in the belief that if MM. Robespierre and Louis Blanc had flourished together, one would have eaten up the other and left the world but little the better for being abandoned to the incisive experiments of the survivor.*

But to return to M. Louis Veuillot, who hates MM. Rénan and Louis Blanc with equal piety. This modern Torquemada has not always been the ferocious Ultramontanist we behold him now. Like Augustine of Hippo he passed his early life among the profligates, contributing to comic news sheets, fighting duels with actors whom he had quizzed and brother journalists whom he had libelled, and publishing a novel, *L'Honnête Femme*, much less edifying in its tendency than the title might suggest. But having gone on a tour to Rome in 1838, when he was just five-and

* The writer thinks it well to state that, in expressing his admiration for M. Ernest Rénan's impartiality and good faith as a logician, he offers no opinion on the *Life of Jesus*, which is not in question here. M. Rénan is not infallible; but those who heard his lectures when he was Professor of History at the Collège de France, and those who read the political and literary articles which he contributes from time to time to the *Débats* and *Revue des Deux Mondes*, must do him justice as a reasoner, however much they may differ from his views on Christianity.

twenty years old, the religious ceremonies of Easter week wrought such a powerful effect on him that he came back an altered man. Good-bye to songs and suppers, revelries and profane literature. M. Veuillot's friends laughed at the change that had come over him, and augured that it would wear off; but M. Veuillot growlingly anathematized them, and from that time to this he has been busy classing his fellow-men into two categories; namely, a very small one, who will troop into heaven behind him because they subscribe for his newspaper, *L'Univers*, or, at all events, adopt its tenets; and a painfully large one, who will be kept waiting at the gates without a chance of ever obtaining admittance. Priests of all shades, bishops, and even a few saints jostle one another in this last category, for M. Veuillot is no respecter of persons, and has long since learned that the cowl does not make the monk. Of his own zealous authority he has re-judged a round dozen of saints whom he asserts were canonized in a hurry or owing to erroneous information (which does not prevent him from championing Papal infallibility), and he rebukes tepid bishops' and weak-kneed members of the lesser clergy without stint or scruple. A few years ago Monseigneur Dupanloup lost patience under M. Veuillot's admonitions, and gave vent to his feelings in a well-known letter, beginning, "*Monsieur, le rôle que vous cherchez à jouer dans l'Eglise est intolérable.*" But M. Veuillot did not care for that. The Pope approved him; and it was perhaps lucky for the Pope that he did approve, for M. Veuillot is much like that French lady who, being told that she ought to live in subjection to her husband because the Holy Spirit, speaking through the mouth of St. Paul had ordered it so, answered, "*Ah! mais moi je ne suis pas du même avis que le Saint Esprit.*" In person M. Veuillot bears some resemblance to the portraits of Mirabeau, his features being deeply pitted, his lips full and sarcastic, and his eyes ever a-glow. He is now sixty, but ripeness of age has in no way quenched his fiery spirit nor his indefatigable industry. He probably reads more than any other man in France, for, making it his duty to keep an eye over the orthodoxy of the whole Church, he dips into every new work of theology, and leaves not a pastoral or a *mandamus* unexamined. Talk to him in private about his travels, or about any secular matter not

tending to controversy, and you will be struck by his genial humour and his fanciful shrewdness in describing scenes and customs he has witnessed. He has also, though unmarried, a wonderful love for children; and if you catch him drawing out the yellow silk handkerchief, which he flourishes benevolently as a prelude to social intercourse, the chances are ten to one that the hearth-rug will be littered with sugar-plums which he has bought for baby acquaintances. But mention the name of a prominent freethinker or Church waverer, and M. Veuillot's aspect undergoes a curious change. Back goes the yellow handkerchief into the capacious tail of his coat, his knotty right hand plunges straight into the bosom of his shirt, a sardonic grin (it is really not a smile) breaks over his expressive lips, and quick as malice itself M. Veuillot launches one of those pitiless bolts which quiver into the weakest part of a delinquent's armour. M. Veuillot is a terrible man for inventing epithets which sum up all the foibles of an enemy, and stick to him through a lifetime. He christened Prince Napoleon *Jérôme Egalité*, M. Thiers *King Ego*, Father Hyacinthe the *Sancho Panza of the Church*; and his printed sketches of divers anti-clerical people are like anatomical dissections, so cruelly do they expose the innermost blemishes of the victims. Freethinkers walk in much terror of M. Veuillot; and if they have any peccadilloes even on their private consciences, take care not to come athwart him; but perhaps Churchmen feel even more fearfully towards this Inquisitor of a man. It could scarcely have been pleasant for the bishops at the last Œcumenical to see M. Veuillot stalking about the Vatican as if he were the usher who had brought all these holy men together, and meant to punish such of them as were refractory; neither can it be agreeable at this juncture for foreign priests, who know little of M. Veuillot, to discover that he knows all about them, and is concerned to hear from private reports that their proceedings are not what — to his mind — they should be. Possibly, if the Romanist clergy throughout Christendom were privately polled, a strong majority would opine that M. Veuillot is a trifle too good for our earth, and that if he were withdrawn from this vale of tears, which he illumines with his blazing sanctity, it would be a providential release for him — and for them.

But M. Veillot shows no anxiety to quit this scene of his ecclesiastical wrestles; and so long as he continues to splash epithets at his opponents, for the cleaning of their souls, one of the writers most frequently bespattered by him will be, as heretofore, M. Edmond About, editor of the *XIXième Siècle*, and Paris correspondent of the *Athenæum*. If ever France should possess a truly paternal government, which will restrict every man to the work he can best do, that government will prohibit M. About from writing in newspapers at all, and send him back to fabricate us some more novels. M. About is a capital novelist. His *Trente et Quarante* is a very gem, and his *Mariages de Paris* tales to read and re-read; but he is a poor journalist—inconsistent, flighty, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, by no means free from personal bias in judging men and measures. So long as he confined himself to fiction it fared well with him, for he achieved reputation, wealth, and paved his way to a fine marriage; but one day he took it into his head that he was born for political destinies, and since then he has been running to seed at a precipitous rate. The late Emperor was primarily responsible for unhinging M. About's brain, having invited the witty author to Compiègne and pinned a red ribbon to his button-hole. Then he talked to him about the Roman question; and as it was part of Imperial policy at that period (1858) to be on ill terms with the Pope, M. About was asked whether he would go to Rome at Government expense, and write a book about it—the implication being that his book on Rome should bear a close resemblance to his amusing skit on Greece, *Le Grèce Contemporaine*. Of course M. About was delighted.

We all have our weaknesses, and M. About's weakness was, and is, to hear himself called "Le petit-fils de Voltaire." He much loved to be noted as a famous infidel, and it would have been sweet to him if the Pope would only have banned him in a special bull, to be posted on all church doors throughout Christendom. Thus congenially disposed he went to Rome, and wrote of it all the evil that could be decently crammed in 300 octavo pages, after which he returned, expecting his reward in the shape of a post under Government. But the Emperor's Papal policy had in the mean time veered, and M. About was told that he should have a diplomatic employment by-and-by, only that his Roman book having caused "a

great scandal," it was advisable to wait until the soreness of it had passed off. Prince Napoleon conveyed this message at one of those jovial Friday dinners at his Pompeian Villa of the Avenue Montaigne, where he gathered, at the private request of his cousin, all the eminent pagans whom the Emperor durst not invite too often to the Tuileries. The Prince told M. About to wait—and M. About waited. He waited, and wrote more novels, got married, and enlarged his fine estate at Saverne. He waited, and from the official columns of the *Monde* wrote furious anti-republican articles, which secured him promotion in the Legion of Honour. But the diplomatic appointment kept tarrying, and at length the "Grandson of Voltaire" lost patience, and following the immemorial wont of baffled Frenchmen, discovered that he had been from the first an ardent Liberal. This was about five years ago, and M. About lost no time in revealing his long-concealed Liberalism in the *Gaulois*, then a new paper started in rivalry to the *Figaro*. From the *Gaulois* he passed to the *Soir* as editor, with a salary of 60,000 fr., and at the outbreak of the war appointed himself special correspondent, and wrote from the battlefields a series of letters most remarkable for everything except gratitude to the Sovereign who had so often and so kindly befriended him. Gratitude, however, has never been M. About's forte, and he would gladly subscribe to the late Nestor Roqueplan's aphorism: "*L'ingratitude est l'indépendance du cœur*," adding thereto this maxim of his own: "*Les bienfaits coûteraient trop cher s'il fallait les payer*." The late critic Sainte-Beuve, who knew M. About well, said of him, "*Chacun de ses livres est une belle œuvre et une mauvaise action*," meaning that the author of *Le Roi des Montagnes* could seldom resist the temptation of saying a witty thing at the expense of people whom he intimately knew, whence that vein of demure personalities which runs through all his novels—personalities which the generality of readers cannot detect, but which are apparent enough to the initiated, who read between the lines. Without going so far as M. Sainte-Beuve, one may say of M. About that he is one of those delightfully keen psychologists whom it is pleasanter to have as a neutral acquaintance than as a foe. He is now forty-five, but looks ten years younger; and you have only to glance at his wide-awake face, rendered

deceptively bluff by a hay-coloured beard, his malicious blue eyes and meaning smile, to guess how agreeably this thorough Parisian can pull absent celebrities to pieces over a quiet dinner-table, or in a snug drawing-room before an admiring audience of ladies. M. About is a great favourite with ladies, but as regards men friends he stands in much the same position as Prince Talleyrand, who remarked that he had all his life through possessed one sincere friend—and that was himself. However, M. About can boast of at least a fervent comrade and worshipper in the person of M. Francisque Sarcey, the dramatic critic to the *Temps*, and M. About's chief contributor to the *XIXième Siècle*. As Boswell was to Johnson, so is M. Sarcey to M. About; but we know that Johnson did not consider himself bound to repay Boswell's admiration by a warm show of kindred feeling. With respect to political opinions, M. About is still hoping, so his enemies say, for a diplomatic appointment; and meanwhile he advocates a sort of chameleous republicanism, which varies much in hue, according to the colour of the party that may happen to be in the ascendant. His latest public achievement has been to fight a duel with M. Edouard Hervé, and to pay a fine of 8*l.* for this misdemeanour, which arose from an interview with the Count of Paris. Two years ago, when it looked as though the Count were going to become King, M. About requested M. Hervé to present him to his Royal Highness, and M. Hervé having complied, M. About said, with an amiable bow, to the Prince, "All the hopes of France are centred on you, Monseigneur." This year the hopes of France having centred elsewhere, M. About found it convenient to ignore his compliment and to abuse the Prince, whereat M. Hervé waxed wroth, and some bitter articles ensued, culminating in the fine of 8*l.* above-mentioned. However, all who know M. About do him the justice to feel sure that, should the Count of Paris become King after all, this little unpleasantness will be forgotten, for Louis Philippe d'Orléans is not vindictive, and M. About is ever generous in forgiving and forgetting the hard things he has said of others.

Another journalist who has long hankered after a public post—but nothing less than a seat in the Cabinet would suit him—is M. Emile de Girardin, the founder of the *Presse*, and owner of the *Liberté*—"le Grand Emile" as Boulevard wags call him. M. de Girardin wears a long

wisp of hair over his forehead like the great Napoleon, and just as the dancer Trenis said a hundred years ago, "This century has begotten three men—Voltaire, Frederick the Great, and me"—so would M. de Girardin willingly say, or at all events think, "Two men have illustrated this century—I and Napoleon." He is now past seventy, and has glanced at events all his life through that sheen eye-glass of his, which was once a very will-o'-the-wisp, leading Frenchmen forever into new fields of speculation, financial quagmires, and political morasses. At an age when most boys are at school, M. de Girardin had written a novel; before he had even shaved he started a joint-stock company; at twenty-five he founded a paper, which candidly called itself *Le Voleur*, because it filched the best articles from all the other journals; and at twenty-five-and-a-half this paper had procured him three suits-at-law, a criminal action for libel, and two duels. But M. de Girardin won his suits, got acquitted for the libel, and winged his adversaries: after which he started afresh, and inaugurated a promising era in journalism by publishing serial fictions in a daily paper along with political leaders, and selling the mixture for a halfpenny cheaper than rival newspapers. This grand idea of the *roman feuilleton* put the completing touch to M. de Girardin's fame. All the other papers, even the grave *Débats* (which trebled its circulation by M. Eugène Sue's novel, *Les Mystères de Paris*) felt bound to season their politics with long-winded romances; and the *Presse*, in which this experiment had been first tried, brought its owner a cool 10,000*l.* a-year. M. de Girardin's next exploits consisted in marrying the beautiful and witty Mdle. Delphine Gay (then known in literature as the "Viscount de Launay"); in shooting and killing Armand Carrel, the chief of Republican journalists (1836); in accurately predicting the fall of every Cabinet that declined listening to his advice, and in getting talked of as a possible member of all new Cabinets. After such a well-spent career M. de Girardin might fairly claim to sit at rest in the sumptuous palace he has bought in the Champs Elysées next to ex-Queen Isabella of Spain; but M. de Girardin is one of those men whom nothing in this life will wholly silence, and he takes as great a pleasure as ever he did in bestowing advice on statesmen who have not asked him for it. He has been called *Le Saint Sacrement*, because it has

been remarked that Governments only send for him when their condition is past praying for; and his arrival invariably acts like a *Nunc Dimittis* which closes their career for good and all. He hurried to the Tuileries on the 23rd February, 1848, just in time to counsel Louis-Philippe's abdication when it was too late. He was consulted by Napoleon III. in 1870, by the Empress Regent after Sedan, and by M. Thiers on the eve of the 24th May; but he has never been able to persuade either Sovereign or Premier that he would be a valuable person to have in an administration. This has imparted to his conversation a somewhat injured tone, and he insensibly speaks of himself as of a man whose worth contemporaries have ignored. He has certainly made more noise in his time than any dozen other journalists clubbed together; and what is still better, he has made varieties of noises, for there is not a single opinion in the catalogue of political creeds which he has not at one time or other advocated. In this respect he may be said to have set an example of suppleness to this and the coming generation of writers, who make, and will make it, a point of honour to quote him as a precedent whenever they wish to assail to-day what they defended yesterday—and *vice versa*. But he has set as good an example in other points, for he was the first to launch that style of spasmodic leader, chopped into trenchant lines and short paragraphs, a style now become classical. No great trouble is needed for such leaders, and M. de Girardin, who has never deigned to read up the annals of any nation but the French, had a great art for jumbling up scraps of historical lore, picked up in desultory reading. In 1848, when he threw himself, heart, soul, paper, and pen, into the advocacy of Louis Napoleon's Presidential candidature, this was the sort of leader to which he would treat the readers of the *Presse* every evening. There were generally three or four of these leaders, all bearing his signature; and it must be borne in mind that each of the sentences, here divided by dashes, occupied a separate line of large print, well leaded.

L'Empire c'est la Paix.

Empire is peace — Peace is Empire — Without Empire no Peace — Without peace no Empire — Why is Empire peace? — Because it is propped up by bayonets — Why are bayonets peaceful? — Because

they frighten the Foreigner — To each nation its Providential man — To England a Pitt, to France a Napoleon — Why was Pitt strong? — Because he ruled free England — Why was England free? — Because she was ruled by Pitt — There was a King called Nebuchadnezzar — A King of Babylon and Nineveh — Why may the French nation be some day compared to Nebuchadnezzar? — Because this King of Babylon, being a fool, was sent to herd for seven years with the beasts of the field — Will France ever herd with the beasts of the field? — Yes, and chew the cud of remorse and humiliation — When and why? — France will herd for seven times seven years with the brute nations of the world — And be despised — And laughed at — And mocked — And it will serve her right — If she do not elect Louis Napoleon.

This style of composition might occasion surprise if found in a leading column of the *Times*, but to a Parisian public it tasted well, with a glass of bitter drink just before dinner. To this day Frenchmen allude, with a national pride, to the Great Emile's journalistic feats, and point to his numberless successful disciples in the Press as a proof that his name can never be obliterated. And yet it is probable that M. de Girardin will be remembered less in connection with his fine manner of writing than because of the good-humoured patronage he has always extended to young and struggling men of letters. Himself an adventurer — the term is no disgrace to him, for he wrote an autobiography, greatly glorying in the title — he has never missed a chance of fostering youthful talent. His principal contributors have always been young men, for he loved to have such about him; and any one, no matter how shabby, eccentric, and friendless, who came to ask him for employment, was sure of obtaining it, if he passed satisfactorily through an ordeal to which M. de Girardin would subject him to test his sharpness. One of the Great Emile's favourite tests consisted in saying to the aspirant: "Call on me to-morrow at six." If the aspirant came at six P.M., he was a lost man; but if he had the sense to guess that so Olympian a personage as this editor must be afoot and busy with the early bird, the Great Emile's thin lips smiled approvingly, and he would say: "That's right, you'll stop and breakfast."

III.

It has just been mentioned that M. Girardin has had many disciples: they have, in fact, been so numerous that Parisian journalists who have not at some time or other served under the Great Emile's orders are almost exceptions. M. de Girardin's practice was to keep a writer till he had achieved a name, then the two generally quarrelled; for the Great Emile was renowned for having a new idea every day, and when his contributors become too consequential to jump obediently from notion to notion every twenty-four hours, he would hint that the world was large enough for two, and bow his unbending disciple out. Let us, however, take our seats in front of the Café de Suède, next door to the Variétés Theatre, and see M. de Girardin's old pupils, and indeed all other Parisian journalists of note, file by towards five P.M., the "absinthe hour;" with thirsty but cheerful looks, just fresh from the printing and publishing offices, that cluster about the Rue Montmartre. The Café de Suède is the head-quarters of journalists athirst, and a score or two of them are sure to drop in to discuss the news in the first editions of evening papers which appear between four and five. All these educators of the people are not equally eminent, nor do they call for full biographies at our hands. But many of them are powers in their way, and deserve at least a nominal mention.

First a young man of thirty-two, with unfortunate looking shoes which show his socks, and unbraced pantaloons which exhibit a bulging expanse of linen below his waistcoat. The nap of his hat bristles up, he has a pile of papers under his arm, his hands are thrust deep in his waistband, and he walks as if the cares of State still sat on his shoulders. This is M. Clement Duvernois, editor of the *Ordre*, the Empress Eugénie's paper. He was at once a Radical, and a gushing pupil of M. de Girardin's at a period when the latter was at quills drawn with the Empire; but one day he changed opinions somewhat unexpectedly, was met going in and out of the Tuileries with notes for the Emperor's *Life of Cæsar*, and eventually blossomed out as Minister of Commerce—a post he held for three weeks, that is from the 10th August to 4th September, 1870. M. Duvernois wears a ferocious-looking beard, and he does not forgive the Republican party for having nipped his career as a states-

man untimely in the bud. If the Empire were restored, he would hope to be some day prime-minister, and would wage war upon M. Rouher, whom he secretly regards as a hindrance in his way; for if M. Rouher were gathered to his fathers, and if M. Duvernois could obtain a seat in the Assembly as easily as he did in the Imperial Corps Législatif, then he would assuredly lead the Bonapartist faction and be reckoned a somebody. Meantime he writes well and violently, earns a fine income, and would probably buy a pair of braces and brush his hat if he could divert his thoughts from the public weal.

Behind him comes another writer, careless in his attire, and with him one of the best-dressed men in Paris: these two are M. J. J. Weiss and M. Henri de Pène, editor of *Paris Journal*. M. Weiss is like one of those rough-bound books which one must not judge from the cover. He disdains gloves, but he writes as few other men can; and, what is better, he is a singular instance of chivalrous political fidelity, "pushed almost to Quixotism." Originally editor of the *Journal de Paris*, M. Weiss assailed the Empire in vigorous but always temperate language, and claimed for France a Parliamentary Government and liberties. When the Emperor called M. Ollivier to power, and seemed thereby to be entering upon a Liberal policy, M. Weiss felt it would be uncandid to continue his opposition; and so he accepted a post in the Fine Arts department, and has been secretly fretting over his mistake ever since. If he were as many other men, M. Weiss would easily have shaken off his yoke of allegiance after the 4th September, and have set to work abusing the *régime* he had served; but he is not like other men. Having drawn Imperial pay, he will not stoop to write against Imperialism, though at heart he never loved that form of rule, and possibly loves it now less than ever. His terse and scholarly articles in *Paris Journal* are much read, but there is a disenchanted tone about them, and when M. Weiss talks to you he does so with those frequent shrugs which mark a Frenchman's belief in the utter vanity of things human. M. Weiss's editor, however, still thinks there are cakes and ale to live for. He twists a gold-headed cane in his well-gloved hands, fillips a speck of dust off the silk facings of his coat, and tells you, with an aristocratical smile, that he would like to flick all Republicanism into space as

easily. A thorough exquisite is M. de Pène; cool, handsome, and brave as a Zouave. He burst into renown by very nearly being slain in a duel, under circumstances rather comical. Being then a contributor to the *Figaro*, he wrote of the officers of a certain line regiment, that they rushed into the supper-room at the Tuileries balls as if they were a troop of jackals. Justly incensed, the officers drew lots among them as to which should challenge M. de Pène, and made a vow that they would fight him, one after another, until his insolent blood were spilled to the last drop. But they were spared this trouble, for the first officer thrust home so cruelly that for six weeks M. de Pène's life was despaired of, and the Colonel of the —th Regiment declared that the honour of "his jackals" was satisfied. As the Army was not popular at this date, it needed no more than this duel to make M. de Pène a hero, and to double the worth of his literary signature. He soon found a moneyed man to risk starting a paper in his company, and there he is now, a living instance of the fact that a hole in the chest is not always an unmixed evil.

But duellists will always be liked in France, for look at this young giant who comes striding along with his curly head aloft and his creole features, snarling at a pair of Radical journalists who flit by him. This is M. Paul de Cassagnac, who has fought about a dozen duels, and will be engaged in many more such encounters before he has done. He is editor of the *Pays*, and has been so for the last three years, though he is but little past his thirtieth year, and knows not much of literature. To write in the *Pays* you must have a good command of virulent adjectives, and must be an adept with swords or pistols. You must, further, worship Napoleon III., believe that the Second Empire heaped innumerable blessings upon France, and be well versed in all scandals appertaining to the private lives of foremost Republicans. M. de Cassagnac plies his pen as if it were a bludgeon, and when not engaged in writing articles of three columns' length — for his style is not concise — he may be generally found fencing in M. Paz's gymnastic rooms, and there is no denying that he fences well. A congenial friend of his is M. Edmond Tarbé, who edits the *Gaulois*, and tries to model his clothing and manners on those of M. de Pène without quite succeeding. M. Tarbé earned some distinction by riding out of

besieged Paris disguised as a postilion, and going straight off to Brussels whilst his countrymen were getting their heads broken. At Brussels he started a provincial edition of his *Gaulois*, and, to the astonishment of the public, began to champion the claims of the dethroned Emperor, whom until that time he had always assailed. There was a mysteriousness in this proceeding which has never been cleared up; but it is enough for ordinary inquirers that the *Gaulois* has been since the war one of the most obedient and most frequently "inspired" organs of Chislehurst. It is also soothing to know that M. Tarbé has amassed a fortune of several million francs by his paper, and finds no difficulty in spending his money, being young and fond of hospitality.

But we must pass lightly over the next covey of journalists who come scudding down the Boulevard in a brotherly throng. M. Louis Jourdan, the tall, grey-headed, and austere editor of the democratic *Siccle*; M. Anatole de la Forge, a short-bearded and waddling iconoclast in spectacles, one of the chief contributors to the same paper; M. Hippolyte Castille, whose articles, signed with the pseudonym of "Alceste," have caused the suppression of no less than three daily papers, and who, for all his vigour, looks a quiet old gentleman enough; and M. Edouard Portalis, a young dandy, who is a son, nephew, cousin, and brother of staunch Conservative landowners, and who himself dabbles with the tips of his yellow gloves into the frothings of extreme democracy, and lately tried to form a new alliance between Red Republicans and Red Bonapartists under Prince Napoleon. Then we have M. Francisque Sarcey, friend, as above said, to M. About — a fat, pleasant critic, who would look well disguised as a monk of old, and who contrives to say, in nine out of every ten articles he writes, "at the time when I was a schoolmaster" — the fact being that he once held a professorship in a Government college, and was dismissed therefrom for telling his pupils that Augustus was a poor sort of character, and Brutus a much better citizen than Cæsar. Next to M. Sarcey we may meet M. Charles Monselet, dramatic critic to *Événement*, and very busy at this juncture trying to set up a new joint-stock theatre at the Porte-Montmartre. He, too, is plump, and wears spectacles, and the chances are that he will have on his arm a very popular young writer with crisp hair and

a mahogany face — M. Victor Cochinat, of the *Rappel*, who hails from Guadeloupe. But M. Monselet is one of the princes of the French press, and his walks down the Boulevards are generally a triumphant series of hat-liftings and hand-shakings till he comes finally to anchor in a snug corner of the Café de Suède cheek-by-jowl with a gentleman resplendent in a velvet waistcoat, a red tie, and too much watch-chain. Who that has ever been in Paris will not recognize, at the mere sight of this exuberant jewellery, M. Léo Lespès, known to, and beloved by, every *conciergerie*, market women, and laundress in Paris as “Timothée Trimm”? M. Trimm served his seven years in the army, and never rose above sergeantship; neither did his career dawn very brightly after he recurred to civilian life, for he had no friends, no money, no profession, and as he pathetically said, “no clear ideas as to anything in general.” All this, however, was baggage enough for a literary man; and one day M. Lespès, meeting the Israelite capitalist M. Millaud, suggested to him the creation of a one-sou daily paper. M. Millaud thought the idea good, and, as his custom was, acted on it without delay. The *Petit Journal* was started, and in less than a twelvemonth rose to a circulation of 150,000, and by the end of two years’ time to 250,000. For five consecutive years, without a single day’s interruption, M. Léo Lespès contributed to this sheet a daily *chronique* of three columns’ length; and when at last he retired from the *Petit Journal* to the *Petit Moniteur*, it was only to continue this extraordinary kind of labour at an increased salary. The *Petit Journal* had given him 2,000*l.* a year, the *Petit Moniteur* offered him 3,000*l.*, and Timothée Trimm draws this salary to the present day, and does his best to deserve it by instructive *chroniques*, compiled largely out of biographical dictionaries, memoirs, and books of travel, and yet very readable. M. Léo Lespès considers that he has done much to educate the masses, and perhaps he has; at all events, it must be recorded to his honour that he is a singularly impartial writer, and that he appears to be utterly unconscious of the political changes that go on around him. He never alludes to them even remotely; and no man knows what his political opinions are. If you question him on this subject, he answers, with a wink, “I believe in Paris, and nothing else; and to tell the truth, I have not travelled

farther than ten miles outside Paris for the last twelve years.” Then he lights a cigarette, and strokes one of the most over-waxed pair of moustaches human eye ever beheld.

But Parisian journalists are so numerous, and space is so limited, that a whole bevy of well-known faces must be left unsketched, though they come crowding up, and seem to protest, French-like, against being left unnoticed. One at least of the number must be alluded to, for he is the most conspicuous of all — namely, M. Hippolyte de Villemessant, proprietor and editor of the *Figaro*. Short and round, with a very French head of bullet shape, a drooping, dyed moustache, and an irrepressible white waistcoat, M. de Villemessant holds veritable levees in every public spot where his countrymen congregate. He has a way of nodding and of holding out his hand, which seems to say that he knows his great importance, and would like to keep up the dignity of it if he could; but unfortunately he cannot. When he first started his *Figaro* he never counted on its becoming an important political oracle, selling 50,000 copies a day, and guiding the opinions of all the lighter classes of the French capital. Now that he finds himself a courted personage, to whom even Deputies and Cabinet Ministers think it prudent to bow, he is rather struck by the humour of the thing, and will confess the fact in private if he thinks you can be relied on. It is needless to say that M. de Villemessant’s high-sounding name is an assumed one, his real patronymic being Cartier; also that, like the generality of French literary folk, he began in life with no capital but his own wits. His mode of rising was, however, extremely simple once he had scraped enough credit and money together to found a paper. Unlike other editors who have an opinion and lay it down as a guide to their contributors, M. de Villemessant kept his opinions to himself, and allowed the writers on his staff to say what they pleased. As he enlisted the most pushing, witty, and reckless journalists that love or money could procure, the concert of discordant sounds which his newspaper emitted was something altogether new in journalism, and like most new things, it paid well. Another principle of M. de Villemessant’s has always been to dish up the commonest scraps of news in the most attractive form — strict adherence to facts being a secondary consideration — and the re-

sult is, that when a mad dog is killed in the *Figaro's* columns, he always dies more artistically and under more interesting circumstances than in prints of the old school. This way of doing business M. de Villemessant calls "true journalism," and he does not conceal his contempt for news-sheets which, like those of England, describe things "dryly and barely," as they have happened.

From Good Cheer.

ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION.

V.

THE days that followed were for Robert Holt somewhat strange days—days wherein he refused to look backward or forward, to see the things that had been, or the things that might have been. This could hardly be because of full content with the present—his passionate, frequent letters to Fanny Claydon breathed nothing of contentment. They were the outcome of a soul fevered, unexamined, reckless.

To Fanny Claydon herself these letters were a puzzle. The fierce, impetuous mode of expression, the uncontrollable impatience of separation, the sudden, fervid yearnings, the strange, rare touches of tenderness, were all incomprehensible to her. But they were not unwelcome. The letters were looked for with eagerness, received with delight, and answered in a pretty, childish, rambling fashion that amused Robert Holt as much as it disappointed him. He would be glad when the necessity for letter-writing was over, he told himself; and it should be over soon if he could have his way in the matter.

And how was it in the thatched cottage that stood in the rift of the moorland? An aged woman dying, a younger woman with a dead heart—poverty, loneliness, plain-sewing, silence.

Once the silence had been broken; there had been a burst of wild, mad longing, a sense of wrong and injury, keen, intolerable. Then forgiveness again, and a very agony of love, a very agony of blind craving for the veriest morsel of food, for the scantiest crumb of affection. She would write to him, go to him, creep to his feet and die there, abjectly, contemptibly. Then came a thought of that other woman, that woman that was so young and so fair and so winsome; a woman that had had a life and a world of

her own before her, and yet had come to darken another world, to take all there had ever been of sunshine out of another life. This was a moment of terrible strife for Hester. It was so hard to think charitably of one who had done a deed like this; but it was by strife in little things that Hester had come to be great; and it was after all but a little thing to forgive an injury that had been, in a certain sense, unintentional. A victory was won here, but there was no consciousness of anything won. It did but seem natural to Hester that she should come to think kindly of one of whom *he* thought with so much more than kindness.

After this struggle, the old weight of calmness came down again, a calmness that had no virtue in it, as Hester knew. But it seemed to her that she was powerless to contend against it. There was a great blankness over all things, a stoniness in the heart of things; she felt as one who in a living body bears about a dead soul. If she prayed, it was as one praying by strange altars. There was none to hear, none to see.

Love by harsh evidence
 Thrown from its eminence,
 Even God's Providence
 Seemed estranged.

But a new hour was at hand. In the silence of the night a sound was heard, the unfolding of the wings of Azrael,—the last faint sigh of a soul going home to God.

Alone with the dead!—with one who has finished that last dread act of dying!—an act the very thought of which is sufficient to hold men all their lifetime subject to bondage! In what a strange new light the world of the living appears to us now! Our own life, what is it? "As a dream when one awaketh," the Psalmist says; and of the thousand and one things to which life has been likened, none may compare with this, there is none so full of pathos, none so true. But the words are seldom realized till we kneel alone by the body of one who has but just awakened from his dream. Kneeling thus, we, in a partial way, awake also. The appalling unreality of the things that are seen startles us; the truth, the nearness of the things that are not seen, overpowers us. Life is no more a long, weary *via dolorosa*, but a too-brief hour of watching. The terrible struggle to reconcile life in the world with death to the world, seems a struggle no longer. The former things are passed away.

There is a light not of this world upon the narrow, thorn-strewn pathway that lies before us; there are strange shadows upon the flowery fields on either hand. The faces, too, that surround us are changed. Men and women that had for us no form nor comeliness, nor any beauty that we should desire them, become radiant with beauty, new, sublime, unearthly: from other faces,—faces that had been a joy to us—we turn with a prayer. The old hopes and feelings change also, yielding place to new. If one man's tenderness, one woman's smile, has been to us a religion, how we shudder thinking of such religion now! If any human being has done us a wrong, how wan and feeble the memory of the dead is kneeling here! how intense and searching the memory of the deeds we have done ourself! There may have been no act for man to point out with finger of scorn, but the hand of the Recording Angel has moved against us, and conscience endorses his record with terrible readiness now. There is no more thought of the things endured, nor of any endurance to be exercised in the future. If by any means we may escape,—that is the only thought. If by any means we may so live that the midnight cry shall find us also ready. If by any means we may attain to the Resurrection of the Just.

In this hour, then, it was that the dead weight of a prayerless sorrow passed from Hester Shepherd's heart. Not that it ceased to be a sorrow at all, that could hardly be; but the darkness of it was no more a darkness that could be felt, no more a cause of strangeness between her soul and God.

Then came days of silent watching. Now and then a solitary neighbour came over the moor, passed noiselessly through the darkened rooms, whispered a word of sympathy, and went out into the autumn sunshine again. And after these days came a day more drear still. Hagar Shepherd was laid to rest in the quiet moorland churchyard, where generations of her forefathers slept. The neighbours went back to the cottage, where Ellen Jefferson—Hester's Aunt Ellen—made strong green tea, and dispensed large slices of a species of plum-cake. Hester sat alone in her mother's room, but she could not shut out the gossip, the laudation of the dead, the memories of the past, the speculations as to the future. Her own future. "Poor Hester! what was she going to do?" they asked; but

Ellen Jefferson could not tell. She shook her head ominously, and her voice sank to a whisper, but she had nothing to tell.

Presently the neighbours went home. Hester stood amongst them for a moment at the last, her presence causing a sudden hush of silence. "Good-bye," she said, "and thank you all." She smiled, but such a sad wan smile it was, that some there were touched to tears. And her voice, too, was changed. It had strange fixed tones in it, as if nothing could ever put life and ease into it again; and her face was, in every line of it, the face of a woman stricken with a life-long sorrow. Yet she looked very beautiful, very sweet. The golden hair drooped a little, the black dress hung in heavy folds, the soft grey eyes told a sad tale.

Then came a night of sleeplessness, and pain, and desolation. The water rushed over the rock by the side of the little cottage; the wind swept in plaintive gusts among the foliage; the old clock struck the hour slowly; through the tiny panes the daylight crept. Then life began again; the sorrow that had never slept through the night, that had been so sharp and stimulating, turned to a dull ache now. It was not easier to bear; and Hester's power of endurance was growing less than it had been. She was worn in mind and in body, inwardly fevered with the strife that she was for the moment ignoring. And there was a sense of insufficiency to contend with, too—a consciousness of failure of purpose, of faithlessness, of want of insight.

At last, towards evening, came a moment that Hester had been dreading all day. It had been a restless day. She had wandered in and out of the cottage, up and down the gill, backward and forward over the moor; trying to peer into the grey future, trying to be content with the greyness; then trying to reach out higher, to grasp some fragment of truth that should save her from drowning in this strong surge that was beating upon her soul.

But the day was nearly over. "Ya mun come an'sit doon a bit noo," Mrs. Jefferson said a little sharply, placing a round, fat, red hand on either knee. She was a woman who prided herself somewhat upon her business qualities—firmness, decision especially. Over at Kirkthwaite she kept a greengrocer's shop, and took lodgers, and did a little starching and ironing. She was a clean, tidy woman, with a broad red face, a tiny up-turned nose, and a fondness for bright

colours. At the present moment, over her black dress, she wore a red and yellow bandanna.

"Ya'll ha' to know, Ah reckon," the little woman said; and then followed the long and oft-told story of her own struggles and successes. Hester listened very patiently, very attentively; and the attention was pleasing to Mrs. Jefferson. The tone of her voice grew softer, and her plans for Hester's future were disclosed with a persuasiveness of argument that Hester had not expected.

The said plans were very simple, very feasible. It was of course impossible that Hester should remain at the mill; she had few relations, few friends, and, as Mrs. Jefferson reminded her, still fewer talents. The one available talent that she had could not be turned to account everywhere. Mrs. Jefferson had been told that all the work was done by sewing-machines in large towns nowadays; but she knew of plenty of work that might be had for the asking in the town of Kirkthwaite. If Hester would go there, she could have board and lodging much cheaper than she could have them elsewhere. And there were other advantages. But the greatest advantage of all was not pointed out by Ellen Jefferson. She knew of no reason why Hester would be especially glad to leave the neighbourhood of Northscaur; knew nothing of memories that would cling forever to Stonebeck Mill.

Mrs. Jefferson's offers were accepted with a readiness that surprised her a little.

"You'll remember you're free to do as you like," she said, with a change of tone and attitude. And Hester did remember, with a pain that left her strengthless for the moment. Then she recovered herself.

"I think I should like to do what you wish, Aunt Ellen," she said. "I know you do wish it, and you're very kind." And Ellen Jefferson was touched by Hester's quiet gratitude, and in her own heart honestly glad and relieved.

Then some minor matters, such as the sale of the furniture, were settled; and after that Mrs. Jefferson went to say "good-bye" to a friend who lived a mile or so above Stonebeck Mill. When she had gone, Hester sat as she had sat on that night when the first shadow fell between her and Robert Holt — silent, moveless, barely conscious.

Then, slowly, consciousness came back, bringing dark blind thoughts that were

full of perplexity. Not coherent thoughts. Some seemed born of the outer events, some of whispering voices. It seemed to Hester that they all needed explanation; that life itself was beginning to need a key. Then she travelled backward over her life, over the years of hunger and negation; then over the brief time of partial friction — brief, but full of compensation. Had she accepted it too readily, dwelt in it too completely? Where had been her sin? Was renunciation the one duty of life? Was there no happiness for man nor woman save in utter rejection — in utter refusal to accept the least of the things of the world? Could freedom from disappointment be secured in no other way save this?

Then thought paused a little; there was no apprehension of anything save blankness, isolation, and a haze of trial yet to come.

A hush had fallen upon the bowed spirit, and slowly thought passed into an attitude of voiceless supplication. There was no plea to be satisfied, uplifted. Hester did but pray as the Syro-Phœnician woman prayed, that some crumbs might fall from the Master's table.

"Have mercy on me, O Lord!" This was the woman's plea.

"But He answered her not a word."

Is He not now oftentimes as silent as then by the coasts of Tyre and Sidon?

Does it not often happen, too, that His first answer is of the nature of denial?

"Hold thee still in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and He shall bring it to pass."

"For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee."

"He said unto me, Write, for these words are true and faithful."

True and faithful in life and in death if poor, blind, struggling humanity would but believe and see. Is man against us? Yet is God for us. Is isolation our cross, want of sympathy, tenderness, appreciation? It is no true cross. His tender mercy is over all, pitying, listening, waiting for our first utterance of perfect trust, for the very first proof that we have learnt to lie still.

There is no harder task in life than this of learning to lie still. Not to lie idly, not carelessly, not "untimely seeking here the peace of heaven;" but with calm, trustful, unswerving acquiescence.

For acquiescence such as this, Hester's

voiceless prayer went up. "But He answered not a word."

Still she sat there silently; still under the brooding wing of the Angel of Peace. What right had she, had any human being, to expect freedom from sorrow and disappointment? Still less, what right to expect happiness, to claim it as a due? Was the attainment of earthly happiness a noble aim? Would not the Christian who should set himself to attain it be following his Master in ways He never trod?

And the things that had been — by whom had they been permitted, ordered? Who had meted out the joys and the sorrows of each day and year? Who had put an end to the joys, and mixed the cup of sorrow that she was drinking now? And how had she accepted the cup? Had there been any readiness, any willingness in her manner of taking it from the Unseen Hand?

Then slowly, almost imperceptibly, the Master's answer came. It was an answer of peace. There seemed to be no more difficulty, no more perplexity. There had been storm and darkness; now came light and quietness. One walking upon the waters of strife. A Voice saying softly, "It is I."

Here, then, for Hester Shepherd, was the unfolding of the great secret of life, the grand master-key to all philosophies. A thrill swept over her, she listened breathlessly; and through the gloom the kindly Voice came, "It is I."

And through all the days that followed — the last days in the old home, the first days in the new; days of parting and anxiety, of solitude, and dissonance, and pain — through and above all came the still small Voice, "It is I."

When Robert Holt heard of Hester's new trial, his heart was troubled within him. He had an unreasonable longing to go to her, to be of use to her. He had never ceased to think of her. It had been beyond his power to put her away out of his mind altogether. But he had told himself that it was not love he felt for her now; that the old reverence had deepened to veneration. At first she had stood in his memory as she had stood by the grey rock when they parted, with the quiet exaltation on her face, the sweet self-forgetful smile, and eyes with the wondrous light in them. But time and other thoughts had intervened; she had come to him of late enshrined in a

shadowy, half-spiritual haze, her golden hair gleaming like the halo of a pictured saint. He could have prayed to her as she stood thus before him, and he would have thought such prayer no sin. He had ceased altogether to think of her as an ordinary woman, who might be a man's wife, and help him to keep his books and write his business letters.

But the knowledge that fresh sorrow had come upon Hester seemed to turn the wheels of life backward a little, to invest her with the old loving and lovable humanity — to place him by her side as he had stood six months ago; to give him power to stand there when he would, to do for her what he thought best, to help and comfort her in the way he thought kindest and most tender. All that he might have done then she was needing now, and his one duty to her was to keep away from her, to hide himself from her sight forever. It was like an awakening from a dream. If he might only see her once, might only tell her . . . What was it he would tell her? What was the thing he put away out of his thoughts so hastily, with such a sudden bitterness? What new knowledge had come to him by this fresh activity of thought and emotion?

When he came to know that Hester had left Stonebeck Mill, that the old place was deserted altogether, sadness fell upon him, and a restless desire to go there once again. It was a grey November morning when he went. A heavy mist was rolling away over the moor, disclosing here and there a gloomy pine-tree, here and there a weather-beaten crag. Dew-drops hung heavily on whin and briar, the water came rushing over the fall with a dull, hoarse sound, the only sound that broke the silence. The cottage door was closed; the window-shutter was swaying slowly to and fro; the wind had blown the leafless rose-tree from the wall, and the broken branches were straggling across the pathway. Robert Holt hid his face with his hands, and so he stood awhile. Then he turned homeward, pale, sorrowing, and repentant. Over the moor the grey November sky lowered more heavily than before.

The postman was coming away from the old red-brick house as Robert Holt walked up the road, and his housekeeper had put the letters on the breakfast-table as usual — two cheques, an order for salt-fish, three circulars, a letter from Fanny Claydon, brief, angular, highly-scented.

"MY DEAREST R.,—I don't know what you have thought of me not answering your letter before, but I have had such dreadful attacks of toothache; I couldn't eat and I couldn't sleep, and sometimes I didn't care to go anywhere or do anything at all. Yet *only think*, I have had to go to *four parties* within the last *six days*, so *imagine* how tired I am. I *did* enjoy them though; I think I could dance forever. Walter's house looks *so* nice now. They have got *dark green* curtains for the winter, with scarlet and gold Byzantine border, and table cover to match. I should have liked *blue* better, but Lucy wouldn't listen to blue. I can't write any more, you dear old thing; my face is beginning to ache again, and I sent Sarah down to Mitcham's for ammonia half an hour ago, and she hasn't got back *yet*.

"Ever, dearest R.,

"Your loving FANNY.

"P.S. When *are* you coming to see me?"

This was not the first letter of Fanny's that had made Robert Holt feel as a hungry man feels when he is disappointed in his hope of food. Hitherto he had been in the habit of re-reading such letters—of trying to persuade himself that they were not in reality so vapid, so empty, so selfish, as they had seemed to him at first; and sometimes he had succeeded in this, and had accused himself of being exigent and unreasonable. But, for the first time, he put it out of his power to do this. Fanny's letter shared the fate of the circulars, and the tea-kettle composed a new song for the occasion.

VI.

KIRKTHWAITE lies thirty miles or so from Northscaur Bay. It is a quaint, silent little town. The streets are dark and narrow, the houses high and gabled. At the top of Moorgate there is a grand old church, with a high tower, and windows of stained glass, and a peal of bells that can be heard eight miles down the valley on quiet Sunday mornings. And beyond the church is the market cross, and some rude wooden stalls; and beyond these the dingy little back street called Mauld's Road.

No. 38, Mauld's Road, is a tiny shop with three steps leading up to the door. In the bottom of the window there are baskets of apples and potatoes, of green peas and early cabbages, and above there are sweets in bottles, brass thimbles in a

tumbler-glass, gingerbread, sealing-wax, hair-oil, bone-buttons.

At the back of the shop there is a small kitchen with a brick floor. In front of the window, which looks out on to a high white-washed wall, there is a long table covered with an ironing-blanket; and in the middle of the floor, a round table covered with a snow-white cloth. Ellen Jefferson is preparing supper; a strong smell of onions prevails, and Ellen is warm and irritable, as she usually is when there is cooking to be done in the evening. Presently the door opens; two men enter, and throw down their caps and pull off their heavy boots. One is a porter from the railway station, the other an engine-cleaner, oily and grimy, from the same place. These are two of Ellen Jefferson's lodgers; the third is in the little room over the shop.

An odd little room it is. There is a looking-glass in a wooden frame over the mantel-shelf, peacocks' feathers above it, calico flowers of many tints in vases below it, china dogs with gilt chains on either side of it. On the opposite wall is the pride of Mrs. Jefferson's life, a "Scripture piece," as she terms it, in other words, a libellous representation of Ruth and Naomi, done in worsted and framed in tarnished gilt. And on the wall opposite to the window there are three prints of favourite "ministers" framed in mahogany.

Hester Shepherd had felt instinctively that to suggest the removal of any of these works of art would be to incur her aunt's lasting displeasure, therefore no such suggestion had been made. Yet she had done what might be done to tone down the aggressive unrefinement. A pretty chintz cover had been made for the horsehair sofa; there were a few exquisitely arranged wild flowers on the table; and Hester's books were there, and a little oaken cross, and an illuminated text, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." A promise that was fulfilled more and more as the days went on.

Yet they were but sad days, and the life lived in them was but a narrow life, with little to elevate or beautify it, less to cheer or encourage it. The meagre incongruous surroundings were curiously typical. And there was strange aching of heart, too, sometimes an aching that Hester herself could hardly comprehend. It was not the pain of a divided life, that pain was already growing dull; nor was it the longing to hear once more some voice of human sympathy, though there

were times when such longings craved loudly to be satisfied. Later Hester came to see that it had been the aching of utter hopelessness, the hopelessness of a strong-natured, imaginative, warm-hearted woman, with no earthly future save this of silence, plain-sewing, isolation.

It was a sad story. A loving woman who might have been lovely, and should have been much loved, living this lonely, hard, unbeautiful outer life. But it was not the only life. God sets a man with his feet upon a certain spot of earth, but the man may make his own sky overhead—a firmament of heaven, blue and shining, or an atmosphere of sin, hot and stifling. Or he may sit in perpetual gloom, outwardly sinless, inwardly sunless; yearning for sweetness and light, but making no effort to satisfy such yearning. There is satisfaction, full and complete. No soul of man was endowed with capacities high and wide simply that such capacities might be thwarted. The universal longing for sympathy and happiness, the inexhaustible desire for perfection and holiness, have deep root in human nature. But men have to seek fruition in the Nature at once Human and Divine—in Him who created man for himself, and wills not that any should find full content and satisfaction out of Him.

Robert Holt had only met Fanny Claydon twice since that first fatal meeting. In the winter old Mark Sanderson had died, and soon afterwards Fanny had come over to Northscour to stay with her aunt awhile. It had been a time of perplexity for Robert. At first he had been disappointed, then re-fascinated; then, after Fanny's departure, he had become dubious and dissatisfied again. But perhaps, after all, he argued, it was only that he was less happy when he was away from her, which was natural. And he was not an imaginative man. There were people given to invest the absent with virtues and attractions to which they could make no claim when present; but he, Robert Holt, was not one of these; it was difficult for him to realize virtues and attractions that really existed. So he argued with himself, but his arguments were not altogether satisfactory.

One day in the early spring he went over to Scarborough—went as Fanny's future husband, and was cordially received as such. Mr. Claydon unbent a little, and was hospitable; Mrs. Claydon bustled about a good deal, and was moth-

erly; Fanny was bright and gay and pretty as usual. On the surface all went well, and he had no time to think of anything below the surface. Every day, almost every hour, there was something to be done. Fanny's life seemed a routine of walking, dressing, shopping, visiting, receiving visitors, and drinking tea. He stayed a week, and there was an engagement for every evening, and he had the felicity of seeing Fanny treated like a spoiled, petted child everywhere. He felt bewildered as he went back, and an atmosphere of flattery, muffins, airy songs, and millinery hung about him for a week afterwards.

Light wonder, then, that as the days went on Robert Holt should come to think that there was for him no real satisfaction, no true content anywhere. Life was a failure. A glamour had fallen upon him, a glamour that had taken the similitude of love, and had caused him to miss his way. It had never been a narrow way; but the path his feet were treading now seemed broader than the old one. There was strange emptiness, too, inward and outward. His present life seemed mean and worthless; his future hollow and purposeless. He saw no way out of the difficulties into which he had brought himself. His feet were entangled. He could only drift with the tide.

And he did so drift; but it was not a painless drifting. The dead past was not buried. His memory seemed to have acquired a new and special tenacity for the things he would fain have forgotten. He tried harder work, he tried extra travelling, rushing about from one place to another on the slightest pretext; but he could not rush away from himself—from the past that was behind him, from the future that was before him.

But things could not go on forever thus. One day a letter of Fanny's roused him to a little new suffering—suffering of the aching, empty, voiceless kind; and he wondered why he had let things go on thus so long. He told himself that he still had faith in Fanny's power to make him happy with a certain kind of happiness if once they were married, once settled down quietly together in a quiet place. Perhaps he had thought too much, too hardly, of her poor little letters. She had confessed over and over again her incapacity for letter-writing. Her thoughts would not go down to the tips of her fingers, she said; and she hated trying to make them go. Better, far better,

then, for her and for himself that these unsatisfactory communications should come to an end. If even he were mistaken about that certain amount of happiness that he was anticipating, still, it would be as well for him to find out his mistake now as at a later date. Under any circumstances he would abide by what he had done. And there should be no more delay, no more cowardly shrinking from the fate that he himself had made, and now was finding stronger than himself.

It was in the early August days — the days of tall white lilies and glowing carnations, of roses and bright geraniums — that Robert Holt went over to Scarborough again, this time to fix an early day for his marriage. He had written a note to Fanny only the day before, saying that she might expect him.

South Villa, the house in which Mr. Claydon lived at that time, stands a little way out of Scarborough. It is a grey, unpretentious-looking little place, with pear-trees and rose-trees all about it, and scarlet honeysuckle growing in at the windows. A white railing forms the boundary of the garden, and beyond the railing is a dusty road, with green hedges and shady trees. Carriages come whirling by; people on horseback, some of them looking timid and scared, some astonished and awkward, some all ease and grace and elegance. Then come nursemaids with perambulators, and troops of sweet little sunburnt children, bare-legged, clad in limp holland and white cotton hats and bonnets.

Presently a tall man, wearing a grey suit, comes slowly up the road. He has a dark, fierce-looking face; but his eyes have lost some fierceness; seen near at hand, there is an expression of weariness and bitterness about him.

Reaching the white gate, sounds of laughter come to him through the open window, and a clatter of tea-cups. He rings the bell with more of violence than is really necessary, and a smart housemaid opens the door for him. Then Mrs. Claydon comes into the narrow passage, fat and very warm. "How do, Mr. Holt?" she says, putting out two reluctant fingers to be shaken. "You've come upon us rather sudden this time, haven't ya? But come yer ways in, an' made yerself at home. Fanny's havin' a few friends to tea this afternoon."

Robert hung back a moment. Would Fanny come out to him for a kiss of

greeting, as she had done before? He could hear her voice, her ringing laugh, and for a moment a faint rush of the old emotion came back as he listened. Surely she would come. But Fanny was busy with the tea-cups, and Mrs. Claydon was staring at him a little impatiently from the doorway. "Come yer ways in," she repeated. "Surely you're not going to be shy at your time o' life."

Robert did go in — a little hot, a little angry, a little disappointed. The room was full of steam, coloured muslin, expansive shirt-fronts, glances of inquiry. "How *do* you do?" asked a thin sweet voice from behind the urn, and a small white hand was held out to him; then half-a-dozen introductions were nervously hurried through. There was not a face that he remembered. None of Fanny's friends were the friends of six months ago. Lucy would have been there, doubtless, but she had gone with her husband to visit some friends near Carlisle.

After tea there was croquet on the back lawn, and Robert sat by the parlour window with Mrs. Claydon, looking on. He was beginning to feel curiously bewildered. Fanny's manner to him was inexplicable. In-doors her smiles, her glances had been as bright as ever, her pretty sayings as amusing; but there was some flavour wanting — something he had never missed before. Now, flitting about the lawn, just outside the window, she refused to look at him at all, tried to avoid coming quite close to him, and when he spoke to her, she pretended not to hear. Mrs. Claydon gossiped; Robert, listening to himself, answered at random; then he got up and went out under pretence of smoking a cigar.

He stood alone a moment or two on the edge of the lawn; then Fanny came up, skipping and smiling.

"Why don't you go and talk to Ellen Waters?" she said, with the arch little turn of her head that Robert knew so well. "There she is, under the chestnut-tree with a book."

"I see she is; but I don't want to talk to Ellen Waters just now. I want to talk to you."

Then deeper tones came into his voice, and a more earnest expression to his face. "Look at me, Fanny," he said. "Why are you behaving so strangely?"

Fanny looked up for one moment — a nervous, terrified look it was. Then her eyes drooped and her lips trembled, and her colour came and went rapidly. Sud-

denly she turned. "Oh, I believe it's my turn to play," she said, darting off.

It was a mistaken belief, but Fanny did not come back to Robert Holt, and Robert sauntered under the trees to smoke his cigar.

What did it all mean? he asked himself. Had he given offence in any way? or was the change in Fanny's manner simply a natural change, the result of the note he had written yesterday? It might, after all, only be a kind of shyness. People had different ways of showing embarrassment. Or perhaps she did not wish to be married yet awhile. She was very young, very girlish, and her present life was very full of the pleasures that girls seemed to care for most. . . . Then a sudden sadness came upon him — feelings that he dared not analyze, memories he dared not put into thought, prophecies he dared not look upon.

When he went back two more young men had appeared on the scene, and Mr. and Mrs. Claydon were sitting on a seat near the lawn. There was no unbending on the part of Mr. Claydon this time; he was quite himself — stiff, silent, churlish. Mrs. Claydon was again reserved for a minute or two; but she was unequal to continuous effort of this kind, and relapsed into her natural garrulity.

"That's Mr. John Gregson as is talkin' to Flory Hughes," she said, pointing to a stout young man with her knitting needle. "He'll do well in the world, will John, if he only keeps steady. An' that's Mr. Alfred Chester as is pinnin' ferns in our Fanny's hat. We're fond o' Alfred. He's an architect, and he makes a sight o' money. He's a handsome young fellow too — don't you think so, Mr. Holt?"

"Yes, he's handsome enough," Robert said, not grudgingly, but absently. He was watching Fanny more intently than he was aware of. There was no nervousness about her manner now — no trembling lips nor drooping eyelids. When Mr. Alfred Chester had arranged the ferns to his satisfaction, he placed the hat on Fanny's head with an unmistakable air of privilege; and Fanny thanked him with a mock curtsy, very pretty, very profound. Then they sauntered up and down the gravel path awhile, talking earnestly, but quite inaudibly.

Presently twilight came creeping over the fields. The mallets were thrown aside; there was silence — shadows, light dresses passing slowly to and fro under the trees in the distance. Whispering, flirting, love-making there, surprise, an-

noyance, bewilderment here. New light was breaking over Robert Holt's mind — too strange light yet. He dared not admit it.

He grew restless. It was not possible for him to sit longer listening to the ceaseless gossip of Mrs. Claydon; nor was it possible for him to put himself in the way of any opportunity for eaves-dropping. He would go in-doors, he decided at last, and join Mr. Claydon, who had gone to smoke a pipe in the kitchen.

Mr. Claydon's silence was an unspeakable relief after his wife's garrulousness; yet Robert's thoughts were hardly of a more consecutive nature than they had been in the garden. It seemed to him that it would be unwise to let certain new ideas take definite form; yet he could hardly help them doing so. He had seen with his own eyes, heard with his own ears, things that he would have thought very easy to understand had the case been another's; but the case was not another's, and he was afraid of drawing inferences too readily — inferences that might bring disappointment, disappointment that might bring knowledge of a kind of which he had too much already. Escape by any means was a thing he had never dared to dream of, never permitted himself to consider possible; and he was still afraid of entertaining hope of such possibility too soon. Yet hope would come. He felt strangely confused and impatient. What was Fate going to bring him now?

They came back presently, the young people from the garden, whispering, laughing, flitting about the narrow passages, in and out of the small rooms. Then lamps were lit; some one began to play a noisy waltz, and Mrs. Claydon came into the kitchen, laughing a curious little laugh that Robert could not understand at all.

"Well, well," she said, in a resigned tone; then she laughed again, then resumed, "I've heard it said as all folks have their way, but yours *is* a queer way. I don't wonder as things have taken the turn they have. Think of a man like you sittin' here broodin' over a pipe when there's only a brick wall atween him an' music an' singin', an' half-a-dozen or more of as nice-lookin' girls as you'd meet in a day's march. But you *are* a queer un, an' I've said so from the first."

Only one sentence of this speech remained with Robert Holt. What did Mrs. Claydon mean by the turn things had taken? Should he ask her? Per-

haps it would be better to wait and find out for himself. He would go back to the sitting-room. If his interpretation of the word that had been said was the right one, he would probably not have to wait long for confirmation.

It might have been thought that by this time Robert Holt would have become a little used to incongruous situations, that some little portion of his morbid sense of the ridiculous would have been blunted, but it seemed to himself as he entered Mrs. Claydon's parlour that the reverse was the case. He had to stoop as he went in; the room seemed lower than ever; the younger men seemed younger than they really were, and more graceful in figure and better mannered. He felt his age, his grimmess, his rough bearing, his awkwardness. He could not breathe freely. He had a longing to rush out of doors, to stride away without once stopping, over the miles and miles of breezy moorland that stretched between him and Northscaur Bay. He would be stifled if he remained long in that atmosphere of smoky lamps, company-manners, and stale scent.

But he did remain — remained till Alfred Chester, the very last of the guests, had departed. He had told himself that it would be impossible for him to leave the house in this terrible state of suspense. The last hour had been torture. Fanny had been fascinating to bewilderment, showering her fascinations upon everybody alike, Robert Holt included. But there had been a good deal of badinage, and Robert had discovered that there was a general understanding that such fascinations should have been reserved for Mr. Alfred Chester. He was quite aware that his only sensation ought to have been one of intense relief; and he *was* relieved, but he was conscious of a good many sensations besides this, not all of them pleasant ones. It had not been pleasant for him to be compelled to witness Alfred Chester's airs of appropriation. He had not been prepared for anything of the kind, and he thought that he should have been prepared in some way or other. Without doubt he had been treated very badly.

Perhaps the same thought was in Mrs. Claydon's mind. She sat down very complacently, smoothing out her black satin apron with her fat red hands, and helped herself once more to wine and biscuits. Her manner was that of a person unassailable from any point whatever. Fanny sat on the music-stool, listlessly turn-

ing the pages of the song she had been singing. Circumstance had yet to decide what her rôle should be. At present her mental attitude was that of a victim.

There was silence for a minute or two. Mrs. Claydon munched her biscuit, sipped her wine. Fanny turned a little on the music-stool; suddenly Robert Holt turned too, looking full into her face.

"You would get my note yesterday?" he said abruptly.

"Yes," Fanny answered, tracing the pattern of the carpet with the toe of her boot. Then she looked up and smiled a little sarcastically. "I wasn't expecting a note of that kind, neither was I expecting a scene of any kind to-night."

"No, an' I 'ope there won't be no scenes," Mrs. Claydon broke in. "If Mr. Holt's the sensible man as folks take him to be, he won't want a deal o' explanation."

Robert restrained himself. "A single word will do," he said, hiding a grim smile.

"Many a one would ha' seen for their-selves how matters stood," resumed Mrs. Claydon, "an' wouldn't ha' needed a word — wouldn't ha' wanted to be told that a girl had changed her mind. An' I'm very glad she has changed it, an' so's her father. It never was a suitable match, as I said at first, an' as you must ha' known yerself. She's but a child to you, an' I make no doubt but she was over-persuaded. But, howiver, let bygones be bygones, Mr Holt. You must see as things are best as they are."

"I hardly know what I see yet, Mrs. Claydon," Robert said, a little absently. A good many thoughts were crowding upon his mind now, but Mrs. Claydon imagined that Robert's preoccupation was the preoccupation of deep grief.

"Of course I am aware as it must be a trial to you," she said, softening a little; "so's Fanny. She quite lost her appetite yesterday after she got your note, an' talked o' goin' away somewheres so as she mightn't see you. But I said as how that would be behaving badly, an' she said no more o' goin' away after that. She's been well brought up, has Fanny; but she hasn't been herself since last night, an' she won't be till she knows as you mean to forgive and forget. Come, Mr. Holt, say a friendly word or two. Don't let us part wi' any kind o' enmity atween us. Bless you, you'll get over it sooner than you think. It'll be like a dream to you afore three months is over."

It was like a dream now, and not a pleasant dream; but Robert had a good deal of amusement to hide as well as a good deal of relief. It was not possible for him to say much. He repudiated the idea of cherishing enmity, and assented vaguely to proposals of friendship. But it was something of a disappointment to Mrs. Claydon that he said so little of his grief. "There are folks as can't talk o' anything as goes very deep," she said to Fanny afterwards.

When he rose to go, Mrs. Claydon was more friendly than ever; and Fanny held out her hand, smiled a bright winning smile, and looked up into his face with a tear or two sparkling in her wine-brown eyes.

"Say you won't think harshly of me," she said, in a sweet little voice of entreaty.

"It wouldn't be possible," Robert said, with a smile as bright in its way as Fanny's own.

They parted then. Robert Holt's illusion was over. Certainly he was a sadder and a wiser man, but the weight of sadness had not come down upon him yet. His thoughts were chiefly of the unexpected relief that had come. The burden that he had borne so long seemed greater than ever, now that it had fallen from him. The life that he had before refused to look at, he faced with a shudder now. *Could* he have endured it? . . . And he felt humiliated too —

Shamed through all his nature
To have loved so slight a thing,

if indeed he had loved her. But it was not pleasant for him to look back. He tried to put this part of his life away from him, as men try to put away all recollection of the delusions of a fevered brain, but it was a difficult matter. There was nothing in the present or the future that he could turn to with any satisfaction. All was barren, and blank, and dreary. He might be at peace, but it would be the peace of the desert—an empty, desolate peace.

VII.

THOSE who do not get virtue out of suffering get knowledge—so much real sorrow, so much real experience. It seems a hard bargain; the loss appears greater than the gain; yet there is gain, if a man could realize it in time for comfort; but we do not find it till after many days—till the need for comfort, is, so to speak, half over.

With Robert Holt the many days passed slowly, sadly, unprofitably. A strange unrest was with him. It seemed to him that any alternation of pleasure and pain would have been better than this utter lifelessness—any interchange of hope and disappointment better than this utter hopelessness. Where should he go? what should he do? he asked himself during the long dreary winter. If there was no fountain for such nameless thirst as his, was there no Lethean draught anywhere? Could he never escape from the recollections that had such vitality in them—such power to pierce and sting?

There have been many since Themistocles who would gladly have learnt the art of forgetting, gladly have acquired the power to shut out the old memories that lie enshrined in the heart, fresh, green, vigorous, blooming there like flowers on the graves of the dead. We would be quiet in the present, if we only might. We would restrain ourselves from any cravings; we would do our duties faithfully; we would strive to the utmost; we would practise any and every virtue we might have strength for—all this and more, if we could only be at rest. Through much sorrow we come to be very unenvious; and if we learn nothing else, we learn to be reasonable in our demands. We smile pitifully at the old visions; they were so bright, so large! What a little would content us now! A single note of the song that thrilled us, a single word from the lips that spoke and smiled for us the whole day long.

It may be said that if Robert Holt's life had been a less solitary life, the hunger pains that beset him would have had less opportunity for development; but he was altogether alone, and his loneliness was becoming a more intolerable thing to him daily. Going homeward in the twilight, to the old red house on the cliff, to his empty rooms, his desolate fireside, it seemed to him as if the plaining winter winds swept through his very soul. A fisherman with a child in his arms, a cottage fire lighting up the home faces gathered round it, a pair of lovers in the lane—all these things touched him somewhere. Strong man as he was, there were times when he could have wept without knowing why.

Robert Holt knew nothing of the theory of unconscious cerebration; if he had, he might perhaps have explained for himself certain things that puzzled him. It was but rarely, very rarely, that he

thought consciously of Hester Shepherd, but he was conscious every day and every hour of a certain subtle influence that seemed hers. It appeared to him as if every act of his life were done in her sight. When he did think of her, it was without effort, without any recognition of a change of subject. There were times when he wondered if it would be always thus; when he told himself that he might probably come to be content with this mysterious sense of nearness. But as the days went on these times grew rarer; the longing for some more definite, more material knowledge of her began to haunt him wherever he went. If he might but know that she was happy, or content, or at least that she was suffering no privation, he would be satisfied. He had no desire for any intercourse. If he could see her once afar off, learn from some friend what her life was, assure himself that she had no need of any aid of his, he would come back to his dreary life willingly. He was no idealist; but the hunger and aching of heart that he had endured, had rounded certain angles of his nature wonderfully. And it had been a help to clearness of vision too. He was beginning to see that there were more things in heaven and earth than had been dreamt of in his philosophy.

The longing to see Hester grew apace with the growing days. It seemed to him that the merest glimpse of her would have the effect of making his after-life seem a less sad and dreary and purposeless thing. He mused over it till it fevered him. There could be no more work done, no more plans made, no more days of sad unhopeful routine, until he had satisfied himself thus far.

It was towards the end of December when he set out on his silent errand. A strange errand for such a man! He had wavered a good deal at the last; but the deciding thought had been the thought, perhaps the hope, that Hester might be in some adversity or other; that perhaps he might have the satisfaction of befriending her in some way without her knowledge. He was very careful to hold in his thoughts and his hopes. He would give no rein to his imagination.

Yet he could not help the tremor that came over him as he left the Windmill, an old whitewashed house with green shutters that stood at the top of Moor-gate. He knew the way to Mauld's Road, across the sleepy little market-place, beyond the wooden stalls, by dingy little shops with dim oil lamps burning

somewhere on the counter. There were very few passers by; and he began to slacken his pace a little as he went along the tiny street; and to try to recover himself. What did it matter? No one would see him; and he was not likely to see any one for whom he cared. Which was the shop? This one was full of crockery ware, that of ribbons. A feeble light streamed from behind the ribbons, glinting across the street, lighting up the rags that clothed a little brother and sister standing near the window of the opposite shop.

A window with oranges in it, and red-cheeked apples, and box and laurel, and red-berried holly. "Because it's Christmas, you know, Joe," the girl said. And the boy looked up quickly. "Is it?" he inquired. "Then I'll go in an ax Miss Shepherd for a horange. She said she'd give me one at Krussamas if I took old Nan's milk up ivery daäy athoot spillin' on't."

They went in together, the little ragged pair, and Ellen Jefferson's disappointment was expressed in the sharp tone in which she called Hester down from the room above. Robert Holt was standing very near the step as Hester crossed the small space between the door and the counter, his power of self-control strained to the utmost tension by the thrill that swept over him. "What is it, Joe?" Hester said, taking the round chubby cheeks between her large white hands. Her voice was changed, but it was strangely sweet still; and her smile seemed even sweeter than of old, and more gentle, and more earnest.

"Wish a merry Krussamas an' a 'appy new 'ear, Miss Shepherd, an' Mrs. Jefferson, an' Mr. Barnes, an' Mr. Smithson," Joe said, in a hurried, shamefaced way. And Hester smiled. "Thank you, Joe," she said, but her voice faltered a little, and when she spoke again, there was a pathetic cadence in her tone that stirred Robert Holt's very soul. Then she turned to reach the oranges, and he saw that she looked a little wan, a little faded; and it seemed to him that her movements were listless and her attitudes more nerveless and lifeless than he had seen them before.

Yet more than ever she seemed to him beautiful, more than ever a woman grand, benign, calm, good; a woman to raise a man's soul from the dust, to comfort him, strengthen him, redeem his life "from too thin breathing." So, as Robert Holt turned away into the darkness, he felt as if already some new life had entered into

him; expanding his thoughts, kindling his hopes, bringing fresh knowledge of himself, of Hester; suggesting to him a possible future for them both. Why should there not be that friendship of which Hester herself had once spoken? A friendship of the highest, purest, most spiritual kind. She was capable of this, as few women were, he told himself. She would comprehend it from the beginning without any written code; she would be content that it should be a friendship altogether unacknowledged, unmaterialized by words, visible only in a glance, a subtle sense of sympathy; in the consciousness of a finer and higher relationship. Let him meet her once, see her face to face, once with new light within him, and she would be quick to see the light, quick to do her part in establishing this new order of things. There would be no need for frequent intercourse; a note, a letter by the way; a chance meeting as the years went on, he would desire nothing more. Nor would she. He could live the intermediate life very calmly, live it in her sight always, as he had done before; but it would never again be the same life that it had been of late, never again so isolated, so non-appreciated. He would once assure himself of her attitude toward him; and he would bear about with him the high support of that attitude forever after. He had no doubts. He had nothing to ask of her. This that he desired would be given without asking if it could be given at all. Her soul would gravitate towards his, as his towards hers, of necessity.

So he thought as he went back to the Windmill. He did not ask himself whether he was happy, whether he would ever be happy, but he was strangely calm and contented. All he had to do now was to bring about the meeting in a natural way. There must be no suddenness, no intrusion; nothing to cause any jar or difficulty.

But this was less easy than it had seemed. Difficulties came from within, memories of wrong and offence; remorse, doubt, and a sense of unworthiness. All day these things kept possession of his mind; and when night came again they kept possession still. Up and down the dreary little road he wandered, backward and forward when the feeble light streamed from behind the boxes of ribbon. There was a light in the window of Hester's little room till ten o'clock, then a shadow crossed the blind and the light disappeared; and Robert went on his

way again, less satisfied with that idea of a perfect friendship, more sad, and doubtful, and hungry.

When morning came there was a changed world, a wild snow-storm swept over and all around the little town. It would have been a busy day in the market had the weather been fine, for it was Christmas Eve, and the farmers' wives had brought in large cans of "furmity," or "creaved"* wheat, for the Christmas Eve suppers of the good people of Kirkthwaite, and also barrels of milk wherewith to prepare it, and boughs of red-berried holly wherewith to deck the windows, and the picture-frames, and the supper-tables. But the snow-covered carts made their way to the doors of the little shops this morning; and quaint white figures crept noiselessly about the streets; and the wind whirled the snow into heavy drifts under the projecting windows, and by the numerous steps. It was a silent day without; and for Robert Holt who sat by the window of the little inn parlour, it was a cheerless and a hopeless day.

Toward evening the sky began to break a little; the grey changed to a deep clear indigo, and the moon rose over the hills beyond Kirkthwaite, silvering the edges of the purple clouds, disclosing the soft outlines of the folding uplands, gleaming upon the white high-peaked roofs of the town, throwing a pale mysterious beauty everywhere.

Once more Robert Holt went out, once more he turned his steps towards Mauld's Road; but a little beyond, in the lane leading toward Kirkthwaite Hall, he saw a dark graceful figure by the white hedge-row. She was carrying a parcel, "plain-sewing, doubtless," Robert said to himself as half-unconsciously he turned into the same path.

For some distance he followed her, through the fields, through the fir-wood, almost to the gate of the avenue; growing more tremulous, more painfully athirst in soul at every step. Hester disappeared through the gate; and Robert stood leaning against the trunk of a fir-tree on the edge of the little copse.

Standing there, the silent weird beauty without, the silent weight of pain within, Robert Holt was no longer haunted by the strange unrest that had filled him; even remorse was present no longer, no doubt nor anxiety of any kind. His calmness was not that of despair, but it

* Creaved — pre-boiled.

was akin to it. He had so little to hope for, that it seemed hardly worth hoping at all; he had nothing even to fear, he told himself. He was rigid with misery. Coldness and sickness were at his heart; and it seemed to him as if they must remain there forever.

Presently he heard the click of the gate again. The time had not seemed long; the sound was no joy to him. He waited very calmly. The dark figure came onward, under the glittering fir-trees, by the snow-laden bushes. He heard the light foot-fall, saw by the streaming moonlight a pale uplifted face, gentle, earnest, intense. Then he stepped forward and held out his hand, and a low, sweet voice said calmly, yet eagerly, "Robert! is it you?"

He made no answer. The soft clear grey eyes that looked into his without surprise, without embarrassment, seemed to hold him spell-bound. He grew tremulous again, his heavily drawn breath became audible; and Hester began to understand, and understanding to pity.

"Have you come all this way on purpose to see me?" she asked with her old quiet smile. And Robert said that he had; and then another silence followed, intense, instinct in every moment of it with deep emotion.

"Don't be afraid of me, Hester," Robert said at last, in tones strange and touching, all the more touching because of evident effort for self-control. "Don't be afraid of me. I haven't come here to ask anything that can distress you, to disturb your peace of mind in any way. I can hardly tell why I have come. . . . But I mustn't keep you standing here in the snow. May I walk back with you?"

"Certainly," Hester said, turning homeward. "And don't try to find any excuse for coming to see an old friend. I begged you to come, you know; and I needn't say I'm glad to see you."

Robert sighed. If only Hester had been less calm, less unembarrassed. Why did she talk in that indifferent way? But there was an undercurrent of doubt in him as to whether her indifference was real. He had heard her speak in tones like these before — quiet, even, but with just a suspicion of unnaturalness in them.

They were walking slowly down the lane that led into Moorgate now. There were trees overhead, the leafless interwoven boughs glittering like a canopy of silver-frosted lacework; soft shadows

were on the pathway; twinkling lights in the distance. Then the chime of the old church bells came through the silence. It was the time of evening prayer.

"Are you tired after your journey?" Hester asked, looking up to the pale, stony face by her side.

"No," Robert answered. "I have had no journey to-day. I came on Monday."

Hester said nothing of her surprise. "Perhaps you will come to church with me, then," she asked, "and go home with me afterward to tea. Aunt Ellen will be glad to see you."

Both invitations were accepted. Prayers were read in the dimly-lighted old church; there was an atmosphere of calmness, of consolation; a new realization of the old words, "Peace on earth, good-will to men." The text was written in letters of gold, and bordered with holly; but Robert knew nothing of this; he could have said some one whispered it to him. Perhaps Hester standing there by him, the light falling upon her shining hair, upon her peaceful face. More than peaceful it was. The soft low tones of the organ were rolling away up to the roof; a sweet, clear voice was singing the *Nunc Dimittis*.

They went homeward. There was music in the street; and a group of carol-singers trudging through the snow that nearly blocked up Mauld's Road. "You will come in?" Hester said, observing that Robert drew back when they reached the step that led up to the little shop; but he shook his head, and held out his hand.

"I cannot this evening," he answered, in an absent, dreamy way. "I have seen you — that was what I came for. . . . I must see you again, though. May I come to-morrow?"

Perhaps he read his answer in the pitying, loving eyes that looked into his — it may be that he read more than the answer he expected just then.

"Yet I can't, I daren't be thankful," he said aloud, as he rushed onward through the snow. "I daren't be thankful yet." But it had come to him suddenly, strongly, in that last unutterable look, that he had ground for thankfulness. Should he go back? It was yet early in the evening. The impulse was overmastering.

Hester had gone up to her room very quietly; and she had put away her bonnet, smoothed her hair, and returned to the little sitting-room without pausing anywhere to think. But emotion is swift-

er and stronger than thought. The events that had come into her uneventful life during the past hour were not to be ignored. Why had he come? Why was he so strange? What depth of suffering had humbled him in this way? That he had suffered she knew certainly — there is a freemasonry in sorrow. And conjecturing what his sorrow might be, she could hardly forget her own; it seemed to come back upon her with new keenness — if indeed that could be said to come back that had never been absent.

But this was only for a moment. Swift as lightning an unbidden thought crossed her brain — a nameless, unbidden hope. Not the hope that in Robert Holt's heart there was still love for her — she had never doubted that, never once through this long time of unfaithfulness had she doubted that, unknown to himself, he was still faithful. She knew better than he what real love was, knew more than he of its deathlessness, its power to influence a human soul after a dozen lower fancies have swayed it hither and thither. The thought that came to her now was a thought that perhaps the meaner love in him was dead, or dying; that he was finding out the mistake he had made. But what then? Was he not still bound by it? Here was his sorrow, doubtless; and no light sorrow either. Hester Shepherd could see no way out of it for him, save a dishonourable way. It was a dark future — everything was dark; and life was full of mistakes, and the world was full of strife and sorrow and tears. Hot, bitter tears, such as Hester Shepherd had never shed before, came streaming down her face; her whole frame shook with emotion as she knelt by the little sofa.

She had knelt there some time; her tears were dried; she was calmer and stronger, when Mrs. Jefferson showed Robert Holt the staircase that led up to the little room. But traces of the tears were visible on Hester's face still, and her heavy white eyelids seemed to droop with a weight of tears yet unshed. Robert Holt's first impulse was to throw himself at her feet, to kneel there, not till Hester forgave him, but till he could forgive himself. Her calmness, her utter unembarrassment restrained him. For a moment or two he stood looking into the fire, pale, hesitant, doubtful. Then he took Hester's hand, and drew her nearer to him. She made no resistance. They stood for a moment or two, each in that moment acquiring knowledge of the

other. Robert Holt would not be standing there, standing thus, unless he were free so to stand, Hester told herself with a thrill that swept through her, lightening her heart of doubt and misery and pain. And once more their eyes met, once more Robert Holt saw the look of unutterable love and faith that had inspired him so suddenly with hope and resolution.

"Is it possible that you have forgiven me?" he said at last, in hoarse, broken tones.

"Quite possible!" Hester said. Her calmness was giving way a little now; there was a quiver in her voice, her face was a little averted.

"Thank you," he said. "I don't deserve it. I deserve nothing at your hands, hardly even pity. But if I had thought only of my deserts, I shouldn't have been standing here now."

Then he told her how it came to pass that he stood there, — told her of the long, painful year of punishment that he had endured, of his unexpected release, his sadness and isolation, and of the strong yearning that had come upon him to see her once again.

"I told you the truth this evening when I said that I had not come to distress you, to disturb your peace of mind in any way," he continued, still trying to speak calmly; "but it is not all the truth, though I thought it was. I thought I only wanted to see you, to hear you speak, to ask your forgiveness. But I have more to ask than this. . . . I must ask it, Hester. . . . Is it possible to efface the past? Will a whole life of tenderness and truth efface it? Can you, will you try to love me as if that past had never been?"

Hester looked up — there was meaning in her eyes that it was impossible to question, impossible to mistake.

"Will you promise to believe me if I tell you the simple truth?" she said, laying one hand gently on Robert's shoulder. "Will you try to understand me when I tell you that until I learnt to suffer for love, I never knew what love was?"

Robert Holt did not say whether he understood; for some moments he said nothing, moments "big as years," not to be forgotten, not to be written of here.

Indeed, there is little more that may be written. The one or two hours of supreme happiness that come into most lives are too much above ordinary experience to be put into ordinary words. Hester's joy was not as Robert Holt's joy, nor Robert Holt's joy as hers. On

one side there was the transcendent felicity of forgiving ; on the other, the ineffable relief of being forgiven. Hers was the higher satisfaction, his the deeper. Almost too deep, it seemed to Hester. His silent sympathy, his humility, his half-sad, hesitant tenderness, as he began to perceive how she had suffered, touched her with a sense of pain, almost of unworthiness. What had she done that her life should be crowned with a crown like this ?

A clang of bells sounded from the old church tower at midnight, moving some hearts to sadness, some to joy, lifting some above all earthly joys and sorrows. To Hester, standing by the window of her little room, the world seemed one wide home of light and peace. There was light and peace without, upon the snow-clad hills, in the dark fir-wood, over the quaint old town. There was light and peace within, upon the sweet new present, upon the shadowy past, upon the bright, hope-lit future.

People whose whole life is one long happiness, never know what happiness is. Here is a paradox, but with truth in it. Joy coming after sorrow is joy indeed, a very glory of joy. "Out of great tribulation," This shall heighten the crowning joy of all.

From Temple Bar.

RICHARD STEELE.

HUMAN life is a mere inheritance of regrets : those who have no hope for the future often commit suicide, like London-derry and Romilly, or go mad, like Swift. The most successful of men, if they have any conscience left, live only to deplore the fact that they have not done one-half what they could have done under other circumstances, and that those circumstances were, nine times out of ten, after the first success, potentially of their own creation. Sir Richard Steele, not entirely an unsuccessful man, must have thought somewhat with us when he took *his* inheritance of regrets to Carmarthen and lay down to die — when he, as Swift says, with his cruel untruth,

From perils of a hundred gaols
Withdrew, to starve and die in Wales.

That the above lines are utterly untrue we need hardly say. When the Dean was offended he grew angry ; when he

grew angry he remained so ; when he was in a permanent state of anger he was probably one of the most unscrupulous men who ever lived. Steele went to Carmarthen to die, but hardly a beggar ; his creditors were almost paid, and a balance was left for his daughter. Regrets and failures he had for his portion, beyond the portion of most men ; but his end was tolerably peaceful, considering that he was a disappointed man. It is possible that most of our readers would elect to die like Richard Steele, and not as his bitter enemy, Jonathan Swift ; there is a difference between dying mad with baffled ambition like Swift, and sinking quietly down like a tired child as did Steele.

Their quarrels are finished now, and let us hope that their regrets for them are over also ; light lie the earth over both their hearts, for with all their faults and errors they are dear friends to every one speaking or reading the English language. Out from the confused dark night of early childish recollection two white hands are stretched towards us before all others. One points to gigantic figures upon the wall, when the nursery light is growing dim, and we perchance are getting frightened : there is no need to fear ; it is only the hand of Lemuel Gulliver ; and the Broddingnags on the wall are only the shades of the sleeping nursemaid. Where does this other hand point, while we sit up in our cribs, with the Lilliputians crowding over our bed, and binding us with cords not to be loosened until the earth goes on our coffin ? This second hand points downstairs, where the Christmas music is playing, and our sisters are footing it in the dance with Sir Roger de Coverly. Gulliver and Sir Roger — Swift and Steele — are almost our earliest friends, when all is said and done. More than one other writer may have said this in better language than our own, but the fact is the same. Human life is made up of regrets, we repeat, and many of those regrets arise from the death or estrangement of early friends ; many die and are forgotten, others by no means develop into what we in our boyish ardour expected ; and with regard to others again, we wonder how we ever could have believed in them for a moment ; Sir Roger and Gulliver, however, are among the few ideal friends who kept their own place : of Sir Roger we still believe that he is the most charming old gentleman in existence, and that paper 410 was written by Tickell and not by

Steele; of Gulliver we retain the opinion that he was a gentleman of agreeable manners, combining strong political and social opinions with the modesty which is the inseparable accident of all great travellers. We defend neither on all points; Sir Roger frequently laid himself out to misconstruction, and Gulliver's behaviour on one occasion, at the court of Lilliput, was ill-considered. Certainly in compassing his political ruin it was rather hard of his enemies to rake up an old statute against him, but the St. Pancras Vestry are doing exactly the same in raking up an act of the godly Charles the Second against Sunday traders: on all details we are not answerable for either Gulliver or Sir Roger, but they are certainly the first, and, with few exceptions, the most lasting of our friends.

There was a wild delusion afloat in our youth that "Gulliver's Travels" and the "Spectator" were both "British classics," and might consequently be put into the hands of childhood; from that cause, probably, we so early made the acquaintance of Sir Roger and Mr. Gulliver. We can only say that more people must have talked about those books than have read them: there is a coolness about parts of both which we will not discuss in an age when Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" are elegantly published *in extenso*, and only not read because a great majority of people are puzzled at the dialect. But it must be said, as a general rule, as regards both Swift and Steele, that the flies can be put on one plate and the butter on another: both are capable of being Bowdlerized; a Bowdlerized Smollett would be rather dull reading. Mr. Thackeray goes as far as to say that "Humphrey Clinker" is "surely the funniest book ever written;" will any one undertake to read the "fun" at a penny reading, before working-men's wives? It is extremely strange that both Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray, two men whose writings were so singularly pure, should have quoted Smollett as such a witty writer, and have considered him, or affected to consider him, their master; it would puzzle any one to find a witty passage in Dickens or Thackeray with a *double entendre* in it; it would puzzle any man to find a funny passage in Smollett without one.

Sir Roger is peculiarly the creation of Steele, though greatly developed by Addison; they worked on him almost alternately, Steele writing one-third of the papers and Addison nearly two-thirds;

Budgell and Tickell wrote three or four. The unfortunate paper, No. 410, must either have been written by Steele at a time when he could write to his wife this rather singular letter,

"DEAR PRUE, — Sober or not, I am ever yours,

"RICHARD STEELE."

"Feb. 16, 1716" —

or by Tickell; we are unlikely to find out the truth now, but we are almost afraid that we must father it on Steele.

Possibly a short account of Sir Richard Steele himself claims our first attention. For one who knows the real life of Sir Richard Steele a dozen know the imaginary life of Sir Roger de Coverley; a vague impression which seems to prevail in the cheap literature of twenty years ago is, that Steele was a trooper in the Life Guards, perniciously given to drink, who by some mysterious means got into the House of Commons and was promptly expelled. The cheap literature of the present day, written as it is by scholars and gentlemen, is somehow scarcely fair to him; let us try to be so, never omitting to mention his faults, or on the other hand to sneer at his virtues, though the temptation to do the latter is strong at times. He was particularly connected with many great men, literary and other: standing as he does between two of our greatest heroes of literature, he is in an unenviable position. From all that we can gather, he was as virtuous regarding women as Swift himself, though he had neither a Stella nor a Vanessa; with regard to liquor, he found himself in excellent company, including Addison, and at one time Johnson. It was a drinking age, and he drank. Steele's drinking, on examination, seems to have been tolerably harmless, as far as such a vice can be harmless; it only led to an illimitable and almost inconceivable muddle of his pecuniary affairs. Yet he left the world when the world was in his debt, and the worst vices he exhibited were those of silly profusion in private matters, and a habit of pig-headed stupid honesty in public ones.

Steele was an Irishman. It is no use disguising the fact, but he was as much an Irishman as Swift, Curran, Grattan, Wellington, Palmerston, or O'Connell. It is perfectly idle to write at the end of your advertisements "No Irish need apply;" the Irish always do apply; and so persistently that they generally get listened to, after the manner of the impor-

fortunate widow; once put an Irishman into a place, however, and you find that he is about the most diligent and conscientious man you can get; shrewd, mobile, and dependent, he will do your work as well as any Englishman or Scotchman. When he has to originate work for himself the genius of his nation is apt to lead him into flights of fancy which are not easily followed by pig-headed English or Scotch; though even the other two nations have done some rather alarming things in the financial way with other people's money. Steele was an Irishman, so he was always looking for support elsewhere; and an Irishman again in his habit of indomitable pluck. No insult or disappointment troubled him long; he was up again to his work as soon as he was out of the last trouble. In another point, that about women, he was the true Irishman; he pinned his faith and love on one woman, and he tenderly courted her to the day of his death. She was very stupid and very ill-tempered at times, but it made no difference to him: she certainly, had like the late Mrs. Pecksniff, "a little property," but it is hard to believe that it had much influence with him. If he had been the reckless fellow which some have tried to make him, he would have shaken himself free from her, instead of always praying her to stay with him and merely keep her temper; it is not much for a man to ask, but we are afraid that he asked it in vain sometimes.

He was born, as some say, in 1671, at Dublin, the son of a barrister of good family. His mother was a Gascoigne, of whom we know very little. He lost his father very early—a loss which has produced possibly one of the most perfect pieces of writing known: it is familiar to most, but so exquisite that we must ask our readers to allow us to write it down again:

The first sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding *why nobody was willing to play with me*. I remember I went into the room where the body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling "Papa!" for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms—almost smothered me in her embraces—and told me in a flood of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him

under ground, whence he could never come to us again."

Enough. "Shall I go on?" says Sterne, in his death of Le Fevre, "No." We quite agree with Mr. Sterne; Le Fevre is pathetic, and the dead donkey is tolerable, but Mr. Sterne never wrote anything comparable to this story of the battledore and the coffin, for the simple reason that he had not got it in him.

Steele went to the Charterhouse, now removed into the Surrey hills: to name the wonderful men who have come from Charterhouse would require quite as large a volume as that which is required to give the school roll of Harrow or Eton. On comparing notes, one discovers that a vast number of the scholars of all the great public schools have succeeded in making a considerable mess in the councils of the nation; Sir Richard Steele did his best in this respect, but only succeeded in making a rather tolerable mess of his own affairs, the nation being left comparatively uninjured. Here he made the acquaintance of Addison, and formed a life-long friendship, that is, until they fell out late in life and used extremely strong language to one another. Doctor Johnson, by a (for him) rather foolish mistake, makes Addison speak of Steele as "little Dicky;" the fact being that the "little Dicky" spoken of by Addison was a dwarfish actor, who played Gomez in Dryden's "Spanish Friar." This long friendship between Steele and Addison lasted nearly through everything; they were not enemies at Addison's death, though Steele had tried his gentle temper rather sorely at one time; he borrowed a thousand pounds of him, and that he paid; he then borrowed a hundred pounds, and the use he made of it exasperated Addison so that he recovered it by law. Still the friendship went on. Lord Macaulay, in accounting for this action of Addison's, finds no excuse for it in his own mind, and so creates what he confesses to be a purely imaginary story; his lordship need not have written a scene from a novel to account for it. The simple fact is that Addison, who was very poor, thought that Steele could pay him, but would not; he therefore gave Steele a very proper lesson, though we are of opinion that he forced Steele to rob Peter in order to pay Paul. Steele and Mr. Micawber have a great deal in common as regards their monetary transactions; the difference between them is that Steele always had some

money, and Mr. Micawber never had any.

From the Charterhouse Steele went to Oxford, and like his more famous school-fellow, Thackeray, left Oxford, as Thackeray did Cambridge, without taking a degree. He wrote a comedy at Oxford, and some verses of his are dated 1695, which would be certainly damned for the Newdegate in any ordinary year. They are certainly incomparably inferior to Heber's "Palestine," or Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Belshazzar." We doubt if the theatre at Oxford, with all its loyalty, would stand the following lines, even about Queen Victoria :

I see her yet, nature and fortune's pride.
A sceptre graced her hand, a king her side ;
Celestial youth and beauty did impart
Ecstatic visions to the coldest heart.

Steele was not a poet ; he thought that he would like to be a soldier, and he went as cadet in the Horse Guards. His position was practically that of a trooper until he had thoroughly learned his duty ; but then his next move out of the ranks would have been not *corporal* or non-commissioned officer, but *ensign*, or commissioned officer ; therefore it is somewhat incorrect to say that Sir Richard Steele, M.P., was ever a *trooper* ; he had to do stable, guard, and such duties *with* troopers, but it is very doubtful if he ever messed with them : any man who has been in certain services knows, as well as we do ourselves, the vast difference between a cadet and a trooper ; the one is received in the drawing-room, the other never passes the kitchen ; what were the rules of the service in Steele's time we do not know. Likewise, from comparing various biographies of him, we remain completely puzzled as to the various regiments in which he served. He certainly enlisted as a volunteer in the Life Guards, which consists of cavalry. Then we find him in the Coldstreams, which is now a foot regiment, under Lord Cutts. Then he was ensign, and afterwards captain in the Fusiliers, under Lord Lucas, at which time he was secretary to Lord Cutts, "the vainest old fool alive," says Swift. Did Lord Cutts or his secretary write

Only tell her that I love,
Leave the rest to her and fate ;
Some kind planet from above
May perhaps her pity move.
Lovers on their stars must wait,
Only tell her that I love.

Why, oh, why should I despair ?

Mercy's pictured in her eye.
If she once vouchsafes to hear,
Welcome hope and welcome fear.
She's too good to let me die ;
Why, oh, why should I despair ?

We suspect that this very pretty balderdash is straight from the noble hand of Lord Cutts. Steele, when, like Silas Wegg, he "dropped into poetry," never wrote such extremely pretty verses or such illimitable nonsense.

At this time Steele seems to have been divided between his extreme satisfaction at the enjoyment of the pleasures of this wicked world, and a very strong opinion that there was a next one. He was very much dissatisfied with himself : he was very fond of eating, drinking, and sleeping, but he felt that there was something higher and nobler than the mere discharge of physical functions in a way which produced the contentment of a fattening hog, in clean straw, in a warm sty. When men get into this state of mind they mostly seek a formula, by which to express, to themselves firstly, and to God afterwards, their desire of a higher life. Men generally seize the first formula which comes to their hand—a fact by no means unknown to our friends the Jesuits or to our friends the Methodists ; the former would lead a man into slavery as dark as that of Comte (we are only quoting Mr. John Stuart Mill), the latter would leave a man nearly perfect political freedom. It was rather fortunate for Ensign Steele that when he found himself "awakened" there was not a Romish priest handy ; he was perfectly ready for one, and a great convert has been lost. Sensitive and—we will not write the second epithet—natures like his are utterly abroad without religion. Steele took to religion with the formulas which were most familiar to him, and what is more, he stuck to his religion with all his faults. The key to the whole man's life is, that he created a high standard for himself, and was eternally vexed that he could not attain it. Addison never erected any particular standard ; he could not *help* being good ; Becky Sharp says that anybody could be good with three thousand a year. We doubt that, because we have seen a great many people who were extremely naughty on four times the money. But we say that Addison was good, because he had a perfect temper, unswerving honesty, and a heart and soul entirely incapable of wrong-doing in any shape or form. A

world of Addisons would be so perfect that any improvement on it would become an unnecessary impertinence : poor Ensign Steele had Addison and William the Third in his mind's eye when he wrote "The Christian Hero" and dedicated it — to Lord Cutts !

The effect of this work was not by any means encouraging. We knew an old lady once, who, in a fit of absence of mind, said grace before sitting down to a rubber of whist. A traditional sporting parson is said to have given out from the reading-desk, "the Collect for the Sunday next before the Derby." Steele's "Christian Hero" was received by the mess of the Fusiliers very much as though a gentleman were to propose to read prayers at Tattersall's the night before the St. Leger. It was all as good as — as — Addison, but it would not do ; the fact was that he was not in a position to preach ; his comrades might quote against him :

Some parsons are like finger-posts,
I've often heard them say,
They never go to heaven themselves,
But only point the way.

A doctor who will not take his own medicine inspires little confidence ; but when a man preaches and does not practise he does an infinity of positive harm. There is no set of men who have served the state better, or done more to raise the moral tone of their associates, than the religious soldier, such as a Gardiner, a Havelock, or a Lieutenant Willoughby ; but then they showed the fruit of their teaching in their own lives ; we fear that Steele did not.

About this time he fought a duel : two officers quarrelled, and Steele made the peace between them with such success that the one with whom he had used his strongest efforts was persuaded that Steele was in the interest of his antagonist and challenged the peace-maker. Steele was only just recovering from an illness, but was forced to go out, and wounded his man very severely. Adams seems to think that this duel arose indirectly from the badinage which Steele received about the "Christian Hero : " he certainly was in a fair way of never hearing the last of that most ill-timed publication. To save his character he wrote a play, which being very successful, he was forgiven. He had now the character which Mrs. Quickly gives to John Rugby. "No tell-tale nor breed-hate. His worst fault is, that he is given

to prayer ; he is something peevish that way ; but nobody but has his fault. Let that pass."

The writing of a play at that time was a rather audacious change from the "Christian Hero" style of literature : the stock argument of most plays was conjugal infidelity of the most shameless kind. Lamb, in defending such plays as were written by Wycherly and Vanbrugh, says that they pretend to no morality because they were written by men who merely created an imaginary picture of society in which morality was a mere matter of philosophical speculation ; not by any means a powerful defence, from the most dearly-loved essayist of England after Addison : the fact was that Lamb could not help admiring the great constructive powers and the brilliant wit of these plays, and so he made the best he could of them ; he had much better have let them take care of themselves. On certain grounds they are hideously immoral ; a Jacquerie or a Reign of Terror would be perfectly justifiable if the morals of the reigning class were so atrocious as they are described in the plays of the Restoration and those immediately following it. Aphra Behn can be pretty strong, but she is generally considered to write on the side of virtue : in the majority of plays at the latter end of the seventeenth century, the popular hero was the adulterer. Lord Macaulay lays all this to the credit of the Puritans ; Leigh Hunt is rather more feeble in his excuses than Charles Lamb for these astounding plays. The fact lies in a nutshell ; both Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt saw with their exquisitely critical eyes points of construction and brightness of dialogue rarely equalled in any age ; the plays were condemned for their immorality, yet they were so good in particular ways that something had to be said for them. The blacker the negro, the more whitewash required, and certainly Lamb and Hunt daubed them with somewhat untempered mortar.

Steele wrote a respectable play : Jeremy Collier, in 1698, had published his attack on the English stage. He had won, having beaten even Congreve. Steele's play, "The Funeral, or Grief à la mode," was acted in 1702, and Steele had the benefit of seeing the change in public opinion. "The Funeral" is respectable, but surely extremely dull reading, in spite of Sydney Smith, who, being, like Dickens and Thackeray, far higher than the men he pretended to

adore, used them as clothes-horses. The women are rather idiots, are they not? Why anybody wanted to marry any of them is rather a mystery; they did not seem to know anything; they required a great deal more winning than they were worth: they are intolerably affected and dictatorial before marriage; and what they were after one can only guess.

The theory which underlies this play, and one-half of the more tolerable virtuous plays and novels which followed, is this. A man is determined to marry a particular woman, and she at once puts on every air of silly coquetry of which she is mistress; the more silly and petulant she is, the more he is supposed to be determined to gain her. Swift, in one of his nameless hideous horrors, has satirized this supposed habit of women in a way which makes one inclined to assist Mr. Calcraft in hanging him. But is the fact true with the majority of women, or was it ever true? Men don't want women to rush into their arms; but a woman who keeps a man at bay too long, through sheer humbug, may gain an ardent lover, but will find herself linked to an exceedingly suspicious husband—a husband who watches for her to make up the arrears of that confidence which she lost in her pre-matrimonial childishnesses.

Steele's women are the women of mediocre eighteenth century comedy: and they have at times a rather alarming family likeness to Lady Steele and Lady Warwick, as far as we can judge of those two ladies from the extremely small means at our command. Both Addison and Steele seem to have suffered from the same domestic trouble. Addison, his detractors say, used to take refuge from the wife of his bosom at Button's, where he took more wine than was good for a delicate constitution like his; he could not always stand Lady Warwick. Steele was in the same trouble. We find him writing,

"DEAREST BEING ON EARTH, — Pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o'clock, having met a schoolfellow from India, by whom I am to be informed in things this night which extremely concern your obedient husband,

"RICHARD STEELE."

We hope for the sake of peace Lady Steele was asleep when he got home, and that he remembered to take his boots off before getting into bed; a bullying wife is apt to make a lying husband, and we do

not believe in the schoolfellow from India. Addison had to take so much drink to make him talk brilliantly—he could never speak in Parliament—that Steele was generally fuddled before Addison began; consequently, the suggestion about the boots is not out of place. Is it not wildly possible that Lady Warwick and Lady Steele might have kept their husbands at home by a different course of treatment, and not driven them to taverns for the sake of society, by simply assisting to entertain their husbands' friends at home, and listening to the best conversation of the century?

The play of the "Tender Husband" followed, and then the "Lying Lover." The latter play was unsuccessful; it is possible that Steele attended to Jeremy Collier's strictness too closely, for he is not only dull but preaches. Of this play he told a startled House of Commons years after, "It was damned for its piety."

The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great William might have been drunk potles deep by Steele but for "the little gentleman in black velvet," who brought a sudden end to that monarch's career. The King's horse stumbled on a molehill, to the great satisfaction of some of the Tories, and to the great dissatisfaction of Defoe and Steele: Steele, however, was an Irishman, and managed, though entirely honest, to keep right side uppermost. A very singular thing is told which we should like to see verified; it is said that Steele's name was the last ever written down for preferment by William the Third, and that the fact was discovered after his death. The story has been told in various ways, but it seems to come from Steele himself, who on matters of this kind was no liar: it is in the highest degree probable, but is worth historically about the same as an *ex parte* state paper from Fetter Lane; that is to say, not worth the paper on which it is written.

He fared better than he expected: it is possible that Addison used his influence, now recognized, from his remarkable talents and blameless life, to get Steele appointed gazetteer; he was also made gentleman usher to the Prince Consort. He left the army and married; his income at this time is difficult to calculate. He had three hundred pounds a year as gazetteer, and something from other sources: his wife, who lived only a few months, had a property in Barbadoes, which he inherited: we, however, do not find his name on the list of estates on

that island forty years later, and it does not seem to be known among the traditions of that very aristocratic dependency. The lady having died suddenly, Steele very soon looked about for another help-mate, also with a little property. The second lady was Miss Scurlock, of Llangunnor, Carmarthen, heiress to four hundred pounds a year. *Veni, vidi, vici*, Richard Steele might have said of himself. He was then a handsome fellow of thirty-six, thirty-two, or thirty-one. Nobody seems to know, and therefore we do not pretend to decide. A Richard Steele was born in 1671. If that was the man, he was thirty-six in 1707, at which time he married Miss Scurlock, after a wonderfully short courtship. His statement of his income to her mother is as follows :

Barbadoes estate (let with negroes)	£	850
Gazetteer office		300
Gentleman usher		100
		—
		1250
Deductions :		
Interest of £3000 debt	180	
Tax for employment	45	
		—
Remainder of income		1025

Steele's marriage was for some reason private. Mrs. Steele married without her mother's consent, and awaited it until she would come to him by some process of reasoning which we confess ourselves unable to follow. He appears to have protested against it at first, but then as afterwards she appears to have made him do nearly as she chose. He writes to her still as Mistress Scurlock :

"MADAM, — Being very uneasy when absent from you, I desire you would give me leave to come to your house. Pray let Mrs. Warren be in the way to admit your obliged humble servant,

"RICHARD STEELE."

Ten days after this he is still asking for her mother's consent, and concealing the fact that they were married. He compliments his wife on her filial virtue in only consenting to come to his arms with her mother's blessing. It is very probable that Mrs. Steele's sudden accession of filial piety after marrying without her mother's leave had something to do with the old lady's power of administering the property: it is evident, however, that everything was soon comfortable as far as Mrs. Scurlock was concerned; and they shortly after started housekeeping on a scale which would have required

about double their income, had the income even existed, which it did not. Steele scarcely saw six hundred pounds cash in reality: he was certainly in debt when he married. During his mother-in-law's lifetime he only got from the Welsh estate what she chose to give him, and on this he and his wife started a style of living which would take nearly three thousand pounds a year now. His excuse was that it was necessary for him to keep up appearances. This laudable effort to advance his fortunes by display only gained him one eminent acquaintance, that is to say, the Sheriff of Middlesex: when he ultimately got out of debt, or nearly so, he died. He started with a town house; a country house at Hampton Court, near Lord Halifax; a carriage and pair, sometimes with four horses, a riding horse for Mrs. Steele, and everything else in proportion. Addison lent him a thousand pounds, which he, as we have said before, repaid; but nothing could keep such extravagance from continual trouble. Why Mrs. Steele allowed it is a question which is easily answered, she was not in possession of facts: Steele did not know the state of his own affairs, and believed in the most agreeable view of them; this he magnified and decorated to make himself agreeable to his wife, with whom he was utterly in love; she developed into a "screw," but can we, on the whole, blame the poor lady because she was not a Mrs. Micawber, and had not the charming habit which that lady had of believing with a splendid devotion in the financial ability of an entirely thriftless husband.

Starting almost at the very first, it becomes obvious from Steele's letters to his wife that he was in difficulties, and that she gradually had got the habit of facing facts, and of letting him know, sometimes with very little gentleness, that he was not (financially) the man she took him to be. She was devoted to him in the most proper manner, but her devotion took the form of such extreme anxiety about his well-being that the domestic hearth seems to have been warmed with something stronger than sea-coal; that is an elegant way of saying that she made the house too hot to hold him. No novelist, as far as we are aware, has as yet attempted to sketch the character of an invisible woman from the letters of her husband; it is highly probable that no person alive would be likely to succeed in giving the world a detailed character from almost purely one-sided

evidence, except George Eliot, who is capable of anything. The only attempt ever made in that way was by a Frenchman in the "Famille Benoiton." In that piece, the woman, who has been the ruin of the family by neglect, is never seen, and only heard of periodically by the fact that she is not at home. "*Où est Madame ?*" is asked continually. "*Elle est sortie,*" is the answer. At last, at the *dénouement*, when she might have been of some use, the question is asked, but is answered with a slight difference. Madame has been at home, but is once more gone out. Mrs. Steele, or Lady Steele, is practically as unreal a person as Madame Benoiton, she never appears. A parallel between her and the French lady holds only partially good, however: the author, whether of novel or play, who would sketch the relations between Steele and his wife, must draw on his imagination so far as to represent fact—a very difficult thing, only to be accomplished by a very first-rate hand. Our imaginary author would have to represent a perfectly doting husband, doting to imbecility, who is eternally making excuses for not coming home; and a wife who is continually wanting him to come home soon, and then making his home so excessively disagreeable that he is glad to get out of it again. The (we hope) imaginary wife of Albert Dürer was not more disagreeable at times than Lady Steele; it would take the pen of a Richter to describe her. Only a nagging woman is capable of driving an honest fellow like Steele into such mean subterfuges to avoid her company unless he could be assured of her temper. The woman was disappointed in her husband's finances; she on the whole behaved well, but hers was not a bosom on which he could lay his head, find peace, and start again diligent and newly strung for fresh effort; the encouragement he got was from his friends: Addison was Steele's wife. They quarrelled, it is true, and Steele was in the wrong; but Addison was the dearest friend which Steele ever had, and Steele's friendship for Addison outlasted everything.

Lord Macaulay, in one of his essays, declares that Steele never did any good without Addison's assistance. Surely there is a moral inaccuracy here; yet practically there is very much truth in it. Like many other of the critical bulls originally issued from Buccleugh Place, Edinburgh, N.B., it makes one angry until we see the partial truth contained

in it. Steele had no home, and he was partly lost without the guidance of his real better half, Addison; but to say that he was powerless without him is to speak inaccurately. Lord Macaulay desired to prove that Addison would, in a future state, sit at the head of all the Whigs in heaven, himself included; nobody ever doubted the fact except sinners and Tories; but in proving it Lord Macaulay goes a little out of his way in running down Steele. Steele had to write against time, with a wife continually demanding money; he did a vast number of things without any assistance from Addison at all; and he certainly as an originator beat Addison hollow. It is idle to say that we should have had Sir Roger de Coverley without Steele, though Addison has developed the character in its most tender and ornamental points; or that Steele's best papers could have been written with the dread of the invasion of a scolding woman into his study. Steele's home was not happy, and so his best papers were written at his office or at worse places. Lord Macaulay does not allow for a foolish woman or an unhappy home.

One fragment of a letter from Mrs. Steele to her husband is extremely sad. The poor lady and he had been quarrelling, and very likely he was in the wrong; the chances are about even that he was. She writes, "It is but an addition to our uneasiness to be at variance with one another. I beg your pardon if I have offended you. God forgive you for adding to the sorrow of a heavy heart. That is above all sorrow, but for your sake."

Ah, Mrs. Steele! half a dozen such letters as that, and your lover, who wrote to you as a lover to the end, would have been at your feet, not as a lover, but as a husband; you would never have had him write to you about "your rival A—s—n" (Addison). We may misjudge the woman, and we hope that we do; we can go no further with her. She had lived a peaceful life before she married him, possibly, though not a fine one. She had at first a grand time of it with her carriage, and then things went badly: she seems never to have exerted herself, and to have made her home uncomfortable, not through unkindness, but through simple petulance. That she could act bravely on what most women would consider a great matter there is no doubt. Steele confessed to her that he had an illegitimate daughter. She took the young lady into her house and treated her in a way which made her own chil-

dren jealous. To intending novelists we may mention that the young lady was lovely and accomplished; that Steele intended to marry her to Richard Savage, with a dowry of one thousand pounds (where the thousand pounds was to come from does not appear); that Steele, discovering the real character of Savage, broke off the arrangement; and the young lady married a tradesman below her and became a saintly person, while Richard Savage followed the path which he had chalked out for himself early in life, and went to the devil. If a young novelist cannot make a tale out of that, he or she had better quit the trade at once.

The "Tatler," one of the greatest English classics, is but rarely read now. Steele originated it, without the least idea that it was to live as long as the language is spoken. Addison, not long gone to Ireland, backed him up, certainly as early as the eighteenth paper. Steele says about Addison, "I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in I could not subsist without dependence on him." Addison wrote forty-one papers out of two hundred and seventy-one. Steele originated it, and also brought it to an end, in a way for which we are unable to account. It is certain that he made a great deal of money both by the original publication and the republication in volumes.

The "Spectator" followed at once; that collection of essays and stories, a large portion of which many of us have had to translate into Latin prose for about six years of our life. The sentiments are transcendent, the English prose absolutely incomparable; but whether for virtuous sentiment or admirable English, Addison reigns supreme, though Tickell, Steele, and Budgell run him hard at times. We doubt very much if the "Spectator" is greatly read now, save for the adventures of Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb, both creations of Steele. We have just read the inimitably witty and pathetic love story of Hilpa and Shalum, and it appears to us exactly the same as it was thirty years ago; the more often you read it the more the judgment of your early insight is confirmed. It has been translated into many languages, and those who say that it is the most outrageous piece of twaddling balderdash in the language are entirely wrong: there are many worse. The sentiments are of the most virtuous kind, absolutely faultless: the only ques-

tion which could possibly arise in a degraded mind is this: whether the young lady was worth all the trouble? To say that Hilpa had the remotest resemblance to Lady Warwick is to say more than we dare; yet the paper goes to the world with Addison's name, and the circumstances are not entirely dissimilar.

The "Spectator" was brought to a close in 1712. Addison published a supplementary volume in 1714 without Steele's help. Therefore the story of Hilpa and Shalum was written two years before his marriage with Lady Warwick. Steele meanwhile had started the "Guardian" in 1713, with a new set of characters and a new set of writers. Addison, as usual, came to his aid, and wrote forty-one papers to Steele's eighty-two, the rest, numbering forty-two, were written by the great Bishop Berkeley—who wrote fourteen—Alexander Pope, and John Gay, Philips, and Rowe: it is possible that no paper has ever had such a list of great classical names among its contributory before or since. This will hardly be disputed when we add to the names above mentioned those of Hughes, Budgell, Tickell, Parnell, Wotton, and Young ("Night Thoughts"). It seems incredible that such a paper should come to an abrupt end, but it most undoubtedly did so, and left Steele in a heavy quarrel with Swift. It was a very ugly thing to quarrel with Swift, and there is little good in raking it up. Steele charged Swift with being the "Examiner." Swift denied it to Addison, saying that he had saved Steele from ruin by his political power: Addison showed the letter to Steele: Steele wrote to Swift, laughing at his claim of having saved him: Swift's reply is grinding and terrible. He could be inexorably harsh, and was a master of a certain kind of fence; Steele was no match for him in the Dean's own peculiar manner. The Dean had a point, and that was that he had certainly pleaded for Steele to Harley; he made the most of this; but Steele knew, or thought he knew, that the Dean was lying hard about his connection with the Tory paper, the "Examiner." The Dean was this kind of man—a man rather uncommon, though there are a few in rather eminent positions even now: he loved power; he loved to hold a card in his hand against a man, and let him know that he held it. He held such a card against Steele, and thought that he should smash him by playing it. Steele *made* him play

it, and then laughed in his face, asking him what was the next card. There was no other. Steele, the soldier, the playwright, the Bohemian, stood simply on his own legs, and said, "Here am I, Richard Steele: *you*, Jonathan Swift, can't say or do anything against me which has not been said and done before: you have no more to say against me; I have my friends, you have yours; let us see who's the best man." Nothing in this world is so dangerous as driving an honest man, of good ability, with a wife to back him up, into a corner, Swift, wifeless, tried it, and Swift came out second best: but he never forgave Steele. The wretched man wrote envenomed personal attacks on Richard Steele, which Steele never could by any chance have read, and when he was quite happy. In the country once we heard one man say to an eminent author, "You caught it in the — last week." "Did I?" said the other. "As I never see that paper I do not particularly care."

One of the things which half ruined Steele for some time was the publication of the now celebrated "Guardian" on the demolition of the works at Dunkirk. The sentence which gave most offence was, "The British nation expects the immediate demolition of Dunkirk." This would be about equivalent to saying now, "The British nation expects that her Majesty will see the treaty with Russia carried out in its integrity." A most harmless sentence, but one which was thought by those who chose to think so, among others by Swift, to be a deadly insult to her Majesty. In this year he was elected to the borough of Stockbridge, at the nomination of the Duke of Newcastle; a petition was lodged against him for bribery but was never pursued; his enemies intended to inflict a much more serious blow on him than the mere loss of an election. He was duly elected in August, 1713, and took his seat the next March, having meanwhile written a very violent Whig pamphlet, "The Crisis," and three papers in the "Englishman," which contained some pretty strong reflections upon Queen Anne. His first parliamentary experience was the extremely unpleasant one of having to defend himself before the House on a charge of sedition. Robert Walpole spoke for him, as did also Walpole's brother, Horace, with Lords Lumley, Hinchinbroke, and Finch. Lord Finch had reason to speak in Steele's favour, for when his sister had been attacked by

the "Examiner" for knitting in church "in the immediate presence of God and the Queen" ("Write God first," says Dogberry), Steele somewhat savagely defended the lovely sinner, who was afterwards Duchess of Somerset. Young Lord Finch had never spoken before, and when he got on his legs he found that he could not say one word. "I can't speak for the man, but I'd fight for him," blundered out the honest young nobleman, sitting down. The House was so pleased with his modesty and pluck that they forced him on his legs again, on which Lord Finch suddenly found his tongue and astonished the House by a most capital speech. Steele, however, was expelled the House by a vote of 248 against 154. Hallam says that it was the first instance in which the House of Commons so identified itself with the executive administration independently of the sovereign's person as to consider itself libelled by those who impugned its measures. There is no appeal against Mr. Hallam, and so we are safe in writing down his account of the matter.

Steele now retired into private life, except as far as literature was concerned. He writes to his wife exhorting her not to be dismayed, and also that some one has paid in three thousand pounds to his account. He was but a short time under a cloud; Queen Anne died on the 1st of August, and the tables were completely turned.

"DEAR PRUE,—I have been loaded with compliments by the Regency. I am assured of something immediately. I desire you to send me a guinea. I shall have cash in the morning.

"RICH. STEELE."

The licence for Drury Lane Theatre having expired, it was renewed, Steele being patentee, and receiving about a thousand pounds a year from Colley Cibber and the other managers. He was made Surveyor of the Hampton Court Stables, a magistrate for Middlesex, and deputy-lieutenant. He was also elected to Parliament for Boroughbridge, and took Prue for a jaunt to York, when he went to his election, at which place she stayed, he going on to Boroughbridge alone, and promising her faithfully not to get drunk. But poor Prue was not long to remain Mrs. Steele: a grand banquet was given by the deputy-lieutenant of Middlesex to the lord-lieutenant, Lord Clare, and an address to the King was drawn up. Richard Steele, Esq., M.P.,

wrote it for them and became Sir Richard Steele, while poor honest Prue, for whom the close of all earthly honours and all earthly vexations was approaching, became her ladyship. The event was celebrated by a splendid banquet to two hundred persons with all kinds of wine. Addison wrote some lines of exquisite wit, which were spoken after dinner, and which gave the character of Steele in so perfect a manner that his history is complete: all Steele's projects and mistakes are touched on with a loving hand, and at last the guests are informed in confidence that their host intends to convert the Pope immediately.

Steele was, however, only moderately rewarded for his sufferings in the cause of party, which in reality had not been very great. Walpole sent him five hundred pounds as a present, and he must have made a tolerable sum by literature. The Rebellion of 1715 came on, and Steele became a commissioner of forfeited estates. About the end of August, 1716, Lady Steele left him with the children, while she went for about a year to her mother's at Carmarthen. There seems to have been no quarrel, but Steele seems to have been most beggarly poor for some reason: he writes, "We had not, when you left us, an inch of candle or a pound of coal in the house, but we do not want now." Steele's letters to his wife thus far are rather wearisome, for Lady Steele seems to have generally been in a bad humour, and once complains that he owes her eight hundred pounds, advising him to take care of his soul; he gives her the same advice and denies the debt. Old Mrs. Scurlock died, and there may have been some amelioration of their affairs; but Steele was bound to make his fortune to please his wife, and, in order to gain that end, threw a large sum of money in a plan for bringing fish to London alive. Salmon was then about five shillings a pound when it could be got in the Thames; the attempt was made to bring it from the Irish rivers, but the fish dashed themselves to pieces in the transit, and the thing was a failure: it shared the fate of his early efforts after the philosopher's stone.

Lady Steele, to whom we hope we have done justice, returned to him, and they seem to have been happy together. Steele had previously been in Edinburgh, where he had been well received. In 1718 we find him at Blenheim with the Duke of Marlborough; on the 20th of December, 1718, Lady Steele died, he

having, with all his faults of commission and omission, been as much a lover as a husband to her until the last. She was only forty when she died, he being about forty-eight: much as she may have had to undergo from her husband's carelessness in money matters, he never gave her one moment's uneasiness on the score of jealousy.

The loss of the woman he loved so dearly was quickly followed by the estrangement of the dearest friend he had ever known. Lord Sunderland introduced a bill limiting the number of the House of Peers, that is to say, preventing the creation of fresh peers by the sovereign for the purpose of carrying any political measure through the Upper House. Steele was furious at the measure, and published a paper called the "Plebeian," in which he argued that the limiting of the number of the peers gave them an almost overwhelming power, for they became an oligarchy almost under the power of the court, whereas, by giving the sovereign the power of creating a majority in their chamber, they were more dependent on the will of the nation as represented by the sovereign. He does not seem to notice the fact that the House of Lords exists only by the will of the sovereign that is, in reality, by the will of the ministry, for no nobleman can take his seat in the House of Lords without a call from the Crown. Addison took an entirely opposite view from Steele in the "Old Whig." The end was a quarrel, in which we think Steele, though he was right in his argument, was wrong in his conduct: he should have been more respectful to Addison. The bill was lost, and the privilege of the Crown remains; but it was a bitter victory for Steele, living as he did by the breath of the ministry. His persecution by the Duke of Newcastle, his loss of fortune, his quiet retirement to Carmarthen, where he forgot his quarrel with Dennis, with Addison — everything — in a quiet and peaceable end, our space gives us no room to narrate. At the end he had no enemies save Swift and Dennis. Vast sums of money for those times must have passed through his hands. Adams considers that the loss of his patent as Governor of the Comedians amounted to a fine of £10,000. In 1722 when his "Conscious Lovers" was acted the King sent him £500. Little seems to have remained. The early mass of debt was too overwhelming.

A good man, and a very clever one. He had one great blessing in life, the friend-

ship of Addison ; he had one great misfortune, a posthumous reputation greater than his own. He lived with Addison, worked with Addison, and is always spoken of in comparison with him. Addison was so greatly his superior, that Richard Steele will suffer for all time by enforced comparison with a much grander man.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SPANISH LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE INTERIOR, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1873.

LETTER IV.

THE position of the young unmarried women of the lower orders in Spain next claims our attention. Certainly the contrast between the perfect freedom of the daughter of the family in England, and the seclusion and strictness under which her Spanish sisters' days are passed, is a very striking feature in the domestic arrangements of the interior. In the lower walks of life the Spanish maiden is absolutely a prisoner—the prisoner of her madre, or her "tia," or aunt—until a kind Providence gives her a husband. No Spanish maiden, however poor, or however low her rank, can ever walk alone in the street, even for a few paces : if she do so her character is gone. She cannot go out to service unless her madre or tia be in the same service ; and hence all the "criadas," or maid-servants, are widows who are allowed to have their children in their master's house, under their own eye ; or unmarried over forty. The Spanish maiden has her choice of only two walks of life, until married life and a husband's protection becomes her own. Up to the time of her marriage she may either, if her father and mother be alive, go to a tailor's shop each day, returning at night, thus earning a few pence a day, and learning a trade. She is escorted thither and homewards by her mother, whose tottering steps and grey hair often contrast strangely with the upright carriage and stately walk of the daughter by her side. While at work during the day she is under the care of the "maestro," or master tailor, who sits among his bevy of fair maidens at the open door, and superintends their work. All the "tailoring" is done in this way. You first of all buy the amount of cloth you need at a linen-draper's ; it is then taken to the tailor's house, and he takes your measure, and reports upon the

amount and fitness of the cloth, and sets his maidens to work. A good Spanish servant, if you get a tailor to cut the cloth, will thus, at odd hours, make a capital suit of clothes. If the Spanish maidens, however, have a mother who is a widow, or who has no settled home with her husband, and is for this cause obliged to go out to service to earn her bread, the maiden will probably be with her mother, and, receiving little or no wages, take an idle share in the household duties, and receive each evening—of course in her madre's presence—the visits of her lover. Most of these girls have their lovers, who, after his day's work is over, saunters idly, cigarillo in hand, into the kitchen which contains his Isidra, Maria, or Isabel—for these girls have very fine names—and performs his courting. The mother's watchful eye and ear are ever open, and the mother herself ever at hand. As to saying a single word, or, at least, having a walk or a good English "chat" *alone*, the young couple never even dream of such a thing. To so great an extent is this system of motherly surveillance carried, that should you call the mother away for a few minutes, she will not leave the young couple alone, but will order the young man to go out for some trifling article, or call the daughter to her side, that they may not have a private talk.

This seems strange, unnatural, and unneeded. The mother, during this period, treats her daughter quite like a child. If she does wrong—no matter though she be on the very eve of marriage—the mother administers a sound beating with her fists, and sometimes even a sound kicking. "Upon my word," said a pretty Spanish maiden thus situated, to me, "I really begin to think my mother is a bad old woman for beating me so." The Spanish mother has *no idea of trusting* her daughters ; nor do they ever attempt the least religious or moral culture. Their system is to prevent any impropriety simply by external precautions. And I must say that the majority of poor girls, when led to the altar, would present a marked contrast in *purity* to an equal number of our English agricultural labourers' daughters. In Spain the daughter's purity is the mother's highest pride. Mother and daughter, though constantly quarrelling, and even coming to blows, are very fond of each other ; and the old woman, when they go out shopping together, will carry the heavy basket, or cesta, under the

burning sun, that she may not spoil her daughter's queenly walk: her dull eye, too, will grow moist with a tear, and her worn face will kindle with absolute softness and sweetness if an English señor express admiration of her child's magnificent hair, or flashing black eyes. The poor old mother, too, will save and save: she will deny herself her morsel of "carne," or meat, and her little "copa" of wine, on feast-days (and these poor creatures' luxuries are few indeed at best) that she may buy a ring or ear-rings of gold, to grace her daughter at the "Feria," and shame her rivals.

The moment, however, that the daughter is married all this is at an end. The mother, to use a vulgar, but very expressive phrase, "washes her hands of" her care. From the moment of the completion of the marriage ceremony, the mother declines all responsibility, seldom goes to her daughter's house, and treats her almost as a stranger.

Among the higher classes, although different in kind, the treatment of the young unmarried maiden is almost as strict. She, too, like her humbler sister, can never have the privilege of seeing her lover in private, and very rarely indeed, if ever, is he admitted into the sala where she is sitting. He may contrive to get a few minutes' chat with her through the barred windows of her sala; but when a Spaniard leads his wife from the altar, he knows no more of her character, attainments, and disposition, than does the priest who marries them, and perhaps not so much. Happiness under such circumstances can hardly be expected as a rule, and yet the married life of the Spaniard, if not brilliantly happy, seems at least calmly peaceful. The pleasures of husband and wife lie in different directions, and each leaves the other free to follow out and enjoy them, as he or she best can. They are not much together again, and in sunny Spain there is no fireside gathering — indeed, there are no fire-places, only "braseros" of charcoal — to bring husband and wife together in sustained intercourse. There is a very striking law in Spain, the very existence of which proves better than any words of mine, the strictness with which the Spanish maiden is guarded, and the absolute authority of her parents. Its provisos are these: Should a Spanish lad and lassie become attached to one another, and the parents absolutely forbid the match, and refuse their daughter liberty and permission to marry, the

lover has his remedy at law. He has but to make a statement of the facts on paper, and deposit it, signed and attested, with the alcalde, or mayor of the township in which the lady's parents dwell. The alcalde then makes an order, giving the young man the right of free entry into the house in question within a certain number of days, for the purpose of wooing and carrying off his idol. The parents dare not interfere with the office of the alcalde, and the lady is taken to her lover's arms. From that moment he, and he alone, is bound to provide for her: by his own act and deed she has become his property. Cases have happened where the parents' judgment has been proved, by the bitter experience of their unhappy child, to have been the best: the would-be husband having turned out to be a seducer. But the law comes upon him with all its force, and he is bound to maintain her, in every way, as a wife, under pain of punishment. The whole Spanish law on the question of bastardy is very stringent, and bears severely — and deservedly so — on the man.

LETTER V.

IN seeking to present a general and impartial outline of Spanish life in the interior, I promised to give some estimate of the Spanish character. The first thing you will notice as a leading characteristic is its *exceeding passionateness*. Whether this may be due in any measure to the fiery sun of their climate or no, I cannot say. Many thoughtful men with whom I have conversed upon this subject believe that such is the case. But the fact remains. No race is so fiery as this. The rule with the Spaniards of the lower order is a word and a blow. It is, however, quite a mistake to suppose that the uneducated Spaniard is *vindictive* in nature — quite the reverse. His anger, soon up, is soon down again, and the insult under which he smarted forgotten, whether it has been avenged or no. The only safe way to deal with these men, when angry, is never to thwart, answer, argue with, or irritate them at the moment when their passion is boiling over. "Speak an angry Spaniard fair," and very soon his anger will calm down, and he will become a rational being again. More than this — he will be willing and glad to acknowledge his fault, and shake hands and be on friendly terms again.

A case in point here occurs to my mind. A friend of mine, while out rid-

ing, came suddenly, at a bend in the road, on two angry men, who were just in the act of drawing the knife upon one another. Contrary to the advice and entreaty of his companions, he sprang instantly from his horse, rushed in between them, separated, and expostulated with the combatants. The men, maddened with passion, deemed worthless and an interference his arguments and entreaties. At last one of them let fall the fact that they (the duellists) were brothers. Instantly my friend made use, and good use of this point. "Sirs," said he, "would you, who sucked the same mother's breast, go down to the grave, one of you with a brother's blood on your soul!" For a moment the men's better feelings were aroused; the younger brother drew back, and sheathed his knife. "Right you are, señor," he said, "badly, shamefully, as my elder brother has treated me, I have no right to draw upon him; he is my brother, after all — my *elder* brother." My friend took the young fellow's arm, and walking beside his horse led him slowly away from the scene of temptation. Homeward they went, talking about indifferent matters, until at last they reached the "casa" of my friend. On entering it, this man (the younger combatant) said, while the tears streamed down his brown wooden face, "You are *my friend*. Thanks to God I lie down to-night with hands not wet with my brother's blood." The men were miners, and of the lowest class of itinerant Spaniards.

Again — and possibly as a natural consequence of these frequent and deadly crimes, committed with the ever-ready knife — the Spaniard's utter disregard, utter recklessness about shedding man's blood, comes in here as another marked feature of Spanish character. The Spaniard thinks nothing at all of the higher and deeper aspects of his crime; he thinks nothing perhaps (I fear in too many cases it *is* so) because he has *been taught nothing* of the responsibility of sending his own soul or his neighbour's, without one moment's warning to its last account. True, he feels a certain remorse, and a certain terror of the law may cause him to tremble. But, if his crime be not found out, with the morning sun his remorse has passed away. The brother's blood has dried upon the knife, and he can cut and eat his melon with the self-same blade without a pang, perhaps without a thought. And this disregard of human life does not entirely con-

fine itself to the utterly ignorant classes. Like a vile infection, it spreads to those around. Two men, fighting in our streets, with revolver and knife, a few weeks since, both fell mortally wounded. Of course not one of the ring of bystanders had lifted a hand to prevent so ghastly a termination of what, in its commencement, had been but a trivial quarrel. The bystanders, I grieve to say, never do interfere. The two men were carried to the hospital; and on speaking to one of the chief officers of justice about the affair, "Yes," said he, lighting his cigarillo, one is dead, and the other, I fancy, *just walking on the border-land*." With these words he quietly dismissed the subject. Another case, illustrating what I have said, here occurs to me. I went into a way-side venta with a friend, a Spanish gentleman, for a glass of the common rough red wine of the country, the Val de Peñas. Two men, words running high between them, entered soon afterwards: one drew his knife, with an oath. The hostess did not cease filling the copas of her customers. My friend, a really humane and good man, merely uttered the single word "Knife!" and, drawing my arm through his own, dragged me out.

Noticeably in warfare long-continued — if we are to believe what has been written — the mind gets used to deeds of violence when so constantly presented to its view; and so, I suppose, it is in the case I allude to. But it is absolutely shocking to see how callous the lower classes have become to these swift, fierce deeds of blood.

"I wonder," said an educated man to me the other day, "how many men will be stabbed at the Feria *this* year?"

I think any comment of mine upon this speech would be wholly superfluous. There is one reflection that I cannot help making here — one question that constantly presents itself to my mind, when I see the fearfully low state of religious and moral culture to which the masses in this country have been suffered to become a prey — it is this, *Who is to blame for these things?* Here is a country with undreamed of mineral wealth; with vast resources of timber uncut and of land uncultivated; with vineyards to the full as rich as those of sunny France, and with a glowing climate; yet her poor have no education, and nothing but huts to live in; her roads are mere tracks, all trace of which the winter storms carry away; and, above all, not only mental, but religious culture is a stranger to the

masses; and who is to blame for these things?

The Spaniard, again, is a man *full of courage*. But it is courage of a certain and peculiar kind, and his courage is made up of paradoxes. He is reckless of his own life, and will fight with an adversary far his superior in skill. He is a daring horseman, and a still more daring driver. In the bull-ring, or personal combat, he shines for courage and adroitness; and yet, in some things, he is strangely timid. As a soldier, in the ranks, he has been proved not to be always very plucky, by the experience of past warfare. But I account for this upon this theory, that, being only semi-civilized, the Spaniard, like all semi-barbarians, cannot rely upon his comrades. These men do *not*, in trading or in fighting, loyally and fully *trust* one another. Then, again, the "presence" of a brave and yet unarmed man — his mere voice and presence — will awe two or three armed Spaniards. Again, in illness he is very timid; once the foe has fairly got him in its grip, the Spaniard gives up hope, and gives himself up to, as he calls it, "his fate."

So, then, his courage is made up of paradoxes, and I account for the fact in this way, that the nation is really only semi-civilized, and shares the characteristics of other semi-civilized peoples. Like them, the Spaniard knows no reliance on his comrades *en masse*; like them, he knows nothing of combination, as a secret of strength; like them, he has not the full and free and absolute trust in God as the Defender of the right.

Yet, as a soldier, the Spaniard's patience under privations is of no common order, and his exceeding endurance of hunger, thirst, and nakedness, would put to shame the endurance of an English infantry man.

I pass on to two bright spots in Spanish character — sobriety, and the politeness of all classes. The Spaniard, however ignorant, has naturally the manners and the refined feeling of a gentleman. A rude speech, a laugh at a foreigner's expense, would be voted simply indecent by him. Should an Englishman so far forget himself as to become "drunk and incapable" in a Spanish town, I believe he would be politely carried home and his purse restored to his pocket. The Spaniard, again, is *no drunkard*; as he himself says, "I know when I have had enough." Rare as may be his opportunities of getting stimulants, he would not

pass the bounds of moderation when the opportunity of drinking at another's expense is offered him.

Then the Spaniard, again, is *very contented*. Ask him why he does not ask more wages, and he would often say "It is too much trouble," but oftener still "I have enough." He is not certainly "a saving man;" on the contrary *most* improvident. He reads the motto "The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself" in its *wrong* sense, and he acts upon it.

In some other relations of life, the Spaniard of the lower class does not shine. In a country where the very bread, the very existence of two out of every three men depends solely on "his beast" one would expect to find many merciful men. But such is not the rule. The Spaniard never calls his mule or donkey by any pet name; he calls the one "Mulo" (mule), pronounced "Moo--lo!" and the other "Boricco" (donkey), pronounced "Bo--ruko!" You hear the ominous sound "Moolo," and, instantly following it, a shower of blows and kicks, too often wholly undeserved. A bad-tempered mule or donkey-driver will actually, if his beast be obstinate, seize its ear and bite until the blood streams down. This disregard of the sufferings of the rest of the creation seems to be sucked in with their mother's milk, for boys of seven and eight years old will stand at the corner of a street, where some poor donkey is tethered, and beat it mercilessly with an ash-staff, wielded with both hands, the passers-by never dreaming of interfering the while! So with the dog: he is beaten, not to correct and amend his faults, but simply to avenge the fault he has been guilty of.

The one pleasure, amounting to a passion, of all classes in this country is *gambling* of every sort. In the street, the cottage, the casino, the fair, are lotteries, pitch-farthing, cards, roulette-tables, and every sort of gaming, to be found.

So let me end. Passionate, but rarely revengeful; careless of others' lives, yet equally so of his own; more enduring and contented than courageous, as a soldier; very generous of what he has; sober, but not very chaste; polite and kind, but not very truthful; cruel, and yet withal warm-hearted; not patriotic, yet very fond of his country; proud, and yet ready to serve and help, — the Spaniard has many noble qualities. But he needs education of heart and mind, moral as well as men-

tal culture. That given him in greater abundance, he would be a noble friend and a by no means contemptible foe.

LETTER VI.

I MUST endeavour to bring to a close my chapter on the general view of Spanish life and character in the interior. I have sought to bring out vividly and impartially a true picture of Spanish life and manners, and to describe the state of some of these townships of the interior as it really is. I have taken you from the poor to the well-to-do: from the town to the country: from troubles to peacefulness. Let me gather up some details that still remain to make my picture as clear as I can.

Let me premise, that it is almost with a feeling of sadness—at any rate, of depression—that I begin these chapters; for in them, to be truthful, I must give rather a gloomy background to the many bright traits in the character of these people, the reproduction of which has given me sincere pleasure. It may be that, like the Spaniard himself, one is too prone, under these bright and cloudless skies,—where day after day reproduces itself only more bright and yet more bright than the last—to dwell upon the bright side, and forget what is equally true, yet far from bright or encouraging.

But as our home poet has said, with touching simplicity,—

Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn;

and one must walk at times through the shadow, and be content to grasp the thorn.

I have not sufficiently dwelt upon the low, the very low state of morals among the higher classes; and the ignorance, the rudeness, the semi-civilized state of the masses. Let me speak of the latter first, for with *them* I am most at home. Ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-clothed, ill-taught, or rather *untaught*, and uncared for: a hopeless, objectless being, feeling no responsibility for the present or the future. Such is the peasant of the interior, be he farm labourer, blacksmith, fruit-seller, water-carrier, gipsy, horse-dealer, or what he may. He seems to be unable to read, or write, or think, or love, or hope, or pray, or plan. With him there is no light. Into darkness, social, moral, religious, and intellectual, he is born as his heritage; in that darkness he spends, and in that darkness he is content to end his

days. Come with me for a stroll—although *unarmed* a stroll is by no means a secure pleasure—into the campo, or wild country, and visit the hut of a friend of mine, a poor fruit-seller, and we will pass a few hours of one day with him. His little shanty stands alone near his dry, half-tilled garden; and you look in vain for a smiling village, or a substantial farm, or country-house. His hut, let us call it “shanty,” stands alone amid the thistles, its poverty its best protection. It is formed of three walls of rude, unfashioned, unhewn stone, bound together with no mortar. You must stoop low to enter it; it is roofed with reeds from the Guadalquivir, or with brush-wood from the steepes of the Sierra; its door is a hurdle, laced with green brush-wood and rushes, from the neighbouring bosque (coppice). There is one rough settle in the dark room, and on it lie the two “mantas,” the use of which I explained in a former letter. The floor is the earth and dust. Here is the mistress, a knife stuck in her girdle. You must not look for beauty, or tidiness, in her wooden, mahogany-coloured face; and you wonder at her stride, like a man’s, and her muscled arms, and rough voice. Yet remember, she has to work very hard; and the Spanish old woman (*madre*) of the lower class is always a masculine-looking hag. She has no chair, but courteously apologizes for its absence, and throws down a “manta” on the floor for you to sit on. Suddenly, you hear at your ear the cackling of hens, the crowing of a cock; she sees, with ready Spanish perception, that you are puzzled, and pushes aside, not the bed linen, but the brush-wood, and there, under the settle, is the “roost” full of poultry! There, too, is her little jarra of water, “agua clara,” and the provisions for the scanty “comia” (we drop the *d* in “comida” in the interior)—the flat cake of coarse bread, and the melon, or the white grapes. She will tell you with a woman’s tact (though it is not perhaps strictly true), “We are all in the rough, for the winter rains are coming, and then we go to take a house” (*she means a quarter of a room*) “in the town.” The little vineyard, or melon, or vegetable ground of this man is close to his house, and daily he takes his produce to the Plaza (market-square) of the adjoining towns. Just now he is taking his siesta, rolled in his manta in this room, too indolent to move. At sun-down he trots behind his donkey, with its panniered sides

well galled with "melones" or grapes; and we will follow him along the dusty track—we boast no roads—with his baggy canvas trousers, esparto-grass sandals, and huge knife stuck in his faja. About ten o'clock he arrives in the street, which, running out of the market, serves for stables for the beasts, and bedroom for the owners of these panniers of fruit. He loosens his pannier from his donkey's back, and lets the air get to the inside of the packet of fruit; then, tethers his donkey to the side of the street, rolls himself up in his manta, lights his cigarillo, and falls fast asleep by his fruit. It is a strange sight to pass about midnight along these streets adjoining the fruit market,—the rows of donkeys, the hundreds of sleeping forms, undistinguishable from the fruit and sacking, the fresh sickly damp smell of fruit hanging heavy on the air; and just beyond the Plaza, with its every tent now lying on the ground covering the fruit, and a tiny oil lamp burning faintly to show where the stall and the stall-keeper and the fruit are, all lying under the rough tent like a lot of half-empty sacks.

At 3.30 the market opens, and at four to five it is, in truth, a lively sight; from every house in the town comes a representative; and from every rich house a criada, her basket on her arm, to buy fruit, bread, and game (for there is little beef or mutton killed in the summer months) for the day's consumption. The little tents of the fruit vendors are of the most primitive and varied shapes, dirty canvas stuck in fantastic shapes upon one or more sticks; underneath their shade lie the heaps of glowing fruit, the red flame-coloured tomato, the red and yellow pomegranate, the purple fig, the yellow or dark-green melon, the plum, the apple, and the grape, all in profuse abundance, all sold at the uniform rate of five farthings the pound!

The rich colours of the fruit, the chattering of those that buy and sell, the gaudy colours of dress of the people, with the tinkling of hundreds of mule and donkey bells, and the shouts of the muleteers, who can hardly pick their way through the eager throng, all together forms a scene for an artist's pencil. I strolled down one day at five o'clock, when a column, 2,000 strong, of General Pavia's army had entered the town on the night preceding, and the Plaza was thronged, and stripped of all its luscious stores; but I shall never forget the sight: the uniforms of the soldiery, their shoeless

sandalled feet, the bright fruit, and the fierce competition for it, in the early morning sunlight, formed a scene at once busy and beautiful.

Sunday, alas! though the "Domingo" (Lord's day), is the busiest day of all. Sunday, which brings rest to the tired millions in our own land, brings none to these. True, the bells are clashing and clanging all the day, but save a few pious or frightened women, in many of these towns there is no congregation at all. On Sunday bricklayers build, carpenters mend, and shops drive a roaring trade. To a certain but *very small* extent, the "feast days" make up for the Sunday's rest. Thus, a devout man will say to his employers, "To-day is the festival of the saint after whom I was christened," and his holiday will at once be granted to him, and to some of his chief friends. Then, he can pray or confess in the morning, and have a feast in the afternoon.

Now for the closing scene in the life of the Spanish poor. Ill health and old age must come at last, and bread cannot be won any longer. He has no work-house or "parish pay" to look to, and so he must either beg his bread from door to door, as do many, or live on the grudging charity of relatives; or, as is often the case, he must be content, for the term that remains to him, to be a "dependent" of the master for whom he once worked, or of some charitable rich man. These masters, in the larger houses and "palacios" of the towns, are very kind to their old servants: at eight or nine o'clock, you will be surprised by observing crowds of these poor, worn, ragged creatures sitting inside the court-yard, and round the outer doors of some of the great ones, waiting for alms and food. Often I have been thus most forcibly reminded of the Parable of the Great Teacher, framed on this spectacle. Like the certain poor man, of whom he spoke, they are laid at the rich man's gate; like him, too, they desire only to eat of the crumbs which fall from his abundant table; there, too, you may often see the dogs—great, rough hounds kept for guards—passing up and down the string of sitting suppliants, and greeting with a lick or a kiss some old acquaintance!

Such, to its end, is the Spanish peasant's life. And is not the picture all too dull? No joys of education while away his time. I have never yet seen above three books read in the market, and they were hardly decent! No cottage home and peaceful village is his, where his

weakening eyes may see his sons and daughters growing up around him. Hard, coarse fare, and hard lodging — this, without one ray of religious hope and light to lighten his darkness — is his hard and bitter lot.

Would you follow him one step further? There is a little, walled-in spot of sandy, rocky ground, some two miles outside the town from which I write — it is the cimiterio, where at last his bones are laid in peace, waiting for the touch of that Magic Wand which one day is to make all things new. I entered that sacred ground, a few nights since, for the first time. Much as I had heard of the beauty of burial-yards abroad, I looked at least for decency and cleanliness. The first thing that struck me as I opened the gate, and took off my hat, was the sickly, putrid smell that well-nigh caused me to vomit. Close before me, on a rough-hewn and unlettered stone, stood two tiny coffins; the lids (always of glass) were not screwed down. I pushed one aside, and there, beautiful even in death, were the rich tresses and pink cheeks of a child of some eight summers. The other was the coffin of an infant. Both bodies were wrapped, as is customary here, in coloured silver-paper — for the clothes are *burnt* invariably, as they might be a temptation to some dishonest person to exhume the coffin from its shallow grave. Just then I looked down, and lo! the whole place was covered with human bones, lying on the surface. The evening breeze rose and fell, coming from the distant Sierra Morena, and wafted to my feet — it *clung around* my feet — a light, loose mass of long and tangled hair. Stooping down to look, I saw that there was plenty of it about; on the grave-stones, and around the dry thistles, which grew in abundance, it twined and *clung*. There was no grass, no turf — only sand, and rocks peeping out. This, then, was the end of life's brief drama here: the rude end of a still ruder life! I saw no tombstones worthy of the name. I asked the old grave-digger, when would he bury the two little coffins? "Manaña" (tomorrow), he answered; "but the place is so full, I hardly know where to scrape a hole."

Just then, I heard the strains of martial music coming near. A civil funeral came, heralded by its band; and as the shades of evening fell, one more coffin was deposited on the rude blocks of stone, to wait until the morrow's dawn.

From Chambers' Journal.

TO MARRY AGAIN OR NOT.

No man ever had a fonder or better wife. I say so now, with as full conviction as I said it when I looked my last in her dear dead face, and kissed it and the fingers that had wrought so deftly and untiringly for the poor, for our children, and for me. I am a hale, active man of seventy, and, through God's mercy, capable of much enjoyment; but a day and night pass not without thoughts of how well she suited me, how simply she admired me, how tenderly she loved me, what a happy old couple we should have been.

"I wonder you never married again, Morton," said my early friend, Jack Hathaway, to me once. "You must have wanted a wife in the parish as well as at home, and you must feel very lonely in the long winter evenings."

Then I knew that he was thinking lovingly of his fat little wife and commonplace children at home, and I was glad of it, for he is a good creature, and though we are intellectually antagonistic, and he sometimes offends my taste, I like him because we were lads together. I felt that I must say something, and I am sure I astonished myself more than I astonished him when I said: "To tell you the truth, Jack, I did think of it once."

I was so taken aback by the having made such a confidence — I had never breathed the fact — had intended never to breathe it — that I felt as I think I should feel if one of my good sound front teeth fell out, and I had to attack a piece of coal.

"Then what hindered you?"

"Well, to be candid — postage-stamps."

"Postage-stamps?" he queried loudly.

"It is a curious story," I answered. "I will tell you all about it, if you really feel interested, but I would rather not have it repeated."

"I am as deep as a well, and of course I'm interested."

With that he crossed his legs, leaned back in his chair, and looked expectant.

I began: "You know that I was left a widower with two children, a boy and a girl. They went to school as soon as they were old enough. About sending a boy, there can be, in my opinion, no doubt; and I do not believe that a solitary girl can be educated, with advantage to herself, at home. She requires companionship, wishes for it, and ought to have it. I even took care to provide it for mine in her holidays. My wife had

always taken great interest in the Daltons. Dalton was the perpetual curate of Furzeham, about four miles off, and he had married a favourite schoolfellow of hers. It was an imprudent match; neither of them had any money; of course they had a large family, and Furzeham was worth £120 per annum. Mary helped them a great deal, and, 'You'll be kind to the poor Daltons—won't you?' was among her latest expressions. Their oldest daughter was two years older than ours, and ten years wiser. Education, as it is usually understood, she had none: it was simply impossible: first, there was no money for it; next, her mother wanted her to help in nursing, sewing, cooking, housework. I must say the child was a strong case in favour of no education. She had abundance of talent; and her father being a gentleman, her mother a gentlewoman, she acquired easy, self-unconscious manners, talked with tact, read aloud charmingly, wrote a capital letter—she even danced and sang when she had opportunity. Now, partly for her sake, to give her the recreation she deserved, and a glimpse of better social things than existed at home, but much more for my own girl's sake, I always had Dorothy Dalton to spend her vacation with her, and I treated her in every respect as another daughter, even to kissing her and blessing her night and morning. It went on thus six or seven years, till Anna married, which she did at eighteen. Dorothy had been invaluable during the troublesome period of preparation for the wedding; and when it was over, I asked her mother to leave her with me for a time, not only to set new arrangements going, but to talk to me; for Charles, who was with me for the long vacation, was very dull, a mere bookworm. Mrs. Dalton agreed; and for several weeks all went on delightfully. Dorothy had an exquisite gift of companionship—could set conversation going when it was wanted, and her silence was never glum or oppressive. As far as I am concerned, this state of things might have lasted to the present day—I should never have dreamed of putting an end to it—but one morning I was alarmed by a visit from Mrs. Dalton—I say alarmed, not only because her countenance betokened trouble, but because I knew that it was barely possible for her to leave her family. My first thought was of some pecuniary difficulty; not that she or Dalton had ever asked for even a small loan—yet how could they make both ends meet? Her

first words were: 'I want to speak to you alone.'

"'So you shall,' I replied. 'Now, my dear good friend, what's the matter? Nothing serious, I hope?'

"'No,' she said faintly, and with a quivering lip, not looking up at me; 'but I want Dorothy to come home with me to-day.'

"'Why?' I asked. 'Is Dalton ill, or one of the children, or are you? What is it?'

"She broke into quiet tears; and knowing the woman's long endurance, her strength as well as tenderness of character, I was very much affected.

"'Come, come,' I said soothingly; 'remember what an old friend I am. Try and fancy that I am Mary,' I whispered, and I took and kissed her roughened hand spoiled for society, but in my eyes made venerable by holy household toil.

"She wiped her tears, and said: 'We have all forgotten that Dorothy is now a woman. We ought not to have allowed her to stay with you after Anna went away. People are making ill-natured remarks.'

"Then I felt exceedingly angry, and said: 'I really think that my age and social position entitle me to have a young lady staying in my house as long as she and her parents choose, even if she had not, as Dorothy has, grown up as one of my own family. How did you hear this gossip?'

"'In the most innocent, unexpected manner, from my dear little Mattie. She went to Miss King's to buy me some cotton. The Browns, who were in the shop, did not see her, and made observations, which she repeated, and asked me to explain.'

"I should have liked to know what the observations were, but I checked myself, and enquired: 'Do you believe that this sort of thing is worth noticing? To me, it seems utterly contemptible.'

"'No, it is not,' she answered firmly: 'society has made rules, and they are useful, and we must abide by them. I will take Dorothy back, if you please; and I am sure you understand'—her voice faltered—'how much I like, and have always liked, her to be here. You are a second father to her.'

"'You won't tell her?'

"'O no; there is no occasion. It is simply true that I am very much in want of her help at home.'

"Then I reproached myself for having been selfish in keeping her so long; and

she came in, radiant and affectionate, and I felt that a sort of void was made in my life, which I knew not how to fill. I drove slowly back, after leaving them at Furze-ham, and stopped to give an order at the saddler's. While I was there, these words caught my ear: 'Will she take the old one or the young one, think ye?'

"I could not see the speaker; I did not know the voice, but, at the moment, the words seemed to have an unpleasant significance, though probably they had no reference to me."

"Things do occur very oddly," interpolated Jack. "They might have alluded to something quite different. Circumstances seem sometimes to be tinged by what is uppermost in the mind. The man might have been talking of horses or cows that he had to sell. Had you any notion that your son admired Miss Dalton?"

"None whatever. He was at that time very backward socially — devoted to hard reading, and if he spoke of women at all, it was to depreciate them intellectually. I should have been hard on him for it, but that he could not remember his mother; and Anna, dear creature, is not clever —"

"She is none the worse for that, in my opinion," interrupted Jack. "As a rule, clever women do not add to home happiness, which is the chief end for which they are sent into this world."

It was useless to answer this, though it irritated me: he had always taken a low tone, or he could not have married the insipid little woman whose twaddle was quite up to his mark.

"But go on, James," he continued; "I want to get at the postage-stamps. I think, by the way, that Mrs. Dalton was right to take her daughter home. Unless people hereabouts are simpler or more good-natured than they are elsewhere, they would infallibly say that her parents were trying to catch you or your son for her."

I winced again, and said: "You may be right; but as I have never troubled myself about gossip — possibly because I had never been affected by it — I thought it very hard at the time. There was I, deprived of the harmless, pleasant flitting of a girl about my quiet house; and she was removed from surroundings that suited her to a very meagre home —"

"Where she must have been very much wanted by her mother," interrupted Jack. "The fact is, James, that I suspect you

were, quite unconsciously, in love with the young lady."

"No!" replied I, stoutly; "of that I am quite certain; but I admit that after I had thought over the matter some weeks, I asked myself why I should not marry her, if her parents would give her to me willingly, and if she thought she could be happy with me. That, in a way, she loved me, I was as sure as that I loved her — not with a lover's love — that was as impossible for me as second-sight, but with affectionate approbation, cordial admiration, genuine pleasure in her society. I could take her from poverty to affluence, and, when I died, leave her independent."

"What prospect has a poor parson's daughter? He can leave her nothing. If, by some painful process, he contrives to educate her — as it is called — to make a governess of her, what a life is before her! I declare I think a girl had better marry any kind, good man who loves her, than teach, teach, teach; conflict with the old Adam in children day after day, year after year; having no freedom of action, no home the while, till she is too old for it; and, after helping her family, has perhaps saved what gives her twenty or thirty pounds per annum, on which to languish and die. Dorothy, moreover, could only be fit for a very inferior situation; she had bright parts, but no systematic training. What was to become of her, her mother, and sisters, when Dalton died? She might — with her attractions, she probably would, come across more than one man who would be fond of her, but could not marry without money. Of what use would that be? After discussing the matter with myself a month, I wrote her a letter, of which I remember every word — ay, even the position of the sentences. I told her that, though not with a young man's love, not with the sacred love I had given my wife, I loved her; that I would rejoice in her presence, would shield her as far as I could from the ills of life, till my death, and after it, would advance her brothers' and sisters' interests, make her mother's life easier. I told her to take her own time to consider and to consult her parents. I wrote late one night, and next morning the letter seemed to me too important for my own post-bag. I was not afraid that the servants or post-office people would think it odd that I wrote to her, for I had often done that; but I resolved to take the letter myself, and post it at Crossford. The postmaster there had married a parishioner of mine: she would be glad to see

me: the walk was a pleasant one, and I was in a frame of mind which demanded quick motion. I stepped out cheerily, that bright September morning, wondering, among other wonderings, whether Dorothy and I should ever walk that way as man and wife —”

“Now,” interrupted Jack, “I suppose we are coming to the postage-stamps.”

“We *are*,” said I, “but we must come at them my own way. The post-office at Crossford was a grocer’s shop. The mistress, my friend, Mrs. Sims, was, as I expected, pleased with my visit.

“Such a pleasure, *to be sure*, sir, and you looking so well — ‘fresh as a four-year-old,’ as my good-man do say of you, sir, special. — Yes, he’s nicely, sir; thank *you* — gone to Boxham market to look about some pigs. There’s a fine new sort, they do say, that Sir William have brought into the county, from Shropshire. You’ll come into the parlour, sir, and sit down. You may well look at all them letters. I couldn’t say how many has been for stamps this morning; and I hadn’t one till half-an-hour agone. Master Charley, too, he have been for some. They left their letters, and I said I’d see to stamping them, and that I will, *surely*.”

“‘I’ll do it for you,’ said I. ‘I see you want to put away these goods; and it will amuse me while I talk to you.’

“So, notwithstanding resistance on her part, I began. I daresay there were between thirty and forty of them, and I was getting rather tired when I came to the last. I had really not looked at the addresses of the others. I could not have told where one of them was going; but this one —”

“Was to Miss Dalton, from your son!” exclaimed Jack.

“It was indeed,” I replied; “and I cannot attempt to describe my feelings. I believe that I was for some seconds unconscious; the ground seemed gone from under my feet. My own son was deceiving me; and I could not conjecture how far Dorothy was involved. The one miserable consolation was, that my own letter remained safe in my pocket. I was not committed. I conclude that my countenance had changed, for when I rose to go, as I did immediately, Mrs. Sims entreated me to have some brandy, saying she was sure that ‘the smell of the nasty dips had upset me; but what could she do? People must live, and she must sell what there was a demand for.’

“You need not be told with what dif-

ferent feelings I walked home; the entire aspect of life was changed for me. Dorothy was irretrievably lost, and hanging over me was the disagreeable necessity for an explanation with Charles. As far as my observation reached, he had not only shewn no preference for Dorothy, but paid her less attention than, in my opinion, she had a right to expect from him. It annoyed me exceedingly to become aware that I was an utter stranger to my son’s inner life; I thought him more than usually silent at dinner, but then I was constrained and heavy-hearted. As soon as the servant was gone, I said: ‘Pray, Charles, do you consider me an inquisitive man?’

“‘Certainly not,’ he replied. ‘No man less so, I should say.’

“‘Have I ever,’ I demanded, ‘shewn any distrust of you, or any disposition to hamper you by unnecessary exercise of parental authority?’

“He looked amazed, and answered: ‘No, sir; I have always felt, when comparing my position with other men’s, that I was singularly fortunate in my father.’

“‘That’s well. I have the less difficulty, then, in putting a question to you. What’s the meaning of a letter addressed by you to Dorothy, which, without blame being due to anybody, I saw this morning at Crossford post-office?’

“Surprise, displeasure, and a sort of doggedness, were in the countenance; he turned away from me, and some seconds — they seemed to me minutes — passed before he said: ‘It would never have occurred to me that there was anything out of the way in my writing to her; we have been brought up like brother and sister.’

“‘But why walk six miles to post your letter? I should not have thought anything about seeing a letter from you to Dorothy on the table or in the bag, though I should have reminded you that you could not correspond with her with propriety. You might, of course, have written a casual note to her about a book, or some arrangement.’

“‘Why infer,’ he asked, ‘that the letter you have seen was not one of this character?’

“‘In the first place,’ I replied, ‘because you took the trouble to post it where it was in the highest degree improbable that I should see it; and lastly, from your evasions.’

“Then there was a long pause, and I thought he was determined not to speak.

“‘Charles,’ I said sternly, ‘Dorothy

has been so much among us, that I am responsible for whatever, involving her happiness or misery, is connected with any of us. As your father, and in place of her father, I demand what relation exists between you and her which leads to your writing to her clandestinely. If I cannot elicit it from you, I shall have an immediate explanation with her.'

"He looked badgered, ill-tempered even, and said hurriedly and surlily: 'I wrote to Dorothy to ask her to marry me some day.'

"'Asked her to marry you!' I exclaimed. 'I put aside your gross disrespect in ignoring me in so important a matter, and remind you that you have not taken your degree, that you are wholly dependent on me, and that, during my lifetime, unless I assist you, you will, in all probability, have nothing better than a country curacy.'

"'I suppose it was not unnatural to expect that you would help me, sir, as you are very fond of Dora.'

"This he said in a tone which softened me a little. After all, thought I, he is very young. 'Pray, what answer do you expect from her?' I inquired. I was relieved to find that she was innocent of aught that would have lowered her in my eyes. She was lost to me forever, whether she accepted Charles or not, but she was worthy the place I had given her in my heart, and would have given her in my house. Without giving him time to reply, I went on: 'I have too good an opinion of her to believe that she will answer you without consulting her mother.'

"'I begged her to say nothing to any one.'

"'Then either,' I rejoined, 'you are more ignorant of the world than I believed even a reading-man could be, or you have endeavored consciously to lead her to act as a modest girl should not. Pray, what reason did you give for such a request?'

"'This: that, in the event of her taking me, some years must elapse before I could marry; and I should dislike being pointed at as an engaged man all that time; and that if she refused me, it was no business of any one else.'

"His cool selfishness exasperated me. I got up and walked about the room. 'Good heavens!' I ejaculated; 'and you are a very young man, and my son.'

"'Of course, I did not put it quite so broadly as that,' he observed, rather apologetically; 'but you expect confi-

dence, and I am not a man of many words. I really took pains to write a proper letter, and I think I succeeded. I always had a notion that I should never marry. A college life has been my object since I was old enough to have one, and, as a rule, I find women a bore; but Dorothy is different from all the women I know — suits me, in fact. I thought I should like to make sure of her, and would not mind waiting for her. You see, it could all go on quietly enough. I should see her here a great deal.'

"'I set my son down as utterly abnormal, and I think I disliked him for a minute, but I remembered his poor mother's loving pride in him as a little child, and relented.'

"'Have you any reason for expecting that Dorothy will accept you?' I inquired.

"He leaned back comfortably, put his hands in his pockets, and said: 'Not exactly; but I do not see why she should not; she is very fond of us all. At any rate, I will let you know as soon as I get an answer.'

"With that he seemed to consider the conference over, and that he was at liberty to leave the room. I was glad when he was gone. I puzzled myself very much as to how Dorothy would act — not as to whether she would accept Charles — it never occurred to me to discuss that with myself. Would she tell her mother? Undeniably, she would wish to do so, for she was openness itself; but she would be unwilling to annoy Charles, because he was my son, if for no other reason. Would she write to me? or would her father or mother write? Unless they sent a special messenger — and they guarded conscientiously against needless small expenses — there could be no letter till the third day. In the interval, there was no perceptible change in Charles's ways, except that he was constrained when we were alone. I imagined that he feared I should renew the subject, but I was not at all inclined to do that. I had discovered a great gulf, unsuspected before, between my first-born and myself. My life was placed in a new groove, and did not — perhaps never would — run easily in it, and that odious gossip had given the first impetus. I believe my hands trembled a little when I unlocked the post-bag on that third morning. There was no letter for Charles, but a note from Mrs. Dalton, asking me to call as soon as I could. I gave it to him without a remark. He put it in his

pocket, and did not read it in the room. Soon after breakfast I walked to Furze-ham. Dora came to me in the little study, and again I felt how changed I was. Up to that time, we had held out both hands mutually and simultaneously, and I had kissed her as heartily and naturally as if she had been Anna: now, my own secret consciousness made that impossible, and the something unexpressed by me, or something which I did not fathom in her, held her back.

"Colouring, and looking distressed, she gave me one hand, saying: 'It was very good of you to come so soon, but I thought you would.'

"I made an effort to be playful, and rejoined: 'You know I have utterly spoiled you, kitten!'

"The smile this evoked was a poor pitiful spectre.

"Come,' I went on; 'I know why you sent for me, so you need not worry yourself about how to begin. Charles has told me.'

"Oh! I *am* so glad. But why did he not do so before he wrote to me? It would have saved me great unhappiness. I did not know if I ought not to have kept his secret, though I should have felt quite guilty hiding anything, especially such a thing, from mamma; but I could not. The letter was taken to her, and, of course, she has always opened and read my letters as if they were her own.'

"Quite right: the longer she does so the better. Charles had no right to make such a request. I am surprised that he did not know better.'

"But I am sorry to have done anything disagreeable to any of you. I am so fond of Anna; and you have always, *always* been so kind to me.'

"There is no harm whatever done, Dorothy: circumstances helped you out of a difficulty, as they often do help the innocent.'

"Then we were both silent. I saw she wanted to go on, but did not know how; and, for myself, I had a sort of fear of what I should hear — but I helped her.

"Well, Pussy,' I asked, 'what are you going to say to Charles?'

"I do not know;' and she looked miserable.

"I have always thought you were very clear in your views, and distinct in stating them.'

"Yes; I know my own mind quite well; but —' She stopped, and seemed about to cry. 'I do not know what to do,' she went on.

"Do you mean that you do not know whether you like Charles well enough to accept him or not?'

"O no; but there are so many difficulties.' This was said hardly above her breath.

"Do you mean the long engagement, and so on?'

"She blushed with vexation, and answered: 'O dear! no. But I am so afraid of hurting your feelings, or displeasing you. I do so wish it had never happened.'

"But, my dear child, what could there be displeasing to me, or injurious to my feelings, in your being attached to my son? I think it would be an indirect compliment to me.'

"She hardly let me finish, but spoke very earnestly.

"Did you ever think that I — No; you never can have supposed that; you must have been as much surprised as I was. If anything of that kind had been going on, I must have been the most deceitful creature possible; but I am afraid of your thinking that Charles would not have asked me, if I had not encouraged him. I am sure I should say so of any one in my circumstances. I hope the lesson will make me very charitable. I have really never thought about Charles at all. It no more entered my head that he thought about me in that way, than that you did.'

"I winced. She had been speaking so fast that I could not get in a word. I was sitting in what they called humourously her father's easy-chair; she was opposite, on a low seat, leaning forward, with her little hands clasped in her lap, her pretty warm brunette complexion heightened, her eyes sparkling, her countenance expressing what she was trying to put in words.

"Dorothy,' I said, 'you will grieve me very much, if you imagine for one moment that it would be possible for me to doubt your candour. I am sure you were as much surprised as I was. To tell you the truth, my dear little girl, I never gave Charles credit for so much good taste, and it had never even entered my head to think of his marrying at all.'

"She looked, however, only partially relieved when she returned: 'I am glad you understand me — I hope you always will.'

"And is that all you have to say to me, Dora?'

"No; I want to know what I am to do?'

“That must depend entirely on your own feelings. I am quite as anxious for your happiness as for my own children’s. Do you love Charley?” She only replied by tears; and I began to consider if she had a secret fondness for him, and thought I might object to her want of money, so I went on: ‘If you do, I consider him the luckiest fellow in the world, for, though he is my own boy, he is not worthy of you.’

“I will tell you all,’ she said, wiping her eyes. ‘I do not love him; I am sure I never should love him well enough to marry him; but I do not like to say so to you; it seems so ungracious.’

“In the depth of the meanness hidden in my heart, I was delighted that she had spoken thus of my own son, but I smothered the feeling, and walked to the window to look out.

“I am afraid you think me ungrateful,’ she resumed.

“That would be utterly unreasonable. No one can command his heart.’

“You see that I do not think I could make Charles happy if I married him without loving him, and it could not be right either — could it?”

“Certainly not.’

“I hope he will see it all as you do.’

“If not, it cannot be helped. He has managed very badly. Young ladies are not usually gained by a *coup de main*. In my young days, men went thoughtfully and carefully to work, venturing on little graduated attentions, which had an infinite charm in themselves, and were skilful feelers. Whatever be Charles’s disappointment, he has no one to blame but himself.’

“I am so glad you think so’ — this was said in her own natural manner — ‘and yet it is a great shame to say so. But you do understand — don’t you?’

“Of course I did, and told her so. Then she asked if I would tell Charles for her.

“I compressed my lips, laid my head on one side, and tried to look as if I were considering. ‘What does mamma say?’ I inquired.

“‘She thinks I ought to answer his letter. It is due to him, she says.’

“I was of her mother’s opinion. Of course, I did not see her letter, and we never recurred to the subject afterwards. Charles asked me no questions when I returned home, made no remark on Dorothy’s decision, which, I knew, reached him next day, and bore his rejection with the apparent impassibility which had

characterized his wooing. He took his fellowship, and settled into a conscientious, respectable, somewhat pompous don. I do not think he ever met Dorothy subsequently.”

“It was a pity for the girl, and she was evidently a nice girl,” observed Jack: “and her father and mother must have been disappointed.”

“No doubt. When Dalton was dying, two years later, Dorothy was very heavy at his heart. ‘To think of that bright, pretty, high-spirited creature, chilled, drilled, kept under, as I have seen girls as sweet, lively, and good as she is, lacerates me,’ he said to me one day. And then I told him that, with God’s help, she never should be; that I had taken forethought about what would be best; and that, if Mrs. Dalton agreed, I would find the money for them to start a school for little boys, which I considered the least laborious undertaking for ladies, and she not only need not be separated from her daughters, but would be materially helped by them. His look of perfect satisfaction is among my dearest recollections.”

“You’re a good fellow,” remarked Jack huskily.

“Not at all, Jack. I made no sacrifice, and insured myself very great happiness. They have always succeeded extremely well, and they spend their summer holidays with me; Anna, her husband, and children come at Christmas. As to the loneliness which you thought must oppress me, I know nothing about it. Of other men’s hidden experience, I know nothing; but for myself, I find that, as I grow old, though I enjoy society with undiminished zest, I am more independent of it. No one is less dear to me, but all are less necessary.”

From The Saturday Review.

BENGAL PAST AND PRESENT.

THE newspapers have very naturally been filled with facts and speculations about the sad calamity which is said to be impending over the oldest of our East Indian possessions, and every kind of note has been sounded, from the highest falsetto to the deepest bass. Suggestions of course have been plentifully showered on the Government; some full of sound good sense; others well-meaning, but long ago acted on; others, again, childish and silly, and of about as much practical application as would be the ad-

vice tendered by a Liddesdale farmer to a vine-dresser in Spain. The tone of the daily and weekly press has, on the whole, been earnest and temperate, though here and there we have heard an utterance more like the ravings of Habakkuk Mucklewrath than the advice which ought to be tendered by those whose mission it is to brace official thought or to fashion public opinion. We propose in this paper, not gratuitously to lecture an Administration which is fully alive to the crisis, nor to harrow readers by dilating on a probable recurrence of the year which Macaulay has immortalized, but to put before them an accurate account of agricultural wants and operations in the Gangetic Delta such as they ordinarily are in an average season, and such as they cannot now be in that region until the middle of 1874.

To break up the clay or loam of Bengal, dried and baked by months of sun, to keep up the village reservoirs to their proper fulness, to prevent the smaller streams from running dry, to give the late rice plants that depth of water which converts a vast plain into one huge wet field of unbroken cultivation, and to enable the higher lands to produce two successive and distinct crops in one twelvemonth, some sixty to eighty inches of rain are almost indispensable. But Bengal, and indeed India generally, must have, to use a Biblical expression, the former and the latter rain in due season. The prospects of the finest year may be hopelessly ruined if the showers are not vouchsafed to the land at due intervals and with occasional breaks of sunshine. If an undue proportion of wet is gauged in May and June, the ryot cannot sow the best and deepest lands, or he sows them late and in haste, for the seed to rot or the young plants to be drowned. If the return of the periodical rains is delayed beyond the middle of June, the same result occurs; and before the rice can gather head, as it were, it is overtopped by a deluge in July and August, when the windows of heaven are sometimes opened for a week in succession. On the other hand, it is quite possible that everything may go on well till the middle of September. The rice sown on both high and low lands in May and June, strengthened but not overwhelmed by the heavier downfall of August, after a week or ten days of sunshine in September just wants several good inches of rain to keep the roots wet while the ear is developed. But the clouds hold off or

do not dissolve; and the richest hopes are converted to blank despair by the mere omission of half-a-dozen inches at the close of September or the beginning of October. In fact, it is perfectly possible to conceive a scarcity with seventy inches of rain all confined to June, July, and August, and a year of unusual abundance with fifty inches distributed in timely and successive falls between the 1st of June and the 15th or 20th of October. Perhaps the happiest distribution is when there is never more than a fortnight or three weeks of sunshine without rain during that period, and the worst is when all the supply is exhausted before the middle of September. Better that the dry heats of May should be prolonged till the middle of July than that moisture should cease at the very time when the rice-stalks are two and three feet in length. In the years 1844, 1848, 1851, and 1858, Bengal was saved by a timely downfall which occurred at various dates in October. In the first mentioned year the whole country exchanged dearth for plenty, or escaped a famine, by three days of rain, which began, at the very nick of time, on the 11th of October. This is exactly what has been prayed for this season by editors and statesmen, by prophets and planters, by Brahmins and Sudras, and what has not been given.

Broadly speaking, the lands of Bengal and Behar, including, of course, all the threatened districts, may be divided into two classes, the higher and drier lands which produce two crops in the year, and the deep low-lying tracts which are only fitted for rice. Though some divisions are more subject to inundation than others, and retain sheets of water for eight months out of the twelve, yet both kinds of land are constantly found in the same village and in one and the same plain. A few inches more or less of earth, a greater or less incline or outfall, an exchange of loam for sand, and of viscous clay for loam, will make all the difference between a single and a double crop in the year. Cultivation on the high levels commences in March or April, and the ground is then tilled for rice, pulse, vetches, hemp, oil seeds, some vegetables, and indigo. In the space of from ninety to one hundred and thirty days all these crops are sown, grow to perfection, and are cut and carried. No sooner is one crop disposed of than the ground is ploughed for what is called, by Anglo-Indians, the "cold-weather crop." This may be wheat, barley, chickpea (termed

gram), the poppy, and the coarser cereals in Behar; oats, barley, *gram*, mustard, pepper, peas, and vetches, in Bengal. These crops, if sown when the ground is still soft and moist in the end of September or October, and if benefited by the parting showers which wind up the rainy season, will do perfectly well without irrigation till they are fit to cut. In Behar indeed, and in Upper India to a much greater extent, this crop is irrigated by wells and watercourses. In Bengal we have for years seen splendid breadths of mustard, *gram*, barley, peas, and pulse, which had very little other moisture than the dews of heaven from the day the seed was put in the ground in October to the time it was reaped in March. In most years the bright, exhilarating, and not oppressive sunshine of the cold season is now and then obscured by clouds, and rain generally falls for a couple of days at any time between the middle of December and the middle of February. This visitation has nothing tropical about it. The drops descend pretty much as they do in moderate autumnal showers in England. The crops, if the rain be unaccompanied by hail, look better than ever. Ryots shiver in their scanty clothing of American or Manchester workmanship; and Englishmen encamped in the interior of districts for surveying, inspection, or sport, or for all three combined, draw round an extemporized fireplace, and dream for a day or two that their tents are pitched in Somersetshire or Cannock Chase, instead of by obscure streams and populous villages loftily named after Hindu deities or Mahomedan Nawabs.

The above statement must be understood entirely to apply to high-level lands and their crops. The winter or late crop of rice, as it is termed, occupies the land for a period rarely less than six, often eight, and sometimes even ten months in the year. The deep, marshy, clayey soil bears this one crop and none other. On it centre the hopes of the ryot, and to it is devoted as much continuity of strenuous exertion as can ever be expected from Asiatic muscles. The great object is to get the ground prepared and a good deal of this rice timely sown in May, June, or July, so that the young stalks may not be overwhelmed by a rainfall in August of six or eight inches in as many hours. Only let the stalks keep their heads above water, and they shoot upwards with the rising tide, showing that Vishnu, the preserving power in Hindu

mythology, is quite capable of coping with Shiva, the destroyer. A large portion of this crop is sown broadcast, is never weeded, and with fine sunshine above and water below, measured by inches and even by feet, turns out, in January or February, a fulness of ear and a wealth of straw which would amaze the most skilful of Lothian farmers. We have ourselves counted as many as 376 grains on one stalk, and have plucked stalks twice the length of the tallest of men. But as the rice crops are divided into high and low levels, so there is a subdivision of this later crop. In tracts neither too high nor too low, where the water continuously fills the plain to the depth of a few inches, or at most a foot, the crop is planted out by hand. It is sown in small nurseries, in places under the close personal inspection of the ryot, and removed to fields carefully ploughed, scraped, weeded, and smoothed, at any time in the months of July and August. While the rice sown broadcast is rarely weeded, but takes its chance with the lotus and other aquatic plants, that transplanted is kept free from grass and vegetation with the most scrupulous care. The importance of the late crop may be estimated from the fact that, if harvested, it alone would feed a province. The early rice may be dried up without inflicting any serious loss on the resources of a division; but a failure of the late rice generally is tantamount to a failure of the cold-weather crop also, which succeeds the early rice. The critical time in India for these two crops, as we have pointed out, is the close of the rains. All turns on their not ending too soon. They may not commence until six weeks after they are due. When they begin they may continue for three weeks, rot seeds, sweep away crops, destroy houses, flood the railways, and reduce villages to the condition of inhabited islands in an inland sea. These disasters, however grievous, are confined to certain limits, and, even if irretrievable for the time, they leave behind them legacies of silt and water which are by no means ruinous. But a sky of copper during the month of September, and the failure of the parting gift of a few inches usually bequeathed, as the Hindu thinks, by Indra the rain-god, mean simply scarcity, distress, disease, and famine over an extent of country out of which the area of Lancashire might be cut without being missed.

To see what this rich alluvial soil can display under the simple ploughs and harrows of a people who have practised

agriculture and nothing else for centuries, we should select two dates in the year—the beginning or middle of August, and the beginning of February. At the former date the rainy reason is at its height. The early rice is just ready for the harvest; the late crop is sufficiently far advanced to cover with a green carpet plains of such vast amplitude that the village bounding them on one side seems to those on the other like land on the horizon to mariners at sea. These plains are at this time converted into the best and easiest of highways, and they are traversed for perhaps two months by the boats and skiffs of the planter and the missionary, the policeman and the post. The dense foliage which shrouds the dwellings of some millions of inhabitants is decked out in the verdure and brilliancy of a second spring. Cattle, no longer at liberty to pasture anywhere, are tethered on the very few spots not occupied with a crop of some kind or other, on the very homesteads, or on the sides of the village roads. The air is saturated with moisture, and with the perfume of “heavy-blossomed bowers” and “heavy-fruited trees.” The small embankments which serve both for landmarks and pathways, overtopped by the ripening or the rising crops, are no longer visible, and the country presents two broad characteristics often for some hundred of miles. These are long waving lines of tall palms and fruit-trees, which are identical with the villages, and watery steppes between, where hardly a single acre does not contribute its quota to rent, to consumption, and to exports. The climate to an Englishman is simply detestable; but the sight of the Gangetic Delta at such an epoch is one which for completeness of husbandry, intensity of colour, and luxuriance of crops and vegetation, is not easily matched, and which can never be forgotten. The change in six months, at the commencement of February, is in its way no less striking. The cold-weather crops, not quite ready for the sickle, recall the agriculture of temperate zones; the late rice crop, in many places borne down by its own weight, lies flat on the earth, or on the top of the water, uninjured, golden, full of promise. Bullock carts, heavy with produce, make their own roads, and traverse the plains or skirt the marshes with the most perfect facility. Date-trees, cultivated not for their fruit, but for their juice, discharge the material for treacle and sugar in a steady flow. Bees of quail are flushed

in the peas and barley; snipe swarm everywhere in the rice-fields; and ducks in myriads darken the lakes and ponds, or any places where water still lies deep. The weather, though soon to be exchanged for drying winds and clouds of dust, leaves nothing to wish for or grumble at. The Zemindars are secure of their rent. The Ryots have only the prospect of harvesting the last crop of the agricultural year, and will have no more hard work to do till April, and few instalments of rent to pay before June. Englishmen are compressing as much as possible of active open-air work and enjoyment into the remainder of the cold season; fleets of native craft, under no apprehensions of cyclones or tornadoes, pierce the great and small arteries of the country; the last batch of magnificent merchant vessels has just left or is leaving the Hooghly; and, considered either from an official, a social, or a mercantile point of view, the Gangetic plains put on their best aspect, and display the most palpable evidence of their agricultural wealth.

Of course the coming February must present a picture in lamentable contrast to this. Not that Bengal will ever be reduced by failure of rains to the aridity of an African or Arabian desert. The ground, indeed, will become hard as iron, but verdure will still conceal the village, and all sorts of worthless herbage will spring up unbidden, from the copious night dews or from the slight winter's rain. But it must not be imagined that any timely fall at Christmas can enable the Ryots to recover their lost ground. The tropical downpour, which floods a vast area, has vanished with the departure of the sun to the Southern hemisphere, past recall; and under no possible combination of circumstances can it be again looked for before May or June. A couple of wet days in January may improve the barley, wheat, and pulse, and, by reviving the poppies of Behar, may make a difference of a million or two sterling in the April Budget. But not one grain of the staple commodity of the country can be put into the ground again before April, or be cut and carried before July; and when telegrams announce that the Indian Government will have to feed more than two millions of people for seven months, we must bear in mind that this unhappy period only begins from March next, and that it cannot by any possibility expire until September. Even then, under the most favourable circum-

stances for sowing, ripening, and cutting, new rice, fresh from the threshing-floors, will be no food for a weakly population kept alive on half rations during all this interval. Nothing would more infallibly produce spleen, dysentery, low fever, and divers other Indian complaints. Indeed the effects of this scarcity will be felt throughout India in more ways than one. It is grievous to think of thousands of peaceable, loyal, and industrious beings, deprived of food, of their natural occupations, and of all motive for exertion, crowding once a day round the official stores and kitchens, receiving just enough to keep soul and body together, and returning home to gaze with a look of dull resignation on their herds of lean cattle and their emaciated children. Perhaps a period of enforced idleness will demoralize a ryot of Bengal or Behar to a less extent than it would an Englishman or a Frenchman. But the effect of scanty diet and unceasing anxiety will render the population more dependent than ever on Government, and much less ready, for some time to come, to comprehend measures of progress, which mean taxation. Then it is certain, judging from the experience of former calamities, that our administrators must be alert to anticipate outrages, and that no activity can prevent an increase in certain classes of crime. Civil litigation, the recreation or political excitement of rich Zemindars and substantial sub-proprietors, will languish; but policemen will have their hands full and the criminal courts will be thronged. It may be fairly assumed, for instance, that as the pressure increases, grain merchants will live in constant dread lest their stores should be sacked by a crowd of excitable and half-famished Asiatics; that the convoys of grain sent by Government or by speculators into remote villages will have to be protected by strong detachments of guards; that the fortunate possessor of an acre of late rice or of standing barley will have to keep watch over it by night, with his sons and dependents, and even then that he may be knocked on the head by a bamboo or run through the body with a spear; that all the ornaments of women and children will be pawned to the money-lenders; that some men will die under the tyranny of caste, while others will get rid of it altogether; that native subordinates employed in the distribution of rations will have a dozen opportunities of making illicit perquisites; that future crops will be pledged before a furrow has

been turned or an atom of seed scattered; that the old stock of cattle will be sold off for half its value or left to perish from sheer want of fodder. These and similar occurrences, the result of the national character, may strain the nerves of the Administration to the utmost, and may call forth all the best and the worst qualities of the Hindu; but it is not yet necessary to paint an alarming picture of twenty-five millions perishing from hunger, or to imagine the rivers Kosai and Purnabaha choked with corpses, and the vultures and jackals gorged to repletion with the carcases of the unburnt or unburied dead. The calamity is quite grave enough to demand our attention without any stimulus of ghastly word-painting or dismal prophecies of unutterable woe. As we have said, the scarcity must leave its mark in the bureau and the counting-house, as well as in the rice-field and the bazaar. The outlay on beneficent measures must be stinted or stopped. Grants for education, for new buildings, for increased salaries, for improved agency, must be rescinded or withheld. The whole time of Commissioners, magistrates, and their subordinates must be given to form committees, to collect materials, to store grain effectively against damage from climate and against violence by robbers, to animate the rich by personal influence and practical example, to sustain the sinking hearts of the herdsman and the cultivator, who will certainly call on the name of the Maharani for succour as they did formerly on that of the old Company.

We have endeavoured to place before our readers the probable condition of the people of some six or eight magnificent districts during the approaching time of severity and trial. But there are some considerations which afford consolation. In the first place, the means of communication, whatever may have been wildly dreamed or dogmatically asserted to the contrary, are ample. One railway has put Calcutta within eighteen hours of Patna, and it touches the Ganges at more than one place. Another avoids the long, circuitous, and dangerous passage of the Sunderbunds, and enables Government to convey stores almost to the banks of the same river, where it goes by the name of the Poddha, in less than a day. There is not a populous mart, not to say a hamlet, in any one of the threatened portions of the country, to which subsistence could not be conveyed in a week or fortnight at furthest, from rail-

way station and river bank, by the common bullock carts over the common cross roads of the country. For the next six months Bengal and Behar are just as easily traversed as Somersetshire and Wilts. We have known five hundred carts at a time, laden with molasses, to start from a populous sugar mart in the interior over a mere track on which no engineer had ever expended a penny, with the absolute certainty of reaching their destination, one hundred miles off, at the rate of ten miles a day. This season, owing to the failure of rains, the plains on either bank of the Ganges must be open to carriage traffic at an earlier period than usual, and they will continue passable to the middle or end of May. The difficulty of internal transit only begins with the periodical rains; but the Indian Government need hardly be warned to commence purchasing and storing before that date. Then, although the rice crop has failed, the cold-weather crops of cereals and pulses may take off the edge of the calamity, and even fruit may be hoped for as a means of keeping the population alive. Behar can be fed on the cereals from Upper India, and Bengal on rice from Burmah and Madras. It is a fact placed beyond question that in the pressure of 1865, the population of Dinajpore, now afflicted in a similar manner, lived for the months of May and June and part of July on the produce of their mango-trees, and staved off famine till the beginning of the harvest. Something may be expected from the liberality and kind-heartedness of the Zemindars. To tell them gravely to reside on their estates and stop the famine, to trust to the laws of supply and demand, to hazard the lives of the community on private enterprise or on national impulse, would indeed be tantamount to telling a battalion of Rajpoots or Goorkhas that they must bear the brunt of a battle while the English soldiers formed the reserve. But the pious, and in this sense well directed, feelings of Hindus and Mohammedans may fairly be called on to supplement disbursements from the general treasury, and to form, according to their means and abilities, small social centres of relief. One native gentleman, in the famine of 1866, when the poor were flocking to Calcutta, to our personal knowledge, fed, out of his own resources, some thousands of his countrymen every day for two months. And his example in a minor degree was followed by many others. Lastly, we have the satisfaction

of knowing that measures for relief are in the hands of two men the most qualified by character and experience to deal with a vast and complicated system of succour. Lord Northbrook is cautious, confident, full of activity and resource. Sir George Campbell was selected by Lord Lawrence to report on the Orissa famine, has the mechanism of Bengal well oiled and completely under his control, and is precisely in the position where his terrible energy, which is too much for some intellects in uneventful seasons, can do nothing but absolute good. Both have at their back highly-trained and high-minded subordinates, a full treasury, and ample warning. They are nobly supported by all the influence of the Indian Council and the Secretary of State, who, as we have just seen, has sanctioned by anticipation "any measures necessary for the saving of human life." If, under Providence, these men so warned, so encouraged, and so trusted, cannot solve the problem of keeping life in the bodies of even five millions, or twice five millions, of Asiatics, who can exist on rice and gruel without wanting more, the thing is hardly to be done by anything short of a direct miracle.

From the Athenæum.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.*

THE Edinburgh publisher, Archibald Constable, whose name used to look so pleasant on a new work "by the author of 'Waverley,'" and whose handsome, manly, intelligent, and sympathetic face looks still more pleasant in the frontispiece to these sixteen hundred pages, called "A Memorial," was one of those honest, shrewd, persevering men who may be found here and there in every country, but who are more often to be found among Scotchmen than in any other community in the world.

Archibald Constable was born in Fifeshire nearly a hundred years ago (1774). He might have been, like his father, a well-to-do farmer, and a better-to-do factor (or land-steward), but he chose to be a bookbinder, and he was allowed to follow the bent of his inclination. He was duly apprenticed, and before his time was out had duly "fallen desperately in love with a young lady." In the too brief au-

* *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*. A Memorial, by his Son, Thomas Constable. 3 vols. (Edinburgh, Edmonston & Douglas.)

tobiography which prefaces the "Memorial," this love-passage is the prettiest episode of all. With this young lady, Archibald fell extremely early in love; but, he says, "I did not enjoy an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted till after some years of a most sincere and passionate attachment." And yet the pair married when the bridegroom was barely one-and-twenty! Throughout the period of the young Scotchman's silent love, the thought that the object of his affections might one day become his wife had the most healthy influence on his character and conduct. It was in 1794 that the personal acquaintance was formed, and what followed was done after honest fashion. There was no preliminary asking of paternal permission. The young couple first understood each other, and then, says the lover, "I announced by letters to her father the resolution we had formed." The father blessed the children, who were married in 1795; and Constable always looked on the day he wedded with Mary Willison as the happiest day of his eventful life. The lady's father, a printer, helped his son-in-law at starting in life; and, says Constable, with frank simplicity, "The result of his kind office has, I trust, not been without some advantage to the public." The enfranchised apprentice soon established himself in business "at the Cross" in Edinburgh. Over his shop was written "Scarce Old Books" and jealous fellow-tradesmen interpreted the legend as signifying "Scarce o' books"!

Constable cared not for idle unenterprising wits. He devoted his whole energies to business, and he "was specially ambitious to pick up curious and valuable works relative to the history and literature of Scotland." This ambition was gratified, and it made of Constable's shop the meeting-place of the most intellectual men of the time. Among them was the Rev. Dr. Hugh Blair; and when they remember the grave teaching of Blair's sermons, some persons may be surprised to find that the minister's own favourite reading for "amusement" was "novels and romances." But then Blair was a "Moderate" of the pre-Chalmerian era.

In 1802, Constable was selected by the projectors of the new periodical, the *Edinburgh Review*, to be its publisher. This is not to be considered the turning of the tide towards "flood" which led to fortune. At the period in question Constable had outstripped all competitors, and was at the head of Edinburgh

publishers. Soon there was associated with him Alexander Gibson Hunter, whose business letters to Constable, when the latter was absent on professional matters in London and elsewhere, were varied by such records as the following:—"Our turtle dinner turned out admirably well. . . . I cut a most distinguished figure; ate seven plates of calipash and two of calipee, besides about three of the fins. We had four kinds of madeira and claret, till half-past eleven." In another letter, the mighty Hunter writes of Mr. Longman, who was temporarily knocked up by Edinburgh life—"These Englishers will never do in our country. They eat a great deal too much and drink too little; the consequence is, their stomachs give way, and they are knocked-up of course." What used to be done "in our country," is not badly illustrated in the following incidents:—

The story is known to many, of the Forfar laird, who, in returning on horseback from a convivial party, heard himself fall into the ford that he was crossing, and called out to his servant, "John, what was that played *plash*?" and who, on another similar occasion, when his hat and wig had been blown off, indignantly refused the latter when it was restored to him, exclaiming, "John, this is no *my* wig; this is a *wat* wig!" until John rejoined, "There's nae wale o' wigs in Pitmossie muir!" and induced him to resume the dripping covering. It is told of the same worthy, that once when so far *gone* that he could go no further, his hosts, in order to satisfy an uncontrollable homeward instinct, placed him, whip in hand, upon a stone wall, with the faithful John behind him, who, after a sufficient time had passed, assisted his master to dismount, and led him off unconscious, to sleep away the effects of his carouse in a strange apartment.

Hunter's letters, at home or on business travels, never omit to record the drinking bouts. He sneers at old Lindley Murray (visited in Yorkshire) for giving a copy of his "Power of Religion," when "the power of a pint of claret or a bottle or two of the *rosé*" would have been preferred. At another English house he was better satisfied, "had a famous *crack*, and came home decently about eleven, quite sober." The taste of the Scotch seems to have been considered in the kitchen and coffee-house combined "in the garret" of the House of Commons. Hunter notices Maule, Skene, and Major Ramsay eating the steaks cooked in their presence, "and drinking a bottle of claret—kept for

the Scots members." He was also naturally affected by an incident at a dinner at Johnson's, the publisher, in St. Paul's Churchyard, at which Fuseli, Bonycastle, the mathematician, a few others, and two of the shopmen, were present. Fuseli is set down as the most conceited and self-sufficient quiz ever seen. "The two shopmen, poor devils, would not take wine, although I asked them. They even sat a considerable time after dinner, and drank nothing but table-beer—a brutal specimen of the London practice!" How drink could go hand in hand with duty, as it seems to have done in those days, is scarcely to be explained. The Scottish tipplers were, however, cautious. When port heated them, they cooled their throats with claret, and they sent both gently over the palate, so that not a drop was lost to the sense of taste. There is a significant rebuke of "the horrible guzzling of the Londoners, and no drinking." It was not the quantity they were blamed for (the Scotch drank more), but the manner of imbibing it. There was as much difference between the Scotch and the Londoners as there is between the epicure and the glutton. A Scotch minister is, in one of these chapters, given up as in a reprobate condition, for abandoning himself to censurable swallowing of toddy. He was not nice in his cups. Constable's partner, moreover, abhorred the English dinners of fifty years ago. "I am completely satisfied," he says, "that the English people have no proper genius or turn for that sort of thing, as we have in Scotland." There was, however, in those days, not only a good dinner, but "good drink," to be had by Scotchmen at the British Coffee-House, Cockspur Street—a house of call, from long previous time, for Scotchmen. The house stands unchanged in appearance, and it has a true William-the-Third look about it; but it has long ceased to be a Scotch house. In former days the heads, or representatives of the heads of the Edinburgh house invited there the Londoners with whom they had business transactions, and usually combined business with costly eating and drinking. It was found that occasional great extravagance was prudential on the part of the men of business.

Archibald Constable himself almost disappears in the crowd of these men of business by whom he is surrounded, or from whom he receives letters on subjects relating to his vocation. Whole

chapters are sometimes given to biographical sketches of these individuals, and the book accordingly contains the lives of many persons besides that of the great Edinburgh publisher. They are all worth knowing, especially the self-made men. We look with reverence on such men as Lindley and Alexander Murray, who were originally shepherd boys, and who had no school-training till after they were nine years old. In one of his letters, Murray tells Constable that "when Bruce erected a temporary observatory" near his house, on an eminence, the country people said:—"G— preserve us! The Laird's gaen mad! He sits up a' nicht keekin' at the starris!" And Murray adds, "One cannot help drawing a parallel between the savages of Abyssinia and Stirlingshire." In a letter from Constable to Murray (1806) there is this amusing reference to Brougham:—"Mr. Brougham has been very active . . . in circulating a report about the *Edinburgh Review* being to be given up; and I believe . . . he would not dislike that it should fall, whenever the 10*l.* 10*s.* a sheet is no longer an object to him." Murray, quite as practical a man as Constable, writes, at the close of the above year, affirming the certainty of England and the French Empire coming to friendly relations, a circumstance, he adds, which might lead Constable, on literary research, to Paris. Meanwhile, he cautions the publisher not to put forth any books written in coarse and mendacious spirit against Napoleon, such as abounded at the time. "Besides," says Murray, "he shoots people that write against him, and, even if he did not, they ought to be shot for such absurd stuff." From such letters as pass between Constable and Alexander Murray it is a "descent" to have to go through the details of the business transactions of the former with Longman and John Murray in London, valuable as these details are as part of the history of contemporary bibliography and literature. Why the house established by Constable, in London, was not a success, is clearly seen in one of Alexander Murray's truthful remarks:—"If you had been personally in London instead of Edinburgh, I am satisfied that your London concern would have prospered. A few raw lads put at the head of affairs change the case entirely." From trade records and chronicling of the authors and literature of Scotland, we confess our readiness to turn aside to traits of old Scotch character. One of

these we find in an octogenarian, Mr. George Paton, on whose behalf Constable wrote to the Duke of Roxburghe. Paton in his younger days came to grief through neglecting the monition of Solomon, that he who goes surety for a friend shall smart for it. Friends got him a post in the Customs, 30*l.* a year! and upon that sum he supported himself and two aged parents! In course of long years he was made rich on 50*l.* a year, out of which he saved 200*l.* as a solace for his old age, but lost the whole of it by the failure of a bank. Constable recommended this self-denying hero to the Duke of Roxburghe's charity, and alluded to the library of British Antiquities which Paton had contrived to get together book by book, each volume symbolizing much fasting on the part of the proprietor. But the book-collecting Duke, who would give hundreds of pounds for an old ballad, replied, "I believe Mr. Paton to be a very worthy man, but . . . I really cannot be of the use to him you wish me to be." Dr. Duncan Forbes had a way of collecting books that was not like honest Paton's. He simply stole those he wanted, or, as Mr. Thomas Constable daintily puts it, "he regarded the appropriation of books . . . as a justifiable spoiling of the Philistine." On one occasion he complained to Archibald Constable that his library had been plundered during his absence from home. "Ah, Doctor!" was the rejoinder, "if we all had our own, your library would be still smaller!" Dr. Duncan Forbes was not the only visitor at the Cross whose conscience was debauched by the sight of a coveted book. An anonymous individual is noticed, of whom the author says, "that whenever he appeared my father received this warning, 'The gentleman with the brown great-coat is in the gallery.'" Other men who were connected with Constable figure unpleasantly among honest colleagues. One of these was John Pinkerton that "Ishmael among archæologists," whose moral standard was pitched at the lowest level. He not only suppressed but misquoted authorities, had as much audacity as mendacity, passed off a modern ballad for a genuine antique, and, in his Preface to his "Dissertation on the Scythians or Goths," had the cool impudence to remark that "In Germany or Scandinavia, if an author were to quote falsely he would go near to bear the character of a scoundrel or a liar." Mr. T. Constable's comment on this is that Pinkerton "must have pre-

sumed too confidently on the greater lenity of his countrymen in estimating his own productions." Pinkerton must have been odious in the eyes of publishers, yet not more so than the Earl of Buchan was in the eyes of an editor to whom he *would* send his limping verses. How such presumption would now be met we need not say. Constable and the editor of the *Scots Magazine*, in 1802, took their own way with a farrago of verse which my lord sent to that periodical. They would not disoblige so great a man, and yet they would save their own honour. They did not insert the contribution in the elevated poetical department, "but placed it alone amid the prose, stating that, from respect to Lord Buchan, they had 'assigned it a conspicuous place in their Miscellany, distinct from the mass of vulgar poetry.'"

But the above, and numerous other literary incidents and sketches of the lives of eminent men, yield in interest to the illustrations of home life and of the family circle gathered round the publisher and his admirable wife. The most striking figure here is "Auntie Jean," Mrs. Constable's maiden sister, who is as good as the best of novel heroines with whom we are acquainted. In her youth and beauty, circumstances led her, Calvinist as she was, to be consigned to a convent in Picardy for her education. From this she escaped in disguise, when war broke out, carrying with her a little box of bonbons, the offering of a loving and "well lo'ed" young French gentleman. Having consumed the sweetmeats, she found a ring at the bottom of the box, an expression of hope on the part of the swain who had deposited it. The girl was well content to listen to the suit; but those were not times in which British parents would entrust the happiness of their daughters to the Gaul, and they were the times in which daughters honoured their fathers and mothers, and would rather cherish a silent sorrow than disobey their parents. So, good and fair Auntie Jean put her lover's ring on her finger, and gave ear to no other wooer. She became, as such women often are, the good genius of the family, a true human angel in the house. Slightly eccentric, her utterances were often worthy of record. Mr. Constable notices the following, addressed to himself, through the aunt's maid, when the good deaf old lady was dying,— "Ann," she said, "if I should be spared to be taken away, I hope my nephew will get the doctor to open my head, and see if anything can

be done for my hearing." The "gentle mind," says the nephew, "had already begun to waver." We confess we leave the home circle with regret, to be introduced to groups of literary men and literary women, even though Jeffrey himself, the editor of the *Edinburgh*, be among them. Assuredly, he enjoys an eminent, honourable, and well-merited place of distinction among the distinguished. Jeffrey was the very prince of editors. He never ruffled the susceptibilities or disturbed the honest self-respect of a writer in the *Review*. He could perform a disagreeable duty in a fashion to make it appear almost agreeable to the patient. One incident alone will suffice to show the metal of which Jeffrey was made. Through unintentional neglect, he had omitted to let the proprietors of the *Review* know the amount of honorarium due to a certain contributor. After discovering the omission, the honorarium was not only forwarded with graceful apology, but with an additional ten guineas of Jeffrey's own, but sent as the proprietors'. "I mulct myself in this fine," wrote Jeffrey to Constable. . . . "I deserve this for my negligence, and, besides, it is right that the *Review* and its management should not be liable to the imputation of shabbiness—even from the shabby." Parting from Jeffrey, we are once more surrounded by scholars, writers, and booksellers. The contrasts are strongly marked as when we have, on one hand, the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, who mourned the fate that bound him to a bank desk, going on making figures till death made a cypher of him! and, on the other hand, is the flashy publisher, Sir Richard Phillips, who, resolved not to pass for a cypher even after death wrote his own epitaph, and, among a score of other fine things said of himself, set down that "as a son, husband, father, and friend, he was worthy of imitation, and left a mourning family little to inherit except a good name." Pleasanter altogether than either of them was Dr. Kitchiner, one of Constable's army of "authors." "Though a doctor," we are told "he had no faith in medicine." It would be more correct to say that "because he was a doctor he had no faith in the way people chose to take medicine." Here is as good a bit of advice gratis as ever was given by an upright sensible physician. It is from a letter to Constable, March, 1822:—

I assure you I am quite uncomfortable that you still persist in tampering with us doctors! What does a man want with medicine who can

ride ten miles without fatigue, eat plain food with an excellent appetite, has every domestic comfort to render the evenings delightful, and can sleep soundly from ten o'clock at night till four in the morning—ay, and all this in spite of the pains he takes to annoy his good and well-behaving stomach with *squills*, &c.? . . . You have a fulness in your head—and in your heart, forsooth,—well, nobody can deny that: the former is as full of good sense, and the latter of good nature, as any man's in Christendom. . . . You are enjoying actually better health than almost any man of forty-five can boast, and will long continue to do so—if you do not undermine your excellent constitution by everlastingly bothering it with physic. I am ready to swear this before my Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen.

There was as much generosity in the above as in Capt. Basil Hall, when Constable was in difficulty, making the publisher a present of the copyright of the three volumes of his voyages. "It is," says Constable, "the most handsome thing I ever experienced."

The last volume of this elaborate and interesting history is almost an independent work. It contains the record of the connection between Walter Scott, the Ballantynes, and the publishing house of Constable. It is partly written as a son's vindication of his father's character, his honour, and his name; and the son—we can say it with the greatest satisfaction—is successful. No blame is cast on Scott, for Scott was blameless; no reproach is cast on Ballantyne; the person chiefly censured is Lockhart, who is accused of misrepresenting circumstances. The story of the *Waverley Novels* is here told, from first to nearly the last; from their burst of triumph down to the ruin of that publishing firm of Constable's, which had once seemed a tower of strength, proof against all assaults, but which went down (as a gallant but unfortunate ship goes down, with her flag unstruck) in the "panic" of 1826. Those who are curious in the history of that publishing time, will find it all here. For our own part, we leave the record of triumphs, sorrows, speculations, bills, ledgers, endorsements, and so forth, to those who will follow it. We prefer to give some of the incidents as illustrations of the men and the times. And first, as an illustration of the certain fact that many a good book has been spoiled by a publisher giving it an uneffective title, in spite of the author, it may be here noticed that Constable proposed that "The Abbot" should be called "The Nun-nery." Scott replied:—"The only ob-

jection . . . is that there is neither Nun nor Nunnery mentioned in the affair from beginning to end. I remember Harry Siddons wrote a novel, which he sold to Mr. Lane, of the Minerva Press, who . . . new-christened it 'The Mysterious Bridal.' 'Saar,' as poor Harry used to say, 'there was neither mystery nor bridal in my poor book. . . . I took my own book, Saar, out of a circulating library for some new reading to Mrs. Siddons, and never found it out till I was far in the first volume.'" As Scott's novels appeared Constable sent a copy to Sydney Smith, who returned thanks and criticism. When "The Pirate" was published, Smith disapproved of Norna as a sort of hash-up of Meg Merrilies. He prayed for no more of Meg or Dominic Sampson, adding "All human themes have an end (except Taxation)." In those days, the volumes published in Edinburgh were sent by sea to London. Constable writes of the Ocean smack arriving in the Thames on a Sunday night, with bales of "The Fortunes of Nigel" aboard:—"The bales were got out by one on Monday morning, and before half-past ten o'clock seven thousand copies had been despatched from 90, Cheap-side." When, at a later period, Walter Scott was a partner in the trade and a sharer in the crash, he showed himself a true hero. He writes on this loss of fortune: "I feel quite composed and determined to labour. There is no remedy." And, later, again to Constable: "Be my loss lighter or heavier, I will bear it manfully. 'Woodstock' will be on the counter in a month, and you shall see that neither frost nor foul weather shall abate the spirit of . . . Walter Scott." In giving details of the catastrophe, Lockhart is charged with omitting some passages in Scott's Diary, and slightly altering others, thereby creating an impression that Scott and his publishers were on less friendly terms than was really the case. For instance, Scott wrote: "Bade Constable and Cadell farewell, and had a brisk walk with them, which enables me to face the desolation here with more spirit." Mr. Lockhart, for "a brisk walk with them," gives in the "Life," "a brisk walk home," without notice of companions. We pass on, however, to Scott's "Life of Napoleon," and may notice the following singular passage in a letter to Constable, from Mrs. Campbell:—

If, as we hear, Sir Walter Scott is writing the History of Buonaparte, you may tell him

that the late Sir Charles Stuart (of Bute) told me that when he commanded our army in Corsica, Buonaparte wished to come into our service. I asked what rank he expected; he said he believed he would have accepted a Lt.-Colonelcy. This is a fact that I know has been doubted, but you see Sir C. Stuart's authority is decisive.

The end soon came to publisher and author. In order to maintain the reputation of the latter, which needed no championship, Lockhart branded the Ballantynes as unprincipled adventurers, and ultimately sacrificed Constable & Co. to the same cause. The publisher's son has amply shown that Lockhart's zeal drove him into error. Constable himself was fully justified, as he lay on his dying bed, in saying to his son, in whose arms he may be said to have passed away, that he left him a poor man, indeed, but possessing a name which might be of advantage to him in the battle of life. The name *has* proved of value to Archibald Constable's sons, as we see by the imprint at the close of each volume:—"Printed by T. & A. Constable, Printers to Her Majesty, at the Edinburgh University Press."

From Chambers' Journal.
MIGRATORY BOGS.

THERE are said to be some six million acres of bog in the United Kingdom, Ireland boasting or bewailing the possession of at least a moiety of the ill-conditioned mixture Scotland coming in for a third, and England owning the remaining million of moist acres, which no one has yet managed to put to very profitable use. Fortunately for those whose lines are cast in their undesirable neighbourhood, British bogs very rarely become so impatient of quiescence as to convert themselves into movable property, and set out on their travels, as Chat Moss did in the far-away days of many-wived King Hal. Leland tells how, "bursting up within a mile of Mosley Haul, it destroyed much ground with moss thereabout, and destroyed much fresh-water fish thereabout, first corrupting with stinking water Glasbrook, and so Glasbrook carried stinking water and moss into Mersey water, and Mersey corrupted, carried the rolling moss, part to the shores of Wales, part to the Isle of Man, and some unto Ireland. And in the very top of Chateley Moor, where the moss was highest and

broke, is now a plain, fair valley as ever in times past, and a rill runneth in it, and pieces of small trees be found in the bottom." Thanks to Stephenson's genius and perseverance, Chat Moss is not likely to be guilty of another freak of the kind. We can find but one other instance recorded of bog-moving in England, and that happened in the "Debatable Land" of olden time, near the Netherby whose Græmes, Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves went racing and chasing o'er Cannobie Lea, in the vain hope of catching young Lochinvar and his fair Ellen. When Pennant visited the place in 1768, he saw a beautiful tract of cultivated land; four years afterwards, he beheld nothing but a dismal swamp. The fertile vale had succumbed to Solway Moss, the sixteen hundred acres of peat-mud of which had only been kept within bounds by the hard outer crust. Ignorant, or careless of the consequences, some peat-diggers cut away part of the protecting edge of the bog; a three days' downpour came, and, unable to withstand the extra pressure, the hitherto effectual barrier yielded, and let out a river of thick black slush, carrying everything before it. It was on the night of the 17th of November 1771, that a farmer living close by the Moss, hearing an unusual noise, went out of doors, lantern in hand, to discover the meaning of it. He saw a small dark-coloured stream flowing towards him, and for the moment, fancied it came from his own dunghill; but the stream growing to a deluge, he ran as he never ran before, to rouse up all within hail, with the news that the Moss was out. Some received their first intimation of the disaster from the entrance of the "Stygian tide" into their houses; these sound sleepers had to wait for the daylight ere they escaped through the roof, with the aid of outside friends. Still there was cause for congratulation: although buildings had been swept down, cottages filled from floor to roof-tree, and four hundred acres of good land overwhelmed beyond redemption, no man, woman, or child had been done to death by the unlooked-for irruption. The cattle had not escaped so well, many beasts being suffocated in their sheds. One cow, the solitary survivor of eight, after standing up to its neck in mud and water for sixty hours, had appetite enough to eat heartily when delivered from durance, but refused to touch any water, nor would she "even look at it without manifest signs of horror."

In 1629, says Dr. Robert Chambers, in his *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, a large moss with a little lake in the middle of it occupied a piece of gradually rising ground in the fertile district between Falkirk and Sterling. A highly cultivated tract of wheat-land lay below. There had been a series of heavy rains, and the moss became overcharged with moisture. After some days, during which slight movements were visible on this quagmire, the whole moss began one night to leave its native situation, and slide gently down to the low grounds. The people who lived on these lands, receiving sufficient warning, fled, and saved their lives; but in the morning light they beheld their little farms, sixteen in number, covered six feet deep with liquid moss, and hopelessly lost. In the wet August of 1861, a farmer dwelling near the town of Slamannan, looking out from his door early one morning, beheld some twenty acres of Auchingray Moss part company with its clay bottom, and float away for three-quarters of a mile, to the utter ruin of a large quantity of arable land and potato-ground over which it spread.

Yet more extraordinary was the sight seen in the county of Limerick in 1697. The continuous rains of a very unfavourable spring getting under a large bog at Charleville, forced up its centre to a great height. Soon afterwards, sounds resembling distant thunder betokened mischief was brewing underground, the boghill sank as rapidly as it had risen, and then the entire mass was set in motion. A wide deep ditch separated it from some pasture-land, but did not prevent the bog sweeping onward with wavelike undulations, but unbroken surface, and carrying the pasture-land with it, to deposit it upon an adjoining meadow, covering it wholly with sixteen feet of soil — after which, it would be difficult, we should fancy, to decide as to ownership. The pasture became bog, and the old site of the bog was left bare, marked by an unsightly hole, throwing up "foul water and very stinking vapours." After a violent storm in March 1745, a galbary at Addergoole, near Dunmore in Turway, which the turf-cutters had only just left, began to move, and floating to a piece of low-lying pasture near the river-side, spread over a space of thirty acres. The choked river overflowed its banks, and in a very short time the fields near were hidden by a lake covering fifty acres. Before a passage could be cut

for the river, the lake had extended over three hundred acres, and a week after that operation had been effected, a fifth part of the deluged land still remained under water.

This notable event in the simple annals of Dunmore will no longer stand unparalleled in the records of the little Irish town. On the 1st of October 1873, a farmer diligently labouring in his potato-field caught sight of a brown mass making its way towards him. Leaving his spade in the ground, he ran off to fetch some neighbours. An elevated bog about three miles distant from the town had burst through its banks, descending so swiftly that by the time the frightened man got back to his potato-field, half of it was buried, and a few stocks on a high knoll were all that remained to tell where his corn-field had been. In a very short space of time, the cruel torrent had buried three farm-houses, and covered two hundred acres of valuable land with "half-concrete, half-fluid" deposit, to a depth, in some places, of ten feet, leaving a great basin of a mile and a half in circumference, from which steadily flowed a stream of very watery brown bog-stuff. At the time we write—three weeks after the outburst—this stream had attained a length of two miles, with a breadth of about a quarter of a mile, and two mil-

lions cubic feet of bog-stuff had been sent down the valley. A letter from Dunmore says: "The worst of the damage already done is that it is likely to be permanent in its effects, unless, indeed, the foreign matter continues its locomotion, and branches off to some locality where it will affect no industrial interest. As it is, a wide extent of capital land has been converted into a black swamp; several families have been ruined, not only by the loss of their holdings and homes, but by the destruction of their crops, their firing, and other property which there was not time to save. It is pitiable to see one of these ill-fated tenements surrounded by the filthy ooze of the bog, with no trace of the green fields and cheerful harvest stubble that the occupants of the deserted dwelling looked upon from its threshold only a fortnight ago."

It is consoling for those who have not suffered by the untoward action of the migratory bog to know that such calamities are of very rare occurrence. Might they not be rendered impossible? We think so. If bog-reclamation could be made as exciting as running after political jack-o'-lanterns, moving bogs would soon rank among the wonders of the past.

A LOAN exhibition of the works of old masters has been organised in Brussels by the Société Néerlandaise de Bienfaisance." The chief feature of this exhibition is the number of works from the celebrated Suermondt collection, which has contributed no less than 120 paintings and 44 drawings. Among these we find as many as three Van Eycks, one of which, known as "L'homme à œuillet," was engraved a short time since in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. It is one of Van Eyck's most admirable portraits. The recently discovered master, Gerard David, has a picture ascribed to him, and there are several others of the early Flemish school in this collection. The old German school is likewise represented by some of its chief masters, but as might be expected, the wealth of the exhibition lies in works of the later Netherlandish schools. Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Paul Potter (by whom we have the famous landscape of the Suermondt collection, "Bois de la Haye"), Albert Cuyp, Jan Steen, and many more of the later Dutch masters, may be studied to advantage in this small but rich exhibition. Truly the

art tourist has had a great advantage this summer in being able to view without difficulty or favour in so many of these loan exhibitions the treasures that usually lie hidden or inaccessible in the depths of private houses.

THE last number of the *Archæological Journal* contains an interesting article on "The Architecture of the Eleventh Century," by Mr. J. H. Parker, in which he maintains his previously expressed conviction that the churches of the Anglo-Saxon period in England were with few exceptions built of wood, and that it was only in the eleventh century that stone came fairly into use for building purposes. "For many years past," he writes, "I have been hunting for buildings of the tenth century with very little success. It is a matter of history that some stone buildings were erected at that time, but there is very little construction of that period remaining in any of them."

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MADAGASCAR SONG.

TRUST not—trust not to the sea-shore sorcerers!

In the times of old the sorcerers came
To our island, and were thus accosted:
“Land is here, so tarry with your women;
Be ye good and just, and be our brothers!”
This the sorcerers promised—we believed them.

Soon they overturned our walls—erected
Threatening fortresses, which poured forth
thunder

In their fury; and their priests would give us
Other unknown gods than ours to worship;
And they spoke of service and obedience.
Better die! The fight was long and bloody.
They were masters of the murderous lightnings,
And our multitudinous hosts they scattered;
All were scattered—all—our people perished.
Trust not, trust not to the sea-shore sorcerers!
More invaders came, yet bolder—stronger.
On the sea-shore they their banners planted;
But Heaven fought with us, and they were
conquered!

Heavy torrents fell; and mighty tempests,
Storms, and poisonous winds o'erwhelmed the
stranger.

They are gone—are dead; and we the living
Live to know that we are free and happy.
Trust not, trust not to the sea-shore sorcerers!

Translated by Sir John Bowring.

[Translated from the German of Matthison by Arthur Lowell.]

REMEMBRANCE.

(*Andenken.*)

I THINK of thee
When the soft voices of the nightingales,
In sweet and plaintive warblings to the night,
Ring through the vales.
When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee,
By the cool waters of the shaded fountains;
While, in the shimmering rays of twilight glow,
Glisten the mountains.
Where thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee,
With many tender hopes and anxious fears,
Passionate longings for the one I love,
And burning tears,
How thinkest thou of me?

O, think of me,
Until we meet again some happier day.
Till then, however distantly my feet may roam,
Still shall I think and pray
Only of thee!

A REPLY TO “IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.”

'Tis easy, by no sorrow crossed
And sung to by a friendly bird,
To pine for bliss you have not lost,
And weep for ills that ne'er occurred.

'Tis easy, too, where days are bright,
And Tweed rejoicing past you flows,
To think a real trouble light,
And magnify ideal woes.

But come and tarry, friend! with me,
Where air is heavy, sunlight pales,
And for your Robin's carol free
Exchange a captive nightingale's.

Each morning miss a sweet caress,
A tender voice forever dumb,
And through the long day's loneliness
Wait for the steps that never come.

When evening shades press dimly on,
Brood o'er the embers' flickering light,
And watch the sparkles one by one
Die, like my joys, in lonesome night.

Your fortunes, then, with mine compare,
The fancied with the real scene,
And sadly own the joys that were
Dearer than all that might have been.
Spectator. J. A. H.

TRUE LOVE.

I WOULD that every angry shaft
From Trouble's bitter sheaf,
Would wing its flight to pierce my heart,
To give to thine relief.

I would that every ill and woe,
And every carking care,
Would force their way within my breast,
That I for thee might bear.

I'd genial deem the icy chill,
The biting frost and cold,
The stormy tempest, Love, if thou
Wert sheltered in the fold.

If my frail bark were tossed about,
Of angry waves the sport,
Calm as on glassy lake, I'd feel,
If thou wert safe in port.

And if thy choice o'er me should pass,
To bless another's life,
His truest friend I'd ever be,
Because thou wert his wife.

Chambers' Journal.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF OLD ROME.

To the average English understanding the typical archæologist or antiquarian must be a sore puzzle, or at least he would be a sore puzzle if the average English understanding ever troubled itself to try to account for the existence of anything that is not more or less a reproduction of itself. And the average Englishman is in the habit of setting down all things that do not seem instantly profitable to himself as, on the whole, unworthy his serious attention. Everything that is old, and that does not seem to be intimately connected with nineteenth-century gains, and pleasures, and what he calls progress and civilization, is passed by as practically worthless; deserving only of being stowed away in those singularly dull institutions, known as museums, which exist all over the country, but which apparently are frequented by nobody at all.

The objects of the love of these antiquarians vary, indeed, in their degrees of unattractiveness. Coins, for instance, and medals are among the dullest of the dull things that fanatical collectors gather together; but what is their dulness compared to the dulness of inscriptions? What can possibly be the reason for gathering together a host of inscriptions which nobody can read without the greatest difficulty, and which tell nothing more, when they are really made out, than that somebody did something, at some period or other, which is not of the smallest interest to any but a few scholars who care for nothing but old books? Illuminated old books — they generally go by the name of “illuminated missals” — are quite another thing, because of the beauty of their paintings; and if their contents are of the Papistical kind, that is of small importance, as one need not read “the writing,” which in truth is usually very difficult to read, and so can do no harm. They are interesting, too, as showing that even in the dark ages there was some artistic feeling among the people; while their colours are lovely. “Why, you have got the new London

green here!” exclaimed a young lady not long ago, when she was shown one of the manuscript treasures of the Bodleian Library at Oxford; an exclamation which might possibly have indicated the commencement of a complete revolution of thought in the mind of the young person who uttered it.

Architectural relics, again, possess widely different degrees of attractiveness or non-attractiveness for the non-archæological observer. There are some persons, it is true, and chiefly, we have observed, among women, whose one idea seems to be that whatever looks excessively old must be of peculiar interest and value. Such persons are to be spoken of with the sincerest regard, especially when they really are of that sex which values novelty as identical with beauty, and rarely cares for architecture in any shape whatever. There is always something to be made out of a person who loves what is old, or at least exhibits a modest uninstructed faith in that which has survived through generations long gone by. First of all, he — or it should rather be said she — is above the vulgar love for the fashionable and the new. She cannot be one of those who think Paris the most delightful city in the world because in every fifth or sixth shop is written up the magic word “nouveautés.” She must possess within herself the elements of the true historic instinct, and be able to regard humanity as a whole, and recognize in the life of those who have been dead for thousands of years the elementary beginnings of the life of to-day. She might even be susceptible of philological speculations, and feel a positive interest in her own Sanscrit origin.

Such thinkers, as has been just observed, are usually to be found among women; for men, for the most part, instinctively begin to discriminate, and are suspicious of being taken in. Their faith in the relics of the past is largely mingled with doubt, just as they receive the assertions of the clerical profession with little of that unquestioning assent which is yielded by women. They are prone to regard the enthusiastic anti-

quarian as a being of somewhat limited capacities, and as a personage whose opinions in matters of real life are of little worth. This is pure Philistinism, indeed; which cannot conceive a real devotion to literary or artistic cultivation to be consistent with that thorough consecration of the faculties to one's business or profession which alone, as they fancy, can ensure success. It is quite possible that some of the patients of a certain distinguished London surgeon would begin to doubt his professional skill, if they knew that he was one of the ablest proficients in the art of etching that England can produce. If George Grote, the historian, had been known by the customers of his bank to be a fiddler as well as a devoted student of Greek literature, would they not have been more than doubtful as to the soundness of his views on the nature of investments, and preferred a banker who knew nothing in the world about any coinage but that which passes current to-day? How many, too, are there who are aware that music was the special recreation of that most crabbed and profoundest of writers on jurisprudence, Jeremy Bentham himself?

Now and then, indeed, the world is right in its suspicions, when it sees an incongruous subject perpetually thrust forward at inappropriate times, and the charlatan in the domain of thought suggests the presence of the rogue in another. Some thirty or forty years ago there was a hard-headed and old-fashioned canon of Christ Church, who had the charge of the College funds, and who kept them at a well-known London banking-house, where the chief partner made excessive professions of religion. "What does the man mean?" said the old canon; "whenever I go up about the College accounts, he begins talking about theology. I am sure there is something wrong behind the scenes." And he withdrew the College money accordingly; and not long afterwards the three partners in the bank were all arraigned and convicted of felony.

So, too, there are antiquarians who though perfectly honest in their love for the antique, are yet so indiscriminating

in their passion that they give a sort of colour to the scoffs of the non-antiquarian portion of the human race. A relic may be very old, and yet very ugly, or very worthless. There are many deluded souls, though they can hardly be classed among antiquarians, who believe in the priceless value of a Queen Anne's farthing; whereas these farthings are simply scarce, and can be got any day, by any well-instructed collector, for the sum of five shillings. Then there is the ultra-Gothic race, who hold that every church, castle, house, window, moulding, or sample of wood or iron, produced between the reigns of King John and Henry the Seventh, must be admirable, and worthy of imitation. Are not the results of this illusion to be seen everywhere? Is there a town in England where some grotesque erection is not justified by its architect on the ground that all its details are taken from some mediæval example? As if the human race in the Gothic period was freed from that intermixture of men of naturally bad artistic proclivities which troubles us so grievously in these latter days.

The love of what is old is, indeed, often an indiscriminating tenderness, or it is narrow in its conceptions, or is hampered by its ignorance of the nature of true archæology, as a science of no little importance towards the elucidation of the history of mankind. It is not mere natural obtuseness, so much as a want of acquaintance with the basis on which all history rests which makes men, not simply indifferent to antiquarian studies, but careless as to their relative degrees of importance, even when they are by no means absolutely indifferent to them. Mere antiquarianism is, in truth, nothing but a form of dilettante work, which is very harmless, and produces practically pleasant results. Such, too, is the purely artistic study of the achievements of the past, which draws and measures buildings and their details with a view to their modern application in the buildings of the day. But this is not true archæology, whose office it is to aid in the uplifting of the veil that hides the life of our fathers from our eyes, under the feeling that

they were our fathers, and that our existing life, social, political, and religious, is the lineal descendant of the life which exhibited itself in these long-buried or long misunderstood remains, which the enlightened observer now studies with ever-increasing ardour and delight. As it happens, too, it is in those very relics of antiquity which have least charm for the lover of the picturesque that the real archæologist finds his most important treasures. We may learn nothing from the most gorgeous windows, the most daringly constructed of vaults, the most perfect of sculptures; while in the position of a few bricks, or the foundations of a hidden wall, or a long buried pathway or well, we may light upon the key to historical problems which have hitherto baffled the acutest critics and the most learned students.

Just now, too, the scientific study of these living monuments of the past is of more than ordinary importance. Every old belief is breaking up around us. Everything is turning out to be a "myth." The very word "myth," not very long ago quite a novelty in the world of letters, has come to be so popular as to be almost of the nature of slang. Of course it is not in Johnson; but then even such a universally-used word (now-a-days) as "humbug" is not in Johnson. In Johnson's days, indeed, nobody had thought out the idea of myths, as such; and it is surprising to our sharpened intelligence how people got on without myths. Perhaps they were all the happier for knowing nothing about them; and perhaps, on the whole, they were not. At any rate there can be no doubt that the notion of myths is now so fashionable, that we are in danger of having it overrun the whole field of historical knowledge, while the word itself has become so common that most people use it in the sense of a simply fictitious statement. It is therefore pre-eminently the present function of archæology to come in and assure us that everything that we do not know in detail is not necessarily a myth. And very grateful ought many minds to be for such a result. It is really extremely disagreeable to be *désil-*

lusionné to the formidable extent which some people seem to delight in. Of course there are an endless number of superstitions which it is quite proper to get rid of; and for those superstitions which affect a man's religious belief, and his personal conduct towards his family and friends, not one word of excuse is to be put forward. The whole multitude of supernatural stories which are found mixed up with the earliest records of all nations must also be relegated to the mythical region, or set down as mere inventions of the poetical or the priestly mind.

But what is so unpleasant, and in reality so eminently unhistorical, is that iconoclastic spirit which demolishes the legendary history of remote ages solely for the pleasure of demolishing it. These literary Pharisees, who seem ever to be saying to us, "I am wiser than thou," have no more claim to toleration than other Pharisees or iconoclasts. It is an abominable thing that they should go about hitting right and left, and smashing truths and errors together, like those theological puritans who robbed England of innumerable treasures of art, in their horror of anything that was or might be Papistical. What if there are a great many things in Livy and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, to say nothing of Herodotus himself, that are unquestionably fictions, and others in which it is difficult to say where the fictions end and the facts begin? Why should we place ourselves abjectly at the feet of those destructives who, for instance, treat the whole history of the foundation of Rome as if it were a legend with no solid foundations of truth, and evolve a new theory as to the origin of the great Roman republic out of the depths of their own consciousness? Those who have studied the advances made by our university and school teachers, and of those formidable young ladies who are now threatening to beat their brothers in the contest of learning, are satisfied that it is quite a mistake to imagine that we know anything at all about the real origin and growth of Rome in its earliest days. We can only make guesses at the truth, and we must always

do this with a full recognition of the tendency to outrageous exaggeration which is the characteristic of legendary records. When number or size, for example, is mentioned, we must begin by dividing everything by ten, or even twenty; because as a moderately high hill looks like a mighty mountain, when looming through the mist, so it is with the tales told of one's great-grandfathers.

As to Rome, in particular, there is but one safe method; namely, that of taking its political constitution as it existed in what is politely termed the historic period, and tracing its institutions backwards to their origin in the legendary period, and then resting satisfied that no more is to be known. Happily, the most myth-loving of destroyers believe that all institutions have an origin; only they have an invincible dislike to believe that the legendary stories that have come down to us supply a substantially correct account of that origin, and that thus we do really know very nearly as much about the actual history of these early ages as we believed that we knew in the pre-mythical period when those who now are old were still boys at school. A large portion of the first book of Livy is to be set down as totally valueless. It was the work of a credulous age. All those old-world tales about Romulus and Remus, and the rape of the Sabines, and the fights with Veii and the Volscians, and Tarquinius Priscus, and Ancus Martius, and Servius Tullius, and the horrid conduct of the second Tarquinius, are not worth serious attention. Nobody knows anything about the real facts, and it is an imposition on the understanding to accept the story of Livy as giving a practically correct idea of the condition of the Roman people and government during the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries before the Christian era.

Nevertheless, there are now to be seen in London and in Oxford a series of photographs which establish the substantial truth of the traditional history which was current among the educated classes of Rome during the Augustan age, and which the criticism of the later schools of modern historians has laboured to demolish. The Roman correspondents of the London newspapers have occasionally spoken of the excavations which have been made in Rome during the last twenty years, at the expense of the late French Emperor and of the Prussian Government, and of an English Archæological Society, of which the most

energetic member, if not the founder and chief supporter, was Mr. J. H. Parker, whose *Glossary of Architecture* and other kindred books have so materially aided in the revival of the study of Gothic architecture in Rome. But few persons are aware that while personally prosecuting his researches into the buried history of the Rome of the past, Mr. Parker has expended a very considerable sum in the execution of more than three thousand photographs of every important fragment of Roman remains which can elucidate the actual history of Rome, from its very earliest foundation down to the mediæval period, adding to this strictly historical collection photographs of all the best Græco-Roman sculpture in the collections of the Vatican and the Capitol.*

The value of these photographs, from their literal truth, cannot be over-estimated; and they furnish the most important contribution to historical knowledge which the art of photography has yet supplied. No drawings made by hand can be depended upon for perfect accuracy in such minute details of measurement as are essential to the arguments which are to be founded upon them; and moreover, many of the photographs were made by the aid of the magnesian light, as they are transcripts of work which lies in the deepest darkness. This is the case, not only in certain portions of the earliest walls and fortifications of the ancient city, but in the catacombs generally; and it is not a little interesting and instructive to notice the contrast between the engraved copies which have been made from the paintings in the Catacombs and the photographic reproductions which now for the first time acquaint the untravelled student with the actual realities. Unhappily, the dishonesty of theological controversy has perverted the real truth concerning many of these paintings, and it is not surprising that to the extreme party in Rome Mr. Parker's perseverance in his researches was by no means welcome. He was fortunate enough, indeed, in soon securing the favour and support both of the Pope and of Cardinal Antonelli in his labours, the Cardinal personally sympathizing with him as being himself something of an archæologist and a col-

* A complete collection of the photographs is to be seen in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and at Stanford's, West Strand, close to Charing Cross. Many of them are of great beauty, solely as photographs, and they are now to be bought singly at a very low price.

lector of antiquities. It is notorious, too, that Antonelli is no friend to the extreme party in Rome, and that he would scorn all opposition to Mr. Parker's work on the ground of his being an Englishman and a Protestant. In fact, he actually gave him permission to have photographs taken from the treasures of the Museum of Christian Antiquities at the Lateran, no permission even to engrave them having ever been given before.

These long-standing hindrances to the study of the many treasures that Rome contains do not, indeed, exist under the present Italian Government; but unfortunately that Government itself has something else to do with its money and its energies beside extensively prosecuting researches which do not immediately tell upon politics. Governments, generally, are not much given to care for antiquities; and there is a grievous leaven of Philistinism even in the most enlightened cabinet of administrators. Unless, then, the money needed for fresh excavations is found by foreigners, as for some time a fair amount of subscriptions were supplied by the Archæological Society in Rome, little more that is very important is to be looked for in the way of fresh discoveries. In the meantime the old error about the Catacombs will continue to be maintained by the dominant clerical writers and their supporters, in the face of all evidence, the control of the Catacombs being still left in the hands of the priests. In the face of all true archæological inquiries, it will still be maintained that the paintings which abound through those wonderful burial-places are as old as the burials of early Christians themselves.

That the earliest writers on the subject should have taken up this notion was natural enough, for they knew nothing of archæology, and little enough of art; and besides, the supposed early use of paintings in connection with religion was an admirable argument wherewith to silence the Protestant puritanism which has now happily vanished from the world. Still the clerical school of Roman critics refuse to admit the whole truth, of which English students of this vast series of photographs may now inform themselves. It is in vain that De Rossi, in his great work, implies, without venturing to assert it, that the frescoes as they are now existing belong to the age of the martyrs. A comparison of their character with paintings of which the dates are positively known, combined with a knowl-

edge of the processes of that mischievous meddling which is called "restoration," proves that fully three-fourths of the frescoes belong to the latest restorations of the eighth and ninth centuries.

There is, in truth, no more misleading illusion than the popular idea that destruction under the name of restoration is a product of these latter unartistic days, and that the process which we will name "church-wardenizing" is of English, or Protestant, or modern origin. Pope John the Third, in the seventh century, was as mischievous in his works as any committee that now ordains the restoration of a mediæval church, with additions altogether new; and the eighth and ninth centuries were at least on a level with the eighteenth and nineteenth in their passion for making all old things "as good as new." Unfortunate, at the same time, as was the Papal taste for "restorations," the frescoes actually thus "restored" have been grievously libelled by the drawings and engravings which have made them familiar to us. The drawings themselves were undoubtedly made under great disadvantages, as they must have been made by lamplight, and sometimes are much injured, to say nothing of the awkward positions in which the artist must have placed himself in making them. Now, however, comes Mr. Parker, with his photographer and his magnesian light, and shows us what the frescoes really were. The contrast is wonderful, and greatly raises our conception of the skill of those darkening, if not dark ages. The figures are often most natural in their conception, and vigorous and easy in their treatment. One detail, indeed, ought not to be forgotten, as bearing on the controversial storms of to-day. The dress of the Christians engaged in prayer corresponds as nearly as possible to the Anglican surplice and stole.

Of the unrestored paintings none that are of a religious character are really older than Constantine the Great, those of the second and third centuries being purely secular in character, proving the use of the Catacombs by the Pagans as well as the Christians, and suggesting the fictitious nature of that violent division of life and habits between the adherents of the old and the new religion which is believed in by ecclesiastical writers in general. As presented in these interesting photographs, the skill of the original fresco-painters, working as they did with artificial light, and often

lying upon their backs — and we assure the reader that it is by no means an easy thing to paint in fresco, that is, upon wet plaster, while lying upon one's back — must have undoubtedly been considerable. One common subject was the agricultural occupations of the four seasons, each season being accompanied by its attendant genius, a sign either of Pagan origin, or of the tolerance of the early Christians for the prevailing taste in art.

There is another point which is forcibly brought out by these photographs. It is made clear that there is great exaggeration in the popular view concerning the introduction of burial by the Christians in opposition to the heathen practice of burning the dead. That the family of the Scipios buried, instead of burning, their dead, is admitted on all hands. But, in fact, the custom of burning was going out of fashion in Roman society long before it was influenced by the Christian practice. In all probability economical reasons were at the root of the change. As the cost of wood grew excessive, through the cutting down of the old forests, the expense of the funeral pile came to be beyond the means of the poorer multitude. Burying, so far from being of purely Christian invention, was a Jewish and Oriental custom. The Christians simply continued it from their Jewish forefathers, and they carried it with them wheresoever they went. The practice by degrees became universal, just as Greek had become the universal language of communication between Rome and the various portions of the trading and literary worlds of the day.

These matters, however, are of comparatively small moment contrasted with the great historical fact which Mr. Parker's photographs reveal, and which he is the first to have recognized in its full significance. As has been already said, it has for some time been held by the dominant schools of historical teaching, that we have no means of forming any satisfactory estimate of the actual condition of the Roman people during those early ages which are popularly known as the period of the Kings. The traditional stories which were put into historical shape by Livy are not, it is said, worth serious consideration. There may, and there may not, have been kings, though doubtless there were some leaders of the chieftain kind, ruling, by some means or other, the obscure and slowly-increasing shepherd population, which ultimately

was developed into the Roman republic, and who carried on a series of quarrels, which legend has designated by the sounding title of wars. But we cannot trace any clear succession in these chiefs, or learn what they actually achieved, and can only assume that if ever there was such a person as the leader whom tradition called Romulus, he must have been the mere head of some band of discontented or half-outcast followers, who settled down somewhere on the site of the vast city which ultimately included the seven hills and the land immediately adjoining them.

Let us see what Mr. Parker and his photographs tell us, in contradiction to this now generally received theory. In a word, the excavations of the last twenty years have unburied the actual foundations, and more than the foundations, of enormous works, which show that at the period of the Kings, Rome was a fortified city of very considerable importance, and that it contained an immense population governed by despotic monarchs. The fact of the construction of an *arx* or citadel of great strength in war, together with the commencement of special fortifications discontinued after some important event, is established beyond a doubt. The wells which were constructed by the chief, whom we may as well call Romulus as anything else, for the use of his garrison when driven to their last resources, are still in existence. Mr. Parker had himself let down into these wells, and found, with what astonishment and delight may be imagined, that in their construction they are totally unlike any other wells in Italy, ancient and modern, with one solitary exception. That exception is to be found in the remains of the old Etrurian city of Alba Longa, which was unquestionably a flourishing place about the time which tradition assigns as the date of the foundation of Rome. There was a report among the poor people who lived near the walls of Romulus, that some sort of old and dried up well did there exist, but of the perfect condition and structure of the existing wells no one had the slightest knowledge.

The peculiarity of construction of these wells lies in their termination at their lower extremity, where they reach the body of the water stored up in the reservoir with which they communicate; each well there expanding into a conical shape, so that it precisely resembles an inverted funnel. Such a construction is perfectly useless if designed to increase the quan-

tity of water to be drawn up through the well, and consequently it is everywhere unknown, except, as we have said, in a well which communicates with a reservoir of water, at the ancient Etrurian city of Alba Longa, now Palazuolo. The wells of Romulus, and the sides and bottom of the reservoir into which they open, still exhibit remains of the clay "puddling" with which they were made water-tight, the tufa in which they are cut being porous and unfit for the storing of water. The identity of the engineering ideas which prevailed both at Alba Longa and at Rome when its foundations were laid is thus clearly made out; and, so far, the tradition is made out which asserts that Romulus came of the family ruling at Alba Longa.

The arx, or citadel, which these wells were meant to supply with water, when its inhabitants were shut up by a beleaguering force, is the original fortified place where Romulus ruled, and which goes by the name of *Roma Quadrata*. So far the more moderate of the sceptical school will admit, though even this will be contested by those who believe that the old traditions are not worth the slightest consideration. But what is now made evident from the recent excavations as interpreted by one who possesses the trained archaeological eye, and understands the true tests of age in buildings, is the great size and importance of the very earliest buildings of Rome. It is clear that Rome at once assumed the nature of a fortified city, and that its rulers were rapidly in a position to command a vast amount of enforced labour. The additions to the original buildings exhibit, moreover, marked changes in construction, and are of extent and character which precisely correspond to the traditionary stories of the succession of kings which ended with the second Tarquin. In actual size the *Roma Quadrata* was about 300 yards long and nearly 200 wide.

Its foundations are now at last open to the eye, and in their masonry they correspond with that of some of the chief cities of Etruria. They are constructed of oblong blocks of tufa, four feet long and two feet high, roughly chipped, where not got out of the quarry by some simple process of splitting. The horizontal surfaces of the blocks were thus less rough, as they followed the natural stratification of the stone, than those at the ends. The walls of this date are thus distinguished by the width of the vertical joints, which

are often so large as to allow a man to thrust his fist into them. No mortar was used to hold them together.

The first work of Romulus was surrounded by walls of this kind, twelve feet thick, built up against the scarped cliff, which was cut away to make all entry impossible except by the gates. This work crowned the Palatine Hill, and its construction may now be seen in Mr. Parker's photographs. It is found nowhere else in Rome. Here, in the *Roma Quadrata*, its remains are still to be seen on three sides of the original parallelogram, in the foundations of the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, which tradition said was begun shortly after the founding of the city, and in some steps close at hand. It is not a little remarkable, also, that the size of each of the stones corresponds to the statement of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who says that each of them was sufficient to constitute a cart-load. Each stone, as now existing in this earliest work, is of just that size which, in the tufa of which they consist, is to this day called by the Roman masons a cart-load. Until the recent excavations, the space covered by this arx could only have been guessed at even by those who believed in its reality; but now the whole of the deep foss which was cut on the south-west side of the fort, when it was first built, has been laid open. It separated the fortified part of the Palatine from the unfortified part, where the population congregated in ordinary times.

On the opposite side of the arx, facing the hill of Saturn, which the Sabines, according to the tradition, occupied in their final conflict with the Romans, another feature now exposed to view has been pointed out by Mr. Parker, and is singularly suggestive when taken in connection with some experiments made by M. Viollet le Duc, the most distinguished of French architects, for the late Emperor Napoleon, at Pierrefonds. He had a catapult made to try how far it was possible to throw a paving-stone sufficiently large to be serviceable in war; and he found that when thrown from the Saturnian hill, it would throw just far enough to knock down a Roman standing upon the spot where the first fortification was raised. Obviously, therefore, on the occupation of the hill by the Sabines, it was necessary to heighten the wall of the fort on the side facing the Sabine camp, which involved the construction of a series of towers to serve as buttresses to hold it up. The remains of such a series are

now discovered, with the proof that they were never finished, for the spaces between their sides are filled up with concrete of the time of the Republic. Why were they left thus incomplete? Clearly because there was no longer any necessity for protection against the attacks of the Saturnian hill, the treaty between the Sabines and the Romans ensuring future peace.

As soon as peace was thus ensured, it was natural that a new wall should be made, to enclose the district occupied by the Sabines, and to extend to the banks of the Tiber at its two extremities. It was necessary thus to keep open a communication with the Tiber as the highway for provisions and the like, and to include the Velian hill, to protect the principal gate. The remains of such a wall are now visible in several places, and they exhibit a form of construction in which no practical mason will hesitate for a moment in recognizing an advance in the art of building. This advance may be due only to the greater leisure which the builders had at command, or to an increased skill in the quarrying of the stones, which are here found larger in size than in the primitive *opus quadratum*, as it is called. Its outer surfaces certainly exhibit clear traces of the use of the saw. They are, in fact, identical with what is now termed ashlar work. Apparently no mortar was used for holding them together. A similar masonry is found in the lowest chamber or chambers of the Mamertine Prison, which the accepted traditions called the "Prison of the Kings," and assigned in its earlier portion to Ancus Martius, the addition to it being the work of Servius Tullius. It should be added that this second wall, enclosing both the Saturnian and the Palatine hills, was plainly twelve feet thick and fifty feet high. This same masonry is also seen in the lowest portion of the great building called the Capitolium, commenced naturally as soon as the rapid progress of the young city was ensured. It was to contain all the offices necessary for the government of the city, including an *Ærarium* on the lowest level, for its money, and a *Tabularium* above, for its documents. The masonry is the same in both, though part of the *Ærarium* has been faced with small square stones, probably by Theodor, who repaired many of the public buildings of the city.

Next came the vast work with which

Servius Tullius is credited, and which is called his *agger*. It includes all the seven hills of Rome, and there is no novelty in our knowledge of its site. But its immense breadth and height were until lately matters of conjecture, while the chief peculiarity of its mode of construction was altogether unknown, except that it consisted of two parallel walls enclosing a gigantic mound of earth where it stood by itself, or of one wall facing the scarped cliff where any portion of a hill was cut away, leaving the remaining cliff to be sustained by the wall. When the railway station was made in 1871, this *agger* was cut across, and wrought-iron clamps were found, binding together the separate stones of the masonry. The discovery at once explained the meaning of various holes in old Roman masonry, which had hitherto puzzled all antiquarians—the iron having everywhere dropped out, through the action of rust, while the clamps of course had disappeared. Here, on the contrary, being within the body of the wall, they were retained in their original positions, and the action of the rust itself had been less destructive. About a dozen, or so, were then found, and were immediately secured by Mr. Parker and other archæologists.

Such are some of the most important facts which have been gathered from the sites unveiled by the labours of English, French, and German excavators. It is not too much to say that they must materially modify the opinions which have come to be popular among modern historians, not only as to the origin of Rome, but as to the possibility of future discoveries in the other great historical sites of the world, which will help the future historian to establish the reality of a considerable element of real fact, where at present he discovers nothing but the cloudland of superstition and worthless legend. Of course they prove nothing absolutely as to the date of the foundation of Rome, or as to the names and succession of its kings; but they do establish a probability that the foundation was between seven and eight centuries before Christ, and that from its earliest years Rome exhibited the handiwork of a mighty race, possessing a military and administrative genius which was to make them at length the masters of the civilized world.

From The Graphic.

HARRY HEATHCOTE OF GANGOIL:

A TALE OF AUSTRALIAN BUSH LIFE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Barchester Towers," "The Eustace Diamonds," "Phineas Redux," &c.

CHAPTER I.

GANGOIL.

JUST a fortnight before Christmas, 1871, a young man, twenty-four years of age, returned home to his dinner about eight o'clock in the evening. He was married, and with him and his wife lived his wife's sister. At that somewhat late hour he walked in among the two young women, and another much older woman who was preparing the table for dinner. The wife and the wife's sister each had a child in its lap, the elder having seen some fifteen months of its existence, and the younger three months. "He has been out since seven, and I don't think he's had a mouthful," the wife had just said. "Oh, Harry, you must be half-starved," she exclaimed, jumping up to greet him, and throwing her arm round his bare neck.

"I'm about whole melted," he said, as he kissed her. "In the name of charity give me a nobbler. I did get a bit of damper and a pannikin of tea up at the German's hut;—but I never was so hot or so thirsty in my life. We're going to have it in earnest this time. Old Bates says that when the gum leaves crackle, as they do now, before Christmas, there won't be a blade of grass by the end of February."

"I hate old Bates," said the wife. "He always prophesies evil, and complains about his rations."

"He knows more about sheep than any man this side of the Mary," said her husband. From all this I trust the reader will understand that the Christmas to which he is introduced is not the Christmas with which he is intimate on this side of the Equator,—a Christmas of blazing fires indoors, and of sleet and snow and frost outside,—but the Christmas of Australia, in which happy land the Christmas fires are apt to be lighted,—or to light themselves,—when they are by no means needed.

The young man who had just returned home had on a flannel shirt, a pair of moleskin trousers, and an old straw hat, battered nearly out of all shape. He had no coat, no waistcoat, no braces, and nothing round his neck. Round his

waist there was a strap or belt, from the front of which hung a small pouch, and, behind, a knife in a case. And stuck into a loop in the belt made for the purpose there was a small briar-wood pipe. As he dashed his hat off, wiped his brow, and threw himself into a rocking chair, he certainly was rough to look at, but by all who understood Australian life he would have been taken to be a gentleman. He was a young squatter well known west of the Mary river in Queensland. Harry Heathcote, of Gangoil, who owned 30,000 sheep of his own, was a magistrate in those parts, and able to hold his own among his neighbours, whether rough or gentle;—and some neighbours he had, very rough, who made it almost necessary that a man should be able to be rough also, on occasions, if he desired to live among them without injury. Heathcote of Gangoil could do all that. Men said of him that he was too imperious, too masterful, too much inclined to think that all things should be made to go as he would have them. Young as he was he had been altogether his own master since he was of age,—and not only his own master, but the master also of all with whom he was brought into contact from day to day. In his life he conversed seldom with any except those who were dependent on him, nor had he done so for the last three years. At an age at which young men at home are still subject to pastors and masters, he had sprung at once into patriarchal power, and being a man determined to thrive had become laborious and thoughtful beyond his years.

Harry Heathcote had been left an orphan, with a small fortune in money, when he was fourteen. For two years after that he had consented to remain quietly at school, but at sixteen he declared his purpose of emigrating. Boys less than himself in stature got above him at school, and he had not liked it. For a twelvemonth he was opposed by his guardian;—but at the end of the year he was fitted forth for the Colony. The guardian was not sorry to be quit of him, but prophesied that he would be home again before a year was over. The lad had not returned, and it was now a settled conviction among all who knew him that he would make or mar his fortune in the new land that he had chosen.

He was a tall, well-made young fellow, with fair hair and a good-humoured smile, but ever carrying in his countenance marks of what his enemies called pig-

headedness, his acquaintances obstinacy, and those who loved him, firmness. His acquaintances were, perhaps, right, for he certainly was obstinate. He would take no man's advice, he would submit himself to no man, and in the conduct of his own business preferred to trust to his own insight rather than to the experience of others. It would sometimes occur that he had to pay heavily for his obstinacy. But, on the other hand, the lessons which he learned, he learned thoroughly. And he was kept right in his trade by his own indefatigable industry. That trade was the growth of wool. He was a breeder of sheep on a Queensland sheep-run, and his flocks ran far afield over a vast territory of which he was the only lord. His house was near the river Mary, and beyond the river his domain did not extend;—but around him on his own side of the river he could ride for ten miles in each direction without getting off his own pastures. He was master, as far as his mastership went, of 120,000 acres,—almost an English county,—and it was the pride of his heart to put his foot off his own territory as seldom as possible. He sent his wool annually down to Brisbane, and received his stores, tea and sugar, flour and brandy, boots, clothes, tobacco, &c., once or twice a year from thence. But the traffic did not require his own presence at the city. So self-contained was the working of the establishment that he was never called away by his business unless he went to see some lot of highly-bred sheep which he might feel disposed to buy;—and as for pleasure, it had come to be altogether beyond the purpose of his life to go in quest of that. When the work of the day was over, he would lie at his length upon rugs in the verandah, with a pipe in his mouth, while his wife sat over him reading a play of Shakespeare or the last novel that had come to them from England.

He had married a fair girl, the orphan daughter of a bankrupt squatter whom he had met in Sidney, and had brought her and her sister into the Queensland bush with him. His wife idolized him. His sister-in-law, Kate Daly, loved him dearly,—as she had cause to do, for he had proved himself to be a very brother to her: but she feared him also somewhat. The people about the Mary said that she was fairer and sweeter to look at, even than the elder sister. Mrs. Heathcote was the taller of the two, and the larger-featured. She certainly was the higher in

intellect, and the fittest to be the mistress of such an establishment as that at Gangoil.

When he had washed his hands and face and had swallowed the very copious but weak allowance of brandy and water which his wife mixed for him, he took the eldest boy on his lap and fondled him. "By George," he said, "old fellow, you shan't be a squatter."

"Why not, Harry?" asked his wife.

"Because I don't want him to break his heart every day of his life."

"Are you always breaking yours? I thought your heart was pretty well hardened now."

"When a man talks of his heart you and Kate are thinking of loves and doves, of course."

"I wasn't thinking of loves and doves, Harry," said Kate. "I was thinking how very hot it must have been to-day. We could only bear it in the verandah by keeping the blinds always wet. I don't wonder that you were troubled."

"That comes from heaven or Providence, or from something that one knows to be unassailable, and therefore one can put up with it. Even if one gets a sun-stroke one does not complain. The sun has a right to be there, and is no interloper like a free-selector. I can't understand why free-selectors and musquitoes should have been introduced into the arrangements of the world."

"I s'pose the poor must live somewhere, and 'squitters, too," said Mrs. Growler, the old maid-servant, as she put a boiled leg of mutton on the table. "Now, Mr. Harry, if you're hungered there's something for you to eat in spite of the free-selectors."

"Mrs. Growler," said the master, "excuse me for saying that you jump to conclusions."

"My jumping is pretty well nigh done," said the old woman.

"By no means. I find that old people can jump quite as briskly as young. You have rebuked me under the impression that I was grudging something to the poor. Let me explain to you that a free-selector may be, and very often is, a rich man. He whom I had in my mind is not a poor man, though I won't swear but what he will be before a year is over."

"I know who you mean, Mr. Harry; you mean the Medlicots. A very nice gentleman is Mr. Medlicot, and a very nice old lady is Mrs. Medlicot. And a deal of good they're going to do by all accounts."

"Now, Mrs. Growler, that will do," said the wife.

The dinner consisted of a boiled leg of mutton, a large piece of roast beef, potatoes, onions, and an immense pot of tea. No glasses were even put upon the table. The two ladies had dressed for dinner, and were bright and pretty as they would have been in a country house at home,—but Harry Heathcote had sat down just as he had entered the room.

"I know you are tired to death," said his wife, "when I see you eat your dinner like that."

"It isn't being tired, Mary;—I'm not particularly tired. But I must be off again in about an hour."

"Out again to-night?"

"Yes, indeed."

"On horseback?"

"How else? Old Bates and Mickey are in their saddles still. I don't want to have my fences burned as soon as they're put up. It's a ticklish thing to think that a spark of fire anywhere about the place might ruin me, and to know at the same time that every man about the run and every swagsman that passes along have matches in their pockets. There isn't a pipe lighted on Gangoil this time of the year that mightn't make a beggar of you and me. That's another reason why I wouldn't have the young 'un a squatter."

"I declare, I think that squatters have more trouble than any people in the world," said Kate Daly.

"Free-selectors have their own troubles too, Kate," said he.

It must be explained as we go on, that Heathcote felt that he had received a great and peculiar grievance from the hands of one Medicot, a stranger who had lately settled near him; and that this last remark referred to a somewhat favourable opinion which had been expressed about this stranger by the two ladies. It was a little unfair, as having been addressed specially to Kate,—intending as it did to imply that Kate had better consider the matter well before she allowed her opinion of the stranger to become dangerously favourable;—for in truth she had said no more than her sister.

"The Medicots' troubles will never trouble me, Harry," she said.

"I hope not, Kate: nor mine either more than we can help."

"But they do," said Mary. "They trouble me, and her too, very much."

"A man's back should be broad

enough to bear all that for himself," said Harry. "I get ashamed of myself when I grumble, and yet one seems to be surly if one doesn't speak out what one's thinking."

"I hope you will always tell me what you're thinking, dear."

"Well, I suppose I shall;—till this fellow is old enough to be talked to, and to be made to bear the burden of his father's care."

"By that time, Harry, you will have got rich, and we shall all be in England;—shan't we?"

"I don't know about being rich, but we shall have been free-selected off Gangoil. Now, Mrs. Growler, we're done dinner, and I'll have a pipe before I make another start. Is Jacko in the kitchen? Send him through to me on to the verandah."

Gangoil was decidedly in the bush,—according to common Australian parlance, all sheep stations are in the bush, even though there should not be a tree or shrub within sight. They who live away from the towns live a "bush life." Small towns, as they grow up, are called bush towns,—as we talk of country towns. The "bush," indeed, is the country generally. But the Heathcotes lived absolutely and actually in the bush. There are Australian pastures which consist of plains on which not a tree is to be seen for miles; but others are forests, so far extending, that their limits are almost unknown. Gangoil was surrounded by forest, in some places so close as to be impervious to men and almost to animals, in which the undergrowth was thick and tortuous and almost platted, through which no path could be made without an axe,—but of which the greater portions were open without any underwood, between which the sheep could wander at their will, and men could ride, with a sparse surface of coarse grass, which after rain would be luxuriant, but in hot weather would be scorched down to the ground. At such times,—and those times were by far the more common,—a stranger would wonder where the sheep would find their feed. Immediately round the house, or station, as it was called, about one hundred acres had been cleared,—or nearly cleared, with a few trees left here and there for ornament or shade. Further a-field, but still round the home quarters, the trees had been destroyed, the run of the sap having been stopped by "ringing" the bark; but they still stood like troops of skeletons, and would stand,

very ugly to look at, till they fell in the course of nature by reason of their own rottenness. There was a man always at work about the place, — Boscobel he was called, — whose sole business was to destroy the timbers after this fashion, so that the air might get through to the grasses, and that the soil might be relieved from the burden of nurturing the forest trees.

For miles around, the domain was divided into paddocks, — as they were there called; but these were so large that a stranger might wander in one of them for a day and never discover that he was enclosed. There were five or six paddocks on the Gangoil run, each of which comprised ever ten thousand acres, and, as all the land was undulating, and as the timber was around you everywhere, one paddock was exactly like another. The scenery in itself was fine, for the trees were often large, and here and there rocky knolls would crop up, and there were broken crevices in the ground; — but it was all alike. A stranger would wonder that any one straying from the house should find his way back to it. There were sundry bush houses here and there, and the so-called road to the coast from the wide pastoral districts further west passed across the run; — but these roads and tracks would travel hither and thither, new tracks being opened from time to time by the heavy wool-drays and store waggons, as in wet weather the ruts on the old tracks would become insurmountable.

The station itself was certainly very pretty. It consisted of a cluster of cottages, each of which possessed a ground floor only. No such luxury as stairs was known at Gangoil. It stood about half a mile from the Mary river, on the edge of a creek which ran into it. The principal edifice, that in which the Heathcotes lived, contained only one sitting-room, and a bedroom on each side of it; — but in truth there was another room, very spacious, in which the family really passed their time; and this was the verandah which ran along the front and two ends of the house. It was twelve feet broad, and of course of great length. Here were clustered the rocking-chairs, and sofas, and work-tables, and very often the cradle of the family. Here stood Mrs. Heathcote's sewing-machine, — and here the master would sprawl at his length, while his wife, or his wife's sister, read to him. It was here, in fact, that they lived, having a parlour simply

for their meals. Behind the main edifice, there stood, each apart, various buildings, forming an irregular quadrangle. The kitchen came first, with a small adjacent chamber in which slept the Chinese man-cook, Sing Sing, — as he had come to be called; then the cottage, consisting also of three rooms and a small verandah, in which lived Harry's superintendent, commonly known as Old Bates, a man who had been a squatter once himself, and having lost his all in bad times, now worked for a small salary. In the cottage, two of the rooms were devoted to hospitality when, as was not unusual, guests known or unknown came the way; and here Harry himself would sleep, if the entertainment of other ladies crowded the best apartments. Then at the back of the quadrangle was the store, perhaps of all the buildings the most important. In here was kept a kind of shop, which was supposed, according to an obsolete rule, to be open for custom for half-a-day twice a week. The exigencies of the station did not allow of this regularity; — but after some fashion the shop was maintained. Tea was to be bought there, and sugar, tobacco, and pickles, jam, nails, boots, hats, flannel shirts, and moleskin trousers. Anybody who came might buy, but the intention was to provide the station hands, who would otherwise have had to go or send thirty miles for the supply of their wants. Very little money was taken here, generally none. But the quantity of pickles, jam, and tobacco sold was great. The men would consume large quantities of these bush delicacies, and the cost would be deducted from their wages. The tea and sugar, and flour also was given out weekly, as rations, — so much a week, — and meat was supplied to them after the same fashion. For it was the duty of this young autocratic patriarch to find provisions for all who were employed around him. For such luxuries as jam and tobacco the men paid themselves. On the fourth side of the quadrangle was a rough coach-house, and rougher stables. The carriage part of the establishment consisted of two "buggies," — so called always in the bush, open carriages on four wheels, one of which was intended to hold two and the other four sitters. A Londoner looking at them would have declared them to be hopeless ruins; but Harry Heathcote still made wonderful journeys in them, taking care generally that the wheels were sound, and using ropes for

the repair of dilapidations. The stables were almost unnecessary, as the horses, of which the supply at Gangoil was very large, roamed in the horse-paddock, a comparatively small enclosure containing not above three or four hundred acres, and were driven up as they were wanted. One horse was always kept close at home with which to catch the others,—but this horse for handiness was generally hitched to a post outside the kitchen door. Harry was proud of his horses, and was sometimes heard to say that few men in England had a lot of thirty at hand as he had, out of which so many would be able to carry a man eighty miles in eight hours at a moment's notice. But his stable arrangements would not have commanded respect in the "shires." The animals were never groomed, never fed, and most of them never shod. They lived upon grass, and, as he always said, "cut their own bread and butter" for themselves.

Gangoil was certainly very pretty. The verandah was covered in with striped blinds, so that when the sun shone hot, or when the rains fell heavily, or when the mosquitoes were more than usually troublesome, there might be something of the protection of an enclosed room. Up all the posts there were flowering creepers, which covered the front with greenery even when the flowers were wanting. From the front of the house down to the creek, there was a pleasant falling garden,—heart-breaking indeed in regard to vegetables, for the opossums always came first, and they who followed the opossums got but little. But the garden gave a pleasant homelike look to the place, and was very dear to Harry,—who was perhaps indifferent in regard to peas and tomatoes. Harry Heathcote was very proud of the place,—for he had made it all himself, having pulled down a wretched barrack that he had found there. But he was far prouder of his wool-shed, which he had also built, and which he regarded as first and foremost among wool-sheds in those parts. By and bye, we shall be called to visit the wool-sheds. Though Heathcote had done all this for Gangoil, it must be understood that the vast extent of territory over which his sheep ran was by no means his own property. He was simply the tenant of the Crown, paying a rent computed at so much a sheep. He had indeed purchased the ground on which his house stood,—but this he had done simply to guard himself against other purchasers. These other purchasers were the bane of his

existence, the one great sorrow which, as he said, broke his heart.

While he was speaking, a rough-looking lad, about sixteen years of age, came through the parlour to the verandah,—dressed very much like his master, but unwashed, uncombed, and with that wild look which falls upon those who wander about the Australian plains, living a nomad life. This was Jacko,—so-called, and no one knew him by any other name,—a lad whom Heathcote had picked up about six months since, and who had become a favourite. "The old woman says as you was wanting me?" suggested Jacko.

"Going to be fine to-night, Jacko?"

Jacko went to the edge of the verandah, and looked up to the sky. "My word! little squall a coming," he said.

"I wish it would come from ten thousand buckets," said the master.

"No buckets at all," said Jacko. "Want the horses, master?"

"Of course I want horses, and I want you to come with me. There are two horses, saddled there; I'll ride Hamlet."

CHAPTER II.

A NIGHT'S RIDE.

HARRY jumped from the ground, kissed his wife, called her "old girl," and told her to be happy, and got on his horse at the garden gate. Both the ladies came off the verandah to see him start. "It's as dark as pitch," said Kate Daly.

"That's because you have just come out of the light."

"But it is dark,—quite dark. You won't be late, will you?" said the wife.

"I can't be very early, as it's near ten now. I shall be back about twelve." So saying he broke at once into a gallop, and vanished into the night, his young groom scampering after him.

"Why should he go out now?" Kate said to her sister.

"He is afraid of fire."

"But he can't prevent the fires by riding about in the dark. I suppose the fires come from the heat."

"He thinks they come from enemies, and he has heard something. One wretched man may do so much when everything is dried to tinder. I do so wish it would rain."

The night in truth was very dark. It was now mid-summer, at which time with us the days are so long that the coming of the one almost catches the departure

of its predecessor. But Gangoil was not far outside the tropics, and there were no long summer nights. The heat was intense; but there was a low soughing wind which seemed to moan among the trees without moving them. As they crossed the little home enclosure and the horse-paddock, the track was just visible; the trees being dead and the spaces open. About half a mile from the house, while they were still in the horse-paddock, Harry turned from the track, and Jacko, of course, turned with him. "You can sit your horse jumping, Jacko?" he asked.

"My word! jump like glory," answered Jacko. He was soon tried. Harry rode at the bush fence,—which was not indeed much of a fence, made of logs lengthways and crossways, about three feet and a half high,—and went over it. Jacko followed him, rushing his horse at the leap, losing his seat and almost falling over the animal's shoulders as he came to the ground. "My word!" said Jacko, just saving himself by a scramble; "who ever saw the like of that?"

"Why don't you sit in your saddle, you stupid young duffer?"

"Sit in my saddle! Why don't he jump proper? Well; you go on. I don't know that I'm a duffer. Duffer, indeed! My word." Heathcote had turned to the left, leaving the track, which was indeed the main road towards the nearest town and the coast, and was now pushing on through the forest with no pathway at all to guide him. To ordinary eyes the attempt to steer any course would have been hopeless. But an Australian squatter, if he have any well-grounded claim to the character of a bushman, has eyes which are not ordinary, and he has, probably, nurtured within himself, unconsciously, topographical instincts which are unintelligible to the inhabitants of cities. Harry, too, was near his own home, and went forward through the thick gloom without a doubt, Jacko following him faithfully. In about half-an-hour they came to another fence, but now it was too absolutely dark for jumping. Harry had not seen it till he was close to it, and then he pulled up his horse. "My word; why don't you jump away, Mr. Harry? Who's a duffer now?"

"Hold your tongue, or I'll put my whip across your back. Get down and help me pull a log away. The horses couldn't see where to put their feet." Jacko did as he was bid, and worked hard, but still grumbled at having been called a duffer. The animals were quickly led over, the logs

were replaced, and the two were again galloping through the forest. "I thought you were making for the wool-shed," said Jacko.

"We're eight miles beyond the wool-shed," said Harry. They had now crossed another paddock, and had come to the extreme fence on the run. The Gangoil pastures extended much further, but in that direction had not as yet been enclosed. Here they both got off their horses and walked along the fence till they came to an opening,—with a slip panel, or moveable bars,—which had been Heathcote's intended destination. "Hold the horses, Jacko, till I come back," he said. Jacko when alone, nothing daunted by the darkness or solitude, seated himself on the top rail, took out a pipe, and struck a match. When the tobacco was ignited he dropped the match on the dry grass at his feet, and a little flame instantly sprang up. The boy waited a few seconds till the flames began to run, and then putting his feet together on the ground stamped out the incipient fire. "My word," said Jacko to himself; "it's easy done any way."

Harry went on to the left for about half a mile, and then stood leaning against the fence. It was very dark, but he was now looking over into an enclosure which had been altogether cleared of trees, and which, as he knew well, had been cultivated and was covered with sugar canes. Where he stood he was not distant above a quarter of a mile from the river, and the field before him ran down to the banks. This was the selected land of Giles Medlicot,—two years since a portion of his own run, which had now been purchased from the Government,—for the loss of which he had received and was entitled to receive no compensation. And the matter was made worse for him by the fact that the interloper had come between him and the river. But he was not standing here near midnight merely to exercise his wrath by straining his eyes through the darkness at his neighbour's crops. He put his finger into his mouth to wet it, and then held it up that he might discover which way the light breath of wind was coming. There was still the low moan to be heard continually through the forest, and yet not a leaf seemed to be moved. After a while he thought he caught a sound, and put his ear down to the ground. He distinctly heard a foot-step, and rising up walked quickly towards the spot whence the noise came.

"Who's that?" he said, as he saw the figure of a man standing on his side of the fence, and leaning against it, with a pipe in his mouth.

"Who are you?" replied the man on the fence. "My name is Medicot."

"Oh, Mr. Medicot, is it?"

"Is that Mr. Heathcote? Good night, Mr. Heathcote. You are going about at a late hour of the night."

"I have to go about early and late; but I ain't later than you."

"I'm close at home," said Medicot.

"I am, at any rate, on my own run," said Harry.

"You mean to say that I am trespassing," said the other; "because I can very soon jump back over the fence."

"I didn't mean that at all, Mr. Medicot; anybody is welcome on my run, night or day, who knows how to behave himself."

"I hope I'm included in that list."

"Just so;—of course. Considering the state that everything is in, and all the damage that a fire would do, I rather wish that people would be a little more careful about smoking."

"My canes, Mr. Heathcote, would burn quite as quickly as your grass."

"It is not only the grass. I've a hundred miles of fencing on the run which is as dry as a tinder; not to talk of the station and the wool-shed."

"They shan't suffer from my neglect, Mr. Heathcote."

"You have men about who mayn't be so careful. The wind, such as it is, is coming right across from your place. If there were light enough, I could show you three or four patches where there has been fire within a half mile of this spot. There was a log burning there for two or three days not long ago which was lighted by one of your men."

"That was a fortnight since. There was no heat then, and the men were boiling their kettle. I spoke about it."

"A log like that, Mr. Medicot, will burn for weeks sometimes. I'll tell you fairly what I'm afraid of. There's a man with you, whom I turned out of the shed last shearing, and I think he might put a match down,—not by accident."

"You mean Nokes. As far as I know, he's a decent man. You wouldn't have me not employ a man just because you had dismissed him?"

"Certainly not;—that is, I shouldn't think of dictating to you about such a thing."

"Well, no, Mr. Heathcote, I suppose

not. Nokes has got to earn his bread though you did dismiss him. I don't know that he's not as honest a man as you or I."

"If so, there's three of us very bad;—that's all, Mr. Medicot. Good night;—and if you'll trouble yourself to look after the ash of your tobacco it might be the saving of me and all I have." So saying he turned round, and made his way back to the horses.

Medicot had placed himself on the fence during the interview, and he still kept his seat. Of course he was now thinking of the man who had just left him, whom he declared to himself to be an ignorant, prejudiced, ill-constituted cur. "I believe in his heart he thinks that I'm going to set fire to his run," he said almost aloud. "And because he grows wool he thinks himself above everybody in the Colony. He occupies thousands of acres, and employs three or four men. I till about two hundred, and maintain thirty families. But he is such a pig that he can't understand all that; and he thinks that I must be something low because I've bought with my own money a bit of land which never belonged to him, and which he couldn't use." Such was the nature of Giles Medicot's soliloquy as he sat swinging his legs, and still smoking his pipe, on the fence which divided his sugar-canes from the other young man's run.

And Harry Heathcote uttered his soliloquy also. "I wouldn't swear that he wouldn't do it himself after all;" meaning that he almost suspected that Medicot himself would be an incendiary. To him, in his way of thinking, a man who would take advantage of the law to buy a bit of another man's land,—or become a free-selector as the term goes,—was a public enemy, and might be presumed capable of any iniquity. It was all very well for the girls,—meaning his wife and sister-in-law,—to tell him that Medicot had the manners of a gentleman and had come of decent people. Women were always soft enough to be taken by soft hands, a good-looking face, and a decent coat. This Medicot went about dressed like a man in the towns, exhibiting, as Harry thought, a contemptible, unmanly finery. Of what use was it to tell him that Medicot was a gentleman? What Harry knew was that since Medicot had come he had lost his sheep, that the heads of three or four had been found buried on Medicot's side of his run, and that if he dismissed "a hand" Medicot

employed him.—a proceeding which, in Harry Heathcote's aristocratic and patriarchal views of life, was altogether ungentlemanlike. How were the "hands" to be kept in their place if one employer of labour did not back up another?

He had been warned to be on his guard against fire. The warnings had hardly been implicit, but yet had come in a shape which made him unable to ignore them. Old Bates, whom he trusted implicitly, and who was a man of very few words, had told him to be on his guard. The German, at whose hut he had been in the morning, Karl Bender by name, and a servant of his own, had told him that there would be fire about before long. "Why should any one want to ruin me?" Harry had asked. "Did I ever wrong a man of a shilling?" The German had learned to know his young master, had made his way through the crust of his master's character, and was prepared to be faithful at all points,—though he too could have quarrelled and have avenged himself had it not chanced that he had come to the point of loving instead of hating his employer. "You like too much to be governor over all," said the German, as he stooped over the fire in his own hut, in his anxiety to boil the water for Heathcote's tea. "Somebody must be governor, or everything would go to the devil," said Harry. "Dat's true;—only fellows don't like be made feel it," said the German. "Nokes,—he was made feel it, when you put him over de gate." But neither would Bates nor the German express absolute suspicion of any man. That Medicot's "hands" at the sugar-mill were stealing his sheep, Harry thought that he knew;—but that was comparatively a small affair, and he would not have pressed it, as he was without absolute evidence. And even he had a feeling that it would be unwise to increase the anger felt against himself,—at any rate during the present heats.

Jacko had his pipe still alight when Heathcote returned. "You young monkey," said he, "have you been using matches?"

"Why not, Mr. Harry? Don't the grass burn ready, Mr. Harry;—my word!" Then Jacko stooped down, lit another match, and showed Heathcote the burned patch.

"Was it so when we came?" Harry asked, with emotion. Jacko, still kneeling on the ground, and holding the lighted match in his hand, shook his head,

and tapped his breast, indicating that he had burned the grass. "You dropped the match by accident?"

"My word, no. Did it o' purpose to see. It's all just one as gunpowder, Mr. Harry." Harry got on his horse without a word, and rode away through the forest, taking a direction different from that by which he had come, and the boy followed him. He was by no means certain that this young fellow might not turn against him; but it had been a part of his theory to make no difference to any man because of such fears. If he could make the men around him respect him, then they would treat him well;—but they could never be brought to respect him by flattery. He was very nearly right in his views of men,—and would have been right altogether could he have seen accurately what justice demanded for others as well as for himself. As far as the intention went, he was minded to be just to every man.

It seemed as they were riding that the heat grew fiercer and fiercer. Though there was still the same moaning sound there was not a breath of air. They had now got upon a track very well known to Heathcote, which led up from the river to the wool-shed, and so on to the station, and they had turned homewards. When they were near the wool-shed suddenly there fell a heavy drop or two of rain. Harry stopped, and turned his face upwards, when in a moment, the whole heavens above them and the forest around were illumined by a flash of lightning so near them that it made each of them start in his saddle, and made the horses shudder in every limb. Then came the roll of thunder immediately over their heads, and with the thunder rain so thick and fast that Harry's "ten thousand buckets" seemed to be emptied directly over their heads. "God A'mighty has put out the fires now," said Jacko.

Harry paused for a moment, feeling the rain through to his bones, for he had nothing on over his shirt, and rejoicing in it. "Yes," he said;—"we may go to bed for a week and let the grass grow and the creeks fill and the earth cool. Half-an-hour like this over the whole run, and there won't be a dry stick on it." As they went on the horses splashed through the water. It seemed as though a deluge were falling, and that already the ground beneath their feet were becoming a lake. "We might have too much of this, Jacko."

"My word, yes."

"I don't want to have the Mary flooded again."

"My word, no."

But by the time they reached the wool-shed it was over. From the first drop to the last there had hardly been a space of twenty minutes. But still there was a noise of waters as the little streams washed hither and thither to their destined courses, and still the horses splashed, and still there was the feeling of an incipient deluge. When they reached the wool-shed, Harry again got off his horse, and Jacko, dismounting also, hitched the two animals to the post and followed his master into the building. Harry struck a wax match, and holding it up strove to look round the building by the feeble light which it shed. It was a remarkable edifice, built in the shape of a great T, open at the sides, with a sharp-pitched timber roof covered with felt, which came down within four feet of the ground. It was calculated to hold about four hundred sheep at a time, and was divided into pens of various sizes, partitioned off for various purposes. If Harry Heathcote was sure of anything, he was sure that his wool-shed was the best that had ever been built in this district. "By Jimini! what's that?" said Jacko.

"Did you hear anything?" Jacko pointed with his finger down the centre walk of the shed, and Harry, striking another match as he went, rushed forward. But the match was out as soon as ignited, and gave no glimmer of light. Nevertheless he saw, or thought that he saw, the figure of a man escaping out of the open end of the shed. The place itself was black as midnight, but the space beyond was clear of trees, and the darkness outside being a few shades lighter than within the building, allowed something of the outline of a figure to be visible. And, as the man escaped, the sounds of his footsteps were audible enough. Harry called to him, but of course received no answer. Had he pursued him he would have been obliged to cross sundry rails, which would have so delayed him as to give him no chance of success. "I knew there was a fellow about," he said; "one of our own men would not have run like that." Jacko shook his head, but did not speak. "He got in here for shelter out of the rain, but he was doing no good about the place." Jacko again shook his head. "I wonder who he was?" Jacko came up and whispered in his ear, "Bill Nokes."

"You couldn't see him."

"See'd the drag of his leg." Now it was well known that the man Nokes had injured some of his muscles, and habitually dragged one foot after another.

"I don't think you could have been sure of him by such a glimpse as that."

"May be not," said the boy, — "only I'm sure as sure." Harry Heathcote said not another word, but getting again upon his horse galloped home. It was past one when he reached the station, but the two girls were waiting up for him, and at once began to condole with him because he was wet. "Wet!" said Harry, "if you could only know how much I prefer things being wet to dry just at present! But give Jacko some supper. I must keep that young fellow in good humour if I can." So Jacko had half a loaf of bread, and a small pot of jam, and a large jug of cold tea provided for him, in the enjoyment of which luxuries he did not seem to be in the least impeded by the fact that he was wet through to the skin. Harry Heathcote had another nobbler, — being only the second in the day, — and then went to bed.

CHAPTER III.

MEDLICOT'S MILL.

As Harry had said, they might all now lie in bed for a day or two. The rain had set aside for the time the necessity for that urgent watchfulness which kept all hands on the station hard at work during the great heat. There was not, generally, much rest during the year at Gangoil. Lambing in April and May, washing and shearing in September, October, and November, with the fear of fires and the necessary precautions in December and January, did not leave more than sufficient intervals for looking after the water-dams, making and mending fences, procuring stores, and attending to the ailments of the flocks. No man worked harder than the young squatter. But now there had suddenly come a day or two of rest, — rest from work which was not of itself productive, but only remedial, and which, therefore, was not begrudged.

But it soon was apparent that the rest could be only for a day or two. The rain had fallen as from ten thousand buckets, but it had fallen only for a space of minutes. On the following morning the thirsty earth had apparently swallowed all the flood. The water in the creek beneath the house stood two feet higher

than it had done, and Harry, when he visited the dams round the run, found that they were full to overflowing, and the grasses were already springing, so quick is the all but tropical growth of the country. They might be safe, perhaps, for eight-and-forty hours. Fire would run only when the ground was absolutely dry, and when every twig or leaf was a combustible. But during those eight-and-forty hours there might be comparative ease at Gangoil.

On the day following the night of the ride Mrs. Heathcote suggested to her husband that she and Kate should ride over to Medicot's Mill, as the place was already named, and call on Mrs. Medicot. "It isn't Christian," she said, "for people living out in the bush as we are to quarrel with their neighbours just because they are neighbours."

"Neighbours!" said Harry; "I don't know any word that there's so much humbug about. The Samaritan was the best neighbour I ever heard of, and he lived a long way off, I take it. Anyway he wasn't a free-selector."

"Harry, that's profane."

"Everything I say is wicked. You can go, of course, if you like it. I don't want to quarrel with anybody."

"Quarrelling is so uncomfortable," said his wife.

"That's a matter of taste. There are people whom I find it very comfortable to quarrel with. I shouldn't at all like not to quarrel with the Brownbys, and I'm not at all sure it mayn't come to be the same with Mr. Giles Medicot."

"The Brownbys live by sheep-stealing and horse-stealing."

"And Medicot means to live by employing sheep-stealers and horse-stealers. You can go if you like it. You won't wan't me to go with you. Will you have the buggy?" But the ladies said that they would ride. The air was cooler now than it had been, and they would like the exercise. They would take Jacko with them to open the slip-rails, and they would be back by seven for dinner. So they started, taking the track by the wool-shed. The wool-shed was about two miles from the station, and Medicot's Mill was seven miles further, on the bank of the river.

Mr. Giles Medicot, though at Gangoil he was still spoken of as a new-comer, had already been located for nearly two years on the land which he had purchased immediately on his coming to the colony. He had come out direct from England with the intention of growing sugar, and

whether successful or not in making money, had certainly succeeded in growing crops of sugar-canes and in erecting a mill for crushing them. It probably takes more than two years for a man himself to discover whether he can achieve ultimate success in such an enterprise; and Medicot was certainly not a man likely to talk much to others of his private concerns. The mill had just been built, and he had lived there himself as soon as a watertight room had been constructed. It was only within the last three months that he had completed a small cottage residence, and had brought his mother to live with him. Hitherto he had hardly made himself popular. He was not either fish or fowl. The squatters regarded him as an interloper, and as a man holding opinions directly adverse to their own interests, — in which they were right. And the small free-selectors, who lived on the labour of their own hands, — or, as was said of many of them, by stealing sheep and cattle, — knew well that he was not of their class. But Medicot had gone his way steadfastly, if not happily, and complained aloud to no one in the midst of his difficulties. He had not, perhaps, found the Paradise which he had expected in Queensland, but he had found that he could grow sugar, and having begun the work he was determined to go on with it.

Heathcote was his nearest neighbour, and the only man in his own rank of life who lived within twenty miles of him. When he had started his enterprise he had hoped to make this man his friend, — not comprehending at first how great a cause for hostility was created by the very purchase of the land. He had been a new-comer from the old country, and being alone had desired friendship. He was Harry Heathcote's equal in education, intelligence, and fortune, if not in birth, — which surely in the Australian bush need not count for much. He had assumed, when first meeting the squatter, that good fellowship between them, on equal terms, would be acceptable to both; but his overtures had been coldly received. Then he, too, had drawn himself up, had declared that Heathcote was an ignorant ass, and had unconsciously made up his mind to commence hostilities. It was in this spirit that he had taken Nokes into his mill, — of whose character, had he inquired about it, he would certainly have heard no good. He had now brought his mother to Medicot's Mill. She and the Gangoil ladies had met each other on neutral ground, and it was almost neces-

sary that they should either be friends or absolute enemies. Mrs. Heathcote had been aware of this, and had declared that enmity was horrible. "Upon my word," said Harry, "I sometimes think that friendship is more so. I suppose I'm fitted for bush life, for I want to see no one from year's end to year's end but my own family and my own people." And yet this young patriarch in the wilderness was only twenty-four years old, and had been educated at an English school!

Medlicot's cottage was about a hundred and fifty yards from the mill, looking down upon the Mary, the banks of which at this spot were almost precipitous. The site for the plantation had been chosen because the river afforded the means of carriage down to the sea, and the mill had been so constructed that the sugar-hogs-heads could be lowered from the buildings into the river boats. Here Mrs. Heathcote and Kate Daly found the old lady sitting at work, all alone, in the verandah. She was a handsome old woman, with grey hair, seventy years of age, with wrinkled face, and a toothless mouth, but with bright eyes, and with no signs of the infirmity of age. "This is gay kind of you to run so far to see an auld woman," she said. Mrs. Heathcote declared that they were used to the heat, and that after the rain the air was pleasant. "You're two bright lassies, and you're hearty," she said. "I'm auld, and just out of Cumberland, and I find it's hot enough, — and I'm no gude at horseback at all. I didna know how I'm to get about." Then Mrs. Heathcote explained that there was an excellent track for a buggy all the way to Gangoil. "Giles is ae telling me that I'm to gang about in a bouggy, but I do na feel sure of thae bouggies." Mrs. Heathcote, of course, praised the country carriages, and the country roads, and the country generally. Tea was brought in, and the old lady was delighted with her guests. Since she had been at the mill week had followed week, and she had seen no woman's face, but that of the uncouth girl who waited upon her. "Did ye ever see rain like that?" she said, putting up her hands. "I thought the Lord was sending His clouds down upon us in a lump like." Then she told them that some of the men had declared that if it went on like that for two hours the Mary would rise and take the cottage away. Giles, however, had declared that to be trash, as the cottage was twenty feet above the ordinary course of the river.

They were just rising to take their leave when Giles Medlicot himself came in out of the mill. He was a man of good presence, dark and tall like Heathcote, but stoutly made, with a strongly marked face, given to frowning much when he was eager, bright-eyed, with a broad forehead, — certainly a man to be observed as far as his appearance was concerned. He was dressed much as a gentleman dresses in the country at home, and was therefore accounted to be a fop by Harry Heathcote, who was rarely seen abroad in other garb than that which has been described. Harry was an aristocrat, and hated such innovations in the bush as cloth coats and tweed trousers and neck handkerchiefs.

Medlicot had been full of wrath against his neighbour all the morning. There had been a tone in Heathcote's voice when he gave his parting warning as to the fire in Medlicot's pipe which the sugar-grower had felt to be intentionally insolent. Nothing had been said which could be openly resented, but offence had surely been intended; and then he had remembered that his mother had been already some months at the Mill, and that no mark of neighbourly courtesy had been shown to her. The Heathcotes had, he thought, chosen to assume themselves to be superior to him and his, — and to treat him as though he had been some labouring man who had saved money enough to purchase a bit of land for himself. He was, therefore, astonished to find the two young ladies sitting with his mother on the very day after such an interview as that of the preceding night. "The leddies from Gangoil, Giles, have been guid enough to ride over and see me," said his mother. Medlicot, of course, shook hands with them, and expressed his sense of their kindness, — but he did it awkwardly. He soon, however, declared his purpose of riding part of the way back with them.

"Mr. Heathcote must have been very wet last night," he said, when they were on horseback, addressing himself to Kate Daly rather than to her sister.

"Indeed he was, — wet to the skin; were you not?"

"I saw him at about eleven, before the rain began. I was close home, and just escaped. He must have been under it all. Does he often go about the run in that way, at night?"

"Only when he's afraid of fires," said Kate.

"Is there much to be afraid of? I

don't suppose that anybody can be so wicked as to wish to burn the grass." Then the ladies took upon themselves to explain. "The fires might be caused from negligence or trifling accidents, or might possibly come from the unaided heat of the sun; — or there might be enemies."

"My word, yes; enemies, rather!" said Jacko, who was riding close behind, and who had no idea of being kept out of the conversation merely because he was a servant. Medlicot, turning round looked at the lad, and asked who were the enemies.

"Free-selectors," said Jacko.

"I'm a free-selector," said Medlicot.

"Did not jist mean you," said Jacko.

"Jacko, you'd better hold your tongue," said Mrs. Heathcote.

"Hold my tongue! My word! Well, — you go on."

Medlicot came as far as the wool-shed, and then said that he would return. He had thoroughly enjoyed his ride. Kate Daly was bright, and pretty, and winning, — and in the bush, when a man has not seen a lady perhaps for months, brightness and prettiness and winning ways have a double charm. To ride with fair women over turf, through a forest, with a woman who may perhaps some day be wooed, can be a matter of indifference only to a very lethargic man. Giles Medlicot was by no means lethargic. He owned to himself that though Heathcote was a pig-headed ass, the ladies were very nice, and he thought that the pig-headed ass in choosing one of them for himself had by no means taken the nicest. "You'll never find your way back," said Kate, "if you've not been here before."

"I never was here before, and I suppose I must find my way back." Then he was urged to come on and dine at Gangoil, with a promise that Jacko should return with him in the evening. But this he would not do. Heathcote was a pig-headed ass, who possibly regarded him as an incendiary simply because he had bought some land. This boy of Heathcote's, whose services had been offered to him, had not scrupled to tell him to his face that he was to be regarded as an enemy. Much as he liked the company of Kate Daly he could not go to the house of that stupid, arrogant, pig-headed young squatter. "I'm not such a bad bushman but what I can find my way to the river," he said.

"Find it blindful," said Jacko, who did not relish the idea of going back to Med-

licot's Mill as guide to another man. There was a weakness in the idea that such aid could be necessary, which was revolting to Jacko's sense of bush independence.

They were standing on their horses at the entrance to the wool-shed as they discussed the point, when suddenly Harry himself appeared out of the building. He came up and shook hands with Medlicot, with sufficient courtesy, but hardly with cordiality, and then asked his wife as to her ride. "We have been very jolly, haven't we Kate? Of course it has been hot, but everything is not so frightfully parched as it was before the rain. As Mr. Medlicot has come back so far with us, we want him to come on and dine."

"Pray do, Mr. Medlicot," said Harry. But again the tone of his voice was not sufficiently hearty to satisfy the man who was invited.

"Thanks, no; I think I'll hardly do that. Good night, Mrs. Heathcote, good night, Miss Daly;" and the two ladies immediately perceived that his voice, which had hitherto been pleasant in their ears, had ceased to be cordial.

"I'm very glad he has gone back," said Heathcote.

"Why do you say so, Harry? You are not given to be inhospitable, and why should you grudge me and Kate the rare pleasure of seeing a strange face?"

"I'll tell you why. It's not about him at this moment; but I've been disturbed. Jacko, go on to the station, and say we're coming. Do you hear me? Go on at once." Then Jacko, somewhat unwillingly, galloped off towards the house. "Get off your horses, and come in here."

He helped the two ladies from their saddles, and they all went into the wool-shed, Harry leading the way. In one of the side pens, immediately under the roof, there was a large heap of leaves, the outside portion of which was at present damp, for the rain had beaten in upon it, but which had been as dry as tinder when collected; and there was a row or ridge of mixed brush-wood and leaves so constructed as to form a line from the grass outside on to the heap. "The fellow who did that was an ass;" said Harry, — "a greater ass than I should have taken him to be, not to have known that if he could have gotten the grass to burn outside, the wool-shed must have gone without all that preparation. But there isn't much difficulty now in seeing what the fellow has intended."

"Was it for a fire?" asked Kate.

"Of course it was. He wouldn't have been contented with the grass and fences, but wanted to make sure of the shed also. He'd have come to the house and burned us in our beds, only a fellow like that is too much of a coward to run the risk of being seen."

"But, Harry, — why didn't he light it when he'd done it?" said Mrs. Heathcote.

"Because the Almighty sent the rain at the very moment," said Harry, striking the top rail of one of the pens with his fist. "I'm not much given to talk about Providence, but this looks like it; does it not?"

"He might have put a match in at the moment?"

"Rain or no rain? Yes, he might. But he was interrupted by more than the rain. I got into the shed, — myself, — just at the moment; — I and Jacko. It was last night, when the rain was pouring. I heard the man, and dark as was the night, I saw his figure as he fled away."

"You didn't know him," said Miss Daly.

"But that boy, who has the eyes of a cat, he knew him."

"Jacko?"

"Jacko knew him by his gait. I should have hardly wanted any one to tell me who it was. I could have named the man at once, but for the fear of doing an injustice."

"And who was it?"

"Our friend Medlicot's prime favourite and new factotum, Mr. William Nokes. Mr. William Nokes is the gentleman who intends to burn us all out of house and home, and Mr. Medlicot is the gentleman whose pleasure it is to keep Mr. Nokes in the neighbourhood."

The two women stood awestruck for a moment, — but a sense of justice prevailed upon the wife to speak. "That may be all true," she said. "Perhaps it is as you say about that man. But you would not therefore think that Mr. Medlicot knows anything about it?"

"It would be impossible," said Kate.

"I have not accused him," said Harry; — "but he knows that the man was dismissed, and yet keeps him about the place. Of course he is responsible."

CHAPTER IV.

HARRY HEATHCOTE'S APPEAL.

FOR the first mile between the woolshed and the house Heathcote and the two ladies rode without saying a word.

There was something so terrible in the reality of the danger which encompassed them that they hardly felt inclined to discuss it. Harry's dislike to Medlicot was quite a thing apart. That some one had intended to burn down the woolshed, and had made preparation for doing so, was as apparent to the women as to him. And the man who had been balked by a shower of rain in his first attempt might soon find an opportunity for a second. Harry was well aware that even Jacko's assertion could not be taken as evidence against the man whom he suspected. In all probability no further attempt would be made upon the woolshed; — but a fire on some distant part of the run would be much more injurious to him than the mere burning of a building. The fire that might ruin him would be one which should get ahead before it was seen, and scour across the ground consuming the grass down to the very roots over thousands of acres, and destroying fencing over many miles. Such fires pass on, leaving the standing trees unscathed, avoiding even the scrub, which is too moist with the sap of life for consumption, but licking up with fearful rapidity everything that the sun has dried. He could watch the woolshed and house, — but with no possible care could he so watch the whole run as to justify him in feeling security. There need be no preparation of leaves. A match thrown loosely on the ground would do it. And in regard to a match so thrown, it would be impossible to prove a guilty intention. "Ought we not to have dispersed the heap?" said Mrs. Heathcote at last. The minds of all of them were full of the matter, but these were the first words spoken.

"I'll leave it as it is," said Harry, giving no reason for his decision. He was too full of thought, too heavily laden with anxiety to speak much. "Come, let's get on; you'll want your dinner, and it's getting dark." So they cantered on, and got off their horses at the gate without another word. And not another word was spoken on the subject that night. Harry was very silent, walking up and down the verandah with his pipe in his mouth, — not lying on the ground in idle enjoyment, — and there was no reading. The two sisters looked at him from time to time with wistful anxious eyes, — half afraid to disturb him by speech.

As for him, — he felt that the weight was all on his own shoulders. He had worked hard, and was on the way to be

rich. I do not know that he thought much about money, but he thought very much of success. And he was by nature anxious, sanguine, and impulsive. There might be before him, within the next week, such desolation as would break his heart. He knew men who had been ruined and had borne their ruin almost without a wail,—who had seemed contented to descend to security and mere absence from want. There was his own superintendant, Old Bates, who, though he grumbled at everything else, never bewailed his own fate. But he knew of himself that any such blow would nearly kill him,—such a blow, that is, as might drive him from Gangoil, and force him to be the servant instead of the master of men. Not to be master of all around him seemed to him to be misery. The merchants at Brisbane who took his wool and supplied him with stores had advanced money when he first bought his run, and he still owed them some thousands of pounds. The injury which a great fire would do him would bring him to such a condition that the merchants would demand to have their money repaid. He understood it all, and knew well that it was after this fashion that many a squatter before him had been ruined.

“Speak a word to me about it,” his wife said to him imploringly, when they were alone together that night.

“My darling, if there were a word to say, I would say it. I must be on the watch and do the best I can. At present the earth is too damp for mischief.”

“Oh that it would rain again!”

“There will be heat enough before the summer is over; we need not doubt that. But I will tell you of everything as we go on. I will endeavour to have the man watched. God bless you! Go to sleep and try to get it out of your thoughts.”

On the following morning he breakfasted early and mounted his horse without saying a word as to the purport of his journey. This was in accordance with the habit of his life, and would not excite observation;—but there was something in his manner which made both the ladies feel that he was intent on some special object. When he intended simply to ride round his fences or to visit the hut of some distant servant, a few minutes signified nothing. He would stand under the verandah and talk, and the women would endeavour to keep him from the saddle. But now there was no loitering, and but little talking. He said

a word to Jacko, who brought the horse for him, and then started at a gallop towards the wool-shed.

He did not stop a moment at the shed, not even entering it to see whether the heap of leaves had been displaced during the night, but went on straight to Medlicot's Mill. He rode the nine miles in an hour, and at once entered the building in which the canes were crushed. The first man he met was Nokes, who acted as overseer, having a gang of Polynesian labourers under him, sleek, swarthy fellows from the South Sea Islands, with linen trousers on and nothing else, who crept silently among the vats and machinery, shifting the sugar as it was made. “Well, Nokes,” said Harry, “how are you getting on? Is Mr. Medlicot here?”

Nokes was a big fellow, with a broad, solid face, which would not have condemned him among physiognomists, but for a bad eye, which could not look you in the face. He had been a boundary-rider for Heathcote, and on an occasion had been impertinent, refusing to leave the yard behind the house unless something was done which those about the place refused to do for him. During the discussion Harry had come in. The man had been drinking and was still insolent, and Harry had ejected him violently, thrusting him over a gate. The man had returned the next morning, and had then been sent about his business. He had been employed at Medlicot's Mill, but from the day of his dismissal to this he and Harry had never met each other face to face.

“I'm pretty well, thank ye, Mr. Heathcote. I hope you're the same, and the ladies. The master's about somewhere, I take it. Picky, go and find the master.” Picky was one of the Polynesians, who at once started on his errand.

“Have you been over to Gangoil since you left it?” said Harry, looking the man full in the face.

“Not I, Mr. Heathcote. I never go where I've had words. And, to tell you the truth,—sugar is better than sheep. I'm very comfortable here, and I never liked your work.”

“You havn't been at the wool-shed?”

“What,—the Gangoil shed! What the blazes'd I go there for? It's a matter of ten miles from here.”

“Seven, Nokes.”

“Seven, is it? It is a longish seven miles, Mr. Heathcote. How could I get that distance? I ain't so good at walking as I was before I was hurt. You should

have remembered that, Mr. Heathcote, when you laid hands on me the other day."

"You're not much the worse for what I did; nor yet for the accident, I take it. At any rate you've not been at Gangoil wool-shed?"

"No; I've not," said the man, roughly. "What the mischief should I be doing at your shed at night time?"

"I said nothing about night time."

"I am here all day, ain't I? If you're going to palm up any story against me, Mr. Heathcote, you'll find yourself in the wrong box. What I does, I does on the square."

Heathcote was now quite sure that Jacko had been right. He had not doubted much before, but now he did not doubt at all but that the man with whom he was speaking was the wretch who was endeavouring to ruin him. And he felt certain, also, that Jacko was true to him. He knew, too, that he had plainly declared his suspicion to the man himself. But he had resolved upon doing this. He could in no way assist himself in circumventing the man's villany by keeping his suspense to himself. The man might be frightened,—and in spite of all that had passed between him and Medlicot, he still thought it possible that he might induce the sugar-grower to co-operate with him in driving Nokes from the neighbourhood. He had spent the night in thinking over it all, and this was the resolution to which he had come. "There's the master," said Nokes. "If you've got anything to say about anything you'd better say it to him."

Harry had never before set his foot upon Medlicot's land since it had been bought away from his own run, and had felt that he would almost demean himself by doing so. He had often looked at the canes from over his own fence, as he had done on the night of the rain; but he had stood always on his own land. Now he was in the sugar-mill,—never before having seen such a building. "You've a deal of machinery here, Mr. Medlicot," he said.

"It's a small affair after all," said the other. "I hope to get a good plant before I've done."

"Can I speak a word with you?"

"Certainly. Will you come into the office, or will you go across to the house?" Harry said that the office would do, and followed Medlicot into a little box-like enclosure which contained a desk and two stools. "Not much of

an office, is it? What can I do for you, Mr. Heathcote?"

Then Harry began his story, which he told at considerable length. He apologized for troubling his neighbour at all on the subject, and endeavoured to explain, somewhat awkwardly, that as Mr. Medlicot was a new comer, he probably might not understand the kind of treatment to which employers in the bush were occasionally subject from their men. On this matter he said much which, had he been a better tactician, he might probably have left unspoken. He then went on to the story of his own quarrel with Nokes, who had, in truth, been grossly impudent to the women about the house, but who had been punished by instant and violent dismissal from his employment. It was evidently Harry's idea that a man who had so sinned against his master should be allowed to find no other master,—at any rate in that district; an idea with which the other man, who had lately come out from the old country, did not at all sympathize.

"Do you want me to dismiss him?" said Medlicot, in a tone which implied that that would be the last thing he would think of doing.

"You haven't heard me yet." Then Harry went on and told of the fires in the heat of summer, and of their terrible effects,—of the easy manner of revenge which they supplied to angry, unscrupulous men, and of his own fears at the present moment.

"I can believe it all," said Medlicot, "and am very sorry that it should be so. But I cannot see the justice of punishing a man on the merest, vaguest suspicion. Your only ground for imputing this crime to him is that your own conduct to him may have given him a motive."

Harry had schooled himself vigorously during the ride as to his own demeanour, and had resolved that he would be cool. "I was going to tell you," he said, "what occurred that night after I saw you up by the fence." Then he described how he and his boy had entered the shed and had both seen and heard a man, as he escaped from it; how the boy had at once declared that the man was Nokes; how the following day he had discovered the leaves, which Nokes no doubt had deposited there just before the rain, intending to burn the place at once; and how Nokes's manner to him within the last half hour had corroborated his suspicions.

"Is he the boy you call Jacko?"

"That's the name he goes by."

"You don't know his real name?"

"I have never heard any other name."

"Nor anything about him?" Harry owned, in answer to half-a-dozen such questions, that Jacko had come to Gangoil about four months ago, — he did not know whence, — had been kept for a week's job, and had then been allowed to remain about the place without any regular wages. "You admit it was quite dark," continued Medicot.

Harry did not at all like the cross-examination, and his resolution to be cool was quickly fading. "I told you that I saw, myself, the figure of a man."

"But that you barely saw a figure. You did not form any opinion of your own as to the man's identity."

Harry Heathcote was as honest as the sun. Much as he disliked being cross-examined, he found himself compelled not only to say the exact truth, but the whole truth. "Certainly not. I barely saw a glimpse of a figure, and, till I spoke to Nokes just now, I almost doubted whether the lad could have distinguished him. I am sure he was right now."

"Really, Mr. Heathcote, I can't go along with you. You are accusing a man of committing an offence, which I believe is capital, on the evidence of a boy of whom you know nothing, who may have his own reasons for spiting the man, and whom you yourself did not believe till you had looked this man in the face. I think you allow yourself to be guided too much by your own power of intuition."

"No, I don't," said Harry, who hated his neighbour's methodical argument.

"At any rate I can't consent to take a man's bread out of his mouth, and to send him away tainted as he would be with this suspicion, either because Jacko thought that he saw him in the dark, or because —"

"I have never asked you to send him away."

"What is it you want then?"

"I want to have him watched, — so that he may feel that if he attempts to destroy my property his guilt will be detected."

"Who is to watch him?"

"He is in your employment."

"He lives in the hut down beyond the gate. Am I to keep a sentry there all night and every night?"

"I will pay for it."

"No, Mr. Heathcote. I don't pretend

to know this country yet, but I'll encourage no such espionage as that. At any rate it is not English. I dare say the man misbehaved himself in your employment. You say he was drunk. I do not doubt it. But he is not a drunkard, for he never drinks here. A man is not to starve forever because he once got drunk and was impertinent. Nor is he to have a spy at his heels because a boy whom nobody knows chooses to denounce him. I am sorry that you should be in trouble, but I do not know that I can help you."

Harry's passion was now very high, and his resolution to be cool was almost thrown to the winds. Medicot had said many things which were odious to him. In the first place there had been a tone of insufferable superiority, — so Harry thought, — and that, too, when he himself had divested himself of all the superiority which naturally attached to his position, and had frankly appealed to Medicot as a neighbour. And then this new-fangled sugar-grower had told him that he was not English, and had said grand words, and had altogether made himself objectionable. What did this man know of the Australian bush, that he should dare to talk of this or that as being wrong because it was un-English! In England there were police to guard men's property. Here, out in the Australian forests, a man must guard his own, or lose it. But perhaps it was the indifference to the ruin of the women belonging to him that Harry Heathcote felt the strongest. The stranger cared nothing for the utter desolation which one unscrupulous ruffian might produce, felt no horror at the idea of a vast devastating fire, — but could be indignant in his mock philanthropy because it was proposed to watch the doings of a scoundrel! "Good morning," said Harry, turning round and leaving the office brusquely. Medicot followed him, but Harry went so quickly that not another word was spoken. To him the idea of a neighbour in the bush refusing such assistance as he had asked was as terrible as to us is the thought of a ship at sea leaving another ship in distress. He unhitched his horse from the fence, and galloped home as fast as the animal would carry him.

Medicot, when he was left alone, took two or three turns about the mill, as though inspecting the work, but at every turn fixed his eyes for a few moments on Nokes's face. The man was standing under a huge cauldron regulating the

escape of the boiling juice into the different vats by raising and lowering a trap, and giving directions to the Polynesians as he did so. He was evidently conscious that he was being regarded, and, as is usual in such a condition, manifestly failed in his struggle to appear unconscious. Medlicot acknowledged to himself that the man could not look even him in the face. Was it possible that he had been wrong, and that Heathcote, though he had expressed himself badly, was entitled to some sympathy in his fear of what might be done to him by an enemy? Medlicot also desired to be just, being more rational, more logical, and less impulsive than the other, — being also somewhat too conscious of his own superior intelligence. He knew that Heathcote had gone away in great dudgeon, and he almost feared that he had been harsh and unneighbourly. After a while he stood opposite Nokes and addressed him. "Do the squatters suffer much from fires?" he said.

"Heathcote has been talking to you about that," said the man.

"Can't you say Mr. Heathcote when you speak of a gentleman whose bread you have eaten?"

"Mr. Heathcote, if you like it. We ain't particular to a shade out here as you are at home. He has been telling you about fires; has he?"

"Well; — he has."

"And talking of me, I suppose?"

"You were talking of having a turn at mining some day. How would it be with you if you were to be off to Gympie?"

"You mean to say I'm to go, Mr. Medlicot?"

"I don't say that at all."

"Look here, Mr. Medlicot. My going or staying won't make any difference to Heathcote. There's a lot of 'em about here hates him that much that he is never to be allowed to rest in peace. I tell you that fairly. It ain't anything as I shall do. Them's not my ways, Mr. Medlicot. But he has enemies here as 'll never let him rest."

"Who are they?"

"Pretty nigh everybody round. He has carried himself that high they won't stand him. Who's Heathcote?"

"Name some who are his enemies."

"There's the Brownbys."

"Oh, — the Brownbys. Well, it's a bad thing to have enemies." After that he left the sugar-house and went across to the cottage.

From Fraser's Magazine.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.*

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

Two of the ablest thinkers whom America has yet produced were born in New England at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The theorists who would trace all our characteristics to inheritance from some remote ancestor might see in Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin normal representatives of the two types from which the genuine Yankee is derived. Though blended in various proportions, and though one may exist almost to the exclusion of the other, an element of shrewd mother-wit and an element of transcendental enthusiasm are to be detected in all who boast a descent from the Pilgrim Fathers. Franklin, born in 1706, represents in its fullest development the more earthly side of this compound. A thoroughbred utilitarian, full of sagacity, and carrying into all regions of thought that strange ingenuity which makes an American the handiest of all human beings, Franklin is best embodied in his own Poor Richard. Honesty is the best policy: many a little makes a mickle: the second vice is lying, the first is running in debt; and —

Get what you can, and what you get hold;
Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.

These and a string of similar maxims are the pith of Franklin's message to the world. Franklin, however, was not merely a man in whom the practical intelligence was developed in a very remarkable degree, but was fortunate in coming upon a crisis admirably suited to his abilities, and in being generally in harmony with the spirit of his age. He succeeded, as we know, in snatching lightning from the heavens, and the sceptre from tyrants; and had his reward in the shape of much contemporary homage from French philosophers, and lasting renown amongst his countrymen. Meanwhile Jonathan Edwards, his senior by three years, had the fate common to men who are unfitted for the struggles of daily life, and whose philosophy does not harmonize with the dominant current of the time. A speculative recluse, with little faculty of literary expression and given to utter opinions shocking to the popular mind, he excited little attention during his lifetime, except amongst the sharers of his own religious

* *The Works of President Edwards.* Worcester (Mass.), 1803.

persuasions ; and, when noticed after his death, the praise of his intellectual acuteness has generally been accompanied with an expression of abhorrence for his supposed moral obtuseness. Mr. Lecky, for example, whilst speaking of Edwards as "probably the ablest defender of Calvinism," mentions his treatise on Original Sin as "one of the most revolting books that have ever proceeded from the pen of man." (*Rationalism*, I. 404.) That intense dislike, which is far from uncommon, for severe reasoning has even made a kind of reproach to Edwards of what is called his "inexorable logic." To condemn a man for being honestly in the wrong is generally admitted to be unreasonable ; but people are even more unforgiving to the sin of being honestly in the right. The frankness with which Edwards avowed opinions, not by any means peculiar to himself, has left a certain stain upon his reputation. He has also suffered in general repute from a cause which should really increase our interest in his writings. Metaphysicians, whilst admiring his acuteness, have been disgusted by his adherence to an outworn theology ; and theologians have cared little for a man who was primarily a philosophical speculator and has used his philosophy to bring into painful relief the most terrible dogmas of the ancient creeds. Edwards, however, is interesting just because he is a connecting link between two widely different phases of thought. He connects the expiring Calvinism of the old Puritan theocracy with what is called the transcendentalism embodied in the writings of Emerson and other leaders of young America. He is remarkable, too, as illustrating at the central point of the eighteenth century those speculative tendencies which were most vitally opposed to the then dominant philosophy of Locke and Hume. And, finally, there is a still more permanent interest in the man himself, as exhibiting in high relief the weak and the strong points of the teaching of which Calvinism represents only one embodiment. His life, in striking contrast to that of his more celebrated contemporary, ran its course far away from the main elements of European activity. With the exception of a brief stay at New York, he lived almost exclusively in the interior of what was then the thinly settled colony of Massachusetts.* His

father was for nearly sixty years minister of a church in Connecticut, and his mother's father, the "celebrated Solomon Stoddard," for about an equal time minister of a church at Northampton, Massachusetts. Young Jonathan, brought up at the feet of these venerable men, after the strictest sect of the Puritans, was sent to Yale at the age of twelve, took his B.A. degree at the age of seventeen, and two years afterwards became a preacher at New York. Thence he returned to a tutorship at Yale, but in his twenty-fourth year was ordained as colleague of his grandfather Stoddard and spent at Northampton the next twenty-three years of his life. It may be added that he married early a wife of congenial temper, and had eleven children.* One of his daughters, by an odd combination, was the mother of Aaron Burr, the duellist who killed Hamilton, and afterwards became the prototype of all Southern secessionists. The external facts, however, of Edwards' life are of little interest except as indicating the influences to which he was exposed. Puritanism, though growing faint, was still powerful in New England ; it was bred in his bones, and he was drilled from his earliest years into its sternest dogmas. Some curious fragments of his early life and letters indicate the nature of his spiritual development. Whilst still almost a boy, he writes down solemn resolutions, and practises himself in severe self-inspection. He resolves "never to do, be, or suffer anything in soul or body, more or less, but what tends to the glory of God ;" to "live with all my might while I do live ;" "never to speak anything that is ridiculous or matter of laughter on the Lord's Day" (a resolution which we might think rather superfluous, even though extended to other days) ; and "frequently to renew the dedication of myself to God, which was made at my baptism, which I solemnly renewed when I was received into the communion of the Church, and which I have solemnly ratified this 12th day of January, 1723." (I. 18.) He pledges himself, in short, to a life of strict self-examination and absolute devotion to what he takes for the will of God. Similar resolutions have doubtless been made by countless young men, brought up under the same con-

* The population of Massachusetts is stated at 164,000 inhabitants in 1742, and 240,000 in 1761. See Holmes's *Annals*.

* These early New England patriarchs were blessed with abundant families. Edwards' father had eleven children, his paternal grandfather thirteen, and his maternal grandfather had twelve children by a lady who had already three children by a previous marriage.

ditions, and diaries of equal value have been published by the authors of innumerable saintly biographies. In Edwards' mouth, however, they really had a meaning, and bore corresponding results. An interesting paper gives an account of those religious "experiences" to which his sect attaches so tremendous an importance. From his childhood, he tells us, his mind had been full of objections to the doctrine of God's sovereignty. It appeared to him to be a "horrible doctrine" that God should choose whom He would, and reject whom He pleased, "leaving them eternally to perish, and be tormented eternally in hell." The whole history of his intellectual development is involved in the process by which he became gradually reconciled to this appalling dogma. In the second year of his collegiate course, we are told, which would be about the fourteenth year of his age, he read Locke's Essay with inexpressible delight. The first glimpse of metaphysical enquiry, it would seem, revealed to him the natural bent of his mind, and opened to him the path of speculation in which he ever afterwards delighted. Locke, though Edwards always mentions him with deep respect, was indeed a thinker of a very different school. The disciple owed to his master, not a body of doctrine, but the impulse to intellectual activity. He succeeded in working out for himself a satisfactory answer to the problem by which he had been perplexed. His cavils ceased as his reason strengthened. "God's absolute sovereignty and justice" seemed to him to be as clear as anything he saw with his eyes; "at least," he adds, "it is so at times." Nay, he even came to rejoice in the doctrine and regard it as "infinitely pleasant, bright, and sweet." (I. 33.) Starting, in fact, from the Puritan assumptions, the agony of mind which they caused never led him to question their truth, though it animated him to discover a means of reconciling them to reason; and the reconciliation is the whole burden of his ablest works. The effect upon his mind is described in terms which savour of a less stern school of faith. God's glory was revealed to him throughout the whole creation, and often threw him into ecstasies of devotion. (I. 33.) "God's excellency, His wisdom, His purity, and love seemed to appear in everything: in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, and trees; in the water and all nature, which used

greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for continuance, and in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the meantime singing forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer." Thunder, he adds, had once been terrible to him; "now scarce anything in all the works of nature" was so sweet. (I. 36.) It seemed as if the "majestic and awful voice of God's thunder" was in fact the voice of its Creator. Thunder and lightning, we know, suggested rather different contemplations to Franklin. Edwards' utterances are as remarkable for their amiability as for their non-scientific character. We see in him the gentle mystic rather than the stern divine who consigned helpless infants to eternal torture without a question of the goodness of their Creator. This vein of meditation, however, continued to be familiar to him. He spent most of his time reflecting on Divine things, and often walking in solitary places and woods to enjoy uninterrupted soliloquies and converse with God. At New York he often retired to a quiet spot — now, one presumes, seldom used for such purposes — on the banks of the Hudson River, to abandon himself to his quiet reveries, or to "converse on the things of God" with one Mr. John Smith. To the end of his life he indulged in the same habit. His custom was to rise at four o'clock in the morning, to spend thirteen hours daily in his study, and to ride out after dinner to some lonely grove, where he dismounted and walked by himself, with a note-book ready at hand for the arrest of stray thoughts. Evidently he possessed one of those rare temperaments to which the severest intellectual exercise is a source of the keenest enjoyment; and though he must often have strayed into the comparatively dreary labyrinths of metaphysical puzzles, his speculations had always an immediate reference to what he calls "Divine things." Once, he tells us, as he rode into the woods in 1737, and alighted according to custom "to walk in Divine contemplation and prayer," he had so extraordinary a view of the glory of the Son of God, and His wonderful grace, that he remained for about an hour "in a flood of tears and weeping aloud." This intensity of spiritual vision was frequently combined with a harrowing sense of his own corruption. "My wickedness," he says, "as I am in myself, has long ap-

peared to me perfectly ineffable; like an infinite deluge or mountains over my head." Often, for many years, he has had in his mind and his mouth the words "Infinite upon infinite!" His heart looks to him like "an abyss infinitely deeper than hell;" and yet, he adds, it seems to him that "his conviction of sin is exceedingly small." Whilst weeping and crying for his sins, he seemed to know that "his repentance was nothing to his sin." (I. 41.) Extravagant expressions of this kind are naturally rather shocking to the outsider; and to those who are incapable of sympathizing, they may even appear to be indications of hypocrisy. Nobody was more alive than Edwards himself to the danger of using such phrases mechanically. When you call yourself the worst of men, he says, be careful that you do not think highly of yourself just because you think so meanly. And if you reply, "No, I have not a high opinion of my humility; it seems to me I am as proud as the devil;" ask again, "whether on this very account that you think yourself as proud as the devil, you do not think yourself to be very humble." (IV. 282.) That is a characteristic bit of subtilizing, and it indicates the danger of all this excessive introspection. Edwards would not have accepted the moral that the best plan is to think about yourself as little as possible; for from his point of view this constant cross-examination of all your feelings, this dissection of emotion down to its finest and most intricate convolutions, was of the very essence of religion. No one, however, can read his account of his own feelings, even when he runs into the accustomed phraseology, without perceiving the ring of genuine feeling. He is morbid, it may be, but he is not insincere; and even his strained hyperboles are scarcely unintelligible when considered as the expression of the sentiment produced by the effort of a human being to live constantly in presence of the absolute and the infinite.

The event which most powerfully influenced Edwards' mind during his life at Northampton was one of those strange spiritual storms which then, as now, swept periodically across the churches. Protestants generally call them revivals; in Catholic countries they impel pilgrims to some devotional shrine; Edwards and his contemporaries described such a phenomenon as "a remarkable outpouring of God's Holy Spirit." He has carefully described the symptoms of one such

commotion, in which he was a main agent; and two or three later treatises, discussing some of the problems suggested by the scenes he witnessed, testify to the profoundness of the impression upon his mind. In fact, as we shall presently see, Edwards' whole philosophical system was being put to a practical test by these events. Was the excitement, as modern observers would say, due to a mere moral epidemic, or was it actually produced by the direct interposition in human affairs of the Almighty Ruler? Unhesitatingly recognizing the hand of the God the very thought of whom crushed him into self-annihilation, Edwards is unconsciously troubled by the strange contrast between the effect and the stupendous cause assigned for it. When the angel of the Lord comes down to trouble the waters, one would expect rather to see oceans upheaved, than a trifling ripple in an insignificant pond. There is something almost pathetic in his eagerness to magnify the proportions of the event. He boasts that in six months "more than three hundred souls were savingly brought home to Christ in this town." (III. 23.) The town, itself, it may be observed, though then one of the most populous in the country, was only of eighty-two years' standing, and reckoned about two hundred families, the era of Chicagos not having yet dawned upon the world. The conversion, however, of this village appeared to some "divines and others" to herald the approach of "the conflagration" (III. 59); and though Edwards disavows this rash conjecture, he anticipates with some confidence the approach of the millennium. The "isles and ships of Tarshish," mentioned in Isaiah, are plainly meant for America, which is to be "the first fruits of that glorious day" (III. 154); and he collects enough accounts of various revivals of an analogous kind which had taken place in Salzburg, Holland, and several of the British Colonies, to justify the anticipation "that these universal commotions are the forerunners of something exceeding glorious approaching." (III. 414.) The limited area of the disturbance perhaps raised less difficulty than the equivocal nature of many of the manifestations. In Edwards' imagination, Satan was always on the watch to produce an imitation, and, it would seem, a curiously accurate imitation, of the Divine impulses. As De Foe says, in a different sense:

Wherever God creates a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there.

And some people were unkind enough to trace in the diseases and other questionable products of the revival a distinct proof of the "operation of the evil spirit." (III. 96.) Edwards felt the vital importance of distinguishing between the two classes of supernatural agency, so different in their source and yet so thoroughly similar in their effects. There is something rather touching, though at times our sympathy is tinged with contempt, in the simplicity with which he traces distinct proofs of the Divine hand in the familiar phenomena of religious conversions. The stories seem stale and profitless to us which he accepted with awe-stricken reverence as a demonstrative testimony to the Divinity of the work. He gives, for example, an anecdote of a young woman, who, being zealous of another conversion, resolved to bring about her own by the rather naïf expedient of reading the Bible straight through. Having begun her task on Monday, the desired effect was produced on Thursday, and she felt it possible to skip at once to the New Testament. The crisis ran through its usual course, ending in a state of rapture, during which she enjoyed for days "a kind of beatific vision of God." The poor girl was very ill, and expressed "great longings to die." When her brother read in Job about worms feeding on the dead body, she "appeared with a pleasant smile and said it was sweet to her to think of her being in such circumstances." (III. 69.) The longing was speedily gratified, and she departed, perhaps not to find in another world that the universe had been laid out precisely in accordance with the theories of Mr. Jonathan Edwards, but at least leaving behind her—so we are assured—memories of touching humility and spirituality. If Abigail Hutchinson strikes us as representing, on the whole, rather a morbid type of human excellence, what are we to say to Phebe Bartlet, who had just passed her fourth birthday in April 1735? (III. 70.) This infant, of more than Yankee precocity, was converted by her brother, who had just gone through the same process at the age of eleven. She took to "secret prayer" five or six times a day, and would never suffer herself to be interrupted. Her experiences are given at great length, including a refusal to eat plumbs, "because it was sin;" her extreme interest in a thought suggested to her by a text from the

Revelations, about "supping with God;" and her request to her father to replace a cow which a poor man had lost. She took great delight in "private religious meetings," and was specially edified by the sermons of Mr. Edwards, for whom she professed, as he records with perhaps some pardonable complacency, the warmest affection. The grotesque side of the story of this detestable infant is, however, blended with something more shocking. The poor little wretch was tormented by the fear of hell-fire; and her relations and pastor appear to have done their best to stimulate this, as well as other religious sentiments. Edwards boasts at a subsequent period that "hundreds of little children" had testified to the glory of God's work. (III. 146.) He afterwards remarks incidentally that many people had considered as "intolerable" the conduct of the ministers in "frightening poor innocent little children with talk of hell-fire and eternal damnation." (III. 200.) And indeed we cannot deny that when reading some of the sermons to which poor Phebe Bartlet must have listened, and remembering the nature of the audience, the fingers of an unregenerate person clench themselves involuntarily as grasping an imaginary horsewhip. The answer given by Edwards does not diminish the impression. Innocent as children may seem to be, he replies, "yet if they are out of Christ, they are not so in God's sight, but are young vipers, and are infinitely more hateful than vipers, and are in a most miserable condition as well as grown persons; and they are naturally very senseless and stupid, being *born as the wild asses' colts*, and need much to awaken them." (III. 200.) Doubtless they got it, and, if we will take Edwards' word for it, the awakening process never did harm in any one instance. Here we are touching the doctrines which rightfully excite a fierce revolt of the conscience against the most repulsive of all theological dogmas, though unfortunately a revolt which is apt to generate an indiscriminating hostility.

The revival gradually spent its force; and, as usual, the more unpleasant symptoms began to assume greater prominence as the more spiritual impulse decayed. In Edwards' phraseology, "It began to be very sensible that the Spirit of God was gradually withdrawing from us, and after this time Satan seemed to be set more loose, and raged in a dreadful manner." (III. 77.) From the begin-

ning of the excitement, the usual physical manifestations, leapings and roarings and convulsions (III. 131, 205), had shown themselves; and Edwards labours to show that in this case they were genuine marks of a Divine impulse and not of mere enthusiasm as in the externally similar cases of the Quakers, the French prophets, and others. (III. 109.) Now, however, more startling phenomena presented themselves. Satan persuaded a highly respectable citizen to cut his throat. Others saw visions, and had fancied inspirations; and whilst from some hints it would seem probable that grosser outrages on morality resulted from indiscriminate gatherings of frenzied enthusiasts. (III. 284.) Finally, people's minds were diverted by the approach of his Excellency the Governor to settle an Indian treaty; and the building of a new meeting-house altered the channel of enthusiasm. (III. 79.) Northampton settled down into its normal tranquillity.

Some years passed, and as religious zeal cooled, Edwards became involved in characteristic difficulties. The pastor, it may easily be supposed, was not popular with the rising generation. He had, as he confesses with his usual candour, "a constitution in many respects peculiarly unhappy, attended with flaccid solids; vapid, sizzly, and scarce fluids; and a low tide of spirits; often occasioning a kind of childish weakness and contemptibleness of speech, presence, and demeanour; with a disagreeable dulness and stiffness, much unfitting me for conversation, but more especially for the government of a college," which he was requested to undertake. (I. 86.) He was, says his admiring biographer, "thorough in the government of his children," who consequently "reverenced, esteemed, and loved him." He adopted the plan, less popular now than then, and even more out of fashion in America than in England, of "thoroughly subduing" his children as soon as they showed any tendency to self-will. He was a "great enemy" to all "vain amusements;" and even after his children had grown up, he enforced their abstinence from such "pernicious practice," and never allowed them to be out after nine at night. Any gentleman, we are happy to add, was given proper opportunities for courting his daughters after consulting their parents, but on condition of confirming strictly to the family regulations. (I. 52, 53.) This Puritan discipline appears to have succeeded with

Edwards' own family; but a gentleman with flaccid solids, vapid fluids, and a fervent belief in hell-fire is seldom appreciated by the youth even of a Puritan village.

Accordingly, Edwards got into trouble by endeavouring to force his own notions of discipline amongst certain young people, belonging to "considerable families" who were said to indulge in loose conversation and equivocal books. They possibly preferred *Pamela*, which had then just revealed a new source of amusement to the world, to awakening sermons; and Edwards' well-meant efforts to suppress the evil set the town "in a blaze." (I. 64.) A more serious quarrel followed. Edwards maintained the doctrine, which had been gradually dying out amongst the descendants of the Puritans, that converted persons alone should be admitted to the Lord's Supper. The practice had been different at Northampton; and when Edwards announced his intention of enforcing the test of professed conversion, a vigorous controversy ensued. The dispute lasted for some years, with much mutual recrimination. A kind of ecclesiastical council, formed from the neighbouring churches, decided by a majority of one that he should be dismissed if his people desired it; and the people voted for his dismissal by a majority of more than 200 to 20. (I. 69.)

Edwards was thus a martyr to his severe sense of discipline. His admirers have lamented over the sentence by which the ablest of American thinkers was banished in a kind of disgrace. Impartial readers will be inclined to suspect that those who suffered under so rigorous a spiritual ruler had perhaps some reason on their side. However that may be, and I do not presume to have any opinion upon a question involving such complex ecclesiastical disputes, the result to literature was fortunate. In 1761 Edwards was appointed to a mission for Indians, founded at Stockbridge in the remotest corner of Massachusetts, where a few remnants of the aborigines were settled on a township granted by the colony. There were great hopes, we are told, of the probable influence of the mission, which were destined to frustration from accidental causes. The hopes can hardly have rested on the character of the preacher. It is difficult to imagine a more grotesque relation between a minister and his congregation than that which must have subsisted between Edwards and his barbarous flock. He had re-

marked pathetically in one of his writings on the very poor prospect open to the Houssatunnuck Indians, if their salvation depended on the study of the evidences of Christianity. (IV. 245.) And if Edwards preached upon the topics of which his mind was fullest, their case would have been still harder. For it was in the remote solitudes of this retired corner that he gave himself up to those abstruse meditations on free-will and original sin which form the substance of his chief writings. A sermon in the Houssatunnuck language, if Edwards ever acquired that tongue, upon predestination, the differences between the Arminian and the Calvinist schemes, Liberty of Indifference, and other such doctrines, would hardly be an improving performance. If, however, his labours in this department, "were attended with no remarkable visible success" (I. 83), he thought deeply and wrote much. The publication of his treatise on the Freedom of the Will followed in 1754; and upon the strength of the reputation which it won for him, he was appointed President of New Jersey College in the end of 1757, only to die of small-pox in the following March. His death cut short some considerable literary schemes, not, however, of a kind calculated to add to his reputation. Various remains were published after his death, and we have ample materials for forming a comprehensive judgment of his works. In one shape or another he succeeded in giving utterance to his theory upon the great problems of life; and there is little cause for regret that he did not succeed in completing that *History of the Work of Redemption* which was to have been his *opus magnum*. He had neither the knowledge nor the faculties for making much of a Puritan view of universal history; and he has left a sufficient indication of his general conception of such a book.

The book upon the Freedom of the Will, which is his main title to philosophical fame, bears marks of the conditions under which it was composed, and which certainly did not tend to confer upon an abstruse treatise any additional charm. Edwards' style is heavy and languid; he seldom indulges in an illustration, and those which he gives are far from lively; it is only at rare intervals that his logical ingenuity in stating some intricate argument clothes his thought in language of corresponding neatness. He has, in fact, the faults natural to an isolated thinker. He gives his readers credit for being fa-

miliar with the details of the labyrinth in which he had wandered till every intricacy was plainly mapped out in his own mind; and frequently dwells at tiresome length upon some refinement which probably never occurred to any one but himself. A writer who, like Hume, is at once an acute thinker and a great literary artist, is content to aim a decisive blow at the vital points of the theory which he is opposing, and leaves to his readers the task of following out more remote consequences; Edwards, after winning the decisive victory, insists upon attacking his adversary in every position in which he might conceivably endeavour to entrench himself. It seems to be his aim to answer every objection which could possibly be suggested, and, of course, he answers many objections which no one would raise, whilst probably omitting others of which no forethought could warn him. The book reads like a verbatim report of those elaborate dialogues which he was in the habit of holding with himself in his solitary rambings. There is some truth in Goldsmith's remark upon the ease of gaining an argumentative victory when you are at once opponent and respondent. It must be added, however, that any man who is at all fond of speculation finds in his second self the most obstinate and perplexing of antagonists. No one else raises such a variety of empty and vexatious quibbles, and splits hairs with such surprising versatility. It is true that your double often shows a certain discretion, and whilst obstinately defending certain untenable positions contrives to glide over some weak places, which come to light with provoking unexpectedness when you are encountered by an external enemy. Edwards, indeed, guards himself with extreme care by an elaborate system of logical divisions and subdivisions against the possibility of so unpleasant a surprise; but no man can dispense with the aid of a living antagonist, free from all suspicion of being a man of straw. The opponents against whom he labours most strenuously were unfortunately very feeble creatures for the most part; such as poor Chubb, the Deist, and the once well-known Dr. Whitby, who had changed sides in more than one controversy with more credit to his candour than to his force of mind. Certain difficulties may therefore have evaded the logical network in which he tried to enclose them; but, on the whole, we complain more of the excess of his polemical energy than of any supposed

defects. Condensation, with a view to placing the vital points of his doctrine in more salient relief, would have greatly improved his treatise. But the fault is natural in a philosophical recluse, more intent upon thorough investigation than upon lucid exposition.

Without following his intricate reasonings, the main positions may be indicated in a few words. The doctrine, in fact, which Edwards asserted may be said to be simply, that everything has a cause, and that human volitions are no more an exception to this universal law than any other class of phenomena. This belief in the universality of causation rests with him upon a primary intuition (V. 55), and not upon experience; and his whole argument pursues the metaphysical method instead of appealing, as a modern school would appeal, to the results of observation. The Arminian opponent of necessity must, as he argues, either deny this self-evident principle or be confined to statements purely irrelevant to the really important question. The book is occupied in hunting down all the evasions by which these conclusions may be escaped, and in showing that the true theory, when rightly understood, is obnoxious to no objections on the score of morality. The ordinary mode of meeting the argument is by appealing to consciousness. We know that we are free, as Dr. Johnson said, and there's an end on't. Edwards shows at great length and in many forms that this summary reply involves a confusion between the two very different propositions: "We can do what we will," and "We can will what we will." Consciousness really testifies that, if we desire to raise our right hand, our right hand will rise in the absence of external compulsion. It does not show that the desire itself may either exist or not exist without reference to any preceding causes either external or internal. The ordinary definition of free-will assumes an infinite series of volitions each determining all that has gone before; or, to let Edwards speak for himself, and it will be a sufficient specimen of his style, he says in a passage which sums up the whole argument, that the assertion of free-will either amounts to the merely verbal proposition that you have power to will what you have power to will; "or the meaning must be that a man has power to will as he pleases or chooses to will; that is, he has power by one act of choice to choose another; by an antecedent act of will to choose a consequent

act, and therein to execute his own choice. And if this be their meaning, it is nothing but shuffling with those they dispute with, and baffling their own reason. For still the question returns, wherein lies man's liberty in that antecedent act of will which chose the consequent act? The answer, according to the same principle, must be, that his liberty lies also in his willing as he would, or as he chose, or agreeably to another act of choice preceding that. And so the question returns *in infinitum* and again *in infinitum*. In order to support their opinion there must be no beginning, but free acts of the will must have been chosen by foregoing acts of will in the soul of every man without beginning, and so before he had a beginning."

The heads of most people begin to swim when they have proceeded but a short way into such argumentation; but Edwards delights in applying similar logical puzzles over and over again to confute the notions of a "self-determining power in the will," or of a "liberty of indifference;" of the power of suspending the action even if the judgment has pronounced its verdict; of Archbishop King's ingenious device of putting the cart before the horse, and declaring that our delight is not the cause but the consequence of our will; or Clarke's theory of liberty consisting in agency which seems to erect an infinite number of subsidiary first causes in the wills of all created beings. A short cut to the same conclusions consists in simply denying the objective reality of chance or contingency; but Edwards has no love of short cuts in such matters, or rather cannot refuse himself the pleasure of following the circuitous route, as well as explaining the more direct method.

This main principle established, Edwards has of course no difficulty in showing that the supposed injury to morality rests on a misconception of the real doctrine. If volitions, instead of being caused, are the products of arbitrary chance, morality becomes meaningless. We approve or disapprove of an action precisely because it implies the existence of motives good or bad. Punishment and reward would be useless if actions were after all a matter of chance; and if merit implied the existence of free-will, the formation of virtuous habits would detract from a man's merit in so far as they tend to make virtue necessary. So far, in short, as you admit the existence of an element of pure chance, you restrict the sphere of

law; and therefore morality, so far from excluding, necessarily involves an invariable connection between motives and actions.

Arguments of this kind, sufficiently familiar to all students of the subject, are combined with others of a more doubtful character. Edwards has no scruples about dealing with the absolute and the infinite. He dwells, for example, with great ingenuity upon the difficulty of reconciling the Divine prescience with the contingency of human actions; and has no scruple in inferring the possibility of reconciling virtue with necessity from the fact that God is at once the type of all perfection, and is under a necessity to be perfect. If such arguments would be rejected by many who agree with his conclusions as transcending the limits of human intelligence, others, equally characteristic, are as much below the dignity of a metaphysician. Edwards draws his proofs with the same equanimity from the most abstruse speculations as from a childlike belief in the literal inspiration of the Scriptures. He "proves," for example, God's foreknowledge of human actions from such facts as Micaiah's prophecy of Ahab's sin, and Daniel's acquaintance with the "horrid wickedness" about to be committed by Antiochus Epiphanes. It is a pleasant supposition that a man who did not believe that God could foretell events, would be awed by the authority of a text; but Edwards' polemic is almost exclusively directed against the hated Arminians, and he appears to be unconscious of the existence of a genuine sceptic. He observes that he has never read Hobbes (V. 260); and though in another work he makes a brief allusion to Hume, he never refers to him in these speculations, whilst covering the same ground as one of the admirable *Essays*.

This simplicity is significant of Edwards' unique position. The doctrine of Calvinism, by whatever name it may be called, is a mental tonic of tremendous potency. Whether in its theological dress, as attributing all events to the absolute decrees of the Almighty; or in its metaphysical dress as declaring that some abstract necessity governs the world; or in the shape more familiar to modern thinkers, in which it proclaims the universality of what has been called the reign of law, it conquers or revolts the imagination. It forces us to conceive of all phenomena as so many links

in the eternal chain

Which none can break, nor slip, nor overreach; and can, therefore, be accepted only by men who possess the rare power of combining their beliefs into a logical whole. Most people contrive to shirk the consequences either by some of those evasions which, as Edwards showed, amount to asserting the objective existence of chance, or more commonly by forbidding their reason to follow the chain of inferences through more than a few links. The axiom that the cause of a cause is also the cause of the thing caused, though verbally admitted, is beyond the reach of most intellects. People are willing to admit that A is irrevocably joined to B, B to C, and so on to the end of the alphabet, but they refuse to realize the connection between A and Z. The annoyance excited by Mr. Buckle's enunciation of some very familiar propositions is a measure of the reluctance of the popular imagination to accept a logical conclusion. When the dogma is associated with a belief in eternal damnation, the consequences are indeed terrible; and therefore it was natural that Calvinism should have become an almost extinct creed, and the dogma have been left to the free-thinkers who had not that awful vision before their eyes. Hobbes, Collins, and Hume, the three writers with whom the opinion was chiefly associated in English literature, were also the three men who were regarded as most emphatically the devil's advocates. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, it was indeed adopted by Hartley, by his disciple Priestley, and by Abraham Tucker, all of whom were Christians after a fashion. But they reconciled themselves to the belief by peculiar forms of optimism. Tucker maintained the odd fancy that every man would ultimately receive a precisely equal share of happiness, and thought that a few thousand years of damnation would be enough for all practical purposes. If I remember rightly, he roughly calculated the amount of misery to be endured by human beings at about two minutes' suffering in a century. Hartley maintained the still more remarkable thesis that, in some non-natural sense, "all individuals are always and actually infinitely happy." But Edwards, though an optimist in a very different sense, was alone amongst contemporary writers of any speculative power in asserting at once the doctrine that all events are the result of the Divine will, and the doctrine of eternal damnation. His mind, acute as it was, yet worked entirely in the

groove provided for it. The revolting consequences to which he was led by not running away from his premisses never for an instant suggested to him that the premisses might conceivably be false. He accepts a belief in hell-fire, interpreted after the popular fashion, without a murmur, and deduces from it all those consequences which most theologians have evaded or covered with a judicious veil.

Edwards was luckily not an eloquent man, for his sermons would in that case have been amongst the most terrible of human compositions. But if ever he warms into something like eloquence, it is when he is endeavouring to force upon the imaginations of his hearers the horrors of their position. Perhaps the best specimen of his powers in this department is a sermon which we are told produced a great effect at the time of revivals, and to which, we may as well remember, Phebe Bartlet may probably have listened. Read that sermon (Vol. VII., Sermon XV.) and endeavour to picture the scene of its original delivery. Imagine the congregation of rigid Calvinists, prepared by previous scenes of frenzy and convulsion, and longing for the fierce excitement which was the only break in the monotony of their laborious lives. And then imagine Edwards ascending the pulpit, with his flaccid solids and vapid fluids, and the pale drawn face, in which we can trace an equal resemblance to the stern Puritan forefathers and to the keen sallow New Englander of modern times. He gives out as his text, "Sinners shall slide in due time;" and the title of his sermon is, "Sinners in the Hands of an angry God." For a full hour he dwells with unusual vehemence on the wrath of the Creator and the sufferings of the creature. His sentences, generally languid and complex, condense themselves into short, almost gasping asseveration. God is angry with the wicked; as angry with the living wicked as "with many of those miserable creatures that He is now tormenting in hell." The devil is waiting; the fire is ready; the furnace is hot; the "glittering sword is whet and held over them, and the pit hath opened her mouth to receive them." The unconverted are walking on a rotten covering, where there are innumerable weak places, and those places not distinguishable. The flames are "gathering and lashing about" the sinner, and all that preserves him for a moment is "the mere arbitrary will and uncovenanted, un-

obliged forbearance of an incensed God." But does not God love sinners? Hardly in a comforting sense. "The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some other loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked; He looks upon you as worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire; . . . you are ten thousand times as abominable in His eyes as the most hateful and venomous serpent is in ours." The comparison of man to a loathsome viper is one of Edwards' most favourite metaphors (e.g. VII. 167, 179, 182, 198, 344, 496). No relief is possible; Edwards will have no attempt to explain away the eternity of which he speaks; there will be no end to the "exquisite horrible misery" of the damned. You, when damned, "will know certainly that you must wear out long ages, millions of millions of ages, in wrestling and conflicting with this Almighty merciless vengeance: and then when you have so done, when so many ages have actually been spent by you in this manner, you will know that all is but a point to what remains." Nor might his hearers fancy that, as respectable New England Puritans, they had no personal interest in the question. It would be awful, he says, if we could point to one definite person in this congregation as certain to endure such torments. "But, alas! instead of one, how many is it likely will remember this discourse in hell? It would be a wonder if some that are now present should not be in hell in a very short time, before this year is out. And it would be no wonder if some persons that now sit here in some seats of this meeting-house in health, and quiet and secure, should be there before tomorrow morning."

With which blessing he dismissed the congregation to their dinners, with such appetites as might be left to them. The strained excitement which marks this awful production could not be maintained; but Edwards never shrank in cold blood from the most appalling consequences of his theories. He tells us with superlative coolness, that the "bulk of mankind do throng" to hell. (VII. 226.) He sentences infants to hell as remorselessly as the *durus pater infantum*, Augustine. The imagination, he admits, may be relieved by the hypothesis that infants suffer only in this world, instead of being doomed to eternal misery. "But it does not at all relieve one's reason"; and that is the only faculty which

he will obey. (VI. 461.) Historically the doctrine is supported by the remark that God did not save the children of Sodom, and that he actually commanded the slaughter of the Midianitish infants. "Happy shall he be," it is written of Edom, "that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones." (VI. 255.) Philosophically he remarks that "a young viper has a malignant nature, though incapable of doing a malignant action" (VI. 471), and quotes with approval the statement of a Jewish Rabbi, that a child is wicked as soon as born, "for at the same time that he sucks the breasts he follows his lust" (VI. 482), which is perhaps the superlative expression of the theory that all natural instincts are corrupt. Finally, he enforces the only doctrine which can equal this in horror, namely, that the saints rejoice in the damnation of the wicked. In a sermon called "Wicked Men useful in their Destruction only" (Vol. VIII., Sermon XXI.) he declares that "the view of the doleful condition of the damned will make them (the saints in heaven) more prize their own blessedness." They will realize the wonderful grace of God, who has made so great a difference between them and others of the same species, "who are no worse by nature than they, and have deserved no worse of God than they." "When they shall look upon the damned," he exclaims, "and see their misery, how will heaven ring with the praises of God's justice towards the wicked, and His grace towards the saints! And with how much greater enlargement of heart will they praise Jesus Christ their Redeemer, that ever He was pleased to set His love upon them, His dying love!"

Was the man who could utter such blasphemous sentiments—for so they undoubtedly appear to us—a being of ordinary flesh and blood? One would rather have supposed his solids to be of bronze, and his fluids of vitriol, than have attributed to them the character which he describes. That he should have been a gentle meditative creature, around whose knees had clung eleven "young vipers" of his own begetting, is certainly an astonishing reflection. And yet, to do Edwards justice, we must remember two things. In the first place, the responsibility for such ghastly beliefs cannot be repudiated by any one who believes in the torments of hell. Catholics and Protestants must share the opprobrium due to the assertion of this shameful doctrine. Nor does Arminianism really

provide more than a merely verbal escape from the difficulty. The "semi-Pelagian" Jeremy Taylor, for example, draws a picture of hell quite as fearful and as material as Edwards', and if animated by a less fanatical spirit, adorned by an incomparably more vivid fancy. He specially improves upon Edwards' description by introducing the sense of smell. The tyrant who fastened the dead to the living, invented an exquisite torment; "but what is this in respect of hell, when each body of the damned is more loathsome and unsavoury than a million of dead dogs, and all those pressed and crowded together in so strait a compass? Bonaventure goes so far as to say that if one only of the damned were brought into this world, it were sufficient to affect the whole earth. Neither shall the devils send forth a better smell; for although they are spirits, yet those fiery bodies unto which they are fastened and confined shall be of a more pestilential flavour." It is vain to attempt an extenuation of the horror, by relieving the Almighty from the responsibility of this fearful prison-house. The dogma of free-will is a transparent mockery. It simply enables the believer to retain the hideous side of his creed by abandoning the rational side. To pass over the objection that by admitting the existence of chance it really destroys the ideas of merit and of justice, the really awful dogma remains. You still believe that God has made man too weak to stand alone, that He has placed him amidst temptations where his fall, if not rigidly certain in a given case, is still inevitable for the mass, and then torments him eternally for his wickedness. Whether a man is slain outright, or merely placed without help to wander at random through innumerable pit-falls, makes no real difference in the character of the action. Theologians profess horror at the doctrine of infinite damnation, though they cannot always make up their minds to disavow it explicitly, but they will find it easier to condemn the doctrine than effectually to repudiate all responsibility. To the statement that it follows logically from the dogma of original sin, they reply that logic is out of place in such questions. But, if this be granted, do they not maintain doctrines as hideous, when calmly examined? It is blasphemous, we are told, to say with Edwards, that God holds the "little vipers," whom we call "helpless innocents," suspended over the pit of hell, and drops millions of

them into ruthless torments. Certainly it is blasphemous. But is an infant really more helpless than the poor savage of Australia or St. Giles's, surrounded from his birth with cruel and brutal natures, and never catching one glimpse of celestial light? Nay, when the question is between God and man, does not the difference between the infant and the philosopher or the statesman vanish into nothing? All, whatever figment of free-will may be set up, are equally helpless in face of the surrounding influences which mould their characters and their fate. Young children, the heterodox declare, are innocent. But the theologian replies with unanswerable truth that God looks at the heart and not at the actions, and that science and theology are at one in declaring that in the child are the germs of the adult man. If human nature is corrupt and therefore hateful to God, Edwards is quite right in declaring that the bursting bud must be as hateful as the full-grown tree. To beings of a loftier order, to say nothing of a Being of infinite power and wisdom, the petty race of man would appear as helpless as insects appear to us; and the distinction between the children or the ignorant and the wise and full-grown an irrelevant refinement.

It is of course true that the patient reception of this and similar doctrines would indicate at the present day a callous heart or a perverted intellect. Though, in the sphere of abstract speculation, we cannot draw any satisfactory line between the man and the infant, there is a wide gap to the practical imagination. A man ought to be shocked when confronted with this fearfully concrete corollary to his theories. But the blame should be given where it is due. The Calvinist is not to blame for the theory of universal law which he shares with the philosopher, but for the theory of damnation which he shares with the Arminian. The hideous dogma is the existence of the prison-house, not the belief that its inmates are sent there by God's inscrutable decree instead of being drafted into it by lot. And here we come to the second fact which must be remembered in Edwards' favour. The living truths in his theory are chained to dead fancies; and the fancies have an odour as repulsive as Taylor's "million of dead dogs." But on the truths is founded a religious and moral system of morality which, however erroneous it may appear to some thinkers, is

conspicuous for its vigour and loftiness. Edwards often shows himself a worthy successor of the great men who led the moral revolt of the Reformation. Amongst some very questionable metaphysics and much outworn — often repulsive — superstition, he grasps the central truths on which all really noble morality must be based. The mode in which they presented themselves to his mind may be easily traced. Calvinism, logically developed, leads to Spinozism. The absolute sovereignty of God, the doctrine to which Edwards constantly returns, must be extended over all nature as well as over the fate of the individual human soul. The peculiarity of Edwards' mind was that the doctrine had thus expanded along particular lines of thought, without equally affecting others. He is a kind of Spinoza-Mather: he combines, that is, the logical keenness of the great metaphysician with the puerile superstitions of the New England divine; he sees God in all nature, and yet believes in the degrading supernaturalism of the Salem witches. The object of his faith, in short, is the "infinite Jehovah" (VI. 170), the God to whose all-pervading power none can set a limit, and who is yet the tutelary deity of a petty clan; and there is something almost bewildering in the facility with which he passes from one conception to the other without the smallest consciousness of any discontinuity. Of his coincidence in the popular theories, and especially in the doctrine of damnation, I have already given instances. His utterances derived from a loftier source are given with equal emphasis. At the age of fifteen or sixteen he had said, "God and real existence are the same; God is, and there is none else."* The same doctrine is the foundation of the theories expounded in his treatises on Virtue and on the End of God in Creation. In the last of these, for example, he uses the argument (which might seem to have been suggested by, but that he apparently never read, Spinoza), that benevolence, consisting in regard to "Being in general," must be due to any being in proportion to the degree of existence. (II. 401.) Now "all other being is as nothing in comparison of the Divine Being." God is "the foundation and fountain of all being and all perfection, from whom all is

* See an interesting article in the *American Cyclopaedia*; which has, however, this odd peculiarity, that it never mentions hell in discussing the theories of Edwards.

perfectly derived, and on whom all is most absolutely and perfectly dependent; whose being and beauty is, as it were, the sum and comprehension of all existence and excellence; much more than the sun is the fountain and summary comprehension of all the light and brightness of the day." (II. 405.) As he says in the companion treatise, "The eternal and infinite Being is, in effect, being in general, and comprehends universal existence." (VI. 59.) The only end worthy of God must, therefore, be His own glory. This is not to attribute selfishness to God, for "in God, the love of Himself and the love of the public are not to be distinguished as in man, because God's being, as it were, comprehends all." (VI. 53.) In communicating His fulness to His creatures, He is of necessity the ultimate end; but it is a fallacy to make God and the creature in this affair of the emanation of the Divine fulness "the opposite parts of a disjunction." (VI. 55.) The creature's love of God and complacency in the Divine perfections are the same thing as the manifestation of the Divine glory. "They are all but the emanations of God's glory, or the excellent brightness and fulness of the Divinity diffused, overflowing, and, as it were, enlarged; we, in one word, existing *ad extra*." (VI. 117.) In more familiar dialect, our love to God is but God's goodness making itself objective. The only knowledge which deserves the name is the knowledge of God, and virtue is but the knowledge of God under a different name.

Without dwelling upon the relations of this doctrine to modern forms of Pantheism, I must consider this last proposition, which is of vital importance in Edwards' system, and of which the theological and the metaphysical element is curiously blended. God is to the universe — to use Edwards' own metaphor — what the sun is to our planet; and the metaphor would have been more adequate if he had been acquainted with modern science. The sun's action is the primary cause of all the infinitely complex play of forces which manifest themselves in the fall of a raindrop or in the operations of a human brain. But as some bodies may seem to resist the action of the sun's rays, so may some created beings set themselves in opposition to the Divine Will. To a thorough-going Pantheist, indeed, such an opposition must appear to be impossible if we look deep enough, and sin, in this sense, be

merely an illusion, caused by our incapacity of taking in the whole design of the Almighty. Edwards, however, though dimly aware of the difficulty, is not so consistent in his Pantheism as to be much troubled with it. He admits that, by some mysterious process, corruption has intruded itself into the Divine universe. The all-pervading harmony is marred by a discord due, in his phraseology, to the fall of man. Over the ultimate cause of this discord lies a veil which can never be withdrawn to mortal intelligence. Assuming its existence, however, virtue consists, if one may so speak, in that quality which fits a man to be a conducting medium, and vice in that which makes him a non-conducting medium to the solar forces. This proposition is confounded in Edwards' mind, as in that of most metaphysicians, with the very different proposition that virtue consists in recognizing the Divine origin of those forces. It is characteristic, in fact, of metaphysical writers, to identify the logical with the causal connection, and to assume that the definition of a thing constitutes its essence. "Virtue," says Edwards, "is the union of heart to being in general, or to God, the Being of beings" (II. 421), and thus consists in the intellectual apprehension of Deity, and in the emotion founded upon and necessarily involving the apprehension. The doctrine that whatever is done so as to promote the glory of God is virtuous, is with him identified with the doctrine that whatever is done consciously in order to promote the glory of God, is virtuous. The major premiss of the syllogism which proves an action to be virtuous must be actually present to the mind of the agent. This, in utilitarian phraseology, is to confound between the criterion and the motive. If it is, as Edwards says, the test of a virtuous action that it should tend to "the highest good of being in general," it does not follow that an action is only virtuous when done with a conscious reference to that end. But Edwards overlooks the distinction, and assumes, for example, as an evident corollary, that a love of children or friends is only virtuous in so far as it is founded on a desire for the general good, which, in his sense, is a desire for the glory of God. (II. 428.) He judges actions, that is, not by their tendency, but by their nature; and their nature is equivalent to their logic.

This metaphysical theory coincides precisely with his theological view, and is

generally expressed in theological language. The love of "Being in general" is the love of God. The intellectual intuition is the reflection of the inward light; and the recognition of a mathematical truth is but a different phase of the process which elsewhere produces conversion. Intuition is a kind of revelation, and revelation is a special intuition.

One of his earliest published sermons is devoted to prove the existence of "a divine and supernatural light, immediately imparted to the soul by the Spirit of God." (Vol. VIII., Sermon XXVII.) On that fundamental doctrine his whole theological system is based; as his metaphysical system rests on the existence of absolute *à priori* truths. The knowledge of God sums up all true beliefs and justifies all virtuous emotions, as the power of God supports all creation at every instant. "It is by a Divine influence that the laws of nature are upheld, and a constant concurrence of Divine power is necessary in order to our being, moving, or having a being." (V. 419.) To be constantly drawing sustenance from the eternal power which everywhere underlies the phenomena of the world is the necessary condition of spiritual life, as to breathe the air is the condition of physical life. The force which this conception, whether true or false, exercises over the imagination, and the depth which it gives to Edwards' moral views, are manifest at every turn. Edwards rises far above those theories, recurring in so many different forms, which place the essence of religion in some outward observances, or in a set of propositions not vitally connected with the spiritual constitution. Edwards' contemporaries, such as Lardner or Sherlock, thought that to be a Christian was to accept certain results of antiquarian research. With a curious *naïveté* they sometimes say that a ploughman or a cobbler could summarily answer the problems which have puzzled generations of critics. Edwards sees the absurdity of hoping that a genuine faith can ever be based on such balancing of historical probabilities. The cobbler was to be awed by the learned man; but how could he implicitly trust a learned man when his soul was at stake, and when learned men differed? To convince the ignorant or the Houssatunnuck Indian, God's voice must speak through a less devious channel. The transcendent glory of Divine things proves the Divinity intuitively; the mind does not indeed discard argument, but it does not want any "long chain

of argument; the argument is but one and the evidence direct; the mind ascends to the truth of the Gospel but by one step, and that is its Divine glory."* The moral theory of the contemporary rationalists was correlative to their religious theory. To be religious was to believe that certain facts had once happened; to be moral was to believe that under certain circumstances you would at some future time go to hell. Virtue of that kind was not to Edwards' taste, though few men have been less sparing in using the appeal to damnation. But threats of hell-fire were only meant to startle the sinner from his repose. His morality could be framed from no baser material than love to the Divine perfections. "What thanks are due to you for not loving your own misery, and for being willing to take some pains to escape burning in hell to all eternity? There is ne'er a devil in hell but would gladly do the same." (VIII. 145.)

The strength, however, and the weakness of Edwards as a moralist are best illustrated from the two treatises on the Religious Affections and on Original Sin. The first, which was the fruit of his experiences at Northampton, may be described as a system of religious diagnostics. By what symptoms are you to distinguish—that was the problem which forced itself upon him—the spiritual state produced by the Divine action from that which is but a hollow mockery? After his mode of judging in concrete cases, as already indicated, we are rather surprised by the calm and sensible tone of his argument. The deep sense of the vast importance of the events to which he was a witness makes him the more scrupulous in testing their real character. He resists the temptation to dwell upon those noisy and questionable manifestations in which the vulgar thirst for the wonderful found the most appropriate testimony to the work. Roman Catholic archbishops at the present day can exhort their hearers to put their faith in a silly story of a vision on the express ground that the popularity of the belief amongst Catholics proves its Divine origin. That is wonderfully like saying that a successful lie should be patronized so long as it is on the side of the Church. Edwards, brought up in a manlier school, deals with such phenomena in a different

* See the same argument put from a Deist point of view in the curious pamphlet called *Christianity not founded on Argument*, attributed to Henry Dodwell, son of the Non-juror.

spirit. Suppose, he says, that a person terrified by threats of hell-fire has a vision "of a person with a beautiful and shattered countenance, smiling on him with arms open and with blood dropping down," whom he supposes to be Christ come to promise him eternal life; are we to assume that this vision and the consequent transports infallibly indicate supernatural agency? No, he replies, with equal sense and honesty; "he must have but slightly considered human nature who thinks such things cannot arise in this manner without any supernatural excitement of Divine power." (IV. 72.) Many mischievous delusions have their origin in this error. "It is a low, miserable notion of spiritual sense" to suppose that these "external ideas" (ideas, that is, such as enter by the senses) are proofs of Divine interference. Ample experience has shown that they are proofs not of the spiritual health which comes from communion with God, but of "weakness of body and mind and distempers of body." (IV. 143.) Marie Alacoque was an exemplary confirmation of Edwards' wisdom. Neither bodily convulsions, nor vehement excitement of mind, nor even revelations of things to come (IV. 158) are sufficient proofs of that mysterious change of soul which is called conversion. No external test, in fact, can be given. Man cannot judge decisively, but the best symptoms are such proofs as increased humility, a love of Christ for His own sake, without reference to heaven or hell, a sense of the infinite beauty of Divine things, a certain "symmetry and proportion" between the affections themselves (IV. 314), a desire for higher perfection, and a rich harvest of the fruit of Christian practice.

So far, Edwards is unassailable from his own point of view. Our theory of religion may differ from his; but at least he fully realizes how profound is the meaning of the word, and aims at conquering all human faculties, not at controlling a few external manifestations. But his further applications of the theory lead him into more doubtful speculations. That Being, a union with whom constitutes true holiness, is not only to be the ideal of perfect goodness, but he must be the God of the Calvinists, who fulfils the stipulations of a strange legal bargain, and the God of the Jews, who sentences whole nations to massacre for the crimes of their ancestors. Edwards has hitherto been really protesting against that lower conception of God which is

latent in at least the popular versions of Catholic or Arminian theology, and to which Calvinism opposes a loftier view. God, on this theory, is not really almighty, for the doctrine of free-will places human actions and their results beyond His control. He is scarcely even omniscient, for, like human rulers, He judges by actions, not by the intrinsic nature of the soul; and therefore distributes His rewards and punishments on a system comparable to that of mere earthly jurisprudence. He is at most the infallible judge of actions, not the universal ordainer of events and distributor of life and happiness. Edwards' profound conviction of the absolute sovereignty of God leads him to reject all such feeble conceptions. But he has now to tell us where the Divine influence has actually displayed itself; and his view becomes strangely narrowed. Instead of confessing that all good gifts come from God, he infers that those which do not come from his own God must be radically vicious. Already, as we have seen, in virtue of his leading principle, he has denied to all natural affections the right to be truly virtuous. Unless they involve a conscious reference to God, they are but delusive resemblances of the reality. He admits that the natural man can in various ways produce very fair imitations of true virtue. By help of association of ideas, for example, as by the force of sympathy (thus anticipating Hartley and Adam Smith), benevolence may become pleasing and malevolence displeasing, even when our own interest is not involved. (II. 436.) Nay, there is a kind of moral sense natural to man, which consists in a certain perception of the harmony between sin and punishment, and which, therefore, does not properly spring from self-love. This moral sense may even go so far as to recognize the propriety of yielding all to the God from whom we receive everything (II. 443), and the justice of the punishment of sinners. And yet this natural conscience does not imply the existence of a "truly virtuous taste or determination of the mind to relish and delight in the essential beauty of true virtue, arising from a virtuous benevolence of the heart." (II. 445.) God has bestowed such instincts upon men for their preservation here; but they will disappear in the next world, where no such need for them exists. He is driven, indeed, to make some vague concessions (against which his enlightened commentators protest) to the effect

that "these things [the natural affections] have something of the general nature of virtue, which is love" (II. 456); but no such uncertain affinity can make them worthy to be reckoned with that union with God which is the effect of the Divine intervention alone.

Edwards is thus in the singular position of a Pantheist who yet regards all nature as alienated from God; and in the treatise on Original Sin he brings out the more revolting consequences of that view by help of the theological dogma of corruption. He there maintains, in its fullest sense, the terrible thesis, that all men are naturally in a state of which the inevitable issue is their "utter, eternal perdition, as being finally accursed of God and the subjects of his remediless wrath through sin." (VI. 137.) The evidence of this appalling statement is made up, with a simplicity which would be amusing if employed in a less fearful cause, of various texts from Scripture, quoted, of course, after the most profoundly unhistorical fashion; of inferences from the universality of death, regarded as the penalty incurred by Adam; of general reflections upon the heathen world and the idolatry of the Jews; and of the sentences pronounced by Jehovah against the Canaanites. In one of his sermons, of portentous length and ferocity (Vol. VII., Sermon III.), he expands the doctrine that natural men — which includes all men who have not gone through the mysterious process of conversion — are God's enemies. Their heart, he says, "is like a viper, hissing and spitting poison at God;" and God requites their ill-will with undying enmity and never-ceasing torments. Their unconsciousness of that enmity, and even their belief that they are rightly affected towards God, is no proof that the enmity does not exist. The consequences may be conceived. "God who made you has given you a capacity to bear torment; and He has that capacity in His hands; and He can enlarge it and make you capable of more misery, as much as He will. If God hates any one and sets Himself against him as His enemy, what cannot He do with him? How dreadful it must be to fall into the hands of such an enemy!" (VII. 201.) How dreadful, we add, is the conception of the universe which implies that God is such an enemy of the bulk of His creatures; and how strangely it combines with the mild Pantheism which traces and adores the hand of God in all natural objects! The doctrine, it is to be observed, which

is expanded through many pages of the book on Original Sin, is not merely that men are legally guilty, as being devoid of "true virtue," though possessed of a certain factitious moral sense, but that they are actually for the most part detestably wicked. One illustration of his method may be sufficient. The vileness of man is proved by the remark (not peculiar to Edwards), that men who used to live 1,000 years, now live only 70; whilst throughout Christendom their life does not average more than 40 or 50 years; so that "sensuality and debauchery" have shortened our days to a twentieth part of our former allowance.

Thus the Divine power which is in one sense the sole moving force of the universe, is limited, so far as its operation upon men's hearts is concerned, to that small minority who have gone through the process of conversion as recognized by Edwards' sect. All others, heathens, infants, and the great mass of professed Christians, are sentenced to irretrievable perdition. The simplicity with which he condemns all other forms even of his own religion is almost touching. He incidentally remarks, for example, that external exercises may not show true virtue, because they have frequently proceeded from false religion. Members of the Romish Church and many ancient "hermits and anchorites" have been most energetic in such exercises, and Edwards once lived next to a Jew who appeared to him "the devoutest person that he ever saw in his life" (IV. 99); but, as he quietly assumes, all such appearances must of course be delusive.

Once more, then, we are brought back to the question, how could any man hold such doctrines without going mad? or, as it must now be asked, how could a man with so many elevated conceptions of the truth reconcile these ghastly conclusions to the nobler part of his creed? Edwards' own explanations of the difficulty — such as they are — do not help us very far. The argument by which he habitually defends the justice of the Almighty sounds very much like a poor quibble in his mouth, though it was not peculiar to him. Our obligation towards God, he says, must be in proportion to His merits; therefore it is infinite. Now there is no merit in paying a debt which we owe; and hence the fullest discharge of our duty deserves no reward. On the other hand, there is demerit in refusing to pay a debt; and therefore any shortcoming deserves an infinite penalty.

(VI. 155.) Without examining whether our duty is proportional to the perfection of its object, and is irrespective of our capacities, there is one vital objection to this doctrine, which Edwards had adopted from less coherent reasoners. His theory, as I have said, so far from destroying virtue, gives it the fullest possible meaning. There can be no more profound distinction than between the affections which harmonize with the Divine will and those which are discordant, though it might puzzle a more consistent Pantheist to account for the existence of the latter. That, however, is a primary doctrine with Edwards. But if virtue remains, it is certain that his theory seems to be destructive both of merit and demerit as between man and God. If we are but clay in the hands of the potter, there is no intelligible meaning in our deserving from him either good or evil. We are as he has made us. Edwards explains, indeed, that the sense of desert implies a certain natural congruity between evil-doing and punishment. (II. 430.) But the question recurs, how in such a case the congruity arises? It is one of the illusions which should disappear when we rise to the sphere of the absolute and infinite. The metaphor about a debt and its payment, though common in vulgar Calvinism, is quite below Edwards' usual level of thought. And, if we try to restate the argument in a more congenial form, its force disappears. The love of God, even though imperfect, should surely imply some conformity to His nature; and the existence of a certain defect is no intelligible reason for confounding the sentiment with an absolute enmity to the Creator. Though the argument, which is several times repeated, appears to have satisfied Edwards, it would have been more in harmony with his principles to declare, that, as between man and his God, there could be no question of justice. The absolute sovereignty of the Creator is the only, and to him it should be the conclusive, answer to such complaints. But, whatever may be the fate of this apology, the one irremovable difficulty remains behind. If God be the one universal cause of all things, is He not the cause of evil as well as good? Do you not make God, in short, the author of sin?

With this final difficulty, which, indeed, besets all such theories, Edwards struggles long and with less than his usual vigour. He tries to show, and perhaps

successfully, that the difficulty concerns his opponents as much as himself. They can, at least, escape only by creating a new kind of necessity, under the name of contingency; for God is, on this theory, like a mariner who has constantly to shape his course to meet unforeseen and uncontrollable gusts of wind (V. 298); and to make the best of it. He insists upon the difference, not very congenial to his scheme, between ordering and permitting evil. The sun, he says (V. 293), causes light, but is only the occasion of darkness. If, however, the sun voluntarily retired from the world, it could scarcely evade the responsibility of its absence. And, finally, he makes the ordinary distinction, and that which is perhaps the best answer to be made to an unanswerable difficulty. Christ's crucifixion, he says, was so far bad as it was brought about by malignant murderers; but as considered by God, with a view to all its glorious consequences, it was not evil, but good. (V. 297.) And thus any action may have two aspects; and that which appears to us, whose view is necessarily limited, as simply evil, may, when considered by an infinite intelligence, as part of the general order of things, be absolutely good. God does not will sin as sin, but as a necessary part of a generally perfect system.

Here, however, in front of that ultimate mystery which occurs in all speculation, I must take leave of this singular thinker. In a frequently quoted passage, Mackintosh speaks of his "power of subtle argument, perhaps unmatched, certainly unsurpassed amongst men." The eulogy seems to be rather overstrained, unless we measure subtlety of thought rather by the complexity and elaboration of its embodiment, than by the keenness of the thought itself. But that Edwards possessed extraordinary acuteness, is as clear as it is singular that so acute a man should have suffered his intellectual activity to be restrained within such narrow fetters. Placed in a different medium, under the same circumstances, for example, as Hume or Kant, he might have developed a system of metaphysics of not less importance in the history of thought than the doctrines of either of these thinkers. He was, one might fancy, formed by nature to be a German professor, and accidentally dropped into the American forests. Far away from the main currents of speculation, ignorant of the conclusions reached by his most cultivated contemporaries, and de-

iving his intellectual sustenance chiefly from an absolute theology, with some vague knowledge of the English followers of Locke, his mind never expanded itself freely. Yet, even after making allowance for his secluded life, we are astonished at the powerful grasp which Calvinism, in its expiring age, had laid upon so penetrating an intellect. The framework of dogma was so powerful, that the explosive force of Edwards' speculations, instead of destroying his early principles by its recoil, expended its whole energy along the line in which orthodox opinion was not injured. Most bold speculators, indeed, suffer from a kind of colour blindness, which conceals from them a whole order of ideas, sufficiently familiar to very inferior minds. Edwards' utter unconsciousness of the aspect which his doctrines would present to any one who should have passed beyond the charmed circle of orthodox sentiment is, however, more surprising than the similar defect in any thinker of nearly equal acuteness. In the middle of the eighteenth century, he is still in bondage to the dogmas of the Pilgrim Fathers; he is as indifferent to the audacious revolt of Hume and Collins as if the old theological dynasty were still in full vigour; and the fact, whatever else it may prove, proves something for the enduring vitality of the ideas which had found an imperfect expression in Calvinism. Clearing away the crust of ancient superstition, we may still find in Edwards' writings a system of morality as ennobling and a theory of the universe as elevated as can be discovered in any theology. That the crust was thick and hard, and often revolting in its composition, is, indeed undeniable; but the genuine metal is there, no less unmistakably than the refuse.

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LINCOLNSHIRE SCENERY AND CHARACTER AS ILLUSTRATED BY MR. TENNYSON.

As a Lincolnshire man, and long familiar with the district in which Mr. Tennyson was born, I have often been struck with the many illustrations of our county's scenery and character to be found in his poems. What Virgil has done for Mantua and its slow, winding river, what Horace has done for Bandusia and the Apulian Apennines, what Wordsworth has done

for the English Lakes and Scott for the Highlands, that our poet has done for the homelier scenes of his boyhood and earlier manhood in Mid-Lincolnshire.

They live for us in his pages depicted with all the truth and accuracy of a photograph. This, I think, will appear from the following paper, in which I have sought to bring together the chief passages that bear upon Lincolnshire scenery out of Mr. Tennyson's poems.

And to begin with, his birthplace, Somersby — of which parish Mr. Tennyson's father was the rector, and where he passed with little interval the first twenty-five years of his life — is a quiet wooded village, "pleasantly situated," as the guide-books say, at the foot of the South Wold. The country about it is soft and pastoral, with small villages lying close together. To the north rises the long back of the wold, with its steep white road that climbs the hill above Thetford; to the south the land slopes gently to a small deep-channelled brook which rises not far from Somersby, and flows just below the parsonage garden. This home-scene is pictured to us in the "Ode to Memory, written very early in life," first published 1830.

Come forth, I charge thee! arise,
Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes!
Thou comest not with shows of flaunting vines
Unto mine inner eye
Divinest memory!
Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall
Which ever sounds and shines
A pillar of white light upon the wall
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried;
Come from the woods that belt the gray hill-side,
The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress, and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filtered tribute of the rough woodland.
O! hither lead thy feet!
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds
Upon the ridged wolds;
When the first matin-song hath waked loud
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud.

Surely very remarkable verse for a boy still in his teens! "Non sine Dîs animosus infans." But mark the illustration of the local scenery — "the woods that belt the gray hill-side" — the trees of the spot — elm and poplar — and,

above all, the brook. This brook will occur again and again in Mr. Tennyson's poems. It rises, we have seen, a little way above Somersby, runs beneath the village, as here described, over "matted cress and ribbed sand," "narrow" — for a boy could jump it — with deep banks, eating its way with innumerable links and turnings, and serving to drain a large district, "drawing into its narrow earthen urn, in every elbow and turn, the filtered tribute of the rough woodland." A little below Somersby it is dammed up to turn a small water-mill. And there by its banks we find the poet, in another exquisite lyric — "The Miller's Daughter" — published in 1833.

How dear to me in youth, my love,
Was everything about the mill,
The black and silent pool above,
The pool beneath that ne'er stood still :
The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty by the floating meal !
I loved from off the bridge to hear
The rushing sound the water made,
And see the fish that everywhere
In the back-current glanced and played :
Low down the tall flag-flower that sprung
Beside the noisy stepping-stones,
And the massed chestnut boughs that hung
Thick studded over with white cones.

The brook has a sandy bottom, where shoals of small fish delight to disport themselves. And it may be that it was here that Mr. Tennyson took his *simile* in Enid, where the panic-stricken followers of false Lémours vanish at the charge of Geraint —

Like a shoal
Of darting fish that on a summer morn
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand.
But if a man who stands upon the brink
But lift a shining hand against the sun,
There is not left the twinkle of a fin
Betwixt the cressy islets white with flowers.

Allusions to the same brook may be seen in "In Memoriam," No. xcvi., where it is described as swerving

To left and right thro' meadowy curves
That feed the mothers of the flock.

It flows in an easterly direction below Somersby, "a rivulet, then a river," and after a course of some length, through thorp and village, taking its name from each in turn, it enters the sea at a spot called Gibraltar Point, where it forms Wainfleet haven. Here begins that long line of sand-hills or dunes which stretches northward to the Humber, and which by

a narrow ridge wards off the German Ocean from the rich Lincolnshire marsh, a tract of pasture land varying from four to eight miles in width, which lies between the sea and the wold.

These sand-hills, with the flat shore on the one side and the fertile marsh on the other, find frequent mention in Mr. Tennyson's poems. His first sight of the sea was on the Lincolnshire coast ; and there it is known that many of his earlier poems were written and revised, *παρὰ θίνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης*.

The quotations will show how accurately he has seized the peculiar features of our coast, its long-retreating tides, its salt creeks, its heavy plunging seas. Thus, to go back to the "Ode to Memory" —

Artist-like

Ever retiring thou dost gaze
On the prime labours of thine early days :
No matter what the sketch might be,
Whether the high field or the bushless Pike :
Or even a sand-built ridge
Overblown with murmurs harsh,
Or even a lowly cottage, whence we see
Stretched wide and wild the waste enormous
marsh,
When from the frequent bridge,
Emblems or glimpses of eternity,
The trenched waters run from sky to sky.

In the "Palace of Art" we have these picturesque lines : —

A still salt pool locked in with bars of sand
Left on the shore, that hears all night
The plunging seas draw backward from the
land
Their moon-led waters white.

There we see our coast at low water, with its shallow creeks banked in by amber bars of sand ; and in "Locksley Hall" we have that same coast in another aspect : —

Locksley Hall that in the distance overlooks
the sandy flats,
And the hollow ocean ridges roaring into
cataracts.

We hear in this the mighty sound of the breakers as they fling themselves at full tide with long-gathered force upon the slope sands of Skegness or Maplethorpe on the Lincolnshire coast. Nowhere is ocean grander in a storm ; nowhere is the thunder of the sea louder, nor its waves higher, nor the spread of their waters on the beach wider. Mr. Tennyson has pictured it all in a splendid passage in one of his latest works, "The Last Tournament," —

Arthur — deigned not use of word or sword —
 But let the drunkard . . .
 Fall. As the crest of some slow dashing wave
 Heard in dead night along that table shore
 Drops flat, and after the great waters break
 Whitening for half a league, and thin them-
 selves,
 Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
 From less and less to nothing.

The only fault here is the unworthiness of the object which suggests the comparison. But the *simile* itself is magnificent, and reminds one of Virgil's "neque ipso monte minor procumbit," (Georg. III., 1177) a poet with whom Mr. Tennyson offers many points of resemblance.

Three other passages I find which bear evidence of being composed on recollections of the Lincolnshire shore.

This from "A Dream of Fair Women": —

So shape chased shape as swift as when to land
 Bluster the winds and tides the selfsame way,
 Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
 Torn from the fringe of spray.

And this from the "Lotos Eaters": —

How sweet it were . . .
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray.

And this from the same poem —

The charmed sunset lingered low adown
 In the red west . . .
 They sat them down upon the yellow sand
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore.

With regard to the last, I may remark that Sir H. Holland, in his very interesting "Life Recollections," expresses surprise that no writer in prose or verse has noticed the phenomenon of the sun and moon both at full above the horizon at the same time. But he must have overlooked these lines, which show that long ago Mr. Tennyson had seen and recorded this very sight. Where he saw it admits of hardly a doubt — on the low dunes of the Lincolnshire coast, where at one time the red sun may be seen setting over the wide marsh, and the full moon rising out of the eastern sea.

Probably it was from the same position that Mr. Tennyson watched those glorious autumn sunsets which painters are familiar with on our flat coast, one of which he has sketched for us in a single line —

The wide-winged sunset of the misty marsh.

Further illustration of the Lincolnshire landscape, and particularly the landscape about Somersby, are met with in "In

Memoriam," lxxxvii., xciii., xcvi., xcix., c. — Edition 1850. Here we find many a characteristic of the county. The "sheep-walk up the windy wold"; the "knoll," where the cattle love to lie in summer, adorned with "ash and haw," the ash being pre-eminently the Lincolnshire tree, and noticed elsewhere by the poet for its backwardness in coming into leaf: —

Delaying as the tender ash delays
 To clothe herself when all the woods are green.

And again —

Black as the ash-buds in the front of March.

The "quarry," trenched along the chalk hill, the brook, "pleasant fields and farms," the trees with unlopped boughs, not trimmed up to the likeness of radishes as is the case in some counties, but free to spread their "dark arms" over field and lane. One other mark of the district may be noticed from "In Memoriam," xxviii., and that is the nearness of the Lincolnshire villages to each other — as evidenced by the poet hearing at one time four peals of Christmas bells. It is the custom in Lincolnshire to ring for a month or six weeks before Christmas, and a late traveller at that period of the year may often realize for himself the following description —

The time draws near the birth of Christ.
 The moon is hid: the night is still,
 The Christmas bells from hill to hill
 Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round
 From far and near on mead and moor,
 Swell out and fail, as if a door
 Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind
 That now dilate, and now decrease;
 Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
 Peace and goodwill to all mankind.

Such are some of the many illustrations of Lincolnshire scenery to be derived from Mr. Tennyson's works, and these by no means exhaust the list. "Mariana," "The Dying Swan," and "The May Queen," are full of reminiscences of Lincolnshire — Lincolnshire landscape, Lincolnshire skyscape, and Lincolnshire wild-flowers.

Take this from "Mariana": —

From the dark fen the oxen's low
 Came to her: without hope of change
 In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
 About the lonely moated grange.

The grange itself still exists amongst

us, with its old moat unhealthily near,
and sluggish, stagnant waters thick-
coated with duck-weed, just as it is here
described : —

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd water slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marsh-mosses crept.

These marsh-mosses, "green and still,"
appear again in "The Dying Swan,"
which opens with a sketch sad enough,
but which will be recognized as Lincoln-
shire under its least cheerful aspect,
when the east-wind prevails : —

The plain was grassy, wild, and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful gray.

The desolate feeling called forth here is
kept up in the closing lines of the poem
— lines of matchless melody, descriptive
of common, familiar growths, such as the
locality presented to his view : —

And the creeping mosses and clambering
weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the southing reeds,
And the wan-worn thorns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marsh-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

From "The May Queen" I may quote,
as illustrative of the landscape —

You'll never see me more in the lone, gray
fields at night :
When from the dry, dark wold the summer
airs blow cool
On the oat-grass, and the sword-grass, and the
bulrush in the pool.

This enumeration of the various grasses
leads us to the allusions in Mr. Tenny-
son's poems to the wild-flowers of our
land. A whole garland of these might
easily be gathered from the "May
Queen" alone ; and conspicuous among
them would be the marsh-marigold,
"which shines like fire in swamps and
hollows gray." Nor is it for our wild-
flowers only that we look in these poems.
In one short piece entitled "Song,"
which stands next to the "Ode to Memo-
ry" and with it was published in 1830,
Mr. Tennyson has given us a garden —
an old-fashioned English garden, with
old-fashioned English flowers, in the sea-
son of decay — such a garden as may
still be found attached to quiet simple
homes in Lincolnshire. I shall ask for
space to quote the whole of it : —

A Spirit haunts the year's last hours,
Dwelling amid their yellowing bowers :
To himself he talks ;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
In the walks ;
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers :
Heavily hands the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.
The air is damp, and hush'd, and close
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
An hour before death ;
My very heart faints, and my whole soul
grieves,
At the moist, rich smell of the rotting leaves,
And the breath
Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the last year's rose.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave in the earth so chilly ;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

What true and faithful painting ! And
this was written more than forty years
ago ! — before the Pre-Raphaelite was
heard of. Painter and poet, not a few of
them have since trodden in Mr. Tenny-
son's footsteps, and earned a just renown
by careful and minute delineation of Na-
ture. "More can raise the flowers now,
for all have got the seed." All honour to
him who first introduced it amongst us —
who "once in a golden hour" cast this
seed into the earth, who has opened our
eyes to the glory of common things —
enforces more than any man of this gen-
eration the Master's lesson, "Consider
the lilies, how they grow" — taught us
to see in the meanest object at our feet
the work of a Divine Architect, full of
wisdom and full of beauty, "a miracle of
design."

For illustration of Lincolnshire char-
acter we naturally turn to those well-known
personages, "The Northern Farmers,"
old and new style. As regards the first,
I will only say that he is a type of the
past : that the man, like the mastodon,
no longer exists amongst us. That he
did exist, and that Mr. Tennyson saw
him, I have no doubt. But he has long
been in his grave, and a more refined heir
stalks about his fields.

With regard to the second, he, too,
with his horse "Proputty," is of a by-
gone age. The present Lincolnshire
farmer goes to market in a gig, or more
commonly by rail. But though the out-
ward man has perished, not so has his
teaching. Not to marry the governess ;

to look out for a wife with a dowry ; the value of money ; how the having it makes a "good un" ; the want of it, the thief ; these are sentiments by no means obsolete, not confined to one class, or one country, or one age. Materfamilias in her London house is entirely in accord with the Northern Farmer on all these points. Only she hardly expresses herself so forcibly. And it is for this, for the wonderful vigour and raciness of the language, that the poem before us, and its pendant, are so truly admirable and valuable. Our dear old Doric dialect is — I grieve to say — dying out. H. M. Inspector is robbing us of our father's tongue. We see the spoiler everywhere at his ruthless work, and we are powerless to stop him. In a few years we shall all talk alike and spell alike, and all alike use words to conceal our real thoughts. The more the reason that we should be grateful to Mr. Tennyson for thus preserving to us two types of the yet unsophisticated Lincoln farmer in these imperishable poems.

I am no critic, but when I hear what the critics say, the talk there is of Mr. Tennyson wanting force, and the power to individualize, I wish to ask where will you find these qualities if not in the two "Northern Farmers" ?

Perhaps I might add to their portraits — as distinct as they in individuality — the sketch of Sir Walter Vivian in the epilogue to the Princess, whom as a Lincolnshire man, I would fain claim for a compatriot : —

No little lily-handed Baronet he,
A great broad-shoulder'd, genial Englishman,
A lord of fat prize oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
A patron of some thirty charities,
A pamphleteer on guano, and on grain,
A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none ;
Fair-hair'd and redder than a windy morn.
Now shaking hands with him, now him, of
those
That stood the nearest — now address'd to
speech —
Who spoke few words and pithy.

But I must close. If my reader has been interested in the subject, I would invite him, when he has leisure, to verify Mr. Tennyson's illustrations by visiting the district to which they refer.

Lincolnshire has hitherto had scarce justice done her. Viewed by the hasty traveller from the railroad which passes over the fens and avoids the hill country, she has been denied a claim to beauty — "a flat land, a prosaic land, a land of corn

and cattle ; rich if you like, as old Bæotia was rich in material riches, in fat sheep and oxen, but not rich in interest for the tourist, not a land to foster genius and feed the imagination."

But surely the truth is otherwise. Lincolnshire — a great part of it — in home pastoral scenery is not behind other counties, while in her wide-extended views, in her open woods, in her sounding shore and shining sands, in her glorious parish churches, with their gigantic steeples, she has charms and beauties of her own. And as to fostering genius, has she not proved herself to be the "meet nurse of a poetic child" ? For here, be it remembered, here in the heart of the land, in Mid-Lincolnshire, Alfred Tennyson was born ; here he spent all his earliest and freshest days ; here he first felt the divine afflatus, and found fit material for his muse —

"The Spirit of the Lord began to move
him at times in the camp of Dan, be-
tween Zorah and Eshtaol." D. R.

A Lincolnshire Rector.

September, 1873.

From Chambers' Journal.

UNITED STATES ENGLISH.

SOMETIMES we have thought that the free piracy of English works in the United States might at least serve one good purpose ; namely, that of preserving the purity of our common tongue. Expectations in this respect do not seem likely to be realized. There has grown, and is still growing up, a process of adulteration of the language among our American friends, against which no protest is apparently uttered. Without going into anything like a regular lamentation on the subject, we beg to offer a few specimens of United States English.

To begin with spellings, the second *l* in the middle of a word is generally left out : "leveled, leveling, traveled, traveling," will serve as examples. An influence due, I fancy, to the Spanish leaven in the people, for the Spaniards always make single letters serve instead of double, where the sound of one would be lost. It is not done on principle, because "skillful" and "installment" are so spelt, by exactly reversing the process. Then, again, comes the *s* for the *c* in "offense, defense," and so on ; this latter is the mode of spelling everywhere, even in Harper's editions, which are otherwise

admirably "gotten up." In the popular novel, the *Maid of Sker*, mention is made of the battle of the Nile, and in the United States' edition, the *Defence* line-of-battle ship is made to appear as the *Defense*, which is ridiculous, and altogether bad, for a proper name should surely be spelt as it was given, without respect to any improvements or phonetic principles. I expect to see Welington and Nelson soon.

"Ter," for "tre," is another prominent example; every little paper talks of "theaters" and "centers," as if it was determined to do its "level best" to improve the language of the Britishers. So, also, in the great cities, where it is at least curious to see the notices in the papers invariably referring to the performances at such and such a "theater," while the posters and bills of the same establishment will as regularly call it a "theatre."

The readiness with which slang is adopted by the highest and gravest officials is really astounding. My readers know there is a miserable joke extant about some one who wished to say that an account was "all correct," but he spelt it "ol krect;" this was seized upon as wit, and now, to my certain knowledge, "O. K." is used in large companies, as an auditor's or superintendent's voucher to the accounts he passes. All through the States, too, it is considered a very smart thing to open a shop, and call it the "O. K." store: it is quite understood, and universally accepted as a really clever and neat idea, so to use these letters. Again, the coarse expression, "Boss," carries with it no disrespect in the States; I have seen well printed forms, nicely machine-ruled, and so forth, which were used as a schedule of expenses incurred in boarding the employés of a certain Company; at the bottom was a line for the signature, as was indicated by the words, "Boarding-house Boss" being printed at the commencement. Therefore, "Say! Boss," however much it may jar upon a stranger's ear at first, is soon discovered to be meant for a proper mode of address, and is quite as respectful as any he is likely to get. So, too, they avoid saying or writing "addition," "added up," "total," and the like, but say "footings," "foots up," and "total footings;" and these will appear in printed official documents.

The commonest mode of all for filtering the pure well of English undefiled is, to use a word which has some affinity to

that which we at home should employ, but which, when twisted out of its place and meaning, has a most barbarous and uncouth effect. "The moon raises late," "I guess he would raise before ten," may be taken as fair illustrations. "Quit" is used in all sorts of places where "dismiss," "cease," "discontinue," or "quitted," would be employed. "I was obliged to quit him, as he got drunk," is the speech of an employer when explaining why he discharged a man; although the words, without explanation, would never convey this meaning to an Englishman. "Quite," is employed in every sense where greatness or quantity has to be expressed, and seems to me to be more injurious to the effect of literary composition than the misuse of any other single word. "The enemy was quite in force," "Wounded quite severely," "Quite some excitement" (!) and so on *ad infinitum*. Somewhat akin to this is the word "piece" to express distance; we say "a piece of land," or "a piece of water;" but it is nothing less than a distortion of the word's use to say that "you should not shoot at a rattlesnake, unless you were off a piece," or, "We are travelling quite a piece;" which latter I heard said by a judge to a member of Congress, when we were crossing the Mississippi, and, owing to the floating ice, were compelled to run a little way up the river.

"Sick," again, is a word which is often employed at home to express being ill, and the service for the Visitation of the Sick shews what a general application it has; but in the States this word is exclusively in use. I never heard any person speak of being ill or unwell; they were always "sick," and this when the word was especially inappropriate. "I am sick; have hurt my hand;" "My horse is sick; he has got a sore back," are examples of what I mean; while, if the illness or injury was likely to be dangerous or fatal, you would be told that so-and-so was "badly off."

Another peculiarity which strikes an Englishman is, that he does not hear the weather praised in the various terms employed at home. Here we ring the changes on lovely, delightful, charming, and beautiful; but in the Great Republic praise is exhausted when they say: "This is a pretty day," or "What a pretty morning." The word "elegant" has to do strange duty, being applied as I never thought to hear it; the joint at your dinner, the relish . . . tea-time (always

"supper" by-the-bye), being usually described as "elegant." The tea in use is nearly always wholly green, the consumption of green tea being far in advance of that of black; directly opposite to the practice in England; indeed, if you require anything different at the hotels, you should order "English breakfast-tea," which is commonly one of the items in the bill of fare. My own house was probably the only one, for a vast distance, where mixed tea was drunk, and was the only one where, also, to my London taste, a cup of good tea was ever to be obtained at all; the whole of my acquaintance, native and foreign, confirmed this, yet no one would imitate us. I recollect advocating, at the house where I boarded before my family joined me, the use of mixed tea in lieu of the decoction, almost corrosive in its strength, which they give you of green tea; and also the derision with which the idea was received. It was pronounced to be utterly impossible, because "you only soaked green tea, while black tea you were obliged to stew."

Some of the variations introduced in speech are so odd and so meaningless, that one is completely at a loss to guess why they were introduced at all, or who introduced them. If you speak to a United-States man, and he does not catch your words, he will ask "How?" or "Which?" If he says some one is "very clever," he means to convey that he or she is "very benevolent;" while he capriciously gives new terminations to words, or invents new words altogether, and presents us with "dancist, singist, walkist, orchardist" (!) and the like. By the same rule of thumb we have "burglarized," "suicided," and a host of others; and by the same rule, again, or by the same want of a rule all children are taught to call the last letter in the alphabet "Zee" in place of "Zed;" surely a most wanton and resultless innovation. There is somewhat more excuse for calling a deaf man "deef;" the words selected for reform are, however, chosen in a most arbitrary manner; for although "deef" has been forced into line, yet no one has the courage to call "heard" "heerd," as Dr. Johnson pointed out long ago should be done. "Fuss," too, is used in a more general manner than one expects to find; it means to quarrel, or a quarrel itself. A man who was shot on leaving a ball-room told me that he could not guess who was his assailant as he had had no fuss

with any one;" adding that the remainder of his party were just in front, or, as he described them, and as they would commonly be described, "the balance of the boys." The word also means "to be noisy." "I won't fuss around," says the heroine of a novel; and, by the way, "around" is dragged in continually. Wasting time is "fooling around;" waiting, is "laying around — standing around." "Fuss" and "Muss" appear to be nearly identical. Muss is a word which, as the gentleman in *Martin Chuzzlewit* averred of "start," we do not use in the old country. I presume it is a fanciful change of the word "mess." "Won't there be a muss!" alludes to confusion and quarrelling; and so, to the best of my understanding, Mrs. Beecher Stowe uses it in her books, and so it seems to be used colloquially. Even standard school-books recognize and teach the using "through" for "finished" or "completed." "Wait till I am through with my play."

People who call a cock-fight a "chicken contest," and describe the birds as "roosters" — a ridiculous word, which is universally employed in the United States, as if hens did *not* roost! — who talk of a "gentleman cow," call trousers "pants," and the like, may be very nice in their language, but scarcely in their ideas.

I do not dispute the fact, that sometimes a really useful word may be coined, or that, on rare occasions, we may find a change beneficial; for if a man were to shut his eyes, and keep on firing, he could not help but hit the target once in a way; but it may safely be said that these instances are like Gratiano's reasons, which "are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search." If you wish to say a man is brave, you will be better understood if you aver, with the utmost gravity, that he has "plenty of sand." If you speak of receiving anything, you must call it "lifting;" the post-master at Washington, in a printed form, advised me that the person to whom they were directed would not "lift" my newspapers; and a pass over the Denver and Rio Grande Railway being lost, a notice of the same was issued to all conductors, with instructions that if it were offered by any one they were to "lift it." Neither should you say: "It is a stormy day," or "There is a storm in the moun-

tains ;" in such cases you must say, "It is storming," if you wish to conform to accepted usages.

The editor of the *Biglow Papers* — if I am not mistaken — speaks of the invariable accuracy with which the *h* is used in the States, and the reluctance the people there have even to joke upon mistakes with that often misplaced letter. It may be so ; and, at any rate, I have often been taken to task as an individual, and as a representative Englishman, for my shortcomings and excesses in that way. As a Pennsylvanian once said to me : "Some of you British people don't use no *h*'s. How is that? Now, you say 'og' and we always say 'org.' How do you account for the difference?" Why, I could not account for it ; I had intended to say "hog ;" and so, I suppose, had he. The newspapers advertise "a hotel" for sale, which is a little trying, even to a Londoner. And, in speaking of my Pennsylvanian friend, I am reminded of what is certainly the favourite error on the Western side of the water — that is, if anything is an error there. This error, I am inclined to think, is partly due, at any rate, to the Spanish leaven spoken of ; in that tongue, two negatives do not make an affirmative ; they strengthen each other. "Not got nothing" is quite correct ; and so it would be, I fancy, "out West." "Ain't got no," "Didn't see no," and kindred phrases, are the rule. To wit, "show" means chance or opportunity ; "He didn't give me no show ;" "I ain't got no show to do it ;" any one who did not so speak would depart from the standard. As to whether they are more particular in the use of *h* in the States than in England, I can hardly say ; I certainly never heard the native-born there talk of their huncles and haunts, as I have often heard English do ; but, then, when the New York papers, as I have just said, regularly advertise "a hotel to let," one sees that we cannot both be working by the same rules.

The introduction of a multitude of German words, or words which are an imitation of German, is hardly to be discussed here ; it will be sufficient to say that one is often puzzled by their appearance in reading or conversation. Here is one : "A house with a stoop ;" which means, I think, a house the front door of which is approached by steps, with a very broad one, or landing-place, at the top. This last is frequently found in advertisements ; while a threat, very common in England, is invariably changed, so far as

my experience goes, to giving "a punch on the snoot ;" and this shows that the influence has soaked a long way down.

Nearly all my examples confirm what I have already said as to the use of words in the States in meanings resembling, but not identical with those in which they are employed at home. I never heard any speak of "pulling down" a house ; the operation is always called "taring down." Tearing down is, of course, meant, but is always pronounced, and, as often as I have seen it, written as above. Stones are "rocks ;" and even pebbles are so called. "They began rocking him ;" "I got some rocks, and threw at them ;" do not read quite so well, it seems to me, as the English mode of expression. The people in the United States never speak of their greatest annual holiday — greatest after Independence Day — as New-year's Day, but always as "New-year's." "We'll have a dance at New-year's ;" "Was up there about last New-year's ;" "Was born on New-year's :;" these things give a very odd and foreign sound to the conversation to English ears.

"Git," which is U. S. for "get," is much in vogue, and the drivers from East to West say to their horses "Git !" in lieu of "Gee up," and so forth ; but the word is in use also among "humans." "You've got to git," means "You must go from here," and generally includes making haste. "Right away," too, is used for hastily or immediately, and there is a degree of propriety in the expression, but it is twisted and stretched beyond its legitimate meaning. They seem to have no other word or phrase to express "directly" but this ; and I have read in the chief evangelical paper of the States, the *New York Observer*, of an awakened sinner who "wanted salvation right away."

In the beginning of the present year, a girl died, presumably from starvation, at a town in Minnesota ; she had lodged for some weeks at a house named, and after her decease her body was opened to discover the cause of death. This is all straightforward enough, and does not seem to leave much room for obscurity, yet the chances are that an ordinary reader would have been puzzled if he had come upon the account of it in the American language. The statement ran that "she had been *rooming* for three weeks at Mr. —'s," and that, "when her trunk was opened," nothing was found therein. I confess that I at first thought this trunk meant an ordinary chest, and not that of a human being.

From Chambers' Journal.
ABOUT AMBER.

ORNAMENTAL objects, such as beads, made of amber, were at one time held in popular veneration throughout Europe, and till the present day such objects are in great request in Mohammedan countries. Two hundred years ago in Scotland, "Lammer Beads," as they were ordinarily called, were esteemed with a kind of superstitious reverence. The mystery as to the nature and origin of amber was enhanced by its electric properties, and we cannot wonder that this bright yellow and transparent substance inspired a certain degree of awe. We now know all about amber. It is a resinous gum, which, originally in a liquid state, has hardened to the appearance of a precious stone. Amber, however, belongs to a geological period anterior to what now exists, and is found on the shores of the Baltic, in Spain, Africa, and some other quarters. Occasionally pieces are washed up by storms on the eastern coast of England.

A remarkable thing about amber is, that many pieces of it contain a variety of beautifully preserved insects, among which are many entire Diptera (common flies and gnats), Orthoptera (grasshoppers, crickets, and cockroaches), Hymenoptera (saw and turnip flies, bees, wasps, and ants), one Lepidoptera (butterfly), and several Coleoptera (beetles). Leaves and stems of plants, and a small shell, are also preserved. All such objects, animal and vegetable, were of course incorporated with the substance when it was in a liquid jelly state. The flies and other creatures had stuck, and could not get away.

When the amber is first found, it is in a very rough state, and can only be detected by a practised eye, and requires to be rubbed down and polished before the curious and beautiful fossils it contains can be seen. Although the communication between the Baltic and the German Ocean is broken by the land of Denmark, and only exists through the island of Zealand, and others which lie between Denmark and Sweden, it is quite possible, and by no means improbable, that currents may have conveyed pieces of amber from the coasts of the Baltic, through the Cattogat, into the North Sea, and thence they would occasionally, though rarely, be picked up on our eastern coasts. They may perhaps have been brought thence during the post-Tertiary period (a date comparatively

modern in the geological history of the globe), when the now land of Denmark was depressed beneath the ocean, and hence the North Sea and the Baltic would form one uninterrupted expanse of water. There is no reason to suppose that any Tertiary deposit exactly equivalent to the amber-bearing earth about to be described exists at the bottom of the North Sea; otherwise, amber would be found in abundance on British shores washed by it. Amber has been found in the gravelpits near London, derived probably from some of the Tertiary strata of our island; and pieces of resin occur in the clays of the Wealden in the Isle of Wight, and in the London Clay at Highgate. Perhaps one of the richest deposits of amber, and for which it has been long celebrated, is a province of Prussia called Samland, bounded on the west and north by the Baltic. In a portion of this district, fine sections are exposed of the Tertiary formation, varying from eighty to a hundred and twenty-five feet in thickness. It consists of two different deposits, the lowest being composed of thick beds of glauconitic sand, sixty-five feet thick; overlaid by the brown coal formation, from sixty to a hundred feet thick. This glauconitic sand (which is marl containing a large admixture of greensand, and forms what is called firestone or glauconite) in the north and west coast differs from that in the south. In the former, the upper part, about sixty feet consists of light greensand, made up of large quartz grains and bright green granules of glauconite; elsewhere the lower portion of this greensand is cemented by hydrated oxide of iron into a coarse sandstone, which contains numerous fossils. Below this is a deposit of finer quartz grains, more glauconite, and much clay and mica; and associated with this, a wet sandy stratum called quicksand, because it contains a large quantity of water eight feet thick; underneath which is a blue earth or *amber-earth*, three or four feet thick, fine-grained and argillaceous (composed of clay). In this the amber is found abundantly, but irregularly distributed, occupying a narrow zone; the pieces are of various sizes, usually small; those weighing half a pound being seldom found, and more rarely larger ones of greater weight. The surfaces are worn and rounded, and bear little resemblance to their original form, as the liquid resin of a tree formed between the bark and the wood, or between the yearly rings of growth of the

stem. Fine impressions of the parts of the plants which produced these amber nodules can be distinguished on their surface. Evidently, then, they were for a time subject to the action of water before they were imbedded in their clayey bed. Pieces of fossil wood are also associated with the amber. When any of the latter is attached to the wood itself, it is so completely penetrated by it, that it has the appearance of amber filaments. The amber-earth contains many fossil shells, echinoderms, corals, &c.; and these shew that this Tertiary formation belongs to the oldest or Eocene period of geologists. The amber itself was evidently derivative, and washed down, probably, by floods from the land on which the amber trees grew, into the sea, and there deposited with the marine remains which are now associated with it; although it seems probable that the land was not very far from the shore where it was abundant. Above and below the amber-earth, only a few pieces of amber occur. In the south, the amber-earth is thicker, and composed of two different layers. Professor Zaddach of Königsberg shows further that the trees which yielded the amber must have grown upon the previously formed beds of the greensand when the chalk was deposited, flourishing luxuriantly on the marshy coast which then surrounded the great continent of Northern Europe. Probably the temperature was then higher than it is now, and seems to have extended to the now frostbound Arctic regions; a fact which has been proved by the remarkable plant-remains (chiefly leaves) of temperate climates which have been lately discovered there.

The amber flora of the Baltic area under review contains northern forms associated with plants of more temperate zones, and with others even which live in much more southern ones; thus, camphor-trees occur with willows, birch, beech, and oaks, cone-bearing trees resembling the American *Thuja occidentalis*; a great variety of pines and firs, including the amber pine, which has been proved to be a true pine, allied to the *Pinus balsamea*, though it no longer exists. Thousands of these, the professor supposes, might already have perished, and while the wood decayed, the resin with which the stem and branches were loaded might have been accumulated in large quantities in bogs and lakes in the soil of the forests. If the coast at that time was gradually sinking, the sea would

cover the land, in due course carry away the amber and masses of vegetation into the ocean, where it was deposited amidst the marine animals which inhabited it. But in higher districts, the amber pines would still flourish; and so amber still continued to be washed into the sea, and deposited in the later-formed (Tertiary) greensand, and still later overlying formation of the brown coal.

Amber has been discovered in Russia, in Italy, probably in Tertiary deposits of the same age; also in Africa, Brazil, and South America, probably derived from strata of this age. It has been met with in Sweden, on the coast of the North Sea, and may yet be discovered in many other localities, when the stock is exhausted in the richer Baltic Provinces, and the demands of trade compel the dealers to search for it elsewhere. Vast quantities are washed up on the shore near Memel, also in the Baltic in the extreme north-east, and are thought to have been derived from certain Tertiary deposits containing amber in the extensive adjacent region of Russia and Poland, where brown coal containing amber has been discovered overlying chalk. Stores of this valuable gum still lie hidden in the interior of the country, and on the Baltic coast, though much is, no doubt, still buried under the sea, the amber-bearing stratum lying too deep to be attainable.

Besides the plants which are occasionally found in amber, the most interesting and remarkable fossils are the insects, which, from their usually beautiful and perfect state of preservation, are more interesting to entomologists than the more imperfect remains of this class contained in many other and older formations, and are therefore more easily determined. As the plants of the older amber-earth in the glauconite series differ from that of the newer brown coal, it is possible that many of the insects would differ also; while those in African amber would present a greater diversity and a more tropical character. As a general rule, all the Tertiary fossil insects have a more decided European character, more like recent forms, than the carboniferous, liassic, and oolitic ones; and several are still found living now, though many are extinct — that is, are unknown at the present day. From the lucid clearness and beautiful transparency of amber, and its soft yellow colouring, the insects can be easily examined. It would seem that they must have been caught suddenly by the liquid

resin as it oozed out of the pines, and thus were entombed alive, which will account for their wonderful state of preservation. Many of them, no doubt, were caught while on the trees; and even the cunning spider, while watching for his prey, was, like "the biter bit," enveloped also. Others may have been imbedded at the base of the trees, where the amberous exudation was unusually profuse. Amber also contains Myriapods, creatures to which the common centipede, scolopendra, and julus belong, and which would abound amongst the decaying wood in the hollows of the trees in the ancient Tertiary forests of the period. When quickly enveloped, the insects and other organic remains are well preserved, retaining their natural colours and their more delicate parts. Those which died, and were long exposed to the air, are more or less injured, and are surrounded with a white mouldy covering, which obscures them, and discolours the amber. This is especially the case in some of the Prussian amber, but has not been noticed in the Pomeranian, which is always bright and clear. The families, genera, and species of insects found in amber are supposed for the most part to agree with existing forms, and even identity of species. Though many belong to our latitudes, others decidedly do not so, as, for example, some of the smaller flies and gnats, the cockroaches and other beetles, and the majority of the Hymenoptera (bees, &c.), which especially resemble exotic forms.

Many different species occur, as at the present day, but only those families are preserved in this fossil resin which are found in wood or on trees, and scarcely ever water-beetles. As we should expect, many varieties of beetles have been discovered; also bees, ichneumons, and ants are particularly numerous. Moths and butterflies are rare, but have been met with, and several caterpillars. Flies and gnats are extremely abundant, so that the old adage of "flies in amber" is well borne out by the investigations of science. There are also white ants, may-flies, ant-lions, cockroaches, grasshoppers, and locusts. Collections of insects in amber may be seen in the British Museum, the Oxford Museum, and at Berlin. Many of these belong to tropical and temperate climates, approaching more as a whole to South American and Indian forms, rather than those of Europe. While some are like existing species, others agree with no living species, both

the insects and plants being extinct. Amongst other curious relics, lizards are stated to occur in Sicilian amber. A scorpion is known in Prussian amber, a genus properly a native of warm climates, certainly never occurring so far north as Danzig. There are also spiders, more like some found in the south or America. A few of the insects indicate a northern climate. Perhaps, like some of the Lias insects, these were brought down by streams from the higher and cooler regions of a mountainous country adjacent. At all events, we may conclude that the climate and temperature of Europe have undergone considerable change — which other animal and vegetable fossils of the same era prove — since the Tertiary period. The presence of tropical insects testifies that the amber-producing tree did not vegetate under such a climate as that which Prussia, especially the land watered by the Baltic, now enjoys.

As in many other articles of commerce, particularly where we have to deal with gems and precious stones, frequent deceptions have been practised upon the unwary, and even collectors of fossils have been taken in. There is a substance very like amber, gum-anemé, a modern secretion forming at the present day. It exudes from the stem of a North American tree, the *Rhus copalina*, so closely resembling amber, that only a practised eye could detect the difference; plants, or insects imbedded in it would, of course, belong to living genera and species; and it is of little value when compared with the true amber. There are other kinds of resinous gum — namely, gum-copal, used in making varnish, and a gum which is derived from modern fir-trees, but all of recent vegetable origin. All may, however, be chemically distinguished from one another. Thus, anemé is very transparent, and copal differs from it by a faint opalescence and a pale greenish-yellow tinge. True amber, as we have pointed out, is derived, not from a living, but extinct, coniferous tree, perhaps from two distinct trees, though probably a *Pinus*, like the living *Pinus balsamea*, and only existing in the earlier and later Tertiary formations. One certain test to distinguish it from modern gums is, that it does not soften when heated, as they do. To those who are not acquainted with the geological history of this earth long anterior to the creation of man, and the marvellous story which the "testimony of the rocks" has told, it may seem very wonderful that an ancient resinous

gum should yield so much of interest and value, not only to the scientific, but to the commercial world. Yet it is not more astonishing than the conversion of vegetable matter into coal, or the formation of masses of limestone rock of vast extent and thickness by corals and little microscopic shells (powerful by their enormous abundance), and which are now making, as in times past, a thick deposit of calcareous ooze at the bottom of the Atlantic. The elaboration of gems, too, in nature's laboratory is an equally striking proof of the inorganic wonders which science has made known to us. No one, therefore, need feel surprised when he sees or reads of "flies in amber," or finds, which, if wise he will do, "sermons in stones and good in everything."

From Chambers' Journal.

PRINCIPAL FORBES AND HIS GLACIAL EXPLORATIONS.

TWENTY years ago, Professor James David Forbes, a singularly estimable and acute man of science, was one of the more conspicuous notabilities of Edinburgh society. He came of an ancient and distinguished race, the Forbeses of Monymusk and Pitsligo. His grandfather, Sir William Forbes, was an eminent banker, and a person of more than ordinary accomplishments. When he died in 1806, his eldest son, William, succeeded him in the family patrimony, the baronetcy, and the banking business. A story is told of how this younger Sir William married the lady for whom Sir Walter Scott had conceived a warm affection. Lockhart gives the particulars. It happened that one Sunday, as people were coming out of church, there was a heavy fall of rain, and Scott, then a young man living with his father in George Square, offered with becoming gallantry to share his umbrella with a young lady, and see her home. The escort was accepted, and an intimacy followed. In time there were overtures as to marriage, but they were unavailing. Williamina, the very fascinating young lady, who was the only child and heir of a gentleman who became Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn, preferred another. She became Lady Forbes, and the mother of four sons, of whom James David Forbes, born in 1809, was the youngest.

The family had a pleasant country-house at Colinton, a few miles west from Edinburgh, but its climate was thought

to be unsuited to the delicate health of Lady Forbes, and she was removed with her baby to Lympstone near Exeter. It was a useless effort. She died when her little boy was little more than a year and a half old. Back came the child to Colinton, and there his youth was passed, toddling about the lawn, scrambling along the woody banks of the Water of Leith, and as regards education, consigned to the governess of his sisters and the parish school. He took to learning instinctively, was insatiable in the acquisition of knowledge, made little machines with his own hands, and began speculating on the wonders of astronomy. When boys of his age would have thought of sports, he thought only of philosophical instruments. When Sir William on going to London asked his children what he should bring them, the youngest instantly replied: "Bring me a telescope." "Ah, Jemmy," said the father, "you'll never make salt to your porridge." Here, Sir William was wrong. The boy, certainly, did not make a fortune, but he rose to eminence in the exercise of faculties which God had given him, and in his life was presented as fine an instance as we know of noble perseverance in bringing to light the great truths of nature. Money—salt to one's porridge—is not the only thing to aim at. An appropriate and thorough exercise of the higher faculties with which we are endowed, leaving the rest to Providence, is what alone merits approval. In this respect no man ever set a grander example, pursued in a spirit of rectitude, than James David Forbes.

The education of some youths costs hundreds of pounds, and is, after all, little better than a sham. Others, with a natural taste and aptitude for learning, get on so easily, that, except as a matter of discipline, they need hardly be put through any kind of schooling. Jemmy, who had longed for a telescope, was one of this smart order of boys. His mind was ever at work, thinking out some lofty idea. By the time he was eight years of age, he composed sermons. A little later, he wrote essays on miscellaneous subjects for imaginary periodicals, conducted by himself and his brothers, and read for the family amusement. Grounded in Latin at the parish school among the sons of farmers and ploughmen—the fee payable being, probably, not more than five or six shillings a quarter—he soon was able to read Cæsar. Before he was ten years of age, he was reading

Phædrus with his father. With sensitively pious tendencies, he wished to be bred up for the Church of England; but, for some reason, this was objected to. His father designed him for the law, and he pursued his studies in this direction, but not with any great zest. Prevented from being a clergyman, the bent of his mind carried him into the range of physical inquiry. This proved to be his right rôle, and he stuck to it, though there were grave apprehensions as to his ever "making salt to his porridge." Astronomy, geology, meteorology, electricity, chemistry, and the like, occupied his thoughts. A journal, in which he entered an account of his experiments and observations, attested his profound love for natural science; and this love was confirmed and methodized by his attending the lectures of Leslie, Hope, and Jameson in the Edinburgh University. In 1825, he began Euclid, as a basis to advancement in mathematics.

A year later, he started with his father and family on a continental journey, by way of Paris and the Tyrol, to Italy; his explorations in connection with Vesuvius, the Bay of Naples, and other places, affording the opportunity of writing articles, which he did anonymously, for the *Philosophical Journal*, at that time under the editorship of Sir David Brewster. In the course of his tour, he, in July 1826, visited Chamouni and the Mer de Glace, regarding which he was afterwards to make his memorable discoveries in relation to glaciers. On returning home, he writes in his diary: "I am now busily preparing a paper on the horary oscillations of the barometer at Rome, and reducing about five hundred observations made there, which is rather laborious, but in about ten days I hope it will be ready." The paper was finished, and was sent as usual to Brewster's Journal; it amounted to twenty-three large quarto pages—pretty well that for a youth of seventeen. Brewster did not know who was his correspondent, but appreciated and gave place to the papers that were sent to him.

In the session of 1827-8, young Forbes attended the Moral Philosophy class of Professor Wilson, and this new course of study set him to write an essay on the influence and advantage of the study of astronomy on the mind, with scientific illustrations and notes. The essay was sixty pages in length. Its writer stood first at the close of the session, and he obtained the medal. His

father was probably well pleased with his youngest son's acquirements, for he gave him a present of a theodolite, a splendid instrument, we are told, which was not suffered to remain idle. Shortly afterwards, October 1828, Sir William died. The blow, which was felt severely, threw the bereaved youth into a state of feeling in which he solemnly laid down the following resolutions: "1st, To keep steadfastly in view, as a tone of mind, that I am created for a future and eternal life; 2nd, That naturally flows from the former—to curb pride and over-anxiety in the pursuit of worldly objects, especially fame; 3rd, To be diligent in the pursuit of my winter studies."

Classes at college, papers to Brewster, summer excursions, reading philosophical disquisitions, studies to qualify himself for the bar—for that still weighed on him as a duty; thus a couple of years passed over. In 1831, he visited Cambridge, and afterwards London, making the acquaintance of Whewell, Sedgewick, Airy, Buckland, Babbage, Dalton, Sir John Herschel, and other men of scientific repute. Back to Edinburgh in 1832, and intense self-education to qualify himself if possible as a candidate for the Natural Philosophy chair, about to be vacated by Leslie; all idea of law as a profession to be given up if successful. When the time came, he was successful. In January 1833, he was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy in preference to several other candidates. It was a remarkable appointment. He was under twenty-four years of age. We shall not say more of his professional career than that he greatly enlarged and methodized the class over which he presided. Fortunately, the duties of teaching were confined to the winter months. The period every year from May to November was left free for excursions and the preparation of new lectures.

Forbes had now attained the summit of his ambition. As a member of the Royal Societies of Edinburgh and London, and also as a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, he had fine scope for composition on subjects of scientific interest. His heart was in his work. In all he did he was thoroughly in earnest. You never saw him dawdling away existence, or making anything like a public parade. In private life his society was charming, nor could it be otherwise, from his kindly and courtly nature. He did not fall into the modern taste of dressing like a groom. In every phase he wore the garb of a

scholar and a gentleman. Many will remember his tall slender figure, habited in black, with white flowing neck-cloth, as he walked rapidly along the street, his pale expressive countenance revealing the fact that he was most likely thinking over some deep scientific problem — such, for instance, as the conduction of heat or the polarization of light — and was determined not to lose a single moment in what he deemed idle recreation. Here, perhaps, indeed we think, he was mistaken. The bow of Apollo was not always bent. Even the repose of Sunday, as to which he was particular, both by example and precept, is not enough. The laws of health, on which existence physically depends, must needs have mental relaxation blended with serious pursuits. Forbes was not of a strong fabric. To speak as an adviser, he should have taken care of himself; but in his eagerness he did not. Dashing off, time after time, to the Alps to investigate glaciers, he incurred a degree of bodily fatigue and exposure, for which there was no adequate recompense.

A glacier, to speak to popular apprehension, is a mass of snow accumulated in an Alpine valley, which, assuming as it proceeds the appearance of a stream of ice, slides, little by little, to a lower level, carrying with it dirt and *débris*, and grazing and leaving scratches on the rocks during its passage downward. The remarkable thing about the moving mass is, that although any particular part or fragment of it is hard and brittle, yet, under the pressure of its own weight, it is to a certain extent viscous or rather plastic, and, taken as a whole, behaves as if it were semi-fluid, and glides and winds its way forward with less or more velocity, according to the degree of slope and other circumstances. In the mass there are generally deep cracks, called *crevasses*, sometimes dangerous to those who are unskilled in explorations; and the surface is, for the most part, so rough as to require from the traveller the steady use of an alpenstock. Before Forbes came on the field, the gliding downwards of glaciers was a recognized fact. But the general notion was, that the mass slid like a block down an inclined plane; and there was no accurate data as to its structure or behaviour — nothing settled as to whether its motion was uniform or intermittent, nor, above all, as to the exact nature or cause of its motion.

In 1841, Forbes visited Agassiz, and saw from his explorations on the glacier

of the Aar, that there were as yet no precise or quantitative facts known regarding glaciers such as were demanded by science. True, there were rival theories, but what was wanted was some accurately ascertained data. There were, in short, certain points to be determined only by scrupulous observation. Taking a hasty survey of the Mer de Glace after his visit to Agassiz, he resolved to come back next year with all proper appliances to get at the root of the mystery. Now for the manner in which he set about the investigation.

June 1842 saw him at Chamouni, whence, on procuring a trustworthy and intelligent guide, he set out for the Mer de Glace, to take a general reconnaissance, and fix on the spot to begin operations. The primary object was to determine the rate of movement in the glacier, not only as a body, but in different parts of its cross section — that is to say, did the mass flow down quicker at the middle than the sides, or more at the sides than the middle? Watching with the eye would be little to the purpose. The thing must be certified by instruments and by fixed markings on the rocks which, like a wall, bounded the glacier. So much being settled, next day he goes with his instruments, among which were included a theodolite with its accompaniments, and a common boring-iron or *jumper*, wherewith to make a deep hole in the ice. An accurate hole being made, the theodolite was nicely centred over it and levelled. Looking through the telescope, red marks were, with the assistance of the guide, made on the rocks at the same level, and their angular bearings accurately noted. The rest may be told in his own words: "It was with no small curiosity that I returned to the station of the 'Auge' on the 27th, the day following the first observation. The instrument being pointed and adjusted as described, and stationed above the hole pierced in the ice the day before, when the telescope was turned upon the rock, the red mark was left far above; the new position of the glacier being 16·5 inches lower — that is, more in advance — than it had been twenty-six hours previously! Though the result could not be called unexpected, it filled me with the most lively pleasure. The diurnal motion of a glacier was determined, as I believe, for the first time from observation, and the method employed left no doubt of its being accurately determined."

After a few days' further observation, he noted the following results: "*First*, That glacier motion is approximately regular; *Second*, That it is nearly as great during the night as during the day; *Third*, That an increase of motion observed on the 28th, 29th, and 30th, was due to the heat of the weather." Next day, July 1, having examined his stations, he adds, "*Fourth*, That the centre of the glacier moves quicker than the sides." All these conclusions he communicated to Professor Jameson on the 4th July. To his friend E. C. Batten, he wrote: "I rejoice to tell you that everything relative to my glacier observations goes on in the most delightful and favourable manner. . . . Hitherto, the movements of glaciers have been reckoned by years. Some thought they started on, moving at some seasons or hours, and stopping at others; but these six days of hard work have enabled me to establish, beyond a doubt, the regular and constant flow of the glacier, not merely from day to day, but hour to hour. You may believe how much this result has delighted me." Going off to see a total eclipse of the sun at the observatory of Turin, he returned at the end of July, and amidst toils and privations, prosecuted his explorations on the glaciers in the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc. Footsore, and affected with an inflammation in the eyes from exposure on the mountains, and so long looking at ice and snow, he returned homewards to digest and methodize his interesting, and, in a scientific point of view, valuable observations.

As some domestic consolation, he married in July 1843; but still being bent on Alpine excursions, he was in his marriage jaunt abruptly pulled up by a fever at Bonn, and obliged to delegate the teaching of his next session to an assistant. Having happily recovered from this illness, he sped on to his Alpine haunts, renewing his rigorous investigations as to the structure and action of glaciers, and detailing results in his letters. In 1844, these explorations were continued. Writing of what he this year observed as to the much greater rate of motion at the centre than the sides of a glacier, he says: "Facts like these seem to shew, with evidence, what intelligent men like Bishop Rendu had only supposed previously to the first exact measures in 1842—that the ice of glaciers, rigid as it appears, has, in fact, a certain "ductility" or "viscosity," which permits it to model itself to the ground over which it is

forced by gravity; still retaining its compact and apparently solid texture, unless, indeed, the inequalities of the ground be so abrupt as to force a separation of the mass into dislocated fragments. This, it is well known, occurs to every glacier when the strain upon its parts reaches a certain amount, as, for instance, when it has to turn a sharp angle or to descend a rapid or convex slope."

Our limits do not permit us to narrate all the Alpine explorations of Forbes, which have been entertainingly described in his *Travels through the Alps and Savoy* (1843), now a very scarce work; nor have we space to follow him in his fascinating tour in Norway in 1851. The discoveries he had made caused considerable sensation. I can remember that my brother and a number of other amateurs with a strong scientific bias got into a tremendous craze about glaciers from 1840 to 1850. That was the decade when, in certain circles, you would hear incessant talk of glacial action and moraines, as if the whole world had assumed its present contour from the action of ice. The names commonly introduced in connection with the glacial theories were Rendu, Agassiz, and De Saussure, with two or three others. All of them, as was understood, had given their attention to glaciers, but in a loose and conjectural way, until Forbes, in his practical but unpretentious style, in successive visits to the Mer de Glace, had settled the whole affair, leaving not a great deal for future investigations.

Forbes's fame as an original inquirer was now considerable, though he had not escaped detraction and controversy, as is usually the case with men who rouse the jealousy of less successful competitors. But what availed this celebrity? The gentle and too eager being was broken down in health, and in 1859 he gladly accepted the position of Principal of the University of St. Andrews, by which he was relieved from the obligation of teaching, but, at the same time, was removed from the attractions of Edinburgh society. Henceforth, he was spoken of as Principal Forbes, and as such he did not a little to maintain and invigorate the ancient institution under his charge. There was more leisure now than formerly for making excursions. These, however, from the state of his health, were limited to the Highlands or the picturesque parts of England. A few years passed on, and as an invalid, with a gradual decline of strength, he sought for relief in the south

of France; ultimately settling down at Hyères to pass the winter of 1867-8. Here, possibly, his wasted frame might have experienced revival, but an exhausting and indiscreetly undertaken walk up one of the heights brought on a spitting of blood, and from this time, January 15, he was never able to be dressed or sit up. With May came the hot weather, when it was imperative he should be removed to a cooler climate. He longed to be near Dr. Symonds of Clifton. With great difficulty, and an incalculable degree of pain, he endured a journey by railway through France to Boulogne, and crossing the Channel, arrived in Clifton — to die. After enduring much suffering, he placidly passed away, surrounded by his family, December 31, 1868.

Biography presents few instances of one more truly single-hearted, upright, and indefatigable in the pursuit of scientific truth than Principal Forbes. What he did during his too brief career cannot of course be compared to any of those marvellous mechanical inventions which in later times have so enormously increased the wealth of nations. His merits were of another kind. He devoted himself to an extension of the boundaries of our knowledge of Nature, regardless for the time of any direct utilitarian or factitious result. His researches, as has been seen, were of a bold and original kind, undertaken simply for the sake of truth. That within the scope of his inquiries he was eminently successful, is beyond legitimate challenge. The actual measure of his discoveries in relation to glaciers led, as stated, to some controversy during his life, and debates on the subject have been somewhat ungraciously revived since his decease. It would be futile in a sketch like this to plunge into a controversy on which so much has been written on both sides. It is enough to say that the subject has been exhaustively treated, and Forbes's discoveries vindicated, in the laborious work recently published, *Life and Letters of James David Forbes, F.R.S.*,* to which we have pleasure in calling attention. We might echo a sentiment expressed by one of the learned editors, that if Forbes did not elaborate a complete theory of glaciers, "he may be allowed the credit of being the Copernicus or Kepler of this science." That credit he was certainly entitled to; nor was his life useless in other respects, for if in

nothing else, he presented a brilliant example to the young of energy the most untiring and unselfish. For that alone his memory ought to be gratefully enshrined.

In a succeeding paper, we propose to say something of glaciers generally, as well as the changes they produce on the surface of the earth. W. C.

From The Saturday Review.
WEATHER WISDOM.*

NEW editions of Hone's *Every-Day Book* and *Year Book*, which supplied so much entertaining gossip to our fathers, have just been published, in the reasonable confidence that they will have no less a charm for our generation. It is indeed remarkable how well they deserve reprinting, and how little they have been put out of date by the subsequent appearance of Chambers's "Book of Days," and the invaluable volume of *Notes and Queries*. At present our concern is chiefly with the corroboration they furnish to a great many of the explanatory and illustrative notes of Mr. Swainson's collection, which clearly owes to them no inconsiderable debt. If the reader is at fault for fuller particulars of the strange saints of the Continental calendar, whose supposed influence on the weather makes up Mr. Swainson's first part, *i.e.* "the superstitious side of weather lore," Hone's volumes will rarely fail to supply his want. They illustrate, too, though in a less degree, the sun, moon, and star proverbs of the second part, besides containing a good deal of information about animal life and plant life, from both of which weather-prophets, ancient and modern, have drawn prognostics. Under April 4 in the second volume of the *Every-Day Book* will be found the information about an inexpensive and durable weather-glass, consisting of a leech in a phial of water, which Mr. Swainson has condensed in his *Prognostics from Reptiles*, p. 251. The phial is the common eight-ounce phial, three parts filled with water, and covered at the mouth with a piece of linen rag. It is placed upon a window-frame; and the water is changed in

* *A Handbook of Weather Folklore*. By the Rev. C. Swainson, M.A., Vicar of High Hurst Wood, Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1873.
Hone's Year-Book. London: W. Tegg.
Hone's Every-Day Book. 2 vols. London: W. Tegg.

* Macmillan. 1 vol. 8vo. 1873.

summer twice, in winter once, a fortnight. The leech moves restlessly up and down the bottle before wind; is agitated and convulsive near the very mouth of the phial before thunder and rain; is motionless, coiled, and calm at the bottom before frost or clear open weather; and in prospect of rain or snow is apt to creep to the surface, and betoken the duration of such weather by an indisposition to sink. From Hone's *Year Book* also we get a clue to other points of rustic natural philosophy, which renders intelligible certain sayings recorded by Mr. Swainson. "At New Year's tide," says one of these, of English origin, "the days lengthen a cock's stride." A Polish proverb has the same expression, and another form of the English adage goes on to say, "At Candlemas an hour wide." We become curious as to the oddness of this manner of computation, when, under the day of St. Antony the Hermit (January 17th), we find the Italians saying that "At Antony's tide, the days lengthen a demon's stride," a stretch indicative of seven-leagued boots or the hill-to-hill stride of a Cornish giant. But the *Year Book* explains the origin of the expression:—

Everybody knows that this saying (that about the cock's stride) intends to express the lengthening of the days in a small but perceptible degree; yet few are aware of the ground for it, for there is something uncommon and seemingly improper in applying long measure, inches and feet, to time. But the countryman knows what he says from observing where the shadow of the upper lintel of his door falls at 12 o'clock and there making a mark. At New Year's day the sun, at meridian, being higher, the shadow comes nearer the door by four or five inches, which for rhyme's sake he calls a cock's stride, so expressing the sensible increase of the day. Before the style was altered, long after this saying came into use, the distance of time was greater by eleven days between the solstice and New Year's day than it is now; and consequently the difference as to the sun's altitude, or day's length, at those two times would be more perceptible than it is now.

There can be no question that the application of long measure to time indicates very primitive observation, for Hesiod avails himself of something very like it in order to teach the rural Bœotians the spring season for sailing, to wit, "when the leaves at the end of a spray have grown to the length of a crow's foot."

It can hardly be doubted that much weather folklore has its origin in rev-

erence for particular local saints, and some also may have been due to the accident of verse or of alliteration. And although it may be going too far to endorse Gay's couplet—

Let no such vulgar tales debase thy mind,
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind,
still it must always be safe counsel to "try" the saints and their weather wisdom. As to the connection of St. Paul with the weather following the festival of his Conversion (January 25), there is an old and constant opinion in many nations and languages. French, Germans, Italians, all endorse the four Latin lines which our English adage reproduces in eight:—

If the day of Paul be cleare
Then shall betide a happy yeare.
If it do chance to snow or raine,
Then shall be dear all kinds of graine;
But if the winde be then alofte,
Warres shall vexe this realme full ofte;
And if the cloudes make dark the sky,
Both neate and fowle this year shall die.

In Alsace the vulgar belief is that on the evening of this day, "omnia ventorum concurrere prælia," all the winds strive for the mastery, and that which holds its own at midnight takes rank as the predominant wind for the year. But still more fanciful is the calculation by which the country folk of North Italy prognosticate the weather of the year to come from the twenty-four days of January which precede St. Paul's. Beginning with New Year's day, which is termed January, they go on up to the 12th giving each day the name of the corresponding month, the weather of which it is considered to foretell. From the 13th they reverse the order till the 24th, making the 13th December, the 14th November, and so on. Thus, if the 7th and 18th, corresponding to July, are foul weather, such will be the character of that month. It is somewhat against this elaborate calculation to learn that it is liable to be vitiated and upset by a partly wet and partly fine 25th of January, which makes all uncertain. Somewhat of kin to this calculation is the theory of our ruder forefathers and their contemporaries in other lands as to the "Borrowing days"—the 29th, 30th, and 31st of March, which are generally stormy, and so were reputed to have been borrowed from April by grasping March. There is a vulgar belief that these days—on which it is unlucky to lend or borrow—are so

called from the Hebrew loan on the Egyptians before the Exodus, and Dr. Jamieson traces this to the corresponding time of the year, Abib or Nisan, including part of March and April, at which the Israelites quitted Egypt. The inclemency of the "borrowing days," which is fully believed in Andalusia, may be connected with the storm that overwhelmed the Egyptians.

It must be owned that there is more to be said against than for a faith in St. Swithin's influence on the weather : —

If St. Swithin weeps, the proverb says,
The weather will be foul for forty days.

This saw has been shown to have no basis in what happened at the translation of the bones of the saint, but it derives a certain amount of confirmation, or consistency, from the tradition about St. Bartholomew's day, just forty days after — namely August 24th. This runs : —

All the tears St. Swithin can cry
St. Bartholomew's dusty mantle wipes dry.

Unfortunately, though Continental nations cherish almost universally the same form of belief, there is a great fluctuation as to the day and the saint. In France St. Médard (June 8) and SS. Gervase and Protasius (June 19th) have the credit which St. Swithin holds with us. In Belgium St. Godelieve (July 6), in Germany the Seven Sleepers (June 27th), have a forty days' lien upon the weather for better or worse; and Poland, Denmark, and North Italy claim a like privilege for other saints. The term of forty days is obviously borrowed from Holy Scripture. Mr. Swainson, by the way, notices the apple-country proverb that when it rains on July 15 "St. Swithin is chrstening the apples"; he omits, however, a well-known and curiously trustworthy adage connected with hop counties and with St. James's day (July 25) : —

Till St. James's day is past and gone
There may be hops or there may be none.

Another very curious tradition, founded no doubt upon careful observation, is that which introduces into the almanack a *second winter* and a *second summer*. The first occurs in May, on account of the east winds, of which divers Continental nations have a kindred proverb to our homely adage "Cast not a clout till May be out." Mamertus, Pancratius, and Servatius, French saints whose festivals fall on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of May, are called in France ice-saints;

and a special Bohemian saint, made up of the two last-named and St. Boniface (May 14), and called Pan Serboni, is commonly reputed "to wither the trees with frost." In Naumburg these saints are called, for a similar reason, "wine-stealers." A slight indication of the sound basis on which the proverbs about a second winter in May depend is to be found in the frequent nipping by frost of the plants bedded out in our parterres in that often treacherous month. The second summer—a short one—is All Saints' day, and is said to last three days, three hours, or three weeks; and it is to this that Prince Hal, in *Henry IV.* (act. i., sc. 2), likens Falstaff, when he says to him, "Farewell, thou latter spring; farewell, thou All Hallow'n summer." It is not at all uncommon to have at this season a spell of good still warm weather. It would save a vast deal of loss and vexation to amateur tree-planters if, reckoning on this second summer and its brief continuance, they would indoctrinate their woodmen with an old English proverb which is worthy of acceptance — namely, "Set trees at All Hallow'tide, and command them to prosper; set them after Candlemas, and entreat them to grow." We will not answer for the truth of this about fruit-trees, but as to forest-trees it is beyond a doubt that whereas, if planted in November, they have time to get rooted and settled before the cold sets in, to defer planting them till the cutting February or the changeable March, is a perilous procrastination. *Apropos* of tree-planting, we are reminded that another interesting English proverb —

If you would fruit have,
You must bring the leaf to the grave —

inculcates that trees should be transplanted at the fall of the leaf; not much sooner, because of the motion of the sap; nor later, in order that there may be time for their rooting before the deep frosts. Old Ray it was who enunciated this explanation.

It is a curious study to connect the immigration and emigration of birds and their appearances and disappearances, with the calendar of the months and saints. According to the proverb of Bergamo, the swallow arrives in Europe on St. Gregory the Great's day (March 12); it flies over the roofs on St. Joseph's day, the 19th. On the 15th of September (St. Nicolas) "the wild geese fly away" from Russia, a token of the approach of winter.

In Scotland we learn that the proverb about them runs as follows:—

Wild geese, wild geese ganging to the sea,
Good weather it will be.
Wild geese, wild geese ganging to the hill,
The weather it will spill.

In truth and apart from the saints, the prognostics from birds are generally to be trusted, and, for one obvious reason, especially those from the migration of birds:—

When great abundance of winter migratory birds, and particularly field-fares, arrive early, they usually forbode a hard winter; and the same prognostic of severe weather is to be inferred from the early or numerous migration of wild geese, wild ducks, and other winter fowl.

Enough has been said to illustrate the wealth of the mine which Mr. Swainson has opened in the first part of his volume. The second part is not a whit less rich and interesting, whilst, in addition, it is more trustworthy. There is a substratum of truth in most of the proverbs about a red sunset or sunrise, a pale, or red, or clear moon, twinkling or shooting stars, a rainbow in the morning, and a bank of clouds in the west, and the weather they severally portend. Who can disabuse us of a belief in the "mare's tail" cloud, which forebodes winds, and which is commemorated in this rhyming adage:—

Hens' scarts and filly-tails
Make lofty ships wear low sails?

"Hen-scarts" are equivalent to light clouds resembling "the scratching of hens on the ground." Or who doubts the import of the roundish, small, and well-defined masses of cloud which our proverbs designate "A mackerel sky, neither long wet nor long dry"? There is a fund of homely wisdom and reflection in the Tuscan snow-proverb, "Under water dearth, under snow bread"—illustrated by the Russian adage "Corn is as comfortable under snow as an old man in his fur coat"—which should teach the husbandman to get his seed sown in the open weather of November. About the phenomena of "rain while the sun is shining," which our matter of fact English adage says is certain to be soon over, the Pole more imaginatively surmises that "the witches are making butter," while the German accounts for it by the conclusion that the "Devil is beating his grandmother; he is laughing and she is crying." Under prognostications from birds, the ill-luck attaching to the sight of a sin-

gle magpie in spring is explained by a quotation from Sir Humphrey Davy's *Salmonia*, showing how, in cold weather, one magpie leaves the nest to forage while the latter sits on the eggs or young; in warm mild weather, the two go out together, and it is then good fishing times. All the prognostics are of course liable to fail at times; and after all the wisdom of the Tartar proverb is the soundest, that "the peasant prays for rain, the traveller longs for sunshine; but God gives each what is best."

It is impossible to peruse this collection of the weather wisdom of all nations without noticing the discrepancy between different nations and districts as to questions of prognostication and portent. In the Pyrenees "a red sunset bespeaks a fine morrow"; in the Eure and Loire district, wind or rain. Of the rainbow in the east the French say that it betokens fair weather, in the south, rain; but the Spanish expect rain to follow from a rainbow in the east, dry weather and wind from a rainbow in the west. Again, while Virgil (*Georg. i. 397*) counts it a sign of rain—

Tenuia — lanæ per cælum vellera ferri —

our rhyming proverb runs in the opposite direction—

If woolly fleeces spread the heavenly way,
Be sure no rain disturbs the summer day.

In like manner England and France are at issue in their proverbs as to the results of drought, and Scotland and Sicily on the luck to be looked for in leap-year. Climate, experience, observation, may account for these variations; it may be that "each is right and each is wrong." And it is to be remembered that these discrepancies are not in cases where much depends upon following or disregarding the voice of proverbial wisdom; whereas, as we have shown above, there are really useful and trustworthy lessons to be learned from weather-lore.

From Once a Week.

INDIAN POLICE.

IN introducing the Indian policeman to your notice, I may, perhaps, say a few words as to his personal appearance. If you should conjure him up in your imagination as a dark-skinned constable, on the model of frock-coated, helmeted policeman X, you would be very much mis-

taken ; but, though so different in appearance, he has many of the characteristics of his English brother, for even in native States, whose internal economy the British Government does not interfere with, the police force is, more or less, modelled on the English system. He is dressed in a loose blue tunic, made of serge, with white trousers ; in some places he wears a red turban, in others a blue one. His number is placed in a conspicuous part of his dress — either on the breast of his tunic or his turban ; he wears shoes — that is to say, occasionally, for when he is “moving on” from one station to another, or is looking after some one who is “wanted,” he carries his shoes in his hand — a most economical mode of proceeding. He has a sword belt, and sometimes wears a sword ; but always when on duty carries a staff. He invariably salutes any respectably dressed European that in his idea comes under the description of a sahib by halting and bringing his staff across his body. Though there are no areas for him to descend into, as Indian cooks are of the male sex, yet he is generally on speaking terms with most of the ayahs — I mean the good-looking ones — and is often to be seen of an evening pushing along a perambulator, while engaged in sweet converse with the ayah. If there is any row, and the policeman is in urgent request, just as is the case in our more favoured land, he is nowhere to be found. He seems to have a wonderful faculty of disappearing suddenly, like a rabbit, into its warren. Immediately that his presence is no longer required, there he is again, halted and fronted, saluting after the most approved fashion. If he takes any one into custody it is accomplished in a very deliberate manner, with a great deal of preliminary conversation and gesticulation. He rarely makes a capture by himself, unless it may be that of an old man or woman ; but gets as many as he can to help him. Not unfrequently they are to be seen all squatted down on the ground, the prisoner in the midst, arguing the case over. I once had occasion to give into the custody of two policemen a servant of mine, who had been indulging too freely in the flowing bowl, and was so quarrelsome that he had been knocking down all the other servants within reach. About half an hour afterwards back they all came, the whole three of them salaaming. On wanting to know the reason of their reappearance, I was told that it was to see if master

would “exsqueege” (excuse) the prisoner ; but master would not, and they retired to the lock-up. During my absence from home in the evening they came again, this time to see if the mistress would “exsqueege” him, and met with the like success. Later on in the evening I suppose they took it upon themselves to forgive him, as I saw my friend at large. I fancy a little palm oil had something to do with his being at liberty.

From Our Own Fireside.

THE FOOD OF LONDON CENTURIES AGO.

HAMMOND WINTER, in the days of Elizabeth, writes :—“The bread in England is made of such grain as the soil yieldeth. The gentry commonly provide themselves with wheate for their own tables, whilst their household and poore neighbours, in some shires, are forced to be content with rye and barley ; yea, in times of dearth, with bread from bran, or pease, or otes, or in part with acorns mingled ; and these the poorest have who cannot procure better.” Yet great precautions were taken to secure honest corn-dealers. There were laws against having above ten quarters at once ; one imposed a heavy penalty on such as bought corn to sell again ; another made it necessary for a dealer in corn to be licensed by three justices ; they were to be householders not under the age of thirty — they must be husbands or widowers — must renew their licenses annually, and give security against “engrossing” or “forestalling.” The plan of setting up granaries to sell corn under the market price to poor citizens never answered. The Pepysan Library at Cambridge contains a drawing representing the granaries and corn mills at the end of London Bridge in 1598. There were two water-wheels under the granaries, between the starlings, and these wheels worked the mill-stones. The companies had also ten ovens, constituting a great flour factory and bakehouse. Of course, the object in view was highly benevolent, but it seems to have yielded no commensurate advantages. The feastings of the sixteenth century were on a grand scale ; a reference to Cavendish’s “Life of Wolsey” will fully prove this. The “Northumberland Household Book” gives the following prices of provisions : — Wheat, 6s. 8d. per quarter ; wine, £4 13s. 4d. per tun ; ale, 8d. per gallon ;

bread, 1d. six loaves; beer, 3s. 4d. per gallon; young cattle, 10s. each; sheep, 1s. 5d.; hops, 13s. 4d. per cwt.; malt, 4d. per quarter; salt, 4s. per quarter; pepper, 6s. 4d. per lb.; mace, 8s. per lb.; cloves, 8s. per lb.; ginger, 4s. per lb.; prunes, 1 1-2d. per lb.; sugar, 4 1-2d. per lb.; currants, 2d. per lb." Thus a pound of mace was more costly than five sheep. Here is a list of provisions for a year:—124 beêves, 667 muttons, 25 poorks, 28 veells, 60 lambs, 140 stock fish, 942 salt fish, 9 barrels of white herrings, 104 score of salt salmon, 3 firkins of salt sturgeon, 5 kegs of salt eels, 550 lb. of hops, 40 gallons of vinegar." Here is a set of breakfast bills of fare:—A Lenten breakfast for my lord and lady:—A loaf, 2 manchettes, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, 2 pieces of salt fish, 6 baconed herrings, 4 white ditto, or a dish of sprats. For flesh dutton (in addition)—Half a chene of mutton, or elles a chene of beef. For my Lord Percy and Mr. Thomas Percy:—Half a loaf, a manchette, 1 potell of beef, a chebrynge, or elles 3 mutton bones boiled. For the nurserie of my Lady Margurete and Mr. Ingram:—Beer, manchettes, and boiled

bones. For my lady's gentlewoman:—A loaf, beer, 3 mutton bones, or elles a piece of beef, boiled. There is a record of the funeral repast of Sir John Redstone, Lord Mayor in 1531; sugar was charged 7d. per pound (hardly more than its present price), 8 eggs a penny; butter, 4 1-2d. a gallon; swans, 6s.; rabbits, 2d.; pigeons, 10d. per dozen; a sirloin of beef, 2s. 4d.; half a veal, 2s. 8d.; claret, 10d. a gallon; salt, 4d. per peck. This was the City tariff for poultry in 1575:—Capons, 16d. to 20d.; geese, 8d. to 14d.; chickens, 3d. to 4d.; swans, 6s. to 7s.; herons, 2s. 6d.; turkey cocks, 3s.; woodcocks, 6d.; snipes, 2 1-2d.; cocks, 5d. to 8d. per dozen; blackbirds, 10d. per dozen; geese, 1s.; eggs, 5 a penny. Here are items from a household account, dated 1594:—A quart of malmsey, 8d.; a lamb, 5s.; 28 eggs, 8d.; a calf's head, 10d.; a peck of oysters, 4d.; 50 oranges, 9d. The aristocracy under Henry VIII., dined at 10 A.M., Queen Elizabeth dined at 11 A.M., while the merchants dined an hour later. James I. had his chief meal at 2 P.M., George II. waited till 3 o'clock, and now it is the *ton* to dine at 8, and even 9 P.M.

THE mysterious disappearance of the well-known bronze statue of Napoleon I. commonly called "Le petit corporal," which our readers will remember as formerly standing on the top of the Colonne Vendôme, but which within the last few years has been removed and placed at the *rond-point de Courbevoie*, has caused much speculation and talk in Paris. It was asserted in some of the journals that the Communists had thrown it into the Seine, where it still remained; others reported that it had been fished out of the water and had not suffered the least damage; while the inhabitants of Courbevoie assured inquirers that the statue had been decapitated by the Communists, but that its head had been piously preserved by the Mayor as a relic.

None of these statements however seem to be correct, at least a more satisfactory explanation is now offered of the mystery. The *Moniteur des Arts* informs us that the statue was, it is true, thrown into the Seine in the night of the 20th September, 1871, not by the Communists, but by order of M. Cresson, *préfet* of police, in order to preserve it from injury. When the disturbances in Paris were over it was taken out of the water and removed to the *dépôt* for the government marbles in the Rue de l'Université where it still

remains, in company with the statue of Louis XVI. and those of many other dethroned rulers who lie there waiting for the restoration of their dynasties, when they hope once more to be hoisted to their pedestals. "Le petit corporal" has unfortunately had its head broken off in its vicissitudes, but in such manner that it can easily be restored. This statue, which is dear to all Frenchmen, was the work of M. Seurre, and has great artistic merit. It is thought probable that it will again be placed on the top of the restored Colonne Vendôme, the figure of the first Emperor in Roman costume, which has more recently stood there, having been utterly destroyed.

THE English Mechanic, in referring to the new method of making rifles lately described in its columns, in which the rifling is confined to about six inches of the barrel, near the muzzle, states that this was tested lately at Wimbledon, with results which render further inquiry desirable. While the accuracy of the shooting is, if anything, improved, the recoil appears to be reduced to a minimum.

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THE WHITBY SMACK.

"SHE ought to be in, she ought to be in,
Here's another moon begun ;
She sail'd last Friday was a week,
And it is but a four days' run.

"I've left our Jane at home,
She'll nor sleep nor bite, poor lass ;
Just toss her wedding clothes about,
And stare at the falling glass.

"The banns were out last week, you see ;
And to-day — alack, alack,
Young George has other gear to mind,
Out there, out there in the smack !

"I bade her dry her tears,
Or share them with another,
And go down yonder court and try
To comfort Willie's mother.

"The poor old widow'd soul,
Laid helpless in her bed ;
She prays for the touch of her one son's hand,
The sound of his cheery tread.

"She ought to be in, her timbers were stout ;
She would ride through the roughest gale,
Well found and mann'd — but the hours drag
on ;
It was but a four days' sail."

Gravely and sadly the sailor spoke,
Out on the great Ker head ;
Sudden a bronzed old fishwife turn'd,
From the anxious group, and said,

"Jenny will find her lovers anew ;
And Anne has one foot in the grave ;
We've lived together twenty year,
I and my poor old Dave.

"I've a runlet of whisky fresh for him
And 'bacca again he comes back,
He said he'd bide this winter ashore,
After the trip in the smack.

"We have neither chick nor child of us,
Our John were drown'd last year ;
There is nothing on earth, but Dave, for me.
Why there's nought in the wind to fear.

"He's been out in many a coarser sea.
I'll set the fire alight ;
We said, 'Our Father' before he went ;
The smack will be in to-night."

And just as down in the westward
The light rose, pale and thin,
With her bulwarks stove, and her foresail
gone,
The smack came staggering in.

With one worn face at her rudder,
And another beside her mast ;
But George, and Willie, and staunch old Dave ?
Why, ask the waves and the blast.

Ask the sea that broke aboard her,
Just as she swung her round ;
Ask the squall that swept above her,
With death in its ominous sound.

"The master saw," the sailor said,
"A face past the gunwale go ;"
And Jack heard, "Jane," ring shrill through
the roar ;
And that is all we know.

I can't tell. Parson says grief is wrong,
And pining is wilful sin ;
But I'd like to hear how those two died,
Before the smack came in.

Well, this morning the flags fly half-mast head,
In beautiful Whitby Bay ;
That's all we shall know till the roll is read,
On the last great Muster-day.

LIFE IN DEATH.

SOME say that death and sleep are twins : have
they
E'er seen Death clothed in garments quaint
and rare ?

Or watched the living sunshine, laughing play
On the cold polished brow and waveless
hair ?

This dumb negation, with the solemn sky
Shining on its white lips, from all around
Divorced as far as some lone mystery,
With marble face amid the desert found.

This chill prophetic Presence claims no tie
With the bright world, around, above, be-
neath, —

Blank and austere, a crownless majesty,
Inscrutable — immitigable Death !

And yet she lives : forever and forever
Still floats the solemn hymn throughout the
dome

As if it sought, with passionate endeavour,
To reach all hearts and bear its glad truth
home.

Not the dark moral of the Pagan world,
Its painted cheeks and false illusions fair,
Now here, now past, as when a banner furled
No longer spreads its blazoned pomp to air.

For them this life was as a dream, and death
The one reality ; with us nought dies.
Beauty to them but transitory breath,
To us th' eternal smile of paradise !

These gracious scenes, which with a rare de-
light

And charm divine have banqueted the eye,
Wore chastened hues to them, and shone less
bright,
Sharing the doom of frail mortality.

With us they claim a bright inheritance,
And shine emancipate from Death's con-
trol —

They perish not with perishable sense,
But live eternal in th' eternal soul.

ISA BLAGDEN.

From The Edinburgh Review.
KEW GARDENS.*

CAN we wonder that the citizens of London have for ages been drawn, as if by some irresistible impulse, westward; beckoned onward, as it were, by the splendid beauty of the setting sun? In our own time we have seen the famous Gardens of Vauxhall, where Pepys tells us the nightingales used to sing so sweetly, swallowed up in the advancing tide of brick and mortar, and Kensington Gardens, where, within the memory of many middle-aged men, squirrels were as plentiful as blackberries, are now caged in by a suburb, until they are not more retired than a square in Bloomsbury. Westward still the great wave of human life is advancing, until our last open space yet, thank God, open to the pure country fields in the form of a public pleasure-ground, is in the Royal Gardens at Kew. Like the Hampton Court Palace Gardens, they have flourished under the favour of the Crown for many reigns, and the forest-like pleasure-grounds have had time to form a deep setting of noble trees round the Botanical Gardens, brilliant with flowers and exotic plants gathered from all quarters of the globe. It is true they did not pass into the possession of the Crown until the beginning of the last century, but for a century before, a residence known as Kew House, with these grounds, was in the possession of Lord Capel, and from him fell into the hands of Mr. Molyneux, who married his daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Capel; so that these noble grounds, at least as far as the Arboretum or forestial portion is concerned, have been in careful cultivation for at least two hundred years. Mr.

Molyneux's connection with the Court, as Secretary to the Prince of Wales, son of King George II., and father of George III., appears to have drawn the attention of that Prince to the charming situation of these grounds, and induced him in the year 1730 to take a long lease of them from the Capel family. At that time the estate consisted of about 250 acres, bounded, to speak broadly, by the Richmond Road, the old Royal Deer Park, and the river Thames. In the time of George II., when these grounds were first laid out for his son, the Chinese fashion in gardening was in vogue, and the grounds round the present lake by the Palm-house were designed after the fashion of the picture in the old-fashioned willow-pattern plate. In the old lake there was an island crossed by an apparently inaccessible Chinese bridge, not far off a Chinese Tai House, and as if to give a still more cosmopolitan character to the grounds, a Turkish Temple and an Assembly Room, the style of which, as set forth in Sir William Chambers' perspective view of it, it would be hard to guess at. The Great Pagoda, however, which still stands in handsome preservation some little distance off, in the midst of the Arboretum or pleasure-ground, is the only vestige of this Sinesian garden folly of the seventeenth century now remaining. The classical folly still exists. Sir William Chambers, as we all can see, capped artificial mounts with Temples of the Wind, Temples of the Sun, Temples of Victory and of Minden; now either entirely empty or tenanted by a stray bust or two of departed heroes, which look wonderfully cold and miserable in their deserted shrines.

These so-called Classical temples and buildings in the gardens were erected under the direction of the Princess Augusta, the relict of the Prince of Wales, by whom the exotic department of the garden was commenced. All vestiges of her glass stoves have, however, given way to new buildings more fitted to the advanced appliances of our day; one noble building, however, still remains—the old Orangery, a heavy but imposing-looking conservatory (marked by the date

* 1. *A Description of the Gardens and Buildings at Kew, in Surrey; with an Engraving thereto in Perspective.* By SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

2. *Official Guide to the Kew Museums: a Handbook to the Museums of Economic Botany of the Royal Gardens, Kew.* By DANIEL OLIVER, F.R.S., F.L.S., &c.

3. *Guide to the Royal Botanic Gardens and Pleasure-Grounds, Kew.* By DANIEL OLIVER, F.R.S., F.L.S., Keeper of the Herbarium of the Royal Gardens, and Professor of Botany in University College, London. Twenty-seventh Edition. London: 1872.

4. *Reports on the Progress and Condition of the Royal Gardens at Kew.* By Dr. J. D. HOOKER. 1872.

1761 over the portal of the building), where once the blooming fruit flourished, but now devoted to specimens of Colonial timber. Under the guidance of William Aiton, the author of "*Hortus Kewensis*," published in 1789, the Gardens were enriched with a large number of foreign plants. During his time and that of his son, W. Townsend Aiton, Esq., who was an especial favourite of George III., these gardens were the receptacle of the riches in horticulture collected and brought over by Captain Cook, Sir Joseph Banks, and Captain Flinders, in their voyages round the world. In addition to these Mr. Allen Cunningham brought home from Australia many rare plants, and the expeditions of Bowie and Masson to Brazil and to the Cape of Good Hope furnished the Gardens with singular products of the Southern Hemisphere. With the reign of the poor blind king (who by the way, spent the last years of his life in the quaint old red-brick palace seen from the lawn) the value of Kew Gardens as a scientific centre of botanical and horticultural science gradually declined, the two succeeding monarchs taking little interest in the establishment, and spending but little upon it. With the first years of the present Queen's reign, during which such vigour seemed to be infused into the scientific life of the nation, the first movement was made which transformed the Gardens from an effete royal establishment into the noble grounds which, under its able directors, has become the most famous botanic garden in Europe. In the year 1838, in consequence of the general feeling that the Gardens should be placed upon a different footing, and thrown open to the public as a great popular and scientific institution, at the instigation of Lord John Russell, a Committee was appointed to inquire into their management and condition. In 1840 the inquiry resulted in a report by Dr. Lindley, which recommended that the Royal Botanic Garden, the pleasure-grounds, and the Richmond Deer Park should be transferred to Her Majesty's Woods and Forests, and this arrangement was immediately carried out; but subsequently the management has been divided between two departments, the gardens and pleasure-grounds passing to the Works and Public Buildings Department, and the remainder to the Woods, Forests, and Land Revenue Office. The Botanic Gardens in 1841 received as its Director, on the resignation of Mr. Aiton, Sir William Hooker, and from the day of the advent of this distinguished botanist the fame of the national establishment immediately began to re-assert itself. The proposal of Dr. Lindley, in his report to Government, gradually, under the care of this distinguished Director, became an established fact:—"A National Garden ought to be the centre round which all minor establishments of the same nature should be arranged: they should all be under the control of the chief of that garden, acting in concert with him, and through him with one another, reporting constantly their proceedings, explaining their wants, receiving their supplies, and aiding the mother country in everything that is useful in the Vegetable Kingdom. Medicine, commerce, agriculture, horticulture, and many valuable branches of manufacture, would derive much benefit from the adoption of such a system. From a garden of this kind Government would be able to obtain authentic and official information on points connected with the founding of new colonies; it would afford plants there required, without its being necessary as now to apply to the officers of private establishments for advice and assistance." In order to give space for these improvements, however, considerably more room was required than could be found in the original Botanic Gardens, which at the time of the transfer from the Crown consisted of only eleven acres. This portion of the old Royal Domain was at once opened to the public, together with its plant-houses and museums, as they then existed. These inadequate limits were soon increased by the grounds immediately about the Orangery and the Conservatory, which gave an additional four acres; the Pineum was subsequently added by the Queen. This land, which was contig-

uous with the pleasure-ground, afforded room for a collection of plants of the pine tribe, and for the erection of the Palm-stove, which was built in 1848, and for the lake in its modern form — an addition of forty-seven acres. In 1846-7 the Royal Kitchen and Forcing Grounds were incorporated with the Botanical Gardens, making an additional seventy-five acres in all. In 1861 Decimus Burton commenced the building of the Temperate House, which lies in the avenue terminated by the old Pagoda. The Arboretum, or pleasure-grounds, were, after the death of the late King of Hanover, thrown open to the public. These grounds, which the non-scientific public greatly esteem on account of the beautiful timber they contain, comprise an additional 270 acres, and in addition to this, the old Royal Deer Park, of about 400 acres, now belongs to the Woods and Forest Department, affording almost unlimited space for the extension of the Gardens when more space is required. These beautiful enclosures have, in short, grown up piece by piece, like the British Constitution, by grants and arrangements with the Crown, and they now form the finest horticultural establishment in the world, without cavil or dispute. It is needless to say that to give a full account of the Gardens in a botanical sense would occupy volumes. As, however, we are writing for the intelligent visitor, and not for the professional botanist, we shall probably satisfy him by pointing out the main features worthy of attention in the Garden and its museums.

The public are more familiar with the entrance from the Green, than with any of the other entrances from the Richmond Road, or from the towing-path facing the Brentford and Isleworth ferries. The fine old gateway, a specimen of ironwork but rarely met with, seems to smile upon the holiday folks who hot from toiling over the Kew Bridge, built after the Chinese ideas of such a structure, are gratified both in eye and mind by the luxuriant verdure that meets their eye immediately they pass these portals. It is no spick-and-span new garden they look

upon; the turf speaks of ages of careful culture, the trees rise to a noble altitude, and their foliage strikes them as something rare and beautiful. And well it may; for the spot immediately within view is the old Arboretum. Here for two hundred years at least all the rare trees of the old and new world have been collected and carefully tended. The buildings, too, wear an air of picturesque beauty which speaks of the past. The old Kew Palace, somewhat retired on the right hand, speaks of the days when solid buildings in fine red-brick, which harmonized so well with the verdure around, was a living fashion. It seems, like all the old buildings of that age, to have a history, and that history, as we know, was associated with the latter years of the poor, blind, old king, which were spent within its walls. At that time the grounds around the palace were not nearly so open as they are now, the paths wound about amid shrubs; and here, on one occasion, as Fanny Burney tells us in her autobiography, the poor king, escaping from his keepers, pursued her, as she fled terrified through the garden to escape him. Here, also, Queen Charlotte lived many years after his decease, and closed her days. But scientifically as well as socially this spot is famous. Looking over the wire fence which separates the royal grounds from the garden — for they still belong to the Crown — we see a sun-dial mounted on an antique pedestal. This site marks one of the greatest astronomical triumphs of the past. The curious spectator may not have an opportunity of reading the inscription which is engraved upon it, which we therefore give.

On this spot, in 1725, the Rev. James Bradley made the first observations which led to his two great discoveries — the aberration of light, and the nutation of the earth's axis. The telescope he used had been erected by Samuel Molyneux, Esq., in a house which afterwards became a Royal residence, and was taken down in 1803. To perpetuate the memory of so important a station, this dial was placed on it in 1832 by command of His Most Gracious Majesty King William the Fourth.

Thus by a most happy coincidence this

ground may be considered sacred to the great explorers of the skies and the earth — the one a searcher of the starry heavens, the other, of the rarities of mother earth ; and in the names of Bradley, the Astronomer Royal, and Sir William Hooker, the creator, so to speak, of these gardens in a scientific sense, may be traced the origin of the two scientific establishments, the Kew Gardens and the Kew Observatory.

But to turn once more to the cool shade of the noble trees which tempt the lounger, scientific or otherwise, in these delightful gardens. As we have said, many of them are now in their prime, and all are more or less rare as well as beautiful. Very many of them are exotic, and were removed here by the Duke of Argyle, termed by Horace Walpole "the tree-monger," from his famous garden at Whitton near Hounslow. Among the most umbrageous of these trees we may note the Turkey or Mossy-Cupped oak of South Europe and Asia Minor. The noble spreading branches of this tree always attract the visitor, and around the Cork oak near at hand it has been found necessary to put up an iron fence to keep off visitors, the tree having been nearly destroyed by the anxiety of the curious to take away trophies of its living bark. On the lawn near the pathway leading to the Herbaceous Grounds may be seen a weeping willow that possesses an historic interest inasmuch as it is grown from a cutting taken from the tree growing over the grave in which the Emperor Napoleon was buried at St. Helena. We perceive in Museum No. 1 a portion of the oak-tree under which the great Duke stood and gave his orders at Waterloo ; a seat should be made of this, in order that the visitor may, at his ease, contemplate the relic of the great Emperor. Near at hand is a very curious tree, the Hop Hornbeam, so called on account of the blossoms resembling those of the hop. The black walnut of the United States, and the common walnut grow side by side. Near the old Orangery, which stands with such a commanding presence, an example of the large manner of its constructor, Sir William Chambers, even in small things, are some noble specimens of oaks, one specimen of which, the Evergreen, or Holm Oak of Southern Europe, should not be overlooked. The tints of some of these trees are lovely in the autumn, and make us regret that the old habit of planting them in our parks has completely gone out. There

is a fashion in trees and tree-planting as in most other things. For these last fifty years the deciduous trees which make autumn so glorious in the parks of Old England, have given way to trees of the evergreen kind, to such an extent that they are now scarcely procurable in the nurseries of this country. Thus, when it was determined lately to plant some of the vistas radiating from the Great Palm-house with the rarer specimens of hardy deciduous trees, it was found necessary to procure them from foreign nurseries ! The last popular fashion is for the Deodar Cedar, which is clothing the pleasure-grounds of England with its beautiful drooping foliage. The *Araucaria imbricata*, or the Puzzle Monkey as it is popularly called, is another conifer that is making a steady footing in our pleasure-grounds, but it is only lately that it has been spread about largely by the nurseryman. In the old Arboretum, through which we are still strolling with the reader, is a specimen, which was planted as long ago as 1792. When Sir William Hooker was first appointed Director of the Gardens he found this tree sheltered by a small hut-like structure, the supposition being that it was only half-hardy and could not withstand the rigour of our winters. We may notice here by the way that this testing of plants as regards their powers of becoming thoroughly acclimatized, is one of the most important functions of the establishment. Associated as this botanical establishment is with kindred institutions in our colonies throughout the globe, of which, indeed, it is the nursing mother, it follows that plants and seeds are constantly arriving the very nature and habits of which are as yet unknown, but they are here tested, and if found suitable to our climate, are spread throughout the land through the agency of the nurserymen. By this means enormous sums of money have been thrown into their hands, some single plants having sufficed to make the fortunes of some of the leading firms ; but, as we shall show, they have returned the favour with interest.

Notwithstanding our desire to see the old fashion revived of planting deciduous trees in preference to the unchangeable evergreens, we cannot help regretting there are so few Cedars of Lebanon in these gardens. These trees were a fashion of our ancestors. They are said to have been introduced to this country by Evelyn in 1691. This being true, it disposes of very many pretty tales connected with

this majestic tree. For instance, it is fondly repeated by many a pleasure-party that floats past the Duke of Northumberland's grounds at Sion House, on the other side of the Thames, that Lady Jane Grey received notice of her accession to the crown whilst sitting under one of the fine cedars in these grounds. Be that as it may, however, there can be but little doubt that the Cedar of Lebanon gives an expression of grand repose to a garden which we fail to find in any other tree. How much do some of our old hereditary houses owe to their solemn grandeur—a type of the persistent historic life of their possessors? Of old there stood a fine avenue of these noble cedars in this Arboretum. They were planted about the year 1700. Of these there only now remains a fine old stump covered with ivy. It is very much to be regretted that as they decayed some younger cedars were not replanted. There are many very exaggerated ideas afloat relative to their slow growth. The size of many existing trees which cannot be two hundred years old if it be really true that Evelyn first introduced them, testifying to the contrary.

But the rare trees we have mentioned are not confined to the small space which formed the old Arboretum, and covered only five acres. The adjacent lawns are also planted with them, some of which have an unmistakable foreign appearance. For instance, the visitor is immediately struck by the appearance of the United States palm and the Chusan palm, comparatively low trees, which meet his view immediately he enters the garden. The Oriental appearance of these makes him for a moment believe that he is in an Eastern palace. A very slight protection is all that is required for them in the winter. Near to these singular trees the *Yucca gloriosa* sends up its tall spire of white flowers; they are nearly allied to the Aloes, and the visitor for a moment thinks that he has the good fortune to see that plant in blossom, which, however, he may have done this very summer by visiting Stove-house No. 5, where the so-called Century Palm was in bloom for the first time in this country.

But what is that delicious scent that is wafted to us as we advance? The *Magnolia grandiflora* with its pure white blossoms scattered amid the grand foliage of the beautiful tree, at once strikes the eye with its beauty, and answers the question. We may wander for hours amid these fine trees without tiring our-

selves; but as we hear the Great Lily is just out, let us make our way to the T-shaped stove-house, which is close at hand. What a delicious scent greets us as we enter! and what a glorious sight this peerless lily presents, seated amid her green island-like leaves! Well may the famous botanist Haenke have fallen upon his knees when he discovered it, and expressed his sense of the power and magnificence of the Creator in his works. But grand as the plant is, in this humid stove, under the tropic sun and in the noble waters of the Amazon, it appears to this one as a giant to a pigmy. There the flower is upwards of a foot in diameter, and the leaves measure as much as eight feet across, and are capable of bearing half a hundred weight. But comparatively dwarfed as it appears under artificial treatment, it is still surprising. The study of the evolution of leaf and flower for a day or two is most interesting. The bud, which makes its appearance from beneath the water in a few hours, as rapidly opens when it is clear of it. The bursting of the bud is accompanied by a slight noise, and immediately the house is flooded with a delicious perfume, somewhat like that of the magnolia, only more delicate. As you watch the petals slowly unfold, at first the flower appears of a creamy white; but in a few hours, as its cup-like form fully opens, the most delicate pink is seen to tinge them; but the bloom lasts only for a few hours, as they perish the day of their birth, and new blooms come up and repeat the glory. But the evolution of the leaves is scarcely less interesting, if not quite so beautiful. They first appear on the surface of the water curled up, with their deep midribs strongly marked, and here and there armed with long thorn-like spikes. Coiled up like a hedgehog they first make their appearance in this world; on their putting off their defensive attitude, they slowly unfold their beauty to the sky; appearing at first with a deep rim, which doubtless induced the natives to call them "water platters;" and so they unfold, until at last the circular leaf lies flat upon the silver flood, an emblem of perfect repose, moored by its rope-like stem to the central root. Let us hope that a larger tank may be afforded to this beauty to display her ample setting of emerald leaves. As it is, they crowd up and over the stone margin of their tank, and give the spectator a sense of the plant being crushed and crowded. But we must not, even by the grandeur

of the *Victoria regia*, be prevented from noticing the extreme beauty of the under side of the leaves of another lily close at hand — *Euryale ferox*. These leaves are not nearly so large as those of the *Victoria* lily; but either by accident or by design one of them was twisted upon its stalk, so as to show its under side — a perfect marvel of colour. The leaf itself is like a piece of reddish-purple satin, whilst the prominent midribs are a rich amber. It seems a pity that such a beautiful sight should only meet the human eye by accident.

Not far from this tank the curious may note several varieties of the pitcher-plant. The bottom of the deep pitchers, which are suspended from this singular tree, is generally filled with water; and as the inside edge of the pitcher is frilled round with a series of fine hairs pointing downward, it would seem as though Nature intended it as first a lure to attract insects, and then as a trap to hold them, as they do not appear to be able to surmount the fringe of hairs which prevents their exit. The pitchers are therefore full of drowned insects. Some of these receptacles hold two quarts of water, and, notwithstanding the flies, are sought for by the thirsty traveller with avidity. Near this plant is another — *Nepa frusticans* — a low stemless palm, bearing a large head of nuts, that grows in the tidal waters of the Indian Ocean. Dr. Hooker tells us in his *Himalayan Journal* that there is a particular interest attaching to this plant in a geological sense, inasmuch as the nuts of a similar plant have been found abounding in the tertiary formations at the mouth of the Thames; and must have floated about there in great profusion till buried deep in the salt and sand that now form the island of Sheppey. Young palms of different species fill up the surrounding benches, and on the western wall the *Vanilla planifolia* is trained, yielding the famous flavouring fruit. The houses forming the two arms of this stove-house are devoted to economic plants, both tropical and temperate. Of the growth of fruits and condiments we daily eat, how few of us have any knowledge; of the fibres that yield us garments, not one in a hundred is as familiar as it ought to be. Here we may find the coffee-tree grow, the cotton-plant bearing the cotton-pods, the clove-tree, the ginger-plant, the India-rubber tree, the nutmeg-tree, and a score of others that we have not space to mention. The teaching power of these stove-houses is far beyond anything the

public can gain from books, because here they have the facts printed, as it were, direct from Nature upon the inquiring brain, in a manner which is pleasant and rarely forgotten. Here and there Nature in her economy gives us products that are almost humorous in their character. Let us note, for instance, the sack-tree. By merely soaking and beating its trunk, the bark is sufficiently loosened to turn inside out, a section of the bark being left at the end to form the bottom of the sack. In the museum at the end of the Herbaceous Garden the visitor will see one of these sacks. This is an example of the application of these museums in giving to the public a view of the ultimate use of these economic trees.

In the northern wing of this cruciform house the visitor should not forget to see the (Venus Flytrap), *Dionaea muscipula*, another enigma of nature. The irritability of the lobes of the fringed blades of the leaf is so great that, upon an insect alighting upon them and touching any of the minute bristles upon the surfaces, they close upon it like a pair of sugar-tongs and imprison it — who shall say for what ultimate purpose this automatic engine of destruction was devised?

Striking northward towards the Palm-stove which gleams in the sun, let us take in our way the Water-lily house, or tropical aquarium. The small tank in this house is mainly occupied by the papyrus, the first paper-making material of which we have any knowledge. The flowering stems contain a pith which is cut into strips with their margins overlapping; these strips are crossed by others at right angles, and by means of pressure are consolidated into the writing paper of the ancients. It seems strange that after so many thousand years we should have come back to a similar material for the manufacture of paper. Esparto grass now forms the broad-sheet of many London daily papers. Common straw is also largely used, and the woody fibre of the Norway pine is now making its way into the market for the same manufacture. Among the graceful papyrus float several beautiful species of water-lilies, the most interesting of which is the *Nymphaea gigantea*, an Australian lily whose flowers, of a most delicate blue, measure twelve inches across. Some of the lotus tribe have red and white blossoms. A very curious plant to be seen in a tub in this house is the water-lettuce of tropical countries, of which only the skeleton appears. The triangular tanks

at the corners of the house are filled with the Sacred Lotus of the early Egyptians, and which is so often found delineated on their monuments. The graceful appearance of this plant immediately strikes the attention, independently of its interesting associations with the past. We can liken the setting on of its leaves to nothing more nearly than to that of the Nasturtium, only their colour is of a more tender green, whilst the flower is a most delicate pink, with seed-pods like a top, in the flat upper surface of which the seeds are set separately at equal distances. No more graceful plant could find a place in private tropical aquariums than the Sacred Lotus. Near at hand is the very remarkable Telegraph Plant of India, so called from the spontaneous jerking motion of the lateral leaflets, which are alternately raised and depressed. This is one of the curiosities of the Gardens, and seems to hold the visitors with a sort of mesmeric attraction. The Caricature Plant is close at hand. The variegation of the colour on its leaves often assumes very curious forms, hence its name; but we confess that we have rarely seen any irregularity which could be said to take the character of a caricature. But from these frivolities of Nature, so to speak, the eye is irresistibly attracted by the lovely colour of the common rice plant, the great food-producer of the teeming millions of Asia, India, and the Southern States of America. From the small seed-plots we see flourishing here, of the colour of the heart of a lettuce, we can imagine the delicious repose vast swamps of it must give to the eye in the torrid East and on the parched plains of the South.

It is but a step to what seems to the public the central sun of the gardens—the Palm-stove. This is we believe the largest tropical house in existence, its entire length being 362 ft. by 100 ft. in width, and 66 feet in height. What a noble prison-house it is for the captured forest trees of the tropics, and how healthy and luxuriant the captives look! The visitor is transported to the torrid zone, and finds the blaze of light shadowed by the curved leaves of the palms, which make dim arcades of shade as he pushes through them, whilst the humid heat helps to carry out the deception; only one thing seems wanting—a few bright-coloured birds to make the picture perfect. But we forget: mere illusions, however delightful, are not sought after here, but facts, and they are sufficiently

pleasant and enticing to need no adventitious help. Graceful as is the foliage of these palms, they may be termed economic plants in the highest degree, as many of them provide food and wine, water, clothing, and cordage to the inhabitants of the arid country in which they grow. In many cases, indeed, they may be said to be the tree of life, affording at once shelter, food, and drink to those who seek them. Visitors who enter these houses to seek information will find each plant duly labelled, so that they have no difficulty in ascertaining their names and the class and order to which they belong. They may, therefore, be considered living picture-books. Indeed, this may be said of the whole garden, from the meanest weed that grows in the Herbaceous Grounds to the noblest trees; and, in this sense, the value of it as a public instructor is inestimable, and the more so that the knowledge they afford is given insensibly, whilst indeed the loungee thinks he is merely enjoying himself. Among such a tangled mass of verdure we have only space or time to refer to a few of the more graceful or valuable in an economic sense; and in doing so we cannot avoid availing ourselves of the valuable and interesting guides to these gardens by Daniel Oliver, Esq., the keeper of the Herbarium. They are models of what such guides should be, clear in description, full of facts, and without one superfluous word.

Arenga saccharifera, as its name implies, is a palm yielding abundant saccharine matter, which by fermentation makes an excellent wine—red and white—each tree yielding on an average three quarts daily. Marco Polo says, “When they want wine, they cut a branch of this, and attach a quart pot to the stem of the tree, at the place where the branch was cut; in a day and a night they will find the pot filled. Its fibrous integument makes incorruptible cordage, and the cellular pith of the trunk affords abundant sago-meal. Close beside this wine and meal-giving tree is a Brazilian palm—*Astrocaryum rostratum*. The sight of this tree of ferocious habit reminds one of the fierce tiger that lies in wait amid the verdure of tropic climes. Every leaf is beset with powerful spines, which mark the midribs of the leaves, and are arranged in rings around the stem. Any traveller making his way in the forest would certainly feel the force of these talon-like projections, which justify its classification among the ferocious genus. *Caryota urens*, another

palm, is a native of India, remarkable for its divided leaves and wedge-shaped leaflets. This is another wine-giving tree. It would seem as though Nature in very hot climates compensated mankind for the extreme heat by affording natural fountains of refreshment to the inhabitants. Roxburgh in his "Flora Indica" says, "This tree is highly valuable to the natives of the countries where it grows in plenty. It yields them during the hot season an immense quantity of toddy or palm wine. I have been informed that the best trees will yield at the rate of a hundred pints in the twenty-four hours. The pith, or farinaceous part of the trunk of old trees, is said to be equal to the best sago; the natives make it into bread and boil it into gruel." Thus bread and wine may be said to be the fruit of this beautiful palm. We cannot fail to recognize the tall and beautiful cocoa-nut tree (*Cocos nucifera*), which lifts its head crowned with graceful plumes above the other trees. This palm, which is universal in tropical countries, perhaps yields a more varied produce to mankind than any other tree; indeed, it is popularly said that its uses are as numerous as the days of the year. The gigantic leaves of the Talipot Palm of Ceylon and the Indian Archipelago, which casts such a shade, naturally suggested one of its principal uses — the construction of tents. The West Indian fan-palm (*Sabal unbraculifera*) is another specimen of the broad-leaved class of palm, the leaves measuring from four to six feet in diameter, and growing to a height of sixty to eighty feet; in this stove it is comparatively short, but the breadth of foliage contrasts richly with the more plume-like class of leaves. A very beautiful palm is *Phytelephas macrocarpa* — the Vegetable Ivory Palm. The peculiarity of this palm is that the stem, instead of being erect, trails along the ground, sometimes for twenty feet, before it begins to rise, and then it lifts its head barely more than three or four feet. The seeds which produce the vegetable ivory are found in hard clustered capsules. This ivory is used for turning purposes, the cheaper kinds of chessmen being made from it. The beautiful fan-like arrangement of *Urania speciosa*, the Travellers' Tree of Madagascar, draws attention to one of the most valuable trees of the tropics — a tree yielding pure water. Ellis in his "Madagascar" tells us —

This tree has been most celebrated for containing, even during the most arid season, a large quantity of pure fresh water, supplying

to the traveller the place of wells in the desert. Having formerly been somewhat sceptical on this point, I determined to examine some of the trees. One of my bearers struck a spear four or five inches deep, into the thick firm end of the stalk of the leaf, about six inches above its juncture with the trunk, and on drawing it back a stream of pure clear water gushed out, about a quart of which we caught in a pitcher, and all drank of it on the spot. It was cool, clear, and perfectly sweet.

We are not aware whether in the Palm-stove this water, which to the thirsty traveller must seem like a direct gift from God, is yielded; if so, and the tree was not injured by it, a trial now and then before the public would be deeply interesting. At each end of the stove there are staircases, which lead to and from the gallery, from which a view of the heads of the palm-trees is obtained. Near the ascent staircase is a very remarkable groupe of Screw-pines, so called from the likeness of their leaves to that of the pine-apple. The great peculiarity of these palms is the manner in which they throw out adventitious roots above ground, which serve as buttress-like supports to the tree. The *Bambusa vulgaris*, close to the staircase, is a specimen of the rapidity of growth of this cane, which, like the *Bambusa gigantea*, is rapidly reaching the glass roof. It has been observed to grow at the rate of eighteen inches per diem; and this very specimen has reached to the gallery from the ground in three months! The uses of the Bamboo are almost too numerous to mention; and in the Museum No. 2, at the end of the ornamental water, opposite this building, hundreds of specimens of articles manufactured from it may be observed. Among the smaller specimens in this house, the magnificent *Doryanthes excelsa*, an Australian lily, which, like the country of its birth, is on a magnificent scale, throws up flowering stems of 20 feet in height, having clusters of crimson flowers 12 to 18 inches in diameter. Let us notice also *Girardiana Leschenaultiana*. This is a most virulent Indian nettle. The late Curator of the Gardens was stung by it on one occasion, when his hand swelled to double its normal size, and he was disabled for at least a couple of hours, when the inflammation gradually subsided. Before ascending the staircase, we must not forget to notice *A. toxicaria* — the deadly Upas tree. Dr. Horsefield says:

This is one of the largest in the forests of Java; the stem is cylindrical and perpendicu-

lar, rising completely naked to the height of sixty, seventy, or eighty feet. Close to the ground the bark is, in old trees, more than an inch thick, and upon being wounded, yields plentifully the milky juice, from which the celebrated poison is prepared. In clearing new grounds near the tree, the inhabitants do not like to approach it, as they dread the cutaneous eruption which it is known to produce when newly cut down. But except when the trunk is extensively wounded, or when it is felled, by which a large portion of the juice is disengaged, the effluvium of which mixing with the atmosphere, affects the persons exposed to it with the symptoms just mentioned, the tree may be approached and ascended like the common trees of the forest.

Thus it will be seen that the popular notion as to the deadly shade of the Upas tree, which the poets make so much of, is by no means to be taken as literally true. As long as its stem remains intact indeed, it appears to be harmless; it is only the juice which contaminates the air with poison. Ascending the spiral iron staircase, we have a full view of the crowns of the palm-trees, and the manner of their being thrown off from the main stem. The unfolding of some of the leaves may be observed, showing the tender green of that portion of them which has just seen the light. Some of the creepers which ascend the staircase and surround the gallery show the prolific nature of these plants; and some of the flowers are magnificent in color. High, however, as we have ascended, it will be seen that the tropical trees have shot still upwards, and the flora of the warm latitudes is threatening to touch the glass roof. Since the introduction of glass as a protection against the weather, there has been a struggle to lift it high enough to keep pace with tropical growths. Like the contest between guns and armour-plating, there has been an incessant struggle between Art and Nature in the stove-houses. At first the old Orangery was employed to preserve the plants and trees requiring heat, but the palms and pines speedily shot up to its comparatively-speaking low roof, and had to be cut down to suit the capabilities of the house. Decimus Burton lifted this roof to 66 feet; but we now see the bamboos lifting up their verdure to the glass, and some of the palms will shortly touch it and—but here the contest is ended by the triumph of the trees. It may be asked, Why may not the glass roof be made to lift so as to accommodate these tropic growths? This, no doubt, would be easy of accomplishment by means of

telescopic columns that could be lifted by machinery; but when we remember that some of the trees now in this Palm-house acquire an ordinary height of from 100 to 180 feet, we fear the victory must be left with Nature and the flora, inasmuch as lifting the roof to anything like this height would involve difficulties in sending heat to such altitudes. Such, at least, is the present view; possibly a few years may enlarge our ideas and our capacity for action in the matter, as it has in so many other cases. Meantime, we must submit to see the glorious leaders of the palms cut down and their beauty spoilt, or, when they are at their greatest beauty, they must be removed from the house and destroyed, in order to give place to younger trees, which, in their turn, will be nursed at great expense to full treehood to be in like manner degraded—a result, we must confess, greatly to be deplored, and most of all by the learned Director of the garden, who of all men must most regret to see a limit put by Art to the vigorous powers of Nature, which his skill has done so much to foster in these gardens.

If we leave the Palm-house by the middle door looking towards the Sion Vista or northwards, we see, radiating west and east of us, two others: the vista leading past the Temperate-house towards Sir William Chambers' pagoda, and the so-called *Cedar Vista*. These long avenues are not yet completed, but it is sufficient to say that they are lined with deodars and with deciduous trees, those of the old world facing as a rule those of the new. The *Sion Vista* right before us was cut so wide that it admits a torrent of cold air from the north, and the deodars that were planted here, for this reason or from the poverty of the soil, have failed to make any growth. If we follow the *Pagoda Vista* a few hundred yards we come into the pleasure-ground or new Arboretum, in which the new Temperate-house is situated. This building was built after a design by Decimus Burton in 1861. The building consists of a centre 212 feet long by 137 feet broad. There are two octagons 50 feet in diameter, which it is intended to connect with the main building by terminal wings, but as yet the plan is not completed. The glass is tinted a light green by oxide of copper, in order to intercept some of the heat-giving rays of the sun. This arrangement is also adopted in the Palm-stove.

The planting of this house so far away

from the more cultivated part of the garden is appropriate to the flora it contains, dedicated as it is mainly to Australian Forest Trees, and other countries in the far distant South Pacific Ocean. If we ascend the staircase and look down upon the vegetation we see at a glance the distinctive nature of the Australian flora, so different from the vivid verdure of the tropics, or the deep green of the vegetation of the northern latitudes, where Nature, clothed in her dark pine forests, seems to be in solemn mourning. The flora of Australia, to begin with, is remarkably uniform in its character. The gum trees, including the iron, and stringy-bark trees, and the blue, white, swamp, and other gums, have all a uniform complexion. We are told that the Acacias have a remarkable peculiarity in their leaves also, which aids in making them colourless. "The compound, and often greatly divided blade of which usually remains undeveloped, so that the leaf is reduced to a stalk, which, however, to compensate for the want of the blade, is so much flattened as to resemble an ordinary leaf. These flattened leaf-stalks (*phyllodia*) may be recognized as such by their vertical direction, being attached as it were *edgewise to the stem.*" Near the staircase, an excellent example of this curious character of the leaf, and the method of its setting on, may be observed in the *Acacia Melanoxylon*. It can easily be conceived that the vertical position of the leaves to the stem, different from the horizontal arrangement so common in trees, goes a great way to produce the shadowless aspect of the flora in Australian woods, which Darwin thus notices in his "Voyage of the Beagle":—

The extreme uniformity of the vegetation is the most remarkable feature in the landscape of the greater part of New South Wales. Everywhere we have an open woodland, the ground being partially covered with a very thin pasture, with little appearance of verdure. The trees nearly all belong to one family, and mostly have their leaves placed in a vertical instead of as in Europe in an horizontal position. The foliage is scanty, and of a peculiar pale green tint, without any gloss. Hence the woods appear lightless and shadowless.

One of the blue gum trees of Australia has been planted out at Kew, near the house, and is flourishing. We question, however, whether it will stand the severity of an English winter. But in the South of France, and more especially in

Portugal, these Eucalypti have been introduced and cultivated with extraordinary success. We have seen as many as two hundred varieties of them in the Botanic Garden at Coimbra, and the importation of this tree is a national benefit to the Peninsula. It grows very fast even in a dry and hungry soil; it affords excellent timber; it acts as a disinfectant for unwholesome places; the bark contains an alkaloid febrifuge; the leaves may be smoked; and its uses appear to be innumerable.

Interspersed with these shadowless trees we have mentioned are many, however, in this house growing in the same temperate zone of a totally different character. Let us note, for example, *Araucaria Bedwellii*—the Bunga Bunga Pine. This is really a beautiful tree with dark-green, glossy leaves, growing to from 100 to 150 feet high, and producing large cones, the seeds of which are eaten by the aborigines of Moreton Bay, Australia. This pine flowered for the first time in Europe, in this house last year, and the cone may be seen in No. 1 Museum, at the bottom of the ornamental water by the Palm-house. It is said that these trees form the only hereditary property which any of the aborigines are known to possess; each tribe possessing its own group of trees which pass on from generation to generation.

Another very remarkable tree which springs up amid the dingier gums, and is just touching the roof, is the Norfolk Island Pine, the leaves of which forming green platter-like trays, so to speak, at regular intervals on its delicate stem, have a very graceful effect. In its native woods it reaches a height of 200 feet. These beautiful trees have been successfully imported into Europe, and grow with great luxuriance at San Lucar and on the coast of Portugal. New Zealand has many specimens of her trees at Kew; among them, *Kai Katua*, a fine tree—the white pine of the colonists, and *Areca sapida*, a New Zealand palm, and *Podocarpus Totarce*, which is one of the most valuable timber trees in the colony.

On the northern side of the house there is a noble collection of Japanese plants. This we are told is characterized by an unusually large proportion of woody plants, many of which belong to families which are rare elsewhere so far to the north. This doubtless is the scientific distinguishing character of the Japanese flora, but to the non-botanical observer the remarkable characteristic is

the perseverance with which this extraordinary people have managed to variegate the leaves of their plants. The *Aucuba Japonica* we have so assimilated to ourselves, is a specimen. The variegation in the leaves of this handsome laurel is but a type of the change effected in numerous other plants by the Japanese, — a testimony to the civilization which must so long have existed there, in order to bring about this remarkable result. In consequence of our hitherto having but one sex of the *Aucuba*, it was long wanting in the beautiful scarlet berries, which contain its seed, but this deficiency has of late years been supplied, and the staminate plant can now easily be procured. As the climate of Japan closely resembles that of Great Britain, most of the Japanese plants can be grown in this country without protection.

A very short walk from the Temperate-house takes us to the Chinese "Tai." This pagoda was built under the direction of Sir William Chambers in 1761-2, and was considered at that time one of the finest specimens of brickwork in the country. It consists of ten octagonal stories, which diminish from the lowest. The building is 163 feet in height, and the view from the top is very beautiful, extending over a large area of country. It is closed to the public in consequence of the inveterate habit of name-cutting which affects a certain class of visitors. The only Cedars of Lebanon of any size in the garden are close to the building. They were planted in 1750, and consequently are fine trees.

Now that we are in the Arboretum, or pleasure-ground, which the public so much affect, it will be as well to give some account of it. It was mainly planted about the year 1730 by the Earl of Bute, consequently the trees have grown to a noble size: but the wood has altogether lost its character within these last fifty years — indeed since the destruction of London Bridge. The old Curator, who still survives, tells us that in his youth the Thames stood at least three feet higher than it does now; in fact, there was never low water showing mud banks such as we now see. The solid piles of the old bridge formed an impediment to the flow of the stream, which kept it back like a mill-dam — a fact which those old enough to have performed the perilous feat of "shooting the bridge," as it was called, can well remember. The effect of lowering the tide,

no doubt seconded by the general land drainage of the neighbouring country, was that very many of the trees died; the present Curator testifies to the fact that when their roots have been dug up, they were marked at a certain depth, where the water never reached them in the gravelly soil, by a fungus which destroyed them. There used to be a tangled underwood throughout, and rare mosses and ferns grew there, which collectors in despair can no longer find. In fact, it was at one time a covert for game, impassable to any one but the royal beaters. When the Queen made over the Botanical Garden and the old Arboretum to the public, the pleasure-ground was in the possession of the late King of Hanover, and this prince refused to give up possession, but kept it as a preserve for pheasants. At the annual shooting the game was sent over to Hanover, and we are informed found its way back again to this country as presents to his friends! Even so late as the advent of Dr. Hooker, the present Director, it was impossible, he tells us, to find a way through the dense undergrowths; the squirrels and the wild birds were plentiful, and the aspect was quite forest-like. Since that time it has been brought within the pale of civilization. The undergrowth has disappeared, paths have been cut through in every direction, new trees have been planted, and it has assumed its true form as a noble pleasure-ground. The river, it is true, has become very tidal, and the banks at time of low water muddy; but the side of these grounds overlooking the Thames is still the favourite resort of the mere pleasure-lounger in the gardens.

Finding our way back from the pleasure-ground by way of the gate near the Temple of Minden — a monument to a battle Englishmen have almost forgotten — we come in sight of the flag-staff, said to be the finest spar in Europe; it is planted in a mound to a depth of 18 feet, and its entire length is 159 feet. But the height is but that of a clothes-prop to some of the spars the *Wellingtonia gigantea* trees could yield. A specimen of this tree is to be found in the plantation on the round mound near the Palm-stove of a very moderate height; but in California there are trees now standing 450 feet in height and 116 feet in circumference! The fine square tower we pass on our right once did double duty as a smoke-shaft, drawing the smoke from the Palm-stove furnaces, and as a water-tower, in

order to obtain a sufficient elevation for the requirements of the gardens and houses. But both of these requirements have now been answered in another manner; the smoke takes a short cut through the two wings of the building, and the water is now provided by means of the lake in the pleasure-grounds, from which it is pumped by an engine near the Temperate-house to tanks in Richmond Park. Formerly the smoke from the Palm-stove was conveyed by underground flues a distance of nearly 500 feet to the tower, where it was consumed. An underground railway also ran to the stove, to convey coals to the furnace and remove the ashes.

A short winding path takes us to the Herbaceous Grounds, which form one of the most interesting features in the gardens, and answer many questions plant-growers feel interested in, but which the uneducated passer-by thinks as of no account. These herbaceous grounds may be looked upon as the living reflex of the Herbarium, to which I shall draw attention presently. It may be considered a map of hardy herbaceous plants, arranged in the natural orders to which they belong. The botanical nature of the plants are arranged according to their affinity, as determined by the structure of their flowers and organs of reproduction.

Some of the orders occupy several beds, and some but few, the order in many instances being represented by a typical plant placed in a circular side-bed, so that the botanist sees at a glance the bed from which he may require to gather information. The grasses and sedges are illustrated by a splendid collection. The thistle tribe — few people sufficiently appreciate their beauty — are very numerous, culminating in the artichoke, which we have often wondered has not been introduced into our flower gardens for the beauty of its foliage. Evelyn tells us that they were appreciated by the ancients as they deserved. "For not very long since this noble thistle came out of Italy, improved to this magnitude by culture, and so rare in England that they are commonly sold for a crown apiece; but what Carthage yearly spent in them, as Pliny computes the sum, amounted to 30,000*l.* sterling." Whether they were appreciated for their beauty, or for their gastronomic properties, Evelyn does not say; but the nobility of their appearance no lover of the beautiful can deny. The infinite varieties of many of the common flowers only the botanist has a notion of,

the differences in many cases only being observable to the keen scientific eye. Nevertheless, only distinct types are represented here, all cross-breeds being eliminated. Among the noble foliage to be found here we took especial note of the *Gunnera scabra* — a plant which grows very like the rhubarb, the leaf-stalks springing at once from the ground. The leaves are of gigantic proportions, measuring eight feet in length, and forming deep masses of shade, and presenting most striking forms. We trust we shall see it ere long embellishing private gardens. A collection of hardy ferns, alpine plants, &c. close to the Herbaceous Gardens clearly attracts many fanciers, as we see they are under the especial care of a watchman, rare ferns being one of the articles some people see no crime in appropriating clandestinely.

Of the value of this herbaceous garden, as a test by means of which collectors are able to identify rare plants, the number of persons who daily visit it is the best proof. It may be asked what's in a name, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet"? but the nurserymen know otherwise, and in order to sell their plants they must give the true botanical name. This garden and the Hortus Siccus, or Herbarium, by far the most extensive collection of dried plants in existence, form a necessary complement to each other. The house at the entrance of the Gardens where the late King of Hanover used to live, forms what may be termed a huge album, where most of the dried plants in existence can be found duly indexed and arranged in folios. In this and the herbaceous grounds most of the scientific work of the garden is done. The valuable Botanical Library situated under the same roof attracts to it botanists from all quarters of the globe, and nearly every valuable work on the subject published in this country has issued from this spot.

Having made the tour of the grounds and the conservatories, it only remains for us to direct attention to the Museums of Economic Botany, of which there are three. To use the words of Professor Oliver's Handbook: —

We learn from them the sources of the innumerable products of the vegetable kingdom for our use and convenience, whether as articles of food, of construction and application of the arts, of medicine, or curiosity. They suggest new channels for our industry; they show us the variety in form and structure presented by plants, and are a means of direct

instruction in most important branches of useful knowledge. We see from them the particular points upon which further information is needed, especially as to the origin of some valuable timbers, fibres, and drugs, in order to perfect our knowledge of economic botany; in brief, the Museums tell us *how little* as well as *how much*, we know, of the extent of which herbs, shrubs, and trees contribute to our necessities, comforts, and numberless requirements.

Crowded as these Museums are with curious vegetable productions from roof to floor, we can only notice the more striking and noteworthy of them. As we are nearest the Museum No. 3, which is in fact the old Orangery, to be seen immediately on the right hand on entering the gates of the Gardens, let us proceed towards it. This Museum is chiefly devoted to a collection of specimens of Colonial timber mainly derived from the Exhibition of 1862. No approach to a scientific classification is attempted with these specimens, as in the other museums; in fact, many of them are only duplicates of those contained in the arranged collection, but on account of their magnitude were not capable of being included with them. One of the most striking objects which attracts the attention on entering the building is a bowl-like cup worthy to form a goblet for Neptune. It is the receptacle in which the root of the double cocoa-nut actually grows, in the form of a wooden bowl with a rough picturesque exterior perforated with holes through which the roots of the tree pass. The double cocoanuts themselves, which before their discovery on the Seychelles near Madagascar were found floating about in the Indian Ocean, were considered great rarities, and sold for enormous sums. Another very curious plant in a glass case is *Welwitschia mirabilis*. This plant is closely allied to the Pine family, and is certainly one of the most singular-looking products of the vegetable kingdom. It consists of two leaves only, which lie flat upon the ground, extending each for six feet. These leaves are said to live the whole life of the plant for one hundred years, and become dried and torn to rags. The flower is a foot across. It was found growing in a hard stony soil in Southwest Tropical Africa. Another most remarkable plant, or fungus, is close at hand modelled in wax, the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, a parasite which grows upon the stem of some of the Vine order in Sumatra. The flower is the

most gigantic in existence, measuring from three to six feet across. It has neither leaves or stem, and may be considered a vegetable prodigy. The space in this museum is taken up with specimens of Colonial timber more interesting in a constructive point of view than any other; but we must not leave its doors without noting the very ingenious method of toy-turning, of which there are specimens sent from Saxony. It will be seen that the rough forms of different animals are first turned in a circular piece of wood, and from these segments are cut, and afterwards rounded so as to represent nature. We can, after seeing this rapid method of production, understand how it is that a whole menagerie in a Noah's Ark can be purchased for sixpence. To the archæologist the relic of Herne's Oak, blown down in Windsor Forest, and presented by the Queen, will prove interesting.

If we pass over westward we come to Museum No. 1, which is situated at the bottom of the ornamental water facing the Palm-stove. This museum is devoted to flower-bearing plants. The examples are contained in cases in which the orders and families are duly noted on the outside. The orders are ranged in different floors. It would be tedious to dwell upon these specimens which, however, are highly instructive to the scientific inquirer. On the ground floor are some very curious examples of the use of the different English woods, and under the Willow order are specimens of the ancient Exchequer tallies. Up to the year 1830 the accounts of the Exchequer were kept by means of these tallies, which were made of willow or poplar wood. The amount of money they represented was noted on them by means of notches cut in the side of the flat tally. These were easily split, and the counter-tally served as a check upon the original one. Such is the life in old customs in England, that were it not that the accidental firing of one of these bundles of tallies set fire to the old House of Commons it is quite possible that the tally system might still have been in vogue. Among the curious examples of old oak, showing the power of this wood to resist change, may be mentioned a portion of a pile of old London Bridge, taken up in 1827, which must have been in use 650 years, and yet seems as sound as the day it was put down. Some of the bog oaks are also very curious; and a portion of the "Maria Rose," lost at Spithead in

the reign of Henry VIII., is still perfectly good.

Museum No. 2 is at the bottom of the Herbaceous Garden, and is appropriated to specimens of the products of those plants which are commonly regarded as not bearing flowers, such as mosses, ferns, sea-weeds, lichens, and mushrooms. There are only two floors to this museum. In the rooms of the ground floor are many curious specimens which are interesting. Let us note ivory nuts from the Vegetable Ivory Palm, with specimens of chessmen and other ornaments cut out of the ivory. The method of carrying tea in Paraguay in the skin of the great anteater, specimens of wood stained green by *Peziza aruginosa*, and used for the manufacture of Tunbridge-ware. Here also we may see specimens of the gulf-weed which forms such immense masses in the eddy of the Atlantic to the west of the Azores, as to offer impediments to the navigation of vessels.

It may be asked how Kew Garden has fulfilled the scheme of such a natural garden as was foreshadowed by the late Dr. Lindley: what imperial purposes has it served; what has it done towards proving itself a nursing mother to our Colonial possessions? This is a very important question, and we think the Director can with pride reply. From these Gardens have issued the Cinchona plants which are now clothing the hills of India, and from the produce of which quinine is now largely manufactured in the Nilghiri mountains, and in the Sikkim Himalaya. The importance of the introduction of this life-giving drug to the holders of India, and to all fever-stricken populations, cannot be exaggerated. The cultivation of ipecacuanha in the same country from seeds sent from Kew and under the care of Kew gardeners, is another fact which cannot be dwelt upon with too much pride by Dr. Hooker. It was made known as early as 1648 by the physician Piso that this powder was a cure for dysentery, but this knowledge seems to have been forgotten until the present time, when it was found to be really a specific for the disease when taken in large doses. The value of such a drug as this and the Cinchona bark to Europeans in the East is certainly incalculable; but the Director of Kew Gardens, with the large view he has taken of the true value of such a botanical centre as he directs, has made efforts to disseminate through our wide domains many other valuable plants, valuable in a com-

mercial as well as in a medical sense. He has recognized in the reports that he annually issues the remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the extent of our colonies in tropical countries, not one of them produces tobacco! To meet this great want he has sent gardeners to cultivate this invaluable herb in Jamaica, and we hear that the produce is equal to the best growth in Cuba. In Natal, through his instrumentality, plantations have sprung up, and now, we hear, they are sufficient to supply the demands of the gold diggers in their neighbourhood. The island of Bermuda has, by his direction, been planted with valuable products. In short, the nursing mother at Kew has done good service in enriching our colonies with valuable plantations, which will conduce to the welfare of their inhabitants for all future generations.

The method of transferring plants where it is necessary to do so, is by means of the convenient Wardian cases, in which the most tender plants can be conveyed safely and in good condition. Before these were invented plants were conveyed in a ship's hold, subject to all the impurities of salt water and air that such places of carriage are liable to, which rendered the safety of transport of delicate trees and shrubs very problematical. Now, with a little care, the most delicate growths are conveyed from one hemisphere to another quite safely. For years the exchange of floras has been going on; trees as well as settlers are migrating to our colonies, and the vegetable world of the far distant temperate zone is slowly making a footing in our fields and pastures. Of this imperial work the public know nothing; it is carried on systematically and in silence, and the mere holiday folk who throng to these Gardens, imagining that the beauty they see is merely for their gratification, would be astonished to find that from this heart, so to speak, every dependency of the empire is nourished and supplied with the plants and vegetation that is useful to them.

And not only our colonists are so supplied, but the home demand is also considerable. From the nurseries of Kew Gardens Battersea, Hyde, and the Victoria Parks have been planted and renewed with trees. One of the best testimonies to the smooth working and the beneficial action of this public establishment under the present Directorship is the harmony that exists between it and the proprietors of different private nurseries in the coun-

From The Graphic.

HARRY HEATHCOTE OF GANGOIL:

A TALE OF AUSTRALIAN BUSH LIFE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Barchester Towers," "The Eustace Diamonds," "Phineas Redux," &c.

CHAPTER V.

BOSCobel.

try. The profusion of gifts of rare flowers and shrubs constantly flowing in from them not only shows the high estimation in which Kew is regarded as a botanical garden, but the liberal manner in which its resources have been judiciously dispensed among themselves. Of the estimation in which the Gardens are held by the public it is scarcely necessary to speak. The crowded steamers that pass up the river on every holiday and on Sundays and Mondays are a sufficient answer. A few figures, however, will suffice to show the boon the opening of these Gardens has been to the public as a mere pleasure-ground to *all classes* of the people, for we scarcely know which class seems the most thoroughly to enjoy them. During the first year, 1841, after the grounds were opened to the public, the number entering the gates was 9,174. A gradual increase took place year by year until 1850, when 179,627 passed the gates. The next year, the Great Exhibition year, saw the number increased to 327,900. Even this large number very speedily became surpassed by the visitors of ordinary years, the number during 1872 being 553,249. No doubt the figures for the entire present year will give the largest number of visitors Kew Gardens has yet received. The Director, thoroughly taken up as he is with the scientific character of the Gardens, yet has not neglected their popular character. The broad avenue leading towards the Palm-house, during the early spring and summer months, is a triumph of floriculture, as regards mere masses of colour. The rhododendron beds, when in bloom, are perfectly matchless, and the turf beside them a carpet of the most brilliant dyes. However ardent a botanist, this much Dr. Hooker wisely concedes to the vast crowds who come here merely to enjoy the delights of a glorious garden, set in a still more glorious pleasure-ground and park. We heartily rejoice to think that the temporary differences which had arisen between this truly eminent man and one of the departments of Government are now entirely at an end, by the transfer to another office of the person who had occasioned them. But however trying it may have been to Dr. Hooker to be engaged in so unworthy a contest, he was backed in it by the strenuous support of the whole scientific world, and he received the strongest assurances of the confidence and gratitude of the public.

Two days and two nights passed without fear of fire, and then Harry Heathcote was again on the alert. The earth was parched as though no drop of rain had fallen. The fences were dry as tinder, and the ground was strewed with broken atoms of timber from the trees, each of which a spark would ignite. Two nights Harry slept in his bed, but on the third he was on horseback about the run, watching, thinking, endeavouring to make provision, directing others, and hoping to make it believed that his eyes were everywhere. In this way an entire week was passed, and now it wanted but four days to Christmas. He would come home to breakfast about seven in the morning, very tired, but never owning that he was tired, and then sleep heavily for an hour or two in a chair. After that he would go out again on the run, would sleep perhaps for another hour after dinner, and then would start for his night's patrol. During this week he saw nothing of Medlicot, and never mentioned his name but once. On that occasion his wife told him that during his absence Medlicot had been at the station. "What brought him here?" Harry asked fiercely. Mrs. Heathcote explained that he had called in a friendly way, and had said that if there were any fear of fire he would be happy himself to lend assistance. Then the young squatter forgot himself in his wrath. "Confound his hypocrisy!" said Harry, aloud. "I don't think he's a hypocrite," said the wife. "I'm sure he's not," said Kate Daly. Not a word more was spoken, and Harry immediately left the house. The two women did not as usual go to the gate to see him mount his horse, — not refraining from doing so in any anger, or as wishing to exhibit displeasure at Harry's violence, but because they were afraid of him. They had found themselves compelled to differ from him, but were oppressed at finding themselves in opposition to him.

The feeling that his wife should in any way take part against him added greatly to Heathcote's trouble. It produced in

his mind a terrible feeling of loneliness in his sorrow. He bore a brave outside to all his men, and to any stranger whom in these days he met about the run, — to his wife and sister also, and to the old woman at home. He forced upon them all an idea that he was not only autocratic but self-sufficient also, — that he wanted neither help nor sympathy. He never cried out in his pain, being heartily ashamed even of the appeal which he had made to Medlicot. He spoke aloud and laughed with the men, and never acknowledged that his trials were almost too much for him. But he was painfully conscious of his own weakness. He sometimes felt, when alone in the bush, that he would fain get off his horse, and lie upon the ground and weep till he slept. It was not that he trusted no one. He suspected no one with a positive suspicion, except Nokes, — and Medlicot as the supporter of Nokes. But he had no one with whom he could converse freely, — none whom he had not been accustomed to treat as the minister of his will, except his wife and his wife's sister; and now he was disjoined from them by their sympathy with Medlicot! He had chosen to manage everything himself without contradiction and almost without counsel; but, like other such imperious masters, he now found that when trouble came the privilege of dictatorship brought with it an almost unsupportable burden.

Old Bates was an excellent man, of whose fidelity the young squatter was quite assured. No one understood foot-rot better than Old Bates, or was less sparing of himself in curing it. He was a second mother to all the lambs, and when shearing came watched with the eyes of Argus to see that the sheep were not wounded by the shearers, or the wool left on their backs. But he had no conversation, none of that imagination which in such a time as this might have assisted in devising safeguards, and but little enthusiasm. Shepherds, so-called, Harry kept none upon the run, — and would have felt himself insulted had any one suggested that he was so backward in his ways as to employ men of that denomination. He had fenced his run, and dispensed with shepherds and shepherding as old-fashioned and unprofitable. He had two mounted men whom he called boundary riders, one an Irishman and the other a German, — and them he trusted fully, the German altogether and the Irishman equally as regarded his honesty. But he could not explain to them

the thoughts that loaded his brain. He could instigate them to eagerness; but he could not condescend to tell Karl Bender, the German, that if his fences were destroyed neither his means nor his credit would be sufficient to put them up again, and that if the scanty herbage were burnt off any large proportion of his run, he must sell his flocks at a great sacrifice. Nor could he explain to Mickey O'Dowd, the Irishman, that his peace of mind was destroyed by his fear of one man. He had to bear it all alone. And there was heavy on him also the great misery of feeling that everything might depend on his own exertions, and that yet he did not know how or where to exert himself. When he had ridden about all night and discovered nothing, he might just as well have been in bed. And he was continually riding about all night and discovering nothing.

After leaving the station on the evening of the day on which he had expressed himself to the women so vehemently respecting Medlicot, he met Bates coming home from his day's work. It was then past eight o'clock, and the old man was sitting wearily on his horse, with his head low down between his shoulders, and the reins hardly held within his grasp. "You're late, Mr. Bates," said Harry; "you take too much out of yourself this hot weather."

"I've got to move slower, Mr. Heathcote, as I grow older. That's about it. And the beast I'm on is not much good." Now Mr. Bates was always complaining of his horse, and yet was allowed to choose any on the run for his own use.

"If you don't like him, why don't you take another?"

"There ain't much difference in 'em, Mr. Heathcote. Better the devil you know than the devil you don't. It's getting uncommon close shaving for them wethers in the new paddock. They're down upon the roots pretty well already."

"There's grass along the bush on the north side."

"They won't go there; it's rank and sour. They won't feed up there as long as they can live lower down and nearer the water. Weather like this, they'd sooner die near the water than travel to fill their bellies. It's about the hottest day we've had, and the nights a'most hotter. Are you going to be out, Mr. Heathcote?"

"I think so."

"What's the good of it, Mr. Heathcote? There is no use in it. Lord love

you, what can you do? You can't be on every side at once."

"Fire can only travel with the wind, Mr. Bates."

"And there isn't any wind, and so there can't be any fire. I never did think, and I don't think now, there ever was any use in a man's fashing himself as you fash yourself. You can't alter things, Mr. Heathcote."

"But that's just what I can do; — what a man has to do. If a match were thrown there at your feet, and the grass was aflame, couldn't you alter that by putting your foot on it? If you find a ewe on her back, can't you alter that by putting her on her legs?"

"Yes, — I can do that, I suppose."

"What does a man live for except to alter things? When a man clears the forest, and sows corn, does he not alter things?"

"That's not your line, Mr. Heathcote," said the cunning old man.

"If I send wool to market, I alter things."

"You'll excuse me, Mr. Heathcote. Of course I'm old, but I just give you my experience."

"I'm much obliged to you; — though we can't always agree, you know. Good night. Go in and say a word to my wife, and tell them you saw me all right."

"I'll have a crack with 'em, Mr. Heathcote, before I turn in."

"And tell Mary I sent my love."

"I will, Mr. Heathcote; — I will."

He was thinking always of his wife during his solitary rides, and of her fear and deep anxiety. It was for her sake and for the children that he was so care-worn, — not for his own. Had he been alone in the world he would not have fretted himself in this fashion, because of the malice of any man. But how would it be with her, should he be forced to move her from Gangoil? And yet, with all his love, they had parted almost in anger. Surely she would understand the tenderness of the message he had just sent her.

Of a sudden, as he was riding he stopped his horse, and listened attentively. From a great distance there fell upon his accustomed ear a sound which he recognized, though he was aware that the place from whence it came was at least two miles distant. It was the thud of an axe against a tree. He listened still, and was sure that it was so, and turned at once toward the sound, though in doing so he left his course at a right angle. He

had been going directly away from the river, with his back to the wool-shed; but now he changed his course, riding in the direction of the spot at which Jacko had nearly fallen in jumping over the fence. As he continued on, the sounds became plainer, till at last, reining in his horse, he could see the form of the woodman, who was still at work ringing the trees. This was a job which the man did by contract, receiving so much an acre for the depopulation of the timber. It was now bright moonlight, almost as clear as day, — a very different night indeed from that on which the rain had come, — and Harry could see at a glance that it was the man called Boscobel, still at work. Now there were, as he thought, very good reasons why Boscobel at the present moment should not be so employed. Boscobel was receiving wages for work of another kind. "Bos," said the squatter, riding up and addressing the man by the customary abbreviation of his nickname, "I thought you were watching at Brownbie's boundary?" Boscobel lowered his axe, and stood for a while contemplating the proposition made to him. "You are drawing three shillings a night for watching; — isn't that so?"

"Yes, that's so. Anyways, I shall draw it."

"Then why ain't you watching?"

"There's nothing to watch, that I knows on, — not just now."

"Then why should I pay you for it? I'm to pay you for ringing these trees, ain't I?"

"Certainly, Mr. Heathcote."

"Then you're to make double use of your time, and sell it twice over, are you? Don't try to look like a fool, as though you didn't understand. You know that what you're doing isn't honest."

"Nobody ever said as I wasn't honest before."

"I tell you so now. You're robbing me of the time you've sold to me, and for which I'm to pay you."

"There ain't nothing to watch while the wind's as it is now, and that chap ain't anywhere about to-night."

"What chap?"

"Oh, I know. I'm all right. What's the use of dawdling about up there in the broad moonlight, and the wind like this?"

"That's for me to judge. If you engage to do my work and take my money, you're swindling me when you go about another job as you are now. You needn't

scratch your head. You understand it all as well as I do."

"I never was told I swindled before, and I ain't a going to put up with it. You may ring your own trees, and watch your own fences, and the whole place may be burned for me. I ain't a going to do another turn in Gangoil. Swindle, indeed!" So Boscobel shouldered his axe, and marched off through the forest, visible in the moonlight till the trees hid him.

There was another enemy made! He had never felt quite sure of this man, but had been glad to have him about the place as being thoroughly efficient in his own business. It was only during the last ten days that he had agreed to pay him for night watching, leaving the man to do as much additional day-work as he pleased,—for which, of course, he would be paid at the regular contract price. There was a double purpose intended in this watching,—as was well understood by all the hands employed;—first that of preventing incendiary fire by the mere presence of the watchers, and, secondly, that of being at hand to extinguish fire in case of need. Now a man ringing trees five or six miles away from the beat on which he was stationed could not serve either of these purposes. Boscobel therefore had been fraudulently at work for his own dishonest purposes, and knew well that his employment was of that nature. All this was quite clear to Heathcote;—and it was clear to him also that when he detected fraud he was bound to expose it. Had the man acknowledged his fault, and been submissive, there would have been an end of the matter. Heathcote would have said no word about it to any one, and would not have stopped a farthing from the week's unearned wages. That he had to encounter a certain amount of ill usage from the rough men about him, and to forgive it, he could understand; but it could not be his duty either as a man or a master to pass over dishonesty without noticing it. No;—that he would not do, though Gangoil should burn from end to end. He did not much mind being robbed. He knew that to a certain extent he must endure to be cheated. He would endure it. But he would never teach his men to think that he passed over such matters because he was afraid of them, or that dishonesty on their part was indifferent to him.

But now he had made another enemy,—an enemy of a man who had declared

to him that he knew the movements of "that chap," meaning Nokes! How hard the world was! It seemed that all around were trouble to him. He turned his horse back, and made again for the spot which was his original destination. As he cantered on among the trees, twisting here and there, and regulating his way by the stars, he asked himself whether it would not be better for him to go home and lay himself down by his wife and sleep, and await the worst that these men could do to him. This idea was so strong upon him that at one spot he made his horse stop till he had thought it all out. No one encouraged him in his work. Every one about the place, friend or foe, Bates, his wife, Medicot, and this Boscobel spoke to him as though he were fussy and fidgety in his anxiety. "If fires must come, they will come; and if they are not to come, you are simply losing your labour." This was the upshot of all they said to him. Why should he be wiser than they? If the ruin came, let it come. Old Bates had been ruined, but still had enough to eat and drink, and clothes to wear, and did not work half so hard as his employer. He thought that if he could only find some one person who would sympathize with him, and support him, he would not mind. But the mental loneliness of his position almost broke his heart.

Then there came across his mind the dim remembrance of certain old school-words, and he touched his horse with his spur, and hurried onwards. Let there be no steps backward. A thought as to the manliness of persevering, of the want of manliness in yielding to depression, came to his rescue. Let him at any rate have the comfort of thinking that he had done his best according to his lights. After some dim fashion, he did come to recognize it as a fact, that nothing could really support him but self-approbation. Though he fell from his horse in utter weariness, he would persevere.

As the night wore on he came to the German's hut, and, finding it empty, as he expected, rode on to the outside fence of his run. When he reached this he got off his horse, and, taking a key out of his pocket, whistled upon it loudly. A few minutes afterwards the German came up to him. "There's been no one about, I suppose?" he asked.

"Not a one," said the man.

"You've been across on Brownbie's run?"

"Ve're on it now, Mr. 'Eathcote."

They were both on the side of the fence away from Gangoil station.

"I don't know how that is, Karl. I think Gangoil goes a quarter of a mile beyond this. But we did not quite strike the boundary when we put up the fence."

"Brownbie's cattle is allays here, Mr. 'Eathcote, and is knocking down the fence every day. Brownbie is a rascal, and 'is cattle as bad as 'isself."

"Never mind that, Karl, now. When we've got through the heats, we'll put a mile or two of better fencing along here. You know Boscobel?"

"In course I know Bos."

"What sort of a fellow is he?" Then Harry told his German dependent exactly what had taken place between him and the other man.

"He's in and in wid all them young Brownbies," said Karl.

"The Brownbies are a bad lot, but I don't think they'd do anything of this kind," said Harry, whose mind was still dwelling on the dangers of fire.

"They likes muttons, Mr. 'Eathcote."

"I suppose they do take a sheep or two, now and then. They wouldn't do worse than that, would they?"

"Noting too 'ot for 'em; noting too 'eavy," said Karl, smoking his pipe.

"The vind, vat there is, comes just here, Mr. 'Eathcote." And the man lifted up his arm, and pointed across in the direction of Brownbie's run.

"And you don't think much of Boscobel?" Karl Bender shook his head. "He was always well treated here," said Harry, "and has had plenty of work, and earned large wages. The man will be a fool to quarrel with me." Karl again shook his head. With Karl Bender, Harry was quite sure of his man,—but not on that account need he be quite sure of the correctness of the man's opinion.

Thence he went on till he met his other lieutenant, O'Dowd, and so, having completed his work, he made his way home, reaching the station at sunrise. "Did Bates tell you he'd met me?" he asked his wife.

"Yes, Harry; kiss me, Harry. I was so glad you sent a word. Promise me, Harry, not to think that I don't agree with you in everything."

CHAPTER VI.

THE BROWNBIES OF BOOLABONG.

OLD BROWNBIE, as he was usually called, was a squatter also, but a squatter of a class very different from that to

which Heathcote belonged. He had begun his life in the colonies a little under a cloud, having been sent out from home after the perpetration of some peccadillo of which the law had disapproved. In colonial phrase he was a "lag,"—having been transported; but this was many years ago, when he was quite young; and he had now been a free man for more than thirty years. It must be owned on his behalf that he had worked hard, had endeavoured to rise,—and had risen. But there still stuck to him the savour of his old life. Every one knew that he had been a convict; and even had he become a man of high principle,—a condition which he certainly never achieved,—he could hardly have escaped altogether from the thralldom of his degradation. He had been a butcher, a drover, part owner of stock, and had at last become possessed of a share of a cattle run, and then of the entire property,—such as it was. He had four or five sons, uneducated, ill-conditioned, drunken fellows, who had all their father's faults without his energy, some of whom had been in prison, and all of whom were known as pests to the colony. Their place was called Boolabong, and was a cattle run, as distinguished from a sheep run;—but it was a poor place, was sometimes altogether unstocked, and was supposed to be not unfrequently used as a receptacle for stolen cattle. The tricks which the Brownbies played with cattle were notorious throughout Queensland and New South Wales, and by a certain class of men were much admired. They would drive a few head of cattle, perhaps forty or fifty, for miles around the country, across one station and another, travelling many hundreds of miles, and here and there as they passed along they would sweep into their own herd the bullocks of the victims whose land they passed. If detected on the spot they gave up their prey. They were in the right in moving their own cattle, and were not responsible for the erratic tendencies of other animals. If successful, they either sold their stolen beasts to butchers on the road, or got them home to Boolabong. There were dangers, of course, and occasional penalties. But there was much success. It was supposed also that though they did not own sheep, they preferred mutton for their daily uses, and that they supplied themselves at a very cheap rate. It may be imagined how such a family would be hated by the respectable squatters on

whom they preyed. Still there were men, old stagers, who had known Moreton Bay before it was a colony,—in the old days when convicts were common,—who almost regarded the Brownbies as a part of the common order of things, and who were indisposed to persecute them. Men must live, and what were a few sheep? Of some such it might be said that though they were above the arts by which the Brownbies lived, they were not very scrupulous themselves; and it perhaps served them to have within their ken neighbours whose morality was lower even than their own. But to such a one as Harry Heathcote the Brownbies were utterly abominable. He was for law and justice at any cost. To his thinking the Colonial Government was grossly at fault, because it did not weed out and extirpate not only the identical Brownbies, but all Brownbieism wherever it might be found. A dishonest workman was a great evil, but to his thinking a dishonest man in the position of master was the incarnation of evil. As to difficulties of evidence, and obstacles of that nature, Harry Heathcote knew nothing. The Brownbies were rascals, and should therefore be exterminated.

And the Brownbies knew well the estimation in which their neighbour held them. Harry had made himself altogether disagreeable to them. They were squatters, as well as he,—or at least so they termed themselves; and though they would not have expected to be admitted to home intimacies, they thought that when they were met out of doors or in public places, they should be treated with some respect. On such occasions Harry treated them as though they were dirt beneath his feet. The Brownbies would be found, whenever a little money came among them, at the public billiard-rooms and race-courses within one hundred and fifty miles of Boolabong. At such places Harry Heathcote was never seen. It would have been as easy to seduce the Bishop of Brisbane into a bet as Harry Heathcote. He had never even drunk a nobbler with one of the Brownbies. To their thinking he was a proud, stuck-up, unsocial young cub, whom to rob was a pleasure, and to ruin would be a delight.

The old man at Boolabong was now almost obsolete. Property, that he could keep in his grasp, there was in truth none. He was the tenant of the run under the Crown, and his sons could not turn him out of the house. The cattle, when there

were cattle, belonged to them. They were in no respect subject to his orders, and he would have had a bad life among them were it not that they quarrelled among themselves, and that in such quarrels he could belong to one party or the other. The house itself was a wretched place,—out of order, with doors and windows and floors shattered, broken, and decayed. There were none of womankind belonging to the family, and in such a house a decent woman servant would have been out of her place. Sometimes there was one hag there, and sometimes another, and sometimes feminine aid less respectable than that of the hags. There had been six sons. One had disappeared utterly, so that nothing was known of him. One had been absolutely expelled by the brethren, and was now a vagabond in the country, turning up now and then at Boolabong, and demanding food. Of the whole lot Georgie Brownbie, the vagabond, was the worst. The eldest son was at this time in prison at Brisbane, having, on some late occasion, been less successful than usual in regard to some acquired bullocks. The three youngest were at home, Jerry, Jack, and Joe. Tom, who was in prison, was the only staunch friend to the father, who consequently at this time was in a more than usually depressed condition.

Christmas Day would fall on a Tuesday, and on the Monday before it Jerry Brownbie, the eldest of those now at home, was sitting with a pipe in his mouth on a broken-down stool, on the broken-down verandah of the house, and the old man was seated on a stuffy worn-out sofa with three legs, which was propped against the wall of the house and had not been moved for years. Old Brownbie was a man of gigantic frame, and had possessed immense personal power; a man, too, of will and energy,—but he was now worn out and dropsical, and could not move beyond the confines of the home station. The verandah was attached to a big room which ran nearly the whole length of the house, and which was now used for all purposes. There was an exterior kitchen, in which certain processes were carried on,—such as salting stolen mutton and boiling huge masses of meat, when such work was needed. But the cookery was generally done in the big room. And here also two or three of the sons slept on beds made upon stretchers along the wall. They were not probably very particular as to which owned each bed, enjoying a fra-

ternal communism in that respect. At the end of this chamber the old man had a room of his own. Boolabong was certainly a miserable place; and yet, such as it was, it was frequented by many guests. The vagabondism of the colonies is proverbial. Vagabonds are taken in almost everywhere throughout the bush. But the welcome given to them varies. Sometimes they are made to work before they are fed,—to their infinite disgust. But no such cruelty was exercised at Boolabong. Boolabong was a very Paradise for vagabonds. There was always flour and meal to be had, generally tobacco, and sometimes even the luxury of a nobbler. The Brownbies were wise enough to have learned that it was necessary for their very existence that they should have friends in the land. On the Sunday the father and Jerry Brownbie were sitting out in the verandah at about noon, and the other two sons, Jack and Joe, were lying asleep on the beds within.

The heat of the day was intense. There was a wind blowing, but it was that which is called there the hot wind,—which comes, dry, scorching, sometimes almost intolerable, over the burning central plain of the country. No one can understand without feeling it how much a wind can add to the sufferings inflicted by heat. The old man had on a dirty, wretched remnant of a dressing-gown, but Jerry was clothed simply in trousers and an old shirt. Only that the musquitoes would have flayed him he would have dispensed probably with these. He had been quarrelling with his father respecting a certain horse which he had sold, of the price of which the father demanded a share. Jerry had unblushingly declared that he himself had “shaken” the horse,—Anglicé, had stolen him,—twelve months since on Darnley Downs, and was therefore clearly entitled to the entire plunder. The father had rejoined with animation that unless “half a quid,”—or 10s.,—were given him as his contribution to the keep of the animal, he would inform against his son to the squatter on Darnley Downs, and had shown him that he knew the very run from which the horse had been taken. Then the sons within had interfered from their beds, swearing that their father was the noisiest old “cuss” unhung,—they having had their necessary slumbers disturbed.

At this moment the debate was interrupted by the appearance of a man out-

side the verandah. “Well, Mr. Jerry, how goes it?” asked the stranger.

“What, Bos, is that you? What brings you up to Boolabong? I thought you was ringing trees for that young scut at Gangoil. I’ll be even with him some of these days. He had the impudence to send a man of his up here last week looking for sheepskins.”

“He wasn’t that soft, Mr. Jerry, was he? Well;—I’ve dropped working for him. How are you, Mr. Brownbie? I hope I see you finely, Sir. It’s stiffish sort of weather, Mr. Brownbie;—aint it, Sir?” The old man grunted out some reply, and then asked Boscobel what he wanted. “I’ll just hang about for the day, Mr. Brownbie, and get a little grub. You never begrudged a working man that yet.” Old Brownbie again grunted, but said no word of welcome. That, however, was to be taken for granted, without much expression of opinion. “No, Mr. Jerry,” continued Boscobel, “I’ve done with that fellow.”

“And so has Nokes done with him.”

“Nokes is at work on Medlicot’s Mill. That sugar business wouldn’t suit me.”

“An axe in your hand is what you’re fit for, Bos.”

“There’s a many things I can turn my hand to, Mr. Jerry.—You couldn’t give a fellow such a thing as a nobbler, Mr. Jerry;—could you? I’d offer money for it, only I know it would be taken amiss. It’s that hot that a fellow’s very in’ards get parched up.” Upon this Jerry slowly rose, and going to a cupboard brought forth a modicum of spirits, which he called Battle Axe, but which was supposed to be brandy. This Boscobel swallowed at a gulp, and then washed it down with a little water.

“Come, Jerry,” said the old man, somewhat relenting in his wrath, “you might as well give us a drop as it’s going about.” The two brothers who had now been thoroughly aroused from their sleep, and who had heard the enticing sound of the spirit bottle, joined the party,—and so they drank all round.

“Heathcote’s in an awful state about them fires,—ain’t he?” asked Jerry. Boscobel, who had squatted down on the verandah, and was now lighting his pipe, bobbed his head. “I wish he was clean burned out,—over head and ears,” said Jerry. Boscobel bobbed his head again, sucking with great energy at the closely stuffed pipe. “If he treated me like he does you fellows,” continued Jerry, “he shouldn’t have a yard of fencing or

a blade of grass left,—nor a ewe, nor a lamb, nor a hogget. I do hate fellows who come here and want to be better than any one about 'em,—young chaps, especially. Sending up here to look for sheepskins;—cuss his impudence! I sent that German fellow of his away with a flea in his ear."

"Karl Bender?"

"It's some such name as that."

"He's all in all with the squire," said Boscobel. "And there's a chap there called Jacko,—he's another. He gets 'em down there to Gangoil, and the ladies talks to 'em, and then they'd go through fire and water for him. There's Mickey;—he's another, jist the same way. I don't like them ways, myself."

"Too much of master and man about it; ain't there, Bos?"

"Just that, Mr. Jerry. That ain't my idea of a free country. I can work as well as another, but I ain't going to be told that I'm a swindler, because I'm making the most of my time."

"He turned Nokes out by the scruff of his neck?" said Jerry. Boscobel again bobbed his head. "I didn't think Nokes was the sort of fellow to stand that."

"No more he ain't," said Boscobel.

"Heathcote's a good plucked 'un all the same," said Joe.

"It's like you to speak up for such a fellow as that," said Jerry.

"I say he's a good plucked 'un,—I'm not standing up for him. Nokes is half-a-stone heavier than him, and ought to have knocked him over. That's what you'd've done;—wouldn't you, Boss? I know I would."

"He'd've had my axe at his head," said Boscobel.

"We all know Joe's game to the backbone," said Jerry.

"I'm game enough for you, any way," said his brother. "And you can try it out any time you like."

"That's right; fight like dogs; do," said the old man.

The quarrel at this point was interrupted by the arrival of another man, who crept up round the corner on to the verandah exactly as Boscobel had done. This was Nokes, of whom they had that moment been speaking. There was silence for a few moments among them, as though they feared that he might have heard them, and Nokes stood hanging his head as though half ashamed of himself. Then they gave him the same kind of greeting as the other man had received.

Nobody told him that he was welcome, but the spirit jar was again brought into use, Jerry measuring out the liquor, and it was understood that Nokes was to stay there and get his food. He too gave some account of himself,—which was supposed to suffice, but which they all knew to be false. It was Sunday, and they were off work at the sugar-mill. He had come across Gangoil run intending to take back with him things of his own which he had left at Bender's hut, and having come so far, had thought that he would come on and get his dinner at Boolabong. As this was being told a good deal was said of Harry Heathcote. Nokes declared that he had come right across Gangoil, and explained that he would not have been at all sorry to meet Master Heathcote in the bush. Master Heathcote had had his own way up at the station when he was backed by a lot of his own hands;—but a good time was coming, perhaps. Then Nokes gave it to be understood very plainly that it was the settled practice of his life to give Harry Heathcote a thrashing. During all this there was an immense amount of bad language, and a large portion of the art which in the colony is called "blowing." Jerry, Boscobel, and Nokes all boasted, each that on the first occasion he would give Harry Heathcote such a beating that a whole bone should hardly be left in the man's skin. "There isn't one of you man enough to touch him," said Joe, who was known as the freest fighter of the Brownbie family.

"And you'd eat him, I suppose," said Jerry.

"He's not likely to come in my way," said Joe;—"but if he does, he'll get as good as he brings. That's all."

This was unpleasant to the visitors, who, of course, felt themselves to be snubbed. Boscobel affected to hear the slight put upon his courage with good humour, but Nokes laid himself down in a corner and sulked. They were soon all asleep,—and remained dozing, snoring, changing their uncomfortable positions, and cursing the mosquitoes, till about four in the afternoon, when Boscobel got up, shook himself, and made some observation about "grub." The meal of the day was then prepared. A certain quantity of flour and raw meat, ample for their immediate wants, was given to the two strangers, with which they retired into the outer kitchen, prepared it for themselves, and there ate their dinner, and each of the brothers

did the same for himself in the big room, — Joe, the fighting brother, providing for his father's wants as well as his own. One of them had half a leg of cold mutton, so that he was saved the trouble of cooking, — but he did not offer to share this comfort with the others. An enormous kettle of tea was made, and that was common among them. While this was being consumed, Boscobel put his head into the room, and suggested that he and his mate wanted a drink. Whereupon Jerry, without a word, pointed to the kettle, and Boscobel was allowed to fill two pannikins. Such was the welcome which was always accorded to strangers at Boolabong.

After their meal the men came back on to the verandah, and there was more smoking and sleeping — more boasting and snarling. Different allusions were made to the spirit jar, especially by the old man; but they were made in vain. The "Battle Axe" was Jerry's own property, and he felt that he had already been almost foolishly liberal. But he had an object in view. He was quite sure that Boscobel and Nokes had not come to Boolabong on the same Sunday by any chance coincidence. The men had something to propose, and in their own way they would make the proposition before they left, — and they would make it probably to him. Boscobel intended to sleep at Boolabong, but Nokes had explained that it was his purpose to return that night to Medlicot's Mill. The proposition no doubt would be made soon, — a little after seven, when the day was preparing to give way suddenly to night. Nokes first walked off, sloping out from the verandah in a half shy, half cunning manner, looking no whither, and saying a word to no one. Quickly after him, Boscobel jumped up suddenly, hitched up his trousers, and followed the first man. At about a similar interval, Jerry passed out through the big room to the yard at the back, and from the yard to the shed that was used as a shambles. Here he found the other two men, and no doubt the proposition was made.

"There's something up," said the old man as soon as Jerry was gone.

"Of course there's something up," said Joe. "Those fellows didn't come all the way to Boolabong for nothing."

"It's something about young Heathcote," suggested the father.

"If it is," said Jack, "what is it to you?"

"They'll get themselves hanged, that's all about it."

"That be blowed," said Jack; "you go easy and hold your tongue. If you know nothing, nobody can hurt you."

"I know nothing," said Joe, "and don't mean. If I had scores to quit with a fellow like Harry Heathcote I should do it after my own fashion. I shouldn't get Boscobel to help me, nor yet such a fellow as Nokes. But it's no business of mine. Heathcote's made the place too hot to hold him. That's all about it." There was no more said, and in an hour's time Jerry returned to the family. Neither the father nor brother asked him any questions, nor did he volunteer any information.

Boolabong was about fourteen miles from Medlicot's Mill. Nokes had walked this distance in the morning, and now retraced it at night, — not going right across Gangoil, as he had falsely boasted of doing early in the day, but skirting it, and keeping on the outside of the fence nearly the whole distance. At about two in the morning he reached his cottage outside the mill on the river bank; — but he was unable to skulk in unheard. Some dogs made a noise, and presently he heard a voice calling him from the house. "Is that you, Nokes, at this time of night?" asked Mr. Medlicot. Nokes grunted out some reply, intending to avoid any further question. But his master came up to the hut door, and asked him where he had been.

"Just amusing myself," said Nokes.

"It's very late."

"It's not later for me than for you, Mr. Medlicot."

"That's true. I've just ridden home from Gangoil."

"From Gangoil? I didn't know you were so friendly there, Mr. Medlicot."

"And where have you been?"

"Not to Gangoil, anyway. Good night, Mr. Medlicot." Then the man took himself into his hut, and was safe from further questioning that night.

From The Contemporary Review.

LETTERS FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

TO THE AUTHOR OF "ORION" ON LITERARY AND GENERAL TOPICS.

A LADY with whom I have the honour to be acquainted — the authoress of a recently published volume of poems, containing some true poetry — is in the habit of excusing herself to her correspondents

for the rare and scantling appearance of her notes, on the ground that "letter-writing" is one of the lost Arts. The present day seems to have become "too fast" for it. In running the eye of memory over the celebrated letter-writers of a more leisurely literary period, such as Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Staël, Lady Mary Wortley Montague — (omitting, of course, all those who, like Rousseau, wrote entire novels in the form of letters), and among men, the more highly finished and future-eyed letter-writers, such as Pope, Addison, Cowper, and others — especially clergymen, philosophers, and philanthropists — one begins to see that there is much truth in the foregoing assertion. The "loss" of the Art is mainly attributable to an impatient sense of the loss of time. And it looks still more like a fact, if we bring our view down to the nearer dates of the admirable letters of Robert Burns, of Southey, of Mary Russell Mitford, Leigh Hunt, Charles Dickens, Harriet Martineau, Sara Coleridge — just published — and those of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a portion of which are now about to be given to the world for the first time.

The whole of these last-named productions of one of the finest and most cultivated minds of our age, have been in my possession since the year 1839. When a few of them shall have appeared in these pages, many readers will be ready to blame me for keeping locked up in darkness so interesting a mine of literary wealth during all these years. Long absence from England, occupations of a bush-life in Australia, added to motives of delicacy in the fear of intruding upon unclosed wounds in the loss of such a spirit, must be my excuse. And the delay would have been yet more prolonged but for my sudden discovery that many of Mrs. Browning's letters, having been written with some bad kind of ink, were beginning to fade. Her graphic lines were, in several instances, on the borders of the vanishing point. Under these circumstances, I asked permission of my friend, Mr. Robert Browning, for their publication; and this was granted at once, and in terms that enhanced the favour as much beyond my means to express, as it would be beyond his wish that I should make the attempt. He had never seen the Letters, but trusted in my good feeling.

Reverting to our opening words, the question now arises as to what constitutes the "Art of Letter-writing"? Put-

ting mere fine talk and eloquent twaddle out of court, and taking some brains, study, and experience for granted, my immediate opinion is this, — the art of letter-writing is just the art, so to speak, of being natural. In other words, it is not an *art* at all. Inasmuch as nobody comes to *read* with facility till a good deal of reading has been done; so in writing with facility, a considerable amount of previous writing is to be understood; and this being clear, we may safely repeat that the finest Letter-writing is no set and specific art, but varies with the individual writer, as it ought and must. In its highest forms of success, it is the natural and spontaneous outpouring of a well-stored intellect, a genial spirit, fine taste, judgment, toleration, the wit and humour that come unsought, and in its entirety the *abandon* of a soul and heart which give vent to their inward breathings, in the full belief — and generally with the conviction — of addressing a congenial mind, and of being in sympathy with a nature of sufficient similitude to be in accord with these unpremeditated models of pen-craft. And, withal, such letters are the perfection of refined colloquiality. Those of the late Miss Mitford carried the carelessness of implicit confidence to an amusing, and almost absurd, extent, innumerable letters and notes from her having been written on any scraps of paper at hand, old envelopes turned inside out, and blank edges of newspapers, while I have many letters, the outsides of which were frequently half covered with postscripts and after-thoughts. Those of Mrs. Browning's had no external signs of this easy, off-hand carelessness, but *within* they were the perfection of ease, confiding frankness — firmness of opinion, also — and the undisguised and complete expression of the writer's nature, and her thought and feeling upon every subject she touched.

Three years ago I published in a monthly magazine,* by permission, one of Mrs. Browning's letters, preceding it with the following remarks, containing certain matters of which my present readers should be informed: —

"My first acquaintance with the authoress of 'Our Village' was by a note from Miss E. B. Barrett (whom I only knew by literary correspondence, and had never seen), both so much regarded

* "Macmillan's Magazine," Sept., 1870, Art. iv., "Portraits and Memoirs."

in private and in public, and now so lamented. This note enclosed one from Miss Mitford, expressing a wish to have a dramatic sketch for some annual, or other dramatic thing which she found it her interest, but no particular pleasure, to edit.

"Both these notes were models of fascinating colloquial elegance and simplicity, more especially that of the, at that time, invisible poetess, and they should both be here presented to the reader, but that, at present, they have not been extracted from amidst the accumulations of bygone years." (And I am still unable to discover them.)

"That occasion, however, was my first introduction to Miss Mitford; and my first to the learned and accomplished poetess—the greatest lyric poetess the world has ever known—was by a note from Mrs. O——, enclosing one from the young lady, containing a short poem, with the modest request to be frankly told whether it might be ranked as poetry, or merely verses. As there was no doubt in the recipient's mind on that point, the poem was forwarded to *Colburn's New Monthly*, edited, at that time, by Mr. Edward Bulwer (the late Lord Lytton), where it appeared in the current number."

That which led to my acquaintance with Miss Mitford will be seen in the first letter from Mrs. Browning, which will here be given. But with respect to Mrs. Browning a few words should be added:—"It may be generally understood that this equally gifted and accomplished lady, having been for years confined to her rooms, like an exotic plant in a green-house, being considered in constant danger of rapid decline, occupied her time, not only in the arduous study of poetry, but also in acquiring a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. She was also well acquainted with all the greatest authors of France and Italy in the original, and, apparently, with the poetry of the Portuguese. But it is not so generally known, and perhaps very little known, that she was a most assiduous reader of English literature, and conversant equally with the earliest authors, and the best of those of our own day. Her criticisms in the *Athenæum*, and in her private letters, are among the most exquisite ever penned; discriminating and applauding all the power and beauty; lenient to errors and shortcomings, and rich with imaginative illustrations. She had also a subtle in-

stinct as to character, the more remarkable considering her years of seclusion from the world. But these things can only be known to few, the very few who enjoyed the privilege of being in her society or ranking among her correspondents. In the opinion of some of them—and of one, at least—nobody ever wrote such letters and notes, not even the most celebrated of the lady letter-writers handed down for the world's admiration. The general knowledge, varied learning and reading, fine taste, and the noble heart and mind, were only to be surpassed, if that could be, by her utter simplicity and charming colloquial carelessness. Of course no single letter would display all these qualities, but it would be difficult to produce half a dozen which did not." And let me also request the present reader to bear in mind that those letters which would best justify the foregoing opinion have not been selected for this first collection, the editor thinking he should rather be governed by the dates, or the approximate dates, so as to make them illustrative of certain literary men and women of her day (now thirty years ago and upwards), and of certain books and other literary work with which she was occupied.

Something else, important to my own feelings, I am anxious to explain. It will have been seen that it was my happiness, and it is not without a just pride, that I was instrumental in the first introduction of Miss E. B. Barrett to the literary world; in the next place, I was many years her senior, and thus, besides such works as I had published, and other literary engagements, with the whole of which in that seclusion of hers she was fully conversant, she also knew of my varied experiences in foreign lands of a very different kind; and all these things, acting upon her imagination in solitude, together with a most unexampled over-estimate of all reason to be grateful for my slight services, and off-shoots of correspondence, have caused expressions of gratitude and deference far beyond any adequate cause, and which, with profound respect to her memory, I beg to disclaim. For the frequent reference, also, to my Tragedies and other works, let me ask the reader to grant me his pardon—the more necessary, if, as will be likely, with so many readers of the present day, they have never read a line of them; and it may add to my excuse for the inability, for obvious reasons, to omit such passages, that the books in question, with

only three exceptions, have all been long out of print, and, so far as I can see into the "forlorn hopes" of the tragic drama, likely to remain so. For the compliments, then, and other kind remarks in these letters, once for all, let me ask the reader's forgiveness. I cannot erase them without causing a mist and confusion in matters very clear in these letters as they stand.

The first letter here given had been preceded by several others, as will be perceptible; but they cannot as yet be found. This first one will prove that my apologies were no "piece of affectation." It is unlucky for my modesty — such as it is, or is not — that so glaring a need for excuses should have broken through the dark clouds of thirty years at the very outset. I am glad to say, however, that there is no other compliment that goes quite so far as this.

It refers to something written by me, at Miss Barrett's earnest request, in one of Finden's Illustrated Annuals, which was to be edited, and in fact "furnished," by her friend Miss Mitford. I did not at all like these ornamental efflorescences of passing literature, as both ladies knew; the thing was done, nevertheless, being cast in the shape of the most concise trilogy ever written — *viz.*, a tragedy founded on the German legend of the Death-Fetches. I have never seen it since, nor anybody else in all probability. One knows the fate — the deserved fate — of these annual gildings.

BEACON TERRACE, TORQUAY,
Nov. 20th, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR, — In passing to the immediate occasion of my troubling you with these lines, allow me to thank you — to join mine to the thanks of many — for the pleasure of admiration (surely not the least of the pleasures of this world) with which I have read your trilogy. It is so full of fine conception that its brevity grows into a fault, — one would so willingly see it brought out into detail and consummation. But, even as it is, believe in my contentment — speaking for myself.

The moonlight scene is exquisite, and there is, particularly distinguishable in that) a music of *broken cadences* which I have seldom observed out of Shakespeare. It is the Fetch of a great tragedy — for all the briefness.

I should not have ventured to trouble you with opinions you might so easily take for granted, if it were not for another circumstance. Two months or more ago, you will remember asking me to send you a short poem by return of post, for a particular purpose. I was ill able to write at the time, but still worse able to endure the appearance of discourtesy towards you in such a trifle, and therefore I

sent you two MSS. which I had by me, the shortest I had, but evidently too long to suit you. I did it just and only that you might not think me ill-natured; — and the event having proved their uselessness to you otherwise, perhaps you would be kind enough to enclose them back to me — that is, if you can readily put your hand upon them. The "Madrigal of Flowers" is one title, and the "Cry of the Human" the other. I am afraid of involving you in some trouble of search for which you may well reproach me. So, pray, if you cannot readily put your hand upon them, put the subject out of your head.

Very sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

To R. H. Horne,
75, Gloucester Place, London.

It is thus apparent that a good many previous notes are, in all probability, wanting; and equally so that there must also be still more missing, which were received between the foregoing and following notes.

The next letter refers to the unusual circumstance of a "hooping-cough" being caught a second time. But so it was. Having been engaged as one of the Assistant Commissioners in the Government inquiry into the "Employment of Children and Young Persons in Mines and Manufactories," I chanced one day to be seated for a couple of hours, during an east wind of the winter months, taking the evidence of some children, in a newly plastered church ante-room, with the accompaniment of a thorough draft from doors and windows; and a first-rate cough, with all the "hooping" convulsions, like "laughter holding both his sides" (with a difference), was the consequence. But a very much more important subject, *viz.*, the struggles of an heroic spirit in a most fragile and fluttering frame, will be discovered in the following profoundly interesting and touching letter: —

Post-Mark — TORQUAY,
June 12th, 1841.

MY DEAR MR. HORNE, — I am so sorry about the hooping-cough. As a means of "rejuvenescence," why, one might as pleasantly pass into and through Medea's kettle. Do try to remember when you write again, and tell me how you are; if the change of air perfects the good it has begun. For my own part I never had the hooping-cough at all. I stood alone in my family, and wouldn't have it when everybody else was hooping.

Mind, if you please — I wrote two notes to you instead of one, and had it not been for the fear of teasing you beyond bounds, should certainly have written a third to ask about the cough. The first was put into a dangerous

envelope — out of perverseness and faith in the right measure, and perhaps glided away. But I have sent a hundred of those little letters, and received still more, and never missed, or was missed, till now — *if* now. So, why shouldn't I be perverse?

I am revived just now — pleased, anxious, excited altogether, in the hope of touching at last upon my last days at this place. I have been up, and bore it excellently — up an hour at a time without fainting — and on several days without injury, — and now am looking forward to the journey. My physician has been open with me, and is of opinion that there is a good deal of risk to be run in attempting it. But my mind is made up to go; and if the power remains to me, I *will* go. To be at home and relieved from the sense of doing evil where I would soonest bring a blessing — of breaking up poor papa's domestic peace into fragments by keeping my sisters here (and he won't let them leave me) — would urge me into any possible "risk" — to say nothing of the continual repulsion, night and day, of the sights and sounds of this dreary place. There will be no opposition. So papa promised me at the beginning of last winter that I should go when it became "possible." Then, Dr. Scully did not talk of "risk," but of certain consequences. He said I should die on the road. I know how to understand the change of phrase. There is only a "risk" now — and the journey is "possible." So, I go.

We are to have one of the patent carriages, with a thousand springs, from London, and I am afraid of nothing. I shall set out, I *hope*, in a fortnight.

Ah, but not directly for London. There is to be some intermediate place where we all must meet, papa says, and stay for a month or two before the final settlement in Wimpole Street, — and he names "Clifton," and I pray for the neighbourhood of London, because I look far (too far, perhaps, for me), and fear being left an exile again at those Hot Wells during the winter. I don't know what the "finality measure" may be. The only thing *fixed* is a journey from hence: — and "if I fall," as the heroes say, why you and Psyche must walk by yourselves. *She*, at least, won't be the worse for it."

The last sentence alludes to a mutually projected lyrical drama on the Greek model. An outline of the design, and the proposed "division of labour," will subsequently be given.

Who taught this parrot its "How d'ye do?" and so much irrelevancy? You would be tired of me even if you hadn't the hooping-cough.

Is it true that Mr. Heraud's magazine is downfallen? And why?

But don't answer my questions — don't indeed write at all until you are better, and able and inclined to write. Writing is so bad —

leaning to write is so bad — and I don't suppose that you could write in the way I do, leaning backwards instead of forwards — lying down, in fact. I write *so* "to the Horse Guards."

How you would smile sarcasms and epigrams out of the "hood" if you could see from it what I have been doing, or rather suffering, lately! Having my picture taken, by a lady miniature-painter, who wandered here to put an old vow of mine to proof. For it wasn't the ruling passion, "strong in death," "though by your smiling you may seem to say so," but a sacrifice to papa.

Are you tossed about much by the agitation of political matters — or indifferently calm? I hear nothing from London except what Lord Melbourne has done, or the Queen said.

Dear Mr. Horne, don't let me mar anything in your conception, with regard to the Drama [referring to the design of "Psyche"]. Push any foolishness aside which seems to do it.

I did *not* understand your particular view. I thought that our philosopher (Medon), having laboriously worked himself blind with the vain, earthward, cramped striving of his intellect, was suddenly thrown upon the verge of awaking in, and to, the spiritual world, by a casualty relating to his body itself. It was something of that sort which I seemed to discern in what you wrote. Don't mar anything for *me*, dear Mr. Horne. Truly yours,

ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

Perhaps we may not be gone from hence so soon as a — a fortnight, after all. If you are inclined to write, do not hesitate about directing *here*, as usual, until I say more. I remember something of Broadstairs, deep in a cloud of childish thoughts.

It will have been noticed that while the very life of the suffering writer of these Letters is about to be imperilled by a long journey, how kindly considerate she is of others — her father, sisters, the occupation of my time, — and in other notes she again alludes to that "hooping" torment which lasted me, "on and off," nearly a year and a half.

The next two Letters refer to the "legitimate drama," and the Patent Monopoly once possessed by three special London theatres. This is not the place to say much upon the subject, *viz.*, the prominent part I took in destroying that monopoly. Let me merely repeat that I considered it right that all such monopoly should be destroyed, and (as I put it in the Petitions to both Houses) "that every theatre should be permitted to enact the best dramas they could obtain." From the ashes of that monopoly I, and those who worked with me at the destruction, expected to see a new race both of dramatists and actors arise. Never were

sanguine hopes more utterly defeated — made a mockery of — and far worse idols set up in the temples than those which had been cast down. And here we shall see a young lady, living in utter seclusion, and precariously hovering on the brink of the grave, who had far keener instincts and far wiser foresight than the man to whom she was writing with so much modesty and deference. She was requested to place her name, among other signatures of eminent persons, to the Petitions in question. I could not but be charmed, at the time, with the elegant humility and kindly regrets, mixed with unalterable firmness, conveyed in her replies; but how must I admire all she said, now that I look around at the great majority of the stages of London, knowing that they have spread their pestilence all over the world ever since we destroyed those Patent Monopolies?

TORQUAY, (not dated, but the post-mark looks like 1841.)

Nothing of the "tragic subject" to-day, dear Mr. Horne: I am going to get into a scrape instead.

I tremble to do it, take a long breath before I begin, and then beg you to excuse me about the signature, and forgive me, if possible, afterwards.

Have I done it? Is it all over with me? Oh! I feel the shadow of the great Gregory's hand, to match the foot, even at this distance.

Alluding to what is said in my tragedy, of the hand and foot of Hildebrand.

As to the Petition, the justice of the claim lies upon the surface, and its policy not much deeper, and therefore in writing, and predicting all success, I need not stir from the common sense of the question. You are sure to gain the immediate object, and you ought to do so, even though the ultimate object remain as far off as ever, and more evidently far. There is a deeper evil than licenses or the want of licenses — the base and blind public taste. Multiply your theatres and license every one — do it to-day. And the day after to-morrow (you may have one night) there will come Mr. Bunn, and turn out you and Shakespeare with a great roar of lions. Well! — we shall see.

You know far more than I do, and you seem to hope more. If the great mass in London were Athenians, I might hope too.

But I do *not* like giving my name to anything about the theatres. It is a name unimportant to everybody in the world except just myself, for whom the giving of it would be the sign of an opinion; — and I should not like to give it in any one thing favourable to the theatres. At their best, take the ideal of them, and the soul of the Drama is far above the stage; and according to present and perhaps all past regulations in this country, Dra-

matic poetry has been desecrated into the dust of our treading, — yes, and too often forced to desecration, and drawn down morally in turn, by the stage. When the poet has his gods in the gallery, what must be the end of it? Why, that even Shakespeare should bow his starry head oftener than the former nodded — and write down his pure genius into the dirt of the groundlings, for the sake of the savour of their "most sweet voices;" — and even so, be out-written in popularity for years and years by his half-brother noble geniuses, Beaumont and Fletcher, *because* they stooped still lower.

Well, but, dear Mr. Horne, if you shake your head ever so much over this, and call me ever so many names — don't be really angry: I can't afford to let you be angry with me. People will have their fancies and perversities, — grant me mine. If the name you asked for were not "bosh," I should be still more sorry than I now am to say "no" to your asking. And yet even now, even as it is, I didn't like writing — either yesterday or the day before — nor do I to-day!

The "Monthly Chronicle" has not reached me yet. I am eager for the added scene of "Cosmo."

And glad, dear Mr. Horne, that you could like anything in the volume where there is more to forgive than like, for the kindest.

Ever truly yours,

E. B. B.

"Cosmo" alludes to my tragedy; and the remark about the "volume," referring, no doubt, to her first publication, shows that many letters and notes are missing. Not being sure they may not yet be found, let me ask permission to defer my explanation of how such literary treasures may have been lost.

TORQUAY, (no date given.)

Thank you, dear Mr. Horne, for the "Statesman," which is returned by the present post. So, dramatists can't originate under the Guelphs — can't "call their souls their own" — and nothing *is* originated in your tragedies. Such nonsense shouldn't provoke us as it does — *but* it does.

Now, there is that Mr. Darley who has written a "Dramatic Chronicle" ("Thomas à Beckett"), to prove that, nature being exhausted, there can be no more tragedies. No; the "Chronicle" was not written to prove it: the Preface was. But he might more safely have left it to the "Chronicle" — q. e. d. A clever, picturesque composition — powerful in a certain way, though not in the tragic. If Mr. Darley stood alone as a tragedian, his proposition would be irrefutable. Not that I disesteem him. He wrote a beautiful, tuneful pastoral, once — "Sylvia, or the May Queen," but the missing thing is passion — pathos — if not a *besides*.

How wonderful that such ideas should be taken up by people with one!

Part of the foregoing denunciation is attributable to a friendly championship, Mr. Darley, it was said, having wielded the pen that made an attack upon me in a critical journal. Justice is done to his pastoral poem, but only a stinted justice to some of his dramatic writing. In one of his Chronicles, there is a fight described between the High Chancellor, "tower-heavy Turketul," and "Gorm," a Scandinavian sea-king, worthy of the most heroic bardic power. Turketul at last strikes Gorm a finishing blow with his mace, and merely makes this terribly grim comment upon the affair —

Fell — laughed — and died! He made a goodly end!

The letter alludes in a complimentary way to the critical journal in which Mr. Darley was writing his dramatic heresies (though I got him to sign our Petition, notwithstanding), adding humorously, however, —

But as to *poetry*, they are all sitting (in mistake), just now, upon Caucasus for Parnassus — and wondering why they don't see the Muses! He hasn't a heart even for Beaumont and Fletcher; and, to his mind, the cause of the abundance of poetical genius in the old times was — the difficulty they had in writing! We spell too well for anything! Here's a discovery!

It comes to this. If poetry, under any form, be exhaustible, Nature is; and if Nature be — we are near a blasphemy — I, for one, could not believe in the immortality of the soul.

Si l'âme est immortelle,
L'amour ne l'est-il pas?

Extending *l'amour* into all love of the ideal, and attendant power of idealizing.

But, ah! there may be another mistake! Dear Mr. Horne, do you fancy that directly you have opened the minor theatres, "Cosmos" and "Gregories," unwritten by you, will pour through the doors? I don't; though the present system is iniquitous, and everything involving a patent odious, and your reformation is always desirable. I don't believe in "mute, inglorious Miltons," and, far less, in mute, inglorious Shakespeares. Van Amburgh's new elephant will take turn with "Gregory the Seventh" — you will see.

Which reminds me of another sort of taking turn — the sort you propose — in cruel jest as I must suppose. You think it would be a good joke to take "the click of small machinery" into your Gregorian chant. Well, I can only answer, in sober sadness, that I should like . . . and everybody would talk of want of proportion.

The concluding passage, the entire humility of which I cannot bring myself to copy, refers to the Greek subject we

had in contemplation to write as a lyrical drama.

Where do you go in July? — for *me* I can't answer. I am longing to go to London, and hoping to the last. For the present — certainly the window has been opened twice — an inch — but I can't be lifted even to the sofa without fainting. And my physician shakes his head, or changes the conversation, which is worse, whenever London is mentioned. But I do grow stronger; and if it becomes possible, I shall go — WILL go! That sounds better — doesn't it? Putting it off to another summer, is like a "never."

Oh! I was so glad to have your note. I really thought you had gone to America, or were tired of me — worse still. I never thought of "neglect," that being such a wrong word — but, otherwise, I lie here fancying all sorts of things in heaven and earth.

It is a shame to expect all this stuff to be read by any person with their time filled up as yours must be. Never mind throwing aside what I write for your leisure. Never let me be in the way. Pray don't. To prove myself not quite inconsiderate, I wanted (should have preferred it) to send you something meant for the M. C., to know from you whether it should be some thing or another thing; but I enclose it by this post to the Editor, that I may not wear you quite away. Now, if you are tired, you are avenged, for I am too.

Ever truly, E. B. B.

The spiritual strength, the force and fortitude of mind, combined with the modest self-estimate, and the temporary forgetfulness of her own dangerous state, both in the full play of her intellect and in her considerateness for the occupation of other people's time, can require no comment; but the intensely interesting circumstance of the immediate struggle, not only for emancipation from solitude, but for *life*, as recorded by herself *at the moment*, has never before been made known, and would furnish materials for a beautiful homily, which I must leave to more worthy hands than mine.

The next Letter has no date, but internal evidence shows that it was written some time after the one last given. It is very valuable as displaying the opinion of one learned lady of another learned lady of her own day, *viz.*, Mrs. Sara Colridge.

Thank you, my dear Mr. Horne, you are kinder than kind. I am delighted with the engravings, and shall have the poets (at least Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Talfourd) framed, and hung up in this room. I only wish the editor had been one of them.

No more superfluous words, and thank you again. E. B. B.

Wednesday. By the way, or rather out of the way, I hope I did not seem to infer any disrespect to Sara Coleridge in a general remark made in my letter yesterday. I forgot her while I wrote it. She is not a poet — she does not pretend to the faculty — but she has a lively fancy, as she has expressed it in her prose fairy-tale, and possesses perhaps more learning, in the strict sense, than any female writer of the day. A theological essay, in appendix to the late edition of her father's philosophical works, is remarkable for its erudition, and its calm and candid ratiocination. A little wire-drawn, but of sturdy metal. I have a high respect for Mrs. Coleridge!

And you will please to recollect, Mr. Horne, that when I talk of women, I do not speak of them (as many men do, and as perhaps you yourself are somewhat inclined to do) according to a separate, peculiar, and womanly standard, but according to the common standard of human nature.

There is a postscript scarcely proportionate to the antescrypt!

With reference to all the expressions of thanks for kindness, and so forth, in the commencement of the foregoing Letter, one of the very earliest I received, and which cannot at present be found, would have made the cause clear enough. The correspondence having originated, as previously described, Miss Barrett briefly mentioned her state of health, and her isolation; frankly adding that "the opportunity of some mental relief" (in the way of literary communication and talk on general topics of the outer world) "was irresistible." What literary man could have felt otherwise than glad to give any time he could spare to such a correspondent (though, at the commencement, quite unknown to fame) and under such touching circumstances? A grateful nature caused her very much to overestimate every little attention. I continually expected to hear of her death.

We will conclude this first of the series of Letters, by a choice morsel of graphic criticism,—showing how that faded little arm, being put forth from a sofa (whereon, as Miss Mitford used to tell me, the fair sufferer used to lie enveloped in large Indian shawls), could wield a gleaming scimitar, and strike home, either with impassioned eye, or, as in the present instance, with a forehead beaming with mixed indignation and irony.

The first part of the Letter, which is missing, but not lost, alludes to the election of Miss Strickland as an Honorary Member of the Literary Institute; the concluding part deals with one of a "discerning" public's tip-top favourites of

the hour, *viz.*, Robert Montgomery. And if anybody wishes to know who is meant by "Flushie," he is informed that it was the lady's favourite dog.

Date about 1842.

Talking of poets — no, not talking of poets, but thinking of poets — are you aware, O Orion, that the most popular poet alive is the Reverend Robert Montgomery, who walks into his twenty and somethingth edition "like nothing"? I mean the author of "Satan;" "Woman;" "Omnipresence of the Deity;" "The Messiah;" — the least of these being in its teens of editions, and the greatest, not worth a bark of my Flushie's! My Flushie is more of a poet, by the shining of his eyes! But is it not wonderful that this man who waves his white handkerchief from the pulpit till the tears run in rivulets all round, should have another trick of oratory (as good) where he can't show the ring on his little finger? I really do believe that the "Omnipresence of the Deity" is in the twenty-fourth edition, or beyond it, — a fact that cannot be stated in respect to Wordsworth after all these years.

Thirty years have elapsed since "all these years," and can the above fact be stated even now? We are speaking of the last thirty years.

Can it be said of Milton? It may be doubted, with reference to his "Paradise Regained," and other unsurpassable Poems, nearly all of them being equal (in *poetry*) to the "Paradise Lost"; and certainly it cannot be said of Chaucer and Spenser. Whose works, let us ask, among the greatest poets of the last thirty years and more, have reached their twenty-fourth editions up to this time? Not one; while those most read at the present period have not reached much beyond half that number. And out of these facts a very curious, though, I fear, a very unprofitable, as well as unpleasant, question arises in the mind. Those tens of thousands, so many of whose eyes ran rivulets at the waving of the theological cambric — just as it is said that a popular preacher of a previous date never pronounced the word "Mesopotamia," but nearly all his hearers melted into tears — these goodly folks were all in various degrees of earnestness; all, more or less, affected; and they thronged in bleating droves to the purchase of the dear-one's poems in the full fervour of fashionably, as well as seriously, devout readers. The same classes of persons exist at the present day; but what has become of those sacred poems? Whither have vanished all those thousands upon thousands of expensive books, since none are ever seen

in shops, or book-stalls — not even in the sixpenny side-baskets? They may have been packed off to the backwoods of America and Canada, or the convict colony of Western Australia, — for surely their very paper was too costly for trunk-linings or groceries? And why are not additional twenty-fourth editions printed by enterprising religious booksellers up to the present hour? Will anybody venture to reply that the “Omnipresence of the Deity” has had its day? — and the “Messiah” has had its day? — and “Satan” and “Woman” have had theirs? But as these subjects are inexhaustible, it only requires another similar kind of pulpit-fascination to treat them in an equally popular way! Put the cloven foot into a fashionable boot, and the wearer may, as Miss Barrett says, “walk into his twenty-and-somethingth edition, ‘like nothing,’” as easily now as it was done thirty years ago. Can this be true? I do not entirely believe it. For lo! the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, a chaplain to the Queen, and a critical lover of true poetry, has given a public Lecture in honour of Shelley, and quoted him for high praise in the pulpit. A change has come, and is advancing; slowly, — still, as Galileo said, “it moves.” But I do believe we have not yet moved so far but that if another preacher, and that of the present day, equal in popularity to the Rev. Robert Montgomery, were to uplift his stentorian voice in pouring forth from the housetop an oration in verse upon some startling text of general application, that the issue of that so-called Poem would run through more editions in the same space of time than those of the Laureate and all the other first-class living poets put together. If quantity were the test of quality, the most popular living poet would be Mr. M. F. Tupper. The same average immobility (with regard to the highest works of imagination), and the same average concurrence, seem to have existed at all times; and exists still. The public, as a body, really do not know one thing from another (so far as *poetry* is concerned) during at least twenty years; and even then, our true-Briton public does not bend and soften towards any given instance until inspired by some ruling spirit of the hour — whatever spirit that may be. Obviously it could not arise from the old-fashioned, common-place cauldron of the *Quarterly Review*. In the number for July last, of that Caucasus whereon a critic “sits by mistake, taking it for Parnassus, and

wondering he does not see the Muses,” we find a would-be ruling spirit, fated by nature and careful culture not to know one thing from another (as to *poetry*), endeavouring, as the *Spectator* says, “to take us back to the leading-strings of the last, and the beginning of the present century.” In one of her Letters, reserved for next month, Miss Barrett speaks of Tennyson as “a divine poet,” — and the same might be said, with similar truth, of Keats and Shelley; — and here we find a gentleman of the old school, who would take our day back to the couplet-system of the time of Pope, with its melodious monotonies, or the hard-featured and often painful realities of Crabbe. *Chacun a sa marotte*, and we should not quarrel with a gentleman because he has a fixed devotion to antiquated styles and old modes of thinking; but we must object to the staring self-contradiction of the principal poets of the time being first assailed as the introducers of new modes of thinking, and picturing thought, — and, in the next breath, accused of sacrificing thought to style and “external form.” After admitting that the Laureate’s style is “exquisite” — not without a sneer — the critic quotes a passage from Crabbe, as being good, wholesome English, as no doubt it is — every farmer’s man would say so — and then makes an extract from Tennyson, describing a similar event, but treated poetically, — in fact, with certain additions (which he no more sees than the farmer’s man would be likely to see), and politely designates it as “Celestial Chinese!” Nor is this gentleman sparing of epithets on the most finished of styles, calling its art “artifice” — “gross mannerism” — “trickery” — and he once allows himself to perpetrate the accusation of “charlatany.” In order to prove the superiority of the old couplet-system, he selects one of the most nobly graphic passages from Chaucer, but foisting in triplets and Alexandrines, the “artifice” of which the readers of the *Quarterly Review* are assumed to be quite unlikely to perceive. As for Mr. Swinburne, the melodiousness of his verse is admitted, but the critic would obviously prefer by far the “real poetry” of Roger Cuff and Peter Grimes, to such “unmeaning music as Swinburne’s ‘Hymns’ and ‘Litanies.’” We believe the objection is generally made that they mean much more than is agreeable. In fine, the greatest living poets are accused of sacrificing the dear old style to the new thoughts — which is true — and of sacrificing “thoughts to

external style" — which is a direct contradiction. They are devoted to "word painting," and then we are sagely informed that "a picture represents *nothing* to us but the outward form." We are thus satisfactorily shown at once, by the critic himself, how very worthy he is to have looked upon the pictures of Francia, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Ribera, Titian, and other great masters of the expression of intensities of thought and emotion; and how very fit a critic he is to take his place upon the judgment-seat with the delinquents before him, whom he has so dogmatically condemned.

Miss E. B. Barrett's contributions to an edition of "Chaucer Modernized" (in conjunction with Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Robert Bell, the present writer, and others), together with her remarks on Agnes Strickland's "Queens of England;" on Harriet Martineau; on certain contributors to *Blackwood*; on Miss Sedgwick (after her return to America, to "print the notes" she had "taken") on English Versification and Rhymes; with other topics, will constitute the substance of the next selection from our authoress's Letters. R. H. HORNE.

From The Fortnightly Review.
POPULAR SONGS OF TUSCANY.

It is a noticeable fact about the popular songs of Tuscany that they are almost exclusively devoted to love. The Italians in general have no ballad literature resembling that of our border or that of Spain. The tragic histories of their noble families, the great deeds of their national heroes, and the sufferings of their country during centuries of warfare, have left but few traces in their rustic poetry. It is true that some districts are less utterly barren than others in these records of the past. The Sicilian people's poetry, for example, preserves a memory of the famous Vespers, and one or two terrible stories of domestic tragedy, like the Romance of the Baronessa di Carini, and the so-called Caso di Sciacca, may still be heard upon the lips of the people. But these exceptions are insignificant in comparison with the vast mass of songs which deal with Love; and I cannot find that Tuscany, where the language of this minstrelsy is purest, and where the artistic instincts of the race are strongest, has anything at all approaching to our ballads. Though the

Tuscan Contadini are always singing, it never happens that —

the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.

On the contrary, we may be sure when we hear their voices ringing through the olive groves or macchie, that they are chanting —

some more humble lay,
Familiar matters of to-day, —
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again :

or else, since their melodies are by no means uniformly sad, some ditty of the joyousness of springtime or the ecstasy of love. This defect of anything corresponding to our ballads of Chevy Chase, or Sir Patrick Spens, or Gil Morrice, in a poetry which is still so vital with the life of past centuries, is all the more remarkable because Italian history is distinguished above that of other nations by tragic episodes peculiarly suited to poetic treatment. Many of these received commemoration in the fourteenth century from Dante; others were embodied in the Novelle of Boccaccio and Cinthio and Bandello, whence they passed into the dramas of Shakespeare, Webster, Ford, and their contemporaries. But scarcely an echo can be traced through all the volumes of the recently collected popular songs. We must seek for an explanation of this fact partly in the conditions of Italian life, and partly in the nature of the Italian imagination. Nowhere in Italy do we observe that intimate connection between the people at large and the great nobles which generates the sympathy of clanship. Politics in most parts of the peninsula fell at a very early period into the hands either of irresponsible princes, who ruled like despots, or else of burghers, who administered the state within the walls of their palazzo publico. The people remained passive spectators of contemporary history. The loyalty of subjects to their sovereign which animates the Spanish ballads, the loyalty of retainers to their chief which gives life to the tragic ballads of the border, did not exist in Italy. Country-folk felt no interest in the doings of Visconti or Medici or Malatesti sufficient to arouse the enthusiasm of local bards, or to call forth the celebration of their princely tragedies in verse. Amid the miseries of foreign wars and home oppression, it seemed better to demand

from verse and song some mitigation of the woes of life, some expression of personal emotion, than to record the disasters which to us at a distance appear poetic in their grandeur. These conditions of popular life, although unfavourable to the production of ballad poetry, would not, however, have been sufficient by themselves to check its growth, if the Italians had been strongly impelled to literature of this type by their nature. The real reason why their Volkslieder are amorous and personal is to be found in the quality of their imagination. The Italian genius is not imaginative in the highest sense. The Italians have never, either in the ancient or the modern age, produced a great drama or a national epic, the *Æneid* and the *Divine Comedy* being obviously of different species from the *Iliad* or the *Nibelungen Lied*. They shrink in their poetry from the representation of what is tragic and spirit-stirring. They incline to what is cheerful, brilliant, or pathetic. The dramatic element in human life, external to the personality of the poet, which exercised so strong a fascination over our ballad-bards and playwrights, has no attraction for the Italian. When he sings, he seeks to express his own individual emotions—his love, his joy, his jealousy, his anger, his despair. The language which he uses is at the same time direct in its intensity, and hyperbolic in its display of fancy; but it lacks those imaginative touches which exalt the poetry of personal passion into a sublimer region. Again, the Italians are deficient in a sense of the supernatural. The wraiths that cannot rest because their love is still unsatisfied, the voices which cry by night over field and fell, the water-spirits and forest fairies, the second-sight of coming woes, the presentiment of death, the warnings and the charms and spells, which fill the popular poetry of all northern nations, are absent in Italian songs. In the whole of Tigri's collection I only remember one mention of a ghost. It is not that the Italians are deficient in superstitions of all kinds. Every one has heard of their belief in the evil eye, for instance. But they do not connect this kind of fetichism with their poetry, and even their greatest poets, with the exception of Dante, have shown no capacity or no inclination for enhancing the imaginative effect of their creations by an appeal to the instinct of mysterious awe. The truth is that the Italians as a race are distinguished as much by a firm grasp upon the practical reali-

ties of existence, as by powerful emotions. They have but little of that dreamy *Schwärmeri* with which the people of the north are largely gifted. The sphere of their genius is painting. What appeals to the imagination through the eyes they have expressed far better than any other modern nation. But their poetry, like their music, is deficient in tragic sublimity and in all the higher qualities of imaginative creation. It may seem paradoxical to say this of the nation which produced Dante. But we must remember not to judge races by single and exceptional men of genius. Petrarch, the Troubadour of exquisite emotions, Boccaccio, who touches all the keys of life so lightly, Ariosto, with the smile of everlasting April on his lips, and Tasso, excellent alone when he confines himself to pathos or the picturesque, are no exceptions to what I have just said. Yet these poets pursued their art with conscious purpose. The tragic splendour of Greece, the majesty of Rome, were not unknown to them. Far more is it true that popular poetry in Italy, proceeding from the hearts of uncultivated peasants and expressing the national character in its simplicity, displays none of the stuff from which the greatest works of art in verse, epics and dramas, can be wrought. But within its own sphere of personal emotion, this popular poetry is exquisitely melodious, inexhaustibly rich, unique in modern literature for the direct expression which it has given to every shade of passion.

Signor Tigri's collection,* to which I shall confine my attention in this paper, consists of eleven hundred and eighty-five *Rispetti*, with the addition of four hundred and sixty-one *Stornelli*. *Rispetto*, it may be said in passing, is the name commonly given throughout Italy to short poems, varying from six to twelve lines, constructed on the principle of the octave stanza. That is to say, the first part of the *Rispetto* consists of four or six lines with alternate rhymes, while one or more couplets complete the poem. The *Stornello*, or *Ritournelle*, never exceeds three lines, and owes its name to the return which it makes at the end of the last line to the rhyme given by the emphatic word of the first. Browning, in his poem of *Fra Lippo Lippi*, has accustomed English ears to one common spe-

* *Canti Popolari Toscani, raccolti e annotati da Giuseppe Tigri. Volume unico. Firenze, G. Barbèra, 1869.*

cies of the Stornello,* which sets out with the name of a flower, and rhymes with it, as thus :—

Fior di narciso.
Prigionero d'amore mi son reso,
Nel rimirare il tuo leggiadro viso.

The divisions of those two sorts of songs to which Tigrì gives names like The Beauty of Women, The Beauty of Men, Falling in Love, Serenades, Happy Love, Unhappy Love, Parting, Absence, Letters, Return to Home, Anger and Jealousy, Promises, Entreaties and Reproaches, Indifference, Treachery and Abandonment, prove with what fulness the various phases of the tender passion are treated. Through the whole fifteen hundred the one theme of Love is never relinquished. Only two persons, "I" and "thou," appear upon the scene; yet so fresh and so various are the moods of feeling, that one can read them from first to last without too much satiety.

To seek for the authors of these ditties would be useless. Some of them may be as old as the fourteenth century; others may have been made yesterday. Some are the native product of the Tuscan mountain villages, especially of the regions round Pistoja and Siena, where on the spurs of the Apennines the purest Italian is vernacular. Some, again, are importations from other provinces, caught up by the peasants of Tuscany and adapted to their taste and style; for nothing travels faster than a Volkslied. Born some morning in a noisy street of Naples, or on the solitary slopes of Radicofani, before the week is out, a hundred voices are repeating it. Waggoners and pedlars carry it across the hills to distant towns. It floats with the fishermen from bay to bay, and marches with the conscript to his barrack in a far-off province. Who was the first to give it shape and form? No one asks, and no one cares. A student well acquainted with the habits of the people in these matters says—"If they knew the author of a ditty they would not learn it, far less if they discovered that it was a scholar's." If the cadence takes their ear, they consecrate the song at once by

* This song, called Ciure (Sicilian for fiore) in Sicily, is said by Signor Pitri to be in disrepute there. He once asked an old dame of Palermo to repeat him some of these ditties. Her answer was:—"You must get them from light women; I do not know any. They sing them in bad houses and prisons, where, God be praised, I have never been." In Tuscany there does not appear to be so marked a distinction between the flower-song and the rispetto.

placing it upon the honoured list of "ancient lays." Passing from lip to lip and from district to district, it receives additions and alterations, and becomes the property of a score of provinces. Meanwhile the poet from whose soul it blossomed that first morning like a flower, remains contented with obscurity. The wind has carried from his lips the thistle-down of song, and sown it on a hundred hills and meadows, far and wide. After such wise is the birth of all truly popular compositions. Who knows, for instance, the veritable author of many of those mighty German chorals which sprang into being at the period of the Reformation? The first inspiration was given, probably, to a single mind; but the melody, as it has reached us, is the product of a thousand. This accounts for the variations which in different dialects and districts the same song presents. Meanwhile it is sometimes possible to trace the authorship of a ballad with marked local character to an improvisatore famous in his village, or to one of those professional rhymesters whom the country-folk employ in the composition of love-letters to their sweethearts at a distance. Tommaseo, in the preface to his *Canti Popolari*, mentions in particular a Beatrice di Pian degli Ontani, whose poetry was famous through the Mountains of Pistoja, and Tigrì records by name a little girl called Cherubina, who made Rispetti by the dozen as she watched her sheep upon the hills. One of the songs in his collection (page 181) contains a direct reference to the village letter-writer:—

Salutatemi, bella, lo scrivano;
Non lo conosco e non so chi si sia.
A me mi pare un poeta sovrano,
Tanto gli è sperto nella poesia.

While I am writing thus about the production and dissemination of these love-songs, I cannot help remembering three days and nights which I once spent at sea between Genoa and Palermo, in the company of some conscripts who were going to join their regiment in Sicily. They were lads from the Milanese and Liguria, and they spent a great portion of their time in composing and singing poetry. One of them had a fine baritone voice; and when the sun had set, his comrades gathered round him and begged him to sing to them "Con quella patetica tua voce." Then followed hours of singing, the low monotonous melodies of his ditties harmonizing wonderfully

with the tranquillity of night, so clear and calm that the sky and all its stars were mirrored on the sea through which we moved as if in a dream. Sometimes the songs provoked conversation, which, as is usual in Italy, turned mostly upon "le bellezze delle donne." I remember that once an animated discussion about the relative merits of blondes and brunettes nearly ended in a quarrel, when the youngest of the whole band, a boy of about seventeen, put a stop to the dispute by theatrically raising his eyes and arms to heaven and crying, "Tu sei innamorato d'una grande Diana cacciatrice nera, ed io d'una bella Venere bionda." Though they were but village lads, they supported their several opinions with arguments not unworthy of Firenzuola, and showed the greatest delicacy of feeling in the treatment of a subject which could scarcely have failed to reveal any latent coarseness.

The purity of all the Italian love songs collected by Tigri is very remarkable.* Although the passion expressed in them is oriental in its vehemence, not a word falls which could offend a virgin's ear. The one desire of lovers is life-long union in marriage. The damo — for so a sweetheart is termed in Tuscany — trembles until he has gained the approval of his future mother-in-law, and forbids the girl he is courting to leave her house to talk to him at night: —

Dice che tu ti affacci alla finestra:
Ma non ti dice che tu vada fuora,
Perchè, la notte, è cosa disonesta.

All the language of his love is respectful. Signore, or master of my soul, madonna, anima mia, dolce mio ben, nobil persona, are the terms of adoration with which he approaches his mistress. The elevation of feeling and perfect breeding which Manzoni has so well delineated in the loves of Renzo and Lucia are traditional among Italian country-folk. They are conscious that true gentleness is no matter of birth or fortune: —

E tu non mi lasciar per povertà,
Chè povertà non guasta gentilezza. †

* It must be remarked that Tigri draws a strong contrast in this respect between the songs of the mountain districts, which he has printed, and those of the towns, and that Pitré, in his edition of Sicilian Volkslieder, expressly alludes to the coarseness of a whole class which he has omitted.

† In a rispetto, of which I subjoin a translation, sung by a poor lad to a mistress of higher rank, love itself is pleaded as the sign of a gentle soul:

My state is poor: I am not meet
To court so nobly born a love;

This in itself constitutes an important element of culture, and explains to some extent the high romantic qualities of their impassioned poetry. The beauty of their land reveals still more. "O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint!" Virgil's exclamation is as true now, as it was when he sang the labours of Italian country-folk some nineteen centuries ago. To a traveller from the north there is a pathos even in the contrast between the country in which these children of a happier climate toil, and those bleak, winter-beaten fields where our own peasants pass their lives. The cold nights and warm days of Tuscan spring-time are like a Swiss summer. They make rich pasture and a hardy race of men. Tracts of corn and oats and rye alternate with patches of flax in full flower, with meadows yellow with buttercups or pink with ragged robin; the young vines, running from bough to bough of elm and mulberry, are just coming into leaf. The poplars are fresh with bright green foliage. In the midst of this blooming plain stand ancient cities ringed with hills, some rising to snowy Apennines, some covered with white convents and sparkling with villas. Cypress-trees shoot, black and spire-like, amid grey clouds of olive boughs upon the slopes; and above, where vegetation borders on the barren rock, are masses of ilex and arbutus interspersed with chestnut-trees not yet in leaf. Men and women are everywhere at work, ploughing with great white oxen, or tilling the soil with spades six feet in length — sabellian ligones. The songs of nightingales among acacia trees, and the sharp scream of swallows wheeling in air mingle with the monotonous chant that always rises from the country people at their toil. Here and there on points of vantage, where the hill-slopes sink into the plain, cluster white villages with flower-like campanili. It is there that the veglia, or evening rendezvous of lovers, the serenades and balls and feste, of which one hears so much in the popular minstrelsy, take place. Of course it would not be difficult to paint the darker shades of this picture. Autumn comes, when the contadini of Lucca and Siena and Pistoja go forth to work in the unwholesome marshes of the Maremma or of Corsica and Sardinia. Dismal superstitions and hereditary hatreds cast their

For poverty hath tied my feet,
Trying to climb too far above.
Yet am I gentle, loving thee;
Nor need thou shun my poverty.

blight over a life externally so fair. The bad government of centuries has perverted in many ways the instincts of a people naturally mild and cheerful and peace-loving. But as far as nature can make men happy, these husbandmen are surely to be reckoned fortunate, and in their songs we find little to remind us of what is otherwise than sunny in their lot.

A translator of these Volkslieder has to contend with difficulties of no ordinary kind. The freshness of their phrases, the spontaneity of their sentiments, and the melody of their unstudied cadences, are inimitable. So again is the peculiar effect of their frequent transitions from the most fanciful imagery to the language of prose. No mere student can hope to rival, far less to reproduce, in a foreign tongue, the charm of verse which sprang untaught from the hearts of simple folk, which lives unwritten on the lips of lovers, and which should never be dissociated from singing.* There are, besides, peculiarities in the very structure of the popular *Rispetto*. The constant repetition of the same phrase with slight variations gives an antique force and flavour to these ditties, like that which we appreciate in our own ballads, but which may easily, in the translation, degenerate into weakness and insipidity. The Tuscan rhymester, again, allows himself the utmost licence. It is usual to find mere assonances like *bene* and *piacere, oro* and *volo, ala* and *alata*, in the place of rhymes; while such remote resemblances of sound as *colli* and *poggi, lascia* and *piazza*, are far from uncommon. To match these rhymes by joining "home" and "alone," "time" and "shine," &c., would of course be a matter of no difficulty; but it has seemed to me on the whole best to preserve, with some exceptions, such accuracy as the English ear requires. I fear, however, that, after all, these wild flowers of song transplanted to another climate and placed in a hot-house, will appear but pale and hectic by the side of their robuster brethren of the Tuscan hills.

In the following serenade many of the peculiarities which I have just noticed occur. I have also adhered to the irregularity of rhyme which may be usually observed about the middle of the poem (p. 103):—

* When the Cherubina, of whom mention has been made above, was asked by Signor Tigrì to dictate some of her *rispetti*, she answered: "Oh Signore! ne dico tanti quando li canto! . . . ma ora . . . bisognerebbe averli tutti in visione; se no, proprio non vengouo."

Sleeping or waking, thou sweet face,
Lift up thy fair and tender brow;
List to thy love in this still place;
He calls thee to thy window now;
But bids thee not the house to quit,
Since in the night this were not meet.
Come to thy window, stay within;
I stand without, and sing and sing:
Come to thy window, stay at home;
I stand without, and make my moan.

Here is a serenade of a more impassioned character (p. 99):—

I come to visit thee, my beauteous queen,
Thee and the louse where thou art harboured:
All the long way upon my knees, my queen,
I kiss the earth where'er thy footsteps tread.
I kiss the earth, and gaze upon the wall,
Whereby thou goest, maid imperial!
I kiss the earth, and gaze upon the house,
Whereby thou farest, queen most beauteous!

In the next the lover, who has passed the whole night beneath his sweetheart's window, takes leave at the break of day. The feeling of the half hour before dawn, when the sound of bells rises to meet the growing light, and both form a prelude to the glare and noise of day, is expressed with much unconscious poetry. (p. 105):—

I see the dawn e'en now begin to peer:
Therefore I take my leave, and cease to sing.
See how the windows open far and near,
And hear the bells of morning, how they ring!
Through heaven and earth the sounds of ringing swell;
Therefore, bright jasmine flower, sweet maid,
farewell!
Through heaven and Rome the sound of ringing goes;
Farewell, bright jasmine flower, sweet maiden rose.

The next is more quaint (p. 99):—

I come by night, I come, my soul aflame;
I come in this fair hour of your sweet sleep:
And should I wake you up, it were a shame.
I cannot sleep, and lo! I break your sleep.
To wake you were a shame from your deep rest;
Love never sleeps, nor they whom Love hath blest.

A very great many *Rispetti* are simple panegyrics of the beloved, to find similitude for whose beauty heaven and earth are ransacked. The compliment of the first line in the following song is perfect (p. 23):—

Beauty was born with you, fair maid:
The sun and moon inclined to you;
On you the snow her whiteness laid,
The rose her rich and radiant hue:

Saint Magdalen her hair unbound,
And Cupid taught you how to wound —
How to wound hearts Dan Cupid taught :
Your beauty drives me love-distraught.

The lady in the next was December's
child (p. 25) : —

O beauty, born in winter's night,
Born in the month of spotless snow :
Your face is like a rose so bright ;
Your mother may be proud of you !
She may be proud, lady of love,
Such sunlight shines her house above :
She may be proud, lady of heaven,
Such sunlight to her home is given.

The sea wind is the source of beauty to
another (p. 16) : —

Nay, marvel not you are so fair ;
For you beside the sea were born :
The sea-waves keep you fresh and fair,
Like roses on their leafy thorn.
If roses grow on the rose-bush,
Your roses through mid-winter blush ;
If roses bloom on the rose-bed,
Your face can show both white and red.

The eyes of a fourth are compared, after
quite a new and original fashion, to
stars (p. 210) : —

The moon hath risen her plaint to lay
Before the face of Love Divine,
Saying in heaven she will not stay,
Since you have stolen what made her shine :
Aloud she wails with sorrow wan, —
She told her stars and two are gone :
They are not there ; you have them now ;
They are the eyes in your bright brow.

Nor are girls less ready to praise their
lovers, but that they do not dwell so much
on physical perfections. Here is a pleas-
ant greeting (p. 124).

O welcome, welcome, lily white,
Thou fairest youth of all the valley !
When I'm with you, my soul is light ;
I chase away dull melancholy.
I chase all sadness from my heart :
Then welcome, dearest that thou art !
I chase all sadness from my side :
Then welcome, O my love, my pride !
I chase all sadness far away ;
Then welcome, welcome, love, to-day !

The image of a lily is very prettily treated
in the next (p. 79) : —

I planted a lily yestreen at my window ;
I set it yestreen, and to-day it sprang up :
When I opened the latch and leaned out of
my window,
It shadowed my face with its beautiful cup.
O lily, my lily, how tall you are grown !
Remember how dearly I loved you, my own.
O lily, my lily, you'll grow to the sky !
Remember I love you forever and aye.

The same thought of love growing like a
flower receives another turn (p. 69) : —

On yonder hill I saw a flower,
And, could it thence be hither borne,
I'd plant it here within my bower,
And water it both eve and morn.
Small water wants the stem so straight :
'Tis a love-lily stout as fate.
Small water wants the root so strong :
'Tis a love-lily lasting long.
Small water wants the flower so sheen :
'Tis a love-lily ever green.

Envious tongues have told a girl that her
complexion is not good. She replies
with imagery like that of Virgil's "*Alba
ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur*"
(p. 31) : —

Think it no grief that I am brown,
For all brunettes are born to reign :
White is the snow, yet trodden down ;
Black pepper kings need not disdain ;
White snow lies mounded on the vales ;
Black pepper's weighed in brazen scales.

Another song runs on the same subject
(p. 38) : —

The whole world tells me that I'm brown.
The brown earth gives us goodly corn ;
The clove-pink too, however brown,
Yet proudly in the hand 'tis borne.
They say my love is black, but he
Shines like an angel-form to me :
They say my love is dark as night ;
To me he seems a shape of light.

The freshness of the following spring
song recalls the ballads of the Val de
Vire in Normandy (p. 85) : —

It was the morning of the first of May,
Into the close I went to pluck a flower ;
And there I found a bird of woodland gay,
Who whiled with songs of love the silent hour.
O bird, who fliest from fair Florence, how
Dear love begins, I prithee teach me how ! —
Love it begins with music and with song,
And ends with sorrow and with sighs ere long.

Love at first sight is described (p. 79) : —

The very moment that we met,
That moment Love began to beat :
One glance of love we gave, and swore
Never to part for evermore :
We swore together, sighing deep,
Never to part till Death's long sleep.

Here too is a memory of the first days of
love (p. 79) : —

If I remember, it was May
When love began between us two :
The roses in the close were gay,
The cherries blackened on the bough.
O cherries black and pears so green !
Of maidens fair you are the queen.
Fruit of black cherry and sweet pear !
Of sweethearts you're the queen, I swear.

The troth is plighted with such promises
as these (p. 230): —

Or ere I leave you, love divine,
Dead tongues shall stir and utter speech,
And running rivers flow with wine,
And fishes swim upon the beach;
Or ere I leave or shun you, these
Lemons shall grow on orange-trees.

The girl confesses her love after this
fashion (p. 86): —

Passing across the billowy sea,
I let, alas, my poor heart fall;
I bade the sailors bring it me;
They said they had not seen it fall.
I asked the sailors, one and two;
They said that I had given it you;
I asked the sailors two and three;
They said that I had given it thee.

It is not uncommon to speak of love as a
sea. Here is a curious play upon this
image (p. 227): —

Ho, Cupid! Sailor Cupid, ho!
Lend me awhile that bark of thine;
For on the billows I will go,
To find my love who once was mine:
And if I find her, she shall wear
A chain around her neck so fair,
Around her neck a glittering bond,
Four stars, a lily, a diamond.

It is also possible that the same thought
may occur in the second line of the next
ditty (p. 120): —

Beneath the earth I'll make a way
To pass the sea, and come to you.
People will think I'm gone away;
But, dear, I shall be seeing you.
People will say that I am dead;
But we'll pluck roses white and red.
People will think I'm lost for aye;
But we'll pluck roses, you and I.

All the little daily incidents are beautified
by love. Here is a lover who thanks the
mason for making his window so close
upon the road that he can see his sweet-
heart as she passes (p. 218): —

Blest be the mason's hand who built
This house of mine by the roadside,
And made my window low and wide
For me to watch my love go by.
And if I knew when she went by,
My window should be fairly gilt;
And if I knew what time she went,
My window should be flower-besprent.

Here is a conceit which reminds one of
the pretty epistle of Philostratus, in
which the footsteps of the beloved are
called *ἐρηρησισμένα φίλήματα* (p. 117): —

What time I see you passing by,
I sit and count the steps you take:

You take the steps; I sit and sigh:

Step after step, my sighs awake.

Tell me, dear Love, which more abound,

My sighs or your steps on the ground?

Tell me, dear Love, which are the most,

Your light steps or the sighs they cost?

A girl complains that she cannot see her
lover's house (p. 117): —

I lean upon the lattice, and look forth
To see the house wherein my lover dwells.
There grows an envious tree that spoils my
mirth:

Cursed be the man who set it on these hills!
But when those jealous boughs are all unclad,
I then shall see the cottage of my lad:
When once that tree is rooted from the hills,
I'll see the house wherein my lover dwells.

In the same mood a girl who has just
parted from her sweetheart is angry with
the hill beyond which he is travelling (p.
167): —

I see and see, yet see not what I would:
I see the leaves atremble on the tree:
I saw my love when on the hill he stood,
Yet see him not drop downward to the lea.
O traitor hill, what will you do?
I ask him, live or dead, from you.
O traitor hill, what shall it be?
I ask him, live or dead, from thee.

All the songs of love in absence are very
quaint. Here is one which calls our
nursery rhymes to mind (p. 119): —

I would I were a bird so free,
That I had wings to fly away:
Unto that window I would flee,
Where stands my love and grinds all day.
Grind, miller, grind; the water's deep!
I cannot grind; love makes me weep.
Grind, miller, grind; the waters flow!
I cannot grind; love wastes me so.

The next begins after the same fashion,
but breaks into a very shower of bene-
dictions (p. 118): —

Would God I were a swallow free,
That I had wings to fly away:
Upon the miller's door I'd be,
Where stands my love and grinds all day:
Upon the door, upon the sill,
Where stands my love; — God bless him still!
God bless my love, and blessèd be
His house, and bless my house for me;
Yea, blest be both, and ever blest
My lover's house and all the rest!

The girl alone at home in her garden
sees a wood-dove flying by and calls to
it (p. 179): —

O dove, who fliest far to yonder hill,
Dear dove, who in the rock hast made thy
nest,
Let me a feather from thy pinion pull,
For I will write to him who loves me best.

And when I've written it and made it clear,
I'll give thee back thy feather, dove so dear :
And when I've written it and sealed it, then
I'll give thee back thy feather love-laden."

A swallow is asked to lend the same kind service (p. 179) : —

O Swallow, Swallow, flying through the air,
Turn, turn, I prithee, from thy flight above !
Give me one feather from thy wing so fair,
For I will write a letter to my love.
When I have written it and made it clear,
I'll give thee back thy feather, Swallow dear ;
When I have written it on paper white,
I'll make, I swear, thy missing feather right ;
When once 'tis written on fair leaves of gold,
I'll give thee back thy wing and flight so bold.

Long before Tennyson's song in the Princess, it would seem that swallows were favourite messengers of love. In the next song which I translate, the repetition of one thought with delicate variation is full of character (p. 178) : —

O Swallow, flying over hill and plain,
If thou should'st find my love, O bid him come !

And tell him, on these mountains I remain
Even as a lamb who cannot find her home :
And tell him, I am left all alone,
Even as a tree whose flowers are overblown :
And tell him, I am left without a mate,
Even as a tree whose boughs are desolate :
And tell him, I am left uncomforted
Even as the grass upon the meadows dead.

The following is spoken by a girl who has been watching the lads of the village returning from their autumn service in the plain, and whose damo comes the last of all (p. 240) : —

O dear my love, you come too late !
What found you by the way to do ?
I saw your comrades pass the gate,
But yet not you, dear heart, not you !
If but a little more you'd stayed,
With sighs you would have found me dead ;
If but a while you'd kept me crying,
With sighs you would have found me dying.

The *amantium iræ* find a place too in these rustic ditties. A girl explains to her sweetheart (p. 240) : —

'Twas told me and vouchsafed for true,
Your kin are wroth as wroth can be ;
For loving me they swear at you,
They swear at you because of me ;
Your father, mother, all your folk
Because you love me, chafe and choke :
Then set your kith and kin at ease ;
Set them at ease and let me die :
Set the whole clan of them at ease ;
Set them at ease and let me die !

Another suspects that her damo has paid his suit to a rival (p. 200) : —

On Sunday morning well I knew
Where gaily dressed you turned your feet ;
And there were many saw it too,
And came to tell me through the street :
And when they spoke, I smiled, ah me !
But in my room wept privately ;
And when they spoke, I sang for pride,
But in my room alone I sighed.

Then come reconciliations (p. 223) : —

Let us make peace, my love, my bliss !
For cruel strife can last no more.
If you say nay, yet I say yes :
'Twixt me and you there is no war.
Princes and mighty lords make peace ;
And so may lovers twain, I wis :
Princes and soldiers sign a truce ;
And so may two sweethearts like us :
Princes and potentates agree ;
And so may friends like you and me.

There is much character about the following, which is spoken by the damo (p. 223) : —

As yonder mountain height I trod,
I chanced to think of your dear name ;
I knelt with clasped hands on the sod,
And thought of my neglect with shame :
I knelt upon the stone, and swore
Our love should bloom as heretofore.

Sometimes the language of affection takes a more imaginative tone, as in the following (p. 232) : —

Dearest, what time you mount to heaven
above,
I'll meet you holding in my hand my heart :
You to your breast shall clasp me full of love,
And I will lead you to our Lord apart.
Our Lord, when he our love so true hath
known,
Shall make of our two hearts one heart alone ;
One heart shall make of our two hearts, to
rest
In heaven amid the splendours of the blest.

This was the woman's. Here is the man's (p. 113) : —

If I were master of all loveliness,
I'd make thee still more lovely than thou art ;
If I were master of all wealthiness,
Much gold and silver should be thine, sweet-
heart !

If I were master of the house of hell,
I'd bar the brazen gates in thy sweet face ;
Or ruled the place where purging spirits dwell,
I'd free thee from that punishment apace.
Were I in Paradise, and thou shouldst come,
I'd stand aside, my love, to make thee room ;
Were I in Paradise, well seated there,
I'd quit my place to give it thee, my fair !

Sometimes, but very rarely, weird images are sought to clothe passion, as in the following (p. 136) : —

Down into hell I went and thence returned :
 Ah me ! alas ! the people that were there !
 I found a room where many candles burned,
 And saw within my love that languished there.
 Whenas she saw me, she was glad of cheer,
 And at the last she said : Sweet soul of mine,
 Dost thou recall the time long past, so dear,
 When thou didst say to me, sweet soul of mine ?

Now kiss me on the mouth, my dearest here ;
 Kiss me that I for once may cease to pine !
 So sweet, ah me, is thy dear mouth, so dear,
 That of thy mercy prithe sweeten mine !
 Now love, that thou hast kissed me, now, I say,
 Look not to leave this place again for aye.

Or again in this (p. 232) : —

Methinks I hear, I hear a voice that cries :
 Beyond the hill it floats upon the air.
 It is my lover come to bid me rise,
 If I am fain forthwith toward heaven to fare.
 But I have answered him, and said him No !
 I've given my paradise, my heaven, for you :
 Till we together go to Paradise,
 I'll stay on earth and love your beauteous eyes.

But it is not with such remote and eery thoughts that the rustic muse of Italy can deal successfully. Far better is the following half-playful description of love-sadness (p. 71) : —

Ah me, alas ! who knew not how to sigh !
 Of sighs I now full well have learned the art :
 Sighing at table when to eat I try,
 Sighing within my little room apart,
 Sighing when jests and laughter round me fly,
 Sighing with her and her who knows my heart :
 I sigh at first, and then I go on sighing ;
 'Tis for your eyes that I am ever sighing :
 I sigh at first, and sigh the whole year through ;
 And 'tis your eyes that keep me sighing so.

The next two *Rispetti*, delicious in their naiveté, might seem to have been extracted from the libretto of an opera, but that they lack the sympathizing chorus who should have stood at hand, ready to chime in with "he," "she," and "they," to the "I," "you," and "we," of the lovers (p. 123) : —

Ah, when will dawn that glorious day
 When you will softly mount my stair ?
 My kin shall bring you on the way :
 I shall be first to greet you there.
 Ah, when will dawn that day of bliss
 When we before the priest say Yes ?

Ah, when will dawn that blissful day
 When I shall softly mount your stair,
 Your brothers meet me on the way,
 And one by one I greet them there ?
 When comes the day, my staff, my strength,
 To call your mother mine at length ?
 When will the day come, love of mine,
 I shall be yours and you be mine ?

Hitherto the songs have told only of happy love, or of love returned. Some of the best, however, are unhappy. Here is one, for instance, steeped in gloom (p. 142) : —

They have this custom in fair Naples town ;
 They never mourn a man when he is dead :
 The mother weeps when she has reared a son
 To be a serf and slave by love misled ;
 The mother weeps when she a son hath born
 To be the serf and slave of galley scorn ;
 The mother weeps when she a son gives suck
 To be the serf and slave of city luck.

The following contains a fine wild image wrought out with strange passion in detail (p. 300) : —

I'll spread a table brave for revelry,
 And to the feast will bid sad lovers all.
 For meat I'll give them my heart's misery ;
 For drink I'll give these briny tears that fall.
 Sorrows and sighs shall be the varletry,
 To serve the lovers at this festival :
 The tables shall be death, black death profound ;
 Weep, stones, and utter sighs, ye walls around !
 The table shall be death, yea, sacred death ;
 Weep, stones, and sigh as one that sorroweth !

Nor is the next a whit less in the vein of mad Jeronimo (p. 304) : —

High up, high up, a house I'll rear,
 High up, high up, on yonder height ;
 At every window set a snare,
 With treason, to betray the night ;
 With treason to betray the stars,
 Since I'm betrayed by my false feres ;
 With treason, to betray the day,
 Since Love betrayed me, well away !

The vengeance of an Italian reveals itself in the energetic song which I quote next (p. 303) : —

I have a sword ; 'twould cut a brazen bell,
 Tough steel 'twould cut, if there were any need :
 I've had it tempered in the streams of Hell
 By masters mighty in the mystic rede :
 I've had it tempered by the light of stars ;
 Then let him come whose skin is stout as Mars :
 I've had it tempered to a trenchant blade ;
 Then let him come who stole from me my maid.

More mild, but brimful of the bitterness of a soul to whom the whole world has become but ashes in the death of love, is the following lament (p. 143) : —

Call me the lovely Golden Locks no more,
 But call me Sad Maid of the golden hair,
 If there be wretched women, sure I think
 I too may rank among the most forlorn.
 I fling a palm into the sea ; 'twould sink :
 Others throw lead, and it is lightly borne.

What have I done, dear Lord, the world to
cross?

Gold in my hand forthwith is turned to dross.
How have I made, dear Lord, dame Fortune
wroth?

Gold in my hand forthwith is turned to froth.
What have I done, dear Lord, to fret the folk?
Gold in my hand forthwith is turned to smoke.

Here is pathos (p. 172):—

The wood-dove who hath lost her mate,
She lives a dolorous life, I ween;
She seeks a stream and bathes in it,
And drinks that water foul and green:
With other birds she will not mate,
Nor haunt, I wis, the flowery treen;
She bathes her wings and strikes her breast;
Her mate is lost: oh, sore unrest!

And here is fanciful despair (p. 168):—

I'll build a house of sobs and sighs,
With tears the lime I'll slack;
And there I'll dwell with weeping eyes
Until my love come back:
And there I'll stay with eyes that burn
Until I see my love return.

The house of love has been deserted, and
the lover comes to moan beneath the si-
lent eaves (p. 171):—

Dark house and window desolate!
Where is the sun which shone so fair?
'Twas here we danced and laughed at fate:
Now the stones weep; I see them there.
They weep, and feel a grievous chill:
Dark house and widowed window-sill!

And what can be more piteous than this
prayer (p. 309)?—

Love, if you love me, delve a tomb,
And lay me there the earth beneath;
After a year, come see my bones,
And make them dice to play therewith.
But when you're tired of that game,
Then throw those dice into the flame;
But when you're tired of gaming free,
Then throw those dice into the sea.

The simpler expression of sorrow to the
death is, as usual, more impressive. A
girl speaks thus within sight of the
grave (p. 308):—

Yes, I shall die: what wilt thou gain?
The cross before my bier will go:
And thou wilt hear the bells complain,
The Misereres loud and low.
Midmost the church thou'lt see me lie
With folded hands and frozen eye;
Then say at last, I do repent!—
Nought else remains when fires are spent.

It would scarcely be well to pause upon
these very doleful ditties. Take, then,
the following little serenade, in which
the lover on his way to visit his mistress
has unconsciously fallen on the same
thought as Bion (p. 85):—

Yestreen I went my love to greet,
By yonder village path below:
Night in a coppice found my feet;
I called the moon her light to show—
O moon, who needst no flame to fire thy face,
Look forth and lend me light a little space!

Enough has been quoted to illustrate
the character of the Tuscan popular po-
etry. These village Rispetti bear the
same relation to the Canzoniere of Pe-
trarch as the "savage drupe" to the
"suave plum." They are, as it were, the
wild stock of that highly artificial flower
of art. Herein lies, perhaps, their chief
importance: as in our ballad literature
we may discern the stuff of the Eliza-
bethan drama undeveloped, so in the
Tuscan people's songs, we can trace the
crude form of that poetic instinct which
produced the sonnets to Laura. It is
also very probable that some such rustic
minstrelsy preceded the Idylls of Theoc-
ritus and the Bucolics of Virgil; for co-
incidences of thought and imagery which
can scarcely be referred to any conscious
study of the ancients are not few. Pop-
ular poetry has this great value for the
student of literature: it enables him to
trace those forms of fancy and of feeling
which are native to the people, and which
must ultimately determine the character
of national art, however much that may
be modified by culture.

J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER I.

DESCRIPTION OF FARMER OAK: AN INCIDENT.

WHEN Farmer Oak smiled, the corners
of his mouth spread till they were within
an unimportant distance of his ears, his
eyes were reduced to mere chinks, and
diverging wrinkles appeared round them,
extending upon his countenance like the
rays in a rudimentary sketch of the rising
sun.

His Christian name was Gabriel, and
on working days he was a young man of
sound judgment, easy motions, proper
dress, and general good character. On
Sundays he was a man of misty views,
rather given to a postponing treatment
of things, whose best clothes and seven-
and-six-penny umbrella were always
hampering him: upon the whole, one
who felt himself to occupy morally that

vast middle space of Laodicean neutrality which lay between the Sacrament people of the parish and the drunken division of its inhabitants — that is, he went to church, but yawned privately by the time the congregation reached the Nicene creed, and thought of what there would be for dinner when he meant to be listening to the sermon. Or, to state his character as it stood in the scale of public opinion, when his friends and critics were in tantrums, he was considered rather a bad man; when they were pleased, he was rather a good man; when they were neither, he was a man whose moral colour was a kind of pepper-and-salt mixture.

Since he lived six times as many working days as Sundays, Oak's appearance in his old clothes was most peculiarly his own — the mental picture formed by his neighbours always presenting him as dressed in that way when their imaginations answered to the thought "Gabriel Oak." He wore a low-crowned felt hat, spread out at the base by tight jamming upon the head for security in high winds, and a coat like Dr. Johnson's, his lower extremities being encased in ordinary leather leggings and boots emphatically large, affording to each foot a roomy apartment so constructed that any wearer might stand in a river all day long and know nothing about it — their maker being a conscientious man who always endeavoured to compensate for any weakness in his cut by unstinted dimension and solidity.

Mr. Oak carried about him, by way of watch, what may be called a small silver clock; in other words, it was a watch as to shape and intention, and a small clock as to size. The instrument being several years older than Oak's grandfather, had the peculiarity of going either too fast or not at all. The smaller of its hands, too, occasionally slipped round on the pivot, and thus, though the minutes were told with the greatest precision, nobody could be quite certain of the hour they belonged to. The stopping peculiarity of his watch Oak remedied by thumps and shakes, when it always went on again immediately, and he escaped any evil consequences from the other two defects by constant comparisons with and observations of the sun and stars, and by pressing his face close to the glass of his neighbours' windows when passing by their houses, till he could discern the hour marked by the green-faced time-keepers within. It may be mentioned

that Oak's fob being painfully difficult of access by reason of its somewhat high situation in the waist-band of his trousers (which also lay at a remote height under his waistcoat), the watch was as a necessity pulled out by throwing the body extremely to one side, compressing the mouth and face to a mere mass of wrinkles on account of the exertion required, and drawing up the watch by its chain, like a bucket from a well.

But some thoughtful persons, who had seen him walking across one of his fields on a certain December morning — sunny and exceedingly mild — might have regarded Gabriel Oak in other aspects than these. In his face one might notice that many of the hues and curves of youth had tarried on to manhood: there even remained in his remoter crannies some relics of the boy. His height and breadth would have been sufficient to make his presence imposing, had they been exhibited with due consideration. But there is a way some men have, rural and urban alike — for which the mind is more responsible than flesh and sinew — a way of curtailing their dimensions by their manner of showing them; and from a quiet modesty that would have become a vestal, which seemed continually to impress upon him that he had no great claim on the world's room, Oak walked unassumingly, and with a faintly perceptible bend, quite distinct from a bowing of the shoulders. This may be said to be a defect in an individual if he depends for his valuation as a total more upon his appearance than upon his capacity to wear well, which Oak did not. He had just reached the time of life at which "young" is ceasing to be the prefix of "man" in speaking of one. He was at the brightest period of masculine life, for his intellect and his emotions were clearly separated: he had passed the time during which the influence of youth indiscriminately mingles them in the character of impulse, and he had not yet arrived at the stage wherein they become united again, in the character of prejudice, by the influence of a wife and family. In short, he was twenty-eight, and a bachelor.

The field he was in sloped steeply to a ridge called Norcombe Hill. Through a spur of this hill ran the highway from Norcombe to Casterbridge, sunk in a deep cutting. Casually glancing over the hedge, Oak saw coming down the incline before him an ornamental spring wagon, painted yellow and gaily marked, drawn

by two horses, a waggoner walking alongside bearing a whip perpendicularly. The waggon was laden with household goods and window-plants, and on the apex of the whole sat a woman, young and attractive. Gabriel had not beheld the sight for more than half a minute, when the vehicle was brought to a standstill just beneath his eyes.

"The tailboard of the waggon is gone, Miss," said the waggoner.

"Then I heard it fall," said the girl, in a soft, though not particularly low voice. "I heard a noise I could not account for when we were coming up the hill."

"I'll run back."

"Do," she answered.

The sensible horses stood perfectly still, and the waggoner's steps sunk fainter and fainter in the distance.

The girl on the summit of the load sat motionless, surrounded by tables and chairs with their legs upwards, backed by an old settle, and ornamented in front by pots of geraniums, myrtles, and cactuses, together with a caged canary—all probably from the windows of the house just vacated. There was also a cat in the willow basket, from the partly-opened lid of which she gazed with half-closed eyes, and affectionately surveyed the small birds around.

The handsome girl waited for some time idly in her place, and the only sound heard in the stillness was the hopping of the canary up and down the perches of its prison. Then she looked attentively downwards. It was not at the bird, nor at the cat; it was at an oblong package tied in paper, and lying between them. She turned her head to learn if the waggoner were coming. He was not yet in sight; and then her eyes crept back to the package, her thoughts seeming to run upon what was inside it. At length she drew the article into her lap, and untied the paper covering; a small swing looking-glass was disclosed, in which she proceeded to survey herself attentively. Then she parted her lips and smiled.

It was a fine morning, and the sun lighted up to a scarlet glow the crimson jacket she wore, and painted a soft lustre upon her bright face and black hair. The myrtles, geraniums, and cactuses packed around her were fresh and green, and at such a leafless season they invested the whole concern of horses, waggon, furniture, and girl with a peculiar charm of rarity. What possessed her to indulge in such a performance in the sight of the

sparrows, blackbirds, and unperceived farmer, who were alone its spectators—whether the smile began as a factitious one, to test her capacity in that art, nobody knows; it ended certainly in a real smile. She blushed at herself, and seeing her reflection blush, blushed the more.

The change from the customary spot and necessary occasion of such an act—from the dressing hour in a bedroom to a time of travelling out of doors—lent to the idle deed a novelty it certainly did not intrinsically possess. The picture was a delicate one. Woman's prescriptive infirmity had stalked into the sunlight, which had invested it with the freshness of an originality. A cynical inference was irresistible by Gabriel Oak as he regarded the scene, generous though he fain would have been. There was no necessity whatever for her looking in the glass. She did not adjust her hat, or pat her hair, or press a dimple into shape, or do one thing to signify that any such intention had been her motive in taking up the glass. She simply observed herself as a fair product of Nature in a feminine direction, her expressions seeming to glide into far-off though likely dramas in which men would play a part—vistas of probable triumphs—the smiles being of a phase suggesting that hearts were imagined as lost and won. Still, this was but conjecture, and the whole series of actions were so idly put forth as to make it rash to assert that intention had any part in them at all.

The waggoner's steps were heard returning. She put the glass in the paper, and the whole again into its place.

When the waggon had passed on, Gabriel withdrew from his point of espial, and descending into the road, followed the vehicle to the turnpike-gate at the bottom of the hill, where the object of his contemplation now halted for the payment of toll. About twenty steps still remained between him and the gate, when he heard a dispute. It was a difference concerning twopence between the persons with the waggon and the man at the toll-bar.

"Mis'ess's niece is upon the top of the things, and she says that's enough that I've offered ye, you grate miser, and she won't pay any more." These were the waggoner's words.

"Very well; then mis'ess's niece can't pass," said the turnpike-keeper, closing the gate.

Oak looked from one to the other of

the disputants, and fell into a reverie. There was something in the tone of twopence remarkably insignificant. Threepence had a definite value as money—it was an appreciable infringement on a day's wages and, as such, a higgling matter; but twopence—"Here," he said, stepping forward and handing twopence to the gate-keeper; "let the young woman pass." He looked up at her then; she heard his words, and looked down.

Gabriel's features adhered throughout their form so exactly to the middle line between the beauty of St. John and the ugliness of Judas Iscariot, as represented in a window of the church he attended, that not a single lineament could be selected and called worthy either of distinction or notoriety. The red-jacketed and dark-haired maiden seemed to think so too, for she carelessly glanced over him, and told her man to drive on. She might have looked her thanks to Gabriel on a minute scale, but she did not speak them; more probably she felt none, for in gaining her a passage he had lost her her point, and we know how women take a favour of that kind.

The gatekeeper surveyed the retreating vehicle. "That's a handsome maid," he said to Oak.

"But she has her faults," said Gabriel.

"True, farmer."

"And the greatest of them is—well, what it is always."

"Beating people down; ay, 'tis so."

"Oh no."

"What, then?"

Gabriel, perhaps a little piqued by the comely traveller's indifference, glanced back to where he had witnessed her performance over the hedge, and said "Vanity."

CHAPTER II.

NIGHT: THE FLOCK: AN INTERIOR: ANOTHER INTERIOR.

It was nearly midnight on the eve of St. Thomas's, the shortest day in the year. A desolating wind wandered from the north over the hill whereon Oak had watched the yellow waggon and its occupant in the sunshine of a few days earlier.

Norcombe Hill—forming part of Norcombe Ewelease—was one of the spots which suggest to a passer-by that he is in the presence of a shape approaching the indestructible as nearly as any to be found on earth. It was a featureless convexity of chalk and soil—an ordinary specimen of those smoothly outlined pro-

tuberances of the globe which may remain undisturbed on some great day of confusion, when far grander heights and dizzy granite precipices topple down.

The hill was covered on its northern side by an ancient and decaying plantation of beeches, whose upper verge formed a line over the crest, fringing its arched curve against the sky like a mane. To-night these trees sheltered the southern slopes from the keenest blasts, which smote the wood and floundered through it with a sound as of grumbling, or gushed over its crowning boughs in a weakened moan. The dry leaves in the ditch simmered and boiled in the same breezes, a tongue of air occasionally ferreting out a few, and sending them spinning across the grass. A group or two of the latest in date amongst this dead multitude had remained on the twigs which bore them till this very mid-winter time, and in falling rattled against the trunks with smart taps.

Between this half-wooded, half-naked hill, and the vague still horizon its summit indistinctly commanded, was a mysterious sheet of fathomless shade—the sounds only from which suggested that what it concealed bore some humble resemblance to features here. The thin grasses, more or less coating the hill, were touched by the wind in breezes of differing powers and almost differing natures—one rubbing the blades heavily, another raking them piercingly, another brushing them like a soft broom. The instinctive act of human-kind here was to stand and listen, and learn how the trees on the right and the trees on the left wailed or chanted to each other in the regular antiphonies of a cathedral choir; how hedges and other shapes to leeward then caught the note, lowering it to the tenderest sob; and how the hurrying gust then plunged into the south, to be heard no more.

The sky was clear—remarkably clear—and the twinkling of all the stars seemed to be but throbs of one body, timed by a common pulse. The North star was directly in the wind's eye, and since evening the Bear had swung round it outwardly to the east, till it was now at a right angle with the meridian. A difference of colour in the stars—oftener read of than seen in England—was really perceptible here. The kingly brilliancy of Sirius pierced the eye with a steely glitter, the star called Capella was yellow, Aldebaran and Betelgueux shone with a fiery red.

To persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight such as this, the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars past earthly objects, which is perceptible in a few minutes of stillness, or by a fancy that the better outlook upon space afforded by a hill emphasizes terrestrial revolution, or by the wind, or by the solitude; but whatever be its origin, the impression of riding along is vivid and abiding. The poetry of motion is a phrase much in use, and to enjoy the epic form of that gratification it is necessary to stand on a hill at a small hour of the night, and, first enlarging the consciousness with a sense of difference from the mass of civilized mankind, who are horizontal and disregardful of all such proceedings at this time, long and quietly watch your stately progress through the stars. After such a nocturnal reconnoitre among these astral clusters, aloft from the customary haunts of thought and vision, some men may feel raised to a capability for eternity at once.

Suddenly an unexpected series of sounds began to be heard in this place up against the sky. They had a clearness which was to be found nowhere in the wind, and a sequence which was to be found nowhere in nature. They were the notes of Farmer Oak's flute.

The tune was not floating unhindered into the open air, but it seemed muffled in some way, and was altogether too curtailed in power to spread high or wide. It came from the direction of a small dark object under the plantation hedge—a shepherd's hut now presenting an outline to which an uninitiated person might have been puzzled to attach either meaning or use.

The image as a whole was that of a small Noah's Ark on a small Ararat, allowing the traditionary outlines and general form of the Ark which are followed by toymakers, and by these means are established in men's imaginations among their firmest, because earliest impressions, to pass as an approximate pattern. The hut stood on small wheels, which raised its floor about a foot from the ground. Such shepherds' huts are dragged into the fields when the lambing season comes on, to shelter the shepherd in his enforced nightly attendance.

It was only latterly that people had begun to call Gabriel "Farmer" Oak. During the twelvemonth preceding this time he had been enabled by sustained

efforts of industry and chronic good spirits to lease the small sheep-farm of which Norcombe Hill was a portion, and stock it with two hundred sheep. Previously he had been a bailiff for a short time, and earlier still a shepherd only, having from his childhood assisted his father in tending the flocks of large proprietors, till old Gabriel sank to rest.

This venture, unaided and alone, into the paths of farming as master and not as man, with an advance of sheep not yet paid for, was a critical juncture with Gabriel Oak, and he recognized his position clearly. The first movement in his new progress was the lambing of his ewes, and sheep having been his speciality from his youth, he wisely refrained from deputing the task of tending them at this season to a hireling or a novice.

The wind continued to beat about the corners of the hut, but the flute-playing ceased. A rectangular space of light appeared in the side of the hut, and in the opening the outline of Farmer Oak's figure. He carried a lantern in his hand, and closing the door behind him, came forward and busied himself about this nook of the field for nearly twenty minutes, the lantern light appearing and disappearing here and there, and brightening him or darkening him as he stood before or behind it.

Oak's motions, though they had a quiet energy, were slow, and their deliberateness accorded well with his occupation. Fitness being the basis of all beauty, nobody could have denied that his steady swings and turns in and about the flock had elements of grace. Yet, although if occasion demanded he could do or think a thing with as mercurial a dash as can the men of towns who are more to the manner born, his special power, morally, physically, and mentally, was static, owing little or nothing to momentum, as a rule.

A close examination of the ground hereabout, even by the wan starlight only, revealed how a portion of what would have been casually called a wild slope had been appropriated by Farmer Oak for his great purpose this winter. Detached hurdles thatched with straw were stuck into the ground at various scattered points, amid and under which the whitish forms of his meek ewes moved and rustled. The ring of the sheep-bell, which had been silent during his absence, recommenced, in tones which had more mellowness than clearness owing to an increasing growth of surround-

ing wool, and continued till Oak withdrew again from the flock. He returned to the hut, bringing in his arms a new-born lamb, consisting of four legs large enough for a full-grown sheep, united by an unimportant membrane about half the substance of the legs collectively, which constituted the animal's entire body just at present.

The little speck of life he placed on a wisp of hay before the small stove, where a can of milk was simmering. Oak extinguished the lantern by blowing into it with pouted lips, and then pinching out the snuff, the cot being lighted by a candle suspended by a twisted wire. A rather hard couch, formed of a few corn sacks thrown carelessly down, covered half the floor of this little habitation, and here the young man stretched himself along, loosened his woollen cravat, and closed his eyes. In about the time a person unaccustomed to bodily labour would have decided upon which side to lie, Farmer Oak was asleep.

The inside of this hut, as it now presented itself, was cosy and alluring, and the scarlet handful of fire in addition to the candle, reflecting its own genial colour upon whatever it could reach, flung associations of enjoyment even over utensils and tools. In the corner stood the sheep-crook, and along a shelf at one side were ranged bottles and canisters of the simple preparations pertaining to ovine surgery and physic; spirits of wine, turpentine, tar, magnesia, ginger, and castor-oil being the chief. On a triangular shelf across the corner stood bread, bacon, cheese, and a cup for ale or cider, which was supplied from a flagon beneath. Beside the provisions lay the flute, whose notes had lately been called forth by the lonely watcher to beguile a tedious hour. The house was ventilated by two round holes, like the lights of a cabin, with wood slides.

The lamb, revived by the warmth, began to bleat, and the sound entered Gabriel's ears and brain with an instant meaning, as expected sounds will. Passing from the profoundest sleep to the most alert wakefulness with the same ease that had accompanied the reverse operation, he looked at his watch, found that the hour-hand had shifted again, put on his hat, took the lamb in his arms, and carried it into the darkness. After placing the little creature with its mother, he stood and carefully examined the sky, to ascertain the time of night from the altitudes of the stars.

The Dog-star and Aldebaran pointing to the restless Pleiades were half way up the Southern sky, and beneath them hung Orion, which gorgeous constellation never burnt more vividly than now, as it swung itself forth above the rim of the landscape. Castor and Pollux with their quiet shine almost rested on the ground: the barren and gloomy Square of Pegasus was creeping round to the north-west; far away through the plantation, Vega sparkled like a lamp suspended amid the leafless trees, and Cassiopeia's chair stood daintily poised on the uppermost boughs.

"One o'clock," said Gabriel.

Being a man not without a frequent consciousness that there was some beauty in this life he led, he stood still after looking at the sky as a useful instrument, and regarded it in an appreciative spirit, as a work of art superlatively beautiful. For a moment he seemed impressed with the speaking loneliness of the scene, or rather with the complete abstraction from all its compass of the sights and sounds of man. Human shapes, interferences, troubles, and joys were all as if they were not, and there seemed to be on the shaded hemisphere of the globe no sentient being save himself; he could fancy them all gone round to the sunny side.

Occupied thus, with eyes stretched afar, Oak gradually perceived that what he had previously taken to be a star low down behind the outskirts of the plantation, was in reality no such thing. It was an artificial light, almost close at hand.

To find themselves utterly alone at night where company is desirable and expected makes some people fearful; but a case more trying by far to the nerves is to discover some mysterious companionship, when intuition, sensation, memory, analogy, testimony, probability, induction — every kind of evidence in the logician's list — have united to persuade consciousness that it is quite alone.

Farmer Oak went towards the plantation and pushed through its lower boughs to the windy side. A dim mass under the slope reminded him that a shed occupied a place here, the site being a cutting into the slope of the hill, so that at its back part the roof was almost level with the ground. In front it was formed of boards nailed to posts and covered with tar as a preservative. Through crevices in the roof and side spread streaks and dots of light, a combination of which made up the radiance that had attracted him. Oak stepped up behind, where, leaning down upon the roof and putting his eye close

to a hole, he could see into the interior clearly.

The place contained two women and two cows. By the side of the latter a steaming bran-mash stood in a bucket. One of the women was past middle age. Her companion was apparently young and graceful; he could form no decided opinion upon her looks, her position being almost beneath his eye, so that he saw her in a bird's-eye aerial view, as Satan first saw Paradise. She wore no bonnet or hat, but had enveloped herself into a large cloak, which was carelessly flung over her head as a covering.

"There, now we'll go home," said the elder of the two, resting her knuckles upon her hips, and looking at their goings-on as a whole. "I do hope Daisy will fetch round again now. I have never been more frightened in my life, but I don't mind breaking my rest if she recovers."

The young woman, whose eyelids were apparently inclined to fall together on the smallest provocation of silence, yawned without parting her lips to any inconvenient extent, whereupon Gabriel caught the infection and slightly yawned in sympathy. "I do wish we were rich enough to pay a man to do these things," she said.

"As we are not, we must do them ourselves," said the other; "for you must help me if you stay."

"Well, my hat is gone, however," continued the younger. "It went over the hedge, I think. The idea of such a slight wind catching it."

The cow standing erect was of the Devon breed, and was encased in a tight warm hide of rich Indian red, as absolutely uniform from eyes to tail as if the animal had been dipped in a dye of that colour, her long back being mathematically level. The other was spotted, grey and white. Beside her, Oak now noticed a little calf about a day old, looking idiotically at the two women which showed that it had not long been accustomed to the phenomenon of eyesight, and often turning to the lantern, which it apparently mistook for the moon, inherited instinct having as yet had little time for correction by experience. Between the sheep and the cows, Lucina had been busy on Norcombe Hill lately.

"I think we had better send for some oatmeal," said the elder woman; "there's no more bran."

"Yes, aunt; and I'll ride over for it as soon as it is light."

"But there's no side-saddle."

"I can ride on the other: trust me."

Oak, upon hearing these remarks, became more curious to observe her features, but this prospect being denied him by the hooding effect of the cloak, and by her forehead coming in the way of what the cloak did not cover, he felt himself drawing upon his fancy for their details. In making even horizontal and clear inspections, we colour and mould according to the wants within us whatever our eyes bring in. Had Gabriel been able from the first to get a distinct view of her countenance, his estimate of it as very handsome or slightly so would have been as his soul required a divinity at the moment or was ready supplied with one. Having for some time known the want of a satisfactory form to fill an increasing void within him, his position moreover affording the widest scope for his fancy, he painted her a beauty.

By one of those whimsical coincidences in which Nature, like a busy mother, seems to spare a moment from her unremitting labours to turn and make her children smile, the girl now dropped the cloak, and forth tumbled ropes of black hair over a red jacket. Oak knew her instantly as the heroine of the yellow wagon, myrtles, and looking-glass: prosily, as the woman who owed him twopence.

They placed the calf beside its mother again, took up the lantern and went out, the light sinking down the hill till it was no more than a nebula. Gabriel Oak returned to his flock.

CHAPTER III.

A GIRL ON HORSEBACK: CONVERSATION.

THE sluggish day began to break. Even its position terrestrially is one of the elements of a new interest, and for no particular reason save that the incident of the night had occurred there, Oak went again into the plantation. Lingered and musing here, he heard the steps of a horse at the foot of the hill, and soon there appeared in view an auburn pony with a girl on its back, ascending by the path leading past the cattle-shed. She was the young woman of the night before. Gabriel instantly thought of the hat she had mentioned as having lost in the wind; possibly she had come to look for it. He hastily scanned the ditch, and after walking about ten yards along it, found the hat among the leaves. Gabriel took it in his hand and returned to his hut. Here he ensconced himself, and looked through

the loophole in the direction of the rider's approach.

She came up and looked around—then on the other side of the hedge. Gabriel was about to advance and restore the missing article, when an unexpected performance induced him to suspend the action for the present. The path after passing the cowshed bisected the plantation. It was not a bridle-path—merely a pedestrian's track, and the boughs spread horizontally at a height not greater than seven feet above the ground, which made it impossible to ride erect beneath them. The girl, who wore no riding-habit, looked around for a moment as if to assure herself that all humanity was out of view, then dexterously dropped backwards flat upon the pony's back, her head over its tail, her feet against its shoulder, and her eyes to the sky. The rapidity of her glide into this position was that of a kingfisher—its noiselessness that of a hawk. Gabriel's eyes had scarcely been able to follow her. The tall lank pony seemed used to such phenomena, and ambled along unconcerned. Thus she passed under the level boughs.

The performer seemed quite at home anywhere between a horse's head and its tail, and the necessity for this abnormal attitude having ceased with the passage of the plantation, she began to adopt another, even more obviously convenient than the first. She had no side-saddle, and it was very apparent that a firm seat upon the smooth leather beneath her was unattainable sideways. Springing to her accustomed perpendicular like a bowed sapling, and satisfying herself that nobody was in sight, she seated herself in the manner demanded by the saddle, though hardly expected of the woman, and trotted off in the direction of Tewnell Mill.

Oak was amused, perhaps a little astonished, and hanging up the hat in his hut, went again among his ewes. An hour passed, the girl returned, properly seated now, with a bag of bran in front of her. On nearing the cattle-shed she was met by a boy bringing a milking-pail, who held the reins of the pony whilst she slid off. The boy led away the horse, leaving the pail with the young woman.

Soon a soft spirt, alternating with a loud spirt, came in regular succession from within the shed. They were the sounds of a person milking a cow. Gabriel took the lost hat in his hand, and waited beside the path she would follow in leaving the hill.

She came, the pail in one hand, hanging against her knee. The left arm was extended as a balance, enough of it being shown bare to make Oak wish that the event had happened in summer, when the whole would have been revealed. There was a bright air and manner about her now, by which she seemed to imply that the desirability of her existence could not be questioned; and this rather saucy assumption failed in being offensive, because a beholder felt it to be, upon the whole, true. Like exceptional emphasis in the tone of genius, that which would have made mediocrity ridiculous was an addition to recognized power. It was with some surprise that she saw Gabriel's face rising like the moon, behind the hedge.

The adjustment of the farmer's hazy conceptions of her charms to the portrait of herself she now presented him with, was less a diminution than a difference. The starting-point selected by the judgment was her height. She seemed tall, but the pail was a small one, and the hedge diminutive; hence, making allowance for error by comparison with these, she could have been not above the height to be chosen by women as best. All features of consequence were severe and regular. It may have been observed by persons who go about the shires with eyes for beauty, that in Englishwomen a classically formed face is seldom found to be united with a figure of the same pattern, the highly-finished features being generally too large for the remainder of the frame; that a graceful and proportionate figure of eight heads usually goes off into random facial curves. Without throwing a Nympean tissue over a milkmaid, it must be said that here criticism checked itself in examining details to return to where it began, and looked at her proportions with a long consciousness of pleasure. From the contours of her figure in its upper part, she must have had a beautiful neck and shoulders; but it may be stated that since her infancy nobody had ever seen them. Had she been put into a low dress she would have run and thrust her head into a bush. Yet she was not a shy girl by any means; it was merely her instinct to draw the line dividing the seen from the unseen higher than they do it in towns.

That the girl's thoughts hovered about her face and form as soon as she caught Oak's eyes conning the same page was natural, and almost certain. The self-consciousness shown would have been

vanity if a little more pronounced, dignity if a little less. Rays of male vision seem to have a tickling effect upon virgin faces in rural districts; she hastily brushed hers with her hand, as if Gabriel had been irritating its pink surface with a long straw, and the free air of her previous movements was reduced at the same time to a chastened phase of itself. Yet it was the man who blushed, the maid not at all.

"I found a hat," said Oak.

"It is mine," said she, and, from a sense of proportion, kept down to a small smile an inclination to laugh distinctly; "it flew away last night."

"One o'clock this morning?"

"Well—it was." She was surprised.

"How did you know?" she said.

"I was here."

"You are Farmer Oak, are you not?"

"That or thereabouts. I'm lately come to this place."

"A large farm?" she inquired, casting her eyes around, and swinging back her hair, which was black in the shaded hollows of its mass; but it being now an hour past sunrise, the rays touched its prominent curves with a color of their own.

"No; not large. About a hundred." (In speaking of farms the word "acres" is omitted by the natives, by analogy with such old expressions as "a stag of ten.")

"I wanted my hat this morning," she went on. "I had to ride to Tewnell Mill."

"Yes, you had."

"How do you know?"

"I saw you."

"Where?" she inquired, a misgiving bringing every muscle of her lineaments and frame to a standstill.

"Here—going through the plantation, and all down the hill," said Farmer Oak, with an aspect excessively knowing with regard to some matter in his mind, as he gazed at a remote point in the direction named, and then turned back to meet his colloquist's eyes.

A perception caused him to withdraw his own from hers as suddenly as if he had been caught in a theft. Recollection of the strange antics she had indulged in when passing through the trees, was succeeded in the girl by a nettled palpitation, and that by a hot face. It was a time to see a woman redden who was not given to reddening as a rule; not a point in the milkmaid but was of the deepest rose-colour. From the Maiden's Blush,

through all varieties of the Provence down to the Crimson Tuscany, the countenance of Oak's acquaintance quickly graduated; whereupon he, in consideration, had turned away his head.

The sympathetic man still looked the other way, and wondered when she would recover whiteness sufficient to justify him in facing her again. He heard what seemed to be the flitting of a dead leaf upon the breeze, and looked. She had gone away.

With an air between that of Tragedy and Comedy, Gabriel returned to his work.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SPANISH LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE INTERIOR, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1873.

LETTER VII.

THE lot of the Spanish poor is not an enviable one. Nor will Spain be happy, or her masses religious, or ripe for that liberty for which, while as yet immature for it, they yearn so ardently, until education is made a compulsory matter throughout the length and breadth of the land. In Germany every parent is bound to send his child to school, for so many years, from the age of seven, unless he hand in a medical certificate to the effect that the child's health will not allow of his so doing. In England, the very land of National Schools, the same restriction I believe has lately been deemed advisable; here, of all lands, it is absolutely indispensable. But, first, good schools must be formed. "Why," asked I of a parent, some few days since, "do not you send your three niños (young ones) to school?" "So I did, for a time," was the answer, "until I discovered that they learned everything that they should not, and nothing that they should learn."

Another sad feature in the Spanish life in the interior is the utter *absence of patriotism*. There seems to be spread abroad a general feeling of distrust, and of questioning—"For what are we to fight?" "Why should we die?" There is no patriotic feeling among the lower, very little, properly so-called, among the higher classes. With the lower classes their whole object now seems to be to escape the "Quinta," or conscription, held annually in every town. Let me give you a telling instance, which came to my own notice. A large town near to my present residence was required, at its

country's urgent need, to furnish at once a levy of 150 men, out of a population numbering more than 30,000—no very great tax, one would think, when a country is in the very throes of desolation and dismemberment. Of those who were drawn, not more than fifty were found ready and willing to answer the final call. Some escaped to the Sierra; some, who had it in their power, escaped service by bribery, securing to themselves from the officials immunity from this threatened hardship on the ground of bad health and unfitness for military service.

The reason of all this dereliction of duty is possibly to be traced to the following facts: First, that the people absolutely do not know whether the cause for which they are to fight is a righteous one; next they do not know for what they are to fight, for to-morrow—so rapid are the “crises” here—may witness a complete change of policy, or a new Government; and, again, the country is in so wretched a state that the majority of those who think at all decide that their present position is one barely worth the sacrifice of taking up arms in its behalf; and lastly, the Spanish soldier has “a hard time of it.” Badly fed, badly clothed, badly paid, he yet endures much with cheerfulness and patience, often marching, with his sandalled or bare feet, twenty-five miles under the tropical sun; yet when brought up to the scratch he fights well. Of what avail, however, is his valour, or his endurance? If the sun of to-morrow should bring defeat, or change of Government, all his chance of promotion or reward falls to the ground, and some beardless puppy may take the reward which a veteran has gained by many noble deeds, and fought for, or at least deserved, on many fields.

Some such causes as these, it seems to me, must be held to account for the present absence of patriotic feeling, for, in minor cases, the spirit of patriotism is seen to be present and alive. Some weeks since, in the fiery heat of summer, when the Sierras offered a cool retreat for hundreds of the Intransigentes of the interior, a body of the more violent of the latter threatened to strike a blow at the existence—by sacking the strong box—of a large English firm. No sooner did the unlettered Spanish employes of that company hear of the situation than a guard of some hundreds of them volunteered, without reward, to patrol night and day around the offices of the company. In this case, they had

high wages and generous employers to fight for!

Then, as to the patriotic feeling of the higher classes in the interior, it is certainly at a very low ebb indeed. Bribes go about very freely; and, a few weeks since, were as freely received, to evade service!

As to *religion*, again, it is at a fearfully low ebb in the interior: and one naturally asks the question—Why so? Is the fault to be found in the especial phase of Christianity grafted upon this people? Certainly no religious faith has ever been nursed more, and brought up, as it were, by hand, than that branch of the Catholic Church established in Spain. Up to a few short years ago, the clergy, as self-ordained teachers of this vast nation, had it (to use a trite saying) “all their own way.” They were protected during the sovereignty of Queen Isabella more strictly than any of her subjects; their rights, revenues, doctrines, were guarded with a jealousy that knew not where to stop.

An Englishman who, ignorantly, merely took off his hat, and did not dismount also from his horse as the “host” passed him in the street, was in this town dragged from his horse by order of the priests, and fined, or imprisoned, for the offence. And what work have the clergy done; what revolution have they brought about, fighting, as it were, under cover? What blessing have they brought about for their country? Simply nothing. True, the material they have had to work upon has been of the rudest kind, but *something* might have been done, if but little. Had the clergy merely exerted themselves to get a law passed making education compulsory, the good springing from such an act would have been boundless. But it was not so. Feeling all in their own hands, they were well content to rest on their oars, and think, fondly enough, that “to-morrow would be as this day, and still more abundant.” The Clergy of the State Church in England certainly in their zeal for education present a marked contrast to their brethren here, for they did buckle to work, and educate their flocks by means of National and Sunday Schools. The clergy of the State Church in England, again, especially in our large towns, are now, in this their day, endeavouring to meet and satisfy, and not stifle, the inquiring spirit of the age in which their lot is cast. The clergy of the interior of Spain, though kind and good to their poor, have

been content to stifle, or not acknowledge the existence of such a spirit in their land. They, in the zenith of their power, simply sat still. And what has been the result? Simple irreligion, or blank superstition. The "civil funeral," and the "civil christening," the empty churches, the covered heads of the men as the religious processions pass by, the cynical profession of many of the educated men, "I am a Protestant," which means: "*I belong to no Church at all; I am a Doubter, or a Materialista;*"—all these little things are evidences that the clergy knew not the days of their visitation, or that the faith they had to preach had not within it salt enough. Now, the position of the clergy in the interior is cruel indeed; their influence is on the wane, their incomes are cut down to nominal sums; many have been driven to lay aside their robes and seek their bread by other means; the poor—whom once they were glad generously to feed—are suffering from hunger, cold, and wretchedness.

A few nights since I stood with raised hat as the "host" passed by, heralded by its many lamps of many colours; the viaticum was being carried to some dying Christian. Suddenly a drove of pigs came squeaking down a street close by; women in mute adoration were on their knees on the pavement, sightly and devoutly enough; men were divided into hats-on and hats-off, but the majority was of the latter class. The pigs charged the procession, and to my horror, a loud and audible titter ran through the lantern-bearers, which became a hoarse laugh in the mouths of the pig-drivers.

The picture, slight as it is, here drawn of religion is depressing indeed, you will say. But, with the virtuous and the educated, the oft-repeated dictum of Señor Castelar has increasing force—"I turn from the uncertainty, the vanity of what is of human invention in religion, to the example of Him who suffered to set me an example: that, I know, is true: it is abnegation of self: I strive, I pray, and looking at Him, feel that grace will be given to follow His example."

As regards the *Laws and the Administration of Justice* let me say a word. No laws are better adapted for her people in their present state than the laws of Spain, were they well administered. But, from judge down to constable, bribery and corruption prevail. "Why," said a friend of mine to a Spaniard who had been greatly wronged, "why do you not seek

redress?" "Because I have not got 40*l.* to give to the judge."

There is this excuse, however, for the poor Spanish official. His Government gives him no remuneration, and expects everything of him; and so, the temptation being strong, and public feeling not at all sensitive, the official pockets his bribe and then administers "justice." Where bribery, absence of definite faith, and absence of education and patriotism are found, one is not surprised to find a very lax state of domestic morals. All or most of these seem to me to proceed from the same cause, viz.: that the doctrine of personal responsibility for words and actions, a doctrine so needful to ensure a right line of conduct, has not been sufficiently inculcated.

After an expression of dissatisfaction at the state of religious and political feeling around, I heard with profound interest the following remark lately made:—"From this chaos of doubt and haziness, and pulling down of religious faith, will come a Reformation for our country; a wave of simpler faith will break upon this land, and spread over its length and breadth."

This would not be contrary to historical precedent. And it would be a joyful sound—a Renaissance, a Reformation for the land! For now, men are going about seeking rest and light, and there is none; looking for a master spirit, and none appears to guide.

To finish with the topic from which I digressed—the laxity of domestic morals. The subject is painful, and one hard to speak upon. But it would seem that, as is the case too, I fear, in England, taken *en masse*, the standard of morality among the highest and wealthiest classes in the interior may be set down as very low; among the middle classes, respectable; among the lowest, low again. In the highest classes, their wealth and ease are their temptations; in the lowest, their want of education, bad accommodation, and poverty lead them to sin. True was the saying of the wise—"Give me neither poverty nor riches." Among the two extremes alluded to, the marriage tie is too often but little thought of, and society does not bring its influence generally—as in England still is the case—to bear *against* the offender. There is no definite line drawn here.

Up to marriage, chastity is strictly observed; but afterwards, license of conversation and deed reign and prevail

very widely. Domestic life, as in England, is unknown: the husband seeks his own, the wife her own pleasure.

This state of society is doubtless very corrupt. But why dwell further on the dark side of the picture, a picture we shall find repeated in other lands than Spain? Rather let me speak of the cordiality, the kindness, the courtesy of the Spanish lady and gentleman to the stranger; of their generosity to their dependants: of the thousands upon thousands of women, high and low, whose sweetness of disposition, nobleness of tone, purity, devotion to duty can only spring from their true, simple, unpretending faith in their Maker and His love.

What will be the future of this country—a country whose climate is enjoyable beyond measure—whose artificers yield in skill to those of few foreign countries—whose mineral wealth is undreamed of—whose people, uneducated as they are, are full of noble qualities—it is impossible to say.

But “Resurgam” is the motto hidden in every heart; and with the spread of religion and education, and with that alone, under God’s blessing, Spain will cease to be the anomaly she is, and once more resume her place among the nations.

LETTER VIII.

BEFORE leaving the subject of the character of the Spaniard of the interior, it may be interesting to string together, without any attempt at *lucidus ordo*, a few incidents which either happened to myself, or to which I was a witness. I say interesting, because facts simply told cannot be gainsaid, and those who read can draw their own inferences as to the state of the country and people where those facts are acted out.

The carelessness of the Spaniard of the interior about human life and property is well-nigh incredible, and shows a state of civilization terribly low indeed. As regards human life, I was unhappily close to the spot where two of the most barbarous murders that can be conceived took place in the summer of this fiery year. In the first case, a poor itinerant tailor was returning from his rounds in the cool of the evening, with his two asses laden with his whole earthly wealth of cloth and handkerchiefs, and with him as servants, two men, with one of whom he had previously been on ill terms. What occurred between the three will never be known, but at twelve o’clock at night the youngest of his two companions, a lad of

three-and-twenty, came in haste to the barracks of the Civil Guards in the nearest town, and said to the sentry, “I have come in great trepidation to inform you that my master has just been shot, and I have run here for fright. I don’t know if he is killed or no, but several men came out of the olives and shot at us, and I made off.” The Civil Guards, who are the very flower of Spain for their exertions in suppressing robberies and every sort of iniquity, and who hold an unequalled place for acumen, courage, and sobriety, are never off their guard, and rarely are deceived. Holding a middle place between the civil and the military, acting in masses with the regular army, or as civil police, in couples, they are the terror of all evil doers. The sentry colored his informant, and pulled him in to the light. Looking at his *faja*, he said, “You were not very far off when your master was shot. Why, I see specks of fresh blood upon you!” Two civil guards now accompanied the fellow to the spot, and there, in a pool of blood, lay his master, his head severed from his body, and a deep stab—not a gunshot wound—in his chest. He had been stabbed, and then barbarously decapitated. They took the body into a little *venta* hard by, and wrapped it up for transit to the town. Meanwhile the young murderer had calmly lit his cigarillo; in a few minutes he was *dozing peacefully as a child close by the chairs where the body, dripping blood, was stretched out!*

By 12 A.M. next morning this fellow and his accomplice were in prison, and *one* had confessed his guilt. I walked down to the prison, hearing that both were confined in the outer portion, and went up to the iron gate, whose wide, open bars admit air and light. The two men were there awaiting their trial: the one lay, wrapped in his heavy manta, fast asleep on the stone flags; the other, leaning unconcernedly against the gateway, had just received a cigarillo from the woman who loved him.

I will say no more of murders: this is but one of many. The amount of blood shed in some of the towns of the interior is something fearful. The old law, that none should carry knives or fire-arms, will have to be brought into force again, until these men are humanized; for it is not reasonable to put the weapons of civilization into the hands of a savage totally without self-control or regard for human life.

Nor does the Spaniard of the interior

respect property. During every summer, when the very trees are like tinder, fires are constant. Not a night passes without a fire in the stubbles, or—terrible loss, for an olive grove is not fruitful for twenty years after setting—the olives. The church bells at once clash out, the rule being that all who are in the street at the moment can be “pressed” to aid in putting the flames out. However, all take care to get under shelter, and avoid being pressed!

So with a murder in the open streets. The moment the report of a revolver is heard, bang goes every door, feet hurry in all directions; and the poor fellow who is shot lies bleeding on the stones until the municipal guard comes up. I asked a Spaniard why they did not stay by the dying man? “Because if I did I should be taken up as his murderer,” was the prompt reply.

In the interior too, where some of the over-crowded cemeteries are in a deplorable condition, the irreverence for the dead is shocking. Such things are seen as men’s bodies being slung across a mule, and so carried, perhaps two together, to their last resting-place. It happened to be the lot of a friend of the writer’s to be standing by when such a load was being unslung. One of the bodies was that of a fine young fellow, who had evidently been, till his death-stroke, robust and strong. “What business had he to die? he’s fat enough!” was the brutal and only comment of the muleteer.

Spanish laws, in theory, are exceedingly good, and stringent, were they carried out. But one of the blots is, that no protection is afforded to the brute creation, and the S. P. C. A. would find here a prolific field for its noble labours.

The Spanish peasant seems absolutely to think that his beast has no feeling, and smiles incredulously if you endeavour to convince them that this is not the case. Accordingly dogs, cats, mules, and horses come in for a heavy share of stones and blows. A few weeks ago the writer was standing in his courtyard, while two servants (*criadas*) were about to draw water from the well. A poor cat, or rather kitten, was clinging round the well-rope and having a game of play. Something startled poor puss; she slipped, the rope ran down a few coils, and she fell some thirty feet into the well, into ten feet of water. Both mother and daughter gave a scream of delight, held their hands above their heads, shouting, “Pobre gato! O pobre, pobre gato!”

I told them that poor pussy’s life was at stake, and urged them to help me rescue it. This the younger one did, suddenly becoming as serious as she had been trifling before, and with great skill she sunk the pitcher under the struggling cat and brought her safely to the brink. Puss looked like a mad creature, her eyes starting out of her head, the picture of wretchedness, and both servants joined in commiseration. Suddenly, shaking the wet off her, like a housewife trundling her mop, puss rushed into the best sala, and dashed about from side to side of the newly-cleaned room. In a moment pity was forgotten, and, with loud screams of “Malo gato! malo gato!” (“good-for-nothing puss!”) they swept the terrified little animal into the street, up which she rushed, the pair sitting down shaking with laughter!

With the mules it is far worse. They work them when lame or sick, beat them cruelly if they are stupid, and even bite their ear until the blood comes.

As to chastising their pet dogs, their idea is peculiar. The dog commits an offence—*Anglicò*, nuisance—and an hour afterwards when the dinner is cooked and served up, perhaps the *criada* takes hold of it by the tail and belabours it soundly, calling out “Malo pecho! malo pecho!” this is correction without any attempt at reformation; and I endeavored to explain how the punishment might be made *reformatory*. But I could not get the idea into the *criada*’s head. “No,” she said, “I beat him for his wickedness: when he ceases to give me trouble, I cease to beat.” There was no getting any further, and I gave the matter up.

Taking a *criada* into your house is a serious matter: they are generally middle-aged women, or young widows with one child or more. In the interior you never ask for, or receive, a character from their late mistress. The business is done thus: you give out that you want a servant; and three or four at once apply at the door; you select the most respectable-looking, and she comes in two hours’ time, bringing her child, or children, and her bed, clothes, &c. She is then fairly installed, and receives six dollars (*17. 4s.*) per month, finding her own food. Well for their master and mistress if their *criada* has no “followers,” for, if so, she has perfect liberty to have one or more in the kitchen, smoking their *cigarillos*, until quite late at night. Occasionally, if the lover be given to drink, he will come at the small hours of the night,

and half batter down the door, shouting his lady's name.

Some of these women, however, are true-hearted, cleanly servants; and good in everything except nursing. To the Spaniard of the interior nursing is one of the occult sciences, and almost confined to the *Hermanas de la Caridad*. The Spanish midwife is peculiar too, her whole object being to spare the doctor's labours, and help nature before the proper time. Much mischief is caused by this premature assistance, which is supposed by them to "spare the mother pain."

It may not be inappropriate to subjoin two poems, of very different character, popular in many parts of Spain, of which I have attempted a version.

"EL CHALAN."

(The fish-hawker.)

A Song sung on the Quay at Malaga.

I.

Yes, this hawking business, mother,
Suits your José very well;
On the streets and shore to loiter
And his silver shoals to sell!
Live anchovies, all a-glowing!
Sweet anchovies, who'll buy more?
Quick about it, for I'm going
To Francisca, on the shore.
And I can't keep any longer
From her bright eyes on the shore!

II.

Poor I am, without possession,
Save this basket at my feet:
But I'm prouder far than any
Dandy sauntering down the street!
Live anchovies, &c.

III.

Girls all love the winsome hawker,
Casting on him passion's eyes:
Owning it's a great temptation,
José turns away and cries
Live anchovies, &c.

IV.

Every day I take Francisca
Lots of money; but to-day
Not a single fin I've sold, and
Won't Francisca faint away!
Live anchovies, &c.

ALL SAINTS' EVE: A BALLAD.

(From the "Ecos Nacionales" of V. R. Aguilera.)

I.

Hark, from yonder tower the grief-bell
Wakes the hamlet from its sleep:

Bidding, for their loved and lost ones,
Prayerful watch true mourners keep.
Come, my child, and with your mother
Plead in prayer on bended knee;
For the soul of thy dear brother
Yielded up for Liberty.

Can it be my son, my pride,
For sweet Liberty hath died? —
So — I know it! — O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

II.

When, o'er yonder dark'ning Sierra,
Peers the funeral moon's dim light,
Go we seek in these still valleys
Flowers all wet with dew's of night,
Which, for love of him, to-morrow
Fragrance sad yet sweet shall yield,
While deep voices hymn his glory,
Haply, on some far-off field.

Can it be o'er him, so young,
That the funeral chant is sung? —
So — I know it! — O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

III.

Tenderly, poor lad, and often,
When beneath his tent he lay,
Penned he words my grief to soften,
And his mother's care to allay.
Wrote he once, "The Cross of Valour
On the field this day I won:
In the front, beneath the colours,
Rough hands pinned it on thy son."
Mid the stalwart and the brave,
Stood my boy where colours wave! —
So — I know it! — O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

IV.

And full many a time he told me —
In a merry way he told:
Foes there are far worse than armies,
Scorching heat, and thirst, and cold:
Told me how, half-naked, hungry,
Springing up at bugle call,
He would march (poor boy!) contented
For his Fatherland to fall.
For his land and Liberty,
Was my boy content to die? —
So — I know it! — O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

V.

Never will he come: I know it.
Motherlike, I still hope on:
Though I know th' accursed bullet
Long ago struck down my son.
Yes! but he hath won rich guerdon,
Crown which saint and martyr wear:
Children, All Saints' morn is breaking,
Let it find us still in prayer!
For his soul? son, can it be
Among the *dead* I pray for thee?
So — I know it! — O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed.

LETTER IX.

A SPANISH CASA DE MISERICORDIA.

NO one who has not tried it can have any idea of the intense scorching tropical heat of the Spanish towns of the interior during the summer months. The fierce sun smiting down on the untidy, and often unpaved streets; the blinding clouds of dust, so dense and hot that horse and rider, if caught on the open sandy plains, are forced to stop, and turn their backs to the wind, that, rising in a moment and stopping as suddenly, whirls it along; the scarcity of good and tender animal food; — all these try an English constitution, however strong it be, terribly; and both man and beast rejoice when autumn sets in, and the first cloud appears in the rainy quarter, not "bigger than a man's hand," foretelling in a few days or hours the downpour of the autumnal rains. Spain for many years has known no summer so hot as that of 1873. The thermometer, in shaded rooms (alas! that we have no Punkahs), varied from 87 to 93 and even 97 degrees of heat; man and beast, and the cracking, gasping earth, without one blade of green, alike cried out for water and for a cooler air, and at last, though late, it came.

The transition, however, was almost instantaneous: in one single night the thermometer sank ten degrees; the following nights it continued sinking, and for some three or four weeks before the rain, a bitter east wind blew, which seemed to pierce one through and through.

Among others whose lot it was to suffer from this, I had a place; the *Calentura*, or low fever of the country, prostrated me, and after vainly struggling against the foe, I was thankful enough that sufficient strength, and funds, were left me to make my escape to the south.

The bright white township, the blue Atlantic, and the thought of a ship with all sails set for England, all of which I had long coupled with the name of Cadiz, rose before my eyes as in a pleasing vision, and to Cadiz I took my way. To a sick man few railway journeys are interesting, and there seemed but little to arouse attention; the old Moorish towers rising here and there, with their little cluster of Spanish townships surrounding them; the wind-swept wastes after wastes; the empty gullies, showing where the fierce torrents had swept down; these, with the orange groves around Seville — unknown in the treeless wastes of the in-

terior — and the bright sight of a Spanish cavalry regiment in their snowy epaulettes, flashing helmets, and crimson trowsers, alighting and forming four-deep on the platform of one of the larger stations, were all the points that struck me in a weary journey of eighteen hours. Thankfully enough I threw down the window, and inhaled the fresh sea-breeze of Cadiz.

The beauty of the deep blue sea, studied with shipping; the brightness of the snow-white houses, and lovely alamedas, and sea-walks, to a stranger from the interior, cannot be imagined or described; it is like coming from darkness into light — from death into life. The air, too, is exactly the same, although perhaps a trifle milder, as the air of Brighton on a sunny October day, mild and yet bracing, and exhilarates the sick man at every step.

But there was one sight in Cadiz that I had long yearned to see; a sight that, once seen, will never be by me forgotten, and one that should make the name of Cadiz dear to every true and loving English heart. I mean the *Casa de Misericordia*; or, as it is now called, *El Hospicio de Cadiz*. Thither, on the first day possible to me, I turned my steps. The exterior of this institution, one of the most benevolent in the world, has nothing to recommend it. It is simply, as "Murray" says, a huge yellow Doric pile (built by Torquato Cayon) fronting the sea.

A knock at the battered door soon brought the porter to us, and we were standing within a wide paved quadrangle. High up, written in huge capitals along the wall, the inscription (in Latin) met my eye —

This shall be my rest: Here will I dwell; I will satisfy her poor with bread. — Ps. cxxxii.

I could not but remark the touching significance, to a religious mind, of the omission of the words "forever," which occur in the original. It certainly was a bright sermon on immortality. "This Casa," as the sweet-looking Lady Superior said, "is the home of the poor — but not forever."

The Hospicio perhaps may be best described as an English Workhouse stripped of its bitterness, or, at least, of much of it, and invested, if I may use the expression, with many privileges. It is a real rest, a real home for the poor who are "*decentes*" (respectable); a refuge for the young women who are homeless or out of place; a school and home for

children; and an asylum for the aged of both sexes. The prison look, the prison restrictions, the refractory ward, and the tramps' ward — all these are unknown at the Hospicio for the decent poor" of Cadiz. Accordingly, it is looked upon as a home by the hundreds of both sexes who flock to its shelter.

The first thing that struck me as I waited for a moment while the porter went to ask the Rectora to show us over, were the bright faces and the ringing laughter of some fifty children, who were playing in the capacious quadrangle and the beautifully-kept garden within the walls, where the heliotrope, dahlia, geranium, and many tropical flowers were even now in full bloom. Air, light, and cleanliness seemed characteristics of the place, at a first glance. In a few moments the Rectora herself appeared, with her bunch of keys — the lady who superintends the *whole* of this large institution, and who bears the appropriated name of Angel Garcia. I told her the object of my visit, and she seemed pleased at the thought of her labours being known to an Englishman, and at once took us over the whole place, kindly explaining the working of the Home down to the minutest particulars.

The Home is supported by a yearly voluntary grant from the Town Government (Diputacion Nacional) of Cadiz, the nearest estimate that I could obtain of the actual cost of keeping it up being 5,000*l.* per annum. The actual number of inmates at the time was 170 old men, 92 old women, 444 boys and 136 girls from six years to twenty or thirty, making a total of 842. The place is generally much fuller, the number of beds made up, or capable of being made up, being close upon a thousand.

The place is open to all who need assistance, on their presenting at the door an order from the Town Government testifying that they are *decentes*.

The aged poor come in, and live and die here, surrounded by all the little comforts that old age stands in need of: if they like, they can go out for a while to visit their friends, and return to their home again. On all the Feast-days (and their name in Spain is legion) their friends and relatives have free access to them, as well as on Sundays. The friends may bring them whatever they like in the shape of food or wine, or if they have money, they can send out and buy it for themselves. The men can have their smoke as at their own house — a luxury

denied, and how needlessly! in some English Workhouses. So much for the *Departamento de Ancianos*.

As regards the *Children's Department*. Any child is qualified to enter the Home, until it can obtain its own living, who is either an orphan or one of a large and poor family. They are all divided into classes: the first, from six years to eight; next eight to ten, none being received under six years; the next from ten to twelve; the next from twelve to fifteen; and the last from fifteen upwards. Any parent can come to the Home and obtain leave of the Rectora to take her child home for the day, from nine o'clock until the set of sun. The children are first taught to read, write, cipher, and sing; they then are taught any trade that they or their parents desire. So the master tailor applies here for an apprentice, the mistress for a servant-maid; the band-master of a regiment, too, finds musicians ready to hand, who can play clarinet, hautboy, fife, or drum. The inmates wear no regular dress, but the children of each class are distinguished by a red, white, yellow, or blue stripe round the collar of the coat and round their caps.

Many of the girls were servant-maids out of place. They had been brought up at the Home, fallen out of place for no misconduct of their own — for all here are *decentes* — and came back as to a real true home and shelter until another opening offered itself. All, young and old ("old" means forty-five and upwards in the Home), seemed bright and smiling; their glossy hair braided as their tastes inclined, their little simple ornaments, all had a place. Plenty of exercise was to be had in the courtyards, gymnasium, and walks-out on all Feast-days and Sundays; and all seemed clean, contented, and well fed and cared for. While standing near the door, a mother came to take away her child, who certainly was *not* a consenting party. She clasped the hand of the master and of the Superior, and a most touching parting was to be witnessed, which spoke volumes for the treatment the poor receive at the Home.

Having spoken of the *ancianos* and the *niños*, a word may be said as to out-door relief. This is very simple, and merely an adjunct of the plan carried out. Each day from sixty to a hundred poor collect around the Hospice door, and the broken victuals are distributed among them, as far as they hold out. Some few have a standing order for a daily portion; but this is the exception, and not the rule.

The staff of attendants wore no particular dress. The Rectora was dressed simply as a Spanish lady, and in mourning. The governesses, nurses, and servants are many of them paid attendants, but much of the work of the Home is done by the inmates. In an office within the walls three gentlemen were busily writing, and settling the accounts and affairs of the Home.

From Nature.

ELLIS'S LIFE OF COUNT RUMFORD.*

THIS biography supplies a want that has been sorely felt by all who have desired to obtain a reliable account of Count Rumford's eventful life. It is, I think, impossible to name any equally eminent man of modern times concerning whom so little was known before the publication of this work. The only preceding sources of information, Prof. Pictet's letters, Prof. Renwick's sketch in "Sparks's Library of American Biography," Cuvier's *Eloge* and the Cyclopædia biographies made up from these and each other, are most vexatiously contradictory on points of primary interest. Aided by Rumford's own correspondence, and other original and direct sources of information, Mr. Ellis's industry has at last rescued us from these perplexities.

The career of scientific notables is usually of a simple and uneventful character, but that of the poor schoolmaster of New Hampshire is sufficiently adventurous and romantic to supply materials for a sensation-novel writer.

He married early; to quote his own words—"I took a wife, or rather she took me, at 19 years of age." He describes his married life as both happy and profitable, but it lasted scarcely three years, during which he became a prominent public man and a full-blown soldier, with the rank of major at 20 years of age. The part he took in connection with the American rebellion excited popular indignation against him, led to his imprisonment, the confiscation of his property, and his subsequent flight from home shortly after the birth of his daughter. He never saw his wife again, nor did he see his daughter until 20 years afterwards, when she rejoined him in Europe.

* *Memoir of Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, with Notices of his Daughter.* By George E. Ellis. (Published in connection with an edition of Rumford's Complete Works by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Boston.)

At the age of 23, he appears in a new character upon another scene. He is now a diplomatist, presenting his first state paper to Lord George Germaine in London. He steps at once into a responsible position in the Colonial Office, and presently becomes the "Secretary of Georgia." In the meantime he is doing important scientific work, is elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1779, when 26 years of age, and suddenly appears on board the *Victory* as a volunteer sailor under Sir Charles Hardy, experimenting with ship's guns, and writing treatises on naval signals and naval architecture. In the following year he is promoted to the office of "Under Secretary of State for the Northern Department" (Colonial).

Thirteen months after this he reappears in military uniform as Lieut.-Colonel Thompson commanding "The King's American Dragoons," and profoundly occupied with experiments upon light artillery, &c. Before 1781 is ended, we find him on the other side of the Atlantic with his dragoons on Long Island, and fighting in the neighbourhood of Charleston at the beginning of 1782. In April we hear of him in New York, and presently find that he has returned to England promoted to the rank of full colonel, and otherwise honoured for his American services.

In the midst of all this activity and excitement he is busily engaged in scientific research chiefly upon subjects connected with gunpowder, bullets, and artillery. With his characteristic exaltation of present pursuits he is now consumed by military ardour, and, dissatisfied with his late inglorious outpost skirmishing in America, obtains appointment for active service in the defence of Jamaica against the French, but is frustrated by the temporary pacific reaction that suddenly prevails. He offers to serve in India, but the Government has become economical. Determined to fight somebody, he selects the Turks, with whom Austria is temptingly disposed to quarrel, and, having obtained the King's permission, proceeds to Vienna, with war-horse, arms, and uniform. Halting on his way he creates considerable sensation by appearing as a visitor on the garrison parade at Strasbourg, displaying his handsome figure, brilliant English uniform, and his skilful management of an English blood-horse. Field-Marshal Prince Maximilian de Deux Ponts rides up to the stranger, salutes, and asks a few questions. Thompson,

with the polished courtesy and tact of which he is so accomplished a master, turns this introduction to good account, secures the friendship of the Prince, who is so strongly impressed with the varied attainments of the brilliant soldier, that he presses him to pass through Munich on his way to Vienna and visit the reigning Elector of Bavaria, an uncle of the Prince.

The visit is made most successfully, and, with additional introductions, Thompson proceeds to Vienna with a ready-made continental reputation, though only a few weeks old. Here, as he says, "I owe to a beneficent Divinity that I was cured in time of that martial folly." The agent or Divinity of this reformation, was a lady, who, as he says, "formed an attachment to me, gave me wise advices, and imparted a new turn to my ideas, by presenting me in perspective other species of glory than that of conquering battles." It is proper to add, in explanation, that the lady was seventy years of age.

In the meantime the Elector of Bavaria invites Thompson to enter his service. For an English officer to do this, permission from the king was necessary. This was obtained in London, and with it the honour of knighthood, which was conferred in February 1784, with a continuance of half-pay as colonel.

Sir Benjamin Thompson proceeds immediately to Munich, and there enters upon the most remarkable part of his extraordinary career. The task which he set before himself in Bavaria was nothing less than a complete reformation and reorganization of the army, and a general improvement of the physical and social condition of the whole nation. Invested with full powers by the Elector he sets about his work in a strictly philosophical manner. The first four years—1784 to 1788—are devoted to a cool, impartial, and systematic investigation of the social statistics and general condition of all classes, civil and military, in Bavaria. Having thus inductively collected and generalized his data, he now proceeds deductively to devise his remedies for the evils thus demonstrated. In all his efforts, from the improvement of saucepan-lids and gridirons to the moral reformation of a whole nation of human beings, he is rigidly methodical and strictly scientific, and his success follows as a direct and visible consequence of this scientific mode of proceeding.

His well-known and important researches on the Convection and general Transmission of Heat were undertaken and carried out mainly for the purpose of determining the best and most economical means of clothing the Bavarian soldiers, and the construction, warming and ventilation of their barracks. Another equally important though less known series of researches were instituted for the purpose of learning how to feed in the most economical manner the beggars, rogues, and vagabonds, whose sustenance and reformation he had projected.

His success in reorganizing both the men and materials of the army was marvellous. It was in the course of his work in erecting cannon foundries and remodelling the Bavarian artillery that his celebrated demonstration of the immateriality of Heat was suggested.

It may safely be affirmed that the foundation of the present military system and of the recent military successes of Germany was laid by Benjamin Thompson in Bavaria. He tells us that the fundamental principles upon which he proceeded were "to unite the interest of the soldier with the interests of civil society, and to render the military force, even in times of peace, subservient to the public good;" and further, "that to establish a respectable standing military force which should do the least possible harm to the population, morals, manufactures, and agriculture of the country, it was necessary to *make soldiers citizens, and citizens soldiers.*"

Besides the important technical reforms of discipline, arms, barracks, quarters, military instruction, &c., which he carried out, "schools were established in all the regiments, for the instruction of the soldiers in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and into these schools not only the soldiers and their children, but also the children of the neighbouring citizens and peasants were admitted gratis." Military schools of industry were also established where the soldiers learned useful trades; thus the military clothing was spun, woven, and made up by the soldiers themselves; roads and other public works were made and erected, and the men were permitted to hire themselves out in garrison towns. Besides this the soldiers were used as industrial missionaries for the introduction of improvements in agriculture, manufactures, &c. The potato, until then almost unknown in Bavaria, was thus

introduced by the aid of Thompson's military gardens or model farms. One of these gardens still remains, viz., the well-known "English Garden" at Munich.

Still more remarkable was his success in radically curing the overwhelming curse of Bavaria, which was infested with hordes of beggars and vagabonds that had defied every previous effort of suppression or diminution. Here again the same strictly philosophical method of proceeding was adopted. Human materials and motives were handled precisely as we manipulate the physical materials and forces of the laboratory, and the results were similarly definite, reliable, and successful. The scientific social reformer not only cleared the country of its rogues, vagabonds, and beggars, but made their industry pay all the expenses of their own feeding, housing, and clothing, besides those of the industrial and general education of themselves and their children. In addition to all this they made clothing for the military police who took them into custody, and earned a handsome net profit in hard cash.

It is not surprising that such success should have earned for him a long list of Bavarian honours and titles which need not be here recounted, and that he should now appear as "Count of the Holy Roman Empire and Order of the White Eagle," or, as better known to us, in the title of his own choice, "The Count of Rumford." Neither need we be surprised that his health should fail, and that in spite of repose and change of scene we next find him lying dangerously ill at Naples.

On his recovery he returns to England, and while busily engaged there in literary and scientific work, is suddenly recalled to Munich, which now has the Austrians at its gates, and is simultaneously threatened by the French. Matters become so serious that the Elector saves himself by flight, only eight days after Rumford's arrival; but before leaving the monarch hands over to the philosopher the command-in-chief of the army, and the practical dictatorship of the capital. During the three months of this supreme command Rumford succeeds in overawing and checkmating both French and Austrians, and saving the city, after which the Elector returns.

This is the climax of the great philosopher's career, and now we find him a second time stricken by dangerous illness. On recovering he returns to London,

finds the Royal Institution, publishes his essays, and then leaves England for the last time to reside in Paris, where he marries the "Goddess of Reason," Madame Lavoisier.

Here the curtain falls upon all his greatness, for though but fifty-two years of age, the brilliant career of the Count of Rumford is ended, and the subsequent scenes of his life display a miserable contrast with all that preceded them.

His biographers are evidently puzzled by what follows, and painfully seek apologies for his matrimonial squabbles, his general irritability, his morose seclusion, and the small results of the fussy labours of the last ten years of his life. My own theory is that the illness at Munich — where he describes himself as being "sick in bed, worn out by intense application, and dying, as everybody thought, a martyr to the cause to which I had devoted myself" — was followed by chronic and permanent cerebral disease, and that the gradually developing change of character which he displayed from the date of his return to England in 1798, until his death in 1814, was but a natural symptom of this growing malady.

Present space does not permit me to state in detail the evidence upon which I base this conclusion, but I cannot conclude without protesting against the explanation of Cuvier, who in his *Eloge* states that "it would appear as if, while he had been rendering all these services to his fellow-men, he had no real love or regard for them. It would appear as if the vile passions which he had observed in the miserable objects which he had committed to his care, or those other passions, not less vile, which his success and fame had excited among his rivals, had embittered him towards human nature." Cuvier, if I am right, only knew the diseased wreck of the brilliant, courteous, and even fascinating "soldier, philosopher, and statesman," and I suspect that the unjust oblivion of his merits which so speedily followed his death, was largely due to the bad impression made, not only upon the French Academicians, but also upon his Royal Institution associates, by the moral obliquities and eccentricities due to a diseased brain.

The main interest of the career of this wonderful man appears to me to lie in this, that it affords a magnificent demonstration of the practical value of scientific training, and the methodical application of scientific processes to the business of life. I have long maintained that every

father who is able and willing to qualify his son to attain a high degree of success either as a man of business, a soldier, a sailor, a lawyer, a statesman, or in any other responsible department of life, should primarily place him in a laboratory where he will not merely learn the elements of science, but be well trained in carrying out original physical research, such training being the best of all known means of affording that systematic discipline of the intellectual and moral powers upon which all practical success in life depends. The story of Count Rumford's life, and the lesson it teaches, afford most valuable evidence in support of this conclusion, and cannot fail powerfully to enforce it.

This subject is specially important at the present moment, particularly to those Englishmen whose minds are still infested with the shallow foolishness that leads them to believe that scientific men are dreamy theorists, and disqualified for practical business. Let them follow in detail the practical triumphs of this experimental philosopher, and ask themselves candidly whether such success could have been possible had he been trained in the mere word-exalting study of the Greek and Latin classics, instead of the practical school of experimental research. W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

From All The Year Round.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE IN THE TYROL.

THEOPHILUS LANE and Francis Abbot were old college companions and fast friends; but though still young, their paths in life had diverged. Lane had become an ecclesiastic. He was not so broad perhaps in his religious views as his enunciation of them from the pulpit was long, but nevertheless he was an excellent fellow. Abbot was a barrister, eminently respectable in his conduct and behaviour, and a regular attendant at his parish church, but not a glutton for sermons. He had a logical mind. But the two men had still one taste left in common — that of mountaineering. They both delighted in the strength of their legs. They did not talk much together — no great pedestrians talk. A few words may be interchanged during the first six miles, but a solemn silence soon intervenes; the distance between them, as they plod on side by side, imperceptibly widens; they are hot, they are thirsty,

they are each a little bit cross because the other shows no external symptoms of weariness; not until kindly nature drops the veil of evening on the scene does either propose to halt. Then they eat enormously, and fall asleep immediately afterwards like anacondas.

In that part of the Tyrol into which the unreflecting legs of these two men had carried them in August last, there happened to be nothing to eat; there was no meat, no wine, no beer, nothing but a sort of thin meal made of the same bran with which pincushions are stuffed at home, stirred up in milk, and which they described eulogistically as "very filling;" the effect, indeed, was to give them both the appearance of pincushions. The Divine, being used to fasting, suffered no particular inconvenience from this scanty fare, but the Lawyer did: his spirits were greatly subdued — a circumstance which must be the apology for his apparent pusillanimity in the crisis to be presently described. Hunger will tame a lion; and it is probable that a continuous diet of bran and milk would much diminish the spirit of the king of beasts, even if it did not induce him to lie down with the lamb. This was Abbot's case; what he would have given for a lamb, on the sixth day of that involuntary abstinence, would make the high meat prices of our own metropolis seem cheapness. The seventh day (even in the Tyrol) was Sunday, and after their bran breakfast, instead of setting out to walk as usual, the Rev. Lane thus addressed his friend. His voice (as the matter was subsequently described to me by an unseen spectator of these proceedings, one whose beard and green spectacles concealed the fact of his British origin, and who kept his mouth shut lest he also should fall a victim to the oppressor), Lane's voice, I say, had an unctuous persuasiveness about it which it did not exhibit upon a week day; and while he spoke he held his doomed companion by his glittering eye, like the Ancient Mariner in the ballad.

"Don't you think, Abbot, it would be very nice if we had a church service this morning?"

"It would be charming," answered the other, confidently; "only unfortunately there is nobody to attend it! There is not a Christian, or at least an Englishman — for I am sure that hairy man with spectacles cannot be one — within a hundred miles of us, so I don't see where you are to get your congregation."

"My dear fellow," answered the Di-

vine, softly laying his hand in episcopal manner upon the other's knee, "there is you, and there is I."

The earnest gravity of this remark, joined with the contemplation of what it was evidently leading up to, was such as to paralyze poor Abbot's already enfeebled powers; and his grammatical sense, which at home would have been outraged by the expression "There is I," was now only faintly irritated.

"There is I," he repeated mechanically.

"Just so," continued the Divine, with cheerful acquiescence. "I will read the service to you!"

"But there is no room where we can be alone, my good soul," pleaded Abbot.

In one part of the rude apartment in which they sat was a party of natives (among whom they included the bearded stranger) carousing over bran and milk, and in another the goat which supplied the milk was being taught a variety of accomplishments by the junior members of their host's family; especially to stand with all four legs upon a penny piece, generously supplied for that purpose by one of the two English visitors.

"Nay, my friend, there is our bedroom."

The remark was undeniable; there *was* their bed-room; accessible, though with difficulty, by a ladder that led out of the common room through a hole in the ceiling. In the early days of Christian persecution, or in Covenanting times in Scotland, such an apartment would, without doubt, have had its advantages as a place of public worship, since nobody would ever have suspected its being used for that purpose even by the most fanatical; but in that year of grace, 1873, it did seem a little — well, incongruous. That two people, and one of them the clergyman, should join in supplications for the Royal Family and for the high court of Parliament was in itself a somewhat astounding proposal, but that they should do so in a rickety chamber, with a roof so sloping that the congregation couldn't stand up even when so commanded by the Rubric, and with a running accompaniment of Tyrolese jargon coming up through the open space where the ladder was, revived in Abbot a transient sense of the ridiculous; but he was gone too far (through bran and milk) to discuss the matter.

They accordingly climbed up the ladder into this wretched apartment, and from the breast-pocket of his coat the Rev. Theophilus Lane produced a pair

of snow-white bands, and tied them round his neck. His design, it was therefore evident, had been premeditated, and in his countenance was an expression not only of fixed resolve but of placid triumph.

"Has he brought a surplice with him," thought the unhappy congregation, "or will he put on the counterpane?"

He did not, however, proceed to that extremity, but sat down, with the washing-stand — the only article of furniture in the room — between him and his helpless victim. A spectator who had not overheard their previous conversation would have imagined that they were about to baptize an infant.

The victim had never been so near an officiating clergyman before, and the Divine apparently fascinated him. He could not keep his eyes off those bands, one of which he perceived had a spot of ironmould upon it; would it annoy him (the congregation seemed to be thinking) if he should mention the fact? Not of course now; that was not to be thought of; but when the service was over — if it ever should be over. He was spared nothing, absolutely nothing, except the Prayer for Rain; if a collection should presently be made from the congregation would he have to drop something into the soap dish, he wondered, and found himself reading the directions in the Prayer Book, instead of following his pastor. They were so close together that it was impossible to follow him. "In choirs and places where they sing, here followeth the anthem." Will he propose an anthem? The congregation could not sing; it would do anything to oblige, it had no force of will to resist its minister; bran and milk had sapped its vitals, but it could not sing. The reader was, for the most part, monotonous, but at times his voice gathered strength and volume — it seemed to the unseen spectator (who was now looking through the hole in the floor) at the wrong times; when he was talking about "the sinner," for example, he could not help casting a glance in the direction of his congregation, as much as to say, "You hear *that*." Abbot's lips were moving all this time — but as my informant imagined, by no means in devotional exercises. "This is hard," he seemed to be muttering to himself; "this is really very hard; he shall never have this chance again, by jingo — never, never. I will take care not to travel with him in future, except on week days; or if I do, I will take a

Dissenter with us; somebody that will protect one from him; who will have something to say on the other side of the question. How monotonous he is getting." . . . Here the victim (as my informant supposes) must have dropped asleep, for the tones of the Divine had a sharpness in them which savoured of reproof. But flesh and blood—or at least flesh and bran and milk, could not indefinitely endure such an infliction. The service had lasted three-quarters of an hour, though the congregation had not dared to look at its watch. However it was over now. The Rev. Lane was about to dismiss his hearer. "Now shall the priest let them depart," says the Rubric. A quaint but admirable sentence. What was he about now? "This is terrible, this is shameful," thought the spectator (and so do I). He produces a sort of black copy book from the pocket whence he took the bands. He is about to preach a sermon—a sermon, too, of his own composition.

The victim's emotions became obviously almost too much for him. His countenance revealed him to be indignant, irritated, and even revengeful, but he was not strong—the very worm it is said will turn, but not when it has been fed for six days on nothing but bran and milk—besides there was no room to turn. He was obliged to sit and listen. When he heard himself addressed as "my beloved brethren," and even as "my dear brothers and sisters," he did not remonstrate. In spite of those plural expressions, it is my informant's conviction that the discourse had not been delivered before; there were descriptions of Tyrolean scenery in it, allusions to a diet of locusts and honey, and other local colouring that proclaimed it to be a recent effort of its author, yet it was obviously framed for a larger audience. Poor Abbot was the housekeeper to whom this clerical Molière rehearsed his composition before trying it on his

congregation at home. Its reception was ensured, even if it should not prove to be an oratorical success. Tied and bound by a delicate sense of the becoming, the unfortunate congregation had to sit it through. If every point did not "tell," at all events it could not be escaped, the missile being cast as it were at such a very short range. When the Divine rose upon the wind of eloquence, my informant described his own sensations as those of one who is blown from a gun. What then must the sensations of the victim have been, who was still nearer to the impassioned preacher?

The victim never revealed his sufferings (though it is highly improbable that he ever forgot them), but my informant adjures me to make them public.

"Not," says he, "that it is possible such a catastrophe can occur in my own case; I will take good care of that. But I hope (in spite of what Lane said in his sermon) that I sometimes think of others; and I adjure you to put the human race upon their guard. Let no one travel alone with an enthusiastic Divine in a district unfrequented by his fellow countrymen, and towards the latter end of the week, lest a worse thing betide him than ever happened to that unhappy and depressed young man."

"Well, upon my life," said I, "I don't see how the adventure could have been more terrible."

"Yes, it might," returned he in a hushed voice, "I have had dreams—nightmare dreams—since I was witness to that occurrence, wherein the infliction took a form even yet more aggravated. Suppose that this Divine, so young and enthusiastic, and with such excellent lungs, had had the gift of preaching extempore? What would have stopped him? certainly not a congregation enfeebled by bran and milk; he might have gone on forever!"

And there is no doubt he might.

ONE of the last acts of King Amadeus of Spain was to found a National Chalcographic Institute for the promotion of the art of copper-plate engraving in Spain. It was proposed that the old plates belonging to the State should be reprinted, that all the most celebrated pictures of Spanish masters should be engraved by the best artists, and that a collection should be made of the portraits of dis-

tinguished Spaniards. The scheme, owing to the disturbances that have since taken place, has not been very thoroughly carried out, but several plates have been issued which are to be had at a low price. For instance the celebrated "Las Meninas" by Velasquez costs only 6 fr., and "The Virgin appearing to St. Ildefonso" by Murillo 10 fr.

Academy.

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REQUIEM ON THE RHINOCEROS.

ZOOLOGY, that modern Muse,
In Regent's Park bewails her loss,
Hark how, whilst tears her eyes suffuse,
She mourns her gone Rhinoceros :

"Your holly with your cypress twine,
And blend your mistletoe with yew.
That loved Rhinoceros of mine
Has paid the debt to Nature due.

"As 'twere a seven-fold shield, his hide
Was proof 'gainst human thrust or throw.
But that fell shaft which Death hath shield
Lays Hog in toughest Armour low.

"Yet shall the Prince of Pachyderms,
Although his vital spark hath fled,
Become a banquet for the worms,
As useless creatures do when dead?

"The Lion's or the Tiger's maw
Sarcophagus more meet would be,
Unless the medicine-men foresaw
That with his tomb he'd disagree.

"But wheresoe'er his flesh have gone,
We'll piously preserve his bones,
Of him at least the skeleton
Shall ne'er descend to Davy Jones.

"And fare his carcase how it may,
No greedy grave shall gorge his skin.
It shall be stuffed and stowed away
A fit Museum's walls within.

"His snout, now sunk in brief repose,
Again in mimic life shall rise,
And so the horn upon his nose
Continue pointing to the skies."

Punch.

THE SWALLOWS.

AH! swallows, is it so?
Did loving lingering summer, whose slow pace
Tarried among late blossoms, loth to go,
Gather the darkening cloud-wraps round her
face
And weep herself away in last week's rain?
Can no new sunlight waken her again?
"Yes," one pale rose ablow
Has answered from the trellised lane;
The flickering swallows answer "No."

From out the dim grey sky
The arrowy swarm breaks forth and specks the
air,
While, one by one, birds wheel and float and
fly,
And now are gone, then suddenly are there ;

Till to the heavens are empty of them all.
Oh fly, fly south, from leaves that fade and fall,
From shivering flowers that die ;
Free swallows, fly from winter's thrall,
Ye who can give the gloom goodbye.

But what for us who stay
To hear the winds and watch the boughs grow
black,
And in the soddened mornings, day by day,
Count what lost sweets bestrew the nightly
track
Of frost-foot winter trampling towards his
throne?
Swallows, who have the sunlight for your own,
Fly on your onward way ;
For you has January buds new-blown,
For us the snows and gloom and grey.

On, on, beyond our reach,
Swallows, with but your longing for a guide :
Let the hills rise, let the waves tear the
beach,
Ye will not balk your course nor turn aside,
But find the palms and twitter in the sun.
And well for them whose eager wings have won
The longed-for goal of light ;
But what of them in twilights dun
Who long but have no wings for flight ?
Cornhill Magazine. AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

A MADAGASCAR SONG.

SWEET it is to rest amidst the shadows
Of deep-foliaged forests in the mid-day,
And to tarry till the evening breezes
Bring their freshness.
Sweet it is, while resting in the shadows
Of deep-foliaged forests, when the voices
Of the women break upon the silence
With their music.
They are singing of a youthful maiden,
Weaving mats, or watching and dispersing
All the intrusive birds that come to pillage
In the rice-field.
Sweet the song ! and sweet as maiden's kisses
Are the dancers — gracefully and slowly
Move — breathe gently — revel in the pleasures
Ere they vanish.
Evening's breeze is waking ; through the
branches
Of the mountain trees the moon is shining.
Homewards ! homewards ! Woman be pre-
paring
Night's refreshments !

Translated by Sir John Bowring.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MENDELSSOHN.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

CHAPTER I.

FRANKFORT.

IN the summer of 1822 I was living in my native town of Frankfort—beautiful Frankfort—and, though barely eleven, was just beginning to be known in the town as “the little pianoforte player with the long hair.” The long hair was the best known thing about me, I think, for it was very long; still, I had actually played in public once, which my school-fellows thought a great wonder. I had been taught the piano by Aloys Schmitt, in a very irregular fashion, for he was always travelling; but he was fond of me, and I had quite a passion for him. The winter before, Schmitt had been in Berlin, and on his return told us of a wonderful boy, a grandson of Moses Mendelssohn the philosopher, who was not only a splendid player, but had composed quartets, symphonies, operas! Now I had composed too—Polonaises and Rondos, and Variations on “Schöne Minka,” which I thought extremely brilliant; and I worked at harmony and counterpoint, under the venerable old Vollweiler, with the greatest diligence. But that a boy, only two or three years older than myself, should be conducting the band to his own operas, seemed to me unheard of. True, I had read the same thing about Mozart; but then it was Mozart, and he was more a demigod than a musician. So I was not a little excited when Schmitt came to us one day with the news that Felix Mendelssohn was in Frankfort, with his father, mother, brother, and sisters, and that he, Schmitt, should bring him to see us the next day.

The house in which we lived really consisted of two—one tolerably modern, looking on to the river, and the other, an older one, adjoining the first, and facing a narrow street, which contained the only entrance to both houses. The windows at the back of the modern house overlooked the court, and one of them commanded the narrow passage leading from

it to the house door. At this window I took my stand at the hour which Schmitt had named for his visit, and, after waiting some time in the greatest impatience, was rewarded by seeing the door open and my master appear. Behind him was a boy, only a little bigger than myself, who kept leaping up till he contrived to get his hands on to Schmitt's shoulders, so as to hang on his back and be carried along for a few steps, and then slip off again. “He's jolly enough,” thought I, and ran off to the sitting-room to tell my parents that the eagerly-expected visitor had arrived. But great was my astonishment when I saw this same wild boy enter the room with quite a grave dignity, and, though very lively and talkative, yet all the time preserving a certain formality. He himself made even a greater impression on me than the account of his performances had done, and I could not help feeling a little shy during the whole of the visit.

The next day Schmitt called again, to take me to the Mendelssohns. I found the whole family assembled in a great room at the “Swan” hotel, and was very kindly received. I shall never forget the impression made on me by the mother—whom I was never to see again. She was sitting at work at a little table, and inquired about all that I was doing with an infinite kindness and gentleness that won my childish confidence from the very beginning.

There was a Frankfort quartet party in the room, but besides these I remember only young Edward Devrient, who pleased me very much, not only by his good looks and graceful ways, but also by his exquisite singing of an air of Mozart's. We had a great deal of music: Felix played one of his quartets—in C minor, if I recollect right; but I was most impressed by his sister Fanny's performance of Hummel's “Rondeau brillant in A,” which she played in a truly masterly style. Meantime I became more intimate with Felix, and at his second visit he astonished me immensely. I was showing him a violin sonata of Schmidt's when he at once took up a violin which lay on the piano and

asked me to play the sonata with him, and he got through his part very cleverly and well, though the brilliant passages were naturally somewhat sketchy.

Now that I had made Mendelssohn's acquaintance, I was constantly on the watch for news of him from the many artists who came from Berlin to Frankfort, and they were never tired of singing his praises. But it was not till some years later that his abilities made a full and permanent impression on me. The "Cæcilia" Society was then in all its freshness and vigour, under the admirable direction of Schelble. At one of the practice-meetings in the spring of 1825 Mendelssohn happened to be present, as he was passing through Frankfort on a holiday tour, and was asked to play. We had been singing choruses from "Judas Maccabæus." He took some of the principal melodies — especially "See the Conquering Hero" — and began to extemporize on them. I hardly know which was the most wonderful — the skilful counterpoint, the flow and continuity of the thoughts, or the fire, expression and extraordinary execution which characterized his playing. He must have been very full of Handel at that time, for the figures which he used were thoroughly Handelian, and the power and clearness of his passages in thirds, sixths, and octaves, were really grand; and yet it all belonged to the subject-matter, with no pretension to display, and was thoroughly true, genuine, living music. It quite carried me away, and though I often heard him afterwards, I do not think I ever received such an overpowering impression from his playing as I did on that occasion, when he was but a boy of sixteen. The next day, while still full of what I had heard, I met another pupil of Schmidt's, a lad of about twenty, long since dead. We talked about Mendelssohn, and he asked me how long I thought it would take to be able to do all that. I laughed. He thought that with two years' extra hard work it might be done. It was the first, though by no means the last, time that I came face to face with any one so

foolish as to think that genius can be got by practice.

His opinions on art and artists at that time, though full of the vivacity natural to his age, had yet in them something — what shall I call it? — over-ripe and almost dogmatic, which as he grew up not only became balanced, but entirely disappeared. We drove over one afternoon to see André at Offenbach. On the way, I told him that it was probable I should be sent to Weimar, to continue my studies under Hummel. With this he found no fault, but I remember that he spoke of Hummel very much in the condescending sort of tone in which Zelter, in his letters to Goethe, expresses himself about God and the world. And when we got to André's, I was struck with a certain precocious positiveness in his language, though all he said was full of the most genuine enthusiasm. André — one of the liveliest, brightest, and best informed of musicians, who retained his inexhaustible freshness to the end of a long life — retorted very sharply, though good-naturedly. André was one of those musicians who are completely wrapt up in Mozart, and who measure everything by the standard of Mozart's beauty and finish — a standard sufficient to condemn many of the finest things. Spohr's "Jes-sonda" and Weber's "Freischütz" were just then making their triumphant round of the theatres, and André had much to say against them. Mendelssohn, who knew by heart what the other could only allude to, agreed with him in some things, and differed in others, but was most enthusiastic about the instrumentation. "How the orchestra is treated! and what a sound it has!" cried he. The tone of voice in which he uttered this kind of thing still rings in my ear; but I am convinced that such utterances were more the result of a natural endeavour to imitate one's pet masters, than the real expression of his nature, which was always intensely modest. The discussion even got as far as Beethoven, whom André had often visited in Vienna. The worst thing he could find against him was his *manner* (so to speak) of composing, into which

this learned theorist had had a glimpse. For instance, he told us that he had seen the manuscript of the A major Symphony, and that there were whole sheets left blank in it, the pages before and after which had no connection with each other. Beethoven had told him that these blanks would be filled up — but “what continuity could there be in music so composed?” This Mendelssohn would not admit in the least, and kept on playing whole movements and bits of movements in his powerful orchestral style, till André was in such delight that he was obliged, for the moment, to stop his criticisms. Indeed, who could think of carping or cavilling after hearing Felix play the *Allergretto* of the A major Symphony?

A leaf from an album, containing a three-part canon, and dated “Ehrenbreitstein Valley, September 27th, 1827,” gives me the clue to my next meeting with Mendelssohn. During the interval I had been with Hummel at Weimar, and had made a journey with him to Vienna, where I had published my “Opus 1.,” a pianoforte quartet. I was now again at work at home. I was looking into the court, this time by chance, just as a young man crossed it, whom I did not recognize, in a tall shiny hat. It turned out to be Mendelssohn, but apparently much altered in his looks. His figure had become broad and full, and there was a general air of smartness about him, with none of that careless ease which he sometimes adopted in later life. He was travelling with two of his fellow-students to Horchheim, near Coblenz, with the view of spending part of the holidays at his uncle’s place. He stayed only a short time at Frankfort, but long enough for me to see that since our last meeting he had grown into a man.

We were living with Schelble; and I embrace this opportunity to speak of that distinguished man and musician, more especially as he was one of the first to recognize Mendelssohn’s worth, and to devote all his influence to forwarding his music. Schelble was a thoroughly cultivated musician, remarkable as a pianist for his earnest and intelligent rendering

of classical works; his voice was a splendid baritone-tenor, which he had cultivated in the same spirit as his pianoforte playing, and he had formerly been on the stage in Vienna and Frankfort. His great musical abilities had brought him into contact with the best artists; he had had much intercourse with Beethoven, and was very intimate with Spohr. In spite however of the success which his singing had met with on the stage, he never felt at ease there — in fact, he seems to have had no talent for acting. Looking at his fine, noble, expressive, but usually serious countenance, and somewhat stiff bearing, one might have taken him for a scholar or a Protestant pastor, but certainly not for an opera singer. When, as a boy, I was first introduced to him, he had long given up the theatre, had obtained a first-rate position as teacher in Frankfort, and out of small beginnings had established his most important work, the “Cæcilia” Society. Perhaps no one ever possessed the qualities and ability necessary for conducting a choral society to so great a degree as Schelble. A pianist and a singer, eloquent and impressive, inspired for his work, respected by the men, adored by the women, uniting the greatest intelligence with the most delicate ear and the purest taste, his influence was equally great as a man and a musician. His oratorio performances, as long as they were accompanied by the pianoforte (the orchestra interferes too much with the voices) were among the best that have ever taken place. His spirit still pervades the Society; for many years it was conducted on the same principles by his pupil Messer; and at present Carl Müller is its efficient head.

Though Schelble wrote but little, he had gone very deeply into composition. His judgment, both in great and small things, was extraordinarily acute, and his remarks on compositions submitted to him were as interesting as they were suggestive.

As he had introduced Felix into the Society when a boy, and Felix, in his turn, had won its enthusiastic goodwill by his marvellous gift of improvisation,

so Schelble was the first, outside of Berlin, to perform Mendelssohn's choral works. Felix went to look him up directly after his arrival in Frankfort, and I accompanied him. The first things that Mendelssohn played to us were some of Moscheles' studies. They were but recently published, and Felix spoke of them with great warmth, and played several by heart with extraordinary energy and evident delight. But we wanted to hear something new of his own; and great was our astonishment when he played, in the most lovely, tender, charming style, his string quartet in A minor, which he had just completed. The impression it made on us gave him all the more pleasure, as the bent of this piece had not been appreciated amongst his own circle, and he had a feeling of isolation in consequence. And then he played the "Midsummer Night's Dream Overture!" He had told me privately how long and with what delight he had been working at it—how in his spare time between the lectures at the Berlin University he had gone on extemporizing at it on the piano of a beautiful lady who lived close by. "For a whole year I hardly did anything else," he said; and certainly he had not wasted his time.

Of the failure of "Camacho's Wedding," his opera which had been produced at Berlin in the previous spring, he spoke with a mixture of fun and half-subdued vexation. He took off, for my benefit, whole dialogues between various people concerned in it, trying to give them a dramatic effect—with how much truth I do not know, but anyhow, in the most amusing and life-like manner. But I need hardly put down my own poor and uncertain recollections of these communications, since Edward Devrient, who was so closely connected with the whole thing both as a friend and an artist, has given us a detailed account of this entire episode in Mendelssohn's life.

Felix invited me to accompany him and his friends at least as far as Bingen, and my parents gladly gave their consent to this little excursion. At Mainz, where we stayed the night, a small boat was hired (it was still the ante-steamboat time) and stocked with all manner of eatables and drinkables, and we floated down the glorious river in great spirits. We talked, and laughed, and admired everything; and as a specimen of the sort of jokes we indulged in, I remember Mendelssohn suddenly asking one of us, "Do you know the Hebrew for snuffers?"

When the "Mäusethurm" came in sight, and I said that my leave was at an end, and that I must be landed at Rüdeshheim, they would not hear of my going, and I only too easily let myself be persuaded to remain. But my companions got out at Horchheim, and in the evening I found myself alone at Coblenz, in rather an uncomfortable position. The recollections of the journey home rise up so vividly before me, that my reader must kindly pardon me if I try to revive them here, more for my own satisfaction than for his.

My small store of money was very much on the decline—even in the boat I had had a vague suspicion of it—but on no account would I have borrowed from my fellow-travellers. Giving up all idea of supper I went to the Post, and after I had paid for a place in the coach to Bingen, found I had still twelve consolatory kreutzers (about 4*cl.*) Early in the morning I got to Bingen, and proceeded to the river-bank, which still looked quite deserted; but the sun was rising, and it was beautifully cool and still. After a time a boatman came up half asleep and asked whether I wanted to go across. "If you will put me over to Rüdeshheim," I said, "then may Heaven reward you, for I can't give you more than six kreutzers." The man had a feeling heart in his breast, and probably thought that something was better than nothing, so he very cheerfully took me over to the other side. It was a glorious morning; my spirits rose, and I began my wandering through the lovely Rheingau with a glad heart. My last six kreutzers I spent in bread and pears to keep me alive; but I had thought of a haven, into which, literally speaking, I hoped to run, and where I trusted my wants would be at an end. At Bieberich, then the capital of the Duchy of Nassau, lived the Court-Capellmeister Rummel, whom I knew. He was a good-natured man, and a clever composer, who rather abused his facility of producing; however, he must have had his admirers, for at every Frankfort fair his name was to be seen paraded in the music shop of the famous Schott and Co. How often, and how enviously, had I stood as a boy in front of the shop, and read the many titles of his compositions! It was about ten in the morning when I entered his room, and received a hearty welcome. After the first greetings I went to the piano, and asked him to show me his latest compositions, which he gladly did.

I played a Sonata, another Sonata, a Fantasia, a Rondo, Variations — and always went on begging for more, till the maid came in with a steaming soup-tureen. "Won't you stay and dine?" said the Capellmeister, rather, as it seemed to me in my anxiety, as if he was driven to it. "Gladly," I answered, once more breathing freely — I was saved! After dinner he kindly accompanied me to Castel, and, as he knew all about the local arrangements, took a place for me, in a kind of stage called a *hauderer*, to Frankfort. I got home safe, the coachman was paid, I recounted my adventures, showed Mendelssohn's album-leaf, and all was well. Oh, the happy days of youth!

CHAPTER II.

PARIS: DECEMBER 1831 TO APRIL 1832.

MENDELSSOHN'S published letters show how variously he was affected by his visit to the French capital — at that time the capital of Europe. What happened to him elsewhere, when in contact with persons, performances, and circumstances against which he had a prejudice, and from which he would have preferred keeping himself at a distance, happened here also, — after some resistance, he was taken possession of by them.

The few years which followed the Revolution of July are among the best in modern French history. The impression of the "Three days" was still fresh in people's minds; everything had received a new impetus, and literature and the arts especially were full of a wonderfully stirring and exuberant life. As to our beloved music, one could hardly wish for a better state of things. The Conservatoire concerts, under Habeneck, were in all their freshness; and Beethoven's Symphonies were played with a perfection, and received with an enthusiasm, which, with few exceptions, I have never since experienced. Cherubini was writing his Masses for the Chapel in the Tuileries; at the Grand Opera Meyerbeer was beginning his series of triumphs with "Robert the Devil;" Rossini was writing "William Tell;" Scribe and Auber were at the height of their activity, and all the best singers were collected at the Italian Opera. Artists of all degrees of distinction lived in Paris, or came there to win Parisian laurels.

Baillot, though advancing in years, still played with all the fire and poetry of youth; Paganini had given a series of

twelve concerts at the Grand Opera; Kalkbrenner, with his brilliant execution, represented the Clementi school; Chopin had established himself in Paris a few months before Mendelssohn's arrival; and Liszt, still inspired by the tremendous impetus he had received from Paganini, though seldom heard in public, did the most extraordinary things. German chamber-music was not so much in vogue as it afterwards became, but still Baillot's quartet-party had its fanatical supporters, and in many German and French houses the most serious music was affectionately cultivated, and good players were welcomed with delight. Under such circumstances, it may easily be imagined how warmly Mendelssohn was greeted in the best musical circles.

The first thing that I remember connected with his arrival is "Walpurgisnacht." I still see before me the small, close, delicately written score, as he brought it from Italy. I had it in my room for a long time, and was as delighted with it at the first reading as I have always been since. So strongly did it impress itself upon me, that the music was still perfectly familiar to me sixteen or seventeen years after, when I heard it and conducted it for the first time. Another piece which he played us was the Song without Words in E (Book I, No. 1). He had written it in Switzerland, and evidently felt impatient that his friends should hear it; for immediately after his arrival he played it to Dr. Franck and myself, calling it by its newly-invented name, so often misused since. Pieces of music which one has learnt to know shortly after their composition, and which afterwards have a great popularity, are like people whom one knew as children before they became famous, and one retains through life a kind of fatherly, or at any rate godfatherly, feeling for them.

The first time I heard Mendelssohn in his fulness was one evening at the house of the Leo-Valentinis, in Beethoven's D major trio. It was a peculiarity of his, that when he played new things of his own to intimate friends, he always did it with a certain reticence, which was evidently founded on the feeling of not allowing his playing to increase the impression made by the actual work itself. It was only in orchestral works, where his attention was so fully occupied, that he allowed himself to be carried away. But in the music of the great masters he was all fire and glory. I heard him oftenest and at his best that winter, at Baillot's

house, and at that of an old and much respected lady, Madame Kiéné, whose daughter, Madame Bigot (then dead), had given Felix a few music lessons, when he was quite young. With Baillot he played Bach and Beethoven Sonatas, Mozart Concertos with quartet accompaniment, and splendid extempore cadenzas; also his own Pianoforte Quartet in B minor, and other things. Baillot's circle was small, but thoroughly musical and cultivated, and everything was listened to with a sort of pious devotion. Mendelssohn had brought with him to Paris the draught-score of the "Hebrides" Overture. He told me that not only had its form and colour been suggested to him by the sight of Fingal's Cave, but that the first few bars, containing the principal subject, had actually occurred to him on the spot. The same evening he and Klingemann paid a visit at the house of a Scotch family. There was a piano in the drawing-room, but being Sunday, music was utterly out of the question, and Mendelssohn had to employ all his diplomacy to get the instrument opened for a single minute, so that he and Klingemann might hear the theme which forms the germ of that original and masterly Overture, which, however, was not completed till some years later at Düsseldorf.

Among the Parisian musicians, Habeneck took a deep interest in the gifted youth, and many of the admirable players of his orchestra were devoted to him, especially the younger ones, many of them friends of my own, whom he was always glad to see, and who clung to him with all the warm feeling of Frenchmen. Amongst them I ought especially to mention Franchomme, the violoncello player, and Cuvillon and Sauzay, violin players and pupils of Baillot — the latter afterwards his son-in-law.

"Ce bon Mendelssohn," they used to say; "quel talent, quelle tête, quelle organization!" Cuvillon poured out his whole heart to him, and Felix was quite touched when he told me of his confidences one evening — how he had come to Paris full of enthusiasm for Baillot, to have lessons from him, and had fancied that such a man must live like a prince; how he had pictured to himself his establishment and all his way of life; and then to find this king of fiddlers *au troisième*, in almost reduced circumstances, giving lessons the whole day long, accompanying young ladies on the piano, and playing in the orchestra! It had made him

quite sad, and he could not imagine the possibility of such a state of things.

It was through Habeneck and his "Société des Concerts" that Mendelssohn was introduced to the Parisian public. He played the Beethoven G major Concerto — with what success may be seen from his published letters. The "Midsummer Night's Dream Overture" was also performed and much applauded. I was present at the first rehearsal. The second oboé was missing — which might have been overcome; but just as they were going to begin, the drummer's place was also discovered to be empty. Upon which, to everybody's amusement, Mendelssohn jumped on to the orchestra, seized the drumsticks, and beat as good a roll as any drummer in the Old Guard. For the performance a place had been given him in a box on the grand tier, beside a couple of distinguished musical amateurs. During the last *forte*, after which the fairies return once more, one of these gentlemen said to the other: "C'est très-bien, très-bien, mais nous savons le reste;" and they slipped out without hearing the "reste," and without any idea that they had been sitting next the composer.

The termination of Mendelssohn's connection with that splendid orchestra was unpleasant, and hurt him much. His Reformation Symphony was proposed to be given, and a rehearsal took place. I was not present, but the only account which our young friends gave me was that the work did not please the orchestra: at any rate, it was not performed. Cuvillon's description was that it was "much too learned, too much *fugato*, too little melody," &c., &c. To a certain extent the composer probably came round to this opinion, for the Symphony was not published during his lifetime. But at the time I am writing of he was very fond of it, and the quiet way in which it was shelved certainly pained him. I never referred to the occurrence, and he never spoke of it to me.

A few other far more painful events took place during that Paris winter. One morning Mendelssohn came into my room in tears, and at first could find no words to tell me that his friend Edward Rietz, the violinist, was dead. Everything that he said about him, the way in which he described his ways and his playing, all showed how deeply the loss affected him. In his published correspondence, years after, I found his grief expressing itself in a higher and calmer

strain, but at first it was difficult for him to control himself in the very least.

Then came the news of Goethe's death, which touched me also very deeply, though a life of such wonderful completeness should perhaps dispose one more to admiration than to regret. Mendelssohn gave me a most detailed account of his last visit to the "alter Herr," and of the sketch he had given him on the piano of the progress of modern music from Bach to Beethoven. He spoke very feelingly of the terrible loss Goethe's death would be to old Zelter, adding: "You will see, he will not long survive it." He was right—a few months later, and Zelter followed the friend who had granted him a little corner in his palace of immortality.

On the whole, as we may also see from his published letters, Mendelssohn led a pleasant easy-going life in Paris, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of the moment without hesitation. A large part of his time was devoted to chess; he was a capital player, and his usual antagonists, Michael Beer, the poet, a brother of Meyerbeer's, and Dr. Hermann Franck, only occasionally succeeded in beating him. Franck would not allow that he was inferior, and upon this Mendelssohn invented a phrase which he relentlessly repeated after every victory: "We play quite equally well—*quite equally*—only I play a very little better."

Of Meyerbeer, who was always a very sincere admirer of his talent, Mendelssohn saw but little. A funny little story occurred early in the visit. Mendelssohn was often told that he was very like the composer of "Robert;" and at first sight his figure and general appearance did perhaps give some ground for the idea, especially as they both wore their hair in the same style. I sometimes teased Mendelssohn about it, but it seriously annoyed him, and at last one morning he appeared with his hair cut completely short. The affair excited much amusement in our set, especially when Meyerbeer heard of it; but he took it up with his usual invincible good-nature, and in the nicest way.

Chopin had been at Munich at the same time with Mendelssohn, and had given concerts there, and otherwise exhibited his remarkable abilities. When he arrived in Paris, as a complete stranger, he met with a very kind reception from Kalkbrenner, who, indeed, well deserved the highest praise as a most polished, clever, and agreeable host.

Kalkbrenner fully recognized Chopin's talent, though in rather a patronizing way. For instance, he thought his *technique* not sufficiently developed, and advised him to attend a class which he had formed for advanced pupils. Chopin, always soft and yielding, was unwilling to refuse outright, and went a few times to see what it was like. When Mendelssohn heard of this he was furious, for he had a great opinion of Chopin's talent, while, on the other hand, he had been annoyed at Berlin by Kalkbrenner's charlatanry. One evening at the Mendelssohns' house there, Kalkbrenner played a grand Fantasia, and when Fanny asked him if it was an improvisation, he answered that it was. The next morning, however, they discovered the improvised Fantasia, published note for note under the title of "Effusio musica." That Chopin, therefore, should submit to pass for a pupil of Kalkbrenner's seemed to Mendelssohn, and with justice, to be a perfect absurdity, and he freely expressed his opinion on the matter. Meantime, the thing very soon came to its natural conclusion. Chopin gave a soirée at the Pleyel rooms; all the musical celebrities were there; he played his E minor Concerto, some of his Mazurkas and Nottunos, and took everybody by storm. After which no more was heard of any want of *technique*, and Mendelssohn had his triumph.

The relations between Kalkbrenner and Mendelssohn were always somewhat insecure, but Kalkbrenner's advances were such that Mendelssohn could not altogether decline them. We dined there together a few times, and everything went quite smoothly, though, in spite of all entreaties, Felix could never be persuaded to touch the keys of Kalkbrenner's piano. Indeed, we were none of us very grateful for Kalkbrenner's civilities, and took a wicked pleasure in worrying him. I remember that one day, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt, and I, had established ourselves in front of a café on the Boulevard des Italiens, at a season and an hour when our presence there was very exceptional. Suddenly we saw Kalkbrenner coming along. It was his great ambition always to represent the perfect gentleman, and knowing how extremely disagreeable it would be to him to meet such a noisy company, we surrounded him in the friendliest manner, and assailed him with such a volley of talk that he was nearly driven to despair, which of course delighted us. Youth has no mercy.

I must here tell a little story — if indeed it deserves the name — to show what mad spirits Mendelssohn was capable of at that time. We were coming home across the deserted boulevard at a late hour, in earnest conversation, when Mendelssohn suddenly stops and calls out: —

“We *must* do some of our jumps in Paris! our jumps, I tell you! now for it! one! — two! — three! —” I don’t think mine were very brilliant, for I was rather taken aback by the suggestion, but I shall never forget the moment.

Soon after Mendelssohn’s arrival in Paris, Dr. Franck and I were waiting for him in his room, when he came in with a beaming face and declared that he had just seen “a miracle — a real miracle;” and in answer to our questions he continued, “Well, isn’t it a miracle? I was at Erard’s with Liszt, showing him the manuscript of my Concerto, and though it is hardly legible, he played it off at sight in the most perfect manner, better than anybody else could possibly play it — quite marvellously!” I confess I was not so much surprised, having long known from experience that Liszt played most things best the first time, because they gave him enough to do. The second time he always had to add something, for his own satisfaction.

Of Ole Bull, the violin player, afterwards so famous, I have a few recollections. He had just escaped from the theological schools, and was in Paris for the first time. His enthusiasm for music was boundless, but of his own special talent he gave no sign whatever. He was the pleasantest listener imaginable, and his views about music and musicians, expressed in very doubtful but not the less amusing German, were a real treat to us. We often invited him to dinner, and played to him endlessly. A few years later, I saw him again as the celebrated virtuoso, but the Swedish element which so delighted me at first, had become rather a mannerism.

Mendelssohn went occasionally to see Cherubini. “What an extraordinary creature he is!” said Felix to me one day. “You would fancy that a man could not be a great composer without sentiment, heart, feeling, or whatever else you like to call it; but I declare I believe Cherubini makes everything out of his head.” On another occasion he told me that he had been showing him an eight-part composition, *a capella* (I think it was his “*Tu es Petrus*”), and

added, “The old fellow is really too pedantic: in one place I had a suspended third in two parts, and he wouldn’t pass it on any condition.” Some years later, happening to speak of this incident, Mendelssohn said: “The old man was right after all; one ought not to write them.”

Felix’s wonderful musical memory was a great source of enjoyment to us all as well as to himself. It was not learning by heart, so much as retention, — and to what an extent! When we were together, a small party of musical people, and the conversation flagged, he would sit down to the piano, play some out-of-the-way piece, and make us guess the composer. On one occasion he played us an air from Haydn’s “Seasons;” “The traveller stands perplexed, Uncertain and forlorn,” in which not a note of the elaborate violin accompaniment was wanting. It sounded like a regular pianoforte piece, and we stood there a long time, “uncertain and forlorn.” The Abbé Bardin, a great musical amateur, used to get together a number of musicians and amateurs at his house once a week in the afternoons, and a great deal of music was got through very seriously and thoroughly even without rehearsals. I had just played the Beethoven E flat Concerto in public, and they asked for it again on one of these afternoons. The parts were all there, and the string quartet too, but no players for the wind. “I will do the wind,” said Mendelssohn, and sitting down to a small piano which stood near the grand one, he filled in the wind parts from memory, so completely, that I don’t believe a note even of the second horn was wanting. And he did it all as simply and naturally as if it were nothing.

It was a famous time. When we had no engagements we generally met in the afternoons. We willingly gave up lunch so as not to have to go out in the mornings, but a little before dinner-time we used to get so frightfully hungry that a visit to the confectioner was absolutely necessary. I believe we fasted simply to get an excuse for indulging this passion. In the evening we often went to the theatre — oftenest to the Gymnase Dramatique, for which Scribe at that time wrote almost exclusively, and where a charming actress, Léontine Fay, had completely taken possession of us. She acted in Scribe’s plays the parts of the young wives who get into doubtful situations, which call into play all their grace and common sense. She was a slender

brunette, with wonderful dark eyes, indescribably graceful in her movements, and a voice that went straight to your heart. The celebrated Taglioni, the first to make the great name famous through the world, was also one of our favourites. No one ever made me feel the poetry of dancing and pantomime as she did; it is impossible to imagine anything more beautiful and touching than her performance of the Sylphide. Börne says of her somewhere, "She flutters around herself, and is at once the butterfly and the flower," but this pretty picture conveys only a part of her charms.

I had written a pianoforte Concerto not long before, and played it in public, but the last movement did not please me, and having to play it again during this Mendelssohn winter, I determined to write a new Finale, which I secretly intended should be a picture of Léontine Fay. I had begun it, but the concert was to come off so soon that Mendelssohn declared I should not get my work done in time. This of course I denied, so we made a bet of a supper upon it. My friend's opposition excited me to make a real trial of skill, and I scored the orchestral part of the whole movement without putting down a note of the solo part. The copyist too, did his best, and the result was that I contrived to play the Concerto with the new Finale on the appointed day. Felix paid for the supper, and Labarre, the well-known harpist, a handsome, clever, and amusing fellow, was invited to join us. How far the portrait of Léontine Fay was successful, I leave to be decided by its own merits, though Felix confessed that it was not unlike her.

In the midst of all these distractions, Mendelssohn made use of every quiet hour for work, much of which was a complete contrast to his actual life at the time. It consisted generally of putting the last touches to former pieces, such as church music, his string Quintet in A, &c. Of quite new music he did not write much to speak of during those months, but still I remember his playing me some new songs, and short pianoforte pieces. I had just completed my first three Trios, and the very warm and friendly interest which he took in my work was often a great help to me. When he liked a thing he liked it with his whole heart, but if it did not please him, he would sometimes say and do the

most singular things. One day when I had been playing him some composition of mine, long since destroyed, he threw himself down on the floor and rolled about all over the room. Happily there was a carpet! Many an evening we spent quite quietly together talking about art and artists, over the cheerful blazing fire. On great things we always agreed, but our views on Italian and French composers differed considerably, I being a stronger partisan for them than he. He sometimes did not spare even the masters whom he thought most highly of. He once said of Handel that one might imagine he had had his different musical drawers, one for his warlike, another for his heathen, and a third for his religious choruses.

Speaking of the Opera in general he said that he thought it had not yet produced so perfect and complete a masterpiece as "William Tell" and others of Schiller's dramas, but that it must be capable of things equally great, whoever might accomplish them. Though fully alive to the weak points of Weber's music, he had a very strong and almost personal feeling for him. When Weber came to Berlin to conduct the performance of "Freischütz," Mendelssohn declared that he did not dare to approach him, and that once when Weber was driving to the Mendelssohns' after a rehearsal, and wanted to take Felix with him, he obstinately refused the honour, and then ran home by a short cut at such a pace as to be ready to open the door for the Herr Hof-Capellmeister on his arrival. Of all Mozart's works, I think the "Magic Flute" was the one he liked best. It seemed to him so inexpressibly wonderful, that with such perfectly artistic consciousness, and the simplest means, it was possible to express exactly what one wanted, neither more nor less, and with such beauty and completeness.

I was, unfortunately, obliged to leave Paris a few weeks before Mendelssohn, as my parents wanted me at home. He and some other young friends came to the well-known post-house in the Rue J.-J. Rousseau to see me off. "I really envy you," he cried, "going off to Germany for the spring; it's the best thing in the world!" After my departure, during the latter part of his stay in Paris, he had an attack of cholera, but, fortunately, not severe. From Paris he went to London, and never returned to the French capital.

CHAPTER III.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE AND DUSSELDORF,
MAY, 1834.

*Felix Mendelssohn to his mother.**

DUSSELDORF, the 23rd of May, 1834.

A WEEK ago to-day I drove to Aix-la-Chapelle with the two Woringens; an order from the Cabinet, five days before the festival, had given permission for it to be held at Whitsuntide, and this order was so worded as to render it very probable that the permission would be extended to future years. It took us eleven hours' posting, and I was fearfully bored and arrived cross. We went straight to the rehearsals, and I heard a few numbers of "Deborah," sitting in the stalls; then I told Woringen that I must write at once to Hiller from there, the first time for two years, because he had done his task so well. Really his work was so modest, and sounded so well, though all the time quite subordinate to Handel, without cutting anything out; and it delighted me to find some one thinking as I do, and doing just as I should. I noticed a man with a moustache, in the front row of boxes, reading the score, and after the rehearsal, as he came down into the theatre and I went up, we met behind the scenes, and sure enough it was Ferdinand Hiller, who tumbled into my arms ready to squeeze me to death for joy. He had come from Paris to hear the oratorio, and Chopin had cut his lessons to come with him, and so we met once more. I could now thoroughly enjoy the festival, for we three stayed together, and got a box for ourselves in the theatre where the performances were held; and the next morning of course we were all at the piano, and that was a great delight to me. They have both improved in execution, and as a pianoforte player Chopin is now one of the very first; quite a second Paganini, doing entirely new things, and all sorts of impossibilities which one never thought could be done. Hiller is also a capital player, with plenty of power, and knows how to please. They both labour a little under the Parisian love for effect and strong contrasts, and often sadly lose sight of time and calmness and real musical feeling; perhaps I go too far the other way, so we mutually supply our deficiencies, and all three learn from each other, I think; meanwhile I felt rather like a schoolmaster, and they seemed rather like *Mirliflores* or *incroyables*. After the festival we travelled together to Düsseldorf, and had a very pleasant day with music and talk; yesterday I accompanied them to Cologne, and this morning they went up to Coblenz by steamer—I came down again, and the charming episode was at an end.

In the interest of my readers I should hardly be able to add anything to this delightful letter. But I cannot resist the temptation of going over this "charming episode" once more, pen in hand, recap-

itulating and dwelling on it, even where it does not especially concern the friend to whom these pages are consecrated.

In the summer of 1833 I was living in my mother's house in Frankfurt, having lost my father in the spring; I was then very much taken up with Handel's Oratorios, the scores of which had been kindly put at my disposal by Ferdinand Ries. "Deborah" I had not seen before, and it so pleased me that I began translating it into German, without any definite purpose, though I happened to tell Ries what I was doing. On my return to Paris with my mother in the autumn, I got a letter from Ries, asking if I felt disposed to translate "Deborah" and write additional accompaniments, for the next Lower Rhine Musical Festival. It was to be completed by the New Year. I accepted the proposal with the greatest delight, got it all done by the appointed time, and as a reward was invited to the Festival. Chopin, with whom I was in daily and intimate intercourse, easily let himself be persuaded to go with me, and we were busy making our travelling plans when news arrived that the Festival was not to take place at Whitsuntide, though possibly later. We had hardly reconciled ourselves to postponing our journey, when we heard that after all permission had been granted for the Festival to be held at Whitsuntide. I hurried to Chopin with the news, but with a melancholy smile he answered that it was no longer in his power to go. The fact was that Chopin's purse was always open to assist his emigrant Polish countrymen; he had put aside the necessary means for the journey; but the journey having been postponed, forty-eight hours had been quite sufficient to empty his money-box. As I would not on any condition give up his company, he said, after much consideration, that he thought he could manage it, produced the manuscript of his lovely E flat waltz, ran off to Pleyel's with it, and came back with 500 francs! Who was happier than I? The journey to Aix-la-Chapelle was most successful. I had the honour to be quartered in the house of the "Oberbürgermeister," and Chopin got a room close by. We went straight to the rehearsal of "Deborah," and there, to my great surprise and delight, I met Mendelssohn, who immediately joined us. At that time they seemed not to have much idea of his greatness at Aix-la-Chapelle, and it was only twelve years later, the year before his death, that they made up their minds

* From the published Letters. Vol. ii.

to confide the direction of the Festival to him.

With the exception of some parts of "Deborah," my impressions of the performances are quite effaced. But I distinctly remember the day we spent together at Düsseldorf, where the Academy, recently revived by Schadow, was then in the full vigour of youth. Mendelssohn had conducted the festival there in the spring, and entered on his functions as musical director in the autumn. He had a couple of pretty rooms on the ground floor of Schadow's house, was working at "St. Paul," associated a great deal with the young painters, kept a horse, and was altogether in a flourishing condition. The whole morning we spent at his piano playing to each other. Schadow had invited us for a walk in the afternoon. The general appearance and tone of the company in which we found ourselves made an impression on me that I shall never forget. It was like a prophet with his disciples — Schadow, with his noble head, his manner at once dignified and easy, and his eloquent talk, surrounded by a number of young men, many of them remarkably handsome, and most of them already great artists, who nevertheless listened to him in humble silence, and seemed to think it perfectly natural to be lectured by him. It had become so completely a second nature to Schadow, even outside the studio, to act the master, animating and encouraging, or even severely lecturing, that when Felix announced his intention of accompanying us to Cologne on the following day, he asked him in a serious tone what would become of "St. Paul" with all these excursions and distractions. Mendelssohn answered quietly, but firmly, that it would all be ready in good time. We ended the walk with coffee and a game at bowls; and Felix, who had been on horseback, lent me his horse to ride home on. Chopin was a stranger to them all, and with his usual extreme reserve had kept close to me during the walk, watching everything, and making his observations to me in the softest of voices. Schadow, always hospitable, asked us to come again in the evening, and we then found some of the most rising young painters there. The conversation soon became very animated, and all would have been right if poor Chopin had not sat there so silent and neglected. However, Mendelssohn and I knew that he would have his revenge, and secretly rejoiced at the thought. At last the piano

was opened; I began, Mendelssohn followed; then we asked Chopin to play, and rather doubtful looks were cast at him and us. But he had hardly played a few bars, before everybody in the room, especially Schadow, was transfixed; — nothing like it had ever been heard. They were all in the greatest delight, and begged for more and more. Count Al-maviva had dropped his disguise, and every one was dumb.

The next day Felix accompanied us on the steamer to Cologne, where we arrived late in the afternoon. He took us to see the Apostles' Church, and then to the Bridge, where we parted in rather a comic way. I was looking down into the river, and made some extravagant remark or other, upon which Mendelssohn calls out: "Hiller getting sentimental; heaven help us! Adieu, farewell" — and he was gone.

A year afterwards I got the following letter: —

DUSSELDORF, *February, 26th, 1835.*

DEAR HILLER, — I want to ask you a favour. No doubt you will think it very wrong of me to begin my first letter in this way, and not to have written you long since of my own accord. I think so myself; but when you consider that I am the worst correspondent in the world, and also the most overworked man (Louis Philippe perhaps excepted), you will surely excuse me. So pray listen to the following request, and think of happier times, and then you will fulfil it.

You will remember from last year how the second day at the musical festivals is generally arranged. A Symphony, an Overture, and two or three large pieces for chorus and orchestra, something of the style and length of Mozart's "Davide penitente;" or even shorter and more lively, or with quite secular words, or only one long piece — such as Beethoven's "Meerestille," for instance. I am to conduct the Cologne Festival this time, and I want to know whether Cherubini has written anything that would do for the second day's performance, and whether, if in manuscript, he would let me have it. You told me that you were on very good terms with him, and I am sure you can get me the best information on the point. If printed, pray say what you think of it, and give me the full title, that I may send for it. The words may be Latin, Italian, or French, and the contents, as I said before, sacred or otherwise. The chief condition is merely that it should employ both chorus and orchestra; and if it were a piece of some length, say half an hour, I should like it to be in several movements; or, if there is no long piece, I should even like a single short one. It appears that he wrote a number of grand Hymns for the Revolution, which ought to be very fine — might not one of these do? It is impossible to

see anything of that kind here, while it would only take you a couple of hours or a walk or two; so I am convinced you can do what I ask, especially as you are intimate with Cherubini, and he will therefore tell you directly what he has written in this line, and where it is to be found.

It would of course be best if we could get hold of something quite unknown to musicians. You may imagine how glad the whole committee, and all the company of Oberbürgermeisters, and the entire town of Cologne, and all the rest, would be to write to Cherubini, to make this application, and of course they would also willingly be charged something for it; but, with his strange ways, they might catch him in an evil hour, and probably he does not care much about it: therefore it is better for you to undertake the matter, and write to me what is to be done next. All that I want is to have nothing but really fine music on the second day, and that is why this request is important to me, and why I count on your fulfilling it.

Then I shall at the same time hear how life goes with you on your railway. Sometimes I hear about it through the *Messenger* or the *Constitutionnel*, when you give a Soirée, or play Bach's Sonatas with Baillot; but it is always very short and fragmentary. I want to know if you have any regular and continuous occupation, whether you have been composing much, and what, and if you are coming back to Germany. So you see I am the same as ever.

My Oratorio will be quite ready in a few weeks, and I hear from Schelble that it is to be performed by the Cæcilia Society in October. I have some new pianoforte things, and shall shortly publish some of them. I always think of you and your warning whenever an old-fashioned passage comes into my head, and hope to get rid of such ideas. You will of course conclude from this that I often think of you, but that you might believe anyhow. My three Overtures are not out yet; Härtel writes to me to-day that they are at the binder's, and will be here in a few days. I shall send you a copy as I promised at the first opportunity, and as soon as my new Symphony comes out, you shall have that too. I will gladly release you from your promise of sending me those plaster caricatures in return, and ask you instead to let me have some copies of new compositions — which I should like a great deal better. Remember me to Chopinetta, and let me know what new things he has been doing; tell him that the Military band here serenaded me on my birthday, and that amongst other things they played his B flat Mazurka with trombones and big drum; the part in G flat with two bass bassoons was enough to kill one with laughing. *A propos*, the other day I saw Berlioz's Symphony, arranged by Liszt, and played it through, and once more could not imagine how you can see anything in it. I cannot conceive anything more insipid, wearisome, and Philistine, for with all his endeavours to go stark mad, he never once succeeds; and as to your Liszt with his two fingers on

one key, what does a poor provincial like me want with him? What is the good of it all? But still it must be nicer in Paris than here, even if it were only for Frau v. S. (Frau v. M.'s sister), who is really too pretty, and is now in Paris (here there's not a soul that's pretty). And then there's plenty of agreeable society (remember me to Cuvillon, Sauzay, and Liszt, also to Baillot a thousand times; but not to Herr — nor Madame — nor the child; and tell Chopin to remember me to Eichthal), and it's always so amusing there, — but still I wish you would come to Germany again.

But I have gossiped long enough. Mind you answer very soon, as soon as you can tell me what I want to know, and remember me to your mother, and keep well and happy.

Your

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

DÜSSELDORF, *March* 14, 1835.

DEAR HILLER, — Many thanks for your dear kind letter, which gave me very great pleasure. It's not right of you to say that I should be obliged on account of the business to write to you again, because I should have done so at any rate; and if you want to try, you had better answer this very soon, and then you will see how I shall write again. I should so like to know all about your life, and what you do, and be able to picture it to myself thoroughly. About my own I have not much to say, but there is no thought of my leaving Germany and going to England; who can have told you such a thing? Whether I stay at Düsseldorf longer than I am bound by my contract, which comes to an end next October, is another question; for there is simply nothing to be done here in the way of music, and I long for a better orchestra, and shall probably accept another offer that I have had. I wanted to be quite free again for a few years, and go on a sort of art-journey, and snap my fingers at musical directorships and the like, but my father does not wish it, and in this I follow him unconditionally. You know that from the very beginning all I wanted was to get real quiet here for the writing of some larger works which will be finished by then; and so I hope to have made use of my stay. Besides it is very pleasant, for the painters are capital good people, and lead a jolly life; and there is plenty of taste and feeling for music here; only the means are so limited that it is unprofitable in the long run, and all one's trouble goes for nothing. I assure you that at the beat, they all come in separately, not one with any firmness, and in the *pianos* the flute is always too loud, and not a single Düsseldorf can play a triplet clearly, but a quaver and two semiquavers instead, and every *Allegro* leaves off twice as fast as it began, and the oboe plays E natural in C minor, and they all carry their fiddles under their coats when it rains, and when it is fine they don't cover them at all — and if you once heard me conduct this orchestra, not even four horses could bring you there

a second time. And yet there is a musician or two among them, who would do credit to any orchestra, even to your Conservatoire; but that is just the misery in Germany; the bass trombones and the drum and the double bass are capital, and all the others quite abominable. There is also a choral society of 120 members, which I have to coach once a week, and they sing Handel very well and correctly, and in the winter there are six subscription concerts, and in the summer every month a couple of masses, and all the *dilettanti* fight each other to the death and nobody will sing the solos, or rather everybody wants to, and they hate putting themselves forward, though they are always doing it—but you know what music is in a small German town—Heaven help us! This is certainly rather an odd way of coming back to the question of your returning to Germany. But still the very agreeable and telling way in which you refused my dinner-invitation does not yet repel me. On the contrary, I should like you for once to answer the question seriously: Is there any condition on which you would like to live in Germany? and if so, what? As we said in front of the Post-house at Aix-la-Chapelle, we shall never get far in the matter with theoretical discussions. But now I should like to know whether, if for instance a place like Hummel's, or like Spohr's at Cassel, or Grund's at Meiningen, in short any "Capellmeister's" place at one of the small courts were vacant, you would accept such a thing, and allow it to determine you to leave Paris? Would the pecuniary advantages be of any great importance to you? or are you not thinking of coming back in any case? or are you too much tied by the attractions and excitements of your present life? Pray don't be vexed with me for all these questions, and answer them as fully as you can. It is always possible that such a place may turn up in Germany, and you can imagine how I should like to have you nearer, both for my own sake and the sake of good music.

And now to business; and first I must thank you very much for the prompt and satisfactory way in which you have managed it for us. I should like it best if you would send me the Motett in E flat "Iste die," with the "Tantum ergo" for five voices, and at the same time *also* the Coronation March from the *Mass du Sacre*. That is what I want.

A Herr Von Beck from Cologne will call on you and ask for these things. Please let him have them to send to me, and tell him what you have spent and he will reimburse you—and again many thanks to you. I have not yet received your studies and songs from Frankfurt, but on the other hand the *Réveries* are lying on my piano, because an acquaintance of mine gets the French paper and always sends it to me whenever there is anything of yours or Chopin's in it. The one in F sharp major is my favourite and pleases me very much, and the A flat one is quaint and charming. But do tell me exactly what you have been doing and going to do. I see from what you say that

you are proposing some great work, but you don't tell me what it is. . . . Yours,

F. M. B.

Bendemann, Schirmer, and Hildebrand all beg to be remembered to you, and hope that you will soon be here again.

At the end of 1847, when I came to Düsseldorf as Director, I found the music there on quite a different footing from that which Mendelssohn had described. The twelve years' energy which Edward Rietz had devoted to it had not been in vain. When I removed to Cologne in 1850, I managed to secure the post for Robert Schumann.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER III.

(CONTINUED.)

FIVE mornings and evenings passed. The young woman came regularly to milk the healthy cow or to attend to the sick one, but never allowed her vision to stray in the direction of Oak's person. His want of tact had deeply offended her—not by seeing what he could not help, but by letting her know that he had seen it. For, as without law there is no sin, without eyes there is no indecorum; and she appeared to feel that Gabriel's espial had made her an indecorous woman without her own connivance. It was food for great regret with him; it was also a contretemps which touched into life a latent heat he had experienced in that direction.

The acquaintanceship might, however, have ended in a slow forgetting, but for an incident which occurred at the end of the same week. One afternoon it began to freeze, and the frost increased with evening, which drew on like a stealthy tightening of bonds. It was a time when in cottages the breath of the sleepers freezes to the sheets, when round the drawing-room fire of a thick-walled mansion the sitters' backs are cold even whilst their faces are all aglow. Many a small bird went to bed supperless that night among the bare boughs.

As the milking-hour drew near, Oak kept his usual watch upon the cow-shed. At last he felt cold, and shaking an extra quantity of bedding round the yearning ewes, he entered the hut and heaped more fuel upon the stove. The wind

came in at the bottom of the door, to prevent which Oak wheeled the cot round a little more to the south. Then the wind spouted in at a ventilating hole—of which there was one on each side of the hut.

Gabriel had always known that when the fire was lighted and the door closed, one of these must be kept open—that chosen being always on the side away from the wind. Closing the slide to windward, he turned to open the other; on second thoughts, the farmer considered he would first sit down, leaving both closed for a minute or two, till the temperature of the hut was a little raised. He sat down.

His head began to ache in an unwonted manner, and fancying himself weary by reason of the broken rests of the preceding nights, Oak decided to get up, open the slide, and then allow himself to fall asleep. He fell asleep without having performed the necessary preliminary.

How long he remained unconscious Gabriel never knew. During the first stages of his return to perception peculiar deeds seemed to be in course of enactment. His dog was howling, his head was aching fearfully—somebody was pulling him about, hands were loosening his neckerchief.

On opening his eyes, he found that evening had sunk to dusk, in a strange manner of unexpectedness. The young girl with the remarkably pleasant lips and white teeth was beside him. More than this—astonishingly more—his head was upon her lap, his face and neck were disagreeably wet, and her fingers were unbuttoning his collar.

“Whatever is the matter?” said Oak, vacantly.

She seemed to experience a sensation of mirth, but of too insignificant a kind to start the capacity of enjoyment.

“Nothing now,” she answered, “since you were not suffocated in this hut of yours.”

“Ah, the hut!” murmured Gabriel. “I gave ten pounds for that hut. But I’ll sell it, and sit under thatched hurdles as they did in old times, and curl up to sleep in a lock of straw! It played me nearly the same trick the other day!” Gabriel, by way of emphasis, brought down his fist upon the frozen ground.

“It was not exactly the fault of the hut,” she observed, speaking in a tone which showed her to be that novelty among women—one who finished a

thought before beginning the sentence which was to convey it. “You should, I think, have considered, and not have been so foolish as to leave the slides closed.”

“Yes, I suppose I should,” said Oak, absently. He was endeavouring to catch and appreciate the sensation of being thus with her—his head upon her dress—before the event passed on into the heap of bygone things. He wished she knew his impressions; but he would as soon have thought of carrying an odour in a net as of attempting to convey the intangibilities of his feeling in the coarse meshes of language. So he remained silent.

She made him sit up, and then Oak began wiping his face and shaking himself like a Samson. “How can I thank ye?” he said at last, gratefully, some of the natural rusty red having returned to his face.

“Oh, never mind that,” said the girl, smiling, and allowing her smile to hold good for Gabriel’s next remark, whatever that might prove to be.

“How did you find me?”

“I heard your dog howling and scratching at the door of the hut when I came to the milking (it was so lucky, Daisy’s milking is almost over for the season, and I shall not come here after this week or the next). The dog saw me, and jumped over to me, and laid hold of my dress. I came across and looked round the hut the very first thing to see if the slides were closed. My uncle has a hut like this one, and I have heard him tell his shepherd not to go to sleep without leaving a slide open. I opened the door, and there you were like dead. I threw the milk over you, as there was no water, forgetting it was warm, and no use.”

“I wonder if I should have died?” Gabriel said, in a low voice, which was rather meant to travel back to himself than on to her.

“Oh, no,” the girl replied. She seemed to prefer a less tragic probability; to have saved a man from death involved talk that should harmonize with the dignity of such a deed—and she shunned it.

“I believe you saved my life, Miss—I don’t know your name. I know your aunt’s, but not yours.”

“I would just as soon not tell it—rather not. There is no reason either why I should, as you probably will never have much to do with me.”

“Still, I should like to know.”

“You can inquire at my aunt’s—she will tell you.”

"My name is Gabriel Oak."

"And mine isn't. You seem fond of yours in speaking it so decisively, Gabriel Oak."

"You see, it is the only one I shall ever have, and I must make the most of it."

"I always think mine sounds odd and disagreeable."

"I should think you might soon get a new one."

"Mercy — how many opinions you keep about you concerning other people, Gabriel Oak."

"Well, Miss — excuse the words — I thought you would like them. But I can't match you, I know, in mapping out my mind upon my tongue as I may say. I never was very clever in my inside. But I thank you. Come, give me your hand!"

She hesitated, somewhat disconcerted at Oak's old-fashioned earnest conclusion to a dialogue lightly carried on. "Very well," she said, and gave him her hand, compressing her lips to a demure impassivity. He held it but an instant, and in his fear of being too demonstrative, swerved to the opposite extreme, touching her fingers with the lightness of a small-hearted person.

"I am sorry," he said, the instant after, regretfully.

"What for?"

"Letting your hand go so quickly."

"You may have me again if you like; there it is." She gave him her hand again.

Oak held it longer this time — indeed, curiously long. "How soft it is — being winter-time, too — not chapped or rough, or anything!" he said.

"There — that's long enough," said she, though without pulling it away. "But I suppose you are thinking you would like to kiss it? You may if you want to."

"I wasn't thinking of any such thing," said Gabriel, simply; "but I will —"

"That you won't!" She snatched back her hand.

Gabriel felt himself guilty of another want of tact.

"Now find out my name," she said teasingly; and withdrew.

CHAPTER IV.

GABRIEL'S RESOLVE — THE VISIT — THE MISTAKE.

THE only superiority in women that is tolerable to the rival sex is, as a rule, that LIVING AGE. VOL. V. 230

of the unconscious kind, but a superiority which recognizes itself may sometimes please by suggesting at the same time possibilities of impropriation to the subordinated man.

This well-favoured and comely girl soon made appreciable inroads upon the emotional constitution of young Farmer Oak.

Love, being an extremely exacting usurer (a sense of exorbitant profit, spiritually, by an exchange of hearts, being at the bottom of pure passions, as that of exorbitant profit, bodily or materially, is at the bottom of those of lower atmosphere), every morning his feelings were as sensitive as the money-market in calculations upon his chances. His dog waited for his meals in a way so like that in which Oak waited for the girl's presence that the farmer was quite struck with the resemblance, felt it lowering, and would not look at the dog. However, he continued to watch through the hedge at her regular coming, and thus his sentiments towards her were deepened without any corresponding effect being produced upon herself. Oak had nothing finished and ready to say as yet, and not being able to frame love-phrases which end where they begin; passionate tales

— Full of sound and fury

Signifying nothing —

he said no word at all.

By making inquiries he found that the girl's name was Bathsheba Everdene, and that the cow would go dry in about seven days. He dreaded the eighth day.

At last the eighth day came. The cow had ceased to give milk for that year, and Bathsheba Everdene came up the hill no more. Gabriel had reached a pitch of existence he never could have anticipated a short time before. He liked saying "Bathsheba" as a private enjoyment instead of whistling; turned over his taste to black hair, though he had sworn by brown ever since he was a boy, isolated himself till the space he filled in the public eye was contemptibly small. Love is a possible strength in an actual weakness. Marriage transforms a distraction into a support, the power of which should be, and happily often is, in direct proportion to the degree of imbecility it supplants. Oak began now to see light in this direction, and said to himself, "I'll make her my wife, or upon my soul I shall be good for nothing!"

All this while he was perplexing himself about an errand on which he might

consistently visit the cottage of Bathsheba's aunt.

He found his opportunity in the death of an ewe, mother of a living lamb. On a day which had a summer face and a winter constitution—a fine January morning, when there was just enough blue sky visible to make cheerfully disposed people wish for more, and an occasional sunshiny gleam of silvery whiteness, Oak put the lamb into a respectable Sunday basket, and stalked across the fields to the house of Mrs. Hurst, the aunt—George, the dog, walking behind, with a countenance of great concern at the serious turn pastoral affairs seemed to be taking.

Gabriel had watched the blue wood-smoke curling from the chimney with strange meditation. At evening he had fancifully traced it down the chimney to the spot of its origin—seen the hearth and Bathsheba beside it—beside it in her out-door dress; for the clothes she had worn on the hill were by association equally with her person included in the compass of his affection; they seemed at this early time of his love a necessary ingredient of the sweet mixture called Bathsheba Everdene.

He had made a toilet of a nicely adjusted kind—of a nature between the carefully neat and the carelessly ornate—of a degree between fine-market-day and wet-Sunday selection. He thoroughly cleaned his silver watch-chain with whiting, put new lacing-straps to his boots, looked to the brass eyelet-holes, went to the inmost heart of the plantation for a new walking-stick, and trimmed it vigorously on his way back; took a new handkerchief from the bottom of his clothes-box, put on the light waistcoat patterned all over with sprigs of an elegant flower uniting the beauties of both rose and lily without the defects of either, and used all the hair-oil he possessed upon his usually dry, sandy and inextricably curly hair, till he had deepened it to a splendidly novel colour, between that of guano and Roman cement, making it stick to his head like mace round a nutmeg, or wet seaweed round a boulder after the ebb.

Nothing disturbed the stillness of the cottage save the chatter of a knot of sparrows on the eaves; one might fancy scandal and *tracasseries* to be no less the staple subject of these little coteries on roofs than of those under them. It seemed that the omen was an unpropitious one, for, as the rather untoward

commencement of Oak's overtures, just as he arrived by the garden gate he saw a cat inside, going into various arched shapes and fiendish convulsions at the sight of his dog George. The dog took no notice, for he had arrived at an age at which all superfluous barking was cynically avoided as a waste of breath—in fact he never barked even at the sheep except to order, when it was done with an absolutely neutral countenance, as a liturgical form of Commination-service, which, though offensive, had to be gone through once now and then just to frighten the flock for their own good.

A voice came from behind some laurel-bushes into which the cat had run:

“Poor dear! Did a nasty brute of a dog want to kill it!—did he, poor dear!”

“I beg yer pardon,” said Oak to the voice, “but George was walking on behind me with a temper as mild as milk.”

Almost before he had ceased speaking, Oak was seized with a misgiving as to whose ear was the recipient of his answer. Nobody appeared, and he heard the person retreat among the bushes.

Gabriel meditated, and so deeply that he brought small furrows into his forehead by sheer force of reverie. Where the issue of an interview is as likely to be a vast change for the worse as for the better, any initial difference from expectation causes nipping sensations of failure. Oak went up to the door a little abashed: his mental rehearsal and the reality had had no common grounds of opening.

Bathsheba's aunt was indoors. “Will you tell Miss Everdene that somebody would be glad to speak to her?” said Mr. Oak. (Calling yourself merely Somebody, and not giving a name, is not by any means to be taken as an example of the ill-breeding of the rural world: it springs from a refined sense of modesty, of which townspeople, with their cards and announcements, have no notion whatever.)

Bathsheba was out. The voice had evidently been hers.

“Will you come in, Mr. Oak?”

“Oh, thank ye,” said Gabriel, following her to the fireplace. “I've brought a lamb for Miss Everdene. I thought she might like one to rear: girls do.”

“She might,” said Mrs. Hurst, musingly; “though she's only a visitor here. If you will wait a minute, Bathsheba will be in.”

“Yes, I will wait,” said Gabriel, sitting

down. "The lamb isn't really the business I came about, Mrs. Hurst. In short, I was going to ask her if she'd like to be married."

"And were you indeed?"

"Yes. Because if she would, I should be very glad to marry her. D'ye know if she's got any other young man hanging about her at all?"

"Let me think," said Mrs. Hurst, poking the fire superfluously. . . . "Yes — bless you, ever so many young men. You see, Farmer Oak, she's so good-looking, and an excellent scholar besides — she was going to be a governess once, you know, only she was too wild. Not that her young men ever come here — but, Lord, in the nature of women, she must have a dozen!"

"That's unfortunate," said Farmer Oak, contemplating a crack in the stone floor with sorrow. "I'm only an every-day sort of man, and my only chance was in being the first comer. . . . Well, there's no use in my waiting, for that was all I came about: so I'll take myself off home-along, Mrs. Hurst."

When Gabriel had gone about two hundred yards along the down, he heard a "hoi-hoi!" uttered behind him, in a piping note of more treble quality than that in which the exclamation usually embodies itself when shouted across a field. He looked round, and saw a girl racing after him, waving a white handkerchief.

Oak stood still — and the runner drew nearer. It was Bathsheba Everdene. Gabriel's colour deepened: hers was already deep, not, as it appeared, from emotion, but from running.

"Farmer Oak — I —" she said, pausing for want of breath, pulling up in front of him with a slanted face, and putting her hand to her side.

"I have just called to see you," said Gabriel, pending her farther speech.

"Yes — I know that," she said, panting like a robin, her face red and moist from her exertions, like a peony petal before the sun dries off the dew. "I didn't know you had come (pant) to ask to have me, or I should have come in from the garden instantly. I ran after you to say (pant) that my aunt made a mistake in sending you away from courting me (pant) —"

Gabriel expanded. "I'm sorry to have made you run so fast, my dear," he said, with a grateful sense of favours to come. "Wait a bit till you've found your breath."

"It was quite a mistake — aunt's telling you I had a young man already," Bathsheba went on. "I haven't a sweetheart at all (pant), and I never had one, and I thought that, as times go with women, it was *such* a pity to send you away thinking that I had several."

"Really and truly I am glad to hear that!" said Farmer Oak, smiling one of his long special smiles, and blushing with gladness. He held out his hand to take hers, which, when she had eased her side by pressing it there, was prettily extended upon her bosom to still her loud-beating heart. Directly he seized it she put it behind her, so that it slipped through his fingers like an eel.

"I have a nice snug little farm," said Gabriel, with half a degree less assurance than when he had seized her hand.

"Yes: you have."

"A man has advanced me money to begin with, but still, it will soon be paid off, and though I am only an every-day sort of man, I have got on a little since I was a boy." Gabriel uttered "a little" in a tone to show her that it was the complacent form of "a great deal." He continued: "When we are married, I am quite sure I can work twice as hard as I do now."

He went forward and stretched out his arm again. Bathsheba had overtaken him at a point beside which stood a low, stunted holly-bush, now laden with red berries. Seeing his advance take the form of an attitude threatening a possible enclosure, if not compression, of her person, she edged off round the bush.

"Why, Farmer Oak," she said, over the top, looking at him with rounded eyes, "I never said I was going to marry you."

"Well — that *is* a tale!" said Oak, with dismay. "To run after anybody like this, and then say you don't want me!"

"What I meant to tell you was only this," she said eagerly, and yet half-conscious of the absurdity of the position she had made for herself: "that nobody has got me yet as a sweetheart, instead of my having a dozen, as my aunt said; I *hate* to be thought men's property in that way, though possibly I shall be to be had some day. Why, if I'd wanted you I shouldn't have run after you like this; 'twould have been the *forwardest* thing! But there was no harm in hurrying to correct a piece of false news that had been told you."

"Oh, no — no harm at all." But there is such a thing as being too generous in

expressing a judgment impulsively, and Oak added with a more appreciative sense of all the circumstances — “Well, I am not quite certain it was no harm.”

“Indeed, I hadn’t time to think before starting whether I wanted to marry or not, for you’d have been gone over the hill.”

“Come,” said Gabriel, freshening again; “think a minute or two. I’ll wait awhile, Miss Everdene. Will you marry me? Do, Bathsheba. I love you far more than common!”

“I’ll try to think,” she observed, rather more timorously; “if I can think out of doors; but my mind spreads away so.”

“But you can give a guess.”

“Then give me time.” Bathsheba looked thoughtfully into the distance, away from the direction in which Gabriel stood.

“I can make you happy,” said he to the back of her head, across the bush. “You shall have a piano in a year or two — farmers’ wives are getting to have pianos now — and I’ll practice up the flute right well to play with you in the evenings.”

“Yes; I should like that.”

“And have one of those little ten-pound gigs for market — and nice flowers, and birds — cocks and hens I mean, because they are useful,” continued Gabriel, feeling balanced between prose and verse.

“I should like it very much.”

“And a frame for cucumbers — like a gentleman and lady.”

“Yes.”

“And when the wedding was over, we’d have it put in the newspaper list of marriages.”

“Dearly I should like that.”

“And the babies in the births — every man jack of ’em! And at home by the fire, whenever you look up, there I shall be — and whenever I look up there will be you.”

“Wait, wait, and don’t be improper!”

Her countenance fell, and she was silent awhile. He contemplated the red berries between them over and over again, to such an extent, that holly seemed in his after-life to be a cypher signifying a proposal of marriage. Bathsheba decisively turned to him.

“No; ’tis no use,” she said. “I don’t want to marry you.”

“Try.”

“I have tried hard all the time I’ve been thinking; for a marriage would be very nice in one sense. People would

talk about me, and think I had won my battle, and I should feel triumphant, and all that. But a husband —”

“Well!”

“Why, he’d always be there, as you say; whenever I looked up, there he’d be.”

“Of course he would — I, that is.”

“Well, what I mean is that I shouldn’t mind being a bride at a wedding, if I could be one without having a husband. But since a woman can’t show off in that way by herself, I shan’t marry — at least yet.”

“That’s a terrible wooden story.”

At this elegant criticism of her statement, Bathsheba made an addition to her dignity by a slight sweep away from him.

“Upon my heart and soul, I don’t know what a maid can say stupider than that,” said Oak. “But, dearest,” he continued in a palliative voice, “don’t be like it!” Oak sighed a deep honest sigh — none the less so in that, being like the sigh of a pine plantation, it was rather noticeable as a disturbance in the atmosphere. “Why won’t you have me?” he said appealingly, creeping round the holly to reach her side.

“I cannot,” she said retreating.

“But why?” he persisted, standing still at last in despair of ever reaching her, and facing over the bush.

“Because I don’t love you.”

“Yes, but —”

She contracted a yawn to an inoffensive smallness, so that it was hardly ill-mannered at all. “I don’t love you,” she said.

“But I love you — and, as for myself, I am content to be liked.”

“Oh, Mr. Oak — that’s very fine! You’d get to despise me.”

“Never,” said Mr. Oak, so earnestly that he seemed to be coming by the force of his words, straight through the bush and into her arms. “I shall do one thing in this life — one thing certain — that is, love you, and long for you, and *keep wanting you* till I die.” His voice had a genuine pathos now, and his large brown hands trembled a quarter of an inch each way.

“It seems dreadfully wrong not to have you when you feel so much,” she said with a little distress, and looking hopelessly around for some means of escape from her moral dilemma. “How I wish I hadn’t run after you!” However she seemed to have a short cut for getting back to cheerfulness, and set her face to signify archness. “It wouldn’t do, Mr.

Oak. I want somebody to tame me ; I am too independent ; and you would never be able to, I know."

Oak cast his eyes down the field in a way implying that it was useless to attempt argument.

"Mr. Oak," she said, with luminous distinctness and common sense ; "you are better off than I. I have hardly a penny in the world — I am staying with my aunt for my bare sustenance. I am better educated than you — and I don't love you a bit : that's my side of the case. Now yours : you are a farmer just beginning, and you ought in common prudence, if you marry at all (which you should certainly not think of doing at present) to marry a woman with money, who would stock a larger farm for you than you have now."

Gabriel looked at her with a little surprise and much admiration.

"That's the very thing I had been thinking myself !" he naively said.

Farmer Oak had one-and-a-half Christian characteristics too many to succeed with Bathsheba : his humility, and a superfluous moiety of honesty. Bathsheba was decidedly disconcerted.

"Well, then, why did you come and disturb me ?" she said, almost angrily, if not quite, an enlarging red spot rising in each cheek.

"I can't do what I think would be — would be —"

"Right ?"

"No : wise."

"You have made an admission *now*, Mr. Oak," she exclaimed, with even more hauteur, and rocking her head disdainfully. "After that, do you think, I could marry you ? Not if I know it."

He broke in, passionately : "But don't mistake me like that. Because I am open enough to own what every man in my position would have thought of, you make your colours come up your face, and get crabbed with me. That about your not being good enough for me is nonsense. You speak like a lady — all the parish notice it, and your uncle at Weatherbury, is, I have heard, a large farmer — much larger than ever I shall be. May I call in the evening — or will you walk along with me on Sundays ? I don't want you to make up your mind at once, if you'd rather not."

"No — no — I cannot. Don't press me any more — don't. I don't love you — so 'twould be ridiculous !" she said, with a laugh.

No man likes to see his emotions the

support of a merry-go-round of skittishness. "Very well," said Oak, firmly, with the bearing of one who was going to give his days and nights to Ecclesiastes forever. "Then I'll ask you no more."

CHAPTER V.

DEPARTURE OF BATHSHEBA : A PASTORAL TRAGEDY.

THE news which one day reached Gabriel, that Bathsheba Everdene had left the neighbourhood, had an influence upon him which might have surprised any who never suspected that the more emphatic the renunciation the less absolute its character.

It may have been observed that there is no regular path for getting out of love as there is for getting in. Some people look upon marriage as a short cut that way, but it has been known to fail. Separation, which was the means that chance offered to Gabriel Oak by Bathsheba's disappearance, though effectual with people of certain humours, is apt to idealize the removed object with others — notably those whose affection, placid and regular as it may be, flows deep and long. Oak belonged to the even-tempered order of humanity, and felt the secret fusion of himself in Bathsheba to be burning with a finer flame now that she was gone — that was all.

His incipient friendship with her aunt had been nipped by the failure of his suit, and all that Oak learnt of Bathsheba's movements was done indirectly. It appeared that she had gone to a place called Weatherbury, more than twenty miles off, but in what capacity — whether as a visitor, or permanently, he could not discover.

Gabriel had two dogs. George, the elder, exhibited an ebony-tipped nose, surrounded by a narrow margin of pink flesh, and a coat marked in random splotches approximating in colour to white and slaty grey, but the grey, after years of sun and rain, had been scorched and washed out of the more prominent locks, leaving them of a reddish-brown, as if the blue component of the grey had faded, like the indigo from the same kind of colour in Turner's pictures. In substance, it had originally been hair, but long contact with sheep, seemed to be turning it by degrees into wool of poor quality and staple.

This dog had originally belonged to a shepherd of inferior morals and dreadful temper, and the result was that George

knew the exact degree of condemnation signified by cursing and swearing of all descriptions better than the wickedest old man in the neighbourhood. Long experience had so precisely taught the animal the difference between such exclamations as "Come in!" and "D— ye, come in!" that he knew to a hair's breadth the rate of trotting back from the ewes' tails that each call involved, if a staggerer with the sheep-crook was to be escaped. Though old, he was clever and trustworthy still.

The young dog, George's son, might possibly have been the image of his mother, for there was not much resemblance between him and George. He was learning the sheep-keeping business, so as to follow on at the flock when the other should die, but had got no further than the rudiments as yet — still finding an insuperable difficulty in distinguishing between doing a thing well enough and doing it too well. So earnest and yet so wrong-headed was this young dog (he had no name in particular, and answered with perfect readiness to any pleasant interjection), that if sent behind the flock to help them on, he did it so thoroughly that he would have chased them across the whole country with the greatest pleasure if not called off, or reminded when to stop by the example of old George.

Thus much for the dogs. On the further side of Norcombe Hill was a chalk-pit, from which chalk had been drawn for generations, and spread over adjacent farms. Two hedges converged upon it in the form of a V, but without quite meeting. The narrow opening left, which was immediately over the brow of the pit, was protected by a rough railing.

One night, when Farmer Oak had returned to his house, believing there would be no further necessity for his attendance on the down, he called as usual to the dogs, previously to shutting them up in the outhouse till next morning. Only one responded — old George; the other could not be found, either in the house, lane, or garden. Gabriel then remembered that he had left the two dogs on the hill eating a dead lamb (a kind of meat he usually kept from them, except when other food ran short), and concluding that the young one had not finished his meal, he went indoors to the luxury of a bed, which latterly he had only enjoyed on Sundays.

It was a still, moist night. Just before dawn he was assisted in waking by the abnormal reverberation of familiar

music. To the shepherd, the note of the sheep-bell, like the ticking of the clock to other people, is a chronic sound that only makes itself noticed by ceasing or altering in some unusual manner from the well-known idle tinkle which signifies to the accustomed ear, however distant, that all is well in the fold. In the solemn calm of the awakening morn that note was heard by Gabriel, beating with unusual violence and rapidity. This exceptional ringing may be caused in two ways — by the rapid feeding of the sheep bearing the bell, as when the flock breaks into new pasture, which gives it an intermittent rapidity, or by the sheep starting off in a run, when the sound has a regular palpitation. The experienced ear of Oak knew the sound he now heard to be caused by the running of the flock with great velocity.

He jumped out of bed, dressed, and tore down the lane through a foggy dawn, and ascended the hill. The forward ewes were kept apart from those among which the fall of lambs would be later, there being two hundred of the latter class in Gabriel's flock. These two hundred seemed to have absolutely vanished from the hill. There were the fifty with their lambs, enclosed at the other end as he had left them, but the rest, forming the bulk of the flock, were nowhere. Gabriel called at the top of his voice the shepherd's call,

"Ovey, ovey, ovey!"

Not a single bleat. He went to the hedge — a gap had been broken through it, and in the gap were the footprints of the sheep. Rather surprised to find them break fence at this season, yet putting it down instantly to their great fondness for ivy in winter-time, of which a great deal grew in the plantation, he followed through the hedge. They were not in the plantation. He called again: the valleys and furthest hills resounded as when the sailors invoked the lost Hylas on the Mysian shore, but no sheep. He passed through the trees and along the ridge of the hill. On the extreme summit, where the ends of the two converging hedges of which we have spoken were stopped short by meeting the brow of the chalk-pit, he saw the younger dog standing against the sky — dark and motionless as Napoleon at St. Helena.

A horrible conviction darted through Oak. With a sensation of bodily faintness he advanced: at one point the rails were broken through, and there he saw

the footprints of his ewes. The dog came up, licked his hand, and made signals implying that he expected some great reward for signal services rendered. Oak looked over the precipice. The ewes lay dead at its foot—a heap of two hundred mangled carcasses, representing in their condition just now at least two hundred more.

Oak was an intensely humane man: indeed, his humanity often tore in pieces any politic intentions of his bordering on strategy, and carried him on as by gravitation. A shadow in his life had always been that his flock ended in mutton—that a day came and found every shepherd an arrant traitor to his defenceless sheep. His first feeling now was one of pity for the untimely fate of these gentle ewes and their unborn lambs.

It was a second to remember another phase of the matter. The sheep were not insured. All the savings of a frugal life had been dispersed at a blow; his hopes of being an independent farmer were laid low—possibly forever. Gabriel's energies, patience, and industry had been so severely taxed during the years of his life between eighteen and eight-and-twenty, to reach his present stage of progress, that no more seemed to be left in him. He leant down upon a rail, and covered his face with his hands.

Stupors, however, do not last forever, and Farmer Oak recovered from his. It was as remarkable as it was characteristic that the one sentence he uttered was in thankfulness:—

“Thank God I am not married: what would *she* have done in the poverty now coming upon me!”

Oak raised his head, and wondering what he could do, listlessly surveyed the scene. By the outer margin of the pit was an oval pond, and over it hung the attenuated skeleton of a chrome-yellow moon, which had only a few days to last—the morning star dogging her on the right hand. The pool glittered like a dead man's eye, and as the world awoke a breeze blew, shaking and elongating the reflection of the moon without breaking it, and turning the image of the star to a phosphoric streak upon the water. All this Oak saw and remembered.

As far as could be learnt it appeared that the poor young dog, still under the impression that since he was kept for running after sheep, the more he ran after them the better, had at the end of his meal off the dead lamb, which may

have given him additional energy and spirits, collected all the ewes into a corner, driven the timid creatures through the hedge, across the upper field, and by main force of worrying had given them momentum enough to break down a portion of the rotten railing, and so hurled them over the edge.

George's son had done his work so thoroughly that he was considered too good a workman to live, and was, in fact, taken and tragically shot at twelve o'clock that same day—another instance of the untoward fate which so often attends dogs and other philosophers who follow out a train of reasoning to its logical conclusion, and attempt perfectly consistent conduct in a world made up so largely of compromise.

Gabriel's farm had been stocked by a dealer—on the strength of Oak's promising look and character—who was receiving a per-centage from the farmer till such time as the advance should be cleared off. Oak found that the value of stock, plant, and implements which were really his own would be about sufficient to pay his debts, leaving himself a free man with the clothes he stood up in, and nothing more.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

WHEN he was a very little boy, Edwin Landseer used to ask his mother to set him a copy to draw from, and then—so his sisters have told me—complain that she always drew one of two things, either a shoe or a currant pudding, of both of which he was quite tired. No wonder that this was insufficient food for the eager young spirit for whose genius in after life two kingdoms were not too wide a range. The boy, when he was a little older, and when his bent seemed more clearly determined, went to his father and asked him for teaching. The father was a wise man and told his son that he could not himself teach him to be a painter, that Nature was the only school, Observation the true and only teacher. He told little Edwin to use his own powers; to think about all the things he saw; to copy everything; and then he turned the boy out with his brothers—they were all three much of an age—to draw the world as it then existed upon Hampstead Heath.

There seem to have been then, as now, little donkeys upon the common, old horses grazing the turf and gorse, and chickens and children at play, though I fear that now, alas ! no little curly-headed boy is there storing up treasures for the use of a whole generation to come.

Day after day the children used to spend upon the Heath in the fresh air, at their sports and their flights, but learning meanwhile their early lesson. Their elder sister used to go with them, a young mentor to keep these frolicsome spirits within bounds. One can imagine the little party, buoyant, active, in the full delightful spring of early youth. Perhaps youth is a special attribute belonging to artistic natures, to those whom the gods have favoured, and the old fanciful mythology is not all a fable. . . . Some boys are never young. When I last saw Sir Edwin Landseer, something of this indescribable youthful brightness still seemed to be with him, although the cloud which dimmed his later years had already partially fallen. But the cruel cloud is more than half a century distant at the time of which I am writing, and, thanks be to Heaven, the whole flood of life, and work, and achievement lies between.

Little Edwin painted a picture in these very early days, which was afterwards sold. It was called the "Mischief-makers:" a mischievous boy had tied a log of wood to the tail of a mischievous donkey. The little donkey's head in the South Kensington Museum may have been drawn upon Hampstead Heath—a careful black-lead donkey, that cropped the turf and looked up one day, some sixty years ago, with a puzzled face. Perhaps it was wondering at the size of the artist standing opposite, with his little sympathetic hand at work. The drawing is marked "E. Landseer, five years old." This little donkey, of the line of Balaam's ass, had already found out the secret and knew how to speak in his own language to the youthful prophet. Our little prophet needs no warning on his journey; he is not about to barter his sacred gift, and from Hampstead Heath, and from many a wider moor, he will honestly give his blessing to the tribes as they come up. The tribe of the poor; the tribe of the hardworking rich; the tribe of Manchester; the tribe of Belgravia. Which is there among them that has not been the better for it? There are other sketches in the frame at the Kensington Museum; a policeman pointed them out to me. "He knew Sir Edwin's pictures

well, and his sketches, too; why, he was only six year old when he draw that dog," said the policeman, kindly. The dog is a pointer curling its tail; there is the household cat, too, with broad face and feline eyes. There is a more elaborate sketch done at the age of fifteen, and probably representing the same pointer grown into an ancient model now, and promoted from black-lead to water-colour. The young painter himself must have been near starting in life by this time: born with his 'fairy gift, the time was come to reveal it.

Little Edwin was eight years old when he first engraved a plate of etchings; asses' heads, sheep, donkeys were all there, and then came a second plate for lions and tigers. He was always drawing animals. When he was thirteen he exhibited the portrait of a pointer and puppy, and also the portrait of Mr. Simpson's mule, "by Master E. Landseer," as mentioned in the catalogue. In this year his father took him to Haydon the painter, for there is a notice in Haydon's "Diary":—

"In 1815 Mr. Landseer, the engraver, had brought me his sons, and said: 'When do you intend to let your beard grow and take pupils?' I said, 'If my instructions are useful or valuable, now.' 'Will you let my boys come?' I said, 'Certainly.' Charles and Thomas, it was immediately arranged, should come every Monday morning, when I was to give them work for the week. Edwin took my dissections of the lion, and I advised him to dissect animals as the only mode of acquiring a knowledge of their construction.

"This very incident generated in me the desire to form a school, and as the Landseers made rapid progress, I resolved to communicate my system to others."

In 1817 Landseer exhibited a picture of "Brutus," the family friend. After "Brutus" comes a picture called "Fighting Dogs getting Wind," which was his first real success. It was, I believe, bought by that friendly umpire of art, Sir George Beaumont. In 1818 Wilkie writes approvingly to Haydon, saying: "Geddes has a good head, Etty a clever piece, and young Landseer's jackasses are also good." Most of these facts I have read in a helpful little biography in the South Kensington Museum, which contains a list of Sir Edwin's early works. The list is a marvel of length and industry. There are many etchings mentioned, and among

them "Recollections of Sir Walter and Lady Scott." When Sir Edwin gave up etching, it was Thomas Landseer who engraved his pictures. And here I cannot help adding that, looking over the etchings of that early time, and of later date, my admiration has not been alone for Sir Edwin, but for his brother's work as well.

Haydon's advice about depicting lions seems to have stood the young student in good stead. There is mention made of roaring and prowling lions, of a lion disturbed at his meal, on a canvas six feet by eight. Haydon, as we know, was for extremes of canvas and other things. I heard a philosopher describe him only yesterday as "a strange medley of genius and vanity, of high intension and money operations—a man who did good work in his time, and who died for jealousy of Tom Thumb." Leslie, in his autobiography, has his appreciative word for Haydon: "I was captivated with Haydon's art," he writes, "which was then certainly at its best, and tried, but with no success, to imitate the richness of his colour and impasto . . . At a much later period I was struck with his resemblance to Charles Lamb's 'Ralph Bigod, Esq.,' that noble type of the great race of men—'the men who borrow.' I even thought, before Lamb declared Fenwick to be the prototype of Bigod, that Haydon was the man, and I am not sure that Lamb did not think of him as well as of Fenwick. All the traits were Haydon's. Bigod had an *undeniable* way with him. He had a cheerful, open exterior, a quick, jovial eye, a bald forehead, just touched with grey *cana fides*. He anticipated no excuse, and found none. When I think of this man—his fiery glow of heart, his swell of feeling—how magnificent, how *ideal* he was, how great at the midnight hour, and when I compare him with the companions with whom I have associated since, I grudge the savings of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of *lenders* and *little* men."

There is a sketch in Mr. Symonds's book about Greek poets which also recalls Haydon, and gives us a classical image of him in brazen sandals and purple draperies.

In 1822 Landseer received a premium from the British Institution for a picture called "The Larder Invaded." In 1824 he paints the celebrated "Catspaw: the monkey's device for eating hot chestnuts." It was sold for 100*l.*, and would

fetch near 3,000*l.* now. Then he is made A.R.A.; and in 1826 the scene changes from lions' dens and monkeys' pranks to the well-loved moors and lakes—to the misty, fresh, silent life of the mountain that he has brought into all our homes.

Some of his earliest paintings are illustrations out of Walter Scott's romances. He loved Scott from the beginning to the very end of his life, and kept some of his books and some of Shakespeare's plays by his bedside, to read when he could not sleep. One of his very first oil pictures, however, was not out of a book: it was the portrait of his sister as a little baby girl, toddling about in a big bonnet.

There is a pretty little paragraph in Leslie's autobiography, about Landseer after he became a student at the Royal Academy. "Edwin Landseer," he says, "who entered the Academy very early, was a pretty little curly-headed boy, and he attracted Fuseli's attention by his talents and gentle manners. Fuseli would look round for him and say, 'Where is my little *dog-boy*.'"

The few words tell their story, and at the same time reveal the kind heart of the writer, who all his life seems to have admired and loved his younger companion, of whom there is frequent mention in his books. "Art may be learnt, but can't be taught," says Leslie, as the elder Landseer had said. "Under Fuseli's wise neglect Wilkie, Mulready, Etty, Landseer, and Haydon distinguished themselves, and were the better for not being made all alike by teaching, if indeed that could have been done."

Fuseli's system seems to have been to come in with a book in his hand and sit reading nearly the whole time he remained with the students; and here, I cannot help saying that, notwithstanding his gentle vindication, Leslie himself followed a very different method. It is true that when he taught young painters he used to say very little, but "he would take the brushes and the pallet himself and show them a great deal," says his son George.

It is now about fifty years since the little *dog-boy* (who was only some nineteen years old) set up in life for himself, hired a tiny little cottage with a studio in St. John's Wood. The district even now is silent and unenclosed in many places. In those days it must have been almost a country place. A garden paling divided the painter and his young household from friendly neighbours; and Mrs. Mackenzie, his sister and housekeeper in

those youthful days, has told us of pleasant early times and neighbourly meetings before the great eddying wave of life and popularity had reached the quiet place; while the young man works and toils at his art, and faces the early difficulties and anxieties that oppress him, and that even his fairy gift cannot altogether avert.

In one of the notices upon his pictures it is said that as a boy and a youth he haunted shows of wild beasts with his sketch-book, and the matches of rat-killing by terriers. Cannot one picture the scene, the cruel sport; the crowd looking on, stupid or vulgarly excited, and there, among coarse and heavy glances and dull scowling looks, shines the bright young face, not seeing the things that the dull eyes are watching, but discerning the something beyond—the world within the world—that life within common life that genius makes clear to us?

What are the old legends worth if this is not what they mean? Our Sir Orpheus plays, and men and animals are brought into his charmed circle. Qualities delicate, indescribable, sympathies between nature and human nature are revealed.

There is a description in Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Transformation* of Donatello and the animals. The young count calls in the forest, filling the air with a modulated breath; the poet describes the broad dialect—broad as the sympathies of nature—in which the human brother speaks to the inarticulate brotherhood that prowl the woods or soar upon the wing; intelligible to such extent as to win their confidence; and then comes the description of their answer:—

“Donatello paused two or three times and seemed to listen; then, recommending, he poured his spirit and life more earnestly into the strain; and, finally—or else the sculptor's hope and imagination deceived him—soft treads were audible upon the fallen leaves. There was a rustling among the shrubbery, a whirr of wings, moreover, that hovered in the air. It may have been all an illusion; but Kenyon fancied that he could distinguish the stealthy, cat-like movement of some small forest citizen; that he could even see a doubtful shadow if not really its substance. But all at once, whatever might be the reason, there ensued a hurried rush and scamper of little feet.”

Some such art as Donatello's must have belonged to our Sir Edwin.

There is a world to which some favoured spirits belong by natural right; others, more distant from its simple inspiration, want the interpreter who is to tell them the meaning of those sudden brown lights and wistful glances; those pricking ears and tails a-quiver; those black confiding noses, humorous and simple, snuffing and sniffing the heathery breezes. It is he who has summoned those little feet for us, coming, as in Donatello's charm, suddenly scampering down the mountain pass; we seem to hear the gentle flurry; or again, we are on the mountain itself; the figures lie motionless wrapped in their plaids, the stag is unconscious and quietly grazing, in branching dignity; it is the little doe, watchful, with sweet, up-pricked head who is turning to give the alarm; or again it may be a tranquil mist through which the light forms are passing; or a stag wounded and trailing across the sunset waters to die.

Who does not know the picture called “Suspense”: the noble hound watching at his master's closed door? The painter has painted a whole heart, tender reproach, silence, steady trust, anxious patience. The theme is utterly pathetic, and tells its story straight to the bystander; the door is closed fast and will never open; the frayed feather from the master's plume has fallen to the ground. He must have been carried by, for there is a drop of blood upon the feather and another on the floor beyond, and the helpless tender friend has been shut out. I can hardly imagine any picture more tranquil, more pathetic. Who that has ever been shut out, but will understand the pang?

And then, again, what home-like glimpses do we owe to Landseer—he has painted warmth, content, and fidelity. Look at that fireside party; the tender contentment of the colley, whose faithful nose is guarding the old shepherd's slippers; or the highland breakfast scene, with its gentle, almost maternal, humours; the baby, the proud mother, the little fat puppies that are a pleasure to behold. In the well-known painting of the “Shepherd's Last Mourner,” the pathos consists as much in that which is not as in that which is there. The dog with silent care rests his head upon the lonely coffin. He does not understand very much about it all: life he can understand, not death. His feeling is more touching in its incompleteness than if he could grasp any thing beyond the present

strange wistful moment. Is there aspiration in such a picture? There is natural religion most certainly, as there must be in all true nature. No saint depicted in agony, no painted miracle, could give a more vivid realization of simple natural feeling, of the mysterious love and fidelity which is in life, and which the very dog can understand, as he silently watches by his old master's coffin.

As I write a friend is saying that some people complain, and not without justice, that Landseer, in some instances, makes his animals almost too human. The picture of Uncle Tom and his wife in chains has been instanced. In the "Triumph of Comus" the blending of animal and human nature is almost painful to look at, and it is a relief to turn from its nightmare-like vividness to those peaceful cliffs hanging on the wall beyond, where the fresh daylight comes over the crisp waters, where the children are at play and the sheep grazing at the cannon mouth.

One can recognize in some of the earlier paintings of Sir Edwin the impression of the mental companionship of those who influenced the school of art at the beginning of this century. Regarding this, the school of Wilkie, of Mulready, I can only turn once more to Leslie's temperate criticisms. "Every great painter," he says, "carries us into a world of his own, where, if we give ourselves up to his guidance, we shall find much enjoyment, but if we cavil at every step, we may be sure there is a greater fault in ourselves than any we can discover in him."

We do not lower our individuality because we submit for a time and learn to see life from different points of view. I have often heard my father say that every beginner who has any thing in him imitates somebody else at first, and a true and original worker does not lose but gains by merging himself for a time into the spirit of others.

The school which preceded Edwin Landseer was a placid and practical school, looking for harmonies rather than for contrasts, somewhat wanting in emotion and vividness of feeling. The meteor-like Turner blazed across the path of these quiet students without inspiring them with his own dazzling and breathless grasp of time and light. Leslie, writing of art, looks back wistfully to the times of Stothart, Fuseli, of Wilkie, Lawrence, Etty, and Constable; but, with all their harmony of colour and merits of

natural expression, they do not strike the human chords that Sir Edwin has struck in his highest moments of inspiration. This much one cannot deny that his pictures are unequal, sometimes over-crowded, sometimes wanting in tone and colour; there are subjects too which seem scarce worthy of his consummate pencil. His very popularity is a hard test, and the constant reproduction of his pictures on every wall must needs blunt their fresh interest. But this is hypercriticism. How many blank front parlours, how many long dull passages and tiresome half hours of life has he changed and brightened. Remembering some of these half hours, one could almost wish that none but pleasant associations might belong to those familiar apparitions of playful paws, and trustful noses. A pretty little page returning from the chase was the playfellow of our own early life; the sun fell on his innocent head as he hung on the wall of our high-perched Paris home. Here, by a foggier fireside, the children grow up companionably with the dear big dog that is saving the little child from the sea. It was the beneficent painter himself who sent this big dog to live with us with a friendly cypher in a corner of the frame.

A friend has told us the story of another dog bestowed by the same kind hand: "About ten years ago Sir Edwin wished me to keep a dog, thinking that when I came home I should not be so lonely; he also said that he would look for one for me himself. I told him that my business occupations would not allow me to give a dog proper attention, and although Sir Edwin mentioned the subject more than once I still refused. About a month afterwards he came to dine with me one day, and when he arrived he brought a beautifully finished picture of a dog, saying, 'Here H., I have brought you a parlour boarder, I hope you won't turn him out of doors.'"

A writer in the *Daily News*, in a charmingly written notice, describes Sir Edwin's manner of working:—

"His method of composition was remarkably like Scott's, except in the point of the early rising of the latter. Landseer went late to bed and rose very late—coming down to breakfast at noon; but he had been composing perhaps for hours. Scott declared that the most fertile moments for resources, in invention especially, were those between sleeping and waking, or rather before opening the eyes from sleep, while the brain was wide

awake. This, much prolonged, was Landseer's time for composing his pictures. His conception once complete, nothing could exceed the rapidity of his execution. In his best days, before his sense of failing eyesight and the rivalry of rising pre-Raphaelite art aggravated his painful fastidiousness, his rapidity was quite as marvellous as Scott's. The speed was owing to decision, and his decision was owing to the thorough elaboration of his subject in his mind before he committed it to the management of his masterly hand." The stories are numberless of the rapidity with which he executed his work. There are two little King Charles' in the South Kensington Museum, wonders of completeness and masterly painting, whose skins are silk, whose eyes gleam with light. They were said to have been painted in two days. I have read somewhere also the melancholy fact in addition that both the poor little creatures died by violent deaths.

The *Daily News* quotes a rabbit picture exhibited in the British Gallery under which Sir Edwin wrote, "Painted in three quarters of an hour."

The first time I was ever in Sir Edwin's studio was about twelve years ago, when we drove there one summer's day with my father to see a picture of the "Highland Flood" just then completed. We came away talking of the picture, touched by the charm and the kindness of the master of the house, laden with the violets from the garden, which he had given us. Another time the master was no longer there, but his house still opened hospitably with a kind greeting for old days' sake from those who had belonged to him and who had known my father. We were let in at the side gate. There stood the great white house that we remembered; we crossed the garden, where the dead leaves were still heaped, and some mist was hanging among the bare branches of the trees, and so by an entrance lined with pictures into the great studio once more, where all the memories and pictures were crowding, hanging to the walls, piled against the easels. We seemed to be walking into the shrine of a long life, and one almost felt ashamed, and as if one were surprising its secrets. All about the walls and on the ceiling were time stains spreading in a dim veil; he used to say that he hated whitewash, and that he would never allow any workman but himself about the place. It seemed to me at first as if the cloud of his later days still hung about the room,

where he had suffered so many cruel hours; but, looking again, there were his many bright and sweet fancies meeting us on every side, and the gloom suddenly dispelled. Everywhere are beautiful and charming things, that strike one as one looks. Perhaps it is a tender little calf's head tied by its nose, perhaps a flock of sheep against a soft grey sky. There are old companions over the chimney, Sir Roderick and David Roberts looking out of a gloom of paint; there is a lion roaring among the rocks that seems to fill the room with its din.

As we look round we see more pictures and sketches of every description. There is a little princess, in green velvet, feeding a great Newfoundland dog; there is the picture of the young man dying in some calm distant place, with a little quivering living dog upon his knee looking up into his face; near to this stands a lovely little sketch about which Miss Landseer told us a little story. One day the painter was at work when they came hurriedly to tell him that the Queen was riding up to his garden-gate, and wished him to come out to her. He was to see her mounted upon her horse for a picture he was to paint. It seemed to me like some fanciful little story out of a fairy tale, or some old-world legend. The young painter at his art; the young queen cantering up, followed by her court, and passing on, and the sketch remaining to tell the story. He has painted in the old archway at Windsor Castle; the light and queenly figure is drifting from beneath it, other people are following, the sun is shining. Many of these sketches are hasty, but there is not one that does not bear traces of the master's hand.

We all know Sir Joshua's often-quoted answer to Lord Holland, when he asked him how long he had been painting his picture.

"All my life," is written in many a picture, as it is written indeed in many a face. Take the likeness of Gibson, with his keen downcast head, simple, manly, and refined. Is not his whole life written there? With the *thrill* of this noble portrait rises a vision within a vision of another studio miles and years away. The click of the workman's hammer comes echoing through Roman sunshine—the marble dust is lying in a heap at our feet—there stands the sculptor in his working dress, pointing to the band of colour in the Venus' waving hair.

There is another portrait in the room, to which the painter has given all his best

and noblest work. He has opened his magic box — Pandora's was nothing to it — and there stands a lady with her child in her arms, endowed with a gentle might of grace, of womanly instinct and beauty. The baby's little foot is caught in the lacework of the shawl; the mother's face is turned aside. It is a charming group, refined, full of sentiment. But for all women Edwin Landseer had this courteous feeling of manly deference. There is a Highland mother sitting with a little Highland baby in her arms among limpid grays and browns; there is a lovely marchioness with a dear little chubby innocent-eyed baby upon her knee. It is all the same feeling, the same grace and tenderness of expression.

Ruskin describes somewhere the attitude of mind in which a true artist should set to work. Shamart concocts its effect bit by bit; it puts in a light here, a shade there; piles on beauties, rubs in sentiment. The true painter will receive the impression straight from the subject, and then, keeping to that precious impression, works upon it with all his skill and power of attention. Anybody can understand the difference. Even great artists like Landseer sometimes paint pictures out of tune with their own natures, where the painter's skill is evident, and his industry, but his heart is not.

But here is his heart in many a delightful sketch and completed work: — in the "lovable dogs' heads" that my companion liked so much, with eyes flashing and melting from the canvas; in the pointer's creeping along the ground; in the sportsmanlike eagerness and stir of the "otter-hunt;" in the tender uplifted paw of the little dog talking to Godiva's horse; in many a sketch and completed picture.

When Landseer first became intimate with Mr. Jacob Bell, he was not a rich man, nor had he ever been able to save any money, but under this excellent and experienced good advice and management the painter's affairs became more flourishing. When Mr. Bell died, his partner devoted himself, as he had done, to Sir Edwin's interests. The little old cottage had been added to and enlarged meanwhile, the great studio was built, the park was enclosed, the pictures and prints multiplied and spread, the painter's popularity grew.

One wonderful — never to be forgotten — night my father took us to see some great ladies in their dresses going to the Queen's fancy ball. We drove to —

House (it is all very vague and dazzlingly indistinct in my mind). We were shown into a great empty room, and almost immediately some doors were flung open, there came a blaze of light, a burst of laughing voices, and from a many-twinkling dinner-table rose a company that seemed, to our unaccustomed eyes, as if all the pictures in Hampton Court had come to life. The chairs scraped back, the ladies and gentlemen advanced together over the shining floors. I can remember their high heels clicking on the floor: they were in the dress of the court of King Charles II.; the ladies beautiful, dignified, and excited. There was one, lovely and animated, in yellow; I remember her pearls shining. Another seemed to us even more beautiful, as she crossed the room all dressed in black — but she, I think, was not going to the ball; and then somebody began to say, "Sir Edwin has promised to rouge them," and then everybody to call out for him, and there was also an outcry about his moustaches that '*really* must be shaved off,' for they were not in keeping with his dress. Then, as in a dream, we went off to some other great house, Bath House perhaps, where one lady, more magnificently dressed than all the others, was sitting in a wax-lighted dressing-room, in a sumptuous sort of conscious splendour, and just behind her chair stood a smiling gentleman, also in court dress, whom my father knew, and he held up something in one hand and laughed, and said he must go back to the house from whence we came, and the lady thanked him and called him Sir Edwin. We could not understand who this Sir Edwin was, who seemed to be wherever we went. Nor why he should put on the rouge. Then the majestic lady showed us her beautiful jewelled shoe, and one person, who it was I cannot remember, suddenly fell on her knees exclaiming, "Oh, let me kiss it." Then a fairy thundering chariot carried off this splendid lady, and the nosegays of the hanging footmen seemed to scent the air as the equipage drove off under the covered way. Perhaps all this is only a dream, but I think it is true: for there was again a third house where we found more pictures alive, two beautiful young pictures and their mother, for whom a parcel was brought in post-haste containing a jewel all dropping with pearls. Events seem so vivid when people are nameless, are only faces not lives, when all life is an impression. That evening

was always the nearest approach to a live fairy tale that we ever lived, and that ball more brilliant than any we ever beheld.

No wonder Edwin Landseer liked the society of these good-natured and splendid people, and no wonder they liked his. To be a delightful companion is in itself no small gift. Edwin Landseer's company was a wonder of charming gaiety. I have heard my father speak of it with the pride he used to take in the gifts of others.

I see a note about nothing at all lying on the table, which a friend has sent among some others of sadder import; but it seems to give a picture of a day's work, written as it is with "the palette in the other hand," at the time of Sir Edwin's health of labour and popularity.

"I shall like to be scolded by you," he writes. "This eve I dine with Lord Hardinge, and have to go to Lord Londesborough's after the banquet, and then to come back here to R. A. Leslie, who has a family hop — which I am afraid will entirely fill up my time, otherwise I should have been delighted to say yes. Pray give me another opportunity.

"Written with my palette in the other hand, in honest hurry."

Perhaps Edwin Landseer was the first among modern painters who restored the old traditions of a certain sumptuous habit of living and association with great persons. The charm of manner of which kind Leslie spoke put him at ease in a world where charm of manner is not without its influence, and where his brilliant gifts and high-minded scrupulous spirit made him deservedly loved, trusted, and popular. To artistic natures especially, there is something almost irresistible in the attraction of beauty and calm leisure, refinement. They seem to say more perhaps than such things are really worth themselves — a lovely marchioness leaving her world of brilliant conversation and well-rubbed plate and beautifully dressed companions of high rank to devote herself to a little baby, or to tend some gentle home affection, is certainly a more attractive impersonation of domesticity than the worried and untidy materfamilias in the suburban villa who has been wearily and ignobly struggling with a maid-of-all-work, and whose way of loving and power of affection is so hurried and distracted by economies of every sort.

Lords and ladies have to thank the intellectual classes for many of the things

that make their homes delightful and complete: for the noble pictures on their walls, the books that speak to them, the arts that move them; and, perhaps, the intelligent classes might in their turn learn to adorn their own homes with something of the living art which belongs to many of these well-bred people, who sometimes win the best loved of the workers away from their companions and make them welcome. No wonder that men not otherwise absorbed by home ties are delighted and charmed by a sense of artistic fitness and tranquillity, which surely might be more widely spread, by a certain gentleness and deference that often strike one as wanting among many good, wise, and true-hearted people, who might with advantage improve their own manner and their wives' happiness by some admixture of chivalry in the round of their honest hard-working existence.

A friend has sent me the following pages, which describe Sir Edwin at this time, and I cannot do better than give them here as they have come to me.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men," was not applicable to Landseer. Though not one of its greatest men, he was a man of acknowledged genius, and was courted, admired, made much of, by all who knew him. 'Landseer will be with us,' was held out as an inducement to join many a social board, where his wit, gaiety, and peculiar powers of mimicry rendered him a delightful guest. But I am speaking of him as he appeared before the fine spirit was darkened by one of the heaviest of calamities!

"Landseer's perceptions of character were remarkably acute. Not only did he know what was passing in the hearts of dogs, but he could read pretty closely into those of men and women also. The love of truth was an instinct with him; his common phrase about those he estimated highly was that 'they had the true ring.' This was most applicable to himself; there was no alloy in *his* metal; he was true to himself and to others. This was proved in many passages of his life, when nearly submerged by those disappointments and troubles which are more especially felt by sensitive organizations such as that which it was his fortune — or misfortune — to possess. It was a pity that Landseer, who might have done so much for the good of animal-kind, never wrote on the subject of their treatment.

He had a strong feeling against the way some dogs are tied up, only allowed their freedom now and then. He used to say a man would fare better tied up than a dog, because the former can take his coat off, but a dog lives in his for ever. He declared a tied-up dog, without daily exercise, goes mad, or dies, in three years. His wonderful power over dogs is well known. An illustrious lady asked him how it was that he gained this knowledge. 'By peeping into their hearts, ma'am,' was his answer. I remember once being wonderfully struck with the mesmeric attraction he possessed with them. A large party of his friends were with him at his house in St. John's Wood; his servant opened the door: three or four dogs rushed in, one a very fierce-looking mastiff. We ladies recoiled, but there was no fear; the creature bounded up to Landseer, treated him like an old friend, with most expansive demonstrations of delight. Some one remarking 'how fond the dog seemed of him,' he said, 'I never saw it before in my life.'

"Would that horse-trainers could have learnt from him how horses could be broken in or trained more easily by kindness than by cruelty. Once when visiting him he came in from his meadow looking somewhat dishevelled and tired. 'What have you been doing?' we asked him. 'Only teaching some horses tricks for Astley's, and here is *my* whip,' he said, showing us a piece of sugar in his hand. He said that breaking-in horses meant more often breaking their hearts, and robbing them of all their spirit.

"Innumerable are the instances, if I had the space, I could give you of his kind and wise laws respecting the treatment of the animal world, and it is a pity they are not preserved for the large portion of the world who love, and wish to ameliorate, the condition of their 'poor relations.'

"There were few studios formerly more charming to visit than Landseer's. Besides the genial artist and his beautiful pictures, the habitués of his workshop (as he called it) belonged to the élite of London society, especially the men of wit and distinguished talents—none more often there than D'Orsay, with his good-humoured face, his ready wit, and delicate flattery. 'Landseer,' he would call out at his entrance, 'keep the dogs off me' (the painted ones), 'I want to come in, and some of them will bite me—and that fellow in de corner is growling furiously.' Another day he seriously asked

me for a pin, and when I presented it to him and wished to know why he wanted it, he replied, 'To take de thorn out of dat dog's foot; do you not see what pain he is in?' I never look at the picture now without this other picture rising before me. Then there was Mulready, still looking upon Landseer as the young student, and fearing that all this incense would spoil him for future work; and Fonblanque, who maintained from first to last that he was on the top rung of the ladder, and when at the exhibition of some of Landseer's later works, he heard it said, 'They were not equal to his former ones,' he exclaimed in his own happy manner, 'It is hard upon Landseer to flog him with his own laurels.'

"But, dear A—, I am exceeding the limits of a letter; you asked me to write some of my impressions about Landseer, and I am sure you and all his friends will forgive me for being verbose when recalling, not only the great gifts, but delightful qualities of our lost friend."

Here is one of his early letters to this lady:—

"February 2, 1856.

"Dear —, — I must not allow more time to vanish without thanking you for that old friendly note of yours, re-read some days ago. I fully expected to thank you personally on Wednesday last, only it was the wrong eve. I am sure that you will be pleased to hear that my brother Charles is so much better. The seaside has put him on his legs again. When are you to be at home? Remember me to Mr. Craufurd and his darling daughter.

"Believe me gratefully and sincerely yours."

"My worn-out old pencil will work with friendly gladness in an old friend's service," he writes to my father, who had asked him to draw a sketch for the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Some years after:—

"I quite forgot that I dined with a group of doctors (a committee) at two o'clock. R. A. business after dinner. This necessity prevents me kissing hands before your departure. Don't become too Italian; don't speak broken English to your old friends on your return to our village, where you will find no end of us charmed to have you back again; and amongst them, let me say, you will find old E. L. sincerely glad to see his unvarying K. P. once more by that old fire-side."

So he writes in '63 to the friend to whom I owe the notes already given here. There is the "true ring," as he himself says, in these faithful greetings continued through a lifetime. And now that the life is over, the friend still seems there, and his hand sketches faithfully from the little blue page.

He writes again September 2, 1864:—

"Do you think you could bring Mrs. Brookfield to my lion studio to-morrow between five and six o'clock? I have forgotten her address, or would not trouble you. Have you still got that cruel dagger in your sleeve? If you can also lasso my friend Brookfield I shall be grateful, and beg you to believe me your used up old friend,
E. L."

A little later I find a note written in better spirits. His work is done, and those great over-weighing sphinxes are no longer upon his mind. "The colossal clay," he says, "is now in Baron Marochetti's hands, casting in metal. When No. 2 is in a respectable condition remind me of Colonel Hamley's kind and highly flattering desire to see my efforts. We can, on the 3rd, discuss pictures, lions, and friends.

"Yours always, E. L."

What efforts his work had cost him, and what a price he paid for that which he achieved, may be gathered from a letter to another correspondent, which was written about this time:—

"Dear H." he says, "I am much surprised by your note. The plates, large vignettes, are all the same size. The sketches from which they were engraved for the deer stalking work being done in a sketch-book of a particular shape and size. Those of the O form all the same, as also the others. I have got quite trouble enough; ten or twelve pictures about which I am tortured, and a large national monument to complete. . . . If I am bothered about everything and anything, no matter what, I know my head will not stand it much longer."

"I cannot even leave off to read Gosling's letter," he says, writing to this same T. H. "If you will call at three you will find me." Then again, in another note, "Have the kindness to read the enclosed. Perhaps you could kindly call on the party." Then comes "the matter which you are kind enough to express willingness to look into;" it is one long record of good advice rendered and gratitude

freely given. Elsewhere Landseer writes to this same correspondent. "I have just parted from your friend P. He strongly urged my going to 45, where I have been so kindly received of late. I told him you were an object for plunder in this world, and that I was ashamed of living on you as others do." This letter is written in a state of nervous irritation which is very painful; he wishes to make changes in his house; to build, to alter the arrangements; he does not know what to decide or where to go; the struggle of an over-wrought mind is beginning to tell. It is the penalty some men must pay for their gifts; but some generous souls may not think the price of a few weary years too great for a life of useful and ennobling work.

The letters grow sadder and more sad as time goes on. Miss Landseer has kindly sent me some, written to her between 1866 and 1869. The first is written from abroad:—

"I have made up my mind to return, to face the ocean! The weather is unfriendly—sharp wind and spiteful rain. There is no denying the fact, since my arrival and during my sojourn here I have been less well. The doctors keep on saying it is on the nerves; hereafter they may be found to be in error. Kind Lady E. Peel keeps on writing for me to go to Villa Lammermoor, and says she will undertake my recovery. I desire to get home. With this feeling, I am to leave this to-morrow, pass some hours in Paris (with W. B., in a helpless state of ignorance of the French language); take the rail to Calais at night, if it does not blow cats and dogs; take the vessel to Dover; hope to be home on the 6th before two o'clock. If C. L. had started to come here he might have enjoyed *unlimited* amusement and novelty. B. M. and I wrote to that effect; he leaving on Sunday night . . . would have found me and B. M. waiting his arrival to bring him here to dinner."

The next is a letter from Balmoral, dated June 1867:—

"The Queen kindly commands me to get well here. She has to-day been twice to my room to show additions recently added to her already rich collection of photographs. Why, I know not, but since I have been in the Highlands I have for the first time felt wretchedly weak, without appetite. The easterly winds, and now again the unceasing cold

rain, may possibly account for my condition, as I can't get out. Drawing tires me; however, I have done a little better to-day. The doctor residing in the castle has taken me in hand, and gives me leave to dine to-day with the Queen and the 'rest of the royal family.' . . . Flogging would be mild compared to my sufferings. No sleep, fearful cramp at night, accompanied by a feeling of faintness and distressful feebleness. . . . All this means that I shall not be home on the 7th."

He seems to have returned to Scotland a second time this year, and writes from Lochlinhart, Dingwall:—

"I made out my journey without pausing, starting on the eve of Thursday the 3rd, arriving here the evening of Friday (700 miles) the 4th. I confess to feeling jaded and tired. The whole of hills here present to the eye one endless mass of snow. It is really cold and winterly. Unless the weather recovers a more *generous* tone I shall not stay long, but at once return south to Chillingham. I was tempted yesterday to go out with Mr. Coleman to the low ground part of the forest, and killed my first shot, at deer. I am paying for my boldness to-day, Sunday. All my joints ache; the lumbago has reasserted its unkindness; a warm bath is in requisition, and I am a poor devil. Unless we have the comfort of genial sunshine, I shall not venture on getting out. . . . I am naturally desirous to hear from you, and to receive a report of the progress of goings on at my home. We have here Mr. C. M. and a third gentleman, just arrived. Mr. Coleman has returned to London on account of his mother's ill health. I have written to H., but in case he has not received my note, let him know my condition; say I shall be very glad to hear from him when he goes to Paris, and how long he remains in foreign parts. I hope you have found Mr. B. and the maids respectfully attentive.

"My dear Jessy, affectionately yours,
"E. LANDSEER."

The years seem to pass slowly as one reads these letters written in snow and rain and depression. Here is another, dated Stoke Park, July, 1868, which contains a few touching sentences:—

"Dear Jessy, — Strange enough, but I have only just found at the bottom of the bag your little package of letters. Many thanks for your pale green note, so far satisfactory. I believe it is best to

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yield to Mr. C.'s advice, and remain here another day or two. It is on the cards that I try my boldness by a run up to my home and back here the same day. It is quite a trial for me to be away from the meditation in the old studio — my works starving for my hand."

The last letter is written in 1869 from Chillingham Castle, where he seems to have been at home and in sympathy, although he writes so sadly:—

"Very mortifying are the disappointments I have to face; one day seeming to give hope of a decided turn in favour of natural feeling, the next knocked down again. If my present scheme comes off, I shall not be at home again for ten days. If on my return I find myself a victim to the old impulsive misery, I shall go on to Eastwall Park, as the Duchess of Abercorn writes she will take every care of me. Since I last wrote I have been on a visit to the Dowager Marchioness of Waterford, Ford Castle, a splendid old edifice, which C. L. would enjoy. Love to all."

I go on selecting at hazard from the letters before me:—

"Again accept my gratitude for your constant kindness," he writes to his faithful T. H. H. "The spell is broken in a mild form, but the work is too much for me. The long long walk in the dark, after the shot is fired, over rocks, bog, black moss, and through torrents, is more than enough for *twenty-five!*

"Poor C. has been very ill rewarded for his Highland enterprise. Fifteen hundred miles of peril on the rail; endless bad weather whilst he was here, without killing one deer; finally obliged to hurry off. . . . I have begged him not to think of undertaking another long journey on my account, even in the event of his being able to leave home. . . . It is like you to think of my request touching medicines for the poor here. . . . We have a dead calm after the wicked weather; not a dimple in the lake. I am not bold yet. Possibly reaction may take place in the quiet of the studio. I shall not start on great difficulties, but on child's play."

Here is another letter, written in the following spring:—

"March 11th, 1869.

"I know you like water better than oil; but, in spite of your love of paper-staining, I venture to beg your acceptance of

these oil studies, which you will receive as old friends from the Zoo.

"In some respects they will recall the interest you took in my labours for the Nelson lions, and I hope will always remind you of my admiration for your kindly nature, to say nothing of my endless obligations to your unceasing desire to aid a poor old man, nearly used up.

"Dear T. H. H., ever sincerely yours,
"E. LANDSEER."

Here is a letter which is very characteristic :—

"Saturday Eve, 5 June.

"Dear H.,—I am not quite content with myself touching the proposed suggestion of our taking advantage of an offer made by— for the two pictures. He has not put his desire to have the pictures in writing, has he? We must talk it over to-morrow if you come up at four o'clock, or sooner. . . . The enclosed letters are most friendly, as you will see. Read them and bring them up to-morrow. I am anything but well; botherations unfit me for healthy work. You must pat me on the back to-morrow; at the same time, if anything has turned up more attractive don't bind yourself to me.

"I should not dislike a drive or a walk to-morrow before dinner."

He writes once again :—

"I have a great horror of the *smell* of a trick or a money motive."

"My dear Hills,—My health (or rather condition) is a mystery quite beyond human intelligence. I sleep well seven hours and awake tired and jaded, and do not rally till after luncheon. J. L. came down yesterday and did her very best to cheer me. She left at nine. . . . I return to my own home, in spite of a kind invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone to meet Princess Louise at breakfast.

"I wonder if you are free to-morrow. I shall try and catch you for a little dinner with me, tho' I'm sure to find you better engaged.

"Dear H., ever thine,
"E. L."

Then comes the sad concluding scene—the long illness and the anxious watch. Was ever any one more tenderly nursed and cared for? Those who had loved him in his bright wealth of life now watched the long days one by one, telling away its treasure. He was very weak in body latterly, but sometimes he used to go into the garden and walk round the

paths, leaning on his sister's arm. One beautiful Spring morning he looked up and said, "I shall never see the green leaves again;" but he did see them, Mrs. Mackenzie said. He lived through another Spring. He used to lie in his studio, where he would have liked to die. To the very end he did not give up his work; but he used to go on, painting a little at a time, faithful to his task.

When he was almost at his worst—so some one told me—they gave him his easel and his canvas, and left him alone in the studio, in the hope that he might take up his work and forget his suffering. When they came back they found that he had painted the picture of a little lamb lying beside a lion. This and "The Font" were the last pictures ever painted by that faithful hand. "The Font" is an allegory of all creeds and all created things coming together into the light of truth. The Queen is the owner of "The Font." She wrote to her old friend and expressed her admiration for it, and asked to become the possessor. Her help and sympathy brightened the sadness of those last days for him. It is well known that he appealed to her once, when haunted by some painful apprehensions, and that her wise and judicious kindness came to the help of his nurses. She sent him back a message: bade him not be afraid, and to trust in those who were doing their best for him, and in whom she herself had every confidence.

Sir Edwin once told Mr. Browning that he had thought upon the subject, and come to the conclusion that the stag was the bravest of all animals. Other animals are born warriors, they fight in a dogged and determined sort of way; the stag is naturally timid, trembling, vibrating with every sound, flying from danger, from the approach of other creatures, halting to flight. When pursued its first impulse is to escape; but when turned to bay and flight is impossible it fronts its enemies nobly, closes its eyes not to see the horrible bloodshed, and with its branching horns steadily tosses dog after dog up one upon the other, until overpowered at last by numbers it sinks to its death.

It seems to me, as I think of it, not unlike a picture of his own sad end. Nervous, sensitive, high-minded, working on to the end, he was brought to bay and at last overpowered by that terrible mental rout and misery.

He wished to die in his studio—his dear studio for which he used to long

when he was away, and where he lay so long expecting the end, but it was in his own room that he slept away. His brother was with him. His old friend came into the room. He knew him, and pressed his hand. . . .

As time goes on the men are born, one by one, who seem to bring to us the answers to the secrets of life, each in his place and revealing in his turn according to his gift. Such men belong to nature's true priesthood, and among their names, not forgotten, will be that of Edwin Landseer.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

PREFATORY NOTE.

(BY THE AUTHOR'S SON.)

"The Parisians" and "Kenelm Chillingly" were begun about the same time, and had their common origin in the same central idea. That idea first found fantastic expression in "The Coming Race;" and the three books, taken together, constitute a special group distinctly apart from all the other works of their author.

The satire of his earlier novels is a protest against false social respectabilities; the humour of his later ones is a protest against the disrespect of social realities. By the first he sought to promote social sincerity, and the free play of personal character; by the last, to encourage mutual charity and sympathy amongst all classes on whose inter-relation depends the character of society itself. But in these three books, his latest fictions, the moral purpose is more definite and exclusive. Each of them is an expostulation against what seemed to him the perilous popularity of certain social and political theories, or a warning against the influence of certain intellectual tendencies upon individual character and national life. This purpose, however, though common to the three fictions, is worked out in each of them by a different method. "The Coming Race" is a work of pure fancy, and the satire of it is vague and sportive. The outlines of a definite purpose are more distinctly drawn in "Chillingly"—a romance which has the source of its effect in a highly-wrought imagination. The humour and pathos of "Chillingly" are of a kind incompatible with the design of "The Parisians," which is a work of dramatized observation. "Chillingly" is a Romance, "The Parisians" is a Novel. The subject of "Chillingly" is psychological; that of "The Parisians" is social. The author's object in "Chillingly" being to illustrate the effect of "modern ideas" upon an individual character, he has confined his narrative to the

biography of that one character. Hence the simplicity of plot and small number of *dramatis personæ*; whereby the work gains in height and depth what it loses in breadth of surface. "The Parisians," on the contrary, is designed to illustrate the effect of "modern ideas" upon a whole community. This novel is therefore panoramic in the profusion and variety of figures presented by it to the reader's imagination. No exclusive prominence is vouchsafed to any of these figures. All of them are drawn and coloured with an equal care, but by means of the bold broad touches necessary for their effective presentation on a canvas so large and so crowded. Such figures are, indeed, but the component features of one great Form, and their actions only so many modes of one collective impersonal character—that of the Parisian Society of Imperial and Democratic France;—a character everywhere present and busy throughout the story, of which it is the real hero or heroine. This society was doubtless selected for characteristic illustration as being the most advanced in the progress of "modern ideas." Thus, for a complete perception of its writer's fundamental purpose, "The Parisians" should be read in connection with "Chillingly," and these two books in connection with "The Coming Race." It will then be perceived that, through the medium of alternate fancy, sentiment, and observation, assisted by humour and passion, these three books (in all other respects so different from each other) complete the presentation of the same purpose under different aspects; and thereby constitute a group of fictions which claims a separate place of its own in any thoughtful classification of their author's works.

One last word to those who will miss from these pages the connecting and completing touches of the master's hand.* It may be hoped that such a disadvantage, though irreparable, is somewhat mitigated by the essential character of the work itself. The æsthetic merit of this kind of novel is in the vivacity of a general effect produced by large swift strokes of character; and in such strokes, if they be by a great artist, force and freedom of style must still be apparent, even when they are left rough and unfinished. Nor can any lack of final verbal correction much diminish the intellectual value which many of the more thoughtful passages of the present work derive from a long, keen, and practical study of political phenomena, guided by personal experience of public life, and enlightened by a large, instinctive knowledge of the human heart.

Such a belief is, at least, encouraged by the private communications spontaneously made, to him who expresses it, by persons of political experience and social position in France; who have acknowledged the general accuracy of the author's descriptions, and noticed the suggestive sagacity and penetration of his occasional

* See also Note by the Author's Son, p. 373.

comments on the circumstances and sentiments he describes.

It only remains to discharge a debt of gratitude to Messrs. Blackwood by thus publicly acknowledging the careful and scrupulous attention they have given to the printing of this book, and the efforts made by them, under exceptionally difficult conditions, to present to their readers in the best possible form, this, the last of that long list of well-known fictions, which throughout every region of Europe and America have now for so many years associated their name with that of its author. L.

CHAPTER V.

THE time now came when all provision of food or of fuel failed the modest household of Isaura; and there was not only herself and the Venosta to feed and warm — there were the servants whom they had brought from Italy, and had not the heart now to dismiss to the certainty of famine. True, one of the three, the man, had returned to his native land before the commencement of the siege; but the two women had remained. They supported themselves now as they could on the meagre rations accorded by the Government. Still Isaura attended the ambulance to which she was attached. From the ladies associated with her she could readily have obtained ample supplies; but they had no conception of her real state of destitution; and there was a false pride generally prevalent among the respectable classes, which Isaura shared, that concealed distress lest alms should be proffered.

The destitution of the household had been carefully concealed from the parents of Gustave Rameau until, one day, Madame Rameau, entering at the hour at which she generally, and her husband sometimes, came for a place by the fire-side and a seat at the board, found on the one only ashes, on the other a ration of the black nauseous compound which had become the substitute for bread.

Isaura was absent on her duties at the ambulance hospital, — purposely absent, for she shrank from the bitter task of making clear to the friends of her betrothed the impossibility of continuing the aid to their support which their son had neglected to contribute; and still more from the comment which she knew they would make on his conduct, in absenting himself so wholly of late, and in the time of such trial and pressure, both from them and from herself. Truly, she rejoiced at that absence so far as it affected herself. Every hour of the day she silently asked her conscience

whether she were not now absolved from a promise won from her only by an assurance that she had power to influence for good the life that now voluntarily separated itself from her own. As she had never loved Gustave, so she felt no resentment at the indifference his conduct manifested. On the contrary, she hailed it as a sign that the annulment of their betrothal would be as welcome to him as to herself. And if so, she could restore to him the sort of compassionate friendship she had learned to cherish in the hour of his illness and repentance. She had resolved to seize the first opportunity he afforded to her of speaking to him with frank and truthful plainness. But, meanwhile, her gentle nature recoiled from the confession of her resolve to appeal to Gustave himself for the rupture of their engagement.

Thus the Venosta alone received Madame Rameau; and while that lady was still gazing round her with an emotion too deep for immediate utterance, her husband entered with an expression of face new to him — the look of a man who has been stung to anger, and who has braced his mind to some stern determination. This altered countenance of the good-tempered *bourgeois* was not, however, noticed by the two women. The Venosta did not even raise her eyes to it, as with humbled accents she said, "Pardon, dear Monsieur, pardon, Madame, our want of hospitality; it is not our hearts that fail. We kept our state from you as long as we could. Now it speaks for itself: *La fame è una bratta festin.*"

"Oh, Madame! and oh, my poor Isaura!" cried Madame Rameau, bursting into tears. "So we have been all this time a burden on you, — aided to bring such want on you! How can we ever be forgiven? And my son, — to leave us thus, — not even to tell us where to find him!"

"Do not degrade us, my wife," said M. Rameau, with unexpected dignity, "by a word to imply that we would stoop to sue for support to our ungrateful child. No, we will not starve! I am strong enough still to find food for you. I will apply for restoration to the National Guard. They have augmented the pay to married men; it is now nearly two francs and a half a-day to a *père de famille*, and on that pay we all can at least live. Courage, my wife! I will go at once for employment. Many men older than I am are at watch on the ramparts, and will march to the battle on the next sortie."

"It shall not be so," exclaimed Madame Rameau, vehemently, and winding her arm round her husband's neck. "I loved my son better than thee once — more the shame to me. Now, I would rather lose twenty such sons than peril thy life, my Jacques! Madame," she continued, turning to the Venosta, "thou wert wiser than I. Thou wert ever opposed to the union between thy young friend and my son. I felt sore with thee for it — a mother is so selfish when she puts herself in the place of her child. I thought that only through marriage with one so pure, so noble, so holy, Gustave could be saved from sin and evil. I am deceived. A man so heartless to his parents, so neglectful of his affianced, is not to be redeemed. I brought about this betrothal: tell Isaura that I release her from it. I have watched her closely since she was entrapped into it. I know how miserable the thought of it has made her, though, in her sublime devotion to her plighted word, she sought to conceal from me the real state of her heart. If the betrothal bring such sorrow, what would the union do! Tell her this from me. Come, Jacques, come away!"

"Stay, Madame!" exclaimed the Venosta, her excitable nature much affected by this honest outburst of feeling. "It is true that I did oppose, so far as I could, my poor *Piccola's* engagement with M. Gustave. But I dare not do your bidding. Isaura would not listen to me. And let us be just; M. Gustave may be able satisfactorily to explain his seeming indifference and neglect. His health is always very delicate; perhaps he may be again dangerously ill. He serves in the National Guard; perhaps," — she paused, but the mother conjectured the word left unsaid, and, clasping her hands, cried out in anguish, "Perhaps dead! — and we have wronged him! Oh, Jacques, Jacques! how shall we find out — how discover our boy? Who can tell us where to search? at the hospital — or in the cemeteries?" At the last word she dropped into a seat, and her whole frame shook with her sobs.

Jacques approached her tenderly, and kneeling by her side, said —

"No, *m'amie*, comfort thyself, if it be indeed comfort to learn that thy son is alive and well. For my part, I know not if I would not rather he had died in his innocent childhood. I have seen him — spoken to him. I know where he is to be found."

"You do, and concealed it from me? Oh, Jacques!"

"Listen to me, wife, and you too, Madame; for what I have to say should be made known to Mademoiselle Cicogna. Some time since, on the night of the famous sortie, when at my post on the ramparts, I was told that Gustave had joined himself to the most violent of the Red Republicans, and had uttered at the *Club de la Vengeance* sentiments, of which I will only say that I, his father and a Frenchman, hung my head with shame when they were repeated to me. I resolved to go to the club myself. I did. I heard him speak — heard him denounce Christianity as the instrument of tyrants."

"Ah!" cried the two women, with a simultaneous shudder.

"When the assembly broke up, I waylaid him at the door. I spoke to him seriously. I told him what anguish such announcement of blasphemous opinions would inflict on his pious mother. I told him I should deem it my duty to inform Mademoiselle Cicogna, and warn her against the union on which he had told us his heart was bent. He appeared sincerely moved by what I said; implored me to keep silence towards his mother and his betrothed; and promised, on that condition, to relinquish at once what he called 'his career as an orator,' and appear no more at such execrable clubs. On this understanding I held my tongue. Why, with such other causes of grief and suffering, should I tell thee, poor wife, of a sin that I hoped thy son had repented and would not repeat? And Gustave kept his word. He has never, so far as I know, attended, at least spoken, at the Red club since that evening."

"Thank heaven so far," murmured Madame Rameau.

"So far, yes; but hear more. A little time after I had thus met him he changed his lodging, and did not confide to us his new address, giving as a reason to us that he wished to avoid all clue to his discovery by that pertinacious Mademoiselle Julie."

Rameau had here sunk his voice into a whisper, intended only for his wife, but the ear of the Venosta was fine enough to catch the sound, and she repeated, "Mademoiselle Julie! Santa Maria! who is she?"

"Oh," said M. Rameau, with a shrug of his shoulders, and with a true Parisian *sang froid* as to such matters of morality, "a trifle not worth considering. Of

course a good-looking *garçon* like Gustave must have his little affairs of the heart before he settles for life. Unluckily, amongst those of Gustave was one with a violent-tempered girl who persecuted him when he left her, and he naturally wished to avoid all chance of a silly scandal, if only out of respect to the dignity of his *fiancée*. But I found that was not the true motive, or at least the only one, for concealment. Prepare yourself, my poor wife. Thou hast heard of these terrible journals which the *déchéance* has let loose upon us. Our unhappy boy is the principal writer of one of the worst of these, under the name of 'Diderot le Jeune.'

"What!" cried the Venosta. "That monster! The good Abbé Vertpré was telling us of the writings with that name attached to them. The Abbé himself is denounced by name as one of those meddling priests who are to be constrained to serve as soldiers, or pointed out to the vengeance of the *canaille*. Isaura's *fiancée* a blasphemer!"

"Hush, hush!" said Madame Rameau rising, very pale but self-collected. "How do you know this, Jacques?"

"From the lips of Gustave himself. I heard first of it yesterday from one of the young reprobates with whom he used to be familiar, and who even complimented me on the rising fame of my son, and praised the eloquence of his article that day. But I would not believe him. I bought the journal—here it is; I saw the name and address of the printer—went this morning to the office—was there told that 'Diderot le Jeune' was within revising the press—stationed myself by the street door, and when Gustave came out I seized his arm and asked him to say Yes or No if he was the author of this infamous article,—this, which I now hold in my hand. He owned the authorship with pride; talked wildly of the great man he was—of the great things he was to do; said that, in hitherto concealing his true name, he had done all he could to defer to the bigoted prejudices of his parents and his *fiancée*; and that if genius, like fire, would find its way out, he could not help it; that a time was rapidly coming when his opinions would be uppermost; that since October the Communists were gaining ascendancy, and only waited the end of the siege to put down the present Government, and with it all hypocrisies and shams, religious or social. My wife, he was rude to me, insulting; but he had been drinking

—that made him incautious: and he continued to walk by my side towards his own lodging, on reaching which he ironically invited me to enter, saying, 'I should meet there men who would soon argue me out of my obsolete notions.' You may go to him, wife, now, if you please. I will not, nor will I take from him a crust of bread. I came hither, determined to tell the young lady all this, if I found her at home. I should be a dishonoured man if I suffered her to be cheated into misery. There, Madame Venosta, there! Take that journal, show it to Mademoiselle, and report to her all I have said."

M. Rameau, habitually the mildest of men, had, in talking, worked himself up into positive fury.

His wife, calmer but more deeply affected, made a piteous sign to the Venosta not to say more; and without other salutation or adieu took her husband's arm, and led him from the house.

CHAPTER VI.

OBTAINING from her husband Gustave's address, Madame Rameau hastened to her son's apartment alone through the darkling streets. The house in which he lodged was in a different quarter from that in which Isaura had visited him. Then, the street selected was still in the centre of the *beau monde*—now, it was within the precincts of that section of the many-faced capital in which the *beau monde* was held in detestation or scorn; still the house had certain pretensions, boasting a courtyard and a porter's lodge. Madame Rameau, instructed to mount *au second*, found the door ajar, and, entering, perceived on the table of the little *salon* the remains of a feast which, however untempting it might have been in happier times, contrasted strongly the meagre fare of which Gustave's parents had deemed themselves fortunate to partake at the board of his betrothed;—remnants of those viands which offered to the inquisitive epicure an experiment in food much too costly for the popular stomach—dainty morsels of elephant, hippopotamus, and wolf, interspersed with half-emptied bottles of varied and high-priced wines. Passing these evidences of unseasonable extravagance with a mute sentiment of anger and disgust, Madame Rameau penetrated into a small cabinet, the door of which was also ajar, and saw her son stretched on his bed half dressed, breathing heavily in the sleep which follows intoxication. She did not attempt

to disturb him. She placed herself quietly by his side, gazing mournfully on the face which she had once so proudly contemplated, now haggard and faded,—still strangely beautiful, though it was the beauty of ruin.

From time to time he stirred uneasily, and muttered broken words, in which fragments of his own delicately worded verse were incoherently mixed up with ribald slang, addressed to imaginary companions. In his dreams he was evidently living over again his late revel, with episodic diversions into the poet-world, of which he was rather a vagrant nomad than a settled cultivator. Then she would silently bathe his feverish temples with the perfumed water she found on his dressing-table. And so she watched till, in the middle of the night, he woke up, and recovered the possession of his reason with a quickness that surprised Madame Rameau. He was, indeed, one of those men in whom excess of drink, when slept off, is succeeded by extreme mildness, the effect of nervous exhaustion, and by a dejected repentance, which to his mother, seemed a propitious lucidity of the moral sense.

Certainly on seeing her he threw himself on her breast, and began to shed tears. Madame Rameau had not the heart to reproach him sternly. But by gentle degrees she made him comprehend the pain he had given to his father, and the destitution in which he had deserted his parents and his affianced. In his present mood Gustave was deeply affected by these representations. He excused himself feebly by dwelling on the excitement of the times, the preoccupation of his mind, the example of his companions; but with his excuses he mingled passionate expressions of remorse, and before daybreak mother and son were completely reconciled. Then he fell into a tranquil sleep; and Madame Rameau, quite worn out, slept also in the chair beside him, her arm around his neck. He awoke before she did at a late hour in the morning; and stealing from her arm, went to his *escritoire*, and took forth what money he found there, half of which he poured into her lap, kissing her till she awoke.

"Mother," he said, "henceforth I will work for thee and my father. Take this trifle now; the rest I reserve for Isaura."

"Joy! I have found my boy again. But Isaura, I fear that she will not take thy money, and all thought of her must also be abandoned."

Gustave had already turned to his looking-glass, and was arranging with care his dark ringlets: his personal vanity—his remorse appeased by this pecuniary oblation—had revived.

"No," he said, gaily, "I don't think I shall abandon her; and it is not likely, when she sees and hears me, that she can wish to abandon me! Now let us breakfast, and then I will go at once to her."

In the meanwhile, Isaura, on her return to her apartment at the wintry night-fall, found a cart stationed at the door, and the Venosta on the threshold, superintending the removal of various articles of furniture—indeed, all such articles as were not absolutely required.

"Oh, *Piccola!*" she said, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "I did not expect thee back so soon." "Hush! I have made a famous bargain. I have found a broker to buy these things which we don't want just at present, and can replace by new and prettier things when the siege is over and we get our money. The broker pays down on the nail, and thou wilt not go to bed without supper. There are no ills which are not more supportable after food."

Isaura smiled faintly, kissed the Venosta's cheek, and ascended with weary steps to the sitting-room. There she seated herself quietly, looking with abstracted eyes round the bare dismantled space by the light of the single candle.

When the Venosta re-entered, she was followed by the servants, bringing in a daintier meal than they had known for days—a genuine rabbit, potatoes, *marrons glacés*, a bottle of wine, and a pannier of wood. The fire was soon lighted, the Venosta plying the bellows. It was not till this banquet, of which Isaura, faint as she was, scarcely partook, had been remitted to the two Italian women-servants, and another log been thrown on the hearth, that the Venosta opened the subject which was pressing on her heart. She did this with a joyous smile, taking both Isaura's hands in her own, and stroking them fondly.

"My child, I have such good news for thee! Thou hast escaped—thou art free!" and then she related all that M. Rameau had said, and finished by producing the copy of Gustave's unhallowed journal.

When she had read the latter, which she did with compressed lips and varying colour, the girl fell on her knees—not to thank heaven that she would now escape a union from which her soul so recoiled

—not that she was indeed free,—but to pray, with tears rolling down her cheeks, that God would yet save to Himself, and to good ends, the soul that she had failed to bring to Him. All previous irritation against Gustave was gone: all had melted into an ineffable compassion.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN, a little before noon, Gustave was admitted by the servant into Isaura's *salon*, its desolate condition, stripped of all its pretty feminine elegancies, struck him with a sense of discomfort to himself which superseded any more remorseful sentiment. The day was intensely cold: the single log on the hearth did not burn; there were only two or three chairs in the room; even the carpet, which had been of gaily coloured Aubusson, was gone. His teeth chattered; and he only replied by a dreary nod to the servant, who informed him that Madame Venosta was gone out, and Mademoiselle had not yet quitted her own room.

If there be a thing which a true Parisian of Rameau's stamp associates with love of woman, it is a certain sort of elegant surroundings,—a pretty *boudoir*, a cheery hearth, an easy *fauteuil*. In the absence of such attributes, "*fugit retro Venus*." If the Englishman invented the word comfort, it is the Parisian who most thoroughly comprehends the thing. And he resents the loss of it in any house where he has been accustomed to look for it as a personal wrong to his feelings.

Left for some minutes alone, Gustave occupied himself with kindling the log, and muttering, "*Par tous les diables, quel chien de rhume je vais attraper!*" He turned as he heard the rustle of a robe and a light slow step. Isaura stood before him. Her aspect startled him. He had come prepared to expect grave displeasure and a frigid reception. But the expression of Isaura's face was more kindly, more gentle, more tender, than he had seen it since the day she had accepted his suit.

Knowing from his mother what his father had said to his prejudice, he thought within himself, "After all, the poor girl loves me better than I thought. She is sensible and enlightened; she cannot pretend to dictate an opinion to a man like me."

He approached with a complacent self-assured mein, and took her hand, which she yielded to him quietly, leading her to one of the few remaining chairs, and seating himself beside her.

"Dear Isaura," he said, talking rapidly all the while he performed this ceremony, "I need not assure you of my utter ignorance of the state to which the imbecility of our Government, and the cowardice, or rather the treachery, of our generals, has reduced you. I only heard of it late last night from my mother. I hasten to claim my right to share with you the humble resources which I have saved by the intellectual labours that have absorbed all such moments as my military drudgeries left to the talents which, even at such a moment, paralyzing minds less energetic, have sustained me:"—and therewith he poured several pieces of gold and silver on the table beside her chair.

"Gustave," then said Isaura, "I am well pleased that you thus prove that I was not mistaken when I thought and said that, despite all appearances, all errors, your heart was good. Oh, do but follow its true impulses, and——"

"Its impulses lead me ever to thy feet," interrupted Gustave, with a fervour which sounded somewhat theatrical and hollow.

The girl smiled, not bitterly, not mockingly; but Gustave did not like the smile.

"Poor Gustave," she said, with a melancholy pathos in her soft voice, "do you not understand that the time has come when such commonplace compliments ill suit our altered positions to each other? Nay, listen to me patiently; and let not my words in this last interview pain you to recall. If either of us be to blame in the engagement hastily contracted, it is I. Gustave, when you, exaggerating in your imagination the nature of your sentiments for me, said with such earnestness that on my consent to our union depended your health, your life, your career; that if I withheld that consent you were lost, and in despair would seek distraction from thought in all from which your friends, your mother, the duties imposed upon Genius for the good of Man to the ends of God, should withhold and save you—when you said all this, and I believed it, I felt as if Heaven commanded me not to desert the soul which appealed to me in the crisis of its struggle and peril. Gustave, I repent; I was to blame."

"How to blame?"

"I overrated my power over your heart: I overrated still more, perhaps, my power over my own."

"Ah, over your own! I understand now. You did not love me?"

"I never said that I loved you in the sense in which you use the word. I told you that the love which you have described in your verse, and which," she added falteringly, with heightened colour and with hands tightly clasped, "I have conceived possible in my dreams, it was not mine to give. You declared you were satisfied with such affection as I could bestow. Hush! let me go on. You said that affection would increase, would become love, in proportion as I knew you more. It has not done so. Nay, it passed away, even before, in this time of trial and grief, I became aware how different from the love you professed was the neglect which needs no excuse, for it did not pain me."

"You are cruel indeed, Mademoiselle."

"No, indeed, I am kind. I wish you to feel no pang at our parting. Truly I had resolved, when the siege terminated, and the time to speak frankly of our engagement came, to tell you that I shrank from the thought of a union between us; and that it was for the happiness of both that our promises should be mutually cancelled. The moment has come sooner than I thought. Even had I loved you, Gustave, as deeply as—as well as the beings of Romance love, I would not dare to wed one who calls upon mortals to deny God, demolish His altars, treat His worship as a crime. No; I would sooner die of a broken heart, than I might the sooner be one of those souls privileged to pray the Divine Intercessor for merciful light on those beloved and left dark on earth."

"Isaura!" exclaimed Gustave, his mobile temperament impressed, not by the words of Isaura, but by the passionate earnestness with which they were uttered, and by the exquisite spiritual beauty which her face took from the combined sweetness and fervour of its devout expression,— "Isaura, I merit your censure, your sentence of condemnation; but do not ask me to give back your plighted troth. I have not the strength to do so. More than ever, more than when first pledged to me, I need the aid, the companionship, of my guardian angel. You were that to me once; abandon me not now. In these terrible times of revolution, excitable natures catch madness from each other. A writer in the heat of his passion says much that he does not mean to be literally taken, which in cooler moments he repents and retracts. Consider, too, the pressure of want, of hun-

ger. It is the opinions that you so condemn which alone at this moment supply bread to the writer. But say you will yet pardon me,— yet give me trial if I offend no more — if I withdraw my aid to any attacks on your views, your religion — if I say, 'Thy God shall be my God, and thy people shall be my people.'"

"Alas!" said Isaura, softly, "ask thyself if those be words which I can believe again. Hush!" she continued, checking his answer with a more kindling countenance and more impassioned voice. "Are they, after all, the words that man should address to woman? Is it on the strength of Woman that Man should rely? Is it to her that he should say, 'Dictate my opinions on all that belongs to the Mind of man; change the doctrines that I have thoughtfully formed and honestly advocate; teach me how to act on earth, clear all my doubts as to my hopes of heaven'? No, Gustave; in this task man never should repose on woman. Thou art honest at this moment, my poor friend; but could I believe thee to-day, thou wouldst laugh to-morrow at what woman can be made to believe."

Stung to the quick by the truth of Isaura's accusation, Gustave exclaimed with vehemence — "All that thou sayest is false, and thou knowest it. The influence of woman on man for good or for evil defies reasoning. It does mould his deeds on earth; it does either make or mar all that future which lies between his life and his gravestone, and of whatsoever may lie beyond the grave. Give me up now, and thou art responsible for me, for all I do, it may be against all that thou deemest holy. Keep thy troth yet a while, and test me. If I come to thee showing how I could have injured, and how for thy dear sake I have spared, nay, aided, all that thou dost believe and reverence, then wilt thou dare to say, 'Go thy ways alone — I forsake thee!'"

Isaura turned aside her face, but she held out her hand — it was as cold as death. He knew that she had so far yielded, and his vanity exulted: he smiled in secret triumph as he pressed his kiss on that icy hand, and was gone.

"This is duty — it must be duty," said Isaura to herself. "But where is the buoyant delight that belongs to a duty achieved? — where? oh, where?" And then she stole with drooping head and heavy step, into her own room, fell on her knees, and prayed.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN vain persons, be they male or female, there is a complacent self-satisfaction in any momentary personal success, however little that success may conduce to—nay, however much it may militate against—the objects to which their vanity itself devotes its more permanent desires. A vain woman may be very anxious to win A——, the magnificent, as a partner for life, and yet feel a certain triumph when a glance of her eye had made an evening's conquest of the pitiful B——, although by that achievement she incurs the imminent hazard of losing A—— altogether. So, when Gustave Rameau quitted Isaura, his first feeling was that of triumph. His eloquence had subdued her will: she had not finally discarded him. But as he wandered abstractedly in the biting air his self-complacency was succeeded by mortification and discontent. He felt that he had committed himself to promises which he was by no means prepared to keep. True, the promises were vague in words; but in substance they were perfectly clear—"to spare, nay, to aid, all that Isaura esteemed and revered." How was this possible to him? How could he suddenly change the whole character of his writings?—how become the defender of marriage and property, of Church and religion?—how proclaim himself so utter an apostate? If he did, how become a leader of the fresh revolution? how escape being its victim? Cease to write altogether? But then how live? His pen was his sole subsistence, save 30 sous a-day as a National Guard—30 sous a-day to him who, in order to be Sybarite in tastes, was Spartan in doctrine. Nothing better just at that moment than Spartan doctrine—"Live on black broth, and fight the enemy." And the journalists in vogue so thrived upon that patriotic sentiment, that they were the last persons compelled to drink the black broth or to fight the enemy.

"Those women are such idiots when they meddle in politics," grumbled between his teeth the enthusiastic advocate of Woman's Rights on all matters of love. "And," he continued, soliloquizing, "it is not as if the girl had any large or decent *dot*; it is not as if she said, 'In return for the sacrifice of your popularity, your prospects, your opinion, I give you not only a devoted heart, but an excellent table and a capital fire and

plenty of pocket-money.' *Sacre bleu!* when I think of that frozen *salon*, and possibly the leg of a mouse for dinner, and a virtuous homily by way of grace, the prospect is not alluring; and the girl herself is not so pretty as she was—grown very thin. *Sur mon âme*, I think she asks too much—far more than she is worth. No, no; I had better have accepted her dismissal. *Elle n'est pas digne de moi.*"

Just as he arrived at that conclusion, Gustave Rameau felt the touch of a light, a soft, a warm, yet a firm hand, on his arm. He turned, and beheld the face of the woman whom, through so many dreary weeks, he had sought to shun—the face of Julie Caumartin. Julie was not, as Savarin had seen her, looking pinched and wan, with faded robes, nor, as when met in the *café* by Lemercier, in the faded robes of a theatre. Julie never looked more beautiful, more radiant, than she did now; and there was a wonderful heartfelt fondness in her voice when she cried, "*Mon homme! mon homme! seul homme au monde à mon cœur, Gustave, chéri adoré!* I have found thee—at last—at last!" Gustave gazed upon her, stupefied. Involuntarily his eye glanced from the freshness of bloom in her face, which the intense cold of the atmosphere only seemed to heighten into purer health, to her dress, which was new and handsome—black—he did not know that it was mourning—the cloak trimmed with costly sables. Certainly it was no mendicant for alms who thus reminded the shivering Adonis of the claims of a pristine Venus. He stammered out her name—"Julie!"—and then he stopped.

"*Oui, ta Julie! Petit ingrat!* how I have sought for thee! how I have hungered for the sight of thee! That monster Savarin! he would not give me any news of thee. That is ages ago. But at least Frederic Lemercier, whom I saw since, promised to remind thee that I lived still. He did not do so, or I should have seen thee—*n'est ce pas?*"

"Certainly, certainly—only—*chère amie*—you know that—that—as I before announced to thee, I—I—was engaged in marriage—and—and——"

"But are you married?"

"No, no. Hark! Take care—is not that the hiss of an *obus?*"

"What then? Let it come! Would it might slay us both while my hand is in thine!"

"Ah!" muttered Gustave, inwardly, "what a difference! This is love! No

preaching here! *Elle est plus digne de moi que l'autre.*"

"No," he said, aloud, "I am not married. Marriage is at best a pitiful ceremony. But if you wished for news of me, surely you must have heard of my effect as an orator not despised in the Salle Favre. Since, I have withdrawn from that arena. But as a journalist I flatter myself that I have had a *beau succès.*"

"Doubtless, doubtless, my Gustave, my Poet! Whatever thou art, thou must be first among men. But alas! it is my fault — my misfortune. I have not been in the midst of a world that perhaps rings of thy name."

"Not my name. Prudence compelled me to conceal that. Still, Genius pierces under any name. You might have discovered me under my *nom de plume.*"

"Pardon me — I was always *bête.* But, oh! for so many weeks I was so poor — so destitute. I could go nowhere, except — don't be ashamed of me — except —"

"Yes? Go on."

"Except where I could get some money. At first to dance — you remember my *bolero.* Then I got a better engagement. Do you not remember that you taught me to recite verses? Had it been for myself alone, I might have been content to starve. Without thee, what was life? But thou wilt recollect Madeleine, the old *bonne* who lived with me. Well, she had attended and cherished me since I was so high — lived with my mother. Mother! no; it seems that Madame Surville was not my mother after all. But, of course, I could not let my old Madeleine starve; and therefore, with a heart heavy as lead, I danced and declaimed. My heart was not so heavy when I recited thy songs."

"My songs! *Pauvre ange!*" exclaimed the Poet.

"And then, too, I thought, 'Ah! this dreadful siege! He, too, may be poor — he may know want and hunger;' and so all I could save from Madeleine I put into a box for thee, in case thou shouldst come back to me some day. *Mon homme,* how could I go to the Salle Favre? How could I read journals, Gustave? But thou art not married, Gustave? *Parole d'honneur?*"

"*Parole d'honneur!* What does that matter?"

"Everything! Ah! I am not so *méchante*, so *mauvaise tête*, as I was some months ago. If thou wert married, I

should say, 'Blessed and sacred be thy wife! Forget me.' As it is, one word more. Dost thou love the young lady, whoever she may be? or does she love thee so well that it would be sin in thee to talk trifles to Julie? Speak as honestly as if thou wert not a poet."

"Honestly, she never said she loved me. I never thought she did. But, you see, I was very ill, and my parents and friends and my physician said that it was right for me to arrange my life, and marry, and so forth. And the girl had money, and was a good match. In short, the thing was settled. But oh, Julie, she never learnt my songs by heart! She did not love as thou didst, and still dost. And — ah! well — now that we meet again — now that I look in thy face — now that I hear thy voice — No, I do not love her as I loved, and might yet love thee. But — but —"

"Well, but? oh, I guess. Thou seest me well dressed, no longer dancing and declaiming at *cafés*: and thou thinkest that Julie has disgraced herself? she is unfaithful?"

Gustave had not anticipated that frankness, nor was the idea which it expressed uppermost in his mind when he said "but, but —" There were many *buts*, all very confused, struggling through his mind as he spoke. However, he answered as a Parisian sceptic, not ill bred, naturally would answer —

"My dear friend, my dear child" (the Parisian is very fond of the word child or *enfant* in addressing a woman), "I have never seen thee so beautiful as thou art now; and when thou tellest me that thou art no longer poor, and the proof of what thou sayest is visible in the furs, which, alas! I cannot give thee, what am I to think?"

"Oh, *mon homme, mon homme!* thou art very *spirituel*, and that is why I loved thee. I am very *bête*, and that is excuse enough for thee if thou couldst not love me. But canst thou look me in the face and not know that my eyes could not meet thine as they do, if I had been faithless to thee even in a thought, when I so boldly touched thine arm? *Viens chez moi,* come and let me explain all. Only — only let me repeat, if another has rights over thee which forbid thee to come, say so kindly, and I will never trouble thee again."

Gustave had been hitherto walking slowly by the side of Julie, amidst the distant boom of the besiegers' cannon, while the short day began to close; and

along the dreary Boulevards sauntered idlers turning to look at the young, beautiful, well-dressed woman who seemed in such contrast to the capital whose former luxuries the "Ondine" of imperial Paris represented. He now offered his arm to Julie; and, quickening his pace, said, "There is no reason why I should refuse to attend thee here, and listen to the explanations thou dost generously condescend to volunteer."

CHAPTER IX.

"Ah, indeed! what a difference! what a difference!" said Gustave to himself when he entered Julie's apartment. In her palmier days, when he had first made her acquaintance, the apartment no doubt had been infinitely more splendid, more abundant in silks and fringes and flowers and nick-nacks; but never had it seemed so cheery and comfortable and home-like as now. What a contrast to Isaura's dismantled chilly *salon*! She drew him towards the hearth, on which, blazing though it was, she piled fresh billets, seated him in the easiest of easy-chairs, knelt beside him, and chafed his numbed hands in hers; and as her bright eyes fixed tenderly on his, she looked so young and so innocent! You would not then have called her the "Ondine of Paris."

But when, a little while after, revived by the genial warmth and moved by the charm of her beauty, Gustave passed his arm round her neck and sought to draw her on his lap, she slid from his embrace, shaking her head gently, and seated herself, with a pretty air of ceremonious decorum, at a little distance.

Gustave looked at her amazed.

"*Causons*," said she gravely: "thou wouldst know why I am so well dressed, so comfortably lodged, and I am longing to explain to thee all. Some days ago I had just finished my performance at the Café —, and was putting on my shawl, when a tall Monsieur, *fort bel homme*, with the air of a *grand seigneur*, entered the *café*, and, approaching me politely, said, 'I think I have the honour to address Mademoiselle Julie Caumartin?' 'That is my name,' I said, surprised; and, looking at him more intently, I recognized his face. He had come into the *café* a few days before with thine old acquaintance Frederic Lemercier, and stood by when I asked Frederic to give me news of thee. 'Mademoiselle,' he continued, with a serious melancholy smile, 'I shall startle you when I say that I am appointed to act as

your guardian by the last request of your mother.' 'Of Madame Surville?' 'Madame Surville adopted you, but was not your mother. We cannot talk at ease here. Allow me to request that you will accompany me to Monsieur N—, the *avoué*. It is not very far from this: and by the way I will tell you some news that may sadden, and some news that may rejoice.'

"There was an earnestness in the voice and look of this Monsieur that impressed me. He did not offer me his arm; but I walked by his side in the direction he chose. As we walked he told me in very few words that my mother had been separated from her husband, and for certain family reasons had found it so difficult to rear and provide for me herself, that she had accepted the offer of Madame Surville to adopt me as her own child. While he spoke, there came dimly back to me the remembrance of a lady who had taken me from my first home, when I had been, as I understood, at nurse, and left me with poor dear Madame Surville, saying, 'This is henceforth your mamma.' I never again saw that lady. It seems that many years afterwards my true mother desired to regain me. Madame Surville was then dead. She failed to trace me out, owing, alas! to my own faults and change of name. She then entered a nunnery, but before doing so, assigned a sum of 100,000 francs to this gentleman, who was distantly connected with her, with full power to him to take it to himself, or give it to my use should he discover me, at his discretion. 'I ask you,' continued the Monsieur, 'to go with me to M. N—'s, because the sum is still in his hands. He will confirm my statement. All that I have now to say is this: If you accept my guardianship, if you obey implicitly my advice, I shall consider the interest of this sum which has accumulated since deposited with M. N— due to you; and the capital will be your *dot* on marriage, if the marriage be with my consent.'

Gustave had listened very attentively, and without interruption, till now; when he looked up, and said with his customary sneer, "Did your Monsieur, *fort bel homme* you say, inform you of the value of the advice, rather of the commands, you were implicitly to obey?"

"Yes," answered Julie, "not then, but later. Let me go on. We arrived at M. N—'s, an elderly grave man. He said that all he knew was that he held the

money in trust for the Monsieur with me, to be given to him, with the accumulations of interest, on the death of the lady who had deposited it. If that Monsieur had instructions how to dispose of the money, they were not known to him. All he had to do was to transfer it absolutely to him on the proper certificate of the lady's death. So you see, Gustave, that the Monsieur could have kept all from me if he had liked."

"Your Monsieur is very generous. Perhaps you will now tell me his name."

"No; he forbids me to do it yet."

"And he took this apartment for you, and gave you the money to buy that smart dress and these furs. Bah! *mon enfant*, why try to deceive me? Do I not know my Paris? A *fort bel homme* does not make himself guardian to a *fort belle fille* so young and fair as Mademoiselle Julie Caumartin without certain considerations which shall be nameless like himself."

Julie's eyes flashed. "Ah, Gustave! ah, Monsieur!" she said, half angrily, half plaintively, "I see that my guardian knew you better than I did. Never mind; I will not reproach. Thou hast the right to despise me."

"Pardon! I did not mean to offend thee," said Gustave, somewhat disconcerted. "But own that thy story is strange; and this guardian, who knows me better than thou—does he know me at all? Didst thou speak to him of me?"

"How could I help it? He says that this terrible war, in which he takes an active part, makes his life uncertain from day to day. He wished to complete the trust bequeathed to him by seeing me safe in the love of some worthy man who"—she paused for a moment with an expression of compressed anguish, and then hurried on—"who would recognize what was good in me,—would never reproach me for—for—the past. I then said that my heart was thine: I could never marry any one but thee."

"Marry me," faltered Gustave—"marry!"

"And," continued the girl, not heeding his interruption, "he said thou wert not the husband he would choose for me: that thou wert not—no, I cannot wound thee by repeating what he said unkindly, unjustly. He bade me think of thee no more. I said again, that is impossible."

"But," resumed Rameau, with an affected laugh, "why think of anything so formidable as marriage? Thou lovest me, and——" He approached again,

seeking to embrace her. She recoiled. "No, Gustave, no. I have sworn—sworn solemnly by the memory of my lost mother, that I will never sin again. I will never be to thee other than thy friend—or thy wife."

Before Gustave could reply to these words, which took him wholly by surprise, there was a ring at the outer door, and the old *bonne* ushered in Victor de Mauléon. He halted at the threshold, and his brow contracted.

"So you have already broken faith with me, Mademoiselle?"

"No, Monsieur, I have not broken faith," cried Julie, passionately. "I told you that I would not seek to find out Monsieur Rameau. I did not seek, but I met him unexpectedly. I owed to him an explanation. I invited him here to give that explanation. Without it, what would he have thought of me? Now he may go and I will never admit him again without your sanction."

The Vicomte turned his stern look upon Gustave, who, though, as we know, not wanting in personal courage, felt cowed by his false position; and his eye fell, quailed before De Mauléon's gaze.

"Leave us for a few minutes alone, Mademoiselle," said the Vicomte. "Nay, Julie," he added, in softened tones, "fear nothing. I, too, owe an explanation—friendly explanation—to M. Rameau."

With his habitual courtesy toward women, he extended his hand to Julie, and led her from the room. Then, closing the door he seated himself, and made a sign to Gustave to do the same.

"Monsieur," said De Mauléon, "excuse me if I detain you. A very few words will suffice for our present interview. I take it for granted that Mademoiselle has told you that she is no child of Madame Surville's: that her own mother bequeathed her to my protection and guardianship, with a modest fortune which is at my disposal to give or withhold. The little I have seen already of Mademoiselle impresses me with sincere interest in her fate. I look with compassion on what she may have been in the past; I anticipate with hope what she may be in the future. I do not ask you to see her in either with my eyes. I say frankly that it is my intention, and I may add my resolve, that the ward thus left to my charge shall be henceforth safe from the temptations that have seduced her poverty, her inexperience, her vanity if you will, but have not yet corrupted her heart. *Bref*, I must request you to give me your

word of honour that you will hold no further communication with her. I can allow no sinister influence to stand between her fate and honour."

"You speak well and nobly, M. le Vicomte," said Rameau, "and I give the promise you exact." He added, feelingly, "It is true, her heart has never been corrupted. That is good, affectionate, unselfish as a child's. *Fai l'honneur de vous saluer*, M. le Vicomte."

He bowed with a dignity unusual to him, and tears were in his eyes as he passed by De Mauléon and gained the anteroom. There a side-door suddenly opened, and Julie's face, anxious, eager, looked forth.

Gustave paused: "Adieu, Mademoiselle! Though we may never meet again — though our fates divide us — believe me that I shall ever cherish your memory — and —"

The girl interrupted him, impulsively seizing his arm, and looking him in the face with a wild fixed stare.

"Hush! dost thou mean to say that we are parted, — parted forever?"

"Alas!" said Gustave, "what option is before us? Your guardian rightly forbids my visits; and even were I free to offer you my hand, you yourself say that I am not a suitor he would approve."

Julie turned her eyes towards De Mauléon, who, following Gustave into the anteroom, stood silent and impassive, leaning against the wall.

He now understood and replied to the pathetic appeal in the girl's eyes.

"My young ward," he said, "M. Rameau expresses himself with propriety and truth. Suffer him to depart. He belongs to the former life; reconcile yourself to the new."

He advanced to take her hand, making a sign to Gustave to depart. But as he approached Julie, she uttered a weak piteous wail, and fell at his feet senseless. De Mauléon raised and carried her into her room, where he left her to the care of the old *bonne*. On re-entering the anteroom, he found Gustave still lingering by the outer door.

"You will pardon me, Monsieur," he said to the Vicomte, "but in fact I feel so uneasy, so unhappy. Has she —? You see, you see that there is danger to her health, perhaps to her reason, in so abrupt a separation, so cruel a rupture between us. Let me call again, or I may not have strength to keep my promise."

De Mauléon remained a few minutes musing. Then he said in a whisper,

"Come back into the *salon*. Let us talk frankly."

CHAPTER X.

"M. RAMEAU," said De Mauléon, when the two men had reseated themselves in the *salon*, "I will honestly say that my desire is to rid myself as soon as I can of the trust of guardian to this young lady. Playing as I do with fortune, my only stake against her favours is my life. I feel as if it were my duty to see that Mademoiselle is not left alone and friendless in the world at my decease. I have in my mind for her a husband that I think in every way suitable: a handsome and brave young fellow in my battalion, of respectable birth, without any living relations to consult as to his choice. I have reason to believe that if Julie married him, she need never fear a reproach as to her antecedents. Her *dot* would suffice to enable him to realize his own wish of a country town in Normandy. And in that station, Paris and its temptations would soon pass from the poor child's thoughts, as an evil dream. But I cannot dispose of her hand without her own consent; and if she is to be reasoned out of her fancy for you, I have no time to devote to the task. I come to the point. You are not the man I would choose for her husband. But, evidently, you are the man she would choose. Are you disposed to marry her? You hesitate, very naturally; I have no right to demand an immediate answer to a question so serious. Perhaps you will think over it, and let me know in a day or two? I take it for granted that if you were, as I heard, engaged before the siege to marry the Signora Cicogna, that engagement is annulled?"

"Why take it for granted?" asked Gustave, perplexed.

"Simply because I find you here. Nay, spare explanations and excuses. I quite understand that you were invited to come. But a man solemnly betrothed to a *demoiselle* like the Signora Cicogna, in a time of such dire calamity and peril, could scarcely allow himself to be tempted to accept the invitation of one so beautiful, and so warmly attached to him, as is Mademoiselle Julie; and on witnessing the passionate strength of that attachment, say that he cannot keep a promise not to repeat his visits. But if I mistake, and you are still betrothed to the Signorina, of course all discussion is at an end."

Gustave hung his head in some shame, and in much bewildered doubt.

The practised observer of men's characters, and of shifting phases of mind, glanced at the poor poet's perturbed countenance with a half-smile of disdain.

"It is for you to judge how far the very love to you so ingenuously evinced by my ward — how far the reasons against marriage with one whose antecedents expose her to reproach — should influence one of your advanced opinions upon social ties. Such reasons do not appear to have with artists the same weight they have with the *bourgeoisie*. I have but to add that the husband of Julie will receive with her hand a *dot* of nearly 120,000 francs; and I have reason to believe that that fortune will be increased — how much, I cannot guess — when the cessation of the siege will allow communication with England. One word more. I should wish to rank the husband of my ward in the number of my friends. If he did not oppose the political opinions with which I identify my own career, I should be pleased to make any rise in the world achieved by me assist to the raising of himself. But my opinions, as during the time we were brought together you were made aware, are those of a practical man of the world, and have nothing in common with Communists, Socialists, Internationalists, or whatever sect would place the aged societies of Europe in Medea's caldron of youth. At a moment like the present, fanatics and dreamers so abound, that the number of such sinners will necessitate a general amnesty when order is restored. What a poet so young as you may have written or said at such a time will be readily forgotten and forgiven a year or two hence, provided he does not put his notions into violent action. But if you choose to persevere in the views you now advocate, so be it. They will not make poor Julie less a believer in your wisdom and genius. Only they will separate you from me, and a day may come when I should have the painful duty of ordering you to be shot — *Dii meliora*. Think over all I have thus frankly said. Give me your answer within forty-eight hours; and meanwhile hold no communication with my ward. I have the honour to wish you good-day."

CHAPTER XI.

THE short grim day was closing, when Gustave, quitting Julie's apartment, again found himself in the streets. His thoughts were troubled and confused.

He was the more affected by Julie's impassioned love for him, by the contrast with Isaura's words and manner in their recent interview. His own ancient fancy for the "Ondine of Paris" became revived by the difficulties between their ancient intercourse which her unexpected scruples and De Mauléon's guardianship interposed. A witty writer thus defines *une passion*, "*une caprice enflammé par des obstacles*." In the ordinary times of peace, Gustave, handsome, aspiring to reputable position in the *beau monde*, would not have admitted any consideration to compromise his station by marriage with a *figurante*. But now the wild political doctrines he had embraced separated his ambition from that *beau monde*, and combined it with ascendancy over the revolutionists of the populace — a direction which he must abandon if he continued his suit to Isaura. Then, too, the immediate possession of Julie's *dot* was not without temptation to a man who was so fond of his personal comforts, and who did not see where to turn for a dinner, if, obedient to Isaura's "prejudices," he abandoned his profits as a writer in the revolutionary press. The inducements for withdrawal from the cause he had espoused, held out to him with so haughty a coldness by De Mauléon, were not wholly without force, though they irritated his self-esteem. He was dimly aware of the Vicomte's masculine talents for public life; and the high reputation he had already acquired among military authorities, and even among experienced and thoughtful civilians, had weight upon Gustave's impressionable temperament. But though De Mauléon's implied advice here coincided in much with the tacit compact he had made with Isaura, it alienated him more from Isaura herself, for Isaura did not bring to him the fortune which would enable him to suspend his lucubrations, watch the turn of events, and live at ease in the meanwhile; and the *dot* to be received with De Mauléon's ward had those advantages.

While thus meditating, Gustave turned into one of the *cantines* still open, to brighten his intellect with a *petit verre*, and there he found the two colleagues in the extinct Council of Ten, Paul Grimm and Edgar Ferrier. With the last of these revolutionists Gustave had become intimately *lié*. They wrote in the same journal, and he willingly accepted a distraction from his self-conflict which Edgar offered him in a dinner at the Café Riche, which still offered its hospitalities

at no exorbitant price. At this repast, as the drink circulated, Gustave waxed confidential. He longed, poor youth, for an adviser. Could he marry a girl who had been a ballet-dancer, and who had come into an unexpected heritage? "*Es-tu fou d'en douter?*" cried Edgar. "What a sublime occasion to manifest thy scorn of the miserable *banalités* of the *bourgeoisie*! It will but increase thy moral power over the people. And then think of the money. What an aid to the cause! What a capital for the launch! — journal all thine own! Besides, when our principles triumph — as triumph they must — what would be marriage but a brief and futile ceremony, to be broken the moment thou hast cause to complain of thy wife or chafe at the bond? Only get the *dot* into thine own hands. *L'amour passe — reste la cassette.*"

Though there was enough of good in the son of Madame Rameau to revolt at the precise words in which the counsel was given, still, as the fumes of the punch yet more addled his brains, the counsel itself was acceptable; and in that sort of maddened fury which intoxication produces in some excitable temperaments, as Gustave reeled home that night leaning on the arm of stouter Edgar Ferrier, he insisted on going out of his way to pass the house in which Isaura lived, and pausing under her window, gasped out some verses of a wild song, then much in vogue among the votaries of Felix Pyat, in which everything that existent society deems sacred was reviled in the grossest ribaldry. Happily Isaura's ear heard it not. The girl was kneeling by her bedside absorbed in prayer.

CHAPTER XII.

THREE days after the evening thus spent by Gustave Rameau, Isaura was startled by a visit from M. de Mauléon. She had not seen him since the commencement of the siege, and she did not recognize him at first glance in his military uniform.

"I trust you will pardon my intrusion, Mademoiselle," he said, in the low sweet voice habitual to him in his gentler moods, "but I thought it became me to announce to you the decease of one who, I fear, did not discharge with much kindness the duties her connection with you imposed. Your father's second wife, afterwards Madame Selby, is no more. She died some days since in a convent to which she had retired."

Isaura had no cause to mourn the dead,

but she felt a shock in the suddenness of this information; and in that sweet spirit of womanly compassion which entered so largely into her character, and made a part of her genius itself, she murmured tearfully, "The poor Signora! Why could I not have been with her in illness? She might then have learned to love me. And she died in a convent, you say. Ah, her religion was then sincere! Her end was peaceful?"

"Let us not doubt that, Mademoiselle. Certainly she lived to regret any former errors, and her last thoughts were directed towards such atonement as might be in her power. And it is that desire of atonement which now strangely mixes me up, Mademoiselle, in your destinies. In that desire for atonement, she left to my charge, as a kinsman distant indeed, but still, perhaps, the nearest with whom she was personally acquainted — a young ward. In accepting that trust, I find myself strangely compelled to hazard the risk of offending you."

"Offending me? How? Pray speak openly."

"In so doing, I must utter the name of Gustave Rameau."

Isaura turned pale and recoiled, but she did not speak.

"Did he inform me rightly that, in the last interview with him three days ago, you expressed a strong desire that the engagement between him and yourself should cease; and that you only, and with reluctance, suspended your rejection of the suit he had pressed on you, in consequence of his entreaties, and of certain assurances as to the changed direction of the talents of which we will assume that he is possessed?"

"Well, well, Monsieur," exclaimed Isaura, her whole face brightening; "and you come on the part of Gustave Rameau to say that on reflection he does not hold me to our engagement — that in honour and in conscience I am free?"

"I see," answered De Mauléon, smiling, "that I am pardoned already. It would not pain you if such were my instructions in the embassy I undertake?"

"Pain me? No. But —"

"But what?"

"Must he persist in a course which will break his mother's heart, and make his father deplore the hour that he was born? Have you influence over him, M. de Mauléon? If so, will you not exert it for his good?"

"You interest yourself still in his fate, Mademoiselle?"

"How can I do otherwise? Did I not consent to share it when my heart shrank from the thought of our union? And now when, if I understand you rightly, I am free, I cannot but think of what was best in him."

"Alas! Mademoiselle, he is but one of many—a spoiled child of that Circe, imperial Paris. Everywhere I look around, I see but corruption. It was hidden by the halo which corruption itself engenders. The halo is gone, the corruption is visible. Where is the old French manhood? Banished from the heart, it comes out only at the tongue. Were our deeds like our words, Prussia would beg on her knee to be a province of France. Gustave is the fit poet for this generation. Vanity—desire to be known for something, no matter what, no matter by whom—that is the Parisian's leading motive power;—orator, soldier, poet, all alike. Utterers of fine phrases; despising knowledge, and toil, and discipline; railing against the Germans as barbarians, against their generals as traitors; against God for not taking their part. What can be done to weld this mass of hollow bubbles into the solid form of a nation—the nation it affects to be? What generation can be born out of the unmanly race, inebriate with brag and absinthe? Forgive me this tirade; I have been reviewing the battalion I command. As for Gustave Rameau,—if we survive the siege, and see once more a Government that can enforce order, and a public that will refuse renown for balderdash,—I should not be surprised if Gustave Rameau were among the prettiest imitators of Lamartine's early 'Meditations.' Had he been born under Louis XIV. how loyal he would have been! What sacred tragedies in the style of 'Athalie' he would have written, in the hope of an audience at Versailles! But I detain you from the letter I was charged to deliver to you. I have done so purposely, that I might convince myself that you welcome that release which your too delicate sense of honour shrank too long from demanding."

Here he took forth and placed a letter in Isaura's hand; and, as if to allow her to read it unobserved, retired to the window recess.

Isaura glanced over the letter. It ran thus:—

"I feel that it was only to your compassion that I owed your consent to my suit. Could I have doubted that before,

your words when we last met sufficed to convince me. In my selfish pain at the moment, I committed a great wrong. I would have held you bound to a promise from which you desired to be free. Grant me pardon for that, and for all the faults by which I have offended you. In cancelling our engagement, let me hope that I may rejoice in your friendship, your remembrance of me, some gentle and kindly thought. My life may henceforth pass out of contact with yours; but you will ever dwell in my heart, an image pure and holy as the saints in whom you may well believe—they are of your own kindred."

"May I convey to Gustave Rameau any verbal reply to his letter?" asked De Mauléon, turning as she replaced the letter on the table.

"Only my wishes for his welfare. It might wound him if I added, my gratitude for the generous manner in which he has interpreted my heart, and acceded to its desire."

"Mademoiselle, accept my congratulations. My condolences are for the poor girl left to my guardianship. Unhappily she loves this man; and there are reasons why I cannot withhold my consent to her union with him, should he demand it, now that, in the letter remitted to you, he has accepted your dismissal. If I can keep him out of all the follies and all the evils into which he suffers his vanity to mislead his reason, I will do so;—would I might say, only in compliance with your compassionate injunctions. But henceforth the infatuation of my ward compels me to take some interest in his career. Adieu, Mademoiselle! I have no fear for your happiness now."

Left alone, Isaura stood as one transfixed. All the bloom of her youth seemed suddenly restored. Round her red lips the dimples opened, countless mirrors of one happy smile. "I am free, I am free," she murmured—"joy, joy!" and she passed from the room to seek the Venosta, singing clear, singing loud, as a bird that escapes from the cage and warbles to the heaven it regains the blissful tale of its release.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN proportion to the nearer roar of the besiegers' cannon, and the sharper gripe of famine within the walls, the Parisians seemed to increase their scorn for the skill of the enemy, and their faith in the sanctity of the capital. All false news was believed as truth; all truthful news

abhorred as falsehood. Listen to the groups around the *cafés*. "The Prussian funds have fallen three per cent. at Berlin," says a threadbare ghost of the Bourse (he had been a clerk of Louvier's). "Ay," cries a National Guard, "read extracts from 'La Liberté.' The barbarians are in despair. Nancy is threatened, Belford freed. Bourbaki is invading Baden. Our fleets are pointing their cannon upon Hamburg. Their country endangered, their retreat cut off, the sole hope of Bismarck and his trembling legions is to find a refuge in Paris. The increasing fury of the bombardment is a proof of their despair."

"In that case," whispered Savarin to De Brézé, "suppose we send a flag of truce to Versailles with a message from Trochu that, on disgorging their conquests, ceding the left bank of the Rhine, and paying the expenses of the war, Paris, ever magnanimous to the vanquished, will allow the Prussians to retire."

"The Prussians! Retire!" cried Edgar Ferrier, catching the last word and glancing fiercely at Savarin. "What Prussian spy have we among us? Not one of the barbarians shall escape. We have but to dismiss the traitors who have usurped the Government, proclaim the Commune and the rights of labour, and we give birth to a Hercules that even in its cradle can strangle the vipers."

Edgar Ferrier was the sole member of his political party among the group which he thus addressed; but such was the terror which the Communists already began to inspire among the *bourgeoisie* that no one volunteered a reply. Savarin linked his arm in De Brézé's and prudently drew him off.

"I suspect," said the former, "that we shall soon have worse calamities to endure than the Prussian *obus* and the black loaf. The Communists will have their day."

"I shall be in my grave before then," said De Brézé, in hollow accents. "It is twenty-four hours since I spent my last fifty sous on the purchase of a rat, and I burnt the legs of my bedstead for the fuel by which that quadruped was roasted."

"*Entre nous*, my poor friend, I am much in the same condition," said Savarin, with a ghastly attempt at his old pleasant laugh. "See how I am shrunkened! My wife would be unfaithful to the Savarin of her dreams if she accepted a kiss from the slender gallant you behold in me. But I thought you were in the

National Guard, and therefore had not to vanish into air."

"I was a National Guard, but I could not stand the hardships; and being above the age, I obtained my exemption. As to pay, I was then too proud to claim my wage of 1 franc 25 centimes. I should not be too proud now. Ah, blessed be heaven! here comes Lemer cier; he owes me a dinner—he shall pay it. *Bon jour*, my dear Frederic! How handsome you look in your *kepi*. Your uniform is brilliantly fresh from the soil of powder. What a contrast to the tattered demalions of the Line!"

"I fear," said Lemer cier, ruefully, "that my costume will not look so well a day or two hence. I have just had news that will no doubt seem very glorious—in the newspapers. But then newspapers are not subjected to cannon-balls."

"What do you mean?" answered De Brézé.

"I met, as I emerged from my apartment a few minutes ago, that fire-eater Victor de Mauléon, who always contrives to know what passes at headquarters. He told me that preparations are being made for a great sortie. Most probably the announcement will appear in a proclamation to-morrow, and our troops march forth to-morrow night. The National Guard (fools and asses who have been yelling out for decisive action), are to have their wish, and to be placed in the van of battle,—amongst the foremost, the battalion in which I am enrolled. Should this be our last meeting on earth, say that Frederic Lemer cier has finished his part in life with *éclat*."

"Gallant friend," said De Brézé, feebly seizing him by the arm, "if it be true that thy mortal career is menaced, die as thou hast lived. An honest man leaves no debt unpaid. Thou owest me a dinner."

"Alas! ask of me what is possible. I will give thee three, however, if I survive and regain my *rentes*. But to-day I have not even a mouse to share with Fox."

"Fox lives then?" cried De Brézé, with sparkling hungry eyes.

"Yes. At present he is making the experiment how long an animal can live without food."

"Have mercy upon him, poor beast! Terminate his pangs by a noble death. Let him save thy friends and thyself from starving. For myself alone I do not plead; I am but an amateur in polite literature. But Savarin, the illustrious Savarin—in criticism the French Longinus

— in poetry the Parisian Horace — in social life the genius of gaiety in pantaloons, — contemplate his attenuated frame! Shall he perish for want of food while thou hast such superfluity in thy larder? I appeal to thy heart, thy conscience, thy patriotism. What in the eyes of France are a thousand Foxes compared to a single Savarin?"

"At this moment," sighed Savarin, "I could swallow anything, however nauseous, even thy flattery, De Brézé. But my friend Frederic, thou goest into battle — what will become of Fox if thou fall? Will he not be devoured by strangers? Surely it were a sweeter thought to his faithful heart to furnish a repast to thy friends? — his virtues acknowledged, his memory blest!"

"Thou dost look very lean, my poor Savarin! And how hospitable thou wert when yet plump!" said Frederic, pathetically. "And certainly, if I live, Fox will starve; if I am slain, Fox will be eaten. Yet, poor Fox, dear Fox, who lay on my breast when I was frostbitten! No; I have not the heart to order him to the spit for you. Urge it not."

"I will save thee that pang," cried De Brézé. "We are close by thy rooms. Excuse me for a moment: I will run in and instruct thy *bonne*."

So saying he sprang forward with an elasticity of step which no one could have anticipated from his previous languor. Frederic would have followed, but Savarin, clung to him, whimpering — "Stay; I shall fall like an empty sack, without the support of thine arm, young hero. Pooh! of course De Brézé is only joking — a pleasant joke. Hist! — a secret: he has moneys, and means to give us once more a dinner at his own cost, pretending that we dine on thy dog. He was planning this when thou camest up. Let him have his joke, and we shall have a *festin de Balthazar*."

"Hein!" said Frederic, doubtfully; "thou art sure he has no designs upon Fox?"

"Certainly not, except in regaling us. Donkey is not bad, but it is 14 francs a lb. A pullet is excellent, but it is 30 francs. Trust to De Brézé; we shall have donkey and pullet, and Fox shall feast upon the remains."

Before Frederic could reply, the two men were jostled and swept on by a sudden rush of a noisy crowd in their rear. They could but distinguish the words — Glorious news — victory — Faidherbe — Chanzy. But these words were suffi-

cient to induce them to join willingly in the rush. They forgot their hunger; they forgot Fox. As they were hurried on, they learned that there was a report of a complete defeat of the Prussians by Faidherbe near Amiens, — of a still more decided one on the Loire by Chanzy. These generals, with armies flushed with triumph, were pressing on towards Paris to accelerate the destruction of the hated Germans. How the report arose no one exactly knew. All believed it, and were making their way to the Hotel de Ville to hear it formally confirmed.

Alas! before they got there they were met by another crowd returning, dejected but angry. No such news had reached the Government. Chanzy and Faidherbe were no doubt fighting bravely, with every probability of success, but —

The Parisian imagination required no more. "We should always be defeating the enemy," said Savarin, "if there were not always a *but*;" and his audience, who, had he so expressed himself ten minutes before, would have torn him to pieces, now applauded the epigram; and with execrations on Trochu, mingled with many a peal of painful sarcastic laughter, vociferated and dispersed.

As the two friends sauntered back toward the part of the Boulevards on which De Brézé had parted company with them, Savarin quitted Lemercier suddenly and crossed the street to accost a small party of two ladies and two men who were on their way to the Madeleine. While he was exchanging a few words with them a young couple, arm in arm, passed by Lemercier, — the man in the uniform of the National Guard — uniform as unsullied as Frederic's, but with as little of a military air as can well be conceived. His gait was slouching; his head bent downwards. He did not seem to listen to his companion, who was talking with quickness and vivacity, her fair face radiant with smiles. Lemercier looked after them as they passed by. "*Sur mon âme*," muttered Frederic to himself, "surely that is *la belle* Julie, and she has got back her truant poet at last!"

While Lemercier thus soliloquized, Gustave, still looking down, was led across the street by his fair companion, and into the midst of the little group with whom Savarin had paused to speak. Accidentally brushing against Savarin himself, he raised his eyes with a start, about to mutter some conventional apology, when Julie felt the arm on which she leant tremble nervously. Before him

stood Isaura, the Countess de Vandemar by her side; her two other companions, Raoul and the Abbé Vertpré a step or two behind.

Gustave uncovered, bowed low, and stood mute and still for a moment, paralyzed by surprise and the chill of a painful shame.

Julie's watchful eyes, following his, fixed themselves on the same face. On the instant she divined the truth. She beheld her to whom she had owed months of jealous agony, and over whom, poor child, she thought she had achieved a triumph. But the girl's heart was so instinctively good that the sense of triumph was merged in a sense of compassion. Her rival had lost Gustave. To Julie the loss of Gustave was the loss of all that makes life worth having. On her part, Isaura was moved not only by the beauty of Julie's countenance, but still more by the childlike ingenuousness of its expression.

So, for the first time in their lives, met the child and the step-child of Louise Duval. Each so deserted, each so left alone and inexperienced amid the perils of the world, with fates so different, typifying orders of Womanhood so opposed. Isaura was naturally the first to break the silence that weighed like a sensible load on all present.

She advanced toward Rameau, with sincere kindness in her look and tone.

"Accept my congratulations," she said, with a grave smile. "Your mother informed me last evening of your nuptials. Without doubt I see Madame Gustave Rameau;" — and she extended her hand towards Julie. The poor Ondine shrank back for a moment, blushing up to her temples. It was the first hand which a woman of spotless character had extended to her since she had lost the protection of Madame Surville. She touched it timidly, humbly, then drew her bridegroom on; and with head more downcast than Gustave, passed through the group without a word.

She did not speak to Gustave till they were out of sight and hearing of those they had left. Then pressing his arm passionately, she said, "And that is the *demoiselle* thou hast resigned for me! Do not deny it. I am so glad to have seen her; it has done me so much good. How it has deepened, purified my love for thee! I have but one return to make; but that is my whole life. Thou shalt never have cause to blame me — never — never!"

Savarin looked very grave and thoughtful when he rejoined Lemercier.

"Can I believe my eyes?" said Frederic. "Surely that was Julie Caumartin leaning on Gustave Rameau's arm! And had he the assurance, so accompanied, to salute Madame de Vandemar, and Mademoiselle Cicogna, to whom I understood he was affianced? Nay, did I not see Mademoiselle shake hands with the Ondine? or am I under one of the illusions which famine is said to engender in the brain?"

"I have not strength now to answer all these interrogatives. I have a story to tell; but I keep it for dinner. Let us hasten to thy apartment. De Brézé is doubtless there waiting us."

CHAPTER XIV.

UNPRESCIENT of the perils that awaited him, absorbed in the sense of existing discomfort, cold, and hunger, Fox lifted his mournful visage from his master's dressing-gown, in which he had encoiled his shivering frame, on the entrance of De Brézé and the *concierge* of the house in which Lemercier had his apartment. Recognizing the Vicomte as one of his master's acquaintances, he checked the first impulse that prompted him to essay a feeble bark, and permitted himself, with a petulant whine, to be extracted from his covering, and held in the arms of the murderous visitor.

"*Dieu des dieux!*" ejaculated De Brézé, "how light the poor beast has become!" Here he pinched the sides and thighs of the victim. "Still," he said, "there is some flesh yet on these bones. You may grill the paws, *fricasser* the shoulders, and roast the rest. The *rognons* and the head accept for yourself as a perquisite." Here he transferred Fox to the arms of the *concierge*, adding, "*Vite au besogne, mon ami!*"

"Yes, Monsieur. I must be quick about it while my wife is absent. She has a *faiblesse* for the brute. He must be on the spit before she returns."

"Be it so; and on the table in an hour. Five o'clock — precisely — I am famished."

The *concierge* disappeared with Fox. De Brézé then amused himself by searching into Frederic's cupboards and *buffets*, from which he produced a cloth and utensils necessary for the repast. These he arranged with great neatness, and awaited in patience the moment of participation in the feast.

The hour of five had struck before Sa-

varin and Frederic entered the *salon*; and at their sight De Brézé dashed to the staircase and called out to the *concierge* to serve the dinner.

Frederic, though unconscious of the Thyestean nature of the banquet, still looked round for the dog; and, not perceiving him, began to call out, "Fox! Fox! where hast thou hidden thyself?"

"Tranquillize yourself," said De Brézé. "Do not suppose that I have not . . .

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR'S SON.*

The hand that wrote thus far has left unwritten the last scene of the tragedy of poor Fox. In the deep where Prospero has dropped his wand are now irrevocably buried the humour and the pathos of this cynophagous banquet. One detail of it, however, which the author imparted to his son, may here be faintly indicated. Let the sympathising reader recognise all that is dramatic in the conflict between hunger and affection; let him recall to mind the lachrymose loving-kindness of his own post-prandial emotions after blissfully breaking some fast, less mercilessly prolonged, we will hope, than that of these besieged banqueters; and then, though unaided by the fancy which conceived so quaint a situation, he may perhaps imagine what tearful tenderness would fill the eyes of the kind-hearted Frederic, as they contemplate the well-picked bones of his sacrificed favourite on the platter before him; which he pushes away, sighing, "Ah, poor Fox! how he would have enjoyed those bones!"

The chapter immediately following this one also remains unfinished. It was not intended to close the narrative thus left uncompleted; but of those many and so various works which have not unworthily associated with almost every department of literature the name of a single English writer, it is CHAPTER THE LAST. Had the author lived to finish it, he would doubtless have added to his Iliad of the Siege of Paris its most epic episode, by here describing the mighty combat between those two princes of the Parisian Bourse, the magnanimous Duplessis and the redoubtable Louvier. Amongst the few other pages of the book which have been left unwritten, we must also reckon with regret some page descriptive of the reconciliation between Graham Vane and Isaura Cicogna; but, fortunately for the satisfaction of every reader who may have followed thus far the fortunes of "The Parisians," all that our curiosity is chiefly interested to learn has been recorded in the *Envoi*, which was written before the completion of the novel.

We know not, indeed, what has become of these two Parisian types of a Beauty not of Holiness, the poor vain Poet of the *Pavé*, and the good-hearted Ondine of the Gutter. It is obvious, from the absence of all allusion to

them in Lemercier's letter to Vane, that they had passed out of the narrative before that letter was written. We must suppose the catastrophe of their fates to have been described, in some preceding chapter by the author himself; who would assuredly not have left M. Gustave Rameau in permanent possession of his ill-merited and ill-ministered fortune. That French representative of the appropriately popular poetry of modern ideas, which prefers "the roses and raptures of vice" to "the lilies and languors of virtue," cannot have been irredeemably reconciled by the sweet savours of the domestic *pot-au-feu*, even when spiced with pungent whiffs of repudiated disreputability, to any selfish betrayal of the cause of universal social emancipation from the personal proprieties. If poor Julie Caumartin has perished in the siege of Paris, with all the grace of her self-wrought redemption still upon her, we shall doubtless deem her fate a happier one than any she could have found in prolonged existence as Madame Rameau; and a certain modicum of this world's good things will, in that case, have been rescued for worthier employment by Graham Vane. To that assurance nothing but Lemercier's description of the fate of Victor de Mauléon (which will be found in the *Envoi*) need be added for the satisfaction of our sense of poetic justice: and, if on the mimic stage, from which they now disappear, all these puppets have rightly played their parts in the drama of an empire's fall, each will have helped "to point a moral" as well as to "adorn a tale." *Valete et plaudite!* L.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

AMONG the refugees which the *convvoi* from Versailles disgorged on the Paris station were two men, who, in pushing through the crowd, came suddenly face to face with each other.

"Aha! *Bon jour*, M. Duplessis," said a burly voice.

"*Bon jour*, M. Louvier," replied Duplessis.

"How long have you left Bretagne?"

"On the day that the news of the armistice reached it, in order to be able to enter Paris the first day its gates were open. And you—where have you been?"

"In London."

"Ah! in London!" said Duplessis, paling. "I knew I had an enemy there."

"Enemy! I? Bah! my dear Monsieur. What makes you think me your enemy?"

"I remember your threats."

"*A propos* of Rochebriant. By the way, when would it be convenient to you and the dear Marquis to let me into prompt possession of that property? You can no longer pretend to buy it as a *dot* for Mademoiselle Valérie."

* See also Prefatory Note, p. 355.

"I know not that yet. It is true that all the financial operations attempted by my agent in London have failed. But I may recover myself yet, now that I re-enter Paris. In the mean time, we have still six months before us; for, as you will find—if you know it not already—the interest due to you has been lodged with Messrs. — of —, and you cannot foreclose, even if the law did not take into consideration the national calamities as between debtor and creditor."

"Quite true. But if you cannot buy the property it must pass into my hands in a very short time. And you and the Marquis had better come to an amicable arrangement with me. *A propos*, I read in the 'Times' newspaper that Alain was among the wounded in the sortie of December."

"Yes; we learnt that through a pigeon-post. We were afraid . . ."

L'ENVOI.

THE intelligent reader will perceive that the story I relate is vitually closed with the preceding chapter; though I rejoice to think that what may be called its plot does not find its *dénouement* amidst the crimes and the frenzy of the *Guerre des Communeaux*. Fit subjects these, indeed, for the social annalist in times to come. When crimes that outrage humanity have their motive or their excuse in principles that demand the demolition of all upon which the civilization of Europe has its basis—worship, property, and marriage—in order to reconstruct a new civilization adapted to a new humanity, it is scarcely possible for the serenest contemporary to keep his mind in that state of abstract reasoning with which Philosophy deduces from some past evil some existent good. For my part, I believe that throughout the whole known history of mankind, even in epochs when reason is most misled and conscience most perverted, there runs visible, though fine and threadlike, the chain of destiny, which has its roots in the throne of an All-wise and an All-good; that in the wildest illusions by which multitudes are frenzied, there may be detected gleams of prophetic truths; that in the fiercest crimes which, like the disease of an epidemic, characterize a peculiar epoch under abnormal circumstances, there might be found instincts or aspirations towards some social virtues to be realized ages afterwards by happier generations, all tending to save man from despair of the future. were the

whole society to unite for the joyless hour of his race in the abjuration of soul and the denial of God, because all irresistibly establishing that yearning towards an unseen future which is the leading attribute of soul, evincing the government of a divine Thought which evolves out of the discords of one age the harmonies of another, and, in the world within us as in the world without, enforces upon every unclouded reason the distinction between Providence and Chance.

The account subjoined may suffice to say all that rests to be said of those individuals in whose fate, apart from the events or personages that belong to graver history, the reader of this work may have conceived an interest. It is translated from the letter of Frederic Lemercier to Graham Vane, dated June —, a month after the defeat of the Communists.

"Dear and distinguished Englishman, whose name I honour but fail to pronounce, accept my cordial thanks for your interests in such remains of Frederic Lemercier as yet survive the ravages of famine, Equality, Brotherhood, Petroleum, and the Rights of Labour. I did not desert my Paris when M. Thiers, '*parmulâ non bene relicta*,' led his sagacious friends and his valiant troops to the groves of Versailles, and confided to us unarmed citizens the preservation of order and property from the insurgents whom he left in possession of our forts and cannon. I felt spellbound by the interest of the *sinistre melodrame*, with its quick succession of scenic effects and the metropolis of the world for its stage. Taught by experience, I did not aspire to be an actor; and even as a spectator, I took care neither to hiss nor applaud. Imitating your happy England, I observed a strict neutrality; and, safe myself from danger, left my best friends to the care of the gods.

"As to political questions, I dare not commit myself to a conjecture. At this *rouge et noir* table, all I can say is, that whichever card turns up, it is either a red or a black one. One gamester gains for the moment by the loss of the other; the table eventually ruins both.

"No one believes that the present form of government can last; every one differs as to that which can. Raoul de Vandemar is immovably convinced of the restoration of the Bourbons. Savarin is meditating a new journal devoted to the cause of the Count of Paris. De Brézé and the old Count de Passy, having in

turn espoused and opposed every previous form of government, naturally go in for a perfectly novel experiment, and are for constitutional dictatorship under the Duc d'Aumale, which he is to hold at his own pleasure, and ultimately resign to his nephew, the Count, under the mild title of a constitutional king; that is, if it ever suits the pleasure of a dictator to depose himself. To me this seems the wildest of notions. If the Duc's administration were successful, the French would insist on keeping it; and if the uncle were unsuccessful, the nephew would not have a chance. Duplessis retains his faith in the Imperial dynasty, and that Imperialist party is much stronger than it appears on the surface. So many of the *bourgeoisie* recall with a sigh eighteen years of prosperous trade; so many of the military officers, so many of the civil officials, identify their career with the Napoleonic favour; and so many of the Priesthood, abhorring the Republic, always liable to pass into the hands of those who assail religion,—unwilling to admit the claim of the Orleanists, are at heart for the Empire.

“But I will tell you one secret. I and all the quiet folks like me (we are more numerous than any one violent faction) are willing to accept any form of government by which we have the best chance of keeping our coats on our backs. *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, are gone quite out of fashion; and Mademoiselle — has abandoned her great chant of the Marseillaise, and is drawing tears from enlightened audiences by her pathetic delivery of ‘*O Richard! O mon roi!*’

“Now about the other friends of whom you ask for news.

“Wonders will never cease. Louvier and Duplessis are no longer deadly rivals. They have become sworn friends, and are meditating a great speculation in common, to commence as soon as the Prussian debt is paid off. Victor de Mauléon brought about this reconciliation in a single interview during the brief interregnum between the Peace and the *Guerre des Communeaux*. You know how sternly Louvier was bent upon seizing Alain de Rochebriant's estates. Can you conceive the true cause? Can you imagine it possible that a hardened money-maker like Louvier should ever allow himself to be actuated, one way or the other, by the romance of a sentimental wrong? Yet so it was. It seems that many years ago he was desperately

in love with a girl who disappeared from his life, and whom he believed to have been seduced by the late Marquis de Rochebriant. It was in revenge for this supposed crime that he had made himself the principal mortgagee of the late Marquis; and, visiting the sins of the father on the son, had, under the infernal disguise of friendly interest, made himself sole mortgagee to Alain, upon terms apparently the most generous. The demon soon showed his *griffe*, and was about to foreclose, when Duplessis came to Alain's relief; and Rochebriant was to be Valérie's *dot* on her marriage with Alain. The Prussian war, of course, suspended all such plans, pecuniary and matrimonial. Duplessis, whose resources were terribly crippled by the war, attempted operations in London with a view of raising the sum necessary to pay off the mortgage; but found himself strangely frustrated and baffled. Louvier was in London, and defeated his rival's agent in every speculation. It became impossible for Duplessis to redeem the mortgage. The two men came to Paris with the peace. Louvier determined both to seize the Breton lands and to complete the ruin of Duplessis; when he learned from De Mauléon that he had spent half his life in a baseless illusion;—that Alain's father was innocent of the crime for which his son was to suffer; and Victor, with that strange power over men's minds which was so peculiar to him, talked Louvier into mercy if not into repentance. In short the mortgage is to be paid off by instalments at the convenience of Duplessis. Alain's marriage with Valérie is to take place in a few weeks. The *fournisseurs* are already gone to fit up the old chateau for the bride, and Louvier is invited to the wedding.

“I have all this story from Alain, and from Duplessis himself. I tell you the tale as 'twas told to me, with all the gloss of sentiment upon its woof. But between ourselves, I am too Parisian not to be sceptical as to the unalloyed amiability of sudden conversions. And I suspect that Louvier was no longer in a condition to indulge in the unprofitable whim of turning rural seigneur. He had sunk large sums and incurred great liabilities in the new street to be called after his name; and that street has been twice ravaged, first by the Prussian siege and next by the *Guerre des Communeaux*; and I can detect many reasons why Louvier should deem it prudent not only to withdraw from the Rochebriant seizure, and make

sure of peacefully recovering the capital lent on it, but establishing joint interest and *quasi* partnership with a financier so brilliant and successful as Armand Duplessis has hitherto been.

"Alain himself is not quite recovered from his wound, and is now at Rochebriant, nursed by his aunt and Valérie. I have promised to visit him next week. Raoul de Vandemar is still at Paris with his mother, saying there is no place where one Christian man can be of such service. The old Count declines to come back, saying there is no place where a philosopher can be in such danger.

"I reserve as my last communication, in reply to your questions, that which is the gravest. You say that you saw in the public journals brief notice of the assassination of Victor de Mauléon; and you ask for such authentic particulars as I can give of that event, and of the motives of the assassin.

"I need not, of course, tell you how bravely the poor Vicomte behaved throughout the siege; but he made many enemies among the worst members of the National Guard by the severity of his discipline; and had he been caught by the mob the same day as Clement Thomas, who committed the same offence, would certainly have shared the fate of that general. Though elected a *député*, he remained at Paris a few days after Thiers & Co. left it, in the hope of persuading the party of Order, including then no small portion of the National Guards, to take prompt and vigorous measures to defend the city against the Communists. Indignant at their pusillanimity, he then escaped to Versailles. There he more than confirmed the high reputation he had acquired during the siege, and impressed the ablest public men with the belief that he was destined to take a very leading part in the strife of party. When the Versailles troops entered Paris, he was, of course, among them in command of a battalion.

"He escaped safe through that horrible war of barricades, though no man more courted danger. He inspired his men with his own courage. It was not till the revolt was quenched on the evening of the 28th May that he met his death. The Versailles soldiers, naturally exasperated, were very prompt in seizing and shooting at once every passenger who looked like a foe. Some men under De Mauléon had seized upon one of these victims, and were hurrying him into the next street for execution, when, catching

sight of the Vicomte, he screamed out, 'Lebeau, save me!'

"At that cry De Mauléon rushed forward, arrested his soldiers, cried, 'This man is innocent — a harmless physician. I answer for him.' As he thus spoke, a wounded Communist, lying in the gutter amidst a heap of the slain, dragged himself up, reeled toward De Mauléon, plunged a knife between his shoulders, and dropped down dead.

"The Vicomte was carried into a neighbouring house, from all the windows of which the tricolor was suspended; and the *Médecin* whom he had just saved from summary execution examined and dressed his wound. The Vicomte lingered for more than an hour, but expired in the effort to utter some words, the sense of which those about him endeavored in vain to seize.

"It was from the *Médecin* that the name of the assassin and the motive for the crime were ascertained. The miscreant was a Red Republican and Socialist named Armand Monnier. He had been a very skilful workman, and earning, as such, high wages. But he thought fit to become an active revolutionary politician, first led into schemes for upsetting the world by the existing laws of marriage, which had inflicted on him one woman who ran away from him, but being still legally his wife forbade him to marry another woman with whom he lived, and to whom he seems to have been passionately attached.

"These schemes, however, he did not put into any positive practice till he fell in with a certain Jean Lebeau, who exercised great influence over him, and by whom he was admitted into one of the secret revolutionary societies which had for their object the overthrow of the Empire. After that time his head became turned. The fall of the Empire put an end to the society he had joined: Lebeau dissolved it. During the siege Monnier was a sort of leader among the *ouvriers*; but as it advanced and famine commenced, he contracted the habit of intoxication. His children died of cold and hunger. The woman he lived with followed them to the grave. Then he seems to have become a ferocious madman, and to have been implicated in the worst crimes of the Communists. He cherished a wild desire of revenge against this Jean Lebeau, to whom he attributed all his calamities, and by whom, he said, his brother had been shot in the sortie of December.

"Here comes the strange part of the story. This Jean Lebeau is alleged to have been one and the same person with Victor de Mauléon. The *Médecin* I have named, and who is well-known in Belleville and Montmartre as the *Médecin des Pauvres*, confesses that he belonged to the secret society organized by Lebeau; that the disguise the Vicomte assumed was so complete that he should not have recognized his identity with the conspirator but for an accident. During the later time of the bombardment, he, the *Médecin des Pauvres*, was on the eastern ramparts, and his attention was suddenly called to a man mortally wounded by the splinter of a shell. While examining the nature of the wound, De Mauléon, who was also on the ramparts, came to the spot. The dying man said: 'M. le Vicomte, you owe me a service. My name is Marc le Roux. I was on the police before the war. When M. de Mauléon reassumed his station, and was making himself obnoxious to the Emperor, I might have denounced him as Jean Lebeau, the conspirator. I did not. The siege has reduced me to want. I have a child at home—a pet. Don't let her starve.' 'I will see to her,' said the Vicomte. Before we could get the man into the ambulance-cart he expired.

"The *Médecin* who told this story I had the curiosity to see myself, and cross-question. I own I believe his statement. Whether De Mauléon did or did not conspire against a fallen dynasty, to which he owed no allegiance, can little if at all injure the reputation he has left behind of a very remarkable man—of great courage and great ability—who might have had a splendid career if he had survived. But, as Savarin says truly, the first bodies which the car of revolution crushes down are those which first harness themselves to it.

"Among De Mauléon's papers is the programme of a constitution fitted for France. How it got into Savarin's hands I know not. De Mauléon left no will, and no relations came forward to claim his papers. I asked Savarin to give me the heads of the plan, which he did. They are as follows:—

"The American republic is the sole one worth studying, for it has lasted. The causes of its duration are in the checks to democratic fickleness and disorder. 1st, No law affecting the Constitution can be altered without the consent of two-thirds of Congress. 2d, To counteract the impulses natural to a popular

Assembly chosen by universal suffrage, the greater legislative powers, especially in foreign affairs, are vested in the Senate, which has even executive as well as legislative functions. 3rd, The chief of the State, having elected his government, can maintain it independent of hostile majorities in either Assembly.

"These three principles of safety to form the basis of any new constitution for France.

"For France it is essential that the chief magistrate, under whatever title he assume, should be as irresponsible as an English sovereign. Therefore he should not preside at his councils; he should not lead his armies. The day for personal government is gone, even in Prussia. The safety for order in a State is, that when things go wrong, the Ministry changes, the State remains the same. In Europe, republican institutions are safer where the chief magistrate is hereditary than where elective."

"Savarin says these axioms are carried out at length, and argued with great ability.

"I am very grateful for your proffered hospitalities in England. Some day I shall accept them—viz., whenever I decide on domestic life, and the calm of the conjugal *foyer*. I have a *penchant* for an English *Mees*, and am not exacting as to the *dot*. Thirty thousand livres sterling would satisfy me—a trifle, I believe, to you rich islanders.

"Meanwhile, I am naturally compelled to make up for the miseries of that horrible siege. Certain moralizing journals tell us that, sobered by misfortunes, the Parisians are going to turn over a new leaf, become studious and reflective, despise pleasure and luxury, and live like German professors. Don't believe a word of it. My conviction is that, whatever may be said as to our frivolity, extravagance, &c., under the Empire, we shall be just the same under any form of government—the bravest, the most timid, the most ferocious, the kindest-hearted, the most irrational, the most intelligent, the most contradictory, the most consistent people whom Jove, taking counsel of Venus and the Graces, Mars, and the Furies, ever created for the delight and terror of the world;—in a word, the Parisians, — *Votre tout dévoué,*

"FREDERIC LEMERCIER."

It is a lovely noon on the bay of Sorrento, towards the close of the autumn of

1871 : upon the part of the craggy shore, to the left of the town, on which her first perusal of the loveliest poem in which the romance of Christian heroism has ever combined elevation of thought with silvery delicacies of speech, had charmed her childhood, reclined the young bride of Graham Vane. They were in the first month of their marriage. Isaura had not yet recovered from the effects of all that had preyed upon her life, from the hour in which she had deemed that in her pursuit of fame she had lost the love that had coloured her genius and inspired her dreams, to that in which . . .

The physicians consulted agreed in insisting on her passing the winter in a southern climate ; and after their wedding, which took place in Florence, they thus came to Sorrento.

As Isaura is seated on the small smoothed rocklet, Graham reclines at her feet, his face upturned to hers with an inexpressible wistful anxiety in his impassioned tenderness. "You are sure you feel better and stronger since we have been here !"

From The Popular Science Review.
HOUSE MARTINS AS BUILDERS.

BY HENRY J. SLACK, F.G.S., SEC. R.M.S.

THE popular notion that all nest-making birds work by instinct, neither controlled nor modified by reason, has not been accepted by many distinguished observers, and has been demolished by Mr. Alfred Wallace, who supplies abundant reasons for his opinion "that the mental faculties exhibited by birds in the construction of their nests are the same in kind as those manifested by mankind in the construction of their dwellings."* If it is said that birds are accustomed to do the same things in the same way, over and over again for years and generations, it should be remembered that this is also true of many races of men, and, to some extent, of all men. Such propositions are only true in a broad and general sense, and it is probable that a great many exceptions would be found amongst building birds if they were carefully looked for. After any building creature has formed a habit of constructing its abode in a particular way, it will most likely continue it until some change of

circumstances renders it impracticable or inconvenient, and then whatever powers of reason and observation it possesses will be exerted to get over the difficulty by some alteration in the material or the plan.

Some time ago, M. Pouchet, of Rouen, noticed that the swallows of the present day, inhabiting that picturesque city, had a better pattern for their nests than those of older date which had been preserved in the museum. The new construction is more roomy than the old. Here, then, is a proof of divergence from any supposed "instinctive" pattern, and it is not likely to be a solitary exception.

During the last three or four years the writer has noticed numerous divergencies and varieties in the nests made by house martins round his own dwelling. Instead of saying they all build alike, it would be much nearer the truth to say that each pair have their own notions on the matter, and vary them within certain limits from time to time. At the present moment, on the north side, near the point of a gable, is a nest built against one slope of woodwork, and the rough, cast-wall below it. This nest has an oblique, rough-edged entrance, following the line of the eaves. Another nest was built touching it with an opening in another direction, but, being much exposed to wind and weather, it tumbled down. In another gable nests are built every year, and fall sooner or later from wind and rain. The new nests in this situation have not been exact repetitions of the old ones, but somewhat broader at the base, and with an entrance differently arranged. The birds do not choose to leave this place, but they have not yet succeeded in making a nest to last long, though they may be said to be improving.

On the east side of the house, under the projecting roof, there are now two nests attached to each other, side by side. The first built had a roundish hole for an entrance on the right-hand side, just under the woodwork. The second nest has its entrance on the left side of its curve, not close to the woodwork like the former, but provided with a slightly thickened and projecting rim. Another nest may be roughly likened to a big convex oyster shell, stuck up under a horizontal part of the projecting roof, and open all along the top, with a rough edge. This has been a very common form of nest for three or four years in several situations.

At the point of a southern gable a nest

* "Intellectual Observer," vol. xi. p. 420.

was made this year attached to the right-hand slope of the woodwork as well as to the wall, showing a large sloping opening on that side.

Two nests are fixed side by side, and attached under the projecting window of an upper room, and in the top corner of the window of the room below. When the first nest was built, cats used to sit on the window-sill and look longingly at its inhabitants. This did not trouble the birds — they had apparently satisfied themselves that it would be too awkward a jump for pussy to succeed in, and up to the present they have been right. So tame are the birds when building, and so satisfied of protection, that they did not show any anxiety when workmen were close by them coating the walls with a silica preparation, some of which was washed over their unfinished nest.

The second of these attached nests was made this year. It is much larger than the first, and has a different sort of entrance. The way into the first nest is by a round hole just in the middle and at the top of its convex curve. The second one is entered by a large irregular aperture in the left-hand corner, being a space left in the construction, by not carrying the edge of the nest at that place up to the wall of the house. This mode of entrance might be thought extremely inconvenient, but the birds constantly approach it at a right angle and make a sudden sharp turn into it, with no diminution of their customary speed. This performance will remind the old coach traveller of the way in which four horses and the vehicle were suddenly whisked round at Guildford, and got through an entrance that was barely wide enough for their admission, and at right angles to the road.

Three nests were made two or three years ago under the eaves of a lower part of the house on the north side, but well protected against the violence of wind and rain. The droppings from the young birds being inconvenient at this spot, a board was put under the nests to catch them. The birds did not approve of this alteration, and took the trouble to construct fresh abodes in worse positions rather than put up with it. Perhaps the board was placed nearer to the nests than they approved of. It might also have offered too convenient a resting-place for enemies wishing to attack them, which once happened when one nest was used by other birds.

It is well known that the house martin will often make experiments, before de-

termining the site of a nest, by sticking little bits of mud to a wall; but works of this kind have been noticed for several years when no more nests seemed to be wanted for that season. Were these elementary building lessons for the benefit of the rising generation, or preparations for a subsequent season? The latter may be probable, though why should they put some dozen or more patches all of a row when only a few would be used? Anyhow, those who had not been builders in a previous year would have an opportunity of seeing how the process was commenced.

In "The Birds of Sherwood Forest," an interesting book by Mr. Sterland, the writer, speaks of the eaves of buildings, or corners of windows as the most favourite spots for martins building, "but," he adds, "I have never met with a nest in such places open at the top, as I have frequently seen it represented in works of natural history. In one recent book, the illustrations of which are generally very faithful, the nest is figured as a shallow dish fixed to a wall and entirely open at the top. Surely this must be a mistake, or if drawn from nature it cannot be taken as the type of the nest of this species. All that I have ever seen have had their walls carried up until they met the projection under which they were built, leaving a rounded hole immediately under the angle of the tile, or cornice."

In none of the nests which it is the purpose of this paper to describe could the form be likened to "shallow dishes," but the open tops have been in common. Mr. Sterland is not likely to be mistaken in his observations, and if open-topped nests have been unknown in the regions of his observation, it is strange that they should be found elsewhere. The inference seems to be that variations from a normal pattern may be local; and perhaps a careful comparison of the building proceedings of the martins in different counties might throw light upon their ways, and lead to a higher view of their intelligence.

I may be fortunate in having my house frequented by a more experimental race of martins than are common, and there may be an advanced thinker among them, analogous to the reformers who sometimes spring up amongst stagnant tribes of men. I cannot, however, venture to flatter myself that this is the true explanation until I hear the result of careful inquiries in other quarters. All I can

say is, that the martins' nests round my roofs exhibit nearly as much variety in form as the houses of the human folk in the village below, and a reason can usually be seen for the variations they display. Open-topped nests have been found in the most sheltered places. When the birds' abodes have been built in couples, like the semi-detached villas in the outskirts of towns, the entrances have been arranged so as not to come too close together. The distances are sufficient to render collisions of out-going and in-going birds improbable, and I notice other adaptations of means to ends.

In summer the martin families seem scarcely to sleep at all. At midnight and at early morn the young ones twitter. Late in the evening the parents keep up their elegant flight, and they are at it again as twilight passes into dawn.

From The Spectator.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

VERY few Englishmen, we imagine, care to argue out even in their own minds the question of Universal Suffrage. Mr. Chamberlain preaches the doctrine at Sheffield, Sir Charles Dilke at Chelsea, and Mr. Bradlaugh everywhere, but we greatly doubt if it has ever received from the mass of the people much serious consideration. Their instinct, we take it, is for household suffrage, or rather married-man suffrage, — for confining the electoral power to those who have some visible responsibilities, or contribute in a direct manner both to municipal and imperial taxation. Universal suffrage has never been proposed here by any responsible statesman, and its advocacy on the hustings would, we imagine, rather damage than increase the chances of a candidate. The interest taken in the proposal here is only an interest of dislike, but on the Continent the case is very different indeed. Opinion there is violently divided as to its value, its meaning, and its desirableness, the division being by no means the usual one between Liberals and Conservatives, — those who reverence the past, and those who can look only towards the future. In France, for example, all Conservatives dread manhood suffrage, as tending to the permanent danger of property and religion; while Liberals vote for it earnestly, as the best defence of the country against a clerical *régime*. In Italy, however, all

Liberals of all schools resist the lowering of the suffrage, fearing the influence of the priests upon the masses; while the upper classes are divided, according as politics or theology happen to influence their minds. In Germany, Prince Bismarck introduced the new principle into the Imperial Parliament, avowedly as a Conservative measure; while moderate statesmen like Dr. Simson appear to doubt whether in the long run universal suffrage will tend to strengthen the Liberal party, or the Conservative party, or the party which is supposed to be more or less menacing property. In Spain it is very doubtful whether true universal suffrage would not restore Isabella to the throne, while in Denmark it certainly would try one of those strange and entirely novel experiments of which all men who have read history have an instinctive dread. It may be worth while, therefore, while all Europe is pondering over the method, and it is longed for or feared by rising parties in Great Britain, just to see for a moment what are the arguments for or against a scheme on which no two European politicians of the practical kind seem able to agree.

The first, and in our judgment the best, argument for universal suffrage is that it does in some degree recognize the dignity of manhood, the existence of citizenship, apart altogether from adventitious circumstances, such as wealth, education, or political intelligence; that it is, in fact, universal, and not partial, an idea necessarily very strong in countries which have established the Conscription. If a man is forced to die for his country, he is surely entitled, Frenchmen say, to vote as to the merit or demerit of the policy he is to die for. The consequences of his vote have little to do with the matter. He has a right to it, as he has to keep living, though his death might be a public advantage. The next gain from such a suffrage is the enormous force which a mass vote adds to the Executive, a force absolutely needful in emergencies so great that to obtain safety the population must assent, at least by acquiescence, in the great measure to be proposed. Nothing, for instance, could save Prussia in certain contingencies except the conviction, drilled into her people by two centuries of danger, that every man must become a disciplined and effective soldier. There is a mass vote thrown in Prussia to that effect in every serious contingency, and irregularly or silently as it is taken, it is the very foundation of

the recent Imperial policy. Then universal suffrage undoubtedly throws the responsibility of all acts upon the people who commit them, and compels them to feel that law is not a hostile agency, but one which they themselves have put upon themselves, and are therefore bound to uphold. There cannot be a doubt, for example, that the easy working of the Code Napoleon in France, the total absence of any party which even hopes to overthrow it, is due to its acceptance by the people in so unanimous a manner as to amount to a direct assent which, indeed, has been three times more or less directly registered at the polls by the plébiscites for Napoleon, who, it was certain, did not touch the Code. In other words, it is certain that universal suffrage does gratify a natural desire for the honourable position of full citizen, and does impart to an Executive acting in accordance with its will a quite irresistible strength.

These are powerful reasons for adopting a form of revealing national will which is very much dreaded, if not detested, in England; but the arguments on the other side are still to be heard, and they seem to us just as strong, and in some most essential points much stronger. In the first place, universal suffrage gains its tremendous force — a force we quite admit, a force which, for example, so utterly crushed General Cavaignac, at the head of all his legions and the Bureaucracy, that in a day he was changed from ruler of France into a historical and half-forgotten personage — at the price of being utterly illogical. If mere citizenship, the mere obligation to pay taxes, to obey the law, to suffer for the country, constitute a moral right to vote, then women are illogically excluded, and with their admission, half the force of universal suffrage would be lost, inasmuch as, admitting for the moment the full equality of the sexes, the political arguments acting upon their minds would of necessity be essentially different. Supposing them equally adapted to politics, which we should deny, still their vote would not be thrown for the same reasons as those which move men to action. There exists, especially on the Continent, an antagonism between, not the sexes, but their politics, which would in all probability paralyze universal suffrage and render it unable to decide on any ecclesiastical policy, on any policy with respect to finance, and on any policy of peace or war, — women, as a rule, whenever their national pride is

touched, being decidedly more warlike than men. Supposing, however, the illogical position still maintained, as it would be in Catholic countries and is still in America, the grand objection to manhood suffrage revives in all its force, — that it is an irresistible power, with strong tendencies to despotism, necessarily guided by inadequate intelligence, and driven mainly, not by thought or the sober interests of life, but by fluctuating motion. The duty of voting is best performed by those who are personally interested in the result of voting — that is, by those who, in the brutal phrases alone wide enough to cover suffrage questions, have some “stake in the country” — who are sufficiently tied in one way or another to know they must suffer for any mishap; who will think, or at worst follow a leader instead of rushing away with an idea. Boys are bad voters, because they think everything possible, believe every evil can be cured by legislation, and cannot perceive the advantages of compromise. It takes time and it takes experience to make a sound, reasonable voter, and especially a voter who is not to vote directly, as in a plébiscite, but to choose the man who is to exercise his fraction of direct voting-power. We quite admit this reasoning would, if it stood by itself, and were carried out to its logical conclusion, reduce the electorate to a very limited body; but we have already acknowledged the necessity of force in the State, of body as well as brain, and the only point is to find the easiest point of compromise. This is, as we believe, to admit the whole nation, minus those too young or too little settled to be able to use their power with discretion as well as energy. We say the whole nation, because it is the peculiar claim of household-suffrage that it does admit the whole nation when ready, that it is true to the principle of equality, and excludes no one the moment he has reached a point at which he feels the burdens as well as enjoys the privileges of citizenship. Every other device hitherto tried upon the Continent for limiting the suffrage breaks down, — either because, like the Italian, it insists on some test of wealth; or because, like the Prussian, it cleaves the community horizontally by a system of “orders,” which, unequal in numbers, are equal in power; or because, like Louis Philippe’s suffrage, it goes so far that the electorate becomes corruptible; or, like our own old suffrage, because it lacks the needful physical force to back its decisions. A

limitation by age, the panacea of many Constitution-seekers, is a bad test, because visibly directed against one set of opinions; while marriage, M. Belcastel's test, shuts out too many of the most influential class. There is we, believe, but one suffrage which is strictly national, which recognizes absolute equality, and which nevertheless can be relied on for the kind of steadiness and persistency which enables statesmen to prepare any policy at all, and that is household suffrage, the one form never tried in any great country of the Continent, though there, from the vast numbers of small properties, it would yield to the State even more force than it possesses here. It was not, as grave writers affirm, till New York City abandoned household suffrage that corruption entered the municipality.

From The Saturday Review.
FRANCE AND ITALY.

To have the Romish clergy as enemies is troublesome enough, and is a severe call even on the energies of Prince Bismarck. But it is still worse to have them as friends, to be thought their especial favourites, and to have to rule so as to please them and satisfy their requirements. The French Government is to a large extent a Government of those whom the clergy delight to honour, and whose fortunes are linked with those of the priests. The Duke of Broglie and his colleagues may not perhaps be all that their ecclesiastical supporters could wish; but they are very anxious to receive such support as the French clergy can give them, and are not disinclined to go considerable lengths to purchase this assistance. The Ministerial organs are never weary of repeating that it is essential in the eyes of every wise Frenchman that other people, and especially other people in a humble rank of life, should be religious; and to obey the priests and to be ready to look at everything from a clerical point of view is the only conception of religion that is ever recognized by French journalists as worth discussing. The priests, as a rule, are quite willing to render the services which their political allies require, and at every election the Government candidate is backed up by the priests, is spoken of as marked out by Heaven to represent the constituency, and is pushed forward by the lavish

use of ecclesiastical arts and arguments. But in proportion as the Government trusts more and more to the priests to befriend it, the priests become less able to render it effectual service. The most marked result of the War of 1870 is one which could scarcely have been expected to have arisen from it. It is a growing and a very violent breach between the masses of the French people and the priests. The feeling is not confined to the lowest classes, nor to the inhabitants of towns, nor even to men. There is a repugnance to the priests, and an alarm at their designs, and a detestation of them as the secret causes of the War of 1870, which is found even in Brittany, and is spread generally throughout France. That the priests dragged France into the late disastrous war, that it is to the priests that almost every family owes the loss of some well-known face in its home circle, and that it is the priests who have made sugar and oil and soap and candles enormously dear by the new taxation which the war has made necessary, is the firm belief of the suffering heads of countless humble households from Calais to Nice. The Government has with it not only the priests but the great bulk of the upper classes, all that in the provinces is known as society, the minor professional, the financial, and perhaps the military worlds. But it makes no way with the masses. It is as unpopular in remote hamlets as in large towns, and this, not because humble Frenchmen have any dislike to the President or to the Dukes who rule under him, or any strong attachment to any other men or form of government, but simply because they think that the success of the present Government means the triumph of the priests. The Ministers have, it may be believed, no wish to become the humble servants of the clergy. They feel like the Count of Chambord, who has often said that, if he were on the throne, he would show the priests that they must keep their place and respect their King. The Duke of Broglie is not likely to be entirely blind to the harm that the alliance of the priests does him. He seeks at present to prop himself up, not by humouring the priests any further, but by various small political devices, by getting authority to appoint between thirty and forty thousand mayors all to his own taste, and by recasting the electoral law. It is the policy of his Cabinet just now to impose some sort of restraint on the priests, and to seem in some trifling de-

gree independent of them. But the head of the Ministry has a hard, if not a hopeless, task before him, if he proposes to overcome the suspicion and dislike with which he and his party are regarded in very large sections of French society, not on their own account, but because they are associated in popular estimation with the priests; and to the account of the priests is set down, partly justly and partly unjustly, the larger portion of the terrible misfortunes which France has had to endure, and the shock of which is even now deeply and widely felt.

One consequence of the alliance between the Government and the priests is that the Ministry is always getting into difficulties in the region of foreign politics; and very naturally it is with Italy that its relations are of the most varying and complex character. The priests make, and from their point of view naturally and properly make, the restoration of the Pope's temporal power the supreme aim of all their political efforts. That the Pope should have been robbed of his temporal power by the King of Italy is mortifying enough, but it is doubly mortifying to think that he was enabled to accomplish his robbery by means of the very war which the priests exerted themselves to bring about in order that their views might gain a greater ascendancy. The majority of the Assembly would, at least in the early days of the existence of the body to which they belong, have been delighted to go to war with Italy and restore Rome to the Pope if they had dared, and probably the Ministry of the Duke of Broglie would be very glad to do so now. The Italians are thoroughly persuaded that, if there was a real Legitimist Government in France, Italy would be soon called on to fight; and during the autumn months of last year, when the designs of the Fusionists seemed likely to be crowned with success, the Italian Government thought it necessary to spend large sums, which could very ill be spared, in preparation for defence. The present French Government disclaims any intention of thwarting or threatening Italy, and in the present state of French opinion a war of any kind would be almost impossible, and a war to please the priests would be entirely so. Even the Count of Chambord had the good sense to see that he must let it be understood that he did not propose to begin his reign by dragging France into a crusade. But, on the other hand, the priests are

the allies of the present Government, and something must be done to please them. It need not be anything of any importance, but it must be something which may be supposed likely to give pain or annoyance to the Italians, and so remind them that France is really on the side of the Vatican in the great Italian quarrel. In return the Italians view everything that the French Government does with sensitiveness and suspicion, and see intimations of unfriendliness in very small acts. The upshot is that France is always doing something in a tiny, safe way to annoy the Italians, and the Italians are always on the watch for some ground to be annoyed. In 1870 a French man-of-war called the *Orénoque* was sent to Cività Vecchia to be at the service of the Pope in case he chose to leave Rome, and there the vessel has remained ever since. Its presence is forgotten for the greater part of the year, but at the beginning of each year the thrilling question arises whether the captain of the *Orénoque* is to go to pay his respects to the Pope without also paying them to Victor Emmanuel, in whose harbour the ship is lying. It is exactly the kind of thing priests like to squabble about, and to get the visit of the captain paid to the Pope only is a triumph eminently calculated to stir their ambition. A terrible controversy raged this winter as to what the captain was to do, and the priests at last scattered their adversaries like dust by announcing that the French Government had decided to let the captain pay his respects to the Pope only. Fortunately the captain was a sensible man. When the day came for him to pay his visit, he discovered that he had sprained his arm, and could not visit any one. So neither party exactly triumphed, although the priests seem entitled to say that, if the Captain had not sprained his arm, he would have had to offer a trumpety mark of disrespect to the King of Italy; and as this is the only political triumph the priests have actually achieved in their contest with Italy for a long time, it would be unfair not to let them make the most of it.

In the last few days there has been another squabble of an equally undignified kind. Colonel de la Haye, a French military attaché in Italy, died, and was to have been buried in the French church of St. Louis; but, in accordance with custom, some officers of the Italian army, and among them Prince Humbert, proposed as a mark of respect to attend

the ceremony; on which M. de Courcelle, the French representative at the Vatican, ordered that the funeral should not take place in the French church, which is under his control, and it took place in another church, Prince Humbert and several Italian officers being present. The Italians looked on the intervention of the French Minister as an insult to the Heir-Apparent, and the Minister himself seems so far ashamed of himself that he now seeks to attribute what he did to a difficulty of etiquette, inasmuch as in the French church the Minister of France always takes the place of honour, and he wished to avoid taking precedence when so great a person as Prince Humbert was present. That he should be driven to such an explanation is perhaps, in the vicissitudes of this tiny diplomatic struggle, a greater gain to the Italians than his forbidding the funeral was a loss to them. But, although the Italians may perhaps be inclined sometimes to see slights when none are meant, they are quite justified in saying that the French Government marks its ill-will to them in ways that are unmistakable. The French Government is perpetually making little shifts and using little arts to avoid having a diplomatic representative at the Court of Victor Emmanuel. It does not venture to say openly that it will have no representative at his Court, but somehow the representative is never there. For months it was left uncertain whether M. Fournier was or was not continued in his function, until at last the Marquis of Noailles was selected to replace him; but the Marquis was at Washington, and it was discovered that his services there could not be immediately spared. All this is extremely petty, and very inconsistent with the dignity of France. It must be said, in defence of the present French Ministry,

that they only continue to treat Italy very much as M. Thiers treated it when he was in power. But, since the liberation of the territory, the time has come when, if France is to preserve its self-respect, it must have a clear foreign policy and pursue it openly. It professes as part of its foreign policy to be on good terms with Italy, and declares that the seizure of Rome is not regarded as a ground of unfriendliness. If so, it ought to treat Italy with proper respect and good taste, and to scorn the appearance of desiring to subject a weaker Power to miserable little annoyances and affronts. At the request of the German Government, the French Ministry has lately issued a circular to the French bishops inviting them in courteous but plain language, not to use language about Germany which might get France into trouble. When it comes to the point the Government is always ready to show that it will not allow the priests to get up a new war, or even to embroil the relations of France with foreign Powers. But there is something very mean in proclaiming, and in the main following, this line of policy, and in being ready at the request of the conquerors of France to give the clergy an open rebuke, and at the same time in giving an inferior Power like Italy a succession of covert kicks and snubs. It would be exceedingly impolitic, but it would not be undignified, if France chose to break off diplomatic relations with Italy; but it is both undignified and impolitic in France to maintain apparently friendly relations with Italy, and yet to use these relations as a means of perpetually contriving some petty mark of dislike towards the Italians, just big enough to make the Italians feel it, and just small enough to give them no ground of serious complaint.

THE VINEGAR POLYP.—A very singular present has been made to the aquarium of the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris; it is a medusa polyp, which, on the day after its entry into the pool assigned to it, had created a void around it, and skilfully got rid of all its neighbours. How? This was a mystery until the water of the pool was analyzed; the water was found to be converted into a solution of vinegar, and it was apparent that it was one of

those very rare molluscs, the vinegar polyp, whose body when plunged into pure water gives presently a strongly characterized acetic solution. The working of this animal is very curious; it produces alcohol, which is transformed into vinegar. The poisonous mollusc was, of course, quickly withdrawn and placed in clarified vinegar in a closed jar, where it will pursue undisturbed the economical manufacture of vinegar.

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ALL SAINTS' DAY.

(AT NEW COLLEGE CHAPEL, OXFORD.)

I SHALL find them again, I shall find them
again,

Though I cannot tell when or where ;
My earthly own, gone to worlds unknown,
But never beyond Thy care.

I shall find them again, I shall find them again;
By the soul that within me dwells,
And leaps unto Thee with rapture free
As the jubilant anthem swells.

"I heard a voice saying." What it says
I hear. So perchance do they,
As I stand between my living, I ween,
And my dead, upon All Saints' Day.

And I see all clear — new heavens, new earth,
New bodies, redeemed from pain :
New souls — ah ! not so : with the soul that I
know

Let me find, let me find them again !

Let me walk with them under any sky,
Beside any land or sea,
In what shape or make Thou wilt us to take,
If like unto, near to, Thee.

Let me wander wherever Thou bid'st me go,
Rest, labour, or even remain
Lulled in long still sleep in the earth or the
deep,
If I wake, to find them again.

Only at times does the awful mist
Lift off, and we seem to see
For a moment's space the far dwelling-place
Of these our beloved, and Thee.

Only at times through our soul's shut doors
Come visits divine as brief,
And we cease to grieve, crying, "Lord, I be-
lieve,
Help Thou mine unbelief."

Linger a little, invisible host
Of the sainted dead who stand
Perhaps not far off, though men may scoff —
Touch me with unfelt hand.

But my own, my own, ye are holding me fast,
With the human clasp that I knew ;
Through the chorus clear your voices I hear,
And I am singing with you.

Ah, they melt away as the music dies,
Back comes the world's work, — hard, plain :
Yet God lifted in grace the veil from His face,
And it smiled, "Thou shalt find them again."
D. M. CRAIK.

HIBERNAL IMPATIENCE.

O LAGGARD year, that lasts so long,
When will thy leaden pinions rise,
And thou break into heaving skies,
And be a disimprisoned song ?

O burst into the heaving Spring !
And roll away these cold dark days ;
Inspire Æolian notes of praise,
That long to thaw a frozen wing.

Thou too art part of Nature's truth,
And in thy mystery thou art good ;
Yet, roll from over field and flood,
And bring us Spring's eternal youth.

I long for April's sweet sublime,
When Earth recalls the bowers of Eve,
And angels in the night shall weave
The daintiest filagree of time.

When all the world shall answer God,
In living greenness to the eye,
Beneath an interflashing sky,
And o'er a daisy-quickened sod.

When fragrant comes creation's breath,
And nature is a choral mute ;
Life wakes — and pulses flash and shoot —
In Resurrection out of Death.

Chambers' Journal.

A DIRGE.

WHY were you born when the snow was falling ?
You should have come to the cuckoo's calling,
Or when grapes are green in the cluster,
Or, at least, when lithe swallows muster
For their far off flying
From summer dying.

Why did you die when the lambs were crop-
ping ?
You should have died at the apples' dropping,
When the grasshopper comes to trouble,
And the wheat fields are sodden stubble,
And all winds go sighing
For sweet things dying.

Argosy.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

AUT CÆSAR AUT NULLUS.

CÆSAR or nullus ! Brother, say not so ;
By such mad speech thou dost thy soul much
wrong ;
Such words are not for thee, who art too
strong,
Manly, and true to let thyself sink low,
Missing the highest. There is bitter woe
For every son of man who turns his back
On his ideal ; therefore, though the track
Lead to no regal goal, still onward go.
Not thine to fix how high thy state shall be,
Nor thine, perchance, to feel the Cæsar
crown
Clasping thine upturn'd brow ; thou ne'er
may'st see
The purple from thy shoulders falling down.
But it is thine to live right royally,
King of thyself, and gain a king's renown.

All The Year Round.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
INTERNATIONAL VANITIES.

II. — FORMS.

Two thousand two hundred years have passed since Cneius Flavius stole from his employer, Appius, a list of the forms employed in Roman law, and published a description of them for the benefit of his fellow-citizens. Since that day, forms, formulas, formularies, and formalities, have gone on multiplying in such huge proportions, that no mind, however arithmetically powerful, can possibly realize their present number. For two-and-twenty centuries — and particularly since we have grown civilized — a great part of the inventive power of mankind has been incessantly directed, in every land, to the discovery of new special shapes of rules, wordings, documents, reports, returns, and regulations, all of which have been rendered obligatory, at some time or other, by edict or by usage. More books have been written about forms than on any other subject that the world has known; forms have been created for, and applied to, every imaginable class of questions, and every act of life; Greek fire, dinner, troubadours, and women's rights; gladiators, salvation, chemistry, and ordeal by touch; single combat, cricket, cock-fighting, and revolutions, — have all, in turn, had forms applied to them; and the fractiousness of nature has alone prevented eager legislators from affixing strict formalities to earthquakes, avalanches, meteors, and typhoons. Nothing that we can anyhow get at is permitted to subsist without a form; all the occupations and all the trades of men, from breaking stones to winning battles, are controlled by forms; ambition, appetite, and love, are manifestly restrained by them; and it may be doubted whether even such seemingly independent subjects as toothache, London fogs, and the potato disease, are absolutely free from their hidden action. But, all permeating and all subjugating as their influence has always been, universal and omnipresent as it continues still to be, it is in law and in international relations that that influence is most extensive and most palpable. Law appears at first sight, per-

haps, to be, of the two, the more overloaded with formalities; but, if the abundance of legal forms has become everywhere a proverb — if several sorts of lawyers, and many thousand lawyers of each sort, have been found necessary in every country to aid the bewildered population to carry out the countless legal formulas imposed upon it — a little consideration shows us that, though our exterior relations may seem to be less encumbered with special details, it is not because international formalities are in reality less numerous, but solely because they are hidden away under various deceptive names which disguise their real nature. What we call tariffs, customs, regulations, ships' manifests, bills of lading, and all manner of trading papers; — what we call passports, quarantine, rights of local jurisdiction, naturalization, domicile, and the thousand complicated observances between peoples, — are nothing else but international formalities, just as much as treaties are. They offer very large matter for examination, far too large to be considered here as a whole, for, even in limiting our attention to the purely diplomatic elements of the question, we shall have more than enough to talk about. All that we can do is to select a few examples, choosing out of the enormous mass before us those which seem best to illustrate the more essential aspect of the subject.

Most of the treatises on international law contain eager dissertations on the shape, sentiment, and style of diplomatic documents; and special formularies, in scarcely credible variety, have been provided in order to furnish models of every kind of act, letter, or communication, which can possibly be wanted under any sort of circumstances. The mere titles of all these books are curious and suggestive. There are at least fifty different "Guides," besides a boundless quantity of works on "the manner of negotiating," "the principles of negotiation," "the art of negotiating," followed by "essays on court style," "courses of diplomatic style," "literature of states' rights," and "courtesies in war;" and, that no sort of form in peace or war should be neglected, there

is even a special German treatise on "Trumpeters and their prerogatives." As this last astounding statement will naturally provoke doubt, it may be useful to add, at once, that the treatise in question is contained in the fourth volume of a collection published in 1741 at Halle, under the long name of "Der prüfenden Gesellschaft fortgesetzt zur Gelehrsamkeit gehörige Bemühungen." But, as might perhaps be expected, these various books are in substance identically alike: the matter of which they treat is vast, but it has a limit, and all the *Mémoires* which could be filled with new details on it were composed a long time ago. Authors vary in the tongue which they employ, in pomposity and uncton, and in words and faculty of expression; but these are the only real differences between the piles of publications which treat of "forms." The Germans have of course been fertile in this sort of literature; at least one half of the volumes devoted to it have been edited beyond the Rhine, where the "diplomatischer Kanzleystyl" has long been profoundly studied. These guide-books (for such in fact they are) treat of everything which can possibly be affiliated to the subject, and sometimes include topics which seem, to unelastic minds, to lie a long way outside it. They do not constitute light reading, and, after the first three minutes, they cease even to be instructive; but they show us international vanities in another of their forms, and that is why we are looking into them for examples.

The first question touched upon in these ready letter-writers for diplomatists in difficulties is usually the choice of the language to be used for official communications; and an idea may be at once obtained of the hair-splitting spirit of analysis with which the matter has been dissected, by the fact that, before approaching the discussion of selection between different tongues, the authorities begin by dividing talk itself into six uses—Court, Diplomatic, Church, Judicial, School, and vulgar. With such a starting-point as this, it will easily be understood that the treatment of the entire subject has attained a height of bewilder-

ing amplification, of labyrinthic branch-considerations, of universal developments wandering into connexity with space and time, of which no unprepared outsider could suspect the possibility. The human mind has shown itself to be ingenious enough in its inventions of new religions (which in America are still budding at an average of one per week); but really, Teutonic writers have exhibited an almost equal copiousness of imagination in their description of the possible shades, tints, and delicacies of diplomatic style. One reads their meandering dissertations with a feverish but half-stupid awe, and with a persistent curiosity as to what could have been the physical aspect of the men who, with the evident conviction that they were rendering a service to mankind, spent their lives in seriously composing such monstrous twaddle. It would be useless to give their names, for nine-tenths of them are utterly unknown to fame, and the owners of the other tenth have long ago ceased their labours; besides which, it would be disagreeable to their families.

Having thus defined the different categories of talk, these word-refiners go on to say that "the right of equality of nations extends to the choice of the language which their Governments employ for diplomatic communications." Who would have suspected that when our Foreign Office (which, itself, is disrespectfully denominated F. O. by its retainers) sends a telegram in English to the King of Dahomey, it is exercising "one of the rights of the equality of nations"? And yet it is so. How proud it makes one feel, to learn, in this sudden way, that the simplest acts of life may be manifestations of glorious principles, and that possibly we can do nothing without implying something that we didn't know anything about! But, after this bright beginning, the form-discussers go on to tell us, in mazy phrases, with references, foot-notes, explanations, and quotations of opinions and authorities, that there is no rule at all to guide either F. O. or the Ministry of any other Power in the determination of the tongue which it should

prefer for its letters to neighbouring States. It is particularly disappointing to discover, after struggling through seventy-four tangled pages, which contain 451 extracts, in eight European languages, and in Latin, Greek, and Turkish too, that the sole object of the author, all the time, was to prove conclusively, by the strongest arguments, and with the aid of all his friends and predecessors, that, from the beginning, he had nothing at all to say. What does appear, however, to come clearly out of this, is that all countries have always used whatever dialect they pleased in their dealings with foreign courts, and that it is altogether an error to suppose that there is, or ever has been, any special language generally accepted for diplomatic purposes. It is true that momentary preferences, resulting from temporary causes, have existed at certain periods; it is true that in the time of Castilian glory, Spanish was brought into frequent use; that Latin was a good deal talked and written down to the eighteenth century; and that, after the victories of Louis XIV., French became rather generally employed; but there are quantities of instances, at all these dates, of the simultaneous handling, by every nation, of its own language alone for negotiations and for drafting treaties. All the wars and all the conquests which were then perpetually taking place in Europe left languages unchanged, both in their official and their domestic character. It is only during relatively recent years that conquerors have recognized the policy and even the necessity of imitating the old Roman practice, and of rendering their own tongue obligatory to the vanquished. If, then, the idea of utilizing language as a means of consolidating dominion was not resorted to by great captains or great Ministers, it follows, naturally, that they must have seen less advantage still in the choice of any special dialect for mere international relations. Accident or fashion appears to have been — in this matter, as in so many others — the sole guide of diplomatists, for there was, certainly, no kind of definitely adopted rule or habit.

If we select examples from the seven-

teenth and eighteenth centuries — the very epoch when French is imagined to have been becoming an almost universal tongue — we find the most hopelessly contradictory evidence on the subject. We discover that some of the most famous treaties, those of Nimeguen, Ryswick, Utrecht (1713), Vienna (1725 and 1738), and of the Quadruple Alliance, were all in Latin; that in 1752 the Austrian minister at Naples spoke Latin officially to the king; that though Louis XVI. wrote in French to Leopold II. of Austria, the latter replied by a complaint that this act was contrary to the usage of the Courts, which required that all communications between France and Germany should be in Latin; and that, though the treaty of Lunéville (1801) was written in French alone, the ratification of it by the German Emperor was given in Latin. But, in opposition to all these cases of the maintenance of Latin, there are almost as many contemporaneous examples of the adoption of French, not only by France itself, but — curiously enough — by German Governments between themselves. French was used for the purely local treaties of Breslau and Berlin (1742), Dresden (1745), Hubertsbourg (1763), and Teschen (1779). The value of this odd proof of the voluntary application of French by foreign States is, however, upset again by the fact that, in other cases where French has been employed, a clause has been inserted in the treaty explaining that France had no right to deduce any claim of precedence from this admission of her language. Examples of this stipulation will be found in the treaties of Rastadt (1714), Aix-la-Chapelle (1768), and in the final act of the Congress of Vienna. This last treaty says (Article 120), "The French language having been exclusively employed for all the copies of the present treaty, it is recognized by the Powers who have taken part in this Act that the employment of that language is to produce no consequences in the future; each power reserves to itself the right of adopting, in the future negotiations and conventions, the language which it has previously used for its diplomatic relations, and the present treaty cannot be

cited as an example contrary to established usages." It will be recognized that it is difficult to extract from such conflicting testimony any sign of a real preference or of an established custom, and that the authors are right in saying that there never has been any generally admitted diplomatic tongue. The same differences continue with even greater vigour in our own time; for almost every nation now uses its own language only for its despatches. England habitually employed French for diplomatic purposes down to the end of the last century, but in 1800 the Foreign Office began to write in English to the Ambassadors resident in London; and, when Lord Castlereagh joined the allied armies as representative of Great Britain, he used English for all his communications to his European colleagues. At a later period Mr. Canning ordered several of the British Ministers abroad to adopt their own language for their official communications to the Courts to which they were accredited, but authorized them to add a translation. This latter permission was suppressed by Lord Aberdeen in 1851, on the ground that despatches ought to be laid before Parliament in the exact words in which they were presented. The German Diet decided in 1817 to employ German (adding a translation in French or Latin) for all its foreign communications.

Next to the choice of speech comes the graver and far more complicated question of shapes of composition. This element of the subject is so vast that the mere list of names of the documents in diplomatic use is long enough to provide reading for a winter evening. Each country has its own denominations for the various forms which it supposes to be essential to the conduct of its international relations; and it will be conceived, without an effort, that when all these descriptions are multiplied by the twelve or thirteen languages which possess them, and when local practices are added to the account, it presents rather a startling total. The French diplomatic manual alone contains 416 separate types and models. We English have a tolerable collection of our own, enough to cause no small worry to the servants of the Crown who have to fill them up; but, taken as a whole, we are certainly less afflicted with this particular class of suffering than Continentals are.

The consequence of our comparative exemption from the tyranny of red tape

and rules is, however, that most of us remain totally unlearned in the mysteries and meanings of the words which designate the various manuscripts employed in foreign chancelleries. It is possible that we all may know (though, frankly, it is scarcely likely) the exact signification of Bull, Brief, and Proctocol, of Capitulations, Cartels, and Conclusums, of Exequaturs and Concordats; but how many are there of us who can explain off-hand the nature of all the implements, and shapes and shades of action which have been or still are employed by nations towards each other? How many are there of us who can define, for instance, the exact difference between a Rescript and a Pragmatic Sanction; between the Golden Bull and a Placetum Regium? or who can tell, without looking at a dictionary, what are the diplomatic meanings of *sub spe rati*, *pro memoria* or *in petto*; what is a Verbal Note, a *mémoire*, or a *réversale*; what is a Firman and what a Hatti Sherif; or what is the precise distinction between Federates and Confederates, and between a Nation and a State? It is true that many of the things described by these half archæological nomenclatures are of but little use; that they mainly serve to show the vanity of nations, and are preserved, like ceremonial, for the greater glory of realms and sovereigns. But they constitute one of the elements of Forms, one of the manifestations of international pretensions: for this reason, and also because they are not altogether unamusing, it is worth while to explain them here. It may be as well, however, to observe that scarcely any of the hard names which have just been interrogatively enumerated are employed or needed in the daily humdrum of embassies or ministries: they only come in exceptionally. The ordinary labour of attachés includes no Latin now; it is very much like work in an office anywhere, for — mournful as it is to own it — copying letters and the rule of three constitutes its main elements. But still attachés have to know — or rather, are supposed to know — the answers to the foregoing questions; if they are ignorant, all they have to do is to go into the library, look for the right book (the librarian will tell them which it is), and inform their minds. But the public has neither the library, nor the librarian, nor the time; the public may be presumed to be quite indifferent on the subject, and to possess, with rare exceptions, no knowledge of the rules which guide diplomatic negotia-

tions. It is probably unaware that the most elementary of those rules is to employ verbal, that is unsigned, notes for explaining details, resuming conversations, or for indications of possible proposals; while signatures are generally reserved for documents in which an engagement is implied. A complete vocabulary of the technicalities of the profession would be a new language to nearly all of us, no matter where we may have been at school; and it would be so dull that nobody would look at it. We will choose a few examples amongst the least solemn of the series, and will do our best to be respectful, and not to laugh at all during our explanation of them.

A Protocol is, in its first meaning, a document by which a fact is described with all its attendant circumstances, or by which an authentic and exact account of a conference or a deliberation is given. The reporters of the "Daily Telegraph" do not probably suspect that when they write soul-enthraling histories of a cricket-match at Lords', or of a meeting of the Shareholders of the Patent Submarine Respiration Company (Limited), they are, in fact, composing protocols. The word has, of late years, acquired a second significance on the Continent; it is now often taken to indicate a convention which is not subject to the formalities of ratification. Subsidiarily, *protocoll* means also the science of the shape of official letters; we shall understand this better when we reach that section of the subject.

A *Conclusum* is a *résumé* of the demands presented by a Government. It may be discussed, and therein lies its difference with an ultimatum, which must be accepted or rejected as it stands. The *menu* of a dinner is a *conclusum* in a friendly form; it is, essentially, a *résumé* open to discussion.

A *Mémoire* or Memorandum is a summary of the state of a question or a justification of a decision adopted. Life is full of examples of it, particularly in conversations between wives and husbands.

A *Lettre Réversale* is a counter engagement on a question, and is given usually in reply to a letter claiming that engagement: it used to signify, particularly, a written declaration by which one Court recognized that a special concession granted to it by another Court in no way affected the anterior prerogatives of either. *Réversales* were also used to guarantee the maintenance of rights which were momentarily suspended; thus, when the Emperors of Germany,

who were bound by the Golden Bull to go to Aix-la-Chapelle to be crowned, decided to perform the ceremony elsewhere, they always sent a *Réversale* to Aix declaring that the change of place in no way affected the privileges of that city, and was to create no precedent for the future.

A Proposal is taken by an ambassador *ad referendum* when it lies outside his instructions or his powers; when he expresses no opinion on it, and simply refers it to his Government: but if he thinks it of a nature to suit the views of his employers — if he wishes to prove, by his own action, how desirous he is of seeing it adopted — then he provisionally accepts it *sub spe rati*, "in hope of ratification," and writes home for permission to definitely say yes.

A Cardinal is named *in petto* when the publication of his nomination is deferred in consequence of the advisability of temporarily maintaining him in a diplomatic post which, according to etiquette, he could no longer hold if he had actually received the Hat. All nominations *in petto* are contained in a sealed letter, which the Sovereign Pontiff produces in consistory, and then deposits in his archives; and if a Pope should die before giving force to a promotion thus effected, his successor is bound to open the sealed letter and to carry out the nomination. The last example of an appointment under these conditions was that of Cardinal di Pietro, nuncio at Lisbon, who was named *in petto* in 1853, and did not receive his Hat till 1856.

Bull was originally the name of the ball-shaped leaden seal annexed to letters from the Emperor or the Pope; it is now applied exclusively to documents issued in the name of the Holy See. The seal bears the image of St. Peter and St. Paul on one side, and on the other the name of the reigning Pope: the writing is in Gothic letters, and is inscribed on the rough side of the parchment. Bulls of grace are fastened with silk cords, and bulls of justice with hempen strings; while bulls of which the effect is intended to be permanent begin with the strange phrase, "In futuram Dei memoriam." Briefs are less important: they are written on the smooth side, in modern characters; they are not signed by the Holy Father, but by a special secretary; they are sealed with the Pope's own ring, the fisherman's signet.

A *Cartel* is an agreement between belligerents as to the conditions of war; it

now applies especially to conventions for the exchange of prisoners.

The difference between a Firman and a Hatti Sherif is, that though both are edicts of the Turkish Government, the former is signed by any Minister, whereas the latter is approved by the Sultan himself, with his special mark, and is therefore supposed to be irrevocable. The distinction is as real as between a love letter and a marriage settlement.

Capitulations is the name given to the immunities and privileges granted three centuries ago to France by the Ottoman Porte as an act of temporary and voluntary generosity, but which have been since converted, by degrees, into a series of one-sided engagements which now absolutely bind the Porte towards all Powers. The same appellation was also bestowed on the conventions with the Swiss cantons, by which Holland, Spain, the Popes, the kings of Naples, and all the kings of France, from Louis XI. to Charles X., have taken Swiss regiments into their service.

A Concordat is a treaty with the Holy See on religious questions; it is strictly limited to the settlement of relations between Church and State. The name is never given to purely political conventions concluded by the Pontifical Government (as, for instance, the treaty of Tolentino), which are regarded as ordinary diplomatic acts in which the Pope stipulates as a temporal sovereign. In Concordats, on the contrary, he appears as Sovereign Pontiff, as chief of Catholicity.

It has become rather difficult to draw any certain line between a Congress and a Conference: in theory, however, a Congress has the power of deciding and concluding, while a Conference can only discuss and prepare. Thus the Conferences of Moerdyk and Gertrudenburg simply prepared the way for the treaties of Utrecht, while the Congresses of Munster, Aix-la-Chapelle, Rastadt, Erfurt, Prague, Chatillon, Vienna, Laybach and Verona, were all more or less direct in their action and results. There are, however, recent examples of Conferences which have terminated in treaties, and that is why the distinction between the two appellations has ceased to be so absolute as once it was.

The difference between a Nation and a State is rather a question of grammar than of forms; but it may as well be mentioned, so as to furnish the two examples of it which are always quoted by

professors of international law. A State may be made up of several nations, as in the case of the Austrian Empire. A Nation may perhaps not constitute an independent State, as was the case in Italy before 1859.

An Exequatur is an ordinance by which a sovereign authorizes a foreign consul to discharge the functions which are confided to him. The form of exequaturs varies. In most countries it is a letter-patent signed by the sovereign and countersigned by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. In others, the consul is simply informed that he is recognized as consul, as in Denmark; or the word *exequatur* is written on the back of his commission, as in Austria.

An Act of Abdication may be in any form which the abdicator likes to use; the process is supposed to be so unpleasant that the publicists are kind enough not to add to its annoyances by imposing a general model for the use of departing monarchs. Charles Albert of Sardinia profited by this liberty to sign his withdrawal before a village notary, who was pleased to draft it in the technical Italian to which his avocations had accustomed him, just as if it had been the deed of sale of a manufactory of local cheese. Still, since Diocletian set the sad example, there have been so many royal resignations—sixteen of reigning sovereigns during the last 300 years, from Charles the Fifth to Amadeus—that the authors, who are so precise on other points, really ought to consider it to be their disagreeable duty to provide a fixed wording for the declarations of departure of unsuccessful rulers.

Manifestoes and Proclamations are written in the first person, and are signed by the sovereign who issues them; Declarations, on the contrary, are in the third person, and are signed by a Minister.

We will finish this long list by the most curious fact of all. Letters of abolition, remission, or legitimation are sealed with green wax, because—so, at least, De Cussy tells us—that colour expresses youth, honour, beauty, and especially liberty. It may, however, reasonably be doubted whether all these properties really belong to green sealing-wax; for, if they did, there are ladies in the world who would employ it in large quantities.

Examples of many other special forms might be added, but they would not be very useful, and would take up room, and, furthermore, the effort of discussing them

with reverential gravity is too great to be continued. Before we go on to the larger features of the question, we must allude, however, to one blank in the great mass of types and illustrations which are laid before students in the treatises on forms. There positively exists no model for a declaration of war! The aggressive nation is absolutely free to choose the shape in which it will announce hostilities; it is bound by no practice and no precedent. It may send a herald in a tabard to blow a horn at the gates of its coming foe; or it may publish a manifesto to Europe full of commanding evidence that its adversary is altogether in the wrong, and declaring that, though it would give anything to remain at peace, it is really forced to fight against its will; or it may adopt any intermediate solution between these two, or no solution whatever, for it is no longer considered obligatory to formally declare war at all. It is a sign of the times that we should be drifting into utter negligence and bad manners on a point on which our ancestors were so remarkably punctilious and polite. But, if the formalists permit us to commence combats without any particular warning to the other side, they make up for this omission by defining with the strictest care the classes and categories of war. On this element of the question their love of definition and analysis comes out in all its strength; they elaborate it with such completeness that they are able to indicate to us nineteen sorts of war! Until they are enumerated it is difficult to imagine what the nineteen differences may be; but here is the list itself, to prove that the number is correct. There may be wars of independence, insurrection, revolution, conquest, or intervention, and these sections are subdivided into offensive, defensive, or auxiliary; public, private, or mixed; perfect or imperfect; legal or illegal; religious or political; national or civil. That makes nineteen! As the French say, "We may take down the ladder after that;" no one will try to climb any higher in that direction.

Letters of credence constitute a subject by themselves in the text-books, and naturally fill a quantity of pages. There are two main species of them: they may be special, — that is, for certain objects only; or general, which means that they extend to all sorts of negotiations. In either case they may be limited or unlimited; the combination of the two qual-

ities of general and unlimited constitutes what are called *pleins pouvoirs*. There is no universal formula for them; but there are certain accepted general characters which are usually adopted — at all events, in Europe. Klüber tells us, with evident satisfaction at having so many Latin words to print, that they may be in the form of letters patent (*in formâ patente*), in which case they are "powers" properly so called (*mandatum procuratorium*); or they may be sealed (*in formâ literarum*), and then constitute *lettres de créance (litéra fidei)*; or they may unite both these conditions in the same letter. Or again, as used to be done in France before the Revolution, they may both be given separately to the same Ambassador, who, in that event, presents the open letter at his public reception, and the sealed letter at his first private audience of the Sovereign. Formerly there was another class of powers, called *actus ad omnes populos*, which authorized an Ambassador to treat with all the States with which he might come in contact. The English Minister at the Hague received a power of this do-everything-with-everybody kind in 1713, in order to enable him to negotiate with the representatives of all the Governments interested in the Congress of Utrecht. All powers, of whatever category they be, cease to be valid on the death either of the sovereign who sent them or of the sovereign who received them; and, strictly, diplomatic communications ought, in one or other of these events, to be suspended until new powers arrive; but, in practice, as such a suspension would be inconvenient, the old credentials are fictively supposed to remain in force. Nuncios and Legates are, however, exempted from the necessity of a renewal of their credentials on the accession of a new Pope; the reason being that, according to the theory of the Chancellerie of Rome, the Pope does not die. It is in virtue of the same principle of the continuous and impersonal authority of the Holy See, that no mourning is ever worn by European Courts for a deceased Pontiff. In addition to the regular letters of credence, a Monarch frequently gives *lettres d'adresse*, which are private letters of recommendation, to his ambassadors. And there is one more form connected with this element of the subject: answers to letters of recall are called *lettres de réclaire*.

Correspondence between sovereigns is a matter which is approached with much solemnity, and spoken of with deep rev-

erence by the authors. This disposition is very comprehensible on the part of professors of etiquette, but it is natural that we ordinary people should regard this element of the subject as a simple form, like all the rest. Not as one form, however, but as three; for royal letters are divided rigorously into three categories — *Lettres de Conseil*, *Lettres de Cabinet*, and *Lettres autographes* — the destination and the composition of each of which classes of communication are accurately defined. Letters of the first category are employed in cases where strict ceremonial is observed: they commence by a repetition of the titles of the sovereign who writes, and almost always finish by the phrase, “Sur ce Nous prions Dieu qu’il Vous ait, très haut, très puissant, et très excellent Prince, notre très aimé bon frère (ami, cousin, allié) en sa sainte et digne garde.” It should be noticed that a President of republic is not called by these tender titles, but that he is simply “grand et bon ami.” In letters of this class all personal pronouns referring to the sender or the receiver are written in the plural, with their initials in capitals; they are dated at the bottom, on the left side; they are generally countersigned by the Foreign Minister; they are drafted on the largest possible paper, enclosed in the largest possible envelope, and sealed with the largest possible seal. A letter of the second class is more personal: it begins by “Sire,” if the sovereign written to be superior to the sovereign who writes; or by “Monsieur mon Frère” in other cases. The writer speaks of himself in the singular; the letter is not countersigned; the paper, envelope, and seal, though still enormous, are considerably smaller than in the former case. Finally, in autograph letters, the sovereign becomes almost human; he writes them all himself, *manu propria*; they have no official character, but they possess the most extraordinary elasticity of meaning, for we are told that they are considered to be a sign of deference to a superior, of friendship to an equal, and of particular affection and regard to an inferior. Hard as the times now are for kings, they have, at all events, an advantage over their subjects in this one affair of letter-writing; none of us could anyhow express all this variety of conflicting sentiments by a simple note. The private letters of the Pope, written by his own hand, have a special name; they are called *motus proprii*. He always begins his letters to Catholic sovereigns, even when

he writes in French, by putting his own name in Latin, and then comes the invariable phrase, “Carissime in Christo fili noster! Salutem et apostolicam benedictionem!” The usual ending of such letters is, “Nous vous donnons, de tout notre cœur, notre bénédiction paternelle.” Sovereigns writing to the Pope finish, ordinarily, by the phrase, “Sur ce je prie Dieu, très Saint Père, qu’il vous conserve longues années au Gouvernement de notre mère la Sainte Eglise. — Votre dévoué fils.” When royal letters are addressed to equals or inferiors, the titles of the writer are indicated in the heading, and precede those of the recipient; but if an inferior prince communicates with a sovereign, he states his own titles at the bottom of the letter, reserving the top for the catalogue of honours belonging to the monarch to whom he writes. If a private person addresses royalty, he must use the largest possible paper which his country can supply; the writing must be of a hugeness proportioned to the paper; and it is absolutely essential that he should not inscribe more than four lines on the first page to a king or queen, or six lines to a prince or princess; it would be grossly contrary to etiquette to exceed these limits. The letter must conclude by the following formula, written in detached lines: “Je suis — Sire — de Votre Majesté — le très humble, très obéissant, et très respectueux serviteur (et fidèle sujet);” or, to a Prince, “Je suis, avec un profond respect — Monseigneur — de Votre Altesse Royale (Impériale, Sérénissime) — le très humble et très obéissant serviteur.” It is probable that most people will feel somewhat glad, on reading these particulars, that they are not in frequent correspondence with Continental sovereigns. In France there is, or rather used to be, a special habit of using the third person, saying *le Roi* instead of *Votre Majesté*. Thus, for instance, “Je prends la liberté de faire observer au Roi.”

Diplomatic correspondence, properly so called — that is to say, the business correspondence exchanged between Ministers and Ambassadors — is precisely like any other sort of letter-writing. Even De Martens, the universal illuminator of the subject, the special torch-bearer in diplomatic fogs, cannot manage to point out a substantial difference between this sort of epistolary correspondence and any other. It is, however, terribly humiliating to acknowledge, as we are forced to do, on the faith of two cen-

turies of various authors, that the representatives of nations, whose letters are called despatches, and are carried by special couriers, are obliged to write in the same language as common people who are not ambassadors; and that they possess no distinguishing style which belongs to themselves alone, and separates them from the mob which uses postage-stamps. Even in the beginnings and the endings of their missives — those tests of Continental courtesy — Ministers and Envoys do not get much beyond the forms of daily life. If, in writing to each other, they address a Minister who is a mere Count, or less, they say *Excellence*, or *Monsieur le Ministre*, as the case may be; but if he has a title above that of Count, it is always given to him in preference to Minister. Since Prince von Bismarck has risen to his present rank, all letters to him in French begin with "Prince;" official communications addressed to the Duc de Broglie or Duc Decazes commence in the same manner, by *Monsieur le Duc*. It would be contrary to usage to call a prince or duke by the inferior denomination of *Monsieur le Ministre*. These letters finish, as they begin, by formalities of which diplomacy has no monopoly, and in what is, for the Continent, a very everyday sort of fashion. Their terminations, which are sometimes longer than the letter itself, oscillate between two extremes, from the simple expression of distinguished sentiments, up to "I beg your Excellency to be pleased to accept, with regard, the assurances of the feelings of most high and respectful consideration with which I have the honour to be, Monsieur le Duc, of your Excellency, the very humble and very obedient servant." The Germans, it is true, do get into learned shades and delicate distinctions in their official correspondence; but they do just the same all day long between themselves. *Wohlgeboren*, *Hochgeboren*, *Hochwohlgeboren*, and *Edelgeboren*, are no special property of diplomacy, — they belong to the entire fatherland.

It is, partly, to regulate the wording of addresses and of the ends of letters that the Protocol department is established in so many ministries of foreign affairs. All correspondence of a specially official nature is prepared in that department, where alone the science of perorations and the pure traditions of ceremonious superscriptions are supposed to be preserved and handed on from generation to generation. We English people, who

content ourselves with "Sincerely yours," and who look upon all expansive signatures as ridiculous exaggerations, are unable to comprehend the gravity which questions of this kind assume in certain Continental minds. We fail to seize the finely graduated merits of all the varied shapes of epilogues to letters which our neighbours use. They, however, all over Europe, have been brought up to appreciate and to feel the symmetrical differences of their meanings; and they detect fine multiplicities of expression in phrases which, to our unhabituated minds, represent nothing but a comical accumulation of idle words. Voltaire affected to be of our way of thinking: he attacked the forms of writing of his time when he said, — "César et Pompey s'appelaient César et Pompey; mais ces gens-là ne savaient pas vivre. Ils finissaient leurs lettres par vale, adieu; nous étions, nous autres, il y a soixante ans, 'affectionnés serviteurs;' nous sommes devenus 'très humbles et très obéissants;' et, actuellement, 'nous avons l'honneur de l'être.' Je plains notre postérité; elle ne pourra que difficilement ajouter à ces belles paroles." And yet the examples which have just been quoted, prove that we have added a good deal to what Voltaire thought was already so excessive. Madame de Genlis saw the subject in another light: she defended the use of deferential and courteous expletives, especially towards women. The picture which she gives of Voltaire's time differs a good deal from his. She says: "Les hommes donnaient le Monseigneur aux Maréchaux de France, et finissaient, 'je suis, avec respect.' Les femmes disaient aussi Monseigneur, mais gardaient le respect pour les vieux parents et pour les princes. Avec des égaux on signait, 'j'ai l'honneur d'être votre;' avec les inférieurs, 'je suis, avec une parfaite considération;' et avec tout ce qu'il y a de plus inférieur, 'je suis très parfaitement votre.' Tous les hommes, même les princes du sang, devaient placer le mot 'respect' dans les lettres écrites aux femmes. Du temps de Louis XIII. on disait à la fin des lettres qu'on 'était avec passion.'" In all this there is but one phrase which is really worthy of our memory; that one, however, is a lesson in itself; — "all men placed the word 'respect' in the letters they wrote to women." It would be a good thing for ourselves to do the same. Throughout Europe this custom still lives on; in England only we take no heed of it.

Even the Frenchman of to-day offers his "respectful homage" to every lady to whom he writes a note. It is but an empty phrase; but it marks out, by its two words alone, the line of separation between those who have a right to claim respect and those who are bound to offer it. Could we not adopt it?

We have now glanced through the significations and the applications of some of the forms employed in international communications, and can pass on, at last, to the great, the essential subject of diplomacy, to the ultimate reason of its action — treaties. But here it must at once be owned, that if we were to limit our attention to the forms which European treaties have generally assumed, we shall find them very dull and business-like, with scarcely anything in them that looks like vanity of talk, especially during the last two centuries. They offer but little curious wording, with no conceits and no pretensions of composition; and if there were not a special field open to our observation outside Christianity, we should have to leave out this element of the subject altogether, for its European aspects would not contribute anything — or at least scarcely anything — to the study of international vanities. But when we look into the treaty-forms employed by the Mohammedan powers, or by certain small barbarians whose names are unknown to history, we find strange phrases and odd imaginations which contribute most abundantly to the general catalogue of the world's pride. Before we quote examples of those types of wordings, it may, however, be as well to indicate a few of the main details connected with the actual preparation of European treaties. And first of all, it is worth while to note that, properly, the word Treaty is applied exclusively to political and commercial objects; while the less pretentious though longer denomination of Convention is bestowed on special agreements of all kinds — as, for instance, international arrangements about postage, telegraphs, or literary rights. It should also be observed that, in modern times, a marked tendency has grown up to simplify the phrasings and the forms of treaties. The religious invocations, the long enumerations of the titles of the high contracting parties, with which, in former days, treaties invariably commenced, have now almost disappeared in Europe. In our day of freedom from all prejudice, ambassadors and their employers rarely think it necessary to place their work

under divine protection; they have very nearly given up the once universal heading, "In the name of the Most Holy and indivisible Trinity." The Paris treaty of 1856 is almost the only one made in this generation which contains any dedication; it begins, exceptionally, with the words, "Au nom de Dieu tout Puissant." This oriental form was, however, probably adopted out of compliment to the prejudices of Turkey — the only party to the treaty which seems to retain a sentiment of the utility of an external recognition of divine guardianship. Christian powers — judging from their present general practice — consider such ejaculations as quite out of place in international agreements. There was a time when, in addition to the heading, treaties generally contained a preamble of prayer; but since the Peace of Utrecht that sort of prologue has gone out of fashion. The document signed on that occasion began with the following sentence: "Considering that it has pleased the Almighty and Merciful God, for the glory of His holy name, and for the peace of the human race, to inspire princes with the reciprocal desire of reconciliation." In our days we go straight to the subject-matter, without stopping on the road to invoke considerations which, we evidently suppose, are better in their place in a prayer-book. Mussulmans think otherwise, as we shall see directly. Another and more comprehensible simplification is the suppression of the practice of giving hostages for the execution of a treaty. It is not much more than a hundred years ago, however, that England sent several peers to Paris, on the conclusion of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, as security for the restoration of Cape Breton to France. Signatures, too, have become easy to arrange, since the system of alphabetical order has been adopted; but in former times, when the fight for precedence was at its height, this element of the subject was a cause of grievous difficulty. The plan then was, to arrange the signatures in two columns: the top place in the right column (in the heraldic sense of right — that is to say, the reader's left) was the place of honour; the top place in the other column was the second, — and so on alternately.

The conditions of validity of treaties constitute a form of a large and special kind. The first of those conditions is, that a treaty shall be in conformity with the laws of every state which is a party to it; free and reciprocal consent

constitutes the second condition ; possibility of execution is the third (it should be explained that previous engagements or damage to the rights of a third party create impracticability of execution). A treaty signed by plenipotentiaries is valid if the signers have not exceeded their powers ; and no posterior ratification is required, unless — which, however, is usually the case — it is expressly reserved in the treaty itself. Rigorously, an act of ratification ought to reproduce the entire treaty ; but in modern practice, especially in German chanceries, the title, preamble, and first and last article, are alone transcribed. Another detail is, that the action of a treaty commences at its date, without reference to the date of the ratification. A treaty concluded by a sovereign while he is a prisoner of war is not considered by the publicists to be binding on the state : it is regarded simply as a "sponson," which is an engagement to do one's best to obtain the ratification of the state. Some authors go infinitely beyond this, and allege that all treaties made with vanquished nations are, by their very nature, null ; not exactly because they are imposed by force, but because one of the parties to them is considered as not possessing its full rights, and to be consequently incapable, legally, of giving its complete consent. This view supplies another example of the subtle, seeking, twisting spirit of the writers on International Law, and helps to make us think, as a good many people wisely do, that in reality, notwithstanding all the volumes that have been composed about it, there is no such thing as International Law at all. Theoretically a treaty is inviolable : all the authors talk of the *sanctitas pactorum gentium publicorum* ; of *pacta aeterna et realia* ; — the practical meaning of all which is, that, though it is very wrong indeed, states do sometimes put an end to treaties.

It may be said that, in principle, all treaties are made by plenipotentiaries. There are, however, some examples of the contrary, — of the direct intervention of monarchs ; the latest case on record being the Holy Alliance of 1815, which was personally agreed in Paris between the sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia. Most of the other European Powers adhered to it later on ; but England remained outside it, because the Prince Regent was prevented by the Constitution from accepting a treaty which was not signed by a responsible Minister. But whether treaties be nego-

tiated by an Emperor or an Envoy, they cannot escape from the classification of the formalists ; they must belong to one of the five admitted species — principal, lesser principal, accessory, additional, or subsidiary ! And lest unimaginative persons should hastily and imprudently imagine that these five categories include all the definitions of bargains between nations, let it be at once declared that, according to the very latest writers, there are seventeen other sorts, each of which is susceptible of individual subdivisions to an almost indefinite extent, as will be seen by a reference to the text-books. These seventeen main secondary classifications are, — treaties of peace ; of guarantee ; of protection ; of neutrality ; of alliance (offensive or defensive) ; of friendship ; of subsidy ; of association ; of confederation ; of limits and frontiers ; of cession or exchange ; of jurisdiction ; of navigation and commerce ; of extradition ; of literary, artistic, and industrial property ; of posts, telegraphs, or railways ; and of religion (concordats). It will be recognized that the ground is large. Missionary enterprise is generally considered to offer much diversity of occupation to those who follow it, in consequence of the extreme variety of sorts of pagans ; but really this list indicates that diplomatists have before them a field of action which presents an almost equal choice.

Now we can go on to the examples of Eastern forms. There are a great many of them in the collections of treaties, but it is not difficult to pick out those which supply the completest types of the various classes of composition. One main feature strikes us in them all ; — Asiatics employ religious language in their treaties with a persistence and an earnestness of which no example exists elsewhere ; but, unfortunately, they do not limit themselves to prayer and to legitimate appeals for divine protection, — they go a very long way further, and mix up official vanity and official piety with a thoroughness of promiscuity which Europeans have never practised with the same perfection in public documents. The difference between Mussulmans and ourselves on this point is, that what they do nationally we do individually. In reality there is vastly more of this peculiar mixture with us than with them, only we use it differently : they put it into treaties, while we exhibit it in pews ; with them it is an article for state use in dealing with other countries ; with us,

the operation of amalgamating vainglory and devotion is triumphantly performed all over England every Sunday morning by gentlemen and ladies acting for their own account. How much better it would be if we left it to the Government, as the Turks do !

Of all the models of a purely oriental document, the renewal made in 1740 of the capitulations between France and Turkey is certainly the most complete and striking; of all the specimens of its class, it is the most florid and the most exaggerated. It may therefore be indicated as a thoroughly typical example of the official phraseology of the East, and its preamble, though it is very long, may be usefully translated here. The document is headed by a star, and then begins : —

“The Emperor Sultan Mahmoud, son of the Sultan Moustapha, always victorious.

“This is what is ordered by this glorious and imperial sign, conqueror of the world, this noble and sublime mark, the efficacy of which proceeds from the divine assistance.

“I, who by the excellence of the infinite favours of the Most High, and by the eminence of the miracles filled with benediction of the chief of the prophets (to whom be the most ample salutations, as well as to his family and his companions), am the Sultan of the glorious Sultans; the Emperor of the powerful Emperors; the distributor of crowns to the Cosroes who are seated upon thrones; the shade of God upon earth; the servitor of the two illustrious and noble towns of Mecca and Medina, august and sacred places, where all Mussulmans offer up their prayers; the protector and master of holy Jerusalem; the sovereign of the three great towns of Constantinople, Adrianople, and Brusa, as also of Damascus, the odour of Paradise; of Tripoli in Syria; of all Arabia; of Africa; of Barca,” . . . and eight other cities, . . . “particularly of Bagdad, capital of the Caliphs; of Erzeroum the delicious,” . . . and eleven other places; “of the isles of Morea, Candia, Cyprus, Chio, and Rhodes; of Barbary and Ethiopia; of the war fortresses of Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis; of the isles and shores of the country of Natolia and the kingdoms of Roumelia; of all Kurdistan and Greece; of Turcomania, Tartary, Circassia, Cabarta, and Georgia; of the noble tribes of Tartars, and of all the hordes which de-

pend thereon; of Caffa and other surrounding districts; of all Bosnia and its dependencies; of the fortress of Belgrade, place of war; of Servia, and also of the fortresses or castles which are there; of the countries of Albania; of all Wallachia and Moldavia, and of the forts and battlements which are in those provinces; possessor, finally, of a vast number of towns and fortresses, the names of which it is unnecessary to enumerate and boast of here; I, who am the Emperor, the asylum of justice, and the king of kings, the centre of victory, the Sultan son of Sultans, the Emperor Mahmoud, son of Sultan Moustapha, son of Sultan Muhammed; I, who, by my power, origin of felicity, am ornamented with the title of Emperor of the two Earths, and to fill up the glory of my Caliphate, am made illustrious by the title of Emperor of the two Seas.”

There ends the description of the Turkish monarch: the document then turns westward, and begins to designate the King of France, who is catalogued as follows: “The glory of the great princes of the faith of Jesus; the highest of the great and the magnificent of the religion of the Messiah; the arbitrator and the mediator of the affairs of Christian nations; clothed with the true marks of honour and of dignity; full of grandeur, of glory, and of majesty; the Emperor of France and of the other vast kingdoms which belong thereto; our most magnificent, most honoured, sincere, and ancient friend, Louis XV., to whom may God accord all success and happiness, having sent to our august Court, which is the seat of the Caliphate” — (here we revert to Turkey) — “a letter containing evidences of the most perfect sincerity, and of the most particular affection, candour, and straightforwardness; and the said letter being destined to our Sublime Porte of felicity, which, by the infinite goodness of the incontestably majestic Supreme Being, is the asylum of the most magnificent Sultans, and of the most respectable Emperors; the model of Christian Seigneurs, able, prudent, esteemed, and honoured minister, Louis, Marquis de Villeneuve, his Councillor of State and his Ambassador to our Porte of felicity (may the end thereof be filled up with joy), has demanded the permission to present and hand in the aforesaid letter, which has been granted to him by our imperial consent, conformably to the ancient usage of our Court; and consequently, the said ambassador

having been admitted before our imperial throne, surrounded with light and glory, he has given in the aforesaid letter, and has been witness of our Majesty in participating in our power and imperial grace; and then the translation of its loving meaning has been presented, according to the ancient custom of the Ottomans, at the foot of our sublime throne, by the channel of the most honourable El Hadji Mehemed Pacha, our first Minister; the absolute interpreter of our ordinances; the ornament of the world; the preserver of good order amongst peoples; the ordainer of the grades of our Empire; the instrument of the glory of our crown; the road of the grace of royal majesty; the very virtuous Grand Vizier; very venerable and fortunate Minister, lieutenant-general, whose power and prosperity may God cause to triumph and to endure." Then begins the treaty, which goes on through eighty-five articles, and finishes with these words: "On the part of our imperial Majesty I engage myself, under our most sacred and most inviolable august oath, both for our sacred imperial person and for our august successors, as well as for our imperial viziers, our honoured pachas, and, generally, all our illustrious servitors who have the honour and the felicity to be in our slavery, that nothing shall ever be permitted contrary to the present articles."

The English capitulations, which were signed at the Dardanelles in 1809, contain some wording of the same kind, but they are not comparable to the foregoing; nowhere else, indeed, do we find another example at all approximating to the superb bombast of this one. The Persian wordings do not approach its outrageous vanity, but specimens of them are worth giving. The firman of the Shah annexed to the treaty of 1801 with Great Britain begins with "The earth is the Lord's. Our august commands are issued that the high in rank, the exalted in station, the great rulers, &c., do cheerfully comply and execute the sense and meaning of what has been established." And the treaty of 1814 commences with a sentence which merits mention: its heading is, "Praise be to God, the all-perfect and all-sufficient. These happy leaves are a nosegay plucked from the thornless garden of concord, and tied by the hands of the plenipotentiaries of the two great states in the form of a definitive treaty, in which the articles of friendship and amity are blended." In another place a firman is spoken of as being "equal to a

decree of fate," which is a somewhat strong simile, even for a Persian. The Persian style does not grow modern, it keeps up its local colour; for even as late as the year 1855, in the treaty then made with France, we find the following designations: "In the name of the clement and merciful God. His High Majesty, the Emperor Napoleon, whose elevation is like that of the planet Saturn; to whom the sun serves as a standard; the luminous star of the firmament of crowned heads; the sun of the heaven of royalty; the ornament of the diadem; the splendour of standards, imperial ensigns; the illustrious and liberal monarch;—and his majesty elevated like the planet Saturn; the sovereign to whom the sun serves as a standard; whose splendour and magnificence are like those of the heavens; the Sublime Sovereign; the Monarch whose armies are as numerous as the stars; whose greatness recall that of Djemschid; whose magnificence equals that of Darius, heir of the crown and throne of the Keyanians, the sublime and absolute Emperor of all Persia." It will be observed, that whereas the compliments paid to himself by the Sultan are mainly moral and territorial, the forms of self-adoration adopted by the Shah are astronomical and historical. It would be curious to follow up this difference to its roots, and to seek out the peculiarities of national character which lead a Turk to talk of his dominions and his virtues, and a Persian to quote his ancestors and the solar system.

The Chinese forms are very simple: as, however, the treaties with the Celestial Empire have all been drafted by Europeans, and have been simply signed by the Chinese, we possess no specimen of their diplomatic formulas, and can only judge their phrasings by such edicts as have come into our possession. They are all tolerably alike, are very practical, and the only peculiar point about them is that they invariably finish by the words, "respect this."

The Barbary States present differences of style which are somewhat difficult to explain amongst close neighbours of analogous origin. The Bey of Tunis is alternately flowery and pious; to France he says, in his treaty of 1830: "In the name of the clement and merciful God. This treaty, which fulfils all wishes, and which conciliates, with God's aid, so many diverse interests, has been concluded between the wonder of the princes of the house of the Messiah; the glory of

the peoples who adore Jesus ; the august offspring of the blood of kings ; the crown of monarchs ; the resplendent object of admiration to his armies and his ministers ; — Charles X., Emperor of France ; by the intermediary of his Consul-General and Chargé d’Affaires at Turin, Matthieu de Lesseps ; and the prince of peoples ; the chosen of the great ; issued from royal blood ; brilliant with the most flashing signs and the sublimest virtues ; Hussein Pacha Bey, Master of the Kingdom of Africa.” To England the Bey has spoken in less vivid but more religious words, as suits a nation of our supposed respectability. His declaration of April 1826 is the grandest document which he has addressed to us ; and yet it does not get beyond these hymn-like phrases, “Praise be to God, to whom all things belong. By the servant of God Almighty, whose pardon and grace he implores, and in whom he trusts, Hassan Bashaw Bey, Lord of the Regency of Tunis and its dependencies in Africa, protected by God and imploring His pity.” But when he turns back to the vain and frivolous French, the Bey diminishes the pious talk which he thought was so particularly fitted to Great Britain, and resumes personal glorifications. In the telegraph convention of 1859 he said : “Praises to God alone. The present blessed convention, if it pleases God in the highest, shall insure advantages to the subjects of the two high contracting parties. It has been established between the very High, the very Eminent, the offshoot of glorious sovereigns ; the sustainer of great princes ; who is obeyed by swords and pens ; His High Majesty, Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, represented by, &c., and His Highness, the descendant of generous princes ; the Elect of the Emirs ; the very High Mouchir Mohammed-el-Sadoc, Bashaw Bey, possessor of the Kingdom of Tunis.” The allusion to the obedience of swords and pens, to the entire subservience of steel in its most ancient and its most modern form, in its two most distant and distinct aspects of destruction and creation, is worthy of all our admiration. In Morocco, forms are still more religious and still less pompous ; they have a certain character of calm, which distinguishes them from all others. The English treaty of 1791 is a fair example of them ; it says : “Praise be to God alone. This is a copy of the writing of the treaties of peace between the Lord of the Faithful ; who is crowned De-

fender of the Law, by the grace of God of the universal world, that his prosperity may never be at an end ; Mahomed-el-Mehidi-el-Yazid, whom God has crowned at the head of his troops, that his fame may be continued to be named in his dominions ; and George the Third, King of England, in forty-three articles,” — and this is marked with a round seal bearing the words, “God of truth, crown the truth. There is only one God, and the Prophet Mahomet sent of God.” The Dey of Algiers was the most laconic of the potentates of the Mediterranean shore. When he confirmed, in 1805, the treaties which his predecessors had made with France, he did it in these simple words : “The object of the present writing is what follows. Mustapha Pasha having been put to death, and his soul having passed to eternity, and His Highness Ahmed Pasha (whose desires may God fulfil) having replaced him in the dignity of Dey, the friendship, peace, and good intelligence between us, the French nation and its Emperor, have been maintained and confirmed conformably to the ancient treaties.” And in 1814 an analogous declaration was sent to France in the following terms : “In the present year the chief of the French Government, Bonaparte, having abdicated, Louis XVIII., of the ancient race of kings (may his end be happy) has been elected Padishah in his stead. May you, Prince, by the aid of Jesus, Son of Mary, occupy the throne of power with glory and felicity.” Then follows a confirmation of existing treaties.

The same constant public invocation of religion comes out again in the firman of the Imaun of Sana, confirming, in 1824, the privileges of the French in his dominions. He says : “In the name of the clement and merciful God. By our generous and noble writings we insure and confirm to the French the privileges which were granted to them by our illustrious ancestors, and which they have enjoyed for long years in our flourishing town of Moka, the protected of God ; . . . and it ends, — “God suffices to us ; we accept His will.”

But when we turn to the English treaties with the Arab tribes round Aden, we get into a totally new class of diplomatic literature ; we discover forms which are essentially proper to the district, and which possess a local perfume of the distinctest character. The treaty of 2d February 1839, with the chief of the

Abdalees, is a good specimen of those singularly straight-spoken documents: — "From this day, and the future, Syed Mahomed Houssain bin West bin Hammed Suffran gives this promise to Commander Haines, gentleman, on his own head, in the presence of God, that there shall be friendship, lasting friendship, and peace, and everything good, between the English and the Abdalees. I promise no wrong or insult shall be done, but it shall be peace; and the British Government agrees to the same. Sultan Mahomed Houssain and all interior sultans agree to this, and I am responsible. All those even on the roads to the interior shall be kept from molesting any one by me, as they were when Sultan M. Hous-sain possessed Aden. This is agreed upon between me and Commander Haines on the part of Government; and I promise to do even more than I have hitherto done, please God. I require respect from Commander Haines in return, and more than before, if possible." The French, however, obtained a far simpler bargain than even this when they made peace with the King of Guoy (Senegal) in 1858. That beaten potentate contented himself with saying: "The King of Guoy recognizing that without an alliance with the French there can be nothing but ruin and misery for himself and his family, demands peace, and gives up to France all the territory between Bakel and the Falémé."

One more specimen from the other side of the world is worth mentioning, before we close the list of exotic forms. When the Grand Judge of Tahiti, Paofai, accepted the French protectorate of his country, he wrote the following letter to Admiral Dupetit-Thouars: "Mr. Admiral, I salute and felicitate you on your arrival at Tahiti. This is what I want to say to you. I approve very much that the King of France takes Tahiti under his protection. I am satisfied because the demand has been made. I wish you to consider me as having written my name at the bottom of that demand. If you do not admit this, I shall be annoyed."

All these examples, both European and African or Asiatic, present characters which justify us in including diplomatic forms amongst the signs of the pride of nations. But as we could not get on at all without these forms; as the self-glorifying aspect which they so frequently assume is not in any way essential to themselves, but is a conse-

quence of the uses which they are made to serve by kings, ministers, and diplomatists, — we ought perhaps to regard them rather as a necessary article which is spoiled by the way it is handled, than as one of the inherent follies of the world. This view, indeed, is supported by the fact that vanity damages a good many other things as well as forms; all kinds of talents, small and great — from billiards, rope-dancing, and swallowing knives, to oratory, "salting mines," cookery, and statesmanship — lead straight to vanity; the ownership of such purely accidental qualities of beauty, rank, or money, the possession of a good tailor, of a particular umbrella, of an unpublished chignon, are still more productive of the same result. All that we can say of forms, then, is, that they constitute no exception to the universal rule; that the vanity which we put so abundantly into everything around us springs up in them as in all else. The fault is in ourselves, not in the gifts which we possess, or in the tools which we employ. Bossuet and M. J. Chénier have told us this everlasting truth in words which are worth remembering: they said, the first, that "though God and nature have made men equal in forming them of the same mud, human vanity cannot suffer this equality;" the second, that "all is vanity, including majesty, and even love, which is a pity." We cannot, then, expect to exclude forms from its miscellaneous action. Vanity will live on; forms will continue to be employed; we can but indulge the hope that the two may be kept more apart as time goes on, and that the men whose trade it is to utilize the international elements of forms will endeavour to remember, in their application of them, that "everything on earth is vanity, except the good we do there."

From The Graphic
HARRY HEATHCOTE OF GANGOIL:
A TALE OF AUSTRALIAN BUSH LIFE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Barchester Towers," "The Eustace Diamonds," "Phineas Redux," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

"I WISH YOU'D LIKE ME."

ALL the Saturday night Heathcote had been on the run, and he did not return

home to bed till nearly dawn on the Sunday morning. At about noon prayers were read out on the verandah, the congregation consisting of Mrs. Heathcote and her sister, Mrs. Growler and Jacko. Harry himself was rather averse to this performance, intimating that Mrs. Growler, if she were so minded, could read the prayers for herself in the kitchen, and that, as regarded Jacko, they would be altogether thrown away. But his wife had made a point of maintaining the practice, and he had of course yielded. The service was not long, and when it was over Harry got into a chair and was soon asleep. He had been in the saddle during sixteen hours of the previous day and night, and was entitled to be fatigued. His wife sat beside him, every now and again protecting him from the flies, while Kate Daly sat by with her Bible in her hand. But she too, from time to time, was watching her brother-in-law. The trouble of his spirits and the work that he felt himself bound to do touched them with a strong feeling, and taught them to regard him for the time as a young hero. "How quietly he sleeps," Kate said. "The fatigue of the last week must have been terrible."

"He is quite, quite knocked up," said the wife.

"I ain't knocked up a bit," said Harry, jumping up from his chair. "What should knock me up? I wasn't asleep,—was I?"

"Just dozing, dear."

"Ah;—well; there isn't anything to do; and it's too hot to get out. I wonder Old Bates didn't come in for prayers."

"I don't think he cares much for prayers," said Mrs. Heathcote.

"But he likes an excuse for a nobbler as well as any one. Did I tell you that they had fires over at Jackson's yesterday—at Coolaroo?"

"Was there any harm done?"

"A deal of grass burned,—and they had to drive the sheep, which won't serve them this kind of weather. I don't know which I fear most, the grass, the fences, or the sheep. As for the buildings, I don't think they'll try that again."

"Why not, Harry?"

"The risk of being seen is so great. I can hardly understand that a man like Nokes should have been such a fool as he was."

"You think it was Nokes?"

"Oh yes,—certainly. In the first place Jacko is as true as steel. I don't mean to swear by the boy, though I think

he is a good boy. But I'm sure he's true in this. And then the man's manner to myself was conclusive. I cannot understand a man in Medlicot's position supporting a fellow like that. By heavens! it nearly drives me mad to think of it. Thousands and thousands of pounds are at stake. All that a man has in the world is exposed to the malice of a scoundrel like Nokes! And then a man who calls himself a gentleman will talk about it being un-English to look after him. He's a 'new chum,' I suppose that's his excuse."

"If it's a sufficient excuse, you should excuse him," said Kate, with good feminine logic.

"That's just like you all over. He's good-looking, and therefore it's all right. He ought to have learned better. He ought, at any rate, to believe that men who have been here much longer than he has must know the ways of the country a great deal better."

"It's Christmas-time, Harry," said his wife, "and you should endeavour to forgive your neighbours."

"What sort of a Christmas will it be if you and I, and these young fellows here, and Kate, are all burned out of Gangoil? Here's Bates. Well, Mr. Bates;—how goes it?"

"Tremendous hot, sir."

"We've found that out already. You haven't heard where that fellow Boscobel has gone?"

"No;—I haven't heard. But he'll be over with some of those Brownie lads. They say Georgie Brownie's about the country somewhere. If so there'll be a row among 'em."

"When thieves fall out, Mr. Bates, honest men come by their own."

"So they say, Mr. Heathcote. All the same I shouldn't care how far Georgie was away from any place I had to do with." Then the young master and his old superintendent sauntered out to his back premises to talk about sheep and fires, and plans for putting out fires. And no doubt Mr. Bates had the glass of brandy and water which he had come to regard as one of his Sunday luxuries. From the back premises they went down to the creek to gauge the water. Then they sauntered on, keeping always in the shade, sitting down here to smoke, and standing up there to discuss the pedigree of some particular ram, till it was past six. "You may as well come in and dine with us, Mr. Bates," Harry suggested, as they returned towards the sta-

tion. Mr. Bates said that he thought that he would. As the same invitation was given on almost every Sunday throughout the year, and was invariably answered in the same way, there was not much excitement in this. But Mr. Bates would not have dreamed of going into dinner without being asked. "That's Medlicot's trap," said Mr. Bates, as they entered the yard. "I heard wheels when we were in the horse paddock." Harry looked at the trap, and then went quickly into the house.

He walked with a rapid step on to the verandah, and there he found the sugar-grower and his mother. Mrs. Heathcote looked at her husband almost timidly. She knew from the very sound of his feet, that he was perturbed in spirit. Under his own roof-tree he would certainly be courteous;—but there is a constrained courtesy very hard to be borne, of which she knew him to be capable. He first went up to the old lady, and to her his greeting was pleasant enough. Harry Heathcote, though he had assumed the bush mode of dressing, still retained the manners of a high-bred gentleman in his intercourse with women. Then, turning sharply round, he gave his hand to Mr. Medlicot. "I am glad to see you at Gangoil," he said; "I was not fortunate enough to be at home when you called the other day. Mrs. Medlicot must have found the drive very hot, I fear." His wife was still looking into his face, and was reading there, as in a book, the mingled pride and disdain with which her husband was exercising civility to his enemy. Harry's countenance wore a look not difficult of perusal, and Medlicot could read the lines almost as distinctly as Harry's wife.

"I have asked Mrs. Medlicot to stay and dine with us," she said, "so that she may have it cool for the drive back."

"I am almost afraid of the bush at night," said the old woman.

"You'll have a full moon," said Harry; "it will be as light as day." So that was settled. Heathcote thought it odd that the man whom he regarded as his enemy, whom he had left at their last meeting in positive hostility, should consent to accept a dinner under his roof; but that was Medlicot's affair, not his.

They dined at seven, and after dinner strolled out into the home paddock, and down to the creek. As they started the three men went first, and the ladies followed them; but Bates soon dropped behind. It was his rest day, and he had al-

ready moved quite as much as was usual with him on a Sunday. "I think I was a little hard with you the other day," said Medlicot, when they were alone together.

"I suppose we hardly understand each other's ideas," said Harry. He spoke with a constrained voice and with an almost savage manner, engendered by a determination to hold his own. He would forgive any offence for which an apology was made, but no apology had been made as yet; and, to tell the truth, he was a little afraid that if they got into an argument on the matter Medlicot would have the best of it. And there was, too, almost a claim to superiority in Medlicot's use of the word "hard." When one man says that he has been hard to another he almost boasts that, on that occasion, he got the better of him.

"That's just it," said Medlicot; "we do not quite understand each other. But we might believe in each other all the same, and then the understanding would come. But it isn't just that which I want to say; such talking rarely does any good."

"What is it, then?"

"You may perhaps be right about that man Nokes."

"No doubt I may. I know I'm right. When I asked him whether he'd been at my shed, what made him say that he hadn't been there at night time? I said nothing about night time. But the man was there at night time, or he wouldn't have used the word."

"I'm not sure that that is evidence."

"Perhaps not in England, Mr. Medlicot, but it's good enough evidence for the bush. And what made him pretend he didn't know the distances? And why can't he look a man in the face? And why should the boy have said it was he if it wasn't? Of course if you think well of him you're right to keep him. But you may take it as a rule out here that when a man has been dismissed, it hasn't been done for nothing. Men treated that way should travel out of the country. It's better for all parties. It isn't here as it is at home, where people live so thick together that nothing is thought of a man being dismissed. I was obliged to discharge him, and now he's my enemy."

"A man may be your enemy without being a felon."

"Of course he may. I'm his enemy in a way, but I wouldn't hurt a hair of his

head unjustly. When I see the attempts made to burn me out, of course I know that an enemy has been at work."

"Is there no one else has got a grudge against you?"

Harry was silent for a moment. What right had this man to cross-examine him about his enmities,—the man whose position in the place had been one of hostility to him, whom he had almost suspected of harbouring Nokes at the Mill simply because Nokes had been dismissed from Gangoil? The suspicion was, indeed, fading away. There was something in Medlicot's voice and manner which made it impossible to attribute such motives to him. Nevertheless the man was a free-selector, and had taken a bit of the Gangoil run after a fashion which to Heathcote was objectionable politically, morally, and socially. Let Medlicot in regard to character be what he might, he was a free-selector, and a squatter's enemy, and had clenched his hostility by employing a servant dismissed from the very run out of which he had bought his land. "It is hard to say," he replied at length, "who have grudges,—or against whom,—or why. I suppose I have a grudge against you, if the truth is to be known; but I shan't burn down your mill."

"I'm sure you won't."

"Nor yet say worse of you behind your back than I will to your face."

"I don't want you to think that you have occasion to speak ill of me either one way or the other. What I mean is this,—I don't quite think that the evidence against Nokes is strong enough to justify me in sending him away; but I'll keep an eye on him as well as I can. It seems that he left our place early this morning; but the men are not supposed to be there on Sundays, and of course he does as he pleases with himself."

The conversation then dropped, and in a little time Harry made some excuse for leaving them, and returned to the house alone, promising, however, that he would not start for his night's ride till after the party had come back to the station. "There is no hurry at all," he said; "I shan't stir for two hours yet, but Micky will be waiting there for stores for himself and the German."

"That means a nobbler for Micky," said Kate. "Either of those men would think it a treat to ride ten miles in and ten miles back with a horse-load of sugar and tea and flour, for the sake of a glass of brandy and water."

"And so would you," said Harry, "if you lived in a hut by yourself for a fortnight with nothing to drink but tea without milk."

The old lady and Mrs. Heathcote were soon seated on the grass, while Medlicot and Kate Daly roamed on together. Kate was a pretty, modest girl, timid withal and shy, unused to society, and therefore awkward, but with the natural instincts and aptitudes of her sex. What the glass of brandy and water was to Micky O'Dowd after a fortnight's solitude in a bush-hut, with tea, dampers, and lumps of mutton, a young man in the guise of a gentleman was to poor Kate Daly. A brother-in-law, let him be ever so good, is after all no better than tea without milk. No doubt Micky O'Dowd often thought about a nobbler in his thirsty solitude, and so did Kate speculate on what might possibly be the attractions of a lover. Medlicot probably indulged in no such speculations; but the nobbler, when brought close to his lips, was grateful to him as to others. That Kate Daly was very pretty no man could doubt.

"Isn't it sad that he should have to ride about all night like that?" said Kate, to whom, as was proper, Harry Heathcote at the present moment was of more importance than any other human being.

"I suppose he likes it."

"Oh no, Mr. Medlicot, how can he like it? It is not the hard work he minds, but the constant dread of coming evil."

"The excitement keeps him alive."

"There's plenty on a station to keep a man alive in that way at all times."

"And plenty to keep ladies alive too?"

"Oh, ladies! I don't know that ladies have any business in the bush. Harry's trouble is all about my sister, and the children, and me. He wouldn't care a straw for himself."

"Do you think he'd be better without a wife?"

Kate hesitated for a moment. "Well, no. I suppose it would be very rough without Mary; and he'd be so lonely when he came in."

"And nobody to make his tea."

"Or to look after his things," said Kate earnestly; "I know it was very rough before we came here. He says that himself. There were no regular meals, but just food in a cupboard when he chose to get it."

"That is not comfortable, certainly."

"Horrid, I should think. I suppose it is better for him to be married. You've got your mother, Mr. Medlicot."

"Yes; I've got my mother."

"That makes a difference, doesn't it?"

"A very great difference. She'll save me from having to go to a cupboard for my bread and meat."

"I suppose having a woman about is better for a man. They haven't got anything else to do, and therefore they can look to things."

"Do you help to look to things?"

"I suppose I do something. I often feel ashamed to think how very little it is. As for that, I'm not wanted at all."

"So that you're free to go elsewhere?"

"I didn't mean that, Mr. Medlicot; only I know I'm not of much use."

"But if you had a house of your own?"

"Gangoil is my home just as much as it is Mary's; and I sometimes feel that Harry is just as good to me as he is to Mary."

"Your sister will never leave Gangoil."

"Not unless Harry gets another station."

"But you will have to be transplanted some day." Kate merely chucked up her head and pouted her lips, as though to show that the proposition was one which did not deserve an answer.

"You'll marry a squatter, of course, Miss Daly?"

"I don't suppose I shall ever marry anybody, Mr. Medlicot."

"You wouldn't marry any one but a squatter? I can quite understand that. The squatters here are what the lords and the country gentlemen are at home."

"I can't even picture to myself what sort of life people live at home." Both Medlicot and Kate Daly meant England when they spoke of home.

"There isn't so much difference as people think. Classes hang together just in the same way; only I think there's a little more exclusiveness here than there was there." In answer to this Kate asserted with innocent eagerness that she was not at all exclusive, and that if ever she married any one she'd marry the man she liked.

"I wish you'd like me," said Medlicot.

"That's nonsense," said Kate, in a low timid whisper, hurrying away to rejoin the other ladies. She could speculate on the delights of the beverage as would Micky O'Dowd in his hut, but when it was first brought to her lips she could only fly away from it. In this respect Micky O'Dowd was the more sensible of the two. No other word was spoken that night between them, but Kate lay awake

till morning thinking of the one word that had been spoken. But the secret was kept sacredly within her own bosom.

Before the Medlicots started that night the old lady made a proposition that the Heathcotes and Miss Daly should eat their Christmas dinner at Medlicot's Mill. Mrs. Heathcote, thinking perhaps of her sister, thoroughly liking what she herself had seen of the Medlicots, looked anxiously into Harry's face. If he would consent to this an intimacy would follow, and probably a real friendship be made. "It's out of the question," he said. The very firmness, however, with which he spoke gave a certain cordiality even to his refusal. "I must be at home, so that the men may know where to find me till I go out for the night." Then after a pause he continued, "As we can't go to you, why should you not come to us?"

So it was at last decided, much to Harry's own astonishment, much to his wife's delight. Kate, therefore, when she lay awake, thinking of the one word that had been spoken, knew that there would be an opportunity for another word.

Medlicot drove his mother home safely, and after he had taken her into the house encountered Nokes on his return from Boolabong, as has been told at the close of the last chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I DO WISH HE WOULD COME!"

ON the Monday morning Harry came home as usual,—and as usual went to bed after his breakfast. "I wouldn't care about the heat if it were not for the wind," he said to his wife, as he threw himself down.

"The wind carries it so, I suppose."

"Yes;—and it comes from just the wrong side,—from the north-west. There have been half-a-dozen fires about to-day."

"During the night, you mean."

"No;—yesterday,—Sunday. I cannot make out whether they came by themselves. They certainly are not all made by incendiaries."

"Accidents, perhaps."

"Well, yes. Somebody drops a match and the sun ignites it. But the chances are much against a fire like that spreading. Care is wanted to make it spread. As far as I can learn, the worst fires have not been just after midday, when, of course, the heat is greater, but in the early night,—before the dews have come. All the same I feel that I know nothing

about it,— nothing at all. Don't let me sleep long."

In spite of this injunction Mrs. Heathcote determined that he should sleep all day if he would. Even the nights were fearfully hot and sultry, and on this Monday morning he had come home much fatigued. He would be out again at sunset, and now he should have what rest nature would allow him. But in this resolve she was opposed by Jacko, who came in at eleven, and requested to see the master. Jacko had been over with the German; and, as he explained to Mrs. Heathcote, they two had been in and out, sometimes sleeping and sometimes watching. But now he wanted to see the master, and under no persuasion would impart his information to the mistress. The poor wife, anxious as she was that her husband should sleep, did not dare in these perilous times to ignore Jacko and his information, and therefore gently awoke the sleeper. In a few minutes Jacko was standing by the young squatter's bedside, and Harry Heathcote, quite awake, was sitting up and listening. "George Brownbie's at Boolabong." That at first was the gravamen of Jacko's news.

"I know that already, Jacko."

"My word!" exclaimed Jacko. In those part Georgie Brownbie was regarded almost as the Evil One himself, and Jacko, knowing what mischief was, as it were, in the word, thought that he was entitled to bread-and-jam, if not to a mobber itself, in bringing such tidings to Gangoil.

"Is that all?" asked Heathcote.

"And Bos is at Boolabong, and Bill Nokes was there all Sunday, and Jerry Brownbie's been out along with Bos and Georgie."

"The old man wouldn't do anything of that kind, Jacko."

"The old man! He knows nothing about it. My word;—they don't tell him about nothing."

"Or Tom?"

"Tom's away in prisin. They always cotches the best when they want to send 'em to prisin. If they'd lock up Jerry, — and Georgie, — and Jack! My word; yes!"

"You think they're arranging it all at Boolabong?"

"In course they are."

"I don't see why Boscobel shouldn't be at Boolabong without intending me any harm. Of course he'd go there when he left Gangoil. They all go there."

"And Bill Nokes, Mr. Harry?"

"And Bill Nokes too. Though why he should travel so far from his work this weather, I can't say."

"My word, no, Mr. Harry!"

"Did you see any fires about your way last night?" Jacko shook his head. "You go into the kitchen and get something to eat, and wait for me. I shall be out before long now." Though Heathcote had made light of the assemblage of evil spirits at Boolabong which had seemed so important to Jacko, he by no means did regard the news as unessential. Of Nokes's villany he was convinced. Of Boscobel he had imprudently made a second enemy at a most inauspicious time. Georgie Brownbie had long been his bitter foe. He had prosecuted and, perhaps, persecuted Georgie for various offences; — but as Georgie was supposed to be as much at war with his own brethren as with the rest of the world at large, Heathcote had not thought much of that miscreant in the present emergency. But if the miscreant were in truth at Boolabong, and if evil things were being plotted against Gangoil, Georgie would certainly be among the conspirators.

Soon after noon Harry was on horseback and Jacko was at his heels. The heat was more intense than ever. Mrs. Heathcote had twisted round Harry's hat a long white scarf, called a puggeree, — though we are by no means sure of our spelling. Jacko had spread a very dirty fragment of an old white handkerchief on his head, and wore his hat over it. Mrs. Heathcote had begged Harry to take a large cotton parasol, and he had nearly consented, — being unable at last to reconcile himself to the idea of riding with such an accoutrement even in the bush. "The heat's a bore," he said, "but I'm not a bit afraid of it as long as I keep moving. Yes, I'll be back to dinner, though I won't say when; and I won't say for how long. It will be the same thing all day to-morrow. I wish with all my heart those people were not coming."

He rode straight away to the German's hut, which was on the north-western extremity of his further paddock in that direction. From thence the western fence ran in a southerly direction, nearly straight to the river. Beyond the fence was a strip of land, in some parts over a mile broad, in others not much over a quarter of a mile, which he claimed as belonging to Gangoil, but over which the

Brownbies had driven their cattle since the fence had been made, under the pretence that the fence marked the boundary of two runs. Against this assumption Heathcote had remonstrated frequently, had driven the cattle back, and had exercised the ownership of a Crown tenant in such fashion as the nature of his occupation allowed. Beyond this strip was Boolabong; — the house at Boolabong being not above three miles distant from the fence, and not above four miles from the German's hut. So that the Brownbies were in truth much nearer neighbours to the German than was Heathcote and his family. But between the German and the Brownbies, there raged an internecine feud. No doubt Harry Heathcote, in his heart, liked the German all the better on this account; but it behoved him both as a master and a magistrate to regard reports against Boolabong coming from the German with something of suspicion. Now Jacko had been introduced to Gangoil under German auspices, and had soon come to a decision that it would be a good thing and a just to lock up all the Brownbies in the great gaol of the colony at Brisbane. He probably knew nothing of law or justice in the abstract, but he greatly valued law when exercised against those he hated. The western fence of which mention has been made, ran down to the Mary river, hitting it about four miles west of Medlicot's Mill; — so that there was a considerable portion of the Gangoil run having a frontage to the water. As has been before said, Medlicot's plantation was about fourteen miles distant from the house at Boolabong; — and the distance from the Gangoil house to that of the Brownbies was about the same.

The oppressiveness of the day was owing more to the hot wind than to the sun itself. This wind, coming from the arid plains of the interior, brought with it a dry suffocating heat. On this occasion it was odious to Harry Heathcote, not so much on account of its own intrinsic abominations, as because it might cause a fire to sweep across his run from its western boundary. Just beyond the boundary there lay Boolabong, and there were collected his enemies. A fire that should have passed for a mile or so across the pastures outside and beyond his own farm would be altogether unextinguishable by the time that it had reached his paddock. The Brownbies, as he knew well, would care nothing for burning a patch of their own grass. Their stock,

if they had any at the present moment, were much too few in number to be affected by such a loss. The Brownbies had not a yard of fencing to be burned, and a fire, if once it got a hold on the edge of their run, would pass on away from them, right across Harry's pastures, and Harry's fences. If such were the case, he would have quite enough to do to drive his sheep from the fire, and it might be that many of them also would perish in the flames. The catastrophe might even be so bad, so frightful, that the shed and station and all should go; — though in thinking of all the fires of which he had heard, he could remember none that had spread with fatality such as that.

He found Karl Bender in his hut asleep. The man was soon up, apologizing for his somnolence, and preparing tea for his master's entertainment. "It is not Christmas like at home, at all; — is it, Mr. 'Eathcote? Dear, no! Them red devils is there ready to give us a Christmas roasting." Then he told how he had boldly ridden up to Boolabong that morning and had seen Georgie and Boscobel with his own eyes. When asked what they had said to him, he replied that he did not wait till anything had been said but had hurried away as fast as his horse could carry him.

"I'll go up to Boolabong myself," said Harry.

"My word! They'll just about knock your head off," suggested Jacko.

Karl Bender also thought that the making of such a visit would be a source of danger. But Heathcote explained that any personal attack was not to be apprehended from these men. "That's not their game," he said, arguing that men who premeditated a secret outrage would not probably be tempted into personal violence. The horror of the position lay in this, — that though a fire should rise up almost under the feet of men who were known to be hostile to him, and whose characters were acknowledged to be bad, still would there be no evidence against them. It was known to all men that at periods of heat such as that which was now raging, fires were common. Every day the pastures were in flames, here, there, and everywhere. It was said, indeed, that there existed no evidence of fires in the bush till men had come with their flocks. But then there had been no smoking, no boiling of pots, no camping out, till men had come, — and no matches. Every one around might be sure that

some particular fire had been the work of an incendiary, — might be able to name the culprit who had done the deed ; and yet no jury could convict the miscreant. Watchfulness was the best security, — watchfulness day and night till rain should come ; and Heathcote calculated that it would be better for him that his enemies should know that he was watchful. He would go up among them and show them that he was not ashamed to speak to them of his anxiety. They could hear nothing by his coming which they did not already know. They were well aware that he was on the watch, and it might be well that they should know also how close his watch was kept. He took the German and Jacko with him, but left them with their horses about a mile on the Boolabong side of his own fence, nigh to the extreme boundary of the Debatable Land. They knew his whistle, and were to ride to him at once should he call them.

He had left the house about noon, saying that he would be home to dinner, — which, however, on such occasions, was held to be a feast movable over a wide space of time. But on this occasion the women expected him to come early as it was his intention to be out again as soon as it should be dark. Mrs. Growler was asked to have the dinner ready at six. During the day Mrs. Heathcote was backward and forward in the kitchen. There was something wrong she knew, but could not quite discern the evil. Sing-Sing, the cook, was more than ordinarily alert ; but Sing-Sing, the cook, was not much trusted. Mrs. Growler was “as good as the Bank,” as far as that went, having lived with old Mr. Daly when he was prosperous ; — but she was apt to be downhearted, and on the present occasion was more than usually low in spirits. Whenever Mrs. Heathcote spoke she wept. At six o'clock she came into the parlour with a budget of news. Sing-Sing, the cook, had been gone for the last half-hour, leaving the leg of mutton at the fire. It soon became clear to them that he had altogether absconded.

“Them rats always does leave a falling house,” said Mrs. Growler.

At seven o'clock the sun was down, though the gloom of the tropical evening had not yet come. The two ladies went out to the gate, which was but a few yards from the verandah, and there stood listening for the sound of Harry's horse. The low moaning of the wind through the trees could be heard, but it was so gentle,

and unaltered, that it seemed to be no more than a vehicle for other sounds, and was as deathlike as silence itself. The gate of the horse paddock through which Heathcote must pass on his way home was nearly a mile distant ; but the road there was hard, and they knew that they could hear from there the fall of his horse's feet. There they stood from seven to nearly eight, whispering a word now and then to each other, listening always, but in vain. Looking away to the west every now and then they fancied that they could see the sky glow with flames, — and then they would tell each other that it was fancy. The evening grew darker and still darker, but no sound was heard through the moaning wind. From time to time Mrs. Growler came out to them, declaring her fears in no measured terms. “Well, ma'am, I do declare I think we'd better go away out of this.”

“Go away, Mrs. Growler ; — what nonsense ! Where can we go to ?”

“The Mill would be nearest, ma'am, and we should be safe there. I'm sure Mrs. Medlicot would take us in.”

“Why should you not be safe here ?” said Kate.

“That wretched Chinese hasn't gone and left us for nothing, miss, and what would we three lone women do here if all them Brownbies came down upon us ? Why don't master come back ? He ought to come back ; oughtn't he, ma'am ? He never do think what lone women are.”

Mrs. Heathcote took her husband's part very strongly, and gave Mrs. Growler as hard a scolding as she knew how to pronounce. But her own courage was giving way much as Mrs. Growler's had done. “We are bound to stay here,” she said, “and if the worst comes, we must bear it as others have done before us.” Then Mrs. Growler was very sulky, and retreating to the kitchen sobbed there in solitude. “O, Kate, I do wish he would come,” said the elder sister.

“Are you afraid ?”

“It is so desolate, and he may be so far off, and we couldn't get to him if anything happened, and we shouldn't know.” Then they were again silent, and remained without exchanging more than a word or two for nearly half-an-hour. They took hold of each other, and every now and then went to the kitchen door that the old woman might be comforted by their presence, — but they had no consolation to offer each other. The silence of the bush, and the feeling of

great distances, and the dread of calamity, almost crushed them. At last there was a distant sound of horses' feet — "I hear him," said Mrs. Heathcote, and rushed forward towards the outer gate of the home paddock, followed by her sister.

Her ears were true, but she was doomed to disappointment. The horse-man was only a messenger from her husband, — Micky O'Dowd, the Irish boundary-rider.

He had great tidings to tell, and was so long telling them that we will not attempt to give them in his own words. The purport of his story was as follows; — Harry had been to Boolabong House, but had found there no one but the old man. Returning home thence towards his own fence he had smelt the smoke of fire, and had found within a furlong of his path a long ridge of burning grass. According to Mickey's account it could not have been lighted above a few minutes before Heathcote's presence on the spot. As it was, it had got too much ahead for him to put it out single-handed; a few yards he might have managed, but, — so Mickey said, probably exaggerating the matter, — there was half a quarter of a mile of flame. He had therefore ridden on before the fire, had called his own two men to him, and had at once lighted the grass himself some two hundred yards in front, making a second fire, but so keeping it down that it should be always under control. Before the hinder flames had caught him Bender and Jacko had been with him, and they had thus managed to consume the fuel which, had it remained there, would have fed the fire which was too strong to be mastered. By watching the extremities of the line of fire, they overpowered it, and so the damage was for the moment at an end.

The method of dealing with the enemy was so well known in the bush, and had been so often canvassed in the hearing of the two sisters, that it was clearly intelligible to them. The evil had been met in the proper way, and the remedy had been effected. But why did not Harry come home?

Micky O'Dowd after his fashion explained that too. The ladies were not to wait dinner. The master felt himself obliged to remain out at night, and had gotten food at the German's hut. He, Micky, was commissioned to return with a flask full of brandy, as it would be necessary that Harry with all the men whom he could trust should be "on the rampage" all night. This small body

was to consist of Harry himself, of the German, of Jacko, and, according to the story as at present told, especially of Micky O'Dowd. Much as she would have wished to have kept the man at the station for protection, she did not think of disobeying her husband's orders. So Micky was fed, and then sent back with the flask; — with tidings also as to the desertion of that wretched cook, Sing Sing.

"I shall sit here all night," said Mrs. Heathcote to her sister. "As things are I shall not think of going to bed." Kate declared that she would also sit in the verandah all night, and, as a matter of course, they were joined by Mrs. Growler. They had been so seated about an hour when Kate Daly declared that the heavens were on fire. The two young women jumped up, flew to the gate, and found that the whole western horizon was lurid with a dark red light.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BUSH FIGHT.

HARRY HEATHCOTE had on this occasion entertained no doubt whatever that the fire had been intentional and premeditated. A lighted torch must have been dragged along the grass, so as to ignite a line many yards long all at the same time. He had been luckily near enough to the spot to see almost the commencement of the burning, and was therefore aware of its form and circumstances. He almost wondered that he had not seen the figure of the man who had drawn the torch, or at any rate, heard his steps. Pursuit would have been out of the question, as his work was wanted at the moment to extinguish the flames. The miscreant probably had remembered this, and had known that he might escape stealthily, without the noise of a rapid retreat.

When the work was over, when he had put out the fire he had himself lighted, and had exterminated the lingering remnants of that which had been intended to destroy him, he stood still awhile almost in despair. His condition seemed to be hopeless. What could he do against such a band of enemies, knowing as he did that had he been backed even by a score of trusty followers, one foe might still suffice to ruin him? At the present moment he was very hot with the work he had done, as were also Jacko and the German. O'Dowd had also come up as they were completing their work. Their mode of extinguishing the flames had

been to beat them down with branches of gum-tree loaded with leaves. By sweeping these along the burning ground the low flames would be scattered and expelled. But the work was very hard and hot. The boughs they used were heavy, and the air round them, — sultry enough from its own properties, was made almost unbearable by the added heat of the fires.

The work had been so far done, but it might be begun again at any moment, either near or at a distance. No doubt the attempt would be made elsewhere along the boundary between Gangoil and Boolabong; — was very probably being made at this moment. The two men whom he could trust and Jacko were now with him. They were wiping their brows with their arms, and panting with their work.

He first resolved on sending Micky O'Dowd to the house. The distance was great, and the man's assistance might be essential. But he could not bear to leave his wife without news from him. Then, after considering a while, he made up his mind to go back towards his own fence, making his way as he went southerly down towards the river. They who were determined to injure him would, he thought, repeat their attempt in that direction. He hardly said a word to his two followers, but rode at a foot pace to the spot at his fence which he had selected as the site of his bivouac for the night. "It won't be very cheery, Bender," he said to the German; "but we shall have to make a night of it till they disturb us again." The German made a motion with his arms, intended to signify his utter indifference. One place was the same as another to him. Jacko uttered his usual ejaculation, and then, having hitched his horse to the fence, threw himself on his back upon the grass.

No doubt they all slept, but they slept as watchers sleep, with one eye open. It was Harry who first saw the light which a few minutes later made itself visible to the ladies at the home station. "Karl," he exclaimed, jumping up, "they're at it again — look there." In less than half a minute, and without speaking another word, they were all on their horses and riding in the direction of the light. It came from a part of the Boolabong run somewhat nearer to the river than the place at which they had stationed themselves, where the strip of ground between Harry's fence and the acknowledged boundary of Brownbie's run was the nar-

rowest. As they approached the fire they became aware that it had been lighted on Boolabong. On this occasion Harry did not ride on up to the flames, knowing that the use or loss of a few minutes might save or destroy his property. He hardly spoke a word as he proceeded on his business, feeling that they upon whom he had to depend were sufficiently instructed, if only they would be sufficiently energetic. "Keep it well under, but let it run," was all he said, as lighting a dried bush with a match he ran the fire along the ground in front of the coming flames.

A stranger seeing it all would have felt sure that the remedy would have been as bad as the disease, for the fire which Harry himself made every now and again seemed to get the better of those who were endeavouring to control it. There might perhaps be a quarter of a mile between the front of the advancing fire and the line at which Harry had commenced to destroy the food which would have fed the coming flames. He himself, as quickly as he lighted the grass, which in itself was the work but of a moment, would strain himself to the utmost at the much harder task of controlling his own fire, so that it should not run away from him, and get as it were out of his hands, and be as bad to him as that which he was thus seeking to circumvent. The German and Jacko worked like heroes, probably with intense enjoyment of the excitement, and, after a while, found a fourth figure among the flames, for Micky had now returned. "You saw them," Harry said, panting with his work. "They's all right," said Micky, flopping away with a great bough, "but that tar-nation Chinese has gone off." "My word! Sing-Sing. Find him at Boolabong," said Jacko. The German, whose gum-tree bough was a very big one, and whose every thought was intent on letting the fire run while he still held it in hand, had not breath for a syllable.

But the back fire was extending itself, so as to get round them. Every now and then Harry extended his own line, moving always forward towards Gangoil as he did so, though he and his men were always on Brownbie's territory. He had no doubt but that where he could succeed in destroying the grass for a breadth of forty or fifty yards, he would starve out the inimical flames. The trees and bushes without the herbage would not enable it to travel a yard. Wherever the grass was burned down black to the soil

the fire would stop. But should they, who were at work, once allow themselves to be outflanked, their exertions would be all in vain. And then those wretches might light a dozen fires. The work was so hard, so hot, and often so hopeless, that the unhappy young squatter was more than once tempted to bid his men desist and to return to his homestead. The flames would not follow him there. He could, at any rate, make that safe. And then, when he had repudiated this feeling as unworthy of him, he began to consider within himself whether he would not do better for his property by taking his men with him on to his run, and endeavouring to drive his sheep out of danger. But as he thought of all this he still worked, still fired the grass, and still controlled the flames. Presently he became aware of what seemed to him at first to be a third fire. Through the trees in the direction of the river, he could see the glimmering of low flames, and the figures of men. But it was soon apparent to him that these men were working in his cause,—and that they, too, were burning the grass that would have fed the advancing flames. At first he could not spare the minute which would be necessary to find out who was his friend, but as they drew nearer he knew the man. It was the sugar-planter from the mill, and with him his foreman. "We've been doing our best," said Medlicot, "but we've been terribly afraid that the fire would slip away from us."

"It's the only thing," said Harry, too much excited at the moment to ask questions as to the cause of Medlicot's presence so far from his home at that time of the evening. "It's getting round us, I'm afraid, all the same."

"I don't know but it is. It's almost impossible to distinguish. How hot the fires make it!"

"Hot, indeed," said Harry. "It's killing work for men, and then all for no good! To think that men,—creatures that call themselves men,—should do such a thing as this! It breaks one's heart." He had paused as he spoke, leaning on the great battered bough which he held, but in an instant was at work with it again. "Do you stay here, Mr. Medlicot, with the men, and I'll go on beyond where you began. If I find the fire growing down, I'll shout and they can come to me." So saying he rushed on with a lighted bush-torch in his hand.

Suddenly he found himself confronted in the bush by a man on horseback,

whom he at once recognized as Georgie Brownbie. He forgot for a moment where he was, and began to question the reprobate as to his presence at that spot. "That's like your impudence," said Georgie. "You're not only trespassing, but you're destroying our property wilfully, and you ask me what business I have here. You're a nice sort of young man." Harry, checked for a moment by the remembrance that he was in truth upon Boolabong run, did not at once answer. "Put that bush down and don't burn our grass," continued Georgie, "or you shall have to answer for it. What right have you to fire our grass?"

"Who fired it first?"

"It lighted itself. That's no rule why you should light it more. You give over, or I'll punch your head for you."

Harry's men and Medlicot were advancing towards him, trampling out their own embers as they came, and Georgie Brownbie, who was alone, when he saw that there were four or five men against him, turned round and rode back. "Did you ever see impudence like that?" said Harry. "He is probably the very man who set the match, and yet he comes and brazens it out with me."

"I don't think he's the man who set the match," said Medlicot quietly; "at any rate there was another."

"Who was it?"

"My man, Nokes. I saw him with the torch in his hand."

"Heaven and earth!"

"Yes, Mr. Heathcote. I saw him put it down. You were about right, you see, and I was about wrong."

Harry had not a word to say, unless it were to tell the man that he loved him for the frankness of his confession. But the moment was hardly auspicious for such a declaration. There was no excuse for them to pause in their work, for the fire was still crackling at their back,—and they did no more than pause. "Ah!" said Harry, "there it goes;—we shall be done at last." For he saw that he was being outflanked by the advancing flames. But still they worked, drawing lines of fire here and there, and still they hoped that there might be ground for hope. Nokes had been seen; but, pregnant as the theme might be with words, it was almost impossible to talk. Questions could not be asked and answered without stopping in their toil. There were questions which Harry longed to ask. Could Medlicot swear to the man? Did the man know that he had been seen?

If he knew that he had been watched whilst he lit the grass, he would soon be far away from Medlicot's Mill and Gangoil. Harry felt that it would be a consolation to him in his trouble if he could get hold of this man, and keep him, and prosecute him,—and have him hung. Even in the tumult of the moment he was able to reflect about it, and to think that he remembered that the crime of arson was capital in the colony of Queensland. He had endeavoured to be good to the men with whom he had dealings. He had not stinted their food, or cut them short in their wages, or been hard in exacting work from them. And this was his return! Ideas as to the excellence of absolute dominion and power flitted across his brain,—such power as Abraham, no doubt, exercised. In Abraham's time the people were submissive and the world was happy. Harry Heathcote, at least, had never heard that it was not happy. But as he thought of all this he worked away with his bush and his matches,—extinguishing the flames here and lighting them there,—striving to make a cordon of black bare ground between Boolabong and Gangoil. Surely Abraham had never been called on to work like this!

He and his men were in a line covering something above a quarter of a mile of ground, of which line he was himself the nearest to the river, and Medlicot and his foreman the furthest from it. The German and O'Dowd were in the middle, and Jacko was working with his master. If Harry had just cause for anger and sorrow in regard to Nokes and Boscobel, he certainly had equal cause to be proud of the staunchness of his remaining satellites. The men worked with a will, as though the whole run had been the personal property of each of them. Nokes and Boscobel would probably have done the same had the fires come before they had quarrelled with their master. It is a small and narrow point that turns the rushing train to the right or to the left. The rushing man is often turned off by a point as small and narrow.

"My word;" said Jacko on a sudden, "here they are all o' horseback." And as he spoke there was the sound of half-a-dozen horsemen galloping up to them through the bush. "Why, there's Bos, his own self," said Jacko. The two leading men were Joe and Jerry Brownbie, who, for this night only, had composed their quarrels, and close to them was Boscobel. There were others behind,

also mounted,—Jack Brownbie and George, and Nokes himself; but they, though their figures were seen, could not be distinguished in the gloom of the night. Nor, indeed, did Harry at first discern of how many the party consisted. It seemed that there was a whole troop of horsemen whose purpose it was to interrupt him in his work, so that the flames should certainly go ahead. And it was evident that the men thought that they could do so without subjecting themselves to legal penalties. As far as Harry Heathcote could see they were correct in their view. He could have no right to burn the grass on Boolabong. He had no claim even to be there. It was true that he could plead that he was stopping the fire which they had purposely made;—but they could prove his handiwork, whereas it would be almost impossible that he should prove theirs.

The whole forest was not red, but lurid, with the fires, and the air was laden with both the smell and the heat of the conflagration. The horsemen were dressed, as was Harry himself, in trowsers and shirts, with old slouch hats, and each of them had a cudgel in his hand. As they came galloping up through the trees, they were as uncanny and unwelcome a set of visitors as any man was ever called on to receive. Harry necessarily stayed his work and stood still to bear the brunt of the coming attack; but Jacko went on with his employment faster than ever,—as though a troop of men in the dark were nothing to him.

Jerry Brownbie was the first to speak. "What's this you're up to, Heathcote? Firing our grass? It's arson. You shall swing for this."

"I'll take my chance of that," said Harry, turning to his work again.

"No, I'm blest if you do. Ride over him, Bos, while I stop these other fellows." The Brownbies had been aware that Harry's two boundary-riders were with him, but had not heard of the arrival of Medlicot and the other man. Nokes was aware that some one on horseback had been near him when he was firing the grass, but had thought that it was one of the party from Gangoil. By the time that Jerry Brownbie had reached the German, Medlicot was there also. "Who the deuce are you?" asked Jerry.

"What business is that of yours?" said Medlicot.

"No business of mine, and you fring our grass! I'll let you know my business pretty quickly."

"It's that fellow, Medlicot, from the sugar-mill," said Joe;—"the man that Nokes is with."

"I thought you was a horse of another colour," continued Jerry,—who had been given to understand that Medlicot was Heathcote's enemy. "Any way, I won't have my grass fired. If God A'mighty chooses to send fires, we can't help it. But I'm not going to have incendiaries here as well. You're a new chum, and don't understand what you're about, but you must stop this." As Medlicot still went on putting out the fire, Jerry attempted to ride him down. Medlicot caught the horse by the rein and violently backed the brute in among the embers. The animal plunged and reared, getting his head loose, and at last came down, he and his rider together. In the meantime Joe Brownbie, seeing this, rode up behind the sugar-planter, and struck him violently with his cudgel over the shoulder. Medlicot sank nearly to the ground, but at once recovered himself. He knew that some bone on the left side of his body was broken; but he could still fight with his right hand, and he did fight.

Boscobel and Georgie Brownbie both attempted to ride over Harry together, and might have succeeded had not Jacko ingeniously inserted the burning branch of gum-tree with which he had been working, under the belly of the horse on which Boscobel was riding. The animal jumped immediately from the ground, bucking into the air, and Boscobel was thrown far over his head. Georgie Brownbie then turned upon Jacko, but Jacko was far too nimble to be caught, and escaped among the trees.

For a few minutes the fight was general, but the footmen had the best of it, in spite of the injury done to Medlicot. Jerry was bruised and burned about the face by his fall among the ashes, and did not much relish the work afterwards. Boscobel was stunned for a few moments, and was quite ready to retreat when he came to himself. Nokes during the whole time did not show himself, alleging as a reason afterwards the presence of his employer Medlicot. "I'm blessed if your cowardice shan't hang you," said Joe Brownbie to him on their way home. "Do you think we're going to fight the battles of a fellow like you, who hasn't pluck to come forward himself?" "I've as much pluck as you," answered Nokes, "and am ready to fight you any day. But I know when a man is to come forward and when he's not. Hang me! I

am not so near hanging as some folks at Boolabong." We may imagine therefore that the night was not spent pleasantly among the Brownbies after these adventures.

There was, of course, very much cursing and swearing and very many threats before the party from Boolabong did retreat. Their great point was of course this,—that Heathcote was wilfully firing the grass, and was, therefore, no better than an incendiary. Of course they stoutly denied that the original fire had been intentional, and denied as stoutly that the original fire could be stopped by fires. But at last they went, leaving Heathcote and his party masters of the battle field. Jerry was taken away in a sad condition; and in subsequent accounts of the transaction given from Boolabong, his fall was put forward as the reason of their flight, he having been the general on the occasion. And Boscobel had certainly lost all stomach for immediate fighting. Immediately behind the battle-field they came across Nokes, and Sing Sing, the runaway cook from Gangoil. The poor Chinaman had made the mistake of joining the party which was not successful.

But Harry, though the victory was with him, was hardly in a mood for triumph. He soon found that Medlicot's collarbone was broken, and it would be necessary therefore that he should return with the wounded man to the station. And the flames, as he feared, had altogether got ahead of him during the fight. As far as they had gone they had stopped the fire, having made a black wilderness a mile and a half in length, which, during the whole distance, ceased suddenly at the line at which the subsidiary fire had been extinguished. But, while the attack was being made upon them, the flames had crept on to the southward, and had now got beyond their reach. It had seemed, however, that the mass of fire which had got away from them was small, and already the damp of the night was on the grass;—and Harry felt himself justified in hoping not that there might be no loss, but that the loss might not be ruinous.

Medlicot consented to be taken back to Gangoil instead of to the mill. Perhaps he thought that Kate Daly might be a better nurse than his mother, or that the quiet of the sheep station might be better for him than the clatter of his own mill-wheels. It was midnight, and they had a ride of fourteen miles,—which

was hard enough upon a man with a broken collar-bone. The whole party also was thoroughly fatigued. The work they had been doing was about as hard as could fall to a man's lot, and they had now been many hours without food. Before they started Micky produced his flask, the contents of which were divided equally among them all, including Jacko.

As they were preparing to start home Medlicot explained that it had struck him by degrees that Heathcote might be right in regard to Nokes, and that he determined to watch the man himself whenever he should leave the mill. On that Monday he had given up work somewhat earlier than usual, saying that as the following day was Christmas he should not come to the mill. From that time Medlicot and his foreman had watched him.

"Yes," said he, in answer to a question from Heathcote;—"I can swear that I saw him with the lighted torch in his hand, and that he placed it among the grass. There were two others from Boolabong with him, and they must have seen him too."

From Temple Bar.

SIR ROBERT STRANGE.

IN the month of July, 1721, there was a merry christening company in the Cathedral of St. Magnus, Kirkwall. The Orcadean baby, born in Pomona, one of the Orkney islands, was a boy, belonging to an old, respectable, but not very well-to-do family of Strong, Stronge, Strang, or Strange, originally from Fifeshire. He was not the first child of his parents. There was no good fairy at his christening feast to foretell that he would be more famous than any of his kinfolk, that he would bear a name renowned all over Europe for his achievements in art, and that some enthusiastic admirer would cut the entry of his baptism out of the cathedral registry.

A father's part to "Bobie," or "Robin," was performed by an elder half-brother, the kind and noble-hearted "Davie." From early days the fatherless boy was doomed to study law. Meanwhile, he drew figures with any material that came to hand, and if there was anything he loved as well as drawing it was sailing about the coast of his native island and contemplating the glories of sea and sky.

This boating and sailing and the making little cruises on fishing expedi-

tions could not be said to be an educational preparation for the law. It is all very well for a Lord Chief Justice to keep a yacht; but pulling an oar or steering a boat in the vicinity of the Orkney Islands is not likely to help a man to *become* Lord Chief Justice. Robin's inclination for the sad sea wave rather than for the bench or the wool-sack, took so much the form of determination to serve his country and place himself afloat, that wise brother David advised that Robin should be allowed to "go to sea." The Captain of the *Alborough*, which happened to be "lying convenient," consented to take his friend Davie's half-brother on board that man-o'-war, "on liking." Robin, with a heart full of joy, went aboard, where he was consigned to the midshipmen's berth, and to the guardianship of one Sommers in particular. The ship went southward, and Robin was not exempt from pretty severe work. It was not disagreeable, till the angry sea rose, and torrents of rain fell, and hurricanes seemed to be sweeping everything out of creation, and horrible sea-sickness was added to other horrors. It was in the worst of such moments that the kind-hearted but rather jocose captain would call Robin to him on the quarter-deck and express a hope that he liked the sea.

Through weather and incidents similar to the above, the *Alborough* next carried over the Swedish ambassador to Gottenburg. When the gallant ship had successfully fought her way thither through opposing billows, Robin was one day standing, somewhat disconsolate, by the side of Sommers, who, after a little palaver with the lad, remarked, "Bob, if you have any other alternative, quit the sea as soon as you can, and you afterwards will bless me for my advice." As the *Alborough* returned to England more storm-tossed than on the outward voyage, Sommers' counsel seemed more and more that of a sage, and by the time Robin had staggered ashore again—he had had about half a year of sea roughing it—he felt divorced from Thalatta for ever. But he was not much more in love with Themis than before. While he had to make up his mind he went down to Kirkwall, and gladdened his mother's heart by his sudden appearance, on a Sunday, as she came from the cathedral. Probably, he saddened it a little in the afternoon, when he begged to be allowed to go on an hour's ramble instead of going to worship. In that ramble Robin found that the voyage had, after all, taught him

something. His estimate of Kirkwall was much lowered. He saw there was another world, with elbow-room for young fellows to push and accomplish their fortunes in. He thought the matter over as he took his holiday in Pomona. But this holiday time came to an end, and Robin found himself one day on a high stool, with his melancholy bosom pressed against a hard desk, like the breast of the nightingale wounding itself against the thorn. This was in his elder half-brother's office, in Edinburgh.

Robin Strange loved and revered that pearl of half-brothers, David, and he devoted himself to strict observance of all David required of him. But nature would break out, and when there was no supervision in the office Robin was busy etching in pen-and-ink, devising rare combinations of graceful lines with his pencil, and stowing away those contraband delights into the dark recesses of his desk when his brother and benefactor approached. Drawing deeds, leases, and covenants is one thing; drawing portraits, groups, landscapes and so forth is another. David thought the first sort of drawing was not going on as briskly as it should, but he made no complaint. By-and-by he discovered Robin's artistic sketches, left out by chance, near his desk. David made no remark. The kind-hearted and thoughtful half-brother examined them carefully, in private; he felt rather proud of them, and next day, putting them under his arm, he called on Richard Cooper, the eminent English engraver, then settled in Edinburgh. He showed to Cooper Robin's handiwork, and asked him if he saw therein any future promise of greatness. Cooper looked at the drawings scrutinizingly, thought well of them, and expressed his willingness to take Robin as a pupil or apprentice. Only for good David, this could hardly have been accomplished; but David was equal to any emergency, and he found all the funds required to establish Robin with Cooper for six years, and all the advice that a young lad could require wherewith to ballast himself in the voyage of life amid breakers and temptations. This was good David's last fatherly office. He died of fever, and grateful Robin never ceased to regard his memory with a reverential affection.

At Cooper's of course, there was no necessity for Robin to hide his art, as when he was with David, where, as he says in an autobiographical fragment, "I

began, as it were in a private way, to amuse myself with drawing, keeping everything as much as I could out of sight." Cooper's house, however, was not a well-ordered house when Strange first entered it, and Cooper was still a bachelor; that is to say, it was in some degree too jovial. There was rule, but it was not enforced. The time was one when hard drinking was a part of manhood, and this led to a somewhat disorderly regimen in pretty well every household. Cooper's was not worse than others. He was hospitable, which meant that there was much solid eating and deep drinking of claret and toddy at night, with early refreshers in the morning. In such a house there would be rather saucy maids and love-making apprentices. Strange seems to have been singularly little affected by the general air of dissipation. But this dissipated air was not to be found in the office or study. Strange observed and regretted it in the house. True love, however, set the house itself straight, orderly, comfortable, and happy at last. Cooper had the good luck to become altogether captive to the charms of one of those plain, not to say "ugly" women, who exercise such abiding fascinating influences over men for whom merely pretty girls or handsome maidens or beautiful women have only temporary attractions. Whether it be charm of expression, charm of voice, of manner, of stronger mind, or of all these put together, it is undoubtedly true that these women bear with them a power peculiar to themselves, and are the most lovable women that men could desire to pass their lives with. Young Mrs. Cooper was one of these charming plain women. She came to Cooper's home like a good genius. Disorder fled before her. The old tiptling gossips of the old bachelor nights kept altogether away. They did this spontaneously, feeling that there could be no sympathy between them and the gentle pure-minded lady, who was thoroughly "mistress" of her house, and with a better idea of true hospitality than had prevailed in the days, or rather nights, of strongly-brewed cups and roystering choruses. The change came pleasantly upon the spirit of Strange. Not so upon a fellow-pupil named Hay. This ne'er-do-weel loved to haunt the glimpses of the moon with boon companions; to keep out (in spite of home rule) till the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal," and especially to go philandering with the maids. Strange acquired more rev-

erence for women by observation of what this true woman, Mrs. Cooper, could effect, and he worked all the more to good purpose, with more zeal and more enthusiasm, because, after duty in the office, there was a lady, with home comforts, in the house. In both Strange laid the foundations of his own fame and his own home happiness. His work with Cooper included a wide range of engraving, and this led Strange into a wide range of study, and the result of both was of the greatest advantage to himself and to the world of art; we may add also to the world that loves art, and has had the highest enjoyment from the contemplation of his works.

About the close of the year 1741 Strange had completed his apprenticeship, and began to look around for the opportunity which only the wise know how to seize. He was not of the quality of his fellow-pupil Hay, who went about "bedaubed with lace and with a sword by his side." What he did, however, is not very clear; but in one respect, which is clear enough, he did exceedingly well. He fell in love with Isabella Lumisden about the year 1744. This young lady was one of the heartiest of Jacobites. Strange was not very strong on the point of politics, but when the resolute Isabella declared, when the '45 was at hand, she would not acknowledge him for her lover unless he "would fight for her Prince," Strange became Isabella's slave and Charles Edward's soldier.

Isabella wished her lover to do what her father William Lumisden had done in 1715, namely, his best to unseat a King George and put in his place a King James. The sire was likely to look with more favour on a lover who was a Jacobite. Isabella's brother Andrew, a lawyer, had gone in for the Stuart, and Isabella herself went in for the same cause heart and soul, and gave her lover to it to boot, so that the devotion was complete. One of the first services which Strange rendered to the cause was in his professional way. At his residence in Stewart's Close he engraved, by commission of Charles Edward, then in Edinburgh, a portrait of the Prince. It was a half length, framed, as it were, by an oval window, on the stone ledge of which was inscribed a legend, taken, not quite correctly, from Virgil; "*Everto missus succurrere sæclo.*" This portrait, engraved to further the Stuart cause and to render familiar the features of Charles Edward, was the first work which Strange execut-

ed on his own account. His next service was artistic too, but it was of more dangerous quality, and might have cost him his life, even if he had never taken up arms. The Jacobite Prince was sadly in need of money. His idea was to have recourse to a paper currency, to pay his men and to purchase whatever he needed. How could Strange help him? The young artist drew a sketch for a promissory or bank note. Between an English rose and a Scotch thistle was a plain compartment, in which the value represented by the note was to be put in by the proper authorities. The Prince and his "right hand," the infamous Murray of Boughton, who afterwards bought his life by giving evidence against his Jacobite confederates, were pleased. Bank of England notes of £100 and £200 were lent to Strange for him to partly copy from. It was suggested that the notes should not be payable on demand, but "after the Restoration." All present were merry over this suggestion, and Strange was ordered to complete the work. In the autobiographical fragment he says, "Next day being Sunday, my carpenter was early employed in cutting out the wood, in order to begin on Monday. It was not so with a coppersmith, whose assistance I more immediately required. He was a good Presbyterian, and thought he would be breaking the Lord's day. But necessity has no law. He turned out even better than his promise, overcame his prejudice, went to work, and furnished me with a copper-plate on Monday about noon." Thus Strange became "moneyer" to the Stuart Prince.

The engraver, however, was more than this. He was a gentleman private in the Prince's Life Guards. These Guards had the honour of being in the front whenever danger threatened, or they were chosen to face peril in the rear, in order to cover the army; and the safety of the Prince, who was nearly always where the fight waxed most furious, was committed to their keeping. Strange went through it all, and was in the last fight, or twenty minutes' bloody skirmish, at Culloden. He narrates how the Jacobite army, attempting to surprise and destroy the Duke of Cumberland's camp by a night attack, did not arrive near it till the sun was up and a surprise was out of the question. The wearied, depressed, and famished soldiers staggered back, and at length stood at bay, and withstood the attack of their pursuers at Culloden. How it ended need not here

be detailed. There was a general flight of the Jacobite survivors, and they who escaped the swords of Cumberland's cavalry (who gave no quarter) took to the mountain fastnesses, and there got a little breathing time before they renewed the race for life. Of the incidents which Strange encountered at this terrible period, when so many perished, but little is told. This "moneyer" and soldier of the Jacobite army had many escapes, and was hotly pursued. His old master, Cooper, is the authority quoted by Dennistoun for saying "that when hotly pressed he dashed into the room where the lady (Isabella Lumisden) whose zeal had enlisted him in the fatal cause, sat singing at her needlework, and, failing other means of concealment, was indebted for safety to her prompt invention. As she quickly raised her hooped gown, the affianced lover disappeared beneath its ample contour, where, thanks to her cool demeanour and unflinching notes, he lay undetected while the rude and baffled soldiery vainly ransacked the house. . . . When the vigilance of pursuit was somewhat abated he left the Highlands and returned to Edinburgh, where for the first time," says Mr. Dennistoun — who forgets that Strange had previously engraved the Prince's portrait — "he turned his talents to account, contriving to maintain himself in concealment by the sale of small drawings of the rival leaders in the rebellion, many of which must still be extant, and which were purchased at the time in great numbers at a guinea each. A fan also, whose intended owner gave it in his eyes additional value, and on which his pencil had, on that account, bestowed more than usual pains, was sold at this time with a sad heart . . . to the Earl of Wemyss, who was too sensible of its value to allow it to be repurchased when that was proposed a short time afterwards."

Strange was permitted to reside unmolested in Edinburgh; but he was uneasy, and he had ample reason for being so. How his name was not found among those who had been proclaimed, is inconceivable. How the English Government could hang the humble but heroic Manchester barber, Syddal, and allow the Jacobite forger of notes, as the Whigs would naturally call him, to live tolerated, is not to be explained. The rakish Jemmy Dawson, whom Shenstone's sentimental ballad and "cock-and-bull" story has helped to fame, barely did more than show himself with a white cockade

and in Jacobite regimentals, blue and red, with a plaid scarf, dancing with the prettiest girls in Carlisle and Manchester, was hanged, drawn, and quartered on Kennington Common. Some of Dawson's comrades had done even less, but suffered equally terrible death, and they all suffered like brave, unostentatious gentlemen; but Strange, who had fought in the Life Guards of Charles Edward, was not even seriously questioned. He was not named as "being wanted," nor was he excepted in the Act of Grace of 1747. Whatever the reason may be, Strange was uneasy, and he was resolved to make happiness and safety beyond further doubt. He claimed the hand of the lady for whose sake he had put his life in peril by serving and fighting "for her Prince." Isabella's father was "a weak, but hard and selfish man." He refused his consent; whereupon the young lovers took their own course, as being old enough to judge for themselves. They were united by a clandestine marriage, in 1747. Shortly after which event, Strange, fortunately for his fame and our delight, began to make trips to the Continent, for the purposes of improvement and of studying the best original examples of the old masters. He felt his way, so to speak, prudently; but he also showed at Rouen of what stuff he was made by carrying off the prize at the Academy of Arts at Rouen. Strange seems to have been there under Descamps, who was a native of Dunkirk, and only seven years older than Strange. In painting family groups, village scenes, and historical compositions, Descamps had some merit, but he was never of great distinction. When it was known that he was engaged in writing the lives of the Flemish, Dutch and German painters, Diderot said to him, "God grant, my dear Descamps, that you may be better in literature than in painting!" which was what Descamps proved to be.

From Descamps' studio Strange passed to the more important one of Le Bas, the engraver, who taught him, says a French biographer, *la pointe sèche*. Rouen gave refuge to numerous Jacobites, among whom was Andrew Lumisden, who vexed his father's soul by writing to him for sorely needed supplies, and for service in helping him to some lucrative employment. "From the Prince," he writes in 1748, "I expect nothing; his own situation is too dismal." In one of Mrs. Strange's letters to her brother she showed her Jacobite spirit, with what she

herself would have called "vivacity." After the birth of her first child, a daughter, she wrote: "Pray make Robie's compliments and mine to Sir Stewart and Mr. Hamilton, and tell them my daughter sends her honest wishes to them; the poor infant has early shown the spirit of Jacobitism; she had almost suffered martyrdom the tenth of this month for having two white roses in her cap." The above was written when Robin was at home. The following was penned to her brother when her husband was absent on one of his study tours: "My dear little Mary Bruce is as thriving an infant as was ever seen. I must not neglect to tell you that I have taken great care of her education; for example, whenever she hears the word 'Whig' mentioned she grins and makes faces that would frighten a bear; but when I name the Prince she kisses me and looks at her picture, and greets you well for sending her the pretty gumflower. I intend she shall wear it at the coronation, such is the value I have for it, as 'tis a mark of your remembering my foster." And then she rattles on with her Jacobitery: "I have taken a very pretty, genteel house at the Cross, in that land where Sandy Stevenson has his shop; 'tis the third story; an easy scaled stair, looks very low from the street. I design to make more than the rent of my five large windows at the Restoration, though it is fourteen pounds and a crown."

Strange, of a roving disposition, was often absent from home, but it was always in pursuit of art. He worked with Le Bas, at Paris, the favourite engraver of pictures of the Watteau school. Strange, however, made selections for himself. He picked out a sparkling little Wouvermans, a Corregiesque Vanloo, and brought out engravings from them, at the humble price of half-a-crown each. While Andrew Lumisden was acting as under-secretary to King James at Rome, he purchased for his sister's husband Roman wares and Italian engravings. While Strange was working and studying, now in Scotland, anon on the Continent, his wife was energetically ruling his little family at home. In one of her letters, she had noticed the progress in dancing made by her son Jamie, under M. Lalauxe, who, being about to take a benefit at the theatre, was anxious to have his pupils dance for him on the stage. The mother of Jamie was willing, but Strange authorized Andrew Lumisden to make strong objections to this course; and

Andrew, in the protest he wrote home, noticed how the Earl of Massareen was laughed at in Italy for his "theatrical dancing." Mrs. Strange vigorously defended herself, in this style:

Jamie knows no more of a theatrical carriage than you do. He moves and dances like a gentleman. His master is as unlike a dancing-master as your holy father. Fear me not. I have given neither you nor any of the world reason to suspect my want of what's called common sense. I think I have seen through things you yourself have been blind to, as to the foibles of men or women. I will but do myself the justice when I say, I have as few of them as any she that ever wore petticoats. I know I have passion and plenty of revenge, which, to be sure, is the child of the devil, and not the brat of a weak brain. My wayward love is the only blot you can stamp on my skutchon; with that, when I see you, I shall vindicate myself in the deafest side of your head. . . . Robie and you must submit the care of the children to me for this year. I foresee, though I might get the blame, was things to turn out ill, yet when they flourish I may never be thought of; but I hope to live to tell my own merit in their education myself. Jamie never learned ought but the minuut and lewer (which is a sort of minuut). He never saw a country-dance; he nor his sister has not been within the play-house door since April last.

There is no doubt that if Strange's wife had a good opinion of herself, she had one quite as good of her husband. As to the merits and demerits of the two, she finely discriminates in one of her letters.

I am far from being well, which I do not choose to signify to Robie. Was he to be with me to-morrow, it would do me no service. The immoderate fatigue I have had these many years in bringing in a family into the world, and the anxiety I have had in rearing them, join'd to many sore hearts, has wore out the best constitution in Europ. 'Tis true, I have had a severe additional fatigue since Robie went abroad, but I have had one substantial comfort: I have been my own mistress. I have had no chiding stuff, which I believe I sometimes brought on myself, but when I did, it was in defence of some saving truth. My frugality has often been dear to me, but yet, I'm of opinion, had my disposition been otherwise, he would have more justly found fault. . . . Robie is of a sweet disposition, but has not so much forethought, nor so discerning a judgment as I have. When I'm gone, he will soon be flatter'd out of himself. . . . Peace and quiet is my wish, but I despair of ever attaining it. Since ever my lord left me, my application to business, my constant desire of doing good and being oblidging, has fatigued me beyond measure.

The thing that has late most hurt me is speaking. I exert with such spirit and vivacity that, when I'm left alone, after having entertain'd my visitors, I feel such a violent pain in my breast that I am useless for some time. I have had a dreadful cough this spring, which still sticks to me. To sum up all, when I sit down alone, and enter into a train of thoughts, I grow low-spirited.

In 1760 good judges in England recognized Robie's value. "I am going," writes Walpole to Mann, in May, 1760; "to give a letter for you to Strange, the engraver, who is going to visit Italy. He is a first-rate artist, and by far our best. Pray countenance him, though you will not approve his politics. I believe Albano" (the residence of the Pretender) "is his Loretto."

When Strange was in Italy there was also there Dalton, the Cumberland artist, who had been a coach-painter — probably painter of the artistic ornaments on coach-panels — and who was patronized by the Earl of Charlemont. On the earl's good word, he was subsequently employed by George the Third to buy pictures for him in Italy. Dalton subsequently became the king's librarian. There was enmity between Dalton the Hanoverian, and Strange the Jacobite, of whom Dalton thought little compared with Bartolozzi, the engraver. But Strange was equal to the exigencies of the occasion. The famous Aldobrandini "Sleeping Cupid" had been offered to the King of England for two thousand zechins; but Robie contrived to secure it for his patron, Sir Laurence Dundas, at little more than a fourth of that sum. He, moreover, engraved the picture; and besides that, Cardinal York (the brother of Charles Edward) and Cardinal Colonnadi Sciarra had influence enough to clear away the obstacles which English court disfavour had put in the way of the Scottish artist.

Strange was now an artist of too much celebrity to be put down. He came from Italy to England in 1765; and he made such submission in a memorial to Lord Bute as must have excited the strong passion of his more intensely Jacobite wife, if she really knew the terms in which this submission was made. As it was, the asserted loyalty was but half believed in. Probably Strange's wife was suspected of being something of a Jacobite agent; certain it is that obstacles were raised against the admission of Strange as a member of the Society of Artists; and he was prepared to withdraw to Paris

and to practice his art in that capital. Meanwhile his fame grew. He was not only a celebrity as an engraver, he was growing rich in picture-dealing. In the summer of 1767 he was no longer thinking of remaining in France, but of establishing himself and family in Castle Street, Leicester Fields, a fashionable little street at that period. There he worked, and there Mrs. Strange kept her Jacobitism warm. When the death of the old Pretender had made Charles Edward the inheritor of the nominal dignity of king, there was a rather ignoble scattering of old and faithful servants, Andrew Lumisden among them. It was on this occasion his sister wrote, from Castle Street: "I entreat the person" (Cardinal York) "whom I never saw, but even for his father's and family's sake I ever loved, to, if possible, patch up things so as, in the eye of the world, you may bid a respectful farewell. I could walk barefooted to kneel for this favour." Her next object was to obtain permission for Andrew's return to England without his running the risk of a prosecution for high treason. That Mrs. Strange would not accept letters of half liberty is indicated in the following extract from one of her characteristic epistles:

LONDON, May 17, 1773.

MY DEAR ANDREW — . . . It is very flattering to us to be took notice of by great folks at a time when *Virtue* is so little in fashion, for indeed we have nothing else to recommend us to them. Your sweet obligeon disposition will soon convince them that they have made a proper, if not a valuable choice. . . . I have not yet heard of your letter of liberty. Col. Masterton says it is lying in Lord North's office, and he is sure you will be safe to come here. . . . But I say we must have better security than that. Whatever I learn you shall know without loss of time. . . . When will you write me of a pregnancy: on that I depend; it's my last stake! Thank God, we are all well, only now and then I take low spirits. As my good friend Lady Clackmanan says, "O! my dear, send me something to raise my spirits in these bad times." Remember me to the good Principle [Gordon], and all our honest friends.

I ever am, my dear Andrew, your afft. sister,
ISABELLA STRANGE.

"Honest friends," says Mr. Dennistoun in his "Life," "in Mrs. Strange's vocabulary were of course true Jacobites, and the 'pregnancy' for which she longed was that of Charles Edward's consort."

Andrew Lumisden was not made "safe" to live in England till 1778; and *then* his full pardon is said to have been

obtained as a reward for his zeal and judgment in executing a commission entrusted to him through Lord Hillsborough, to purchase for George the Third some rare books at a great sale in Paris. Strange himself pursued his art with enthusiasm, though he was often absent from home, as of old. His lady wrote on one occasion to him: "We are again in want of an upper maid; the one we had said the place did not suit her, so in three weeks she trotted off; in four days after she came she gave warning. Curse them all!"

Strange is said to have incurred the displeasure of George the Third, by declining to engrave a portrait of George the Second. Another version is that he declined to engrave one of the new sovereign by Allan Ramsay. Whichever it was, politics had nothing to do with it. The engraver's excuse was that the original painting was so bad no engraving from it could be creditably executed, and George the Third himself is reported to have agreed with Strange. Be all this as it may, Strange, in 1787, when at the head of his profession, made his peace with the Court by engraving West's picture of the apotheosis of the King's children, Octavius and Alfred. Mrs. Strange herself can best tell the story and the consequences of her husband's work. It is narrated in a letter to her son Robert.

JAN. 13, 1787.

Your dear father has been employed in engraving a most beautiful picture painted by Mr. West, which he liked so much that he was desirous to make a print from it. The picture was painted for his Majesty: it represented two of the royal children who died. The composition is an angel in the clouds; the first child sitting by the angel, and the other, a most sweet youth, looking up; there are two cherubs in the top, and a view of Windsor at the bottom. This print was lately finished, and Friday the 5th curr. was appointed for your father's presenting some proofs of it to his Majesty. He went with them to the Queen's house, and had a most gracious reception. His Majesty was very much pleased. After saying many most flattering things, [he] said, "Mr. Strange, I have another favor to ask of you." Your father was attentive, and his Majesty, "It is that you will attend the levee on Wednesday or Friday, that I may confer on you the honour of knighthood." His Majesty left the room, but coming quickly back, said, "I'm going immediately to St. James's, if you'll follow me I will do it now; the sooner the better;" so calling one of the pages, gave him orders to conduct Mr. Strange to St. James's, where, kneeling down, he rose up **SIR ROBERT STRANGE.** This honour to our family I hope

is a very good omen. I hope it will be a spur to our children, and show them to what virtue and industry may bring them. My dear Bob, I hope you will equally share in our virtues as you do our honours; honours and virtue ought never to part. Few families have ever had a more sure or creditable foundation than ours: may laurels flourish on all your heads!

In some of the biographical dictionaries we read that Strange, after he had taken a few copies of the apotheosis, destroyed the plate by cutting out the principal figure, which, after being gilt, was presented to his Majesty.

It will be interesting to know what Strange thought of himself. This may be learnt, and also some idea of the honour in which he was held abroad, by referring to the most celebrated of his publications, "A Collection of Historical Prints engraved from Pictures by the most Celebrated Painters of the Roman, Florentine, Lombard, Venetian, and other Schools; with descriptive Remarks on the same; by Sir Robert Strange, Member of the Royal Academy of Painting at Paris, of the Academies of Rome, Florence and Bologna, and Professor of the Royal Academy at Parma." In the dedication to the King, we get again into an autobiographical sketch. "Sire," says the new Knight,

some of the earlier essays of the following work were published under the patronage of your august mother, H.R.H. the late Princess of Wales. It has been continued under that of your Majesty, whose auspicious encouragement has been so long experienced in every department. To that progress of the Fine Arts which has distinguished your Majesty's reign, the Author presumes to flatter himself that he has contributed his share, and now enjoys proportionate happiness, at being permitted to lay at your Majesty's feet such monument as he has been able to raise of his labours.

Then the old Jacobite who had fought at Culloden and offered to make bank notes to support an insurrection against the House of Hanover, adds:

That Heaven may preserve a life so justly dear to all your people, allowing you to remain long an Arbitrer of Taste, and exalted patron of every liberal Art, is, in common with millions, the sincere and ardent prayer of, Sire,

Your Majesty's most dutiful and devoted subject and servant,

ROBERT STRANGE.

A scrap of the autobiographical detail, conveying information of how the author worked and of his ways in general, is to be found in the "Introduction," in which

he tells us that the artist whose works the collection comprehends

commenced the study of his profession at a period when the Art of Historical Engraving had in this country made so little progress, that he even flatters himself with being the father of it. . . . His labours from time to time [he says] had some share, he hopes, in contributing to form the growing taste of the nation, and in exciting among his countrymen an emulation unknown before in this important branch of the Arts. The advantages he had received in the earlier part of his education laid the foundation, and perhaps qualified him, for that enlarged pursuit of his profession which he had laid down to himself. . . .

The merit of the engraver principally consists in preserving the character of his original. [After praising bygone engravers of various nations, he says:] What he has peculiarly endeavoured is to preserve the character of the painter after whom he engraved; nor has he, in that variety of which engraving is susceptible, failed in some sort to distinguish the different objects which he had to represent, whether the human flesh, sky, linen, silk, gauze, velvet, or other accessories, — an improvement in the Art to which engravers in general have but little attended. This variety throughout his works the Author attributes in a great measure to his knowledge of an instrument commonly called *the dry needle*, which, if not peculiar to himself, he may at least assume the merit of possessing in a degree superior to any of his contemporaries. To his late ingenious friend Le Bas, by whom it was introduced in France, he owes his first knowledge of it; but for the degree of perfection that it has obtained in his hands he is indebted to his own exertions. . . . The whole publication consists but of about fourscore copies of choice and selected impressions of each print, forming so many volumes, which the Author had carefully preserved of all he had engraved, and which have, from length of time, acquired a peculiar beauty, mellowness, and brilliancy that is easier seen than described. From his earliest establishment in life he preserved such a series, with a view of giving them to the public, at a period when length of years should disable him from adding to their number. That period being now arrived, the publication of these prints . . . terminates his labours; nor can he be charged with vanity, if in the eve of a life, consumed in the study of the Arts, he indulges the pride to think that he may, by this monument of his works, secure to his name, while engraving shall last, the praise of having contributed to its credit and advancement.

Some of the plates thus collected for publication enable us to follow the engraver's change of residence in London. On his "Magdalen," from Guido, we read: "Sold by the author, next door to Parliament Street Coffee House, Westminster,

London, according to Act of Parliament. 1753." On the "Sappho," from Carlo Dolci, is inscribed "Robt. Strange, Florentinæ, delt 1764, atque anno 1787 ære incidit, Londini." Of the "St. John in the Desert" (*sic*) from Murillo, Strange says: "This is the last work to which I put my hand as an artist. I confess it in some measure inspired me, and I leave it, with its companions, among the most successful examples here given of treating in a proper manner what belongs to the human form." These engravings have been sold at very high prices, but modern science has enabled them to be reproduced at very reasonable prices, and this has been effected in a folio volume lately published by Richard Bentley and Son, which is one of the most remarkable productions of the season. This splendid volume has for title, "Masterpieces of Sir Robert Strange: a Selection of Twenty of his most important Engravings, reproduced in permanent Photography. With a Memoir of Sir Robert Strange, including portions of his Autobiography, by Francis Woodward." In this selection from the masterpieces, which are so eagerly collected by connoisseurs, the effects of the painters are admirably preserved, and every line of Strange's engraving is as admirably reproduced. Among them is the medallion portrait of Strange, from Greuze, and the group from Vandyke of the three children of Charles the First — the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Princess Mary — which is the last plate announced as "sold at the Golden Head, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, A.D. 1787."

Thus, in the year in which Strange was created a knight, he showed the world how worthy he was of the honour. The world soon lost him. He died in 1791; his widow survived till 1806. Mr. Dennistoun tells us, on the authority of Dr. Munro, of the contemptuous energy with which the Old Jacobite Lady Strange, with a licence of language then indulged by Scottish gentlewomen in moments of excitement, reproved some one who in her presence applied to Charles Edward the term in which he was usually designated by all except his "friends" — "*Pretender!* and be d——d to you!"

When Robert Strange was only six years old, that is to say in 1727, there died an engraver whose epitaph, in the churchyard of Northenden, Cheshire, runs thus: "Here lieth the body of

Henry Hough, of Etchells in Northenden parish, famous throughout the kingdom for his skill in the art of engraving, in which he has not left his equal. He lived admired and died lamented, upon the 30th of December, Anno. Dom. 1727, ætatis suæ, 55." This now unknown engraver died when George Vertue, who is better remembered, was employed on his first great work, published in 1730, "Twelve Heads of Poets," prized by collectors. John Boydell (1719-1804), not successful as an engraver, yet became a lord mayor. It was Dalton who brought Bartolozzi to England, where the latter completed his beautiful engravings from Guercino. This Florentine, seven years younger than Strange, was noted for his graceful designs of opera tickets for the benefit of the leading Italian singers. Strange rashly said he could do nothing else; and Bartolozzi thereupon produced his "Clytie" and "Virgin and Child," from Carlo Dolci; but he lost ground by adopting the red dotted or chalk style, introduced by Ryland. Ryland (1732-82) was a clever engraver, but not equal to Bartolozzi, and he was still farther from Strange and Woollett.

The dignity of artist was not loftily held by some of the craft, who made appeals to the public that were in very bad taste. For example, Ryland, who was not only an engraver but a miniature painter of a certain repute, was jealous of the better fortune of perhaps better endowed artists. Accordingly he advertised in 1775 that he "paints likenesses for bracelets or rings, one guinea," and he added: "As a proof of a good picture, Mr. Ryland desires his company to bring their fine ten guinea pictures with them, and compare before they take them away." If it be said that Ryland was not an eminent painter, the same remark does not apply to a modest and suffering gentleman who probably never did anything with more pathos, humour and picturesqueness than in an advertisement of this year, 1775, in which he intimated that "an artist of note" wanted the loan of five or six guineas, "to extricate him out of some difficulty. Address B. C., facing the Burying-ground, at a broker's shop, Drury Lane." It is like a bit out of Smollett; and other samples might be quoted; as, for instance, in the case of another artist of this time, Van Drazower, who, announcing himself as "artist in the most polite art of engraving," proposes to teach the nobility and gentry, "not to engrave, but to paint the most beautiful

colours in the brightest colours on silks," &c. Colour on colour is bad heraldry, and the advertiser does not appear to have been fortunate. Artists of wayward humours had a tendency to desert the path in which they might have excelled. If Ryland had stuck to legitimate engraving he would not have been hanged for forgery.

Long before the time when Van Drazower offered to teach the nobility and gentry one branch of painting, an attempt had been made to stimulate them to artistic exertion by means of rewards. As early as 1767, the Society of Arts, "to encourage art among the nobility," offered gold and silver medals for the best original drawings executed by young gentlemen or ladies, under twenty years of age, and who were the sons and daughters of peers and peeresses in their own right. For young or noble scions under eighteen there were less valuable prizes; and general candidates were offered such medals as persons of their degree, showing ability above it, could expect. It is moreover not to be forgotten, that proposals were made to establish a drawing-master in the public schools and the universities.

To return and end with Strange's brother engravers, we have to notice that Woollett (1735-85) founded his great fame by engraving Dick Wilson's celebrated "Niobe" landscape, for a hundred pounds; and Boydell realized a large sum by selling the engravings at five shillings each. Holloway, born in 1748, engraved six of Raphael's Cartoons, and charged ten guineas for each of the prints. George the Third, who used to watch him at work at Windsor, was quite right in saying that, as he could not live three hundred years, he should never see the engravings completed. The task was not accomplished when Holloway died in 1827. Like Holloway, Sharpe (who engraved Brothers, the Prophet, believing in him as "the man of God,") Strutt, scampish Sherwin (who engraved Mrs. Siddons as the Grecian Daughter, without any portrait to copy from), and Wilson Lowry, were only partly contemporary with Strange, having died in the present century. But of all the names we have mentioned, of the most eminent is that of Robin, the Orkney lad, who fought at Culloden against George the Second and was knighted at St. James's by George the Third. The King forgot the Jacobite, and honoured Sir Robert Strange, the renowned engraver.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

LITTLE JACK.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT ten o'clock in the morning of a day early in October, a woman was leading a child of three years old along a grassy path, through the Holmsdale woods. There were brambles on each side, from which the blackberries still hung in heavy clusters; the scarlet hips made the long sprays of the wild rose more gay than they had been with the delicate blossoms of spring; ripe hazel nuts were dropping from their husks, and the thorn trees had a bountiful supply of deep-red berries.

The boy wanted everything he saw, and his mother found her progress so slow that she stooped to lift him, and swung him to her shoulder. He laughed aloud at this bit of fun, and the mother laughed too; then, as he stood with one hand on her head and one held in her own, which was upraised, he caught sight of maple trees on a distant knoll in their red autumn dress, and horse-chestnuts all aflame with gold. He shouted, and jumped, and tried to clap his hands; and the mother, who could scarcely hold him steady, laughed and hurried on. She would have thought it very unreasonable that the bright day, and the beauty of the autumn, and her child's pleasure should make her glad when she was in trouble; and yet she responded to all of them, and had already forgotten the anger which made her heart beat so violently as she left the village of Cheam, and heard some one call after her—

"Are you goin' to pay the money, missis, like an honest 'ooman?"

She followed the wood-path, until she came to an open space, from whence she saw beneath her the fish-ponds, large, black, and solemn, shut in by high banks which were clothed with rhododendrons and azaleas. In the early summer these banks were brilliant with clusters of white and purple blossoms, and drew many admirers from the villages in the neighbourhood to visit Holmsdale Park and Hall; but now the banks were dark with the heavy green foliage of the shrubs. Slender birch trees, with their silvery bark, seemed to deepen the gloom, but the overhanging willows at the brink of the ponds had already shed their yellow leaves, which floated on the surface of the water, and looked like patches of sunlight among the darkness. A few planks were fixed at one side of the largest pond,

forming a rude jetty, and at one end of it a small boat was fastened by a chain and padlock.

"Mammy, mammy!" shouted the boy, at the sight of the water and the boat; and, from his comfortable seat upon her shoulder, he pressed his chubby hands upon her cheeks, and turned her face towards this attractive spectacle.

"No, no," she said, "your mammy hasn't got no time. You shall go there another day."

Whereupon the child slipped down into her arms and laid his little face against hers, and said—

"A boat, mammy; a boat!"

She could not deny him, and, turning aside, she lifted the latch of a gate in the fence which separated Holmsdale Park from the woods, and followed the steep descent to the ponds. As they approached, there was an open space to the right on which grew neither shrub nor bramble, and where the grass was kept closely cut. A fallen tree lay in the centre of this space; it was dead, and its branches bare, and at some distance round it a dark solemn band of cypresses had been planted.

The mother clasped her child tightly as she walked almost on tiptoe past the spot, and the boy looked with wide, open eyes at the dark trees and smooth green grass, so unlike the tangle of briar, shrub, and bramble around them.

When they reached the pond, with many coaxing words and gestures he persuaded his mother to get into the boat, and let him look over the edge down into the black, still water. Far beneath him shone a small face, the reflection of his own.

"Doe and det another ickle boy, mammy," he said, holding out his mother's arm, that she might reach the white glimmering shadow in the water. "Me want dat ickle boy."

"Why, that's Jack," said the mother, laughing; "my little Jack down there, that's what that is."

Whereupon the boy, who had a quick temper, impatient of contradiction, cried, and said it wasn't Jack, and he wanted him to play with.

The mother pulled broad leaves of the water lily, and gave them to him, and told him to be good, else mother wouldn't love him, and they'd go away and leave the little boy in the water with his own mammy.

She led him up the steep bank, and as they turned to enter the wood again, she

became aware of the young Lady Holmsdale standing there in her widow's weeds, with her pale-faced boy, the little earl, by her side.

The village mother curtsied, and then, half afraid to speak, and half afraid to pass without apology, began shyly—

“No offence, my lady, I hope. My boy he cried to get into the boat, an' I dessay I hadn't ought to ha' let him, but I meant no offence.”

“No offence, whatever, Mrs. Allan,” said the lady, in a sad, low voice; “we don't call you a trespasser, do we, Ernie? Why, Ernie here is a great deal older than your little boy, and yet he always wants to get into the boat when we come this way.”

And she looked at her boy and smiled.

Mrs. Allan curtsied again, and tried in vain to induce Jack to “make his obedience to my lady.”

Jack and the young earl were engrossed by the solemn contemplation of each other, and were reluctantly led away in opposite directions by their respective parents.

“Lor, what a turn it gave me!” said Mrs. Allan, who, with a strong need of sympathy, and no disinclination to talk, was in the habit of treating Jack as an intelligent companion. “When I see 'er a standin' there, I thought I should ha' dropped. That's what comes o' gentle-folk goin' out o' their way to do things as don't concern 'em. Why, your dad 'ud ha' cut down that there tree, and thought nothin' of it; and there's my lord, he must go and chop hisself in two a'most over a thing as he'd no business with. Hark, Jack, that's daddy.”

And once again she lifted the boy to her shoulder, and stood to listen to the distant regular stroke of the wood-cutter's axe.

The boy imitated the sound, “Tut—tut—tut.”

“Yes, that's your dad,” she said; “I allay's knows him somehow; he chops more reg'lar like, and louder than anybody else.”

And as she thought of him away at his work, and coming home at night with basket slung over his shoulder, and in his hand a bunch of berries, or flowers, or nuts for the boy, she remembered the pale lady standing alone.

“Poor thing! poor thing! I believe she thinks on it too: for, ‘My husband's a woodcutter,’ she says to me, so proud, when I come upon 'em in this very wood, soon after we was married. ‘There

ain't nothin' he likes so well,’ sez she. An' a week arter that he met his death by it.’ But, lor, what a turn she give me.”

Jack, who was but an unsympathetic listener, was already clamouring for cake. As they had come nearly three miles, and been an hour on the road, his mother thought the request not unreasonable. She took a clean handkerchief from her pocket, in which was wrapped a slice of currant loaf, and handed it up to the child on her shoulder. She climbed a stile, passed out of the Holmsdale woods, and continued her journey along the high road leading to Brenchley.

The broad, white Downshire road led uphill for nearly a mile; on either side of it were high banks and tall hedges, overhanging hazel boughs, and clusters of the scarlet berries of the wild gueldre rose, whilst the traveller's joy covered all the topmost branches with its white feathery seeds. In spring the nightingales used to sing there all night and all day too; but now there was no song, except that of the robin, who, sitting on a spray of bramble, watched our travellers with keen, bright eye, and did his best in the glowing autumn morning. From the summit of the hill, you look down upon Brenchley, with the river Eden flowing through it, and see the tall masts of ships rising up in the midst of green fields and among the houses, and trace on the horizon the rounded outline of the chalk hills, beyond which lies the sea.

The mother chattered to her boy as they descended towards Brenchley, as a mother does to an only child who is companion and plaything all in one. She had carried him nearly the whole distance from Cheam, which was little short of five miles, and her heightened colour and bright eyes bore witness to the unwonted exertion. Her cheeks were brilliant with such a tinge as the wild cherry tree has when autumn first touches it; her large gray eyes looked out bright and fearless, save for an uncomfortable consciousness that her hair was not as smooth as it ought to be, but had rippled up into little waves, in spite of a plentiful application of water before she started, which she had hoped would keep it smooth and decent.

She had grown very quiet as she approached the town, and was busy with past as well as future. There, outside the chemist's shop at the corner, the first house you come to in Brenchley, she had

met her husband, John Allan, six years ago. She had never been in the place since, for there was no railway from Cheam to Brenchley, and no public conveyance of any kind. The four miles and a half by the wood, with an additional mile and a half if you went the whole way by the road, separated the two places completely. Old memories crowded back as she passed the same spot. John Allan, the stalwart north-countryman, had been on his way to New York—that is, so far on his way that he had come up to find work in London, and failing that, had visited an agent at Brenchley to enquire about an emigrant ship, when Mary's pretty face changed his plan. He stayed first through harvest time, and next for hop-picking, and then Mary promised to marry him if he would not take her away from home. Mary was kitchen-maid at Holmsdale Hall; and her father, a woodcutter, bent double, and crippled with rheumatism, lived with his wife in a little cottage, not far from the park gates, two rooms of which were let to the curate of Cheam. The young couple were married, and John Allan had regular employment as woodcutter in the park and wood. When the old people died, Mary, John, and their one child remained in the cottage. The curate, who was married, had now a house of his own, but they generally let their rooms for five or six months in the year, and had taken great pride in making them neat and pretty to "please the gentlefolks." Mary believed that this end would be achieved by a reckless investment in China ornaments, and there were dogs and shepherdesses of every tint, Sir Robert Peel in a blue coat and yellow trousers, and Prince Albert in pink coat and green trousers, according to the undoubted costume of his native land. There were also coloured prints on the wall, of very questionable taste and merit, though, as Mary proudly stated, they had "most all come from furrin parts, like the pictures at the Hall, and had writin' on as no one could read." The little parlor also boasted of a glass over the chimney-piece, and there was a brass knocker on the door, which opened immediately into this gay little room. She thought of it all as she walked down High Street, for the brief episode of courtship was speedily dismissed, and, indeed, was chiefly memorable as a barrier which separated the life of seven years ago from the present.

As she approached the County Court to which she was bound, her thoughts

were recalled to the present. Little Jack had trotted happily along the pavement, much engrossed by the contemplation of shrimps, which formed the staple commodity of the place. He strongly suspected them of being eatable, although it was not a fact within the range of his own experience. He would have liked mammy to give him some, but she was absorbed in her own thoughts, and did not heed his request. When they came to the large stone archway and iron gates of the County Court, she took the boy in her arms, and held him somewhat tightly as they crossed the courtyard. Entering a side door indicated to her, she passed along a narrow, dirty passage, leading to an ante-room, in which there were small groups of men and women, talking in whispers. The constraint imposed upon them in one direction may probably have had something to do with the license which they allowed themselves in another, and Mrs. Allan was conscious of an atmosphere of oaths and foul language, muttered and growled on all sides of her, which made her cheeks tingle and her heart beat.

As she stood alone in the middle of the room, an usher came to her, and learning her business, said the case was now on, and admitted her to an inner room. As she entered, she saw on her right hand several rows of benches, on which were seated men and women, chiefly of the lowest class. Keen eyes scanned her narrowly as she entered, and, as she stood for a moment hesitating, not knowing which way to go, and whether to sit down amongst them, their evil faces seemed to draw near, and crowd around her, and the sharp, suspicious glances recalled her husband's words of that morning.

"Honest folks hev na bisniss i' sic a spot."

Then some one motioned to her to pass on to the centre of the hall, and she sat down with a great ringing sound in her ears which made her deaf to all that was going on. She found herself in a large square room lighted from above. It was wainscoted and painted drab colour half way up, whilst the upper part of the walls was gray. There was a clock in a circular mahogany frame on the wall at her right hand, and its loud tick seemed to her like the throbbing of an anxious heart. Beneath the clock there was a long empty pew against the wall, in front of which was painted in white letters *Fury*, and on her left hand there was a similar long empty

pew for *Witnesses*. In the centre space between them were the *Attorneys* and their clients, and it was here that Mrs. Allan had a seat.

Opposite to her was the Judge. The Queen's arms in tarnished embroidery adorned a dusty canopy which was fixed to the wall, and projected over his head, and faded dusty red velvet curtains hung down on each side of his chair. The assertion of the majesty and dignity of the law, conveyed by the velvet curtains and the canopy, was probably considered all that was necessary to impress the rustic mind, for the Judge was seated on a dirty chair with stuffed leather back, and was writing upon a deal desk painted a reddish brown. On his right there was a small empty box for the *Defendant*, and on his left another for the *Plaintiff*, in which there was a man dressed in light clothes, who was standing with his back to the spectators and talking volubly.

The Judge, whose seat was on a raised dais, was the most prominent figure in the hall, and mother and child fixed their eyes upon him as he slowly put one long thin hand up to his mouth and read from a paper on the desk before him. He had a thin gray face, gray whiskers, pale gray eyes, which never seemed to look at any one or anything about him, a gray wig, and robes that were rather gray than black. After a time he looked up, clasped one hand with the other, and said in a slow indifferent tone, as if he did not attach much importance to his words and was slightly bored and sleepy :

"You say she has paid you bills for somewhat similar amounts for some years past ?"

"Yes, my lord, and of course ——"

"Answer the question put to you. I don't want to hear anything more. Is it a usual thing to allow poor people to run such a bill as this, more than eight pounds for bread and flour ?"

"Well, my lord, it is ; in these parts. They pay the bread bill mostly from year to year."

"Why don't they pay weekly ?"

"Well, they don't earn much to speak of in winter, and what with one thing and another, fevers and agues and all that, they are glad to let the bread run on, and pay it in autumn when they've picked up something by hay-making, and harvesting, and hop-picking."

"I see this man, John Allan, is a wood-cutter. How do you expect him to pay ?"

"His wife lets lodgings all the sum-

mer, and gets ten shillings a week for 'em. It's her as pays the bill."

"What reason does she give for not paying this year ?"

"Why she says she has paid it once ;" and, turning to the audience, he continued, with an air of injured innocence, "she says I'm a thief and a liar for asking for my money."

There was a hoarse laugh in the court at the repetition of these words, which were considered racy and suggestive of future fun.

Mrs. Allan's face crimsoned with shame and anger, and she started to her feet to defend herself and explain.

"Sit down, sit down," said some one by her side, and she stooped over her boy, who was now half asleep, and busied herself taking off his hat, with fingers trembling so that she could scarcely hold the strings.

She was startled by hearing her name called aloud. Being directed to the defendant's box, she had a small dirty black book put into her hand, and took an oath and kissed the binding in great bewilderment as to the nature of the religious ceremony in which she was engaged.

She looked around her eagerly, hoping to see one familiar face ; but Jack was sleeping peacefully upon the bench, a sea of strange faces surged up around her, strange noises filled her ears, and then in sharp tones there rang the words :

"Look at the judge, and answer the questions put you."

She turned to the voice, which proceeded from a big elderly man, with round shoulders and a great heavy head that hung forward, who was standing up at no great distance from her.

"Don't stare at me, I tell you," he continued ; "look at the judge, and go on."

And then, partly in answer to questions, partly rambling away into a long statement which she had rehearsed many times in her own mind, and by which she had always convinced herself, she began :

"I paid 'im 'is bill, the same as I done other years. It was on a Saturday, and he brought it hisself. 'Hev you got pen and ink ?' he says, and I says 'No, the lodgers took thern with 'em. They ain't o' no use to me, for I always keep my accounts in my 'ed."

"Never mind what you said ; did you pay him the money ?"

"I *did*," with great emphasis and a pause ; "I paid 'im eight pounds three

shillings and fourpence. Well it was in gold and silver, and ha'pence, just as I'd put it together. It was a good year, and I let fifteen weeks this summer. Yes"—this was in answer to the plaintiff's attorney—"yes, I can do that in my 'ed. It comes to seven poun' ten, and the rest I made up with work of father's. No, it ain't my father, it's the boy's, an' you know that as well as I do. I ain't got no father. Yes, I have got a husband, an' you know that too."

Here the judge interposed in the woman's favour, as it was manifest that the attorney's object was to irritate and annoy her. She proceeded, with some warmth, to state that the plaintiff had written on the bill—"well, receipted it, if you like that better. He 'eld the bill aginst the door and wrote with a pencil, and the pencil shoved a 'ole through the paper, so sez he, 'That won't do, I must begin agen,' and 'e come in and begun agen and wrote on the table."

"How long ago was that?" said the judge.

"Three weeks, or else four. I can't be sure which."

"Have you your previous bills?"

"Yes," and she handed them to him. The judge looked carefully over them, and said:

"I see one of these is receipted in pencil."

"Yes, but that's an old 'un. I've 'ad that this three year. This last had got a hole in it where the pencil went through where the crack of the door was."

"But if you've kept all these bills and knew their importance, why didn't you keep the last?"

"Well, I mislaid it somehow, for I was busy cleaning, and I'd a got the carpet up and was all in a muddle, and father he's so terrible pertikler about bills as I didn't like to tell 'im I'd paid the money and couldn't find the bill, so when Mr. Neville come round one day after I'd looked everywhere, I says: 'I wish you'd give me another bill, for I can't find that one nowhere.' And 'e stares at me a minute, and then says, 'Well, that's a good 'un as ever I heard! Why you an't never paid me.' And then, when he stuck to it, it put my back up so, that I up and calls him a liar."

"That will do, that will do," said the judge, who had in vain tried to interrupt her narrative. "Now if I give you a week, do you think you can find the receipt?"

"I keep a tellin' of you, I ain't a got

it," said Mrs. Allan, whose quick temper had been greatly chafed by the attorney's incessant interruptions, contemptuous gestures, and by the failure of all the facts she had adduced to impress the judge in her favour.

"But you will have to pay this money unless you can produce the receipted bill."

"Then I won't pay it; nor nobody shan't make me. Why ain't my word as good as his'n? I paid 'im once and 'e don't get no more out of me. And pray what have I done with the money if 'e ain't got it?"

"Well," said the attorney, "you haven't bought a silk gown lately, I suppose, and the lord knows what for the child?"

Mrs. Allan was quite still for a moment, then she turned pale and began to cry.

"Can you prove that?" said the judge.

"It was merely a question, sir, which I was directed to ask."

"I don't see the use of it;" then turning to Mrs. Allan, "Will you look for the receipt again?"

"No, I won't," in a shrill voice, interrupted by sobs, "it ain't o' no use. I tell you I ain't got it."

"And my case is also that she hasn't got it," said the attorney, "and I am informed she has told a neighbour she would leave Cheam rather than pay it."

Mrs. Allan was directed to leave the box; and after a few questions to the plaintiff, the judge proceeded to review the case, reading from his notes parts of the evidence of the plaintiff and defendant. He pointed out the discrepancies between their statements, which were too great to admit of their being explained away, and said that as the affair was so recent it seemed unlikely that the transaction, if any, had been forgotten, or that there had been any mistake about it. There was clearly an attempt at fraud on one side or the other. Neville said that when he asked Mrs. Allan for his money she tried to palm off an old receipt on him; and she said that when she told him she had lost the receipt and wanted him to give her another, he denied the payment and tried to obtain the money a second time. On behalf of Neville it must be stated that his books, which seemed to be regularly kept, contained no entry of the payment, and Mrs. Allan could not produce the receipt and declined to make any further search. The money, therefore, must be paid.

"Why ain't my word as good as

his'n ?" said Mrs. Allan, starting up, and pale with anger ; " and why ain't it wrong for him to take all that money and nobody standin' by to see him, if he's to be let come here and swear a pack of lies to get it over again ! "

Her shawl was dragged by the people near her, and she was told to sit down. The case was decided.

There was some talk as to how the money was to be paid, and the baker declined to take less than ten shillings a week, on the ground that Mrs. Allan had money laid by, and her husband was earning fourteen shillings a week. The order was given for this amount, and some one nudged Mrs. Allan, who sat pulling her bonnet strings and looking fixedly at the judge.

" It's all over now," said a voice in her ear. " You've got to pay. Bill and costs too, and a pretty penny it 'ull come to."

She rose slowly, and looking round her, saw Neville laughing and rubbing his hands.

" Oh you blackguard ! " she screamed out. " Oh you base villain ! I'll have my revenge on you ; " and then shaking her fist at him, she poured forth a torrent of violent language such as in anger comes readily to the lips of a woman of her class. She was pushed and pulled out of the hall ; but struggling furiously she broke away from those who held her, and darted back to the seat where Jack was lying asleep with his yellow curly head on the hard bench.

The touch of the warm unconscious child as she lifted him in her arms had an instantaneous effect upon her. She burst into tears and walked sobbing out of the court, through the ante-room and into the road, followed by many rough boys and men, who called after her —

" Hullo, missus ! Who robbed the baker's shop ? " " What'll you take for your black silk gown ? " And " Where's the feathers for Bobby's hat ? "

She was bewildered at first and failed to realize the fact that the decision of the public was unfavourable as well as that of the Court ; but she stood looking from one to the other with a growing consciousness that these also were enemies, and that all the world was against her, and there was no one to speak a good word in her favour.

A boy who was behind her touched her shawl to make her attend to what was going on, and another caught at her bonnet string, and encouraged by a shout of brutal laughter, dragged off her bon-

net and threw it over the heads of the crowd.

In an instant she set down the child, and darted first at one and then at the other, cuffing and striking and picking up stones to hurl at her assailants.

The appearance of a policeman put an end to the scene ; men and boys slunk away, disclaiming any share in the proceedings, and Mrs. Allan being requested to " move on," took Jack by the hand and dragged him crying after her.

She hurried out of the town, and did not pause until she had passed the hill, and was descending the broad road, from whence over the Holmsdale woods you see the spire of the old church at Cheam. The child's wail smote upon her heart, and she caught him up and kissed him passionately, and then sitting down on the bank she rocked him backwards and forwards as she said, " Oh dear, oh dear. What shall I do ; whatever shall I do ! "

And so keeping the high road — for she had no thought of turning to the green quiet woods — bareheaded, with tear-stained, dirty face, her cotton gown hanging in tatters, and the decent black shawl with many an unseemly rent, she made her way home.

CHAPTER II.

A MAN of some thirty years of age was sitting over the fire in a small kitchen. His right hand rested on a slate with a long row of figures which he had put down by his side on the wooden bench, and he was so absorbed either by his calculations or his thoughts, that the pipe in his mouth was over and over again on the point of going out ; a few hasty puffs restored it for a time, until it was again forgotten. The man was a sturdy, broad-shouldered fellow, with a square head covered with curly brown hair, a low brow, and a broad open face. There was an unmistakable look of good temper about him, and a certain frankness and joviality which a somewhat troubled and anxious expression could not altogether conceal. The kitchen in which he sat was a back-room, and opened into a small garden that in the summer was quite overshadowed by lime-trees growing along a bank on one side of it. They rendered it so unproductive, that with all his care John Allan could induce nothing but a few cabbages to grow in it, and these were mostly devoured by caterpillars before they were fit to cut. There was a pig-stye at the far end of this slip of garden, and the pig supplied a topic of con-

versation of which John and his wife did not speedily grow tired. What the pig would weigh, how much meal he consumed, and how much more he would require, with speculations as to "wash" from various houses in the neighborhood, were subjects to which they frequently reverted. There was a neat slip of garden in front of the cottage laid out in small bright flower-beds, and much subdivided by narrow paths covered with small round pebbles. A close-cut hedge enclosed the garden and cottage, which stood in one corner of the forty-acre field that extended between the village of Cheam and the boundary wall of Holmsdale Park. The cottage contained four rooms; a parlour and bedroom in front, facing the south-west, furnished for "gentlefolks," and let during the summer months; a small back bedroom, dark in summer and damp and cold in winter, and the kitchen in which John Allan was sitting. It was paved with red bricks, which looked all the brighter because they were seldom quite dry; the outer wall was so damp that the paper would not hang on it, but the inner, which separated the kitchen from the parlour, was covered with cuttings from newspapers and pictures from the *Illustrated London News*. A few bright pots and pans hung above the fire-place, and on the narrow black shelf beneath them two gorgeously painted cups and saucers and a mug "For a good boy," formed ornaments on which Mary looked with great pride. A square table, close to the window, covered with a coarse white cloth, was used for meals, and a small mahogany chest of drawers standing against the wall opposite the fire-place seemed to the occupiers and their neighbours a sure token of respectability and prosperity. There was an armchair in one corner by the fire, and above it on a little shelf fixed to the wall were a large Bible and Prayer-book, a work-box, and knitting-needles, with a partly finished child's sock. On the opposite side was the bench on which Allan was sitting, and in front of the fire was a low wooden stool. A little cart with a bit of string tied to it had been carefully "put to bed" on the top of the stool before Jack was carried off by his mother.

The father heard steps overhead, a pattering of small feet and merry shouts from the boy. He knew that Jack had been hiding in some very conspicuous place, and that his mother had turned away and looked for him somewhere else.

Whereupon Jack, beginning to fear that perhaps after all he really was lost, had rushed out shouting "Me, me, me!" and his mother after an arduous chase had succeeded in catching him. Then there was a silence, and the father smiled. "Now they're huggin' and kissin'," he said to himself. In a low voice the mother sang the evening hymn, and after that the child said his evening prayers. The quaint high-pitched tones reached the father's ear, and carried his thoughts away from all the troubles of the day. "What a knowin' life beggar it is," he said; "he does seem to know that there's summat out o't common when he says his prayers." There was silence for some minutes, and then the mother came softly downstairs.

As soon as he heard her steps John caught up the slate lying beside him, and when she entered the kitchen he was apparently engrossed by a long row of figures.

He had received a promise of promotion from wookcutter to wood-reeve when he could "keep the book." His wife had told this in the summer to their lodger, and the result was that John had received several lessons in compound addition and subtraction, and hoped to be qualified by the time there was a vacancy. When Mary entered and saw him stooping over the slate, from which he had not looked up all the evening, she went from one thing to another, making a clatter to disturb him. As he was doing nothing she failed in the attempt, and at length she said, in an aggrieved tone — "Anybody but you 'ud ha' wanted to know how I got on to-day."

"Mebbe I know enough a'ready; and mebbe I know mair than I like," answered John; "but what I deus say is this, I don't believe there's sic' a thing in a' the world as a woman that can hawld her tongue and keep her temper — I don't believe there is sic' a thing in a' the worruld."

He struck the bench sharply with the slate to emphasize his words, and looked up at Mary.

"Now look 'ere, father, don't you go and turn agen me, for I can't abear it; and you ain't got no cause to do it, you ain't. I ain't never done no wrong by you, and don't you go and say as I hev."

"I niver said nowt o't sort; but if thou thinks it doesn't hurt me to hear 'em say thou was drunk o'er at Brenchley, and they'd ha' locked tha' up if 't

hedn't ben for t' barn thou'rt verra much mistakken."

"What did they say?" said Mary, slowly.

"Why, they towld a pack o' lees, an should ha' bin a deal better out o' their talk than in it."

"But I dunno what you mean. Who was drunk? You tell me over agen what you said just now."

"There, there, don't stand stearin' at me. I don't know what they said nor what they didn't, nor I don't want to know. A pack o' lees I tell tha', and let's hear na mair about it."

But Mary, upon whom the meaning of his speech had slowly dawned, now flashed out into sudden anger.

"An' you call yourself a man," she said, sobbing violently, "an' stand by and let 'em go on like that. Don't tell me, if it had a' been anybody else you'd a stood up for 'em."

"Stood up for 'em! What was I to stand up for? Coom, my lass, coom; 'tis a bad job, and quarrellin' wain't help it, nor cryin' ayther. Coom and tell ma' aw about that coort bisness."

It takes two to quarrel; and as Allan never would go on, Mary had to give in. She sat down with her apron to her eyes, and he waited in silence. At length she told him all her story — with some hesitation towards the last, but perfect truthfulness.

"I thowt as much," said he, getting up and speaking savagely, "Dirty raskils! How much did ta' say?"

"Ten shillings a week."

"That's ower much; and I'se freetened that nasty ague is comin' on ma agen. I've bin shakkin' and shiverin' all day, an' felt that miserable I didn't know what to do. It will be a bad time if I'm laid up. Coom and let's hev a leuk for his dirty bill. Thou must ha' got it somewhar."

And taking the candle, he led the way along the narrow passage and into the parlour, which was now prepared for the winter. The carefully-brushed carpet was rolled up in one corner, and the hearthrug, in which were the fire-irons wrapped in brown paper, stood in another. The window-curtains were neatly folded, wrapped in the best chamber towels and laid on the small round mahogany table; whilst the cane-bottomed chairs were piled one upon another. The chimney glass was pinned up in paper and covered so as to exclude dust and flies, and the china ornaments were

put away in the cupboard. Nothing remained but a faded fire-paper in the grate, which, after three summers' service, was unfit for further use.

"It's aw so tidy," said Allan, with his usual pride in his wife's work, "that it does seem a pity to upset it. But let us unroll t' carpet and hev another leuk."

It was not to be expected that Mary should not feel aggrieved at the implied possibility of her having overlooked so important a document as the bill. Still anything was better than her husband's silence and her own thoughts; so with some reluctance and a few not inaudible murmurs, she acceded to his suggestion, and by the dim light of the candle they carefully examined every article in the room. Allan shook the old fire-paper, and eagerly darted at the soiled fragments of tissue paper which fell from it.

"Lay it on the top agen," said Mary, with a smile which implied her superiority to the childish expectations of her husband. "I had it down when I black-leaded the stove, and I on'y put it there to ketch the soot as falls down the chimney. But there, you don't know nothin' about these things. How should you?"

They proceeded to the bedroom overhead and then to their own room, in which little Jack lay asleep. They stood for a moment looking at him.

"Ay, but he's a bonny un!" said the father. "I don't know as ever I saw sic a fine 'un."

"Come away," said Mary, greatly appeased, and don't wake him, else he'll be wantin' to go down agen. Here's all the papers I've got. Now you can see for yourself, and then perhaps you'll be satisfied."

She produced a roll of odds and ends, letters and bills and printed notices, of each one of which she knew the history; but Neville's bill was not among them. When the search was ended Mary went down somewhat triumphantly, and with a certain sense of satisfaction.

"Of course I want to find it, but it's no good a tellin' me that it's in this house, because I know it ain't."

"Now don't ga on like that. It's a raal bad job, that's what it is. Thou sud hev persuaded, lass — thou sud hev persuaded him, and then we sud hev hed time to turn oursels round, and mebbe thou'd ha' fund it. But there, it's na use botherin', we shall get on somehow; there's pig i' t' sty, and landlord mun wait."

But the evil days had come when no

man would wait. The landlord insisted on his rent, and the doctor asked for his bill; the grocer would give no credit, and there was not a bit of bread or meat to be had unless it was paid for. Neville said to everyone —

“I took ’em their quartern a day and never asked ’er for a penny, not till the end o’ summer, when ’er lodgers was gone; and now she swears she paid me tho’ she ain’t no bill, nor receipt, nor nothin’ to show for it, and gives me all the trouble and bother of County-Courtin’ her. It’s too bad, ain’t it?”

And the village agreed that it was too bad, and had no doubt that her husband — a man whom nobody knew, and who was spoken of with hesitation as coming from “the Sheers” — was probably at the bottom of it. The question what could she have done with the money, was speedily answered. She had bought a black silk gown and a Paisley shawl, some said, whilst others asserted that Allan had sent it away to his friends in “the Sheers.” An attack of ague which confined Allan to his bed was attributed to a “bad conscience;” and the numerous hints, not very delicately worded, which the neighbours thought it necessary to give his wife in order to convince her that they were not such fools as she thought them, ended in procuring her a bad word from everyone in the village. Her temper was hot and her tongue hasty, and the words which she regretted almost as soon as they were spoken, were not readily forgotten or forgiven. Before long the village was a nest of wasps, which she had irritated; and she preferred to bring her scanty stores from Brenchley, or to fetch them from Strood, which was two miles distant, rather than to run the risk of meeting a former neighbour. Her husband resumed his work too soon, caught cold, and was laid up with rheumatic fever. Then Mary, well-nigh desperate, meeting Lady Holmsdale one day, ventured to address her. My Lady somewhat coldly referred her to the house-keeper; and at the Hall she was told that no one who was not honest and sober need apply there; they’d heard all about her goings on, and if she’d brought herself to want, she had nobody but herself to thank for it. At the Parsonage she fared somewhat worse, and the grave censure and solemn advice to let this be a lesson to her, and to repent and amend her ways, sent her home sobbing, with a bitter sense of the cruelty

and injustice of rich and poor, of God and man.

Night and day she had no other thought than to procure ten shillings to take to Brenchley every Monday, and, as she said, “to keep body and soul together” through the week. The pig went first, and was absorbed by the rent and payment of a few shillings to the doctor, without which she feared that he might not continue his visits; then her husband’s clothes and her own and the child’s were pawned; after that blankets and sheets and the best bed. Mary was growing hard, silent, and desperate. For four or five weeks she had taken Jack with her to Brenchley, but after that she had always a bundle to carry, and scanty fare had begun to tell upon her so that her boy was a heavy burden. She left him at home by his father’s bedside, and returning, would look on sadly as the child played with the bits of paper she had torn up to make horses and cows and sheep for him; and then she left him, and sat alone in the kitchen to make plans for the next week. It was a hard winter; the snow lay thickly on the ground, and the woods were impassable. She was compelled, therefore, on her frequent journeys, to follow the high road, and walk in the track made by passing carts and horses. Her cotton gown was wet and draggled, a thin shawl tied tightly round her was but a scanty covering, and, together with ragged boots and old bonnet, told such a tale of poverty and misery as might well account for her anxious careworn face. She would step out of her way into the thick snow to avoid a foot passenger if one chanced to come that way, and neither spoke to nor was addressed by any one. Early in January, when she had paid six pounds, she declared her inability to bring ten shillings a week, and the sum was reduced to five. When she returned that day little Jack was asleep on his father’s bed. She stood looking at him, and then sat down and took him on her knees and kissed him. He laid his head upon her bosom, and after a few minutes looked up into her face, and said, “Jack so sick, mammy.”

A great fear fell upon her. The child was ill, and she had taken no thought of him. With trembling hands she unfastened his clothes, and laid him tenderly upon the bed. Day and night she nursed him, and the fever ran high and fierce. In his delirium he called con-

stantly for her, and as he grew weaker, his moans of "Mammy, mammy!" pierced her heart.

"Poor lile lad! He thinks his mammy can't be there, because t' pain waint ga," said the father.

On the eighth day the child died, and the mother thought she was thankful when the cries of pain and fear were stilled, and her boy was at peace. Allan was slowly getting better. He was able to sit up for an hour or two, and had even, with his wife's help, contrived to get downstairs and sit by the fire. They talked more than they had done for some time, not about their child, but his funeral. The father had brought from his north-country home an intense feeling of reverence for the dead, and the still, white body of his child was an object for which he was prepared to sacrifice all that he possessed. At length the arrangements for the funeral were completed, but the little parlour was stripped of almost every article of any value to defray its expense. When the day came, Allan, by the help of two sticks, tottered down to the garden-gate, and leant there, sobbing, as he watched the undertaker carry away on his shoulder the little coffin covered with a pall edged with white. The mother, wearing a large cloak and hood, provided for the day, followed alone, tearless and white. Allan watched them as they passed along the street, white with fresh-fallen snow. He saw doors open and women come out for a moment to look after them, and then draw back hastily out of the cold. The tolling of the church bell fell upon him like a blow, and every stroke said, Alone, Alone, Alone! He saw the empty church that the mother entered, and the little empty grave awaiting his boy, out under the lime-trees at the end of a lonely path. He could endure no more, but tottered back to the house, and, throwing himself down upon the ground, exclaimed, "The hand of the Lord is against me."

How long he lay there he did not know. When he arose, cold and stiff, the short day was closing. He crawled to the door and looked out, but there was no sign of Mary. The long white street was silent and empty. He thought: "Some woman has been good to her and taken her in. She is sitting by the fire. Perhaps she will have a good cry and ease her poor heart." He was tender over her, thinking more of her sorrow than his own. "Poor thing, she's had a deal to bear,"

he would say to himself, when she was fierce and moody. "Here am I, no better than a log, and that poor thing's got it all upon her. But we shall manage somehow, and I'll see her righted yet, and her bits of things about her again." But the child's death had crushed him. That could never be set right. The child was taken from her, and how could she go on living without the child?

He went into the little kitchen, put a few sticks together, made up the fire, and put on water to boil for tea. He was so weak, and his movements so slow, that the church clock struck five before he had completed these preparations, and then he sat down and waited. Six o'clock struck, and seven, and Mary did not return. His anxiety grew too exacting to be controlled, and, leaving the cottage, he dragged himself step by step along the street. The church was midway in the village, standing back within its iron-railed space, with the large old churchyard at the back, shaded by rows of lime trees and sloping down the hill towards the broad valley of Holm.

Allan passed through the open gate and along the path which he knew that other feet had trodden, until he reached the far end of the churchyard. There he leaned against a tree, near which there was a fresh-made grave. The moonlight lay white on all else, but down over the grave a dark figure was crouching, motionless and silent. He stood silent for a moment, and then in a soft tremulous whisper, he said —

"Coom awa', my lass; coom!"

"Oh, father," she cried, shaken with a sudden passion of sorrow; "oh, father, I can't leave him. I can't leave him here by himself, all out in the cold and the dark. My boy, my boy; why have they taken my boy from me!"

And she stretched her arms out over the little mound, and passionately kissed the hard ground and laid her cheek upon it.

Her husband stood silent for a time, and then he said, sadly —

"Ain't I nowt to tha, that thou waint coom back wi' ma? Thou's got me left, thou knaws."

And she rose and went to him, put her arms round him, and they wept together.

"God forgive me," she said; "I a'most forgot you; and you oughtn't to be out. You dunno hardly how to stand. Lean on my shoulder, and we'll go home."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SPANISH LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE INTERIOR, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1873.

LETTER IX.

(CONTINUED.)

THE whole management of the domestic arrangements, however, is under the care of the Señora Angel Garcia, who seems the very model of a Lady Superior—gentle, dignified, cheerful, and full of bright and sparkling conversation. It was indeed a privilege to be in the company of one whose every word and look was full of benevolence. There are two doctors attached to the Home, of whom the one devotes himself exclusively to the patients within the walls, the other attending daily for consultations. Until a few months ago two clergy lived within the walls, to minister to the sick, and offer prayers, and give religious instruction; but in the Revolution of the summer they were dismissed and the chapel laid in ruins.* At present only the girls receive religious instruction, and for the rest prayers are optional. The inmates who desire it now, I have been informed, attend one of the neighbouring churches.

A short time ago this Home was to have been greatly enlarged, but the good work, alas! languishes from lack of funds. Let us hope that the present Government will take it up, and carry out an idea so benevolent.

The Commissariat Department is capital, beautifully managed, and the food excellently cooked. About this latter point I may be allowed to speak, as I not only saw but tasted the provend, which commended itself even to the capricious appetite of a sick man. Each department has a separate corridor, or dining-room, and a separate kitchen; while for the whole place there is one huge store-room. For all who are well there are three meals a day, at the hours of eight, two and six. The grown-up inmates have meat, roasted or boiled, once every day, and soup, bread, fruit, and vegetables. The children have their soup, and, instead of

“carne,” the favourite Spanish dish called “cocida,” which may briefly be described as mutton boiled to rags, with peas and onions; it is, in fact, the meat from which soup has been taken, and is a staple dish at all tables in Spain. They, too, have their bread and vegetables. All except the sick drink water; for in Spain, both with high and low, water is the chief drink, and they are far more particular here about the spring from which their water comes than an English squire is about the quality of his port. The soup is excellent: rice and tomatoes and onions formed the ingredients of the huge cauldron into which I dipped, while curry, cutlets, and other delicacies were being carried off as portions for the sick. On Feast-days all the inmates have wine.

So much for the cooking department. It would have gladdened an English housewife's heart to see the ample and good fare, or to enter the Dispensa, or store-room, and see the huge vats of Valde-Peñas (the rough, red, wholesome wine of the interior), the strings of garlic round the wall, the sacks of garvancos (a kind of pea, for soup), and the shelves of clean massive crockery, each cup or plate bearing the inscription, “*Caritas. Casa de Misericordia de Cadiz.*”

As to the Sleeping Arrangements. These are specially attended to. All sleep in separate iron beds, on the upper storeys. All sleep according to age, or, as it is called, their different classes. With those from six to eight nurses sleep, or sit up nightly. All the rooms are lit by oil lamps; all have from thirty to a hundred and fifty beds in them, with soft mattresses and blankets, snowy sheets, and coloured coverlets. The rooms are all ventilated at the bottom of the walls; nor did I trace, even in the Infirmarys, a suspicion even of disagreeable or polluted air. The windows are all on one side of the Dormitories, and are high and broad. The walls, as usual in Spanish houses, are whitewashed, with a row of enamelled blue tiles along the bottom. The inmates of the Home all rise at six, and repair to bed at seven.

There are several *Infirmary Wards*. One, which I noticed especially, was entirely devoted to those suffering from skin diseases. The number of bedridden men and women (the two sexes live on different sides of the quadrangle) seemed to me about ninety in all; these were eating curry, working with coarse materials, or sipping their wine or chocolate, or chatting to the comely nurse; all

* Among the other acts of the summer Revolution, visitors to Cadiz should know that the three undoubted Murillos—among them that great artist's *last work* (for he fell from the ladder just as it was completed, and received the injuries which caused his death), the *Marriage of Santa Catalina*—pictures which have always been preserved in the convent De los Capuchinos, were taken away by force, and placed in the Museum, where they now hang; thus, I suppose, being converted from ecclesiastical to civil property. Such, at least, was the intention.

seemed cheerful and contented, and every face brightened as the Rectora drew near.

The Schoolrooms, the Gymnasium, the Music-rooms — of which last there seemed many — were in beautiful order, although there was no lack of noisy children about them. So "free and easy" did the children seem in the presence of their superiors, that in one room where some fifty were learning the military drill, in shirt-sleeves and bare legs, some half-dozen ran up to me, and fairly dragged the "Ingleesi" by his hands across the drill-room.

Music is taught twice a day; every sort of brass instrument, as well as singing, and this is very popular with the young folk. Might not the same plan be adopted in our own workhouses with good effect?

We were just about taking leave, having looked at the long, clean lavatories, the cabinets of work sewn for the Home by the girls, and the bright garden, and the lovely stretch of blue sea from the dormitories, when the Rectora said, "You have not yet seen the workshops." In two minutes we were in a new world. One workshop opened into another; the blacksmith's anvil rang, the carpenter's hammer thudded, the tailor and clothmaker were hard at work, the shoemaker's shop seemed decked out for the streets. In each little workshop was one skilled master-worker, and working away, as apprentices, were the boys of the Home, each learning, with a smiling face, his several trade. "We work only for the Home," said one maestro to me, "and everything for the Home is done on the premises."

If anyone thinks this a highly-coloured sketch, let him, if he can, see the Casa de Misericordia for himself, and spend three hours within its walls with Angel Garcia. It can be visited on any day by anyone presenting a card, and asking for the Rectora, and he can make himself acquainted with all its workings. It is called usually now, "El Hospicio de Cadiz."

As I took leave of the Rectora, and thanked her for devoting so many hours to instruct a stranger, she said, "I deserve no thanks; this place is my sphere of duty and of pleasure, and you also seem interested in works of charity. Farewell."

Once more; ere I passed through the spacious doorway, the inscription above quoted caught my eye, and I felt that had my lot been a less blissful one — had it been my lot to be one of the Spanish

homeless poor — I, too, should thankfully echo the psalmist's words, and say, "Hic requies mea: hic habitabo."

LETTER X.

MINOR CHARITIES OF CADIZ.

ONE of the most cheerful sights in this great city is that the street corners and the church steps are in great measure free from the shoals of beggars who stand or sit at every street corner, and under every scrap of shade, in the towns of the interior. It is a very sad sight to see there the fearful amount of utter helplessness, shiftless misery, which one has not the power to relieve; and to hear every five minutes the pitiful appeal made by the widowed, the maimed, the lame, and the blind: "Por l'amor de Dios — muy poquito" — ("For the love of God, I beseech you give me a *very* little").

In the interior, so great is the press of poverty, that the rich and benevolent in many of the towns give out that, on a certain day in every week, between the hours of nine and ten, bread, and copper money, and scraps will be given away; and on the set morning the gateway is lined with suppliants, quietly waiting for the expected portion. Here, however, the Casas de Misericordia, and the associations of the charitable — coupled with the benevolence of the Church, which has more in her power here than in the interior — do much to diminish this wholesale begging.

Let me give you a short sketch of some of the smaller works of mercy here: —

Overlooking the bright expanse of sea near the Fishmarket stands a cleanly, whitewashed but unpretending, house, bearing over the door the inscription

Casa de Hermanos de la Caridad

("House of the Brothers of Charity"). Entering in, I found the hall or courtyard — for the houses here are all built in a square round the hall, which is open to the blue sky, and usually full of tropical shrubs in huge wooden vessels — most tastefully laid out, with flowers, palm-trees, and aromatic flowering shrubs, growing in profusion, quite unlike the bare walls which one unhappily associates with Houses of Mercy. One of the Sisters of Mercy, attired in the dress of her Order (S. Vicente de P.), kindly offered to take me over her hospital — for such the Casa was. It is a large house, taken by an association of

benevolent private individuals — the Hermanos de la Caridad — and devoted entirely to the care of the sick, who cannot, from poverty, or the number of their family, or scarcity of work, receive the medical skill and the diet and nursing they require, at their own homes.

The Hospital makes up 100 beds, of which fifty-eight were occupied at the time of my visit. It is entirely for sufferers of the male sex, there being a sister institution devoted to suffering women. The plan on which it is carried out is a striking one, and one, I think, unknown in England. It is as follows: Forty benevolent persons, men of some affluence, seeing how many of their poorer brothers were unable when sick to command at their comfortable homes, or on board their ships lying in harbour, the comforts, quiet, and medical skill which they needed, bought this large house, and fitted it up as a hospital for the accommodation of such cases. It was intended to take in, not especially the very poor, for whom (such as they are) there are hospitals, but to provide also for two distinct classes: first, all who could not afford to pay for a good doctor's visits, and skilful nursing and luxuries, and yet could afford to contribute a little to their expenses when sick, that little being fixed at 2s. 1*d.* (two shillings and a penny) per diem: in Spanish money, two pesetas and a half. Secondly, the institution was to provide a refuge in sickness for all the "decentes" (or respectable poor) whose friends or relations would become responsible for the payment of that sum. In many cases these very Brothers of Charity themselves pay the sum to admit one of their *protégés*; in other cases, the clergy pay, or masters for their servants.

The sum of twenty-five pence per diem may seem, to some readers, large for a House of Mercy, yet, be it remembered, there is here no "parish doctor," and no union-house, though there is a Poor Law in existence, and the visits of the *commonest* doctor in Spain are each reckoned at two pesetas, *i.e.* twenty out of the twenty-five pence charged in the hospital.

The arrangements of this miniature hospital are simply exquisite. Some twenty beds or so are in one room, but privacy is secured by white dimity curtains, on iron bars about five feet high, being drawn around the patient's bed at his will, making a light and little airy room, open to the ceiling. The nearest approach I have seen to this was in

school days at St. Peter's College, Radley, where each boy had a separate "cubicle" of the same kind.

The whole appearance of the place betokened peace, comfort, and kindness — nay, more, cheerfulness. The men were some of them sitting up in bed drinking their soup or eating their curry, with a good copa of red wine by their side. Others were sauntering about, reading, or chatting.

Next, we visited the surgeon's room, and most beautifully and perfectly was it fitted up. I noticed several glass cases full of instruments, medicine, &c., and a couch for operating, of the shape, or nearly so, that I have observed at some of the London hospitals. The kitchen was beautifully clean, with a capital range; it was full of bustle — for at least ten or twelve different sorts of dinners, to suit the various tastes of the poor sick fellows, were being carried away.

"Take which you like," said the smiling Sister of Mercy, who was my companion; and I can answer for the excellence of the fare. Among the favourites were curried rice and mutton, cutlets, boiled beef and fried potatoes, and tomato soup, and rice soup — the favourite "sopa d'arroz" of this country.

Thence, to see the convalescents dining. In a long, cheerful room, there they were, looking over the bright blue sea, and eating heartily, and trying to talk. For they could only *try*. They were men from every clime and of many tongues, for this institution takes in all alike; an English sailor, who had fallen from the mast, and whose captain paid for him; one or two Finlanders, in the same case; an American, from "Philadelphia," as he said; one or two Moors, and several Spaniards, made up this strange but cheerful dinner-party. The American told me "they were very comfortable quarters," with a genuine new-country twang.

The tiny chapel is a real gem in its way — very, very small, but very costly, the whole ceiling and walls being of carved brass. A Roman Catholic clergyman performs divine service every morning.

The whole work is done by seven superintending Sisters of Mercy of the Order above mentioned, whose smiling faces are a medicine in themselves. They wear a simple black dress, plain black cross, and white starched cape or collar; and if they have any pride, it

seems to me it is to do good. They have, I believe, four or five men servants for the work of the Casa.

Are not institutions on this system needed in England, where, for a small sum, even gentlemen and ladies with slender means, living perhaps in lodgings or the like, might find a home, and not forfeit their self-respect by being dependent wholly on charity?

This hospital is in the Plaza de S. Juan de Dios, close to the fruit and fish markets. The stranger who seeks to see it will be courteously shown over it, and allowed to leave an offering for the benefit of its inmates.

The next institution of charity (Casa de Caridad) to which I bent my steps was of a sadder character, as the inscription over its heavy portals showed. It was the "Casa de Dementes," or, as these smaller asylums are called by the common people in this country, the "Casa de Locos," the word "loco" being equivalent to the English phrase "cracked." I presented my order of admittance, which is a necessary document, and may be obtained by any English gentleman who desires to see it for higher motives than those of idle curiosity, of the courteous director of El Hospicio de Cadiz, the two being sister institutions, and situated not far from each other. The spectacle in the little hall was a sad one. In the door opening into the ample courtyard, where the lunatics take their exercise, is a tiny grating, with a sliding panel, on which a porter keeps guard. Through this the friends of the unhappy inmates are always allowed to see them and speak with them, admittance to a closer interview being only admissible by an order from the doctor, certifying that it will produce no ill effects. As a rule, I was told by those who have the supervision of the Casa, the visits of their friends or relations have a tendency to excite and unsettle the patients.

In the little vestibule a sorrowing group was sitting, each awaiting their turn to look in and speak a word to some loved one through the narrow grating. One was a poor and careworn mother, who, so my guide told me, came every day, rain or shine, sick or well, to bring the little luxuries she could spare from her scanty table to the son who had once worked for her, and could work no more. The next was a father, who made a weekly visit also to his son. One or two others, a youth, and two young Spanish girls were there; they, too, came con-

stantly at stated times, to bring "alimentos" (provision) to their "loco." The head porter, who is a kind of master of the Casa, soon appeared, and with him a buxom and smiling elderly "Hermana de Caridad" (Sister of Mercy) dressed in black, with white hood and cape and rosary. The "maestro" was a fine, handsome young Spaniard, of some five-and-thirty summers, with a bright, gentle smile, a keen eye that looked one through and through. He seemed firm, and confident enough, and all the inmates seemed very fond of him.

The asylum was formerly a convent; it has ample premises, and garden, and a sea-view on one side. It is, however, only a small asylum, making up about one hundred and sixty or seventy beds. At the time of my visit the inmates numbered ninety-seven men and fifty-three women. Of these inmates some are idiots, some raving mad, some monomaniacs. The asylum is *for rich and poor alike*, although their privileges and indulgences vary according to their rates of payment. Thus, sixteen of the men and seven of the women were of gentle birth, and paid for liberally by their friends. These have each a separate bedroom, with arm-chair, table, books, and any little luxury of the kind, such as wine, better food, and the like. In some cases, where the relatives of these "particulares," as they are called, live on the spot, they send the dinners, &c., from their own table; in other cases, they pay some one to supply them with what is needful, and suited to their former position.

The majority of the inmates are poor, and are paid for by the Government of the Provincia at a fixed rate per head. *Their* friends also can supply or pay for little extra luxuries, as tobacco, wine, and the like. This system of allowing the relatives of any one under confinement to bring them nourishment is also, I am assured, allowed in many of the prisons of Spain. The payment for rooms and attendants, without food, is at the rate of 1*o*d. per diem, which includes medical advice.

The law in Spain forbids, under severe penalties, any private person to keep an insane person in his or her house; and it also decrees that the Provincia of an insane person shall maintain him, if his friends are unable to do so. Thus, one little chamber, with arm-chair and writing-table, was inhabited by a captain in the army, seized with madness at Manilla;

another, by the wife of a man of good position; and the like.

Many—a great many—of the men get better, and leave the asylum, the Sister told me, perfectly sane; but, she added, to my surprise, very few of the women recover perfectly. I cannot account for this, to my own satisfaction; but I fully believe it to be true, as the women seemed far worse than the men.

It is almost needless to say that the sexes occupy each a separate wing of the Casa. The rooms for the “particulares,” and for those who need a separate bedroom for safety’s sake, are about four-and-a-half yards square, with windows (barred) of fair size, as it seemed to me. It struck me that there was no glass in these windows; but in Spain, among the houses of the common people, in the interior, at least, glass in the windows is by no means considered a necessary. The writer of this, when taking his own house in the interior had to add glass himself to his windows.—The fare of the inmates who come under the usual rules of the asylum seems to be on a sufficiently generous scale, viz. at eight, soup (of meat) and a small loaf; at 12.30, rice or vermicelli soup, and bread and meat, with a little wine on certain days, as feast-days, or under medical advice; and coffee or soup at seven. Their exercise is taken in the ample open courtyard or quadrangle of the building, whither the men are all turned in, as soon as they like, after breakfast. They are allowed, for amusements, newspapers, cards, and cigarillos. Nearly all the women take to smoking, and enjoy it, after a few months in the asylum. “It tranquillizes them,” said one of my conductors.

Two doctors, one for each sex, live within the walls of the Casa; a clergyman also is in constant residence. The rest of the staff consists of nine Sisters of Mercy, five men, and the same number of women, servants.

The corridor, or dining-room in both wings of the Casa was bright and clean, the inmates (save the “particulares” and the “furiosos,” who dine in their own rooms) dining all together, the only thing noticeable being that fingers and spoons alone are allowable in eating. The dormitories, with iron bedsteads and comfortable bedclothes, were airy and bright, and, be it remarked, *forty-five* of these men sleep without any partition in one dormitory together; others in rooms holding fifteen or ten beds; and the same seemed the case with the women, though

not in such numbers. This struck me much at the time of visiting. Of course one or two attendants are in the rooms. It certainly pointed to the fact that the majority were in no sense violent lunatics.

The infirmaries were clean, warm, and, to all appearance, comfortable.

Thence to the large room, where the female lunatics assemble. Here, I confess, I was greatly shocked: the wretchedly low—I was going to write villainous—type of face, old and young, herding together, doing nothing; the inarticulate sounds, chattering and screaming like parrots or monkeys; the eagerness with which they ran at me, and clutched hold of my hands and coat—all were very awful—beyond description, awful. There were thirty-five girls and women in this room. The gentle voice and presence of La Hermana Sorpilad soothed them a little; they all clustered round her like bees. One was weeping hysterically in a separate room, but the sound filled the sala. They followed us to the door, one clinging tight to my arm, until the “maestro” gently disengaged her grasp. I could hardly bring myself to see the last sad spectacle, the rooms of the “furiosos,” or violent. Only two were tenanted: the unhappy inmate of one was shouting like a wild beast, shaking his hands in the air in his frenzy, and stamping up and down the narrow room. Seeing us, he rushed at the grating, and the fearful sight of his face I pray God I may never again behold. He had killed a man some two years ago. He was a “religious monomaniac,” the gentle-faced Sister said. “Ah, señor,” she added, “this is muy triste, muy triste!” (“very, very bitter”). I could but thank God that I had not to look on such a sight every day. Yet one more thought arose. How noble, how devoted, how Christian-like is the life of these Sisters, some of them of tender age and gentle birth, who spend their whole lives among these, the unhappiest, the most afflicted, the most hopeless of all the human race, and that without reward!

The faults of this Casa struck me as twofold—(1) the insufficient amusement, and not nearly sufficient work—such as gardening—for the afflicted inmates; (2) the absence of padded rooms for the “furiosos.”

The merits seemed to me to be also twofold—(1) the inestimably humanizing effect which the ministrations and mere presence of these Sisters must have, es-

pecially on the men; (2) the advantage of the relations being allowed to bring little luxuries for these their afflicted brethren and sisters.

A few words, before I close, on the Hospital for Women—the sister institution to that for men. The “Hospital de Mujeres” is situated in the street bearing its name, and is a large and handsome building. Its wide courtyard is filled, as at the “Hospital de los Hombrés,” with exotic shrubs and flowers: the graceful white bell-shaped flowers of the trompeta, the platanos of Havannah, the camellia fransessa, with adelfas and aureolas, made a bright and rich show. The priest was at the gateway, and, with true Spanish courtesy, bade us welcome.

This Casa de Misericordia is under the care of the Carmelitas de la Caridad (Carmelite Sisters), of whom there are ten in residence, who do nearly all the work of the institution with their own hands. One of them, in her brown stuff dress, blue serge apron, white hood, and black cross, showed us over the building.

Very noticeable in these lofty white-washed dormitories and salas was the effect of the introduction of colour. At regular intervals, paintings on encaustic tiles were let into the walls, all representing religious subjects. In one sala were the fourteen “Stations of the Cross,” in blue and buff. The bed-heads were painted dark green, with little yellow crosses at the head. The coverlets were buff, with the escudo of the Virgin stamped upon them in white. Small oil-paintings also were hung round the walls, and many other trifling and inexpensive ornaments. The effect was exceedingly pretty. This Casa contains seventy beds, thirty-five of which are in one lofty room. At the time of my visit the inmates numbered about fifty.

The classes who come here are three-fold; first, the very poor, who are received for nothing; the funds, however, are so deficient that very few can be received. It was a sad thing to know that, some few years back, Government and Church could give, and did give liberally, and these institutions were filled, and now no funds are forthcoming! The second class are aged women, who have a little money, and prefer to spend their old age in the Casa, and die there. The third class are the sick members of moderately well off families, who cannot afford to maintain them at home, and can provide for them far better and more

cheaply here. Both these last classes pay a fixed sum weekly.

There is a ward for infectious diseases, and one for accidents.

Two doctors and one clergyman live in the Casa. In each ward is a small altar for praying. One of the rooms, used for various purposes, is a very fine one, in size 22 yards by 34, and very lofty, with a row of marble pillars, and enormous windows. Armchairs and tables were spread about it.

Next I visited the kitchen. It was “comida time,” and a gratifying sight it was to see the well-dressed Señoras of the town—evidently persons of respectable position—themselves taking the dinners to their mother or sister, or whatever relation they might have in the Casa. They fairly vied in activity with the ten bustling little “madres.” Relations are admitted to sit with their sick at any time.

Two arrangements I remarked that were wholly new to me.

First, the advantage of the introduction of colour into the wards, as above mentioned. Secondly, the admirable arrangement of the bed-ridden, by which privacy is secured to each.

The whole atmosphere of this hospital was deeply religious. On all the crockery was stamped—not the name or coat of arms of the Casa, but—the escudo de la Virgen. In every ward was a small altar; every wall and bed, every nook and corner, had some religious motto, or picture, or image. As I turned to go away, I saw that some nervous fingers had barely secured to the door, with a pin, a tiny piece of paper with the bleeding heart of Christ painted roughly on it, and underneath, in MS., the words—

Detente: el corazon de Jesus está conmigo.

(“Stay: the heart of Christ is with me.”) I stayed for a moment to consider the meaning, and the two “madres” remarked audibly, “The English captain *will see* every little thing; but it is well that he should.”

And then I said farewell to this model Hospital. As I passed through the outer door, in the tiny vestibule, quite open to the street, a young Spanish lady was kneeling, evidently in prayer. Not until then had I noticed that a little altar there was lighted up with much taste, barely removed from the street. A heap of aromatic boughs was lying in the street as I stepped out. I said to the guide, “What are these?” “Those,” said he,

in broken English, "are the scented shrubs we use on *the good night*. Don't you know?—the night God came down with the good news for us all."

Truly, I thought, religion here is not thrust into a corner, but speaks for itself at every turn.

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ON NAME AND RACE IN ENGLAND.

BY DR. RICHARDSON, F.R.S.

THE object of this paper is to suggest a theory that there exists a relationship between the names of the native inhabitants of this island and the races to which they belong. I mean between the *surnames* and the race. If the theory be true, it opens up a subject of physiological and even of political importance. It tends to establish the view, which I, for my part, believe to be correct, that distinct races, however closely they may be united together, by residence in the same country and by intermarriage, retain their original quality of race; that all change from admixture is but transitory in character; and that there is no end to any race except by its extinction.

Camden was the first to point out in his "Remains concerning Britain," a fact which even in this day is known to very few persons—viz. that the use of surnames or family names did not begin until about the time of the Norman Conquest. This, as a general fact, is now admitted, but there are certain exceptions of a rare character which indicate that the custom of adopting a surname existed a little before the Conquest. Thus Mr. Mark Antony Lower, in his learned work "The Patronymica Britannica," shows from a document in the Cottonian MSS., which must have existed earlier than 1066, that one Hwita Hatte, a keeper of bees in Hæthfelda, had a daughter Tate Hatte, who was the mother of Wulsige the shooter, and that Lulle Hatte, the sister of Wulsige, was wife of one Hehstan in Wealadene. Other members of the same family are also named; but so peculiar is the fact of such naming, that Mr. Ferguson maintains, says Mr. Lower, for the existing family of Hatt, that it is probably the oldest hereditary surname we have on record. The following quotation from the learned author of the "Patronymica Britannica" is definite: "I see no reason for departing from the year 1000 as the proximate date for the assump-

tion of family names. The practice commenced in Normandy, and gradually extended itself into England, Scotland, and Ireland."

From the time named, the year 1000, the practice has continued, and has extended so greatly that at this time there are probably 35,000 surnames. In the sixteenth Annual Report of the Registrar-General (1856) thirty-two thousand eight hundred and eighteen different surnames were recorded, and the list has increased since that time.

I turn again to the "Patronymica Britannica" for a summary of facts, in the addendum of that work, bearing upon things, circumstances, or qualities from which surnames are derived. Camden had already, in his time, discovered a considerable number of origins, although his list does not approach the modern one to which I am about to refer. This modern list, extracted from the documents in the office of the Registrar-General, and compiled by a gentleman once in that office, is, Mr. Lower states, authentic in every particular. It places names, in relation to their origins, under the following heads:—

1. *Names from words relating to religion*: as Church, Font, Priest, Prophet, Dean, Parson, Minister, Tomb, Heaven, Hell, Sermon, Crucifix, Grave, Sexton, Clerk, Beadle, Verger, Crozier, Paternoster, Surplice.
2. *From words relating to the mineral kingdom*: such as Gem, Jewel, Stone, Gold, Silver, Steel, Diamond, Ruby, Glass, Flint, Chalk, Salt, Carbon, Clay, Slate, Ruddle.
3. *From words relating to the vegetable kingdom*: such as Tree, Ash, Birch, Cork, Date, Holly, Lemon, Oak, Pine, Root, Leaf, Bark, Clover, Hay, Cotton, Briars, Cane, Heath, Hazel, Garland, Poppy, Violet, Pink.
4. *From words relating to buildings, their parts &c.*: such as scaffold, Trussel, Smithy, Lodge, Barn, Mill, Castle, Barrack, Bastion, Mole, Temple, Pillar, Tunnel, Well, Pantry, Dairy, Kitchen, Chambers, Roof, Rafter, Larder, Window, Oven, Tile.
5. *From words relating to war and its concomitants*: such as Warrior, Sword, Dagger, Gun, Cannon, Guard, Staff, Corps, Rank, Shield, Banner, Archer, Bow, Arrow, Camp, Conquest.
6. *From words relating to moods and temperaments*: such as Eatwell, Cram, Nice, Savoury, Joy, Jest, Gay, Merry, Jolly, Witty, Reel, Mock, Hunt, Heat, Sport.
7. *From words relating to musical instruments*: such as Buglehorn, Fiddle, Fife, Horn, Piper, Tabor,

Drum, Timbrel, Harp. 8. *From words relating to epochs of life*: such as Birth, Marriage, Wedlock. 9. *From words relating to shapes*: such as Square, Round, Cone, Globe, Angle, Circus, and Circuit. 10. *From words relating to books*: such as Chart, Deed, Reams, Book, Page, Press, Print, Quire, Quill, Ledger, Annals, Charter, Letter, Card. 11. *From words relating to points of the compass*: such as East, West, North, South, Southern, Western, Bisouth. 12. *From words relating to implements, tools, or commodities*: such as Parcel, Bale, Pack, Box, Coop, Tub, Awl, Saw, Nail, Hone, Punch, Candle, Coke, Couch, Bell, Scraps, Shell, Stirrup. 13. *From words relating to characteristics*: such as Pout, Loon, Late, Regular, Greedy, Dupe, Rant. 14. *From words relating to qualities*: such as Carnal, Anguish, Grief, Fear, Guile, Dudgeon, Proud, Sly, Vain, Lawless, Sawney, Quaint, Shallow, Vague. 15. *From words relating to clothing and ornaments*: such as Garment, Hat, Hood, Cap, Tippet, Shirt, Bonnet, Sash, Patten, Feather, Vest, Hose, Stocking, Gaiter, Brace, Tape, Diaper, Poplin, Silk, Pocket, Plush. 16. *From words relating to diseases and their concomitants*: such as Fever, Palsy, Gout, Fits, Boils, Ricketts, Whitlow, Corns, Chap, Glanders, Spavin, Leper, Pill, Balsam, Bolus, Physic, Lancet, Mortar. 17. *From words relating to liquors*: such as Wine, Port, Sherry, Claret, Negus, Whisky, Stout, Eggbeer, Mead, Perry. 18. *From words relating to colours*: such as Blue, Green, Purple, Scarlet, Lake, Roan, Buff, Grey, Lavender, Cherry, Peach, Sable, Black, White. 19. *From words relating to titles*: such as King, Queen, Noble, Knight, Squire, Baron, Lord, Margrave, Templar, Rex. 20. *From words relating to money*: such as Coin, Cash, Guinea, Pound, Shilling, Sixpence, Penny, Farthing, Mark, Noble, Tester, Pottle, Gill, Mile, Cubit, Furlong, Yard, Inches, Road, Tod, Last, Pound, Barrel, Tons. 21. *From words relating to the weather*: such as Cloud, Dew, Fog, Sky, Mist, Thaw, Sleet, Hail, Rain, Wind, Tempest, Thunder, Lightning, Day, Noon, Star, Manyweathers. 22. *From words relating to figures*: such as Cipher, Unit, Two, Twelves, Score, Twentyman, Forty, Gross, Even, Double. 23. *From words relating to times and seasons*: such as Spring, Summer, March, May, Monday, Halnight, Yearly, Feveryear, Christmas, Lent, Pentecost. 24. *From words relating to commerce*: such as Trader, Seller, Barter, Pay, Ransom, Bonus, Sale, Scrip,

Loan, Borrow. 25. *From words as participles and verbs*: such as Boiling, Buzzing, Riding, Raving, Slaving, Weaving, See, Seek, Took, Seek, Gaze. 26. *From words used as adjectives*: such as Sturdy, Lusty, Doughty, Weakly, Dainty, Tidy, Ready, Pretty, Friendly, Bandy, Crisp, Humble, Slender, Weary, Neat, Dandy, Trollop. 27. *From words relating to singular occupations*: such as Pincher, Gamester, Smiter, Smöker, Bouncer, Bruiser, Snapper, Leader. 28. *From words meaning much ado*: such as Freak, Pother, Row, Rout, Mummery, Cant, Gossip. 29. *From words relating to the Voice*: such as Tone, Tune, Sing, Bass, Shout, Yell, Howl. 30. *From words relating to acts, motions, &c.*: such as Sleep, Strong, Gallant, Jump, Steady, Start, Trip, Step, Stride. 31. *From words relating to gambling*: such as Game, Swindle, Chance, Hazard, Raffle, Billiards, Skittles, Dice. 32. *From words relating to qualities*: such as Rich, Richman, Mean, Stern, Cross, Smart, Haste, Speed, Moist, Damp. 33. *From words designating rivers, mountains, nationalities, &c.*: such as Boyne, Derwent, Tyne, Humber, Severn, Nile, Jordan, Snowdon, Alps, People, Tribe, Kentish, Saxon, Norman, Jew, Kaffir, Pagan. 34. *From words signifying relationship and condition in life*: such as Parent, Stranger, Mother, Sire, Daddy, Husband, Bride, Orphan, Godson. 35. *From words indicating occupations, employments, and offices*: such as Mason, Tiler, Plumber, Builder, Fuller, Potter, Drover, Warder, Clerk, Poet, Mariner, Miller, Baker, Carman. 36. *From words signifying personal names*: such as Eve, Cain, Abel, Moses, Herod, Stephen, Prudence, Ajax, Hector, Fabian, Livy, Rufus, Tudor. 37. *From words referring to comestible and potable things*: such as Food, Feast, Fish, Fowl, Bacon, Hog-flesh, Peasoup, Marrow, Onion, Tiffin, Ginger, Grapes, Quince, Crumb, Lard. 38. *From topographical words*: such as Land, Meadows, Fields, Garden, Way, Highway, Rock, Cliff, Ferry. 39. *From words descriptive of parts of the body*: such as Eyes, Tooth, Sconce, Collarbone, Bowels, Blood, Withers, Pluck, Kneebone, Spittle, Gall, Beak. 40. *From names relating to ships and their associations*: such as Fleet, Hulk, Craft, Cutter, Tug, Keel, Cable, Oar. 41. *From names signifying birds, quadrupeds, reptiles, insects, and fishes*: such as Bird, Kite, Crane, Buzzard, Finch, Snipe, Swallow, Robin, Gull, Crow, Pigeon, Bantam, Gander, Gosling, Brute, Lion, Fox, Wolf,

Stag, Leopard, Bear, Morse, Hart, Hind, Rabbit, Coney, Hare, Pig, Cur, Goat, Lamb, Mouse, Cricket, Flea, Bug, Mite, Fish, Shark, Salmon, Herring, Carp, Pike, Gudgeon, Trout, Sole, Pearl, Barnacle, Cockle, Cuttle. 42. *From words relating to countries and places*: such as Albion, Wales, Gaul, Congo, China, Sidney, Calvary, Gath, Dorset, Troy. 43. *From words relating to London and its suburbs*: such as London, Strand, Holborn, Harrow, Poplar, Hampstead, Kilburn, Richmond, Kew, Algate, Brixton.

It will be noticed in this list of names that several of a characteristic kind are not included. Thus the whole of the names having the prefix of *Mac, Ap,* and *Fitz* are omitted as well as those having the suffix of *son*. These, however, are compound names, and are not essential to the classification afforded by the return.

The compiler who has recorded the names, some of which we have given by way of illustration, has divided his list, as we have seen, into forty-three parts. This was a convenient division in extracting and tabulating the names from the mass that lay before him. But when we come to an analysis of the facts, we find, as a primary and important truth, that there are only a few origins of the names. We may divide these origins into the following parts:—

First and simplest, there are the names that may be called *personal*, that is to say, surnames derived from some name which would now be called a Christian name, and which, in countries where the Christian faith is predominant, would *legally* be so called, to whatsoever creed the possessor of it might belong. These names, which, as I say, we call *Christian* were once the only names; and it is a strange fact, perhaps one of the strangest facts in history, that though now they seem only to be an addition to a surname, they still constitute the true legal name of the owner. The surname, in brief, commencing only as a fashion, remains as such. It may be changed at pleasure, but the Christian name attached to it, and which specially marks its owner, can only be changed by legal process. It was natural, therefore, in the change of fashion which took place when surnames were introduced, that the name by which the person had previously been known should either remain as a surname or should be modified by a prefix such as *Mac*, the son of, or a suffix, such as *son*.

In the second instance, there are the

surnames derived from names of places, towns, counties, countries, villages, even houses in which the person lived. The man would be so-and-so of such a place, or so-and-so belonging to such a place: if the place were his possession, he would be of it; if he merely lived in the place, he would be belonging to it.

In a third division of names come those derived from some inanimate substantive things, such as a stone, a forest, a wood, a mill. The person would be called so-and-so of the mill or of the forest, upon which, by a very slight change, would follow, in many cases, names from occupations connected with the substantive things, such as Miller, Forester, and so forth.

In a fourth instance were surnames derived from the names of animals, which names, characteristic of the animal, were sometimes names of contempt.

Fifthly, there were names derived from qualities of the mind or of the body of the person. The man was sprightly, or strong, or frail, or hardy, or proud, or wild. Even peculiarities arising from disease would come under this head, such as *Fits*, *Splayfoot*, *Leper*, or *Rickets*.

In a sixth and last division were names signifying something more than qualities, that is to say, titles derived from estates, affairs or offices, such as *King*, *Noble*, *Crown*, *Court*, *Judge*, *Sheriff*, and the like.

I have reduced these derivations of names to a few simple and natural forms, in order to lead to the theory I would propound respecting name and race. When the fashion of surnames came into use, the surnames were taken, necessarily, either by accident in each case, or by some order or design which, though not apparent to, nor systematically intended by, those who assumed or conferred the names, was, nevertheless, systematic in result. If the names were taken or applied by accident, then it should follow that in all the races that made up the community the names were indiscriminately mixed. If a systematic plan were consciously or unconsciously followed, then particular names would be stamped upon and adhere to particular races. This latter position is what I believe to be the fact: I mean that at the time when surnames became the fashion in England, the fashion was varied according to the races which then existed.

To make this theory clear, it is essential to glance at the races which existed

on the soil at the time when the surname became a part of the national history. At this period there existed three distinct populations at least. There was the Celtic population, which had been driven, by Saxon encroachments, from the centre of the island to the mountainous districts, to Wales, and to the Highlands of Scotland; there was the Saxon population, which held the most dominant sway, and which was enormously increased in number and power by the Norman Invasion; and there was a Jewish population, the extent of which is not known, but which could not have been inconsiderable. To these might be added, though I exclude them from the present argument, the remains, probably, of a Roman population, and a fragment of a nomadic or gipsy fraternity.

Among these three great races, then — Saxon, Celtic, Jewish — surnames were introduced, developed, and sent onwards. The origin of the names was limited in number, as we have seen, to a few heads, while the classification was devised, unconsciously perhaps, but, as I believe, methodically, by what may be called the peculiarities or idiosyncrasies of each race.

In respect to names that were *personal*, it is probable that all the races followed to some extent the same rule; but the Jewish race most distinctively followed it, and have held most persistently to it, although they have in course of time modified some such names, as when they have turned Abraham into Braham; Levi into Lewis; Jacob into Jacobson; Moses into Moss.

Names derived from *place* were, I think, divided mainly between the Celts and Saxons; the Celts especially taking names derived from localities. This fact becomes most noteworthy when a list of names is taken up, the Celtic nature of which is settled by the prefix of *Mac* or *Ap*.

Names derived from inanimate things and from occupations were assigned, I think, almost exclusively to the Saxons. This was in strict accord with their character as a race. The same rule applies also to names derived from occupations, trades, professions, and callings. There exists in such naming all the elements of Saxon straightforwardness and simplicity. The Saxons were the workers of substantive things; they felled the woods, hewed the stones, dug the ditches, ploughed the fields, sowed, thrashed, and ground the corn, made the bread, constructed the

houses, delved for the metals, netted for the fish, braved the ocean, hunted the wild beast, shepherded the flocks, took charge of the castle or the prison, and in a word pursued all those rude but necessary arts by which a country, as yet devoid of refinement, and unacquainted with active commerce, is prepared to become, by the aid of other hands, refined and commercial. Thus it was natural that to them should be attached the names pertaining to the substantive things they were employing, or to the businesses upon which they were employed; nor can there be a better evidence of Saxon birth and race than a surname so derived.

It would hardly be fair, however, to say that the Saxon mind showed no sign of embellishment of name by adjective synonym. It sometimes added words to express the quality of a name as it might have done of a substance. Camden gives us some very good illustrations of this nature, speaking, however, of English Saxons rather than of Saxons proper. For example the words *ael*, *éal*, and *al*, in compound names signified all, or altogether. So *Ælwin* is a complete conqueror; *Ælbert*, all illustrious, or bright; *Aldred* altogether reverend; *Alfred*, altogether peaceful. *Ælf*, meaning help or assistance, is combined with other words, as *Ælfrin*, assistant strength; *Ælfrwald*, an assistant governor; *Ælfgifa*, helper-giver. *Ard*, belonging to or a natural disposition. So *Godard* means a divine temper; *Giffard*, a liberal temper or disposition; *Bernard*, a filial disposition; *Ricard*, belonging to riches or wealth. *Athel*, or *Æthel*, means noble; so *Æthelred* is noble counsellor; *Æthelward*, a noble ward or protector. *Bald* signifies bold; so *Winbald* is a noble conqueror. *Cen* or *Kin* means kinsfolk; so *Cenéhlem* is a protector of kindred. *Cuth* signifies knowledge or skill; so *Cuthwin* is a skilled conqueror; *Cuthred*, a skilled counsellor; *Cuthbert*, a skilled, famous, or illustrious man. *Fred* means peace; so *Frederic* is wealthy peace; *Winifred*, victorious peace. *Helm* means defence; so *Berthelm* is distinguished defence. *Here* and *Hare* mean an army; so *Harold* is general of an army; *Hareman*, a chief man in the army. *Hild* is lord or lady; so *Hildebert* is illustrious lord; *Mathilda*, noble lady. *Mund* means peace; *Eadmund* is happy peace; *Æl-mund*, all peace. *Ord* means edge or sharpness; so *Ordbright* is clear or bright edge. *Rad* means counsel; so *Conrad* is skilled in council; *Rad* or *Radbert*,

illustrious in council. *Ric* means powerful, rich; so *Alfric* is all rich or strong; *Ricard* is belonging to the strong or rich. *Sig* means victory; so *Sigard* is victorious power or disposition. *Stan* means a superlative man or thing; so *Athelstan* is the most noble; *Wistan* the wisest; *Dunstan* the highest. *Wiht* means strong, nimble, lusty, forming first part of many names, as *Wihtman*. *Willi* signifies many, a multitude; so *Willielmus* is defender of many; *Wildred*, respected of many; *Wilfred*, peace to many. *Win* means war, strength, or love and esteem; thus *Winfred* is victorious peace, as before named. *Wold* and *Wald* mean a ruler or governor; whence *Bertwold*, a famous governor, and *Æthelwold*, a noble governor.

I have quoted these illustrations, with one or two modifications, from Camden, as showing a series of Saxon namings lying a little apart from the mere names of things. This arrangement may have occurred, as will be gathered from the sequel, from a temporary admixture of the Saxon and Celtic races. But it will be observed that in all the illustrations given, there is in each name the Saxon mark of a noun or a substantive thing.

Names indicating qualities, having connected with them no substantive thing, but standing alone, are peculiar, I believe, to the Celtic race. Thus such names as Merry, Jolly, Glorious, Small, Slender, Crouch, Dandy, Friendly, Fair, Flight, Tidy, are good illustrations, as are many names to which the prefix *Mac* is attached. MacDonalld, the son of Donald, derived, according to Lower, from *Donhull*, brown-eyed, is a typical illustration.

Names derived from titles belong, I think, both to the Saxon and to the Celtic races, but most names of this kind are Celtic. The names having relation to some office that has been common to Saxon and Celt alike, would account for their introduction into both races.

Surnames derived from names of animals are very distinctive of race. They belong, it seems to me, from all the evidence I can collect, exclusively to the Jewish race. To take a few illustrations: Lion, Cavallo, Wolf, Hart, Stag, Fox, Lizard, Mole, Rabbit, Hare, Coney, Leveret, Lamb, Cockle, Doe, Parrot, Dove, Pigeon, Hund, Seal, Roe, Deer, Hirsch, and its modification Herschel — these and a great number of similar names, if I had space to record them, would support this view. In many instances, the names have

been variously modified; and again, in many instances, the more striking characteristics of Jewish type and expression have been lost by temporary admixture of race, while the name has been retained; but the alteration is never so perfect as to cover the original facts. In the same way, there are often various modifications of Jewish personal names, but the change rarely, if ever, conceals the truth.

Now and then it may be noted that one name, coming from two sources, may belong to two races, so that there may be distinct families of the same name but of different race. For instance, there is the Saxon *Hare* derived from the same name as Harold, and there is the Jewish *Hare*, derived from the animal. There is the Saxon name *Ross*, derived from a heath or morass, and the Jewish *Ross*, derived from a horse: these illustrations might be greatly extended.

If it be asked how it is the names of animals are attached to representatives of the Jewish race, how, indeed, it can be that they should have names, many of which would be repugnant to their religious belief and ancient faith, this is the answer most consistent with probability: that at the time when the fashion of surnames became common, the Jews, an inoffensive, resistless, despised race, had the objectionable names thrust upon them by those who surrounded them. Some names, perhaps, such as Lion, they might themselves have assumed, while those who were strongest amongst them would fall into the fashion by retaining as surname their original Hebrew name. The rest, less powerful, we may say practically powerless, would have forced on them the names even of contempt their masters chose to bestow.

To sum up. The theory I would present respecting the origin of surnames is, that at the time when the fashion of surnaming came into vogue it developed itself in the three great English races as follows: (A) That personal names, with or without the prefix of *Mac*, *Ap*, *Fitz*, or the suffix *son*, were made common amongst all the races, but were not universally adopted. (B) That the Saxon race and the Celtic alike partly adopted other names derived from places or possessions. (C) That the Saxons assumed, or had assigned to them, other names derived either from substantive things or from occupations. (D) That the Celtic race assumed, or had assigned to them, other names expressive of qualities of mind or body. (E) That a portion

of the Jews had assigned to them, or themselves assumed, the names of various animals.

The theory as to the origin of names in England which I have ventured to propose in the preceding pages I would extend further, by assuming that what occurred at the origin of surnames continues to this day; that admixture of race by marriage, importation of new families from other countries, modifications of old names, and introductions of new names by native families, have done no more than bring a few trivial exceptions to the general rule pertaining to name and race. I submit, moreover, that the characteristics of each of the three great races occupying England and Scotland at the present time are as a rule, stamped in the names which the individuals of the races bear.

When now we look at the pure Saxon, he is as he ever was. He is strong of body, fair of complexion, truthful, industrious, orderly, slow, sure, retentive, courageous, firm, and by comparison with the other races stupid. He fights to the death, and does not much fear to die; he loves devotedly, but his love is confined to his own immediate circle; he hates as intensely as he loves, but he hesitates to hate and confines hatred to a very few objects, his slow perception preventing him from extending widely his bonds either of love or hate. He wanders the earth, liking a home, but caring little where he finds it so long as it is comfortable and isolated; he is social but reserved, and abhors being inspected or overlooked. He paints little, sings little, has very small admiration for other men, and as small a contempt. His belief is in himself, not from any kind of self-satisfaction or active sense of his own importance, but from a want of consciousness that any one else is necessary for his support; to the last of his life he does not foresee, but rather tumbles into, death. Politically he would level the social earth of distinctions as he would the physical earth of trees or rocks or mountains, caring nothing for the natural or artistic forms he has brought to the dust. He is, in fact, the rude pioneer of all the other races of the earth; he serves them all, asking of them no homage, and offering none; the other races follow him in his course, improve his work, and hold him ever in watchful awe.

These are the typical characteristics of the Saxon man, and, varied only in regard to sex, of the Saxon woman.

The race forms the mass of the English people. Caring little for rule or ruling power, and entering sparsely into what is called the governing class of the country, it nevertheless rules all classes. It is the muscular industry of the country, seizing invention; it deals with the solid substantive materials of the earth, and it takes mainly, to itself individually, the name either of the thing or of the work with which it is occupied.

When now we look at the Celt we see him still as he ever was. He is a strong, brilliant man, more active than the Saxon, but wanting Saxon machinery of body and Saxon will for steady labour. A man of quick temper, he is easily led into passion of mirth, or of anger, or of grief, and easily led out of either; loving and hating by turns the same object; ingenious in work and perceptive; quick to learn, and analytical. At home he is disorderly and improvident. Ready at any time to fight, he cares little, comparatively, for the object of the contest. Not so truthful as the Saxon, he is much more ambitious of applause. Liking to wield power, he aims to rule by series of fixed principles, which he can invent but cannot control. Fond of art, he is busy ever in turning Saxon heaps into goodly palaces. This race forms the artistic part and active social part of English life. It is a race of qualities, and in its surnames, when they differ from the Saxon, it takes what it represents, qualities as distinct from things.

When now we look at the Jew in England, he is as he ever was, except, happily, that he is less oppressed. Small of stature, dark of complexion, and, by comparison, feeble of limb, he differs as much from Saxon as from Celt, although socially he combines more readily with the Saxon. The labours of the Saxon in the fields, on the waves, in the factory, in the mines, he despises, or at all events disowns, for his part. The battle field of the Celt gives him no idea of glory. Still he labours hard in his own line, which is that of utilizing commercially the muscular labour of the Saxon, and the artistic labour of the Celt. He maintains a strong sympathy with all his own race, but towards other races, though he may be friendly disposed to them, he feels no bond. His domestic life is, as a rule, the most perfect; and his vitality far surpasses that of his compeers. Provident of his own and protective of his brother, his rival races know so little of his poor, that a professed Jew in an

English workhouse is a wonder. He carries, as his name, either that of his fathers, or the name that was imposed upon him when he was the most oppressed; or now sometimes changes his name, taking one of Latin origin, as Lawrence. These are the Jews proper, if I may use the term, those who still retain their peculiarities as a people; they, however, represent but a comparatively small proportion of the Jewish element amongst us. If name and type of body may be taken for evidence of race, as the theory I offer suggests, there exists in our midst a population of feebly Christianized Jews, equal probably, in numbers, to either of the other races, which blends with the other races, yet remains racially distinct, and unconsciously acts, in politics, commerce, and education, sympathetically and practically with the professed Jews, from whom it seems to hold itself apart.

In politics the Saxon is democratic; the Celt aristocratic and feudal; the Jew neutral, but leaning towards the Celtic side, especially in his desire to found a great house and exalt his own race.

In religion, the Saxon is Protestant in the fullest sense of that word, to the extent, indeed, of claiming the most perfect right of judging for himself, and of hating any and every functionary who shall dare to judge for him. The Celt is Catholic; he is lured by the sacred symbolism of the Church; he lets his every sense luxuriate in the mysteries of the altar, and gives his emotions full play in the varying services of the varying seasons. He prefers, in the mystical solemnities of religion, that he should be guided; and so he maintains zealously what the Saxon would as zealously destroy, the order of the priesthood and its proselytizing influences. The Jew, though differing from the Celt in belief, leans towards the priestly order, and accepts ceremonials, fasts, and rituals, which to the Saxon would be intolerable; but he never proselytizes, and, indeed, rarely speaks of the faith he holds nearest to his heart.

All these peculiarities belong to our English races, together with others of a physiological kind, which now I cannot include. They belong also through race to name; and the day I take it will come, when the Priest, the Politician, and the Physician will respectively learn many a useful lesson from a knowledge of this relationship.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE RESTORATION OF THE MOGHUL BUILDINGS AT AGRA.

THE buildings within the fort of Akbar at Agra, and the Taj-Mehal, form an architectural group of unsurpassed beauty and interest. No creed possesses a place of worship expressing a more exalted or purer spirit of devotion than the Mo'i Musjid. To its glittering white domes, crowned with gold, and its long, silent marble aisles, the opening line of Wordsworth's sonnet has been applied,

Quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration.

Nor has human love ever raised a more beautiful memorial of its joy and sorrow than *The dream in marble*, on the banks of the Jumna.

It was my good fortune the other day to visit these buildings and the vast palaces of the fort in company with two gentlemen, to whose care the works of restoration have been entrusted by the Government of the North-Western Provinces; and it occurred to me at the time, that some account of these noble works, and what was being done to preserve them, might not be uninteresting to a portion of the English public.

The fort is a spacious building of red sandstone, with battlements nearly seventy feet in height, and about a mile and a half in circuit. It was built chiefly by Akbar, the grandson of Tamerlane the Tartar, and was, for a considerable time, the principal residence of this monarch. Crossing the moat, and passing through the great barbican, known as the Delhi Gate, we arrive at an open square in front of the Diwan-i-Am, or public audience hall. To this square, doubtless, the public in former days were admitted, while high above in the open pavilion sat the Emperor, surrounded by his court. We read in Eastern tales of the king "sitting in the gate" dispensing justice; and here, to the entrance of the palace, would the Great Moghul come and settle, for the sake of effect, in a summary manner, a few cases, either of a fictitious description, or carefully selected for the opportunities they afforded of eliciting a theatrical display of justice. Here, too, would the young noblemen and military adventurers display their skill in arms and horsemanship before the court; and here would the great pageant of war be mimicked, and peaceful battles fought with more than the splendour of serious hostilities.

The so-called gates of Somnath were

formerly kept here, but have now been removed to another portion of the building. It will be remembered that they were said to have been those taken by Mahmoud of Ghuznee, in A.D. 877, from a celebrated temple of the Brahmans at Pattan Somnath in Guzerat; and afterwards recovered by our victorious army from Cabul; giving Lord Ellenborough occasion to tell the Hindoos, in his famous proclamation, that the injuries of a thousand years had been avenged. Unfortunately, however, for the poetry of Lord Ellenborough's proclamation, these gates, although very ancient, have never been nearer Somnath than they are at the present moment. While the gates of Somnath were of sandal-wood, these, by aid of the microscope, have been proved to be of mountain pine (deodar); and a casual observer can see that the carved designs are not Hindoo, but Mahomedan. Mr. Alexander—who has charge of the restoration, and whose antiquarian knowledge and enthusiasm, in addition to his professional skill as an engineer, eminently fit him for the work—has had these gates, which were in the last stage of decay, repaired; and he intends placing them with a number of other objects of interest in a room of the palace, to be set apart as a museum.

To return to the Diwan-i-Am, I may mention that, although not so large as the great public reception rooms of some European sovereigns, it is still a very noble hall, 200 feet in length, and 75 in breadth. The roof is supported by forty pillars, which were bricked up in front at the Mutiny to form an armoury; the open square in front being also closed to the public. It is only now, therefore, that the place, for many years, can be viewed in its original condition. Lord Ellenborough held a *darbar* here, seated on the throne of the Moghul Emperors; and it is not unlikely that in the ensuing cold season Lord Northbrook may here receive the tributary princes of Rajputana.

Leaving the Diwan-i-Am, we pass into the palace gardens. On the left is seen a singularly beautiful marble cupola of a design almost purely European. Part of it had fallen, and it was the intention of Government to send it to Allahabad; but this design was abandoned, and it has now been restored at a cost of 300*l*. Beyond the gardens we come to the Diwan-i-Khass, or private hall of audience. This is an exquisite chamber of white marble, divided into aisles by long lines of pillars of wonderful beauty. The

marble is everywhere relieved by graceful floral designs, formed of countless blood-stones, agates, cornelians, lapis-lazuli, and other precious stones, inlaid with marvellous art. This hall was rapidly falling into decay. But a new roof—an iron roof—not perhaps quite in keeping with the rest of the building, but sufficient to preserve it from decay), now covers it; and the whole has been thoroughly repaired at a cost of some 2,000*l*. We now pass up to the Summan Boorj, overlooking and commanding a splendid view of the Jumna. Here, huge blocks of Jeypore marble are lying about, and growing into shape in the hands of native artisans, working with tools of the most primitive appearance. We seem to be at the building of the palace. There is nothing to remind us of modern times. Boats of grotesque shape, laden with corn, are floating lazily down on the bosom of the river. At the neighbouring ghâts, pious Hindoos are bathing in the sacred waters, or, seated on little platforms, a yard or two from shore, are mumbling their prayers. Beside me is a *Mussulman* stonecutter, placing his forehead on the earth as he repeats the name of Allah in his noon devotions. High overhead “sailing on sleeping wings” the Indian kite whistles that sad air of his, which once heard can never be forgotten. There is neither sight nor sound to remind me that I am in the nineteenth century, and that Akbar has been sleeping in his grave more than three hundred years. But the workmen busy around me are not the servants of Akbar, but are employed by Sir William Muir, one of the satraps of Akbar's successor, Lord Northbrook. They are restoring the Summan Boorj, a delightful little marble summer house; to which the ladies of the court had access. I dare say they would come and sit here of a summer evening to enjoy the breeze from the river, and watch the swallows darting down madly from the eaves to skim the surface of the water. It must have been a charming little retreat. It is an octagonal room, built on one of the bastions of the fort, and is surmounted by a cupola with a gilded dome. Its white marble walls are everywhere inlaid in the richest style of Florentine mosaic. Geometric designs, plain borders, and wreaths of flowers, wrought in coloured marbles, jasper, onyx, cornelian, carbuncles, malachite, and lapis lazuli, adorn every part.

Here that Jehan would have sat, look-

ing along the stream of the Jumna — have watched the erection of the Taj-Mehal; or played on the marble chequered floor outside the game of “puchesse” (a kind of chess) with his women. And the boatmen, floating lazily down, might have heard now and then, snatches of Persian song proceeding from yon little tower high up in the great moonlit imperial palace. The restoration of this portion of the palace will also cost, it is estimated, 2,000/. Leaving this charming little summer drawing-room, we may take a peep at the harem bath-room. It is a large, dimly-lighted chamber, covered with paintings and mirrors, in which many a lovely female form has doubtless been reflected. The water as it enters is made to fall in cascades over rows of lamps, to which, when we add groups of dripping Nereids, we form a *tout ensemble* that almost equals the transformation scene of a pantomime. We now proceed to the Khass Mehal, or private drawing-room. It is composed of two courts, the inner and outer; the former profusely decorated with painting and gilding, and having windows of marble trellis, and panels of white marble, thin to transparency, overlooking the river. The roof of this the Government is now restoring, at a cost of 1,000/. From the Khass Mehal we proceed through a passage and courtyard to the private apartments of the Emperor. These are of plain red sandstone. Here died Shahjehan, whose palace I have now finished describing, in virtual captivity to his son.

The palace of Jehangir stands alongside that of his son. It is distinctly Hindoo in character, and has now fallen into a state of utter dilapidation. We here find the designs of wooden buildings slavishly imitated in stone, stone beams and stone lintels. There are few arches. The roof is generally supported on massive struts of red sandstone, carved with dragons. It was here, in one of the private apartments, that the Emperor met, for the second time, Noor Jehan. When they first met she was betrothed to a nobleman, but Jehangir having procured his death, brought the beautiful bride to Agra, and after having kept her here in the palace for four years without seeing her, married her, and gave her a share in the government of the empire. Both palaces abound in secret passages. All the public chambers are connected with the harem by corridors opening on little platforms, where,

as in the House of Commons, protected by a grille — here, however, of stone — from the vulgar gaze, the ladies of the court could witness the great pageants of State. Even the outer courtyard is thus connected by a long passage with the seraglio. There is a passage terminating in a little chamber separated by a stone screen from the outer world, where pretty maids-of-honour and imperial concubines higgled by the cloth merchants of Delhi and Cashmere for shawls and brocades. Near this corner is the Nagina Musjid, a small oratory for the women, approached by winding staircases and latticed corridors; but from what one can learn of Indian ladies, it was presumably little used.

It is hardly within the scope of this article to describe the Moti Musjid, as it is in need of no repair. It stands as perfect as the day when the scaffoldings were removed, and the sculptors turned to gaze on their completed work. But, as the old approach to it has been opened up, and the difficulty of obtaining access to it, which formerly existed, has been removed, I may say a few words about it, as being indirectly connected with the restoration. A distant view of it presents three domes, “seen like silvery bubbles which have rested a moment on its walls, and which the next breeze will sweep away.” Entering, you find yourself in a spacious enclosure of white marble, beyond which a step or two takes you into the Mosque proper, a broad pavilion of several aisles, separated by rows of columns which support the roof. Everything is the purest white marble — floor, pillars, roof. You can see nothing else — glittering, polished marble everywhere. It is 142 feet long by 56 feet deep; but the pillars, revealing the perspective, and the uniformity of colour preserving the line of vision from interruption, heighten the effect. It is not its size, however, but the wonderful perfection of its proportions, and the marvellous combination of simplicity and grace, that strike every beholder. When I first saw it I felt quite overwhelmed with delight and surprise. I had never been so struck by any building, not even by the Taj. In the Moti Musjid nothing calls for your wonder or admiration but the true architectural beauties; whereas, in the Taj, one might be overcome alone by the great evidences of human labour, and by the vast wealth of gems and marble. Mr. Bayard Taylor says of this exquisite temple: “To my eye it is absolutely per-

fect. While its architecture is the purest Saracenic, which some suppose cannot exist without ornament, it has the severe simplicity of Doric art. It has in fact nothing which can be properly called ornament. It is a sanctuary so pure and stainless, revealing so exalted a spirit of worship, that I felt humbled, as a Christian, to think that our noble religion has never inspired its architects to surpass this temple to God and Mahommed." During the Mutiny this mosque was used as a hospital, but came out of the ordeal unscathed. Even the British soldier refrained from injuring it, either by recording his valuable signature on its walls, or chipping off fragments to preserve as relics. It has escaped the perils of war and weather, and now stands as perfect and lovely as the day on which it was completed—still true to its name, "The Pearl of Mosques."

I do not propose to enter here into any description of the Taj-Mehal. This marvellous tomb is, either from pencil or pen, a familiar object to all. I shall only conclude with a word as to the repairs it

is about to undergo. During the Mutiny a great number of the precious stones with which it is inlaid, were picked out with pen-knives and other sharp instruments. When peace was restored, many of the wounds thus inflicted were closed with mortar and then painted to resemble the absent gems. It would be difficult to conceive anything in worse taste than the design or execution of this restorative work; and the Government of the North-Western Provinces have now instructed Mr. Alexander, acting in council with Mr. Keene—the author of a charming account of Agra, &c., the historian of the Moghul Empire—to restore the mosaic as far as possible to its original integrity, and to regild the great ornament that crowns the dome; and for this purpose they have set aside a sum of 7,000*l*.

The restoration of the grandest works of the former conquerors is a graceful and generous act, the effect of which will not be thrown away upon the people.

G. R. A.-M.

WHY THE RED SEA IS CALLED RED.—A question that has puzzled scholars found a solution some time since in the observation of an American sub-marine diver. Smith's Bible Dictionary discusses learnedly the name of the Red Sea. The dictionary surmises that the name was derived from the red western mountains, red coral zoöphites, etc., and appears to give little weight to the real and natural reason which came under our American's notice. On one occasion the diver observed, while under sea, that the curious wavering shadows, which cross the lustrous, golden floor like Fraunhofer's lines on the spectrum, began to change and lose themselves. A purple glory of intermingled colors darkened the violet curtains of the sea chambers, reddening all glints and tinges with an angry fire. Instead of that lustrous, golden firmament, the thallassphere darkened to crimson and opal. The walls grew purple, the floor as red as blood; the deep itself was purpled with the venous hue of de-oxidized life currents.

The view on the surface was even more magnificent. The sea at first assumed the light, tawny or yellowish red of sherry wine. Anon, this wine color grew indistinct with richer radiance; as far as the eye could see, and flashing in the crystalline splendor of the Arabian sun, was glorious as a sea of rose. The dusky red sandstone hills, with a border of white sand and green and flowered foliage, like an elabo-

ately wrought cup of Bohemian glass enamelled with brilliant flowers, held the sparkling liquid petals of that rosy sea. The surface, on examination, proved to be covered with a thin brick-dust layer of infusoria slightly tinged with orange. Placed in a white glass bottle, this changed into a deep violet, but the wide surface of the external sea was of that magnificent and brilliant rose color. It was a new and pleasing example of the lustrous, ever varying beauty of the ocean world. It was caused by diatomaceæ, minute algæ, which under the microscope revealed delicate threads gathered in tiny bundles, and containing rings, blood disks, of that curious coloring matter in tiny tubes.

Transcript.

THE influence exercised by the moon on meteorological phenomena, has been the subject of a communication to the Académie des Sciences of Paris, by M. Marchaud. From examining the distribution of storms between the years 1785 and 1872 he supposes that he detects some relation between the appearance of storms and the age of the moon, and he attempts to show by tables that the moon has an appreciable influence on the temperature and pressure of the air, on the state of the sky and the distribution of rain.

Athenæum.

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"LES GANTS GLACES."

(AN ANECDOTE OF THE FRONDE, 1650.)

WRAPPED in smoke stood the towers of Rethel,
The battle surged fierce by the town,
On terror, and struggle, and turmoil,
The sweet skies of Champagne looked down.
Far away smiled the beautiful uplands,
The blue Vosges lay solemn beyond ;
Well France knew such discord of colour,
In the terrible days of the Fronde.

At the breach in the ramparts of Rethel
Each stone was bought dearly by blood,
For De Raslin was leading the stormers,
And Turenne on the battlements stood.
Again and again closed the conflict,
The madness of strife upon all.
Right well fought the ranks of the marshal,
Yet twice they fell back from the wall.

Twice, thrice, repulsed, baffled, and beaten,
They glared, where in gallant array,
Brave in gilding, and 'broidery, and feather,
The Guards, in reserve, watched the fray.
"En avant les gants glacés !" they shouted,
As sullenly rearward they bore,
The gaps deep and wide in their columns,
The lilies all dripping in gore.

"En avant les gants glacés !" and laughing
At the challenge, the Household Brigade
Dressed ranks, floated standards, blew trum-
pets,
And flashed out each glittering blade ;
And carelessly, as to a banquet,
And joyously as to a dance,
Where the Frondeurs in triumph were gath-
ered,
Went the best blood of Scotland and France.

The gay plumes were shorn as in tempest,
The gay scarves stained crimson and black,
Storm of bullet and broadsword closed o'er
them,
Yet never one proud foot turned back.
Though half of their number lay silent,
On the breach their last effort had won,
King Louis was master of Rethel
Ere the day and its story was done.

And the fierce taunting cry grew a proverb,
Ere revolt and its horrors were past ;
For men knew, ere o'er France's fair valleys,
Peace waved her white banner at last,
That the softest of tones in the boudoir,
The lightest of steps in the "ronde,"
Was theirs, whose keen swords bit the deep-
est
In the terrible days of the Fronde.

All The Year Round.

IN HOLDERNESS.

THE wind blew over the barley, the wind blew
over the wheat,
Where the scarlet poppy toss'd her head, with
the bindweed at her feet ;
The wind blew over the great blue sea, in the
golden August weather,
Till the tossing corn and the tossing waves
showed shadow and gleam together.

The wind blew over the barley, the wind blew
over the oats,
The lark sprang up to the sunny sky, and
shook his ringing notes,
Over the wealth of the smiling land, the sweep
of the glittering sea.
"Which is the fairest ?" he sang, as he soared
o'er the beautiful rivalry.

And with a fuller voice than the wind, a deeper
tone than the bird,
Came the answer from the solemn sea, that
Nature, pausing, heard,
"The corn will be garner'd, the lark will be
hush'd, at the frown of the wintry
weather,
The sun will fly from the snow-piled sky, but
I go on for ever !"

All The Year Round.

"YESTERDAY."

WE heard the thrush's five long notes of woe,
Or joy — who learns the song may say,
We only listened when the sun was low ;
But that was yesterday.

We found some violets underneath the hedge,
We gather'd blue-bells in the wild wood
way,
We pull'd the king-cups from the rustling
sedge ;
But that was yesterday.

We watch'd the river's further ripple leap
To catch the sun's last kiss, and grey
Soft mists of evening up the valley creep ;
But that was yesterday.

We sang together for the love and might
Of God and spring, and then she lay
Upon my breast, weary with her delight ;
But that was yesterday.

Alone I wait and watch the sun go down,
Counting dumb hours that I must stay,
Ere that supreme One comes with cross and
crown,
Bringing back yesterday.

Sunday Magazine.

C. BROCKE.

From The Quarterly Review.

MARY SOMERVILLE.*

"WE shall never certainly know, though it may be that hereafter we shall be able to guess, what Science lost, through the all but utter neglect of the unusual powers of Mary Fairfax's mind." †

In entering this observation in the Obituary of the Astronomical Society, the distinguished Secretary naturally regarded Mrs. Somerville's early training from the point of view of the gains and losses of Science. Readers of the book before us will probably be tempted rather to consider it from that of the interests of the woman herself, who reveals herself therein as so singularly blessed in mind, heart, and circumstances; and to conclude that, after all, it could not be a very bad education which left its recipient to write its playful history fourscore years afterwards with undimmed eyes, unclouded intellect, and unwavering faith. These "Recollections" are, indeed, the best illustration of the truth that no education can be wholly defective which leaves Youth and Nature together; and none deserving to be called complete which keeps them asunder. Sun and air, sea-shore and mountain-side, trees, flowers, shells and animals, are the very best of all primers and manuals, and these Mary Fairfax was happily permitted to con in unrestrained freedom, even while the gallant old Admiral, her father, peremptorily shut up her Euclid, observing to her mother, "Peg, we must put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a straight-jacket. There was X., who went mad about the longitude!" The opposite mistake, when book-learning is crammed into the over-tasked brain of a child never allowed to ramble in the woods and, "paddle i' the burn" is beyond all doubt or question infinitely the worst of the two. Let us recall poor Margaret Fuller's account of her miserable education, and then judge whether a "little wholesome neglect," such as Mary Fair-

fax enjoyed on the Links of Burntisland, was not immeasurably preferable; —

My father instructed me himself, and thought to gain time by bringing forward the intellect as early as possible. Frequently I was sent to bed several hours too late, with nerves unnaturally stimulated; the consequence was, a premature development of the brain, which made me a youthful prodigy by day, and by night a victim of spectral illusions, nightmare, and somnambulism, which at the time prevented the development of my bodily powers and checked my growth, while later they induced continual headache and nervous affections of all kinds, and will surely bring me to a premature grave. My aunts cried out upon the "spoiled child" who was never willing to go to bed. They did not know that as soon as the light was taken away she seemed to see colossal faces advancing slowly towards her, the eyes dilating, and each feature swelling loathsomely. They did not know that when at last she went to sleep it was to dream (as she had just read in her Virgil) of being among trees that dripped with blood where she walked, and could not get out; while the blood became a pool, and plashed over her feet, and rose till she dreamed it would reach her lips.*

And all this at eight years old! Of course, the provoking thing is, that parents not otherwise positively imbecile, should choose either extreme, and leave a mind like Mary Fairfax's thirsting for a few drops of knowledge, while they pour it down the throat of another, like Margaret Fuller, after the fashion of the water-torture of Madame Brinvilliers. Such blunders are not infrequent in the treatment of boys, as the autobiography of Mr. Mill may exemplify, but we might be tempted to think a girl must be a recently-developed variety of the human species, the laws of whose physical and mental constitution are as yet unexplored; so persistently do alternate generations of her teachers oscillate from one extravagance to another in her education.

Miss Somerville, in introducing her mother's "Recollections" observes that "The life of a woman entirely devoted to her family duties and to scientific pursuits affords little scope for a biography.

* *Personal Recollections of Mrs. Somerville.* By her Daughter, Martha Somerville. London, 1873.

† "Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society," February 1873. Reprinted in "Light Science for Leisure Hours," by Richard A. Proctor. Pp. 2-12.

* "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli," p. 252.

There are in it neither stirring events nor brilliant deeds to record." Certainly, if the special interest of biographies lies in such matters, and the memoirs of each individual be but a morsel, more or less glittering, in the great mosaic of history, Mary Somerville's long, spotless, and unobtrusive life, was scarcely worth recording. If however, as we hold, on the contrary, the peculiar charm and use of the delightful class of books in question is, that they give us glimpses into human nature, not bird's-eye views of senates and battlefields, — if a biography be to a history what the painting of a flower is to a treatise on botany, — then we are sure Miss Somerville has done wisely to dismiss the hesitation which she says she experienced regarding the publication of these "Recollections." They give the freshest, simplest picture imaginable of a character which, if the world were a good deal wiser and happier than it is, would still be (as Mary Fairfax's Scotch kinsfolk would say) "good for sair e'en to look upon." Amid all the shallow pretentiousness of this and every age, we could ill have afforded to let slip the memory of one who exhibited, as nearly as possible, the converse of these characteristics, and whose life was the refutation of two of the most disheartening of modern doctrines — to wit, that the highest culture of one faculty of human nature involves the starvation of the rest; and that it is impossible, at the present stage of science, for a great Intellect to retain a great Faith.

We shall hope to offer evidence enough of the justice of these assertions in passing lightly through the "Recollections," and adding to them a few letters and reminiscences from private sources. Before proceeding to this task, we need only briefly remark that Miss Somerville has done her part, in introducing and weaving together the papers and letters in her possession, with excellent tact and judgment. The besetting sins of biographies written by affectionate relatives — the insertion of a mass of details of little or no interest to the world at large, or else the exposure of matters too sacred for publication — have both been avoided. The

"Recollections" are each amusing, picturesque, or instructive; and the letters introduced among them, whether written by Mrs. Somerville herself, or addressed to her by her friends Herschel, Faraday, Humboldt, Brougham, &c., possess generally some interest apart from the writers' names. At the close of the volume we feel that we have had too few, rather than too many, of the relics of so rich a life. Her daughter has been somewhat avaricious as regards them, and, so far as her own share in the book is concerned, has written as little as it was possible to do while conveying the needful facts and stringing her beads into a chain. Narrow, however, as is the margin which Miss Somerville has given to her work, it affords her mother's reminiscences just their appropriate setting, and, in reading the few sentences in which she describes her habits and looks, and certain traits of her character, we are vividly reminded of the *milieu* of tender affection and reverence (none the less deep because often playful) wherein was passed that singularly blessed old age. Numberless expressions, indeed, in Mrs. Somerville's letters and "Recollections," witness how successful were the filial and conjugal devotion which surrounded her in making the long evening of her life almost cloudlessly happy; and if we owed Miss Somerville no other debt, we should be glad thus to learn how little the most exceptional intellectual gifts, devoted to a peculiarly dry order of studies, interfere with domestic affection. Far from forming an obstacle in the way, or keeping Mrs. Somerville at a distance from her husband and children, it is obvious that they introduced additional ties of sympathy and respect into their relations, and that the wife and mother was all the more dearly cherished because she was a great deal else beside a good wife and an affectionate parent.

The Saxon name of Fairfax (Fair-head-of-hair) is one of those which crop up at intervals down the whole path of English history. In Ferdinand (first Lord Fairfax of Cameron) it came to the front at Marston Moor, and again in Sir Thomas, second Lord Fairfax, Commander-in-

Chief of the Parliamentary Forces, at Naseby. A certain Richard Fairfax, of Walton, ancestor of all the known branches of the family, counted before him eight generations of squires seated at Walton, and himself became a distinguished Chief Justice of England in the reign of Henry VI. From him came Sir William Fairfax of Walton (whose descendants were ennobled as Viscounts Fairfax of Emlyn, now represented by the Fairfaxes of Gilling Castle, Yorkshire), and a younger son and grandson, successively Chief Justices of the King's Bench and Common Pleas. From the elder son of the latter (disinherited for assisting in the sack of Rome), came the gallant Fairfaxes of Cameron above mentioned; and from the younger son, Gabriel, who inherited Walton, the Fairfaxes of Steeton, one of whom, Robert Fairfax, of Newton Kyme, was Vice-Admiral of the Fleet in the beginning of the last century.

Mrs. Somerville's father, Admiral Sir William Fairfax (son of Joseph Fairfax, of Bagshot, who served in the army in 1745), was no unworthy scion of this old stock, and seems to have exemplified pretty nearly to the life the popular ideal of a gallant and pious sailor of the Pre-Education epoch, when Dibdin sang and Competitive Examinations were yet undreamed of. Sent to sea as a midshipman at ten years old, there was little fear that he would ever "go mad about the longitude;" but he was, as his daughter lovingly describes him, "of a brave and noble nature; a perfect gentleman both in appearance and character." As a matter of course, he was also a fierce old Tory; and once, hearing little Mary, with infantine levity, expressing a wish that men would discard pig-tails, the Admiral, who, like the rest of the world, viewed those appendages as the very insignia of loyalty to Church and King, thundered out, "By G——, when a man cuts off his queue his head should go with it!" When it came, however, to fighting the French at the terrible odds of Camperdown, saving his ships in a storm wherein all the other vessels in sight foundered, and dealing with the perilous mutiny of

the fleet, William Fairfax proved such an officer as England may rejoice to find standing under her flag at any hour of difficulty, even among those who have passed through the closest sieve of competitive examination. Fitly mated with this brave sailor, his wife, the daughter of Samuel Charters, was, we are told, "remarkable for good sense and great strength of expression, exceedingly distinguished and ladylike in appearance and manners," "very sincere and devout in her religion," and "seldom reading anything but the Bible and the newspaper." Of this worthy couple four children were born; Samuel, who died young in India; Henry, who distinguished himself in the Peninsular war, and received a baronetcy* for his services; two daughters, Mary, the authoress of the "Connection of the Physical Sciences," and Margaret, who died in early life. Seldom could the much misused word "well-born" be more justly applied than to one who came of such a stock, and was blessed with parents so qualified to transmit vigour and healthfulness of body and mind; yet no theory of Hereditary Genius hitherto broached will help us altogether to fathom the subtle causes which in a brave and honourable, but wholly unliterary and unscientific family, suddenly produced a woman dowered with the extraordinary aptitude of Mary Fairfax for the most recondite processes of mathematical research. Whether any female brain, except, perhaps, Hypatia's or Caroline Herschel's (both daughters of men of science), has ever possessed equal ability of the same peculiar and specialized kind cannot be affirmed; but in any case the phenomenon deserves to be added to the instances which our present theories fail to explain. Nor was there, seemingly, even any particular physiological adaptation for unusually heavy work in the organ in which it was so long and so vigorously carried on. Mrs. Somerville's head was rather smaller than those of other women of her moderate height, and the impression which its form con-

* Inherited by his son, now living, Sir William George Herbert Taylor Fairfax, Bart.

veyed was that of extreme delicacy of feeling, and elevation of character rather than of power. Head, countenance, figure, manners, all were in perfect harmony with the gentle, intelligent, well-bred lady who talked so pleasantly in society, painted such pretty pictures, touched the piano with such taste, and worked such lovely embroidery. They all seemed, from first to last, unaccountable, as the outward *signalement* of the mind which in its prime wrought out the "Mechanism of the Heavens;" and at ninety-two toyed with Quaternions for recreation, as other old women are wont to knit antimacassars and play at patience.

We are all familiar with Hans Andersen's delightful fable, and are ready to concede that when a young swan happens to be hatched in a brood wherein only farmyard fowls are anticipated, it is natural that nobody should know what to make of it. We cannot blame the stout old Admiral, for whose memory his daughter cherished the tenderest affection, because it never once entered his pigtail-decorated head that Providence had dropped a genius into the little nest at Burntisland, wherein he rested now and then for a few months between his voyages and battles; and as to good Lady Fairfax, her notions of what a girl could or should be taught clearly did not far transcend the dictum of the Chinese sage: "The glory of a man is knowledge, but the glory of a woman is to renounce knowledge." There was, however, one kind of wisdom which she did not neglect to teach — that which, of all others, it belongs to a mother to give, and whose lack it is so hard for any later tutorship to supply — the blessed Tradition of Prayer. "My mother," says Mrs. Somerville, "taught me to read the Bible and to say my prayers; otherwise she allowed me to grow up a wild creature." The ignorance so left was soon dispelled; the knowledge so given lighted up the long vista of the life of fourscore years and ten, "shining unto the perfect day."

Mrs. Somerville was born on the 26th of December, 1780. There was an *ancien régime* of manners and ideas in the British Isles in those days, no less than in France, and if the revolution which has overthrown it here has been slow and bloodless, it has been scarcely less thorough a turning of the wheel, albeit neither kings nor rulers have been crushed beneath. For one feature of the bygone order of things which had no little importance in Mary Fairfax's early destiny,

a phase of life was then very common which is now exceedingly rare, and perhaps only to be found in a few quiet old towns in France and Germany. We may describe it as that of High-bred Frugality. Well-born people might be poor, and might live with the strictest parsimony, and eke out their scanty means by self-help and contrivances of a sort which would expose them to the unmitigated derision of the modern kitchen, and yet nevertheless, as a matter of course, take their place always and everywhere among the best in the land. In many of the provincial centres (Bath and Edinburgh as special examples) the whole arrangements of society seem to have been made with a view to these poverty-suffering but not poverty-stricken ladies and gentlemen; and it would appear that so long as the man could keep one dress-coat, and the woman make up a muslin dress at remote intervals, there were few social pleasures out of their reach. There is no use in regretting a state of manners which belonged to a wholly different stage of political and commercial progress; but it can hardly be set down to the credit side of our balance of happiness that in the place of this high-bred Frugality we have an all-pervading and essentially low-bred Wastefulness as regards domestic life, and habits of luxury which prohibit social pleasures to thousands of persons eminently qualified to partake and diffuse them. In Mary Fairfax's youth, however, as we have said, the *ancien régime* still prevailed in England, and still more rigidly in Scotland. Her whole early life to the time of her second marriage was spent under restrictions which enforced the simplest possible mode of living and the utmost limitation of indulgences; but none the less she possessed the supreme advantage of associating with refined and high-minded people, and with the persons most distinguished in her country for genius and culture. Home and Blair and Walter Scott are among the familiar names in her parents' circle, and her uncle, Dr. Somerville (whose son she afterwards married), seems to have been one of the most able and enlightened men of the day.

It is a pretty picture that of the delicately-moulded and exquisitely fair little girl, to whose young brain every fresh sight and sound was the spring of thought and emotion, rambling, as she describes herself, alone and free as the wind, about the fields and shores of the Firth of Forth. We may fancy her

about the years 1785-1790 from five to ten years old, bounding over the "Links" of Burntisland, then a lonely spot, with the short grass growing where the poor people had right of pasturage, and low hills covered with gorse and heather, running down to a long stretch of sandy beach. Her father's house had a garden where beautiful flowers were cultivated, and which terminated in a ledge of low black rocks washed by the sea, and in the hollows of these rocks, and among the gorse and the heather, and along the sandy shore, little Mary Fairfax was never tired of searching for shells and flowers and seaweeds and all the living things of air and water to be found therein. With the simple fishing people living around she seems also to have been on terms of the friendliest intimacy, and to have taken extreme interest in all their quaint old-world customs: the fish-wives selling her brother a dozen oysters for a halfpenny, and claiming a kiss for the thirteenth; the "gaberlunzie" men, with their licence for begging; the "howdies" presiding over the distribution of hot ale and "scones" on the occasion of a birth, and the "passing bell," followed by the cry of "Oyez," which still announced the moment of a death. Then for home amusements there were feeding the birds and bottling gooseberries, and reading the "Arabian Nights," and "Robinson Crusoe," and "Pilgrim's Progress." Companions of her own age she had none, unless when her brother came home for his holidays, and with dolls she never cared to play; the dawning instinct which makes that curious rehearsal of the drama of the nursery a passion for many girls having no development in her mind. A little older, after the terrible interlude, presently to be described, of the fashionable Musselburgh school, Mary was "like a wild animal escaped out of a cage." House and garden and the immediate shore and links were too narrow for her, and she wandered free and far, gathering star-fish and urchins on the sands, picking up and carefully preserving "broken bits of stone, with beautiful impressions of what seemed to be leaves," which "astonished" her and caused her to wonder and ponder what they might signify, ere yet the name of geology had reached her ears. Then there were sea-birds' eggs to be studied, received as gifts from sailors returning from whaling expeditions, and fearful legends to be listened to of the "Kraken"

of the great North Sea, which looked like an island covered with sand till some hapless crew landed on it, and then it plunged them into the depths below. Far away were woods where ferns and fox-gloves and primroses were to be gathered, and a stream on whose banks were fresh-water mussels, known to contain pearls; but little Mary Fairfax would not kill the creatures to get at their pearls, and so the mussels remained untouched.

But life is not all made up of summer-days and long-shore rambles, and even in Sir William and Lady Fairfax's very moderate estimate of the requirements of female education it was necessary that their daughter should be taught something else beside the colours of sea-birds' eggs and histories of the Kraken. So, as we have said, she was sent for a year to school to Musselburgh, apparently under the firm persuasion that a twelve-month's study, extending from ten years old to the mature age of eleven, was amply sufficient to store the female mind with all the knowledge it could possibly require. When she returned home at the end of it, poor Lady Fairfax frankly expressed the disappointment of her very limited ambition. "She would have been contented," she said, "had her daughter only learned to write well and keep accounts, which was all that a woman was expected to know." A wonderful school it was, that then fashionable academy for young ladies, held by the Misses Primrose at Musselburgh; and if anybody be so bold as to doubt that it is the outside of a woman which is commonly understood to be of primary importance, the question might be settled by noting what is the kind of training on which real care has been bestowed in such places, from that period even till the present great reformation, under the auspices of the National Union for Improving the Education of Girls:—

On my arrival at Musselburgh [says Mrs. Somerville], though perfectly straight and well made, I was enclosed in stiff stays with a steel busk in front; while above my frock, bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder-b'ades met; then a steel rod with a semi-circle, which went under the chin, was clasped in the steel busk in my stays. In this constrained state I had to learn my lessons, the chief of which was to acquire by heart a page of Johnson's Dictionary; and as an exercise of memory, to recall the order of succession of the words.

Such was the education which a good bluff sailor, like Admiral Fairfax, at

much sacrifice, bestowed upon the damsel who was to translate the "Mécanique Céleste" a few years later, and whose mind, even then, was teeming with healthful curiosity concerning all the wonders of creation! Then when she went home came the grand instruction in the Sampler; that now obsolete invention of absolute inutility, over which years of the lives of girls of the last generation were wasted, working the alphabet and numerals, with a series of mysterious hieroglyphs supposed to represent coronets, in blue or pink silk upon a square of coarse canvas. Happily there was a hunger in Mary Fairfax's brain which not even Johnson's Dictionary could wholly appease, nor Samplers mortify; and so, as she simply says, "My mother did not *prevent* me from reading;" she profited by this mild rule, in despite of a terrible Aunt Janet, who greatly disapproved of her conduct, and observed to Lady Fairfax: "I wonder you let Mary waste her time in reading; she never *sews* (sews) more than if she were a man." After attending a village school to learn needlework till she achieved the *capo d'opera* of a shirt, the future Mrs. Somerville was permitted to read Mrs. Chaponne, and encouraged thereby to commence a course of historical study. Her indulgent mother also timidly allowed her to learn the use of the globes from the village schoolmaster who was clever enough to be able to teach the boys Latin and Navigation, two subjects which poor Mary knew were "out of the question for me." Will some painter give us a sketch — to match the one of the child among the wild flowers of the links — of the young girl, as she describes herself, passing many hours of the night at her bedroom window studying the stars by the aid of the celestial globe, and longing for instruction which her brother and every boy she knew received without the asking? Already she notes; "I thought it unjust that women should have been given a desire for knowledge if it were wrong to acquire it." And that impression grew with her growth; and again and again throughout her "Recollections" we find her protesting against the neglect and discouragement of women's mental powers, and earnestly endeavouring to give her own daughters first-rate instruction, and, afterwards, when her own name had become a power, to use her influence to help generally the education of girls.

We cannot pause longer on the story

of Mrs. Somerville's childhood, which these "Recollections" reproduce so vividly. As time went on she was sometimes taken to Edinburgh, where she received lessons in music, dancing, and painting, by which she profited highly; and on one occasion she passed some months with her beloved uncle at his manse at Jedburgh, where, she says, she was more happy than at almost any other time of her life. To this kind friend and father (as he became on her marriage with his son) she confided all her desires for knowledge and the religious difficulties which ere long beset her mind, and from him she received from first to last, sound counsel and kind encouragement. He read Virgil with her in his study before breakfast, and assured her that women might be, and had been, "elegant scholars," and she saw in his daughters (the pupils of the young village master, who was one day to be Sir David Brewster) the evidence of the possibility of female erudition.

But the time arrived at length in which the special endowment which Providence had bestowed on Mary Fairfax, and which seemed in a fair way of remaining forever hid in a napkin, chanced to be brought out. Of all places in the world the girl found her first algebraic symbols in a book of fashions. By some singular chance a certain friend of hers showed her the book, and there, among charades and puzzles and pictures of ladies in the height of *la mode*, were some strange-looking lines mixed with letters, chiefly X's and Y's. As a young pointer stops by instinct at the first partridge it has ever beheld so did Mary Fairfax, who was ostensibly come to examine some of her friend's fancy work, make a dead set at these X's and Y's. What were they? What did they mean? All that Miss Ogilvie could say was that she knew they belonged to "a sort of arithmetic called algebra," but of its nature she could give no further information. So Miss Fairfax went home and rummaged among her father's books in hopes of discovering what algebra might be, and in Robertson's "Navigation" she obtained some "dim view" of "several subjects." But further she had no means of proceeding. We do not think many biographies contain a more touching paragraph than that in which she notes this passage of her life:—

Unfortunately not one of our acquaintances knew anything of science or natural history;

nor, had they done so, should I have had courage to ask any of them a question, for I should have been laughed at. I was often very sad and forlorn; not a hand held out to help me. — P. 47.

By-and-bye she caught at another straw to aid her ignorance, on hearing her drawing-master, Nasmyth (who, by the way, said she was the cleverest pupil he ever taught), telling another young lady that she should study Euclid as a foundation for perspective. Still there remained one insuperable difficulty. It was of a kind of which men never dream, but which, multiplied *ad infinitum*, has sufficed, we are persuaded, to check the progress of a thousand intelligent girls. How was Miss Fairfax to go to a book-seller's and ask for the "Elements of Geometry?" The thing was palpably out of the question; so time slipped by, and Miss Fairfax diligently practised, or, as she ingenuously confesses, "thumped" her piano for four or five hours every day, and went to the play, and painted her pictures, and finally was sent daily to a pastrycook's to learn the art of cookery with her friend, the daughter of Sir Henry Moncrieff. Any and everything, it seems, could be taught to her, except the subject in which she was most interested; but, at last, a tutor came to teach her brother, who proved "simple and good-natured;" and so she commissioned him to buy her "Euclid" and "Bonnycastle," and begged him to hear her demonstrate a few problems, to make sure she was on the right road. When that step was gained, Mary went, like Pilgrim, singing on her way. Another difficulty, however, soon came up, as any one acquainted with a girl's circumstances could have foretold. She sat up at night to read her "Euclid," having to practise the piano, and mend her clothes, and help in the housekeeping by daylight. So the servants complained of the rapid disappearance of Miss Mary's candles, and a peremptory ukase left her in the dark as soon as she had gone to bed. But the young mind had closed on its food like a sea anemone. "I had gone through the first six books of 'Euclid,'" she says, "and now I was thrown on my memory, which I exercised by beginning at the first book, and demonstrating in my mind a certain number of propositions every night till I could nearly go through the whole." Elsewhere she complains of her memory being somewhat feeble, and of her attempts to strengthen it by the aid of a Memoria Technica; and this feat of

rehearsing the first six books of "Euclid" in the dark is a fresh instance of the tenacity with which the ideas which really interest the individual fix themselves on the brain.

We have now come to Mary Fairfax's early womanhood, when, as her daughter tells us, she was called the "Rose of Jedwood." Her beauty was of a delicate and refined kind, a transparently fair skin, and a profusion of soft brown hair, with features of aristocratic fineness of chiselling. Dressed in her simple India muslin frock, with a little Flanders lace, we may well believe she was, as her contemporaries record, very much admired, and a great favourite in Edinburgh society. By her own account girls enjoyed then and there very much the same freedom they now possess in America, and Mary Fairfax was nothing loath to avail herself of all reasonable liberty, and go to plays, balls, and parties of all kinds, generally under the chaperonage of a certain kind old Countess of Buchan. Her father at this time distinguished himself much in quelling the great mutiny of the fleet, going alone with Admiral Duncan on board each ship, and ordering the men to arrest the ringleaders. And again shortly afterwards, on the 11th October, 1797, he was second in command, and mainly instrumental in gaining the important battle of Camperdown, wherein nine ships of the line and two frigates were taken. But though Captain Fairfax was knighted for this service, he received no further reward; so that the family remained as poor as ever, and at his death his widow succeeded only to the usual pension of seventy-five pounds a year. Only the eldest son, Samuel, obtained from the President of the East India Company the post of a Writer at Calcutta, and there, shortly after his arrival, he died of sunstroke, — the first great grief in Mary Fairfax's life.

In her twenty-fifth year took place the marriage with Mr. Samuel Greig, which has been so singularly misconstrued by the larger number of those who have taken on themselves to relate the history of Mrs. Somerville's life; or rather to construct out of their consciousness what they imagined was the probable history of it. For a girl to have taken a passion for mathematics entirely *motu proprio*, was seemingly in their opinion quite incredible. To account for the phenomenon, the first hypothesis was that her husband, Mr. Greig, had by his careful instructions inspired her with a taste in

that peculiar direction ; secondly, that in the despair of her loss at his early demise she retired from the world and buried herself in Bonnycastle. Even so late as last year, a remarkable obituary notice which appeared in a morning paper, and which assumed to be written by an omniscient biographer, repeated with calm assurance this ancient fable, and left the world to imagine that Mr. Greig had been her "guide, philosopher, and friend ;" while her second marriage had proved far less satisfactory. It is to be hoped that the publication of these "Recollections" will put an end to this stupid blundering at last. Of the almost cloudless happiness of her second marriage every page bears witness, as well as the testimony of scores of friends, who, like the writer of these pages, enjoyed long and often the pleasure of seeing the perfect union which subsisted between Dr. and Mrs. Somerville. But Mr. Greig was a man of very different disposition, and the virtues which his wife was called on to exercise (and did exercise) were not those of self-development aided by a loving companion, but of self-repression under the rule of an unsympathizing one. Mr. Greig neither knew anything about science, nor believed that it was a fit subject for the study of women. And though his wife continued her pursuits in the small and ill-ventilated house in London in which (although a rich man) he lodged her, she did so under great disadvantages. "Mr. Greig," she says, "did not prevent me from studying, but I met no sympathy whatever from him, as he had a very low opinion of the capacity of my sex, and had neither knowledge of, nor interest in, science of any kind." At the end of three years, when she returned a widow to her father's house, the real life of this hitherto ever fettered and thwarted woman commenced. She had two children, and on them she bestowed the tenderest care. One of them, Mr. Woronzow Greig, alone reached manhood, and lived till 1865, a devoted son and a beloved friend. Many of her letters addressed to him in later years and printed in these volumes prove how tender was the relationship between mother and son. But she had now leisure for her studies as well as for her maternal duties to the two little babes, and at once she plunged into Newton's "Principia," having previously conquered Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Conic Sections, and Ferguson's "Astronomy." In her thirty-third year, as she records, she purchased

the little library of mathematical treatises recommended to her by her friend, Mr. Wallace, and could "hardly believe she possessed such a treasure" as Francœur's "Pure Mathematics," La Croix's "Algebra and Differential and Integral Calculus," Birt's "Analytical Geometry and Astronomy," Poisson's "Treatise on Mechanics," La Grange's "Theory of Analytical Functions," Callet's "Logarithms," Euler's "Isoperimetrical Problems" in Latin, and a few other books, scarcely to be described as inviting to the "general reader."

The precious volumes, however, when first bought, were not destined to be immediately used. In the same year (1812) she married her cousin William Somerville, M.D., the son of her uncle, already mentioned, the Reverend Thomas Somerville, D.D., minister of Jedburg, head of a branch of the very ancient family of the Lords Somerville. The marriage, as we have said, was from first to last eminently happy. She was welcomed by the father of her husband with the warmest affection, and learned from him that the union had also been the secret desire of his wife. All the longing for sympathy in her scientific pursuits which, as a true woman, she felt through the solitary struggles of her youth, was satisfied at last, and if her husband was not a man of great eminence or splendid attainments, he possessed more than average culture and good ability, and all the more for having no ambition on his own account was he willing, with generous self-forgetfulness, to make her happiness, and the development of her powers the pride and interest of his life. Very nearly half a century afterwards, in 1860, when they might almost have celebrated their Golden Wedding, the aged widow records in her "Recollections" her loss, and her regret for the man whose "sympathy, affection, and confidence," had never failed through all the intervening years, and wrote of him as follows in a letter to a friend : —

Florence, 18th July, 1860.

My dear and valued friend, — My heart warmed more than ever to you on receiving your affectionately consoling letter. The blow has, indeed, been great, and deeply felt by us all, for we were a happy and united family ; and although my dearest husband was so aged that we did not dare to look far into the future, yet he was so well that we were fearing no immediate evil. He suffered no pain, but quietly sank to rest ; and we have the comfort to think that everything was done to make him

happy while he lived, and to prolong his life, had it been the will of God that it should last. We have the most perfect conviction that we are to meet again, and that the ties of love and affection which made our mortal life happy are to be renewed in a more perfect state of being. . . . I look to the society of the just made perfect as the great source of future bliss—at least as one of them, for it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive what that glorious and happy state may be. . . . I hope my son and his wife will be able to spend some time with us, so that I shall have all my family about me. Every one is devoted to comfort me and make me happy, so I have great cause for gratitude for mercies left to me. Farewell, my dear friend, I shall always be happy to hear from you while I am alive, and I shall keep my promise when I die and you arrive.* Ever affectionately yours,

MARY SOMERVILLE.

A year later, in another letter, she wrote to the same friend:—

Since we came back to Florence the sad blank weighs heavily on my heart, for “one is not;” but the affectionate devotion of my children is beyond expression, and cheers me, and makes me thankful for what is left.

We have no intention of following the “Recollections” further through the details of Mrs. Somerville’s life subsequent to her second marriage. It flowed on for sixty years in an even tenor of sustained mental work, happy domestic duties, and social pleasures of that high kind in which only thoroughly cultivated minds can bear a part. We shall glance at each of these phases of her career as rapidly as may be.

In March 1827, Lord Brougham wrote to Dr. Somerville and begged him to induce his wife—as the only person in England capable of undertaking the task—to translate La Place’s “*Mécanique Céleste*” on behalf of his new Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Urged by her husband and friend, though very diffident of her powers, Mrs. Somerville set to work, and, as she remarks, “thus suddenly and unexpectedly the whole character and course of my future life was changed.” The whole of the first edition of this book (1500 copies) was sold off rapidly, but a second was never called for.

Her next work was the “*Connection of the Physical Sciences*,” of which a second edition was soon in demand; the interval being occupied by writing—at the suggestion of M. Poisson—a sequel

to the “*Mécanique Céleste*” on the Form and Rotation of the Earth and Planets; and 246 pages (which she states she “wrote *con amore*”) on “*Curves and Surfaces of the Second and Higher Orders.*” The MS. of the last two works she revised in her eighty-ninth year, rejoicing in her still retained facility in the Calculus. The “*Connection*” went through nine editions in England, besides many (never paid for) in America, and German and Italian translations. Mrs. Somerville’s “*Physical Geography*” was written after considerable delay—partly in Florence, partly in Rome, partly in Scotland—and when it at last was ready to be printed, Humboldt’s “*Cosmos*” had just appeared, and Mrs. Somerville desired to destroy her manuscript, but was prevented from doing so by Dr. Somerville and Sir John Herschel. Humboldt wrote to her a charming letter (p. 286) on the occasion. She lived to see a sixth edition of this book demanded, and a great number of cheap imitations of it published. After this, in 1851, at the age of eighty-one, after the death of her beloved husband, she withdrew with her daughters from the happy social circle of Florence and went to live at Spezia—at that time a much smaller and quieter town than it has become since it has been made the Woolwich of Italy. Here, she says, “I felt the necessity of having something to do, desultory reading being insufficient to interest me, and as I had always considered Chemistry the weakest part of my ‘*Connection of the Sciences*,’ I resolved to write it anew.” Her intention was overruled, however, by the persuasion of her daughters, and she set about gathering the materials for her “*Molecular and Microscopic Science*” from the experiences of Professor Tyndall, M. M. Gassiot and Plücher, and the investigations of Professor de Filippi, &c. The author comments on this book (p. 337): “In writing it I made a great mistake, and repent it. Mathematics are the natural bent of my mind. If I had devoted myself exclusively to that subject I might probably have written something useful, as a new era has begun in that science.” These are mournful words as a record of her impressions of the last scientific work of her long career, but they show the perfect simplicity, and, if we may say it, humility of mind, with which Mrs. Somerville regarded her own labours. The praise and honours she had received never for a moment disturbed the even balance of her judgment.

* Referring to her parting words:—“We shall meet in heaven, and I will claim you there.”

She knew herself to be a persevering and able woman with a special gift for mathematics, when, in her unaided youth, every member of her family regarded her studies with disapproval or contempt; and she thought neither more nor less of herself when all Europe had recognized her as holding a place in the first ranks of science.

It was not indeed in a very tangible or exalted form that the public rewards of merit were offered to her, although she accepted such as came with gratitude and undisguised pleasure. Instead of bestowing exceptional honours on those who have achieved success in spite of the exceptional difficulties which surround a woman's career, the world has always hitherto been content to pay her the compliment of assuming her to be above heeding such considerations, and able to make "virtue its own reward" more completely than men are expected to do. For nearly all Mrs. Somerville's male friends and comrades in scientific pursuits there were baronies and marquises abroad, and baronetcies and Orders at home; but there does not even exist a recognized shape in which England can honour her daughters as she delights to honour her sons.

The history of the public tributes paid from first to last to Mrs. Somerville may be very quickly told. After the appearance of her "Mechanism of the Heavens" she was elected an honorary member of the Astronomical Society, at the same time with another gifted woman (whose fame has been almost forgotten in the blaze of her father's and brother's honours), Caroline Herschel; and she received letters or thanks and praise from Whewell, Herschel, &c. Also, she received from Sir Robert Peel the courteous announcement of a pension of 200*l.*, afterwards raised by Earl Russell to 300*l.* a year. Her bust, by Chantrey, was placed in the Hall of the Royal Society, a new East Indian was christened by her name, and she was elected a member of several philosophical societies at Dublin, Bristol, &c. For her first edition of the "Connection of the Sciences," dedicated to Queen Adelaide, Mrs. Somerville received her Majesty's thanks at a drawing-room; and another copy she had the honour to present to the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria, at a private audience. Later in life she was elected Associate of the College of Risurgenti, in Rome, and an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Arezzo. Thanks to

Sir Roderick Murchison, she received the Victoria Medal of the Geographical Society for her "Physical Geography"; and the Geographical Society of Florence presented to her their first gold medal. In alluding to this latter medal, she says — "An honour so unexpected, and so far beyond my merits, surprised and affected me more deeply than I can say" (p. 349). And again — "In the events of my life it may be seen how much I have been honoured by the scientific societies and universities of Italy."

This is not the place, nor has the present writer any pretension, to offer an estimate of the scientific value of Mrs. Somerville's works. Just forty years ago, in the 99th number of the "Quarterly Review," appeared a long and careful analysis of her "Mechanism of the Heavens," by the man best able to measure its importance — Sir John Herschel. In this notice (reprinted in his "Essays," 1857) he makes the following remarks, pp. 41-42: —

Mrs. Somerville is already advantageously known to the philosophical world by her experiments on the magnetizing influence of the violet rays of the solar spectrum, a delicate and difficult subject of physical inquiry, which the rarity of opportunities for its prosecution, arising from the nature of our climate, will allow no one to study in this country, except at a manifest disadvantage. It is not surprising, therefore, that the feeble, although unequivocal, indication of magnetism which she undoubtedly obtained should have been regarded by many as insufficient to decide the question at issue. To us their evidence appears of considerable weight, but it is more to our immediate purpose to notice here the simple and rational manner in which the experiments were conducted, and the perfect freedom from all pretension or affected embarrassment in their statement. The same simplicity of character and conduct, the same entire absence of anything like vanity or affectation, pervades the present work. In the pursuit of her object, and in the commendable wish to embody her acquired knowledge in a useful and instructive form for others, she seems entirely to have lost sight of herself; and although in the perfect consciousness of the possession of powers fully adequate to meet every exigency of her arduous undertaking, it never appears to have suggested itself to her mind that the possession of such powers by a person of her sex is in itself extraordinary or remarkable. We find, accordingly, nothing in the present work, beyond the name in the title-page, to remind us of its coming from a female hand. . . . We are neither called on to make allowances, nor do we find any to make. On the contrary, we know not the geometer in this country who might not congratulate

himself on the execution of such a work. . . . We have, indeed, no hesitation in saying that we consider it by far the best condensed view of the Newtonian philosophy which has appeared.

Of Mrs. Somerville's other works numberless reviews have from time to time appeared, all, so far as we are aware, more or less laudatory. The "Connection of the Sciences" and "Physical Geography," obtained the most important testimony of being very widely adopted as text-books in a great number of public colleges (we believe, Sandhurst amongst others), and the latter has been quite recently placed among the class-books of the Government schools in Bengal. It is, however, the inevitable destiny of all scientific works to pass gradually from the rank of expositions of the latest results of living knowledge into that of historical monuments of the science of the past — lines of fossil shell-beach, telling of seas now thundering far away. Some such works, like Mrs. Somerville's "Geography" and Sir Charles Lyell's admirable "Elements of Geology," are, by their plan, susceptible of receiving almost indefinitely additions and modifications through successive editions, and thus naturally continue for a whole generation to hold their place in "the foremost files of time." Others, like the "Connection," are less suited for modification, or would require it on too many points to make anything less than a complete recast suitable for the purpose of a fresh edition after a quarter of a century. We believe, indeed, that the ground plan of this latter work is in itself in some degree defective, belonging rather to the older and superficial, than to the newer and more organic, method of classification of the sciences. Being addressed to all classes of readers, it is also necessarily imperfectly suited to the use of either the advanced student or the beginner. The result of solitary study, and consequent ignorance of the different grades of minds whom she addressed, was that Mrs. Somerville's writings, while always sound in science, were alternately easy enough for a schoolboy's comprehension and sufficiently difficult to cause first-rate mathematicians, like Dr. Whewell, to complain laughingly, that "when ladies wrote stiff books they had no pity on people's stupidity; Mrs. Somerville's works were so hard!" Looking back on them as a whole, we feel that her life's labours, though unfortunately not directed (after her first book) in the channel

wherein her powers would have attained their maximum of utility, must yet have done vast service by opening the wonders of the universe to the minds of thousands of readers. Her own idea of the aim of study was surely fulfilled, through her writings, to many who without them had never risen into such upper air.

The contemplation of the works of creation elevates the mind to the admiration of whatever is great and noble, accomplishing the object of study, which, in the language of Sir J. Mackintosh, is "to inspire the love of truth, of wisdom, of beauty, especially of goodness, the highest beauty," and of that Supreme and Eternal Mind which contains all truth, and wisdom, all beauty and goodness. By the love or delightful contemplation of these transcendent aims, for their own sake only, the mind of man is raised from low and perishable things, and prepared for his high destiny.*

What Mrs. Somerville might have achieved had she devoted her powers exclusively to mathematics, and especially had those powers received early and regular training, it is of course impossible now to tell. As Mr. Proctor, in the generous estimate of her to which we have already referred, observes, —

There is scarcely a line of her writings which does not, while showing what she was, suggest thoughts of what she might have been. . . . It is certain that no department of mathematical research was beyond her powers, and that in any she could have done original work. In mere mental grasp, few men have probably surpassed her; but the thorough training, the scholarly discipline, which can alone give to the mind the power of advancing beyond the point up to which it has followed the guidance of others, had unfortunately been denied to her. Accordingly, while her writings show her power and her thorough mastery of the instruments of mathematical research, they are remarkable less for their actual value — though that value is great — than as indicating what, under happier auspices, she might have accomplished. — P. 12.

But as Sir Henry Holland has said, "Mrs. Somerville was not only a woman of science. Scotland is proud of having produced a Crichton — she may be proud also in having given birthplace to Mary Somerville." To the social and artistic aspects of her life we now turn, as more properly our subject in the present review of her "Recollections."

There is a once familiar juvenile poem which sets forth all the delightful things we might have known and done "if we

* "Preliminary Dissertation to the Mechanism of the Heavens."

had just been born three thousand years ago." Some resemblance to the moral of these verses would perhaps be found in any reflections we might be tempted to make regarding the wonderful number of interesting people with whom Mrs. Somerville became acquainted in the course of her life. Had we "just been born" only eight years short of a century ago, we might have seen and known not a few able and remarkable persons. There is however "knowing" and "knowing" in such acquaintance, and when Mrs. Somerville entered the circle of the most brilliant minds of her day, it was to enjoy that high privilege as it was by no means vouchsafed to outsiders to do. She was at all times a very charming and suggestive companion, and her great capabilities for giving and receiving social pleasure, were by no means balked by the chances of life. A whole galaxy of stars passed across the field of her vision during her long peaceful watch. Walter Scott, Brewster, Home, Joanna Baillie, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Fry, Hallam, Sismondi, Milman, Schlegel, Brougham, Lafayette, Cavour, La Place, Cuvier, Arago, Biot, Humboldt, Wollaston, Young, Faraday, Herschel, Lyell, Sedgwick, Whewell, Babbage, De Candolle, Rosse, Sabine, Tyndall, Canova, Thorwaldsen, Gibson, Moore, the Brownings, Mackintosh, Holland, the Napiers, John Stuart Mill; these formed only a portion of the names on the "Golden Book" of Mrs. Somerville's memory. By all of them, we may safely say, she was liked and respected, and by many tenderly beloved; while her own feelings—especially for those who shared her scientific pursuits—were not merely free from the shadow of jealousy or rivalry (such sentiments never seem to have been comprehensible to her), but full of warm enthusiasm for their achievements. To Sir John Herschel, in particular, she was profoundly attached. "I think now," she wrote to her daughter, during her last visit to Collingwood, "as I have always done, that Sir John is by much the highest and finest character I have ever met." When the news of his death reached her, she records: "I am deeply grieved and shaken by the death of Sir John Herschel. In him I have lost a dear and affectionate friend, whose advice was invaluable, and his society a charm. None but those who have lived in his house can imagine the brightness and happiness of his domestic life" (p. 362). Even to those whose course merely crossed her orbit accidentally, and for

a brief period, Mrs. Somerville's ready sympathy and friendliness were open. It is interesting now, after the lapse of five-and-thirty years, to read the mutual reminiscences of a night journey in a coach to Scotland, recorded alike by Mrs. Somerville, in her "Recollections," and by the gentleman who has kindly permitted us to use the MS. notes of the like occurrence, entered at the time in his journal. Mrs. Somerville says:—

Somerville and I went to Scotland. We had travelled all night in the mail coach, and when it became light, a gentleman who was in the carriage said to Somerville, "Is not the lady opposite to me Mrs. Somerville, whose bust I saw at Chantrey's?" The gentleman was Mr. Sopwith, civil engineer at Newcastle-on-Tyne, surveyor of an extensive mineral district of argentiferous lead. He travelled faster than we did, and when we arrived at Newcastle he was waiting to take us to his house, where we were hospitably received by Mrs. Sopwith. His conversation was highly interesting, and to him I was indebted for much information while writing on Physical Geography. Many years after he and Mrs. Sopwith came to see me at Naples, which gave me much pleasure. He was unlike any other traveller I ever met with, so profound and original were his observations.*

Mr. Sopwith, F.R.S., on his side, records in his journal:—

Thursday, September 14th, 1837.

Travelling northwards from London in the Edinburgh mail, an elderly, stout gentleman, a lady, and a young gentleman, were my companions. . . . Some circumstances, chiefly a striking likeness to the bust I had so often admired at Chantrey's, led me to conjecture that the lady was no other than the far-famed Mary Somerville. . . . Nothing can be more plain and unassuming than the manners and conversation of this highly gifted lady. The interest of her countenance chiefly consists in an agreeable, complacent, and highly intellectual expression. On the following day Dr. and Mrs. Somerville accepted my invitation to partake of such hospitality as I could offer. . . . She expressed herself as much pleased with the arrangements of my writing-cabinet, and exhibited great admiration at the application of isometrical drawing to geology and mining, and was much pleased with the isograph and projecting rulers, &c.

Thirty-three years afterwards, Mr. Sopwith records his evening with Mrs. Somerville, at Naples:—

March 14th, 1870.—One of my chief objects, he notes, in visiting Naples was to visit Mrs. Somerville, and most amply was this carried out. Very imperfect is the homage which

* "Recollections," p. 200.

any words of mine can express compared with the inward respect and esteem which I entertain for her.

The conversation (as often happened when Mrs. Somerville was in the company of thoroughly congenial friends) turned on the possibilities of a future life, and after expressing her agreement with the sentiment on an Italian tomb, "Death to the wise is the evening of a pleasant day," she discussed with her visitor, in detail, the conception of a soul freed from the physical limitations of the body, and endowed with fresh power of perception, with speed quicker than light, and powers of observation of parallel rays.

Next to her profound attachment to Sir John Herschel, Mrs. Somerville's warmest friendships, outside the limits of her own family, were with her own sex; and it is pleasant to read in the letters published in this volume, the record of the proud and tender affection with which the first women of her day regarded her and her scientific achievements. "My dear Mary Somerville," says Joanna Baillie, "whom I am proud to call my friend, and that she so calls me. I could say much on this point, but I dare not. . . . The pride I have in thinking of you as a philosopher and a woman cannot be exceeded" (p. 267). "You receive great honours, my dear friend," wrote Mrs. Marcet (p. 211), "but that which you confer on our sex is still greater." "You should have had my grateful and humble thanks," says Miss Edgeworth, "long ago for the favour, the honour, you did me by sending me that 'Preliminary Dissertation,' but that I wished to read it over and over again" (p. 207). Among Italian ladies, the enthusiasm she excited sometimes resulted in a fervent life-long friendship, as in the case of the Marchesa Teresa Doria (*nata* Durazzo) of Genoa, who spent a large part of each year near her; and, in that of the Countess Bon-Brenzoni, who, having made a pilgrimage to visit her, addressed to her a book of poetry, and wrote hoping that "Ella si ricordi di me siccome di una persona, chi sebbene lontana fisicamente, le è sempre vicina coll' animo nei sentimenti della più affettuosa venerazione" (p. 298). Everything which women achieved, the writings of her own contemporaries, Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Marcet, the artistic success of Harriet Hosmer and Rosa Bonheur, the degrees gained in Paris by

Mdlle. Chenu, excited Mrs. Somerville's ready sympathy. She records among the last pages of her "Recollections" each effort which was then making for women's advancement. "Age has not abated my zeal for the emancipation of my sex from unreasonable prejudice, too prevalent in Britain, against a literary and scientific education for women. I joined in a petition to the Senate of London University, praying that degrees might be granted to women, but it was rejected. I have also frequently signed petitions to Parliament for the female suffrage, and have the honour now to be a member of the General Committee for Women Suffrage in London" (p. 345). Miss Somerville adds, "She hailed the establishment of the Ladies' College at Girton as a great step in the true direction, and one which could not fail to obtain most important results." To this institution her daughters, with the generous desire to carry out her wishes, have, we are informed, presented the whole of her valuable library of scientific works, which will occupy a case apart, surmounted by the bust which forms the frontispiece of this volume.

The vulgar prejudice which makes people expect an intellectual woman to be a slattern in her dress, and to despise such sublunary things as flowers, furniture, and a delicate table, is an amusing instance of the construction of an ideal creature out of the moral consciousness, irrespective of a single glance at nature. We are almost weary of the continual surprise expressed by Mrs. Somerville's earlier contemporaries at the fact that she was always neatly and becomingly dressed, and that her table was somewhat exceptionally well served. It would really appear as if they thought it a law of nature that habits of mental order should tend to produce bodily slovenliness, and that the feminine intellect (unlike the elephant's trunk and the British House of Commons), when able to "rend the oak," is necessarily incapacitated from "picking up a needle." The simple truth, of course, is that, both as regards men and women, exceptional mental powers of any kind are not so many deductions from manliness or womanliness, but the surplus and crown of more complete manliness in the man and womanliness in the woman. A finely developed brain, a large and powerfully acting heart supplying it with sufficient blood for strenuous work, and sound lungs which purify such blood — these, we now know,

are the physical conditions of all high and long-sustained mental labour and well-balanced intellectual powers. Is it at all less certain that the moral conditions of the same labour and powers must likewise be healthy development of the affections and tastes? Exceptions there are, of course, when the abnormal development of some particular faculty in a man seems to have drained away all the sap from the other branches of his manhood, like those phenomena of calculating boys, who are in other matters than their special gift dull or imbecile. But force diffused with some approximation to equability, must be the rule of true genius; and even the pedestal of a "healthy animalism" must support the grandest ideal of man. With regard to woman's intellectual powers, it is, we suspect, the frequent explanation of their failure that they lack such a basis; and the actual fact (which may be observed by any one who will take the trouble to open his eyes) is, that women who have attained any kind of eminence in literary, scientific, or artistic work, are more than usually prone to take pleasure in the beauty and order of their houses, and to love flowers and animals, and everything which the typical Eve should bring about her to "dress and keep" the Eden of Home. We could name, in a moment, a score of female writers and artists of whom this dictum holds good, and if we desired, on the contrary, to point to an ill-kept house, where the dust lies thick on the tables and windows, and the flowers (if any there be) remain decaying in their vases, and the breakfasts and dinners attain the maximum of expense with the minimum of good eating, we should infallibly seek it in the domain of some lady who rarely reads — and could not write — a book; and who assures all her friends that she considers "woman's proper sphere" to be the Home; and that she "means her daughters to be exclusively devoted to their domestic duties" — like herself. In one great household detail, indeed, there is an obvious physiological connection between the strong mental work, which, Dr. Carpenter tells us, requires higher living than any muscular labour, and the taste for well-earned food. Our hope that women will at last wipe away their standing reproach of ignorance and carelessness about this part of their natural duty is founded, not so much on the chance of an increase of forced attention, as of an improved taste. "*L'esprit ne saurait*

jouer longtemps le personnage du cœur," and so long as a woman really does not know if it be boiled mutton or roast pheasant which she puts into her mouth, it is hopeless to expect that by dint of conscientiousness she will provide a good dinner.

Madame de Staël, it was said, was "welcomed wherever she travelled, preceded by her reputation and followed by her cook." Mrs. Somerville was at no period of her life rich enough to keep a *cordons bleu* in her kitchen, and probably would not have thought fit to spend her money in doing so had she possessed it. Her "Recollections" tell us, however, that she learned the Fine Art of Cookery in her youth, and the reminiscences of her friends seem particularly vivid concerning the table to which she invited them in Hanover Square and at Chelsea. The "Mechanism of the Heavens," never kept her so far above the clouds as not to see and hear, taste, smell, and feel all that was around her on earth. Birds were her unfailing pets, and on the pretty Parisian caps which surmounted the wise and venerable head, her guests often smiled to see her mountain sparrow perched in his glory. A pertinacious little white Pomeranian also had his full share of affection from the "Padrona;" and, indeed, every animal with which she came in contact excited her interest. We have heard her describing a recent visit to a travelling menagerie with the enthusiasm of a child taken for the first time to the Zoological Gardens. Nor was she so far above the feminine concerns of dress as to be indifferent whether silks were rich and soft, or lace and muslins of the most delicate kinds. With regard to lace, indeed, she was herself an admirable maker and mender, and some specimens of her work might be exhibited as curiosities. A story is told of a young lady, who, while stopping at Mrs. Somerville's house, had the misfortune to tear some particularly fine old point. Naturally, the last person in the world she would have applied to for aid was her hostess; but the Misses Somerville observed at once, "Oh, never mind; when mamma has done what she is about she will mend it for you so that you will not see where it was torn." So the visitor watched "mamma," who happened to be solving some terrible problem, and when that was over, needed to write a letter of thanks for some honour to the Emperor of Russia. Business done, Mrs. Somerville dropped her pen and donned her thimble

(spectacles she never used or needed), and in brief time returned the lace most delicately and perfectly repaired. Another of her accomplishments was Music. As we have seen, she describes herself as "thumping" the piano in youth; but the superfluous energy so expended ere long gave place to a very sweet touch, and her taste was at all times excellent, and formed on the best school. As Beethoven was her Prophet in music, so were Shakespeare, Dante, and Æschylus in poetry. All her life she continued at intervals to read these great books, which most of us are contented to study once for all; nor did her mind, playful and childlike as it was, ever seem inclined to beg off the severer for the lighter verse, or ask that the reading should be —

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose trampling footsteps echo
Down the corridors of time.

And, lastly, Mrs. Somerville was a very fair Landscape-painter, and from her youth, when good old Hugh Blair paid her his elaborate old-world compliments for having "contributed to his entertainment" by the loan of her sketches,—till her last summer at Sorrento, she continued, whenever other occupation grew slack, to betake herself to her brush and painted original pictures in oils from the surrounding scenery. One such picture before the writer now, represents a lovely bit of Italian woodland, with a village crowning an adjacent height; just one of the scenes of peace and sweetness on which her eye and mind delighted to dwell.

In Politics Mrs. Somerville had early thrown herself — chiefly from disgust at the atrocities of the press-gang system and the inhuman severities of the criminal code — into the Liberal camp. Her friends belonged almost exclusively to the party represented in England by Lord Brougham and Lord Russell. But the Liberalism of 1813, or of 1823, is not very easily distinguishable from the Conservatism of 1873; and Mrs. Somerville's political aspirations certainly never went in the direction of that *really* Radical Reform which would plant the social tree with its roots uppermost. Speaking of American affairs, she wrote to a friend: "In a Republic the uneducated, or less educated, being the most numerous, must take the lead;" and, as regarded the country of her adoption, while she took the most enthusiastic interest in the suc-

cessive changes which led up to the unity of Italy, her sympathies were wholly with the Royalist and Constitutional side; the "Reds" being, in her opinion, no less dangerous than the "Neri." She lent her name gladly to public movements at home and abroad having for their objects the higher education and removal of the political disabilities of women, and the suppression of cruelty to animals. The occasion, indeed, on which she displayed the greatest zeal, and endeavoured most zealously to employ her influence, was in an attempt made a few years ago to shame down the practice of vivisection at the Specola in Florence.* Her feelings on this subject were painfully vivid, and, with all her passionate devotion to Science, she never failed to recognize the truth that the pursuit of it at the cost of the torture of innocent animals is a hateful crime. The formation of the new *Società Protettrice degli Animali*, set on foot mainly by the unwearied exertions of the Countess Gertrude Baldelli, of Florence, and Lady Paget, was an event she hailed with delight in the last months of her life.

There remains but one subject touching Mrs. Somerville's character on which it behoves us to speak — the religious feelings which, as her daughter tells us, were the "mainspring of her life." As she ever maintained regarding them, however, that sacred reserve which St. Gregory affirms was intended to be typified by "the lid, or covering," ordained to be kept on every vessel of the Temple of old, we shall but distantly approach the theme. Mrs. Somerville was brought up in the Calvinism of the Kirk in its iron days, when such an event as an invitation to the Dean of Westminster to preach in Grey Friars' Church would have seemed as little probable as that the Pope should have requested Dr. Cumming to honour with his presence the Council of the Vatican. For the form of worship of this church of her childhood she retained that tender preference which is often to devotional minds what the love of our childhood's home is to us all; and we learn that it was by a minister of this old Scotch Kirk (the Reverend Mr. Buscarlet) that the last rites were performed over her grave in the beautiful Campo Santo Inglese outside the Porta Capuana at Naples. But the stern doc-

* The effort unhappily failed, and we learn with disgust that the authorities of the city now actually hand over to the operator all the unhappy stray dogs found in the streets by the police.

trines of the Westminster Catechism, the narrow literalism then almost universally predominant, seem to have been brushed away even in the morning of life from her path — rather, as it were, by the mere momentum of her onward course, towards the True and the Good, than, as happens more often, with painful and laborious struggles, torn hands, and bleeding feet. “Her constant prayer,” says her daughter, “was for light and truth;” nor was that prayer unheard.

It is somewhat difficult for us now to realize — so fast has the world travelled — how much there remained of prejudice fifty years ago wherewith a mind endued with such piety might have to contend. Even so late as the first publication of her “Physical Geography” that very simple and unpretending *résumé* of the actual results of discovery caused its authoress to be publicly attacked in a form to which only an arch-heresiarch in these days could be exposed. “The contests,” she says (p. 129), “concerning the enormous geological periods during which the formation of the globe had extended were very keen and lasted long. After I had published my work on ‘Physical Geography’ I was preached against by name in York Cathedral.” Probably her position in these latter days among men of science would be deemed almost an exceptionally conservative one — maintaining, as she ever did, unwavering faith in God and Immortality, and delighting to refer everything good and beautiful in creation to that Divine Wisdom and Love whose consideration more modern philosophy seems by preference to leave outside the bounds it has prescribed for itself. As Newton, when he had finished his sublime exposition of the Theory of Gravitation in the “Principia,” “burst into the infinite and knelt,” so in her humbler walk in his, and La Place’s footsteps, Mrs. Somerville allowed no treatise on natural science to pass from her hands without some such reverent sign as men pay when they have entered a church. Telescope and microscope each admitted her into a new Temple, and from the “Preliminary Dissertation” to her “Mechanism of the Heavens,” from which we have just quoted one noble passage, to the motto she chose for her “Molecular and Microscopic Science:” “*Deus magnus in magnis, maximus in minimis*,” she entered and quitted it with bowed head and humble steps. To her the idea (now, alas, familiar enough to us all) of writing a book about Nature and

ignoring God, would have seemed fantastic as that of writing her accounts to her children of her visits to Abbotsford or Collingwood, and carefully omitting to mention therein Scott or Herschel. “It is deplorable and inconceivable,” she wrote to a friend just before her death, “how men can believe that the glory of the heavens, and the beauty of the earth, is not the work of Deity.”

The long evening of Mrs. Somerville’s life was one of happiness only overclouded at intervals as husband, son, and friend, dropped away from the circle of love and sympathy in which she dwelt. Her abode in Italy (entirely her own choice), if it deprived her necessarily of some of the intellectual enjoyments of England, yet permitted her modest income to supply all such luxuries as her age and tastes required, and if the account which she gives in these “Recollections” of her summers with her daughters in their *Villeggiaturas* in Sorrento and Albano, and her winters in Florence and Naples do not convince the reader that she was thoroughly happy in Italy, his conception of the possibilities of enjoyment which the world offers to an aged woman must be lofty indeed. Friends she always had around her, and from time to time visitors from the busy English world of literature, politics, and science, with whom she would converse for hours with delight and animation. An evening with Professor Tyndall or Dean Stanley was marked with a white stone, nor did she fail to be gratified by the kind telegram of the Prince and Princess of Wales that their chief regret in relinquishing their journey to Naples was that they should miss seeing her. Of the reverential affection of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Woronzow Greig (who sent her continually each little luxury she cared for from England), and of the entire devotion of her daughters’ lives to her happiness, this is hardly the place to speak. Her own “Recollections” sufficiently testify to the facts. Nor in picturing her later years must we forget attached servants who made of her apartments, in a vast Italian palace, always a real home. To see her good Luigi carrying the light burden of his beloved “Padrona” in his arms up-stairs from her carriage, or bringing her early breakfast and arranging her pillows in the morning, was to witness a relation which, could it be oftener realized, would make life considerably more pleasant than many a mil-

lionaire finds it with a whole train of mercenary domestics.

At last, as she herself describes it very touchingly, the "Blue Peter" of the old Admiral's daughter was lifted to the mast head; and she waited patiently, full of faith and hope, for the signal of departure. "Deeply sensible," she writes, "of my utter unworthiness, and profoundly grateful for the innumerable blessings I have received, I trust in the infinite mercy of my Almighty Creator." Three years before she had written: "In the blessed hope of meeting again with my beloved husband and children, and those who were and are dear to me on earth, I think of death with composure and perfect confidence in the mercy of God. Yet to me who am afraid to sleep alone of a stormy night, or even to sleep comfortably any night unless some one is near, it is a fearful thought that my spirit must enter that new state quite alone." But it seemed as if, while the sun sank slowly down, the light grew yet brighter and more serene. "Her mind," says her daughter, "was constantly occupied with thoughts of religion, and she lifted her heart yet more frequently to that good Father whom she had loved so fervently all her life, and in whose merciful care she fearlessly trusted in her last hours." "God bless you, dearest friend," she wrote, just three weeks before she died, to one who had sent her an essay "On the Life after Death," "for your irresistible arguments of our Immortality; not that I ever doubted of it, but, as I shall soon enter my ninety-third year, your words are an inexpressible comfort." The summer and autumn of 1872 had been full of her usual peaceful and happy occupations, and specially interesting from the great eruption of Vesuvius, of which she was able to be a near witness, and of which she wrote detailed observations. Up to the 28th of November she remained in perfect health, and every morning spent some hours in studying and solving the problems in a "Memoir on Linear and Associative Algebra," given her by Professor Pierce, of Harvard, and those in Serret's "Cours d'Algèbre Supérieure," and "Tait on Quaternions," kindly sent her by Mr. Spottiswoode. On the day mentioned she felt less well than usual, but passed the afternoon in her drawing-room with her daughters and niece speaking of absent friends and other topics; and only towards ten o'clock complained of trifling pain, for which her physician, when sum-

moned, soon found a remedy. She fell asleep—a sweet, quiet sleep—which lasted a few hours; and then, just after midnight, her daughters, watching beside her, saw a slight change. The stillness which had come over her face was deeper than that of any earthly rest. The morning which rose over that blue Italian sea rested on a countenance to which the "Great Master," Death, had given his grand and sacred calm. For her there was another morning—on a yet brighter shore.

From The Sunday Magazine.
SUKIE'S BOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HUGUENOT FAMILY," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

MILES'S START AND SETTLEMENT IN LIFE.

MILES COPE had served his apprenticeship in the principal grocer's shop of Cranthorpe, and had also been assistant for a time, when a daring enterprise suggested itself to his aunts' minds. By taking into his hands and greatly extending his Aunt Kitty's little concern, in tea, sugar, rice, &c., they had come to the conclusion that he might begin a business of his own.

Prudence might temper daring in the enterprise, by Miles extending the concern very gradually, and by his being exceedingly moderate in the ready-money purchases which he was in circumstances to make with the savings from his last years' salaries, and with some little savings which his Aunt Sukie had been enabled to gather recently, in provision for a rainy day, but which she would cheerfully risk for the reasonable hope of setting up her boy in life.

Miles, established in Cranthorpe under the same roof with his aunts, would be something very much better than if he went out into the world to push his fortune—a prospect which his Aunt Sukie had been striving to break herself into contemplating composedly with many a heart-throb of yearning and dismay. Of course she and Kitty would not stand in Miles's way, but it would be a great change to them to be left two lone women again, after all these years; and Miles was so home-loving and kind-hearted a fellow that he would miss them almost as much as they would miss him, and feel lonely

— though he would not follow the multitude to do evil, she could trust him for that. No, she had not a lofty look on his account, at least she humbly hoped not; but he had been as steady as a rock, and had never given them the least trouble since he was a little fellow, and now he was a serious-minded church member, whom they had warrant for believing was under the best guidance. That and his good health were the greatest comforts to them; only, since dear Bill's death, they could not help feeling anxious, especially if Miles were away from them; his poor father and mother had died young, and he was not without an occasional sore throat, while the best and wisest of men—their dear father himself—had not always been to be depended upon for changing his shoes when they were wet. Oh! nobody could tell the relief and gladness it would be to her and Kitty to have Miles kept with them in Cranthorpe!

Yet, though Cranthorpe smiled indulgently and looked kindly on Miles Cope's starting a little shop, still there were some who could not resist shaking their heads sceptically over the doubtful wisdom of the step. So quiet, good-humoured, and inoffensive a fellow, a regular woman's lad, who was so much at his aunts' elbow, whose chief relaxation was found in tending and rearing canary birds—what kind of business-man could he make? Why, although he were ten times as well-disposed and industrious as he really was, he would be taken in and plundered on every hand. If it had been the other poor fellow now, who had shown some brains and mettle, although he wanted ballast, he might have kept his own and got on in business; but this quaint Miles Cope, who was dropping his boyish untidiness and becoming dapper in his sense of the overwhelming consequence of a shopkeeper, would make a mess of the thing without fail.

In the meantime, happily unaware of these confidently-disastrous predictions, Miles and his aunts were full of trembling eagerness, pleasant excitement, fond pride, and chastened delight in the preparations for the opening of the shop.

The preparations and their crown—the opening-day, were not altogether unlike the prelude to the celebration of a marriage in which all the friends of the couple take the deepest interest, and rejoice with hope qualified by fear. Sukie was reminded with a heart-quake of Kitty's marriage. This was, in one sense,

Miles's settlement in life, and his friends were called upon to give their labours, good wishes, and prayers that all might go well with him.

How Sukie set her straw-bonnet cleaning aside for a week, and supplemented a char-woman in scrubbing to a snowy cleanness the floor of what had been Kitty's shop and "father's shop" previous to its present destination as Miles's shop—a floor which had never been very dirty in either character, and which, it must be the ardent desire of all Miles's friends, might be soon and thoroughly dirtied by the feet of many customers. How impressed all the family were by the addition to the shelves, and by the regular counter, to which the scales, burnished anew by Sukie's itching hands till they shone like gold, with the weights and measures, added life and character.

But for the absolute magnificence which the shop assumed in Sukie's and even in Miles's more experienced eyes, its promoters had to wait till its little stores of chests, boxes, jars, casks, and bags—all handsome in their freshness and fully indicative of the value of their contents—were ranged in their proper places. There had been no sign above the door before. "Father" was so well known, and Kitty only looked for custom from personal patrons and friends; but a sign was absolutely necessary for Miles's larger undertaking. The painting of the sign was a work of art, which Sukie, busy as she was, spent many minutes in watching with the utmost respect. And when the painter's work was completed, and she read the dear old name "Miles Cope," with "Grocer" appended, and knew that the designation was to be upheld by her boy, and that it indicated his assumption of a respectable and responsible position of life, which she had no doubt that he would maintain creditably, and, please God, to his profit in every respect, Sukie melted into tears; "If father had lived to see this day, if his own poor young father and mother had been spared— but why should I have all the happiness here?"

Nothing could exceed the breathless interest of those consultations which Miles—good fellow always—took with his aunts over his anticipated purchases, and the searching, if eccentric, nature of the investigations which they made into the samples that were supplied to them. Sukie chewed coffee beans, and cinnamon, and ginger, till she had to complain that there was no taste left in her mouth;

she starched rags of calico in impromptu starchings, as stiff as doors; she roasted sputtering chestnuts, burning her fingers in the process.

At length every test had been tried, and every purchase completed. The shop was in order, only the shutters — which, like the sign, were a new importation, due to the magnitude of the shop and the preciousness of its contents — had to be removed to reveal to admiring eyes the glories of the new shop in Cranthorpe, Miles Cope's shop.

Miles and his aunts waited till the dawn of a new day for the opening of the shop. After stepping in and standing in a body, over and over again, to see that all was ready, they solemnly closed the door of communication and sat down to rest from their fatigues, and reckon for the hundredth time the prospects of to-morrow — the old patrons who were likely to honour Miles's opening day, the unknown unexpected customers who must be drawn by the unrivalled attractions which he had to offer.

Miles and his Aunt Sukie were modestly sanguine, and his Aunt Kitty was not more desponding than usual. Sukie had feared tenderly that this season might be too much for her Kitty. But according to Sukie's judgment Kitty had borne up nobly for her and Miles's sake, reflecting what a great time it was for them, and how her Bill would have liked to see it. Nay, perhaps he did see it, for though his home was amongst the stars, that did not prove, but rather the reverse, that he would not condescend to take an interest, if he were permitted, in what happened that was of moment to them in his old home in Cranthorpe. Was it not written of God Almighty that not a sparrow fell to the ground without his knowledge? Surely Bill was nearer to God now than when he dwelt among them.

Sitting round the winter fire that night, the three remembered and reminded each other that unless God built the house, the builders would labour in vain, and asked Him of His good pleasure to bless their work; but whatever end he had in store for it, to receive them at last of his grace, through his dear Son, into those holy everlasting habitations, where old and young, whom the petitioners had loved, had preceded them.

The next day was a fine frosty winter's day, a boon in itself, for the weather had been an anxious question with the aspirants for public custom. When the shutters were removed at the stroke of eight

(as an act of justice to the other shops that opened at eight), the rising sun illumined with silvery brilliance the treasures of that window, the setting forth of which, with all that could win either old or young, whether in canisters of snuff, or in cases of sugar-plums, had been an absorbing effort of skill and love to Sukie.

First Sukie and then Kitty stole across the street, depending upon the early morning hour's screening them from observation, to see for themselves the effect of Miles's shop, with Miles in his recently unfolded spotless apron behind the counter, for, of course, Miles could not quit the dignity and duty which he had appropriated in his post, much as he hankered to do it, in order to run across and see for himself how it all looked. In the afternoon twilight when the lamps were being lit, or next morning, he might leave one of his aunts in charge and try to gather the effect; but not this morning, the crisis was too signal to admit of any dallying with it.

Soon Miles had customers: first one or two, who bought trifles out of neighbourliness and curiosity, and then others, steadily rising both in number and rank, and in the bulk of their purchases (the vicar's wife came and bought a whole stone of soap), till Miles and his aunts' moderate expectations were more than realized, and they closed the shop in the evening in a state of mingled triumph and gratitude difficult to express.

Whatever sneers the homely adventure might have provoked, had been totally unseen by the principals, in the sense that the meek inherit the earth.

The fair start was not delusive. Of course the *éclat* of the opening day did not attend succeeding days, and there were fluctuations, and even occasional bad debts; still, through all, to the somewhat incredulous surprise and approval of his fellow-townsmen, Miles Cope, with his aunts as assistant shopwomen, got on and established a limited but profitable and growing business in Cranthorpe. He was not so badly furnished for trade as had been supposed. He had all the high principle and sterling honesty of the Copes, which did not cut him out for cheating certainly; but the very fair play which he was desirous of dealing to others, and which prevented him from snatching greedily at a bargain or a high profit, tended to save him from being cheated. His straightforwardness — not unaccompanied by the true trader's

shrewdness and genuine turn for traffic — was also in his favour. It was more difficult to go about the bush and overreach a man who went right to the point himself, and afforded no apology to his neighbour for doubling; besides, the neighbour having disqualified himself for believing and understanding purely honest tactics, felt additionally baffled by being unable to tell whether Miles Cope's apparent simplicity might not be an impenetrable depth of cunning. Again, Miles's contentment with little, and his disposition to go by the advice of two cautious elderly women, while it kept him from making a sudden dash and acquiring by any chance a rapid fortune, saved him from rash speculations. Finally, Miles's earnest endeavours to supply his customers so far as he could do it with unadulterated and good articles — with tea which was not sloe-leaves and copperfilings, coffee which was not burnt rye, pepper which was not any dust save pepper dust, sugar free from sand, and raisins the weight of which was not half made up of stalks; however it might cause him to buy at little less than he sold, and so commence by considerably diminishing his profits, told beneficially upon his customers and his business in no very long time.

It was a great day for Miles, as well as for his Aunt Sukie, when he forbade her to take in another straw-bonnet to clean, because he wanted her whole time for helping him; and when he went alone to the old draper's shop, at which his cousin Bill had served his apprenticeship, to buy two French merino gowns, and muffs, which he could afford to present as Christmas gifts to his aunts.

In return, nothing could exceed the pride and satisfaction which his aunts took in Miles, or the considerate indulgence that they were prepared to show him. His canary birds were better minded even than his grandfather's had been. Such a little dog as that for which Miles had entertained a great hopeless longing when he was a boy, but which his Aunt Sukie's exceedingly straitened finances had forced her to deny him, was secretly procured for him, and Miles was encouraged to take walks with his dog, in conveying goods to out-lying customers, while his aunts served the shop in his absence. It was the utmost satisfaction to Sukie and Kitty to see Miles's short figure and comical kindly face braced and browned into elasticity and health by the

exercise of the walk, with the diversion of his dog for company.

But the captious world would not admit that — granted Miles Cope was prospering in business — the happy, peaceful life led by him and his aunts could or would continue. An end must come to it, for Miles was a young man, and "goody, goody" though he was, he had the feelings of his kind; he would fancy some girl, keep company with her, make her his wife, and *pouf!* there would be a great split in the hitherto united household. The aunts would be sent about their business, and bidden to shift for themselves again. Foolish women! they ought not to have been so quick in taking Master Miles at his hasty word; or if husband and wife and aunts were so silly as to try to keep house together, then peace and happiness would fly out of the window. Any way, Miles Cope's gratitude and the harmony of his domestic relations would no longer be a reproach to the other young fellows of Cranthorpe.

When this catastrophe was hinted at, by some malicious people envying their good fortune, to Sukie and Kitty, they looked startled and a little scared, but quickly recovered themselves, and said, with a little spirit, that they hoped Miles would do just what was best for his own well-being and happiness, and for anything further they could trust him. "But, no doubt, Kitty, let us do whatever we may, which is alike our bounden duty and greatest satisfaction to do for the boy, it is both human nature and Scripture that a man should leave his father and mother — not to say his aunts — and cleave to his wife," said Sukie to her sister when they were by themselves, speaking a little sadly; "and all that we can desire is that Miles may be led to make a wise choice — wiser than his poor father's. But Miles is a different man from his father."

"I do not know that the wisdom of a man's choice has so much to do, as one might expect, with his being steady like our nephew, instead of wild like our brother," declared Kitty; "at least, I often find that the quietest-going young men make the most indiscreet marriages. I hope Miles will bring home no flaunting quean or daughter of Heth."

"Oh, Kitty, do not dream of such a thing," implored Sukie.

Miles had already made his choice. When it was communicated as an undeniable fact to his aunts, they said in one

breath, "Miles has made his own choice," which implied that further remark would be inadvisable. If it inferred also that Miles's choice had not been altogether that which his aunts would have made for him, the opinion remained an inference without confirmation.

But, in reality, and in many respects, Sukie and Kitty had no reason to find fault with Miles's choice; on the contrary, they were bound to approve of and applaud it. Certainly, it was very unlike his father's choice. Miles's fancy fell on a confidential servant in a small country-house in the neighbourhood. Naturally, in order to have become a confidential servant, she was not a girl, but was seven or eight years Miles Cope's senior. She was a comely, black-eyed, lively woman, who had regarded Miles Cope as a well-doing rather droll youngster, and had begun by patronizing and petting him in a kind of motherly way, when he walked out with his dog to receive orders, or bring home goods, and had been as much surprised as any body else, when Miles, taking her attentions in more than good part, had turned upon her, and asked her to take a walk with him, as the orthodox prelude to asking her to be his wife.

"What should I have to say to a little fellow who they tell me is constantly tied to his aunts' apron-strings?" answered quick-spoken Sue Hopkins a little disdainfully. She, too, was a Susan—his "black-eyed Susan," Miles had audaciously called her to himself, only that the name Susan in her case had been shortened into the smart modern Sue, and not transformed into the homely old-fashioned Sukie.

"It would have been worse for me if I had not been tied to their apron, once on a day, and I know no better place to be tied to," said Miles, in the coolness of his simplicity.

"Leastways, you are a true-hearted fellow to speak up for your old friends," said Sue cordially, instantly repenting of the unworthiness of her passing sneer, and hastening to make the utmost amends by being all the more tolerant and kinder to Miles Cope because of it.

Then Sue began to bethink herself, that when she was a girl just growing into a woman, she had had a lover in every detail the reverse of Miles Cope; handsome, bold, heedless, wilful, who could sing and dance with the best, who took her heart by storm, whom she would have married, had she not discovered in

time that he had such grave flaws of character as would have rendered him—not only a most uncomfortable, but a fatal husband to her, dragging her down as he had dragged down the woman whom he had ultimately married, to want and misery. It had been a great lesson to Sue, and besides turning her mind to higher things—for Sue was decidedly a church-going, religious woman—it was not in Miles Cope to have been smitten by another kind of woman—it had taught her judgment, rendered her wary, and helped to keep her single, and to transform her into the woman of staid habits, though lively temper, who had gathered some little substance in her station, and was of such established respectability and responsibility, that she was no longer "Sue," but "Susan," sometimes even "Mrs. Hopkins," with her master's family, and fellow-servants. This was a very different woman from poor, penniless, shiftless Sal Levett—a bird out of a bad nest. When Sue considered that if she were ever to make up her mind to leave service and change her state, and so escape the loneliness—especially lonely in her station—of spinsterhood, here was a good opportunity; when she had experienced keen compunction for going with the short-sighted world in decrying and undervaluing Miles Cope's great merits, and in making a mock at his little peculiarities and oddities, she began to defy the smiles of her betters and the titters of her fellows, to listen to and smile upon his suit.

Miles, at the height of bliss, regarding himself with more reason than many of his fellows in the same circumstances can claim, the most fortunate of men, took Sue in her quiet, handsome, and becoming Sunday dress of black silk, and lavender shawl, and bonnet with pink ribbons, to make his aunts' acquaintance and take tea with them, and when Sue outdid their nervous graciousness by her frank graciousness, there was nothing for Sukie and Kitty to do but to be pleased, thankful, and hopeful.

To be sure, Sue might have been a trifle younger, and a trifle less self-possessed, as a promised bride. She was so entirely mistress of the situation as to suggest, even to the most unsuspecting persons, the prospect of her ruling the roost; and for that matter, she dictated to Miles, and he deferred to her, in everything already, not with the coquetry of a mistress and the devotion of a lover, but

with the control of an older, stronger-minded, and stronger-willed woman, over a younger, weaker man.

But Sukie was fain to reflect that those marriages are said to be the happiest where the wife is the senior of the husband, that Miles might be ruled for his good, and that with his sweet, sunshiny temper he would never resent the ruling, while a woman of spirit, sense, and activity would be an invaluable helpmeet for him in the shop, where the failing powers of herself and Kitty would soon begin to tell.

Indeed, Sukie and Kitty were getting old, and feeling that age does not come alone. They should be reconciled to being set aside, and to having a little repose and leisure in the house itself, where the new-comer must be mistress; only Sukie could have wished, though she reproached herself for the pettishness of the wish, that Sue had not announced so freely the improvements which she was to effect, and the benefits which she was to confer.

No doubt Sue was somebody, and was entitled to make a stir and have her own way — which she had given proof would be a very good way — wherever she went. But it was not in human nature, in woman's nature, to hear without a little rising rebellion, all the old plans and arrangements which had chiefly originated with Sukie as the working mistress, disparaged and made light of; while the new-comer was to introduce new cooking, new cleaning, and new disposal of the old furniture, among which her fresh furniture was to figure, embellishing every dingy and shabby corner.

Weary as Sukie was with many a hard task, it went against the grain with her, after all, to feel herself in danger of being, not set, but swept aside. It cut her to find herself becoming a person of such small importance, with Miles above all, while even Kitty seemed carried away by the tide. Sukie had more than enough of family love to cause her to rejoice in a family advantage, yet she reflected that new fashions were best for new people, and grew tender over the old time-hallowed fashions.

Still it was what we must all come to, Sukie supposed, and accused herself of being "a jealous old thing," a narrow-minded old maid, and turned her mind sedulously to contemplate the promise of the match, and Miles's entire confidence and radiant happiness in it, so that when

Kitty remarked, with wonderful cheerfulness for her, "I must give up Miles's arm, and be content with yours to church, Sukie; but I think we have great reason to be thankful. Won't it be a fine thing when we have our niece to take care of us all, now that you and I are getting old? She has kindly undertaken to net curtains for the windows, and cut out aprons for the stoves, and make a rag carpet for our bed-room; and she says she will cook such sweetbreads, and kidneys, and ox's palates, as she has been accustomed to sending up for Mrs. Dutton's lunch, which Sue declares will give a better relish to Miles's tea than the bits of bacon you frizzle for him, and will tempt my appetite at any time. We must take care not to get mincing fine ladies or greedy guts, I tell her. What a difference it would have made if Miles had taken up with some idle gill-flirt, or ignorant gawky of a girl!"

"No doubt it will be a fine thing, Kitty, and Miles has behaved well in his marriage as in everything else," said Sukie, with as little of concealed heaviness as possible.

But, whether from persistent loyalty to old standards, or from lurking mortification even in her unselfish heart, Sukie, though she received all the congratulations of the neighbours with a good grace, left it to Kitty to descant on Mrs. Hopkins's merits and possessions — on the wages which she had saved, the judicious purchases which she had made against her ultimately marrying, as so well-favoured, well-off a woman might be expected to do — on the favours which her master and mistress and the family — heart-broken at parting with such a treasure of a servant, who was more of a friend than a servant — had showered upon her, from the gift of her wedding-gown, a silver-grey silk, to that of her marriage china.

Though the bridegroom was Miles, Sukie still held faithfully to Kitty's marriage as having been something far more resplendent in prospect, and to Kitty's dress as having been the "pink" of brides' dresses, and to Kitty in her clinging gentility, to which Mrs. Hopkins, with all the general weight of her charms, laid no claim, as the perfection of brides. But the great compensation for the inferior glories of this marriage to Sukie was that, in spite of her prejudice, she could look forward to another ending to it, and pray God for his blessing on this

couple with another heart than that with which she had prayed for his blessing on Kitty and Will Mayne.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEW AND OLD BROOMS.

SUE COPE did all that she had engaged to do, and went about re-modelling and taking care of the Copes' household with the greatest good-will and energy. Never had the old watchmaker's house looked so spruce and bright from end to end; never had the family been so daintily and yet economically served as by Mrs. Dutton's former experienced cook and housekeeper. In some senses the Copes were in clover, Miles was in ecstasies of grateful admiration. Sue herself was elated by every reformation which she wrought on Sukie's old-world, out-of-date, often clumsy ways, and on every boon which she, Sue, bestowed. Outside lookers-on cried the praises of the young wife—for as a wife, and in comparison with her aunts, she was young enough—and protested that the simple good little fellow, Miles Cope, must have had a great deal of slyness as well as simplicity in his composition, to see and secure for himself such a paragon as Mrs. Miles Cope.

It was hard not to agree with what everybody said, not to be sensible that one was in the enviable position which the world made out; but the stolidness was more instinct than stolidness; and before the honeymoon waned it became plainly perceptible, to the actors behind the scenes, at least, that the old and new brooms would not fit in and work well together in the Copes' household.

Sukie had seen what would be the sequel all along with that second sight which is not necessarily the gift of genius, or worldly wisdom, but which is as frequently found in union with homely common sense, and blunt faculties that are only sharpened by love.

Kitty, after having at first welcomed the changes and augured highly of their author, suddenly turned round, and smarted under them far more severely than Sukie would have done, unless for Kitty's sake.

Miles began to see with reluctant, grieved amazement, that his wife's doings were not the entire blessings to his aunts that he had honestly proposed them to be.

At last Sue herself discovered, with much indignation at the injustice com-

mitted against her, that her zealous reforms and best offices were not prized as they ought to have been; but that she was regarded, as she maintained that she was, as an interloper and usurper—she who had been so willing to lavish favours, not on Miles alone, but on his old aunts. What woman save herself, in her position, would have consented so cheerfully to come in and dwell with them, instead of standing out on her dignity, and requiring her house to herself? Her dignity! she had thought nothing of it; but had been willing, she who had had two servants kept under her at Colonel Dutton's, not only to stand and serve in the shop, but to slave like a scullion in the house in order to supply the Copes, aunts as well as nephew, with luxuries which they had never known till she came among them, and which they could not appreciate to this day; still she might have had some thanks, and not sulks and flouts for her pains. Yes, Sukie Cope could sulk, for as friendly as she looked; and as for Kitty Mayne, she had as many airs in her old deserted wife's head as would drive a downright woman crazy. Sue flattered herself that no one could ever have reproached her, Susan Hopkins or Cope, with want of proper self-respect and dignity—such dignity as had been fit for a confidential servant, who had known something of the world, and had kept her place, and that a good place, for fourteen years at a stretch. But Kitty Mayne's affectation of being a lady, and her book words, borrowed from her queer old mummy of a father, whom she and Sukie chose to set up as a non-such, they were enough to turn a plain body sick. (Sue was not like Will Mayne, a stranger from another county, but had come of a respectable Cranthorpe family, though they had been long scattered. She could remember old Miles with a familiarity which breeds contempt.) Miles was soft and an oaf where his aunts were concerned, and he and Sukie had made too much of Kitty because her man had run off and left her. Kitty was provoking enough to have driven any man to leave her, and wasn't he a good riddance? and because her slim lad of a son had died, when, if all tales were true, he had been getting into idleness and debt, and was taken away ere worse befell him; when, if he were in a proper frame of mind, and ready to go, his mother ought to have been thankful.

Sue was not by any means a bad, or even an unkind, woman, though she had

been driven to speak hard words, which would sound sacrilege to the Copes. She was a God-fearing, righteous, even a generous woman, when taken on the right side; she had meant well by her husband and his family, she would not have willingly injured them, not for the world, and she intended to return good for evil by carrying out her reforms with a still higher hand, because of the passive opposition which she experienced.

In the domestic dissension which had been kindled, and, which, whether it leapt up in a blaze or smouldered in a dull glow, was burning out the heart of the old family union, Kitty and Miles were the principal defaulters in speech. Mrs. Miles was for the most part content to act, she had not arrived at the stage of openly reproaching her husband's aunts; her life of service had taught her a certain amount of self-restraint, and given her an idea of decorum. Sukie, it must be confessed, did not take well with being shelved and reduced to white seam and knitting for the rest of her life. She would forget, and begin to go about the familiar work of the house and shop — a natural proceeding which always irritated Sue, because she looked upon it at once as an infringement of her prerogative, and an interference with her duties which she was bent on discharging. But so soon as Sukie perceived the offence which she had unwittingly given, she subsided into being a mere guest in her nephew's house, and did all that she could to make up for her inopportune inclination to be useful.

It was different with Kitty, she could depend upon others with a better grace, her delicate health had long rendered her more or less dependent. But it was true that Kitty had been spoiled. She had really borne her great trials meekly, but they had been made an excuse in the hearts of Sukie and young Miles, for granting her an unlimited privilege of being pensive and finding fault.

Sue did not understand the luxury of sadness and had no patience with it, while carping objections set her teeth on edge, and roused her excitable temper. On the other hand Kitty could no more give over sighing and hinting errors, instituting invidious comparisons, and suggesting improvements as often as not impossible, than she could give over breathing and go on living. She had unfortunately acquired the habit of taking up the look and tone of a martyr, which

still farther and beyond anything exasperated Sue.

"A martyr indeed, after I have scorched my face toasting a muffin for her, and she to insinuate that the muffin was burnt and the butter rancid — Miles's best Irish butter, and Sukie, who did it for her before, no more fit to prepare a muffin, or to do any better bit of cookery than to fly in the air."

Miles was unable, with all his natural excellence of temper, to occupy the difficult position of standing between two fires and remaining unaffected by either and impartial to both. Poor Miles was pulled to pieces, and dragged opposite ways by the old allegiance to which he had been so faithful, and the new alliance which was so deservedly dear to him. He remonstrated with Sue for not consulting his aunts' tastes, and was told by her that she had married him and not his aunts. She had done her best for all of them, but if he did not think so, he might make his choice between them. He could keep to his aunts — although he had better let her see where they would find that in the blessed Bible — and let the woman whom he had sworn to love and cherish go back again to service in which she had been respected, ay, and happy as the day was long, and not told that she had neglected the meanest creature committed to her care, for many a day before she saw his face. She would not stay where she was to be trampled upon. If he could submit to have his wife contradicted on all hands, and scorned, it was more than she had engaged for, that she could assure him.

Miles appealed to his aunts, wondering innocently that they were not more sensible of their obligations to Sue, and that they could not yield to her, and bear with her, if in her good heart and sincere interest in them, her quick temper sometimes made her a little hasty and violent in her charges. Miles was met by Kitty's dropping tears and regrets that she should be in anybody's way; and by Sukie's turning like a meek worm trodden upon, or a ruffled dove called to the defence of its young, with a reproachful demand, how could Miles hear an ill word said of his Aunt Kitty, or let anybody, any young woman, be she ten times his wife, vex his aunt?

Miles's gentle spirit was at once cooled and goaded by the atmosphere of strife, in which he now lived. As it continued to prevail, Miles's mental scales, bal-

anced between the contending parties, began to incline more and more to the woman who was the delight of his eyes, his first and last love, and who beyond doubt was devoted without sparing herself to what she considered his credit and comfort.

Miles took to speaking sharply and sourly to his old aunts who had brought him up. His conscience smote him for it, but the smiting of his conscience combined with the reproaches of his wife, and the inevitable worries of business, to render him only more disagreeable to the women who had spent their strength in providing for him, and who were now dependent on him.

It was but poetic justice that in the reaction Miles was disagreeable also to Sue. Her bright black eyes, which were not weeping eyes like Kitty's, nevertheless waxed dim with unshed impatiently-shaken-off tears, many a time in those weeks, over the reflection, that she had been taken in by Miles Cope himself, no less than by his aunts. He might be a steady industrious fellow, she had nothing to say against that—and there she was thankful, but where were the even temper and pleasant answers on which, aware of her own defects in these respects, she had counted so much for domestic happiness? They had served only to let Miles be put upon by his aunts, he could be as “snacky” and dogged to his own wife as though he was a Turk.

“If only Sue had never come among us,” reflected Kitty, wistfully, one evening to Sukie when the sisters were alone together, and husband and wife were in the shop.

“What's done cannot be undone,” said Sukie, quiet in a resolution which she had lately adopted, “she cannot go now—God forbid that we should wish it. Who would part man and wife?” and Sukie drew back as from the contemplation of a great sin. “And apart from us, Kitty,” Sukie went on to own candidly, “she is a good wife to Miles, poor fellow, for whose sake we may be glad of it. They say she is well liked in the shop, where she is both affable and obliging; she has more to say than we have, and she is young and goes in with the times. No, she must stay here since she is here,—it must be the other way, dear Kitty, I must speak of it to Miles, and there he is gone into the garden where I can have him by himself, I had better not lose the

chance,” finished Sukie in a little flutter of agitation.

It was an evening in June, calm and warm, with the flush of the setting sun in the west, and a lustrous moon rising in the east. The little garden was looking its best in the early prime of its vegetables and flowers. The cabbages, lettuces, and rhubarb were in full spread leaf, while the peas were in bloom and the roses were in flower. Sue's innovations had not yet reached it.

Though Sukie was not an imaginative woman, she could not help asking herself whether the garden recalled old associations to Miles as he went there to refresh himself after a trying day.

It had been a very trying day; all the bells, which were jangling out of tune, had contrived to accomplish clashing discord from morning till evening. Sue had risen from bed with a bad headache, and, insisting as usual on doing everything for everybody, had gone into a very fever of aggressiveness and impatience. She had threatened to wring the necks of Miles's birds—the dear little birds, representatives of that colony of canary birds which “father” had first brought to the house, and which he had never ceased to mind, calling attention to the note of one of the canaries, “as main vociferous,” on the very day he died, when Sukie could not tell whether or not his mind were wandering. Sue had said that the canaries' song went through her head like a knife, and that they spilled their seed and water on her lately-polished table, enough to provoke a saint. She had gone on to call Miles's dog “a nasty beast” for coming in after a shower with wet paws, and had compelled the poor dumb creature to have its paws rubbed on a mat, when to be sure it had snapped at her, and she had thrown it from her in a passion. Miles, instead of investigating whether his wife were bitten, he who had been so affectionate, had been unable to endure the double attack on his favourites, and had retired into the shop banging the door after him, and causing Kitty to cry out, “My poor head!”

“My poor head,” Aunt Kitty,” Sue had repeated ironically; “you had better cry, ‘Your poor head!’”

Mrs. Miles had gone on from bad to worse; she had banished father's chair, actually “father's chair!” as no longer fit for a respectable sitting-room. She had removed, whether by accident or design, the screen which stood always in

one corner to shade Kitty's weak eyes, and she had bullied Kitty for finding the light too much for her, and for merely observing that the stew which they had eaten for dinner must have been indigestible, since it had lain like a stone at her heart ever since.

Sukie had been overcome in her turn; she had spoken rudely to Mrs. Miles in asserting that Kitty ought to know best how her eyes or her stomach felt, and that one man's meat was another man's poison.

The accent, if not the words, must have been very rude before Mrs. Miles begged Sukie to remember in whose house she was and to whom she was speaking.

But that speech, for which Sukie knew Mrs. Miles could have bitten her tongue out the instant after she had said it, did no more than give immediate effect to a plan which Sukie had been sorrowfully revolving and maturing for some time.

"Miles," said Sukie almost timidly, approaching Miles where he stood at the top of the garden, his hands in his pockets and with his back to her, "I have got something to say to you."

"Say it, then," replied Miles shortly, expecting a fresh complaint as a sequel to the complaints which had already been poured into his ears by his wife.

"I think Kitty and I had better go away from here."

"Do you mean to insult me, Aunt Sukie?" cried Miles, turning round on her with a hot flush on his face. "Do you mean to insult me and Sue?"

"Oh, no, no! dear Miles," protested Sukie; "but you see for yourself that we do not get on well together."

"Whose fault is that?" cried Miles indignantly. "It is perfectly true what she says that she would have served you on her bended knees — cleaned your very shoes for you, and you are not pleased."

"I am aware Sue has done everything since she came amongst us," said Sukie, smiling faintly, "and that her intentions have been kind; we will not say whose fault it has been that we have not been comfortable: I daresay we've all been to blame. But you know, Miles, we never had a word among us before, and now we are going on to be the most wranglesome family in Cranthorpe; you would not have that said of us for the memory of those who are gone, as well as for the sake of those who remain. The only thing, the proper thing is for Kitty and me to leave you and Sue the house to yourselves. I have heard of a nice room

that will suit us — a spare room in a dry, well-built house belonging to the Kirbys; worthy people, whose father was a friend of father's, and who will let us have the room as a favour, and because we shall be quiet tenants. We can take some of the old furniture, which is like us, though it is no better than lumber to some people," Sukie could not resist saying, with a shade of bitterness; but she hastened to add, in the most propitiatory spirit, "Kitty and I will be quite snug there, and you will come and see us, Miles, and — bring Sue; we shall soon forget all differences."

Miles was sensible of the advisability, well-nigh the necessity of the step in the circumstances; but he recoiled from it. It was a terrible downfall from the castle in the air of family life which he had built, a castle in which certainly Sue was to be queen, but in which — and this formed scarcely an inferior element in his promised felicity — his aunts were to dwell in honour and bounty as dowager princesses. "You cannot leave this house, Aunt Sukie, grandfather's house, where you and Aunt Kitty were born," he said, with something like a groan: "it is yours and Aunt Kitty's, not mine and Sue's, when it comes to that."

"You know who pays the rent and the taxes now, Miles," said Sukie, smiling again, and this time more cheerfully, for she was a little consoled by the sight of Miles's distress at the idea of their going, even though the distress was pain to her boy. "He who does that is master of the house; and there is your shop so convenient. And what should Kitty and I do with a great house like this all to ourselves? We should be lost in it, and feel more like sparrows on the house-top than away from home in the Kirbys' room. Besides, it is not like giving up the house to strangers, to leave it to you and your wife. It is in the natural course of things, Miles, that the young should take the place of the old, even before their place knows them no more; we shall not refuse to let you make up to us by giving us what you can spare for our support, since that would be an injury to you and Sue. Don't think that we have quarrelled, or are resentful, my own dear boy; but, indeed, you must consent to Kitty and me going."

Miles was forced to consent, but the consent crushed him, and it subdued Sue, though she was too proud to say a word against it.

All that Miles could think of, he sent

from the house and shop to the room in the cooper's house, which Sukie had selected as an abiding place for Kitty and herself. He loaded his aunts with tokens of his regard; he took Sukie as well as Kitty, each on an arm, sustaining them in the trial of quitting their life-long home to repair in their old age to another home, which would never look like home to them — a crisis which the sisters compared to Abraham's leaving Mesopotamia, and to the Israelites quitting Egypt. And Miles did bring Sue to see his aunts very soon, and Sue sat on the edge of a chair with her hands crossed before her, her eyes not resting on anything, her very lips pressed tightly together in her formal civility, as if she were pledging herself not to touch or look at, or make a remark on anything, as unlike as possible to the active, impulsive woman that she really was, while Miles hung his head.

Yet everything was done "decently and in order," as Sukie quoted with regard to the disruption which had taken place; it had been voluntary, peaceable, and friendly, without any of those "words" which Sukie so earnestly deprecated. The neighbours had no special occasion to gossip, though they did crow a little over the end of the indissoluble alliance between the aunts and nephew, as if it were a sacrifice to the manes of ordinary family divisions that even the Copes' household, so soon as a strange wedge was inserted into it, should split up like other households. It was the way of the world, and it did not do for people to set up for being better than their neighbours, say in the instance of aunts and nephew being more attached and constant than other aunts and nephews. There was a psalm about brethren dwelling together in unity and God's blessing thereon; but the psalm referred to brethren, not to relations a degree farther removed, and doubtless was written for young people, not to say for a patriarchal state of society.

The little world of Cranthorpe was satisfied that no offensively magnanimous and amiable standard had been raised against them, and that their predictions had been fulfilled; but the close ties of seven-and-twenty years were not lightly broken. The elements of strife were withdrawn from the old watchmaker's house, for Sue was not inveterately a brawling woman, and never dreamed of brawling with her own well-doing, peaceable husband, over whom she had the upper hand, besides, and who left her

kingdom altogether uninvaded. But with the elements of strife much that was of the essence of the old house had departed. Miles still hung his head in his shop and out of it. His brisk dapperness and sunshiny contentment were gone.

As for Sukie and Kitty, and their establishment, a stillness like that of death descended on the two forlorn women, who had not quarrelled with Miles and his wife — Sukie and Kitty lacked even that baneful excitement — who had gone out of the old house of their own free will, and who submitted, and submitted gratefully, to be maintained by Miles in their age, as they had reared him in his infancy.

The autumn came early and stormy that year. The sisters were sitting together on a gusty September evening. Kitty was dozing in the chimney-corner. Sukie had laid down the white seam which she took in, as much for an occupation and diversion as for profit; she had no great object in pursuing it, and it had not much interest in itself, while it was trying for her failing eyes.

A woman in Sukie's rank who has led a busy life, and who has grown old, finds it difficult, if she be not pressed by necessity, to get suitable tasks and work to occupy her, while idleness is as repulsive to her as in her youngest days. A little easy, cheerful serving in a shop in which she has a keen interest, is a great boon to such a woman.

But that was not to be thought of for Sukie now. She sat with her hair grown so white that it softened and even ennobled (as only white hair softens and ennobles) her wrinkles and the homely plainness of her features, thinking of old times, and how much she had had to do, and how people had pitied her then, and what cause she had to be thankful for the peace and security of her age, all through her boy's doing. And yet she was so unreasonable that she could wish the old times back again when she was struggling and slaving for her boy among the rest, and seeing him, at the lowest computation, several times a day, hearing his news and sharing his young life. The very peace and security of the present seemed to make it feel yet duller and heavier, so that if she did not still have Kitty, Sukie feared that her heart would break. She shook herself up; that was a godless notion. She must look forward to another world where the old would be young again, and the lost restored.

A hasty, stumbling step sounded at the door. Sukie started, she had been thinking so much of the old days, that with the knock there flashed back upon her in a second the night long ago when she had been sitting sewing her straw plaits by her father, and Miles her brother had come for her to go to his dying wife, Sukie's Miles's mother.

When the door was opened and Sue came in alone, with a shawl which had been snatched up and wrapped round her to shelter her from the blast, and her bonnet half tied, Sukie could have cried out in alarm.

"How are you, Sukie?" said Sue, speaking fast, and not sitting down. "Is Kitty ill? I think everybody is ill, Miles is ill—did you not know? He has been in bed for the last three days."

"For three days!" said Sukie, stricken almost dumb; "and what is the matter?"

"The doctor said to-day it was fever, and he would be worse before he was better, and he has been worse since morning, though he is asleep now. I have come for you to go back with me, and help nurse him. I am not ashamed to come, at least, I'd be mortally ashamed and humbled in the dust ten times over, rather than Miles should be the loser. Oh, Sukie! don't refuse to come, and bring Kitty with you," said Sue, bursting into tears of grief and anxiety, which were so great that they swallowed up her mortifications, "when you hear that, with all my professions—and I feel like a hypocrite—I am not used to a sick room. There was no sickness to speak of at Colonel Dutton's all the time I was in the family, and my own people were very healthy. I have hardly seen sickness, and now, though I try my best, I cannot tell what should be done, or what to do, and I cannot make Miles comfortable, though I have listened with both eyes and ears to the doctor's orders."

"Does he complain much?" Sukie ventured to ask.

"He does not complain, my poor patient, suffering fellow," answered Sue, "he says, 'All right, Sue,' to everything I do; but I see for myself he is not eased. He asked this afternoon, 'Do aunts know that I am ill?' Oh! Aunt Sukie, Miles thinks he is going like his cousin, he has never been himself since you went away, and he misses you now so much—and I cannot prevent him from missing you, while I see it and feel it, I who drove you out—say you will come back. It is not

because I have the shop and all on my hands, I do not mind that,—I can work like a horse, if that would do any good. But it is for Miles not nursed as he should be, and sick with longing, in the midst of his other sickness, for his oldest friends—his own people—dying, perhaps, without having his longing gratified. Even in heaven, Aunt Sukie, he would remember that. Say you will come, and I shall let you do anything you like, not only for him, but for yourselves and me. For that matter, I have no heart to do anything, with him lying ill. You can serve the shop altogether, or take your turn in it, or clean my shoes instead of me cleaning yours—only come, Aunt Sukie," poor Sue ended piteously, offering an extraordinary inducement.

Sue's words had been poured out in such a torrent of sorrow, contrition, and apprehension that Sukie could neither check nor respond to them rightly, even if the lamentable tidings that Sukie's boy was down with fever, and thinking himself like his cousin Bill, had not nearly deprived her of speech. She could only put Sue into a chair and kiss her, as she had never kissed her before, and cry over her for a moment, ere she hurried to get Kitty's bonnet and mantle, and with them her own. Had it been only for herself she would not have minded out-of-door garments, she would have been ready to rush out as she was, in the windy, rainy September night, to run to Miles. It was Kitty who said promptly,

"We'll go, Sue; we can come in a moment. We've seen a deal of sickness; it is not your fault that you have not seen as much. Sukie is a good nurse; and if I can do nothing else I can sit and bathe his head and hands."

Miles was not too ill to recognize his aunts and brighten at the sight of them, while he sat up in bed looking pathetically comic in a night-cap, which Sukie had knitted for him, and tried feebly to unite Sukie's and Sue's fingers in one clasp in his own hot hand, and to say, "Now I could die happy."

But Miles was not going to die. His fancy that he was like his cousin Bill was but a fancy bred in a man who had never been seriously ill before, and whose mind recurred naturally to the only severe sickness with which he had come into close contact—that of his companion and kinsman. Miles was not in a worse case than that of a sharp attack of fever which required careful nursing.

The common watch, with the common

love at its root, was not merely like oil on the troubled waters which had arisen and flowed between the three women who had loved him best; it proved a bond as well as a solace, knitting good and honest, albeit dissimilar, hearts together as only good, that is, veritably Christian hearts could have been knit, and as nothing less than divine grace and human affection at its purest and best, in a season of trial, could have knit them.

When Miles passed the turn of the fever and began to rally, Sukie and Kitty said reverently that the Lord had given him to them for a prey. Sue said, in her frank way, that was as lavish in atonement as it had been excessive in provocation,

"I do not know about a prey, but I have been saved from the heaviest loss that a woman can sustain, and from a great punishment. It was my own will that I wanted in doing everything for everybody, and vexing in place of pleasing you all with my improvements. To think that I could ever have had the heart to vex a dear, good husband like Miles, until he was brought to the brink of the grave!"

Still, though Sukie's heart was more in the old house and the shop than ever, though it gladdened her spirit to see Kitty look at home again in the old place which she had so long adorned, though Sukie hesitated to disturb the recent peace established in the household, she feared that it was the thing that was called for from her, and that which was wisest as well as safest to propose with a secretly sinking spirit—but as if it were a matter of course, that Kitty and she should withdraw to their solitary garret.

But Sukie's proposal was anticipated by a compromise which had already been talked over and fixed upon, subject to the sisters' agreement, by Miles and his wife. A most feasible, hopeful arrangement it sounded on its first announcement, and it was an arrangement to grow on those who took it into serious consideration. Miles's business had so increased that a larger shop had become advisable for him, and he was ready to enter into treaty with the proprietor of a vacant shop in a more modern and available part of the town than that in which the old watchmaker's shop had been originally established.

The walk to and from the place of business, Miles and Sue considered, would be no disadvantage but a positive

gain, in the light of exercise, now that he was not at liberty from his increase of custom, and had not the temptation to walk out with his goods so far as Colonel Dutton's at Spring Mede. The old shop would be as much a spare room to Miles and his wife as the Kirbys' spare room was to them. Why could it not be fitted up for Aunts Sukie and Kitty, when their presence on the premises would be rendered the more desirable by Sue or one of the two sisters being frequently wanted out of the house by Miles at the shop?

The two sisters could be as independent in the room of their own, under their nephew's as under a comparative stranger's roof, while they would be always near, and yet not too near their friends, and would see Miles every morning and evening at least.

So it was settled, and the plan worked admirably, no doubt all the better for the salutary lesson that had been learnt by them. There was no occasion either for Mrs. Miles cleaning Sukie's shoes, or Sukie cleaning Mrs. Miles's; if there were any obligation, Mrs. Miles, as the young woman of the house, still claimed the right of working its hardest work, which Sukie conceded in what was after all an honourable rivalry; while Sue on her part set herself to respect, with nothing more detrimental than a funny gibe at a time, fond old use and wont where Sukie and Kitty were concerned, and to treat both sisters with careful as well as kind consideration.

And there was no doubt that a woman like Sue Cope introduced fresh life into the old house, until not merely Miles, but his aunts, felt when she went out of it that it had lost a new welcome zest, and wearied for the return of the mistress, after her occasional absences shopping and visiting, and in place of wishing that she had never come among them, they wondered what they could ever have done without her.

The world had to make up its mind to seeing a humble, simple family like the Copes maintain after all a higher standard of family unity and constancy than the world could compass.

When Miles's only child, a daughter, was born, it was in Sukie's arms that she was first put, as her father had been put before her, and Sukie's old arms became her frequent cradle, while Sukie and Kitty said, that now that they had seen their child's child in the third generation, might the Lord let them depart in peace.

From Temple Bar.
CHATEAUBRIAND AND HIS TIMES.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

PART I.

"I WAS almost dead when I came into the world. The roar of the waves lashed by the sea — the prelude of the autumnal equinox — prevented my cries being heard. I have often listened to these details, and their melancholy nature has never been effaced from my memory. Scarcely a day passes over my head that, when musing over what I have been, I do not see once more in thought the rock on which I was born, the chamber in which my mother brought me into the world, the tempest whose roar rocked my first sleep."

It is thus that François René Viscount de Chateaubriand describes the first hours of his existence.

St. Malo is a huge rock rising out of the midst of a vast salt-marsh, which is covered by the sea at high tide. Until 1709 it was a portion of the mainland of Brittany, but in that year an eruption of nature converted it into an island. Here, in a dark narrow street called la Rue des Juifs, was born, in the year 1769, the last of ten children, the illustrious author of "Le Génie du Christianisme," who was presented at the court of Louis the Sixteenth, shook hands with Washington, and lived to see the revolution of 1848.

A quaint, primitive, old-world place was St. Malo in 1769 — in customs, habits, and feelings much as it was in mediæval times; strange old superstitions, that had long since been forgotten in other parts of the land, still flourished among its amphibious population. The depravity of morals which infected all France like a plague had not tainted St. Malo; Paris was, in its eyes, a Pandemonium or Pit of Tophet, and woe to the girl who adopted any of its flaunting fashions, for heavy was the storm of reprobation that fell upon her devoted head.

The ancient and noble family of Chateaubriand had, like many other ancient and noble families of France, fallen into decay. The father of François René was a harsh, taciturn, melancholy man, absorbed in one idea — to restore the greatness of his house. The Countess was a woman of pious and refined mind, but even her son was compelled to admit that she was an arrant shrew.

According to the fashion of the time,

the child, as soon as born, was sent away to nurse, and to insure his thriving, the nurse made a vow to Our Lady of Nazareth, who had been created patroness of the village by some old crusader, that he should wear only blue and white until he was seven years old — a vow which was faithfully kept, and at the end of the probation revoked with grand religious ceremonies, including a procession of Benedictine monks and a homily from the prior, from which time the boy never ceased to dream of a pilgrimage to the land of Our Lady of Nazareth — a dream that, after many years, was realized.

The Chateaubriand household was not at all noble in its economy. The Count boarded up all the money — not much — that he could lay hands upon, to purchase back some of the old estates, and the family seems to have existed in a condition of positive misery. All the affection of the parents was lavished upon the eldest son. François was the *enfant terrible*, always in hot water, always being scolded, and the subject of the most doleful prophecies. A companion in neglect was his sister Lucile, a sickly child, two years his elder. The two little unloved ones loved each other with an affection that only death could break.

The young Viscount grew up idle and uncared-for; associated with all the young scamps of the town, imitating their language, and — but this unwillingly — their costume. His shirts were always in rags, his stockings were full of holes, his slippers down at heel and dropping off at every step; sometimes coatless and hatless, and his face and hands invariably covered with scratches and begrimed with dirt. At night he, assisted by Lucile and la Villeneuve, an old servant, who, with the exception of his sister, seems to have been the only friend he had in his home, would endeavour to patch these tatters — efforts which resulted in a wonderfully odd kind of Joseph's coat. The boy was proud and sensitive, and his pride revolted against this wretchedness, so that on festivals and holidays he would steal away from the gaily-dressed crowd to some lonely bay among the rocks, there to lie *perdu* until nightfall, watching the sea-birds skim above the waves and listening to the monotonous dash of the breakers upon the shore. Nevertheless, he tells us that he was a very imp of boyish mischief, and he and another lad named Gesril, who afterwards greatly distinguished himself as a naval officer, appear to have

been the terror of mothers, nurses, and all custodians of the young, whom these companions were ever leading into mischief and danger.

By-and-by he was taken out of this vagabond life and sent to the College of Dol, where he threw himself into study with the utmost ardor, making great progress in mathematics and becoming an excellent Latinist. Two books which fell into his hands at this time produced a great effect upon his mental development. The one was sensuous—an unexpurgated copy of Horace; the second, monkish, austere religious, entitled “Confessions Badly Made.” The one painted pleasure in the most alluring colours, the other threatened eternal torture to all who should yield to it. The two influences waged fierce war within him; but out of the discord there arose a creature of fancy, whom he called his Sylphide—a kind of beautiful dæmon, that unceasingly haunted him waking and sleeping. Like Pygmalion, he became enamoured of this spirit of his imagination, whom he invested with every beauty and every virtue that memory or fancy could furnish. In the darkness of the night she stood beside his bed, a more than mortal loveliness; and shunning all companionship, he would seek the loneliness of the woods to hold communion with her and worship her. This Sylphide was the mother of “Atala,” and hereafter these reveries fructified in passionate love-scenes that thrilled gentle hearts throughout Europe.

From his cradle he was destined to the naval service, but while at Brest, preparing for his examination for midshipman, he seems to have conceived an invincible repugnance to the profession. The talk and stories of the sailors with whom he mixed, however, infected him with an eager desire to explore strange and unknown countries, to become a discoverer of new lands, like Cook and La Perouse. Under the influence of this mood he abruptly quitted Brest without going up for examination and returned to the paternal roof, where, very contrary to his expectations, he received quite a cordial welcome.

The Chateaubriands had left St. Malo and gone to reside at the Château Combourg, one of the ancient demesnes of the family which the Count had recently bought back. François’ descriptions of Combourg afford a curious glimpse of the château life of the period, and read rather like a letter of Madame de

Sévigné’s from Les Rochers than the youthful experiences of one who was the contemporary of many still in the prime of life.

The Count rose at four, winter and summer, took coffee at five, and then retired to his cabinet. Eleven was the dinner-hour; the meal was taken in the great stone hall of the château, which served both as dining, drawing and reception room; after which he went out fishing or walking. Sometimes old friends who lived within a score or so of miles would ride over, when, like the barons of old, the master of Combourg, in snow or rain or sunshine, would stand bare-headed at the gate to welcome and dismiss them. Eight o’clock was the supper-hour, after which, in summer, all went out and seated themselves upon the entrance steps, the Count amusing himself by firing upon the owls that congregated among the ivy-grown towers; while François and Lucile, the latter now grown up a beautiful girl, watched the stars as, one by one, they came out of the darkening sky. In winter all remained within the hall, the vast gloom of which was illumined only by the dim light of a single candle. The mother reclined upon a couch; the father, clothed in a long white gown and a tall white cap, paced incessantly up and down, lost in the darkness as he reached either end; the brother and sister crouched dreaming over the huge hearth. Not a word was spoken, not a sound was heard, save the monotonous tramp of the Count’s feet and the wild wind howling round the old building and among the groaning leafless trees. At ten precisely the lord of the house retired to bed, upon which mother and children cast off the oppressive burden of the death-like silence that had weighed upon them, and for some half-hour or so fell into cheerful conversation. François was put to sleep at the top of an ancient deserted turret, whither he went not without trembling, for of course the old mansion had its accredited ghost—a wooden-legged Chateaubriand, who was supposed to take nightly walks up and down the deserted galleries.

After some months of this gloomy existence the young man entered the army as a sub-lieutenant, proceeded to Paris, and was presented at Court; but a nervous timidity and confirmed *mauvaise honte* made him shrink from all society, especially from that of women, in whose presence his bashfulness amounted to positive suffering. The death of his

father recalled him shortly afterwards to Brittany.

When he returned to the capital the Revolution had commenced, and he found himself engulfed in the fierce whirl of that mighty movement. A strange chaotic society must it have seemed to the dreamy young Breton. Every one lived in a delirious excitement, at balls, theatres, clubs, political meetings, gaming-houses. The most heterogeneous elements mingled together; the powdered-haired velvet-coated courtier was seen walking arm-in-arm with the plainly-dressed citizen of the United States; shoemakers attired in the military garb of the National Guard measured customers for shoes; monks dined at taverns, sometimes in their proper costumes, sometimes as *citoyens*; nuns were seen seated in the midst of wild bacchanalian women; convents were thrown open to the public, and people flocked in thousands to visit them as to some picture gallery or museum.

Out of this turmoil the young Chateaubriand departed for America with some hazy notions of exploring for a north-west passage. After visiting New York and being presented to Washington he started for Niagara, and, equipped as an Indian hunter, wandered through the vast forests of the great continent, amidst those glorious and sublime scenes of primeval nature which he has painted so glowingly in his romances; sometimes in company with an Indian tribe, at others alone; sometimes reposing beneath the shelter of some friendly hut, more frequently beside a solitary fire kindled beneath the canopy of the mighty trees, locked in the arms of a limitless moonlit silence, broken only by the cries of wild animals, or the stir of the wind-swept leaves, or the distant roar of eternal Niagara.

One day, while resting in a Canadian hut, he saw an English newspaper lying upon the ground; he picked it up, and there read of the arrest of Louis the Sixteenth. He returned at once to Europe and proceeded to St. Malo. He found all his property confiscated by the Republic, and himself a beggar. To redeem his fortunes his mother and sister prevailed upon him to wed one Mademoiselle de Lavigne, a lady of considerable wealth. There was no love upon the bridegroom's part, whatever there might have been upon the bride's. Soon after the marriage he repaired to Paris, to offer his sword to the King, leaving his wife in

Brittany. They did not meet again for more than eight years, a separation which the husband seems to have endured with great resignation, although during the Reign of Terror she was incarcerated in the dungeons of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and narrowly escaped the guillotine. He always writes of her in terms of the highest praise and of self-deprecation, and they appear to have gone through life pretty harmoniously, and with a due observance of the *convenances* of society.

Neither to king nor people could he give his entire sympathy. The petty plots of the Court disgusted him; the brutalities of the Revolutionists, although his predilections were liberal, horrified him. He very soon discovered that to remain in Paris was to expose himself to destruction, so in company with his brother, now the Count de Chateaubriand, after much difficulty and danger, he succeeded in getting away from the city of assassins, crossing the frontier, and joining the camp of the *émigrés* at Trèves. What this camp was like shall be described in his own words:

An army is usually composed of soldiers nearly resembling each other in age, height, and strength. Very different was ours—a confused assemblage of men in the prime of life, old men, and children just alighted from their dovescots, talking a jargon of Norman, Breton, Picard, Auvergnat, Gascon, Provençal, and Languedocian. A father served along with his sons, a father-in-law with his son-in-law, an uncle with his nephew, and a cousin with a cousin. This *arrière-ban*, ridiculous as it appeared, had nevertheless something touching and honourable in it, because it was animated by sincere conviction; it presented the spectacle of the old monarchy, and gave a last representation of a world that was passing away. I have seen old noblemen, with severe countenances, grey hair, tattered coats, knapsacks on their backs, and their muskets in slings, dragging their steps along by the aid of a stick, and supported on the arm of one of their sons; I have seen M. de Boishue, father of my comrade, who was massacred at the States of Rennes beside me, marching along, alone and melancholy, with his naked feet in the dirt, carrying his shoes on the point of the bayonet for fear of wearing them out; I have seen young men wounded, stretched beneath a tree, and an almoner, in riding coat and stole, on his knees beside them, speeding them to St. Louis, whose heirs they had endeavoured to defend on earth. This poor troop, who did not receive a sou from the princes, made war at their own expense, while the decrees served to complete their spoliation, and threw their wives and mothers into dungeons.

It was amidst such scenes as these that the finishing touches were put to the pages of "Atala." This thereafter world-famous romance was but an episode of a mighty manuscript of some thousands of pages, "The Natchez," composed chiefly during his wanderings in America; a kind of intellectual *olla podrida*, from which he drew thereafter materials for the greater part of his future works, and yet left enough for a separate publication.

Upon the breaking up of this forlorn hope, infected with small-pox, wounded besides in the thigh, and with only eighteen livres in his pocket, he commenced a journey of upwards of two hundred leagues. After almost incredible sufferings he arrived at Brussels. At the sight of the loathsome disease which was still upon him every one shut the door against him.

I was driven out of a café, [he says]. My hair hung over my face, which was half-hidden by my beard and moustaches; my thigh was wrapped round with a hay rope, covered with mud; over my uniform, which was in rags, I wore a woollen coverlet tied about my neck like a cloak. The beggar of the Odyssey was more insolent, but not poorer than myself.

In Brussels he meets his brother, for the last time upon earth, and M. Malsherbes, who gives him twenty-five louis. With this money he sails to Jersey, where an uncle, one M. Bedée, gives him an asylum, and where he lies at the point of death during four months. Thence he passes over to England, and arrives in London in 1793. His health is so completely shattered that the physicians pronounce it impossible for him to live beyond a few months. What a terrible condition! An exile, a beggar in a strange land, starvation, death, staring him in the face!

He has many companions in his misery, for London swarms with *émigrés*, all more or less destitute. The English Government makes an allowance of a shilling a day to those who choose to solicit it; but the greater number, Chateaubriand among them, are too proud to accept such alms. In many humble and ingenious ways do the old *noblesse*, male and female, who once graced the *salons* of Versailles and luxuriated in all that earth could yield, eke out their miserable lives. Some teach French, or music, or dancing, while their wives and daughters plait straw for hats or do needlework. He busies himself in writing an essay upon "Revolutions" and in working for the booksellers. But

he cannot keep the wolf from the door, and at length he and a fellow-sufferer, who lodges with him, come to the end of their resources.

I spent my days, and a portion of my nights, [he writes], out of doors, in order that people should not perceive my distress. When we reached our last shilling, I agreed with my friend to keep it in order to preserve a semblance of breakfasting. We arranged that we should purchase a loaf at two sous; that we should allow them to bring up warm water and the teapot as usual; that we should not put any tea into it; that we should not eat the bread, but drink a little warm water with a morsel of sugar which remained in the bottom of the sugar-basin. Five days glided on in this manner. I was devoured with hunger; I was burning hot; sleep had wholly deserted me. I sucked some fragments of linen which I had dipped in water; I chewed grass and paper. When I passed before the bakers' shops my torments were dreadful. One severe evening in winter I stood for two hours riveted before a shop where dried fruits and smoked viands were sold, drinking in with my eyes all that I beheld. I could have eaten, not only the edibles, but the boxes, the baskets, and the *papiers* which contained them. On the morning of the fifth day, almost expiring from inanition, I drag myself to Hingant's house; I knock at the door, it was locked; I call Hingant, who is some time without giving any reply; at last he rises and opens it. He was laughing in a wild and unnatural manner; his riding coat was buttoned. He seats himself before the table on which the tea things were placed. "Our breakfast is just coming up," said he, in an extraordinary tone of voice. I fancied I saw some drops of blood on his *chemise*; I hastily unbuttoned his riding-coat; he had given himself a stab with his penknife, about two inches deep, in his left side. I called out for help. The servant hurried out to procure a surgeon. The wound was dangerous.

Just as he has abandoned all hope, and almost resigned himself to die of hunger, he receives a letter containing forty crowns from his good uncle Bedée. He now removes to cheaper lodgings somewhere off Tottenham Court Road, and, to eke out his money as long as possible, lives with starvation frugality. His bed is only a pallet; he has no blanket, only a coverlet, over which he places his clothes, and a *chair*, to give a feeling of substance. Here is a curious picture of *émigré* life in London:

My cousin, De la Bouëtardais, expelled from an Irish den for not paying his lodging, although he had put his violin in pawn, came to seek a shelter with me from the constables. A Bas-Breton vicar lent him a pallet. La Bouëtardais was, as well as Hingant, a coun-

seller in the *parlement* of Brittany ; he was not master of a handkerchief to wrap round his head ; but he had deserted with arms and baggage, that is to say, he had carried off his square cap and his red robe, and he slept *under* the purple by my side. Facetious, a good musician, and gifted with a fine voice, he seated himself stark naked on the side of his couch, when we were not in the humour for sleeping, put on his square cap, and sang romances, accompanying himself with his guitar, which had but three strings. One night when the poor fellow was thus thrumming "The Hymn to Venus," by Metastasio, "Scendi propicia," he was struck by a draught of wind, his mouth became twisted, and he died from the effects, but not immediately, for I rubbed his cheek vigorously. We took counsel together in our lofty chamber, we reasoned on politics, and amused ourselves with the gossip of emigration. In the evening we proceeded to the houses of our aunts and cousins to dance, after they had finished their day's work of making and trimming hats.

By-and-by he hears that a clergyman at Beccles, who is writing a history of Suffolk, requires a person who can decipher French manuscripts of the twelfth century. He offers his services, which are accepted. He remains for some time at the little east country parsonage, and forms the acquaintance of a gentleman named Ives, the rector of Bungay, a small town twelve miles off. Out of this acquaintance springs up a romance. The daughter falls in love with him, and the mother, perceiving her child's happiness compromised by the attachment, offers her to him for wife. All this time he has been living under an assumed name, and has carefully avoided all reference to his family or connections. Ah ! if he could but accept that generous offer ! For in this humble English girl he has found the ideal of his dreams, the realization of his Sylphide. He can only cast himself at the mother's feet, confess all, and fly the house forever.

Some years afterwards, when he was an ambassador in London, the representative of France, they met once more. She was no longer Miss Ives, but Lady Sutton, the widow of Admiral Sutton, and she came to ask his intercession with the English ministry for a provision for her sons.

What an old, old story is this ! There are few hearts in which it will not find an echo, in which it will not rouse a memory. Do we ever find our ideals before it is too late ? *Do we ever find them at all except in our imaginations*, which, like a summer's sunset, suffuses all distant objects, even the most commonplace,

in mists of rose and purple ? The miseries of humanity lie less in realities than in illusions ; less in what we have than in what we desire.

In the meantime his "Essay on Revolutions" had been published, and created considerable attention in France. The tone in which it was written was both sceptical and radical, even republican. The book was destined, however, to be associated with an exceedingly painful memory. In the midst of its success he received a letter from one of the family* informing him of his mother's death, which it said was greatly hastened by the pain she had experienced upon hearing his name coupled with the enemies of monarchy and religion. So powerful was the effect produced upon his mind by this intelligence that he resolved from that time to abjure scepticism forever, and in pursuance of this resolution at once commenced the composition of the "Génie du Christianisme."

After an eight years' residence in London, in the year 1800, he once more returned to France. It was almost a strange land to him, the language sounded unfamiliar to his ears, and the desolate aspect of the country after trim, peaceful England, filled him with repulsion :

On the road, [he says], we perceived scarcely any men. Swarthy coloured and sunburnt women, with naked feet, and heads either bare or wrapped round with handkerchiefs, were tilling the fields. They might have been taken for slaves. I should rather have been struck with the independence and the manhood of this land, in which the women handled the hoe whilst the men handled the musket. One would have thought that a sheet of fire had passed over these villages. They were miserable and half-demolished, everywhere mud and dust, dung-heaps and rubbish. To the right and the left of the highway were seen country seats in ruins. Of their felled plantations there remained only a few squared logs, on which some children were sporting themselves. On all sides were boundary walls demolished, churches abandoned, the dead having been expelled from their resting places, clock towers without clocks, cemeteries without crosses, saints without heads, and stoned in their niches. On the walls were scrawled the Republican inscription, half obliterated, "LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY, OR DEATH." In such cases the word "Death" had been erased, but the black or red letters appeared

* The Chateaubriand family had been doomed to the fate of all royalists who were rash enough to remain in France : the Count, together with one of his sisters, had perished beneath the guillotine, while his mother and François' wife had lain in the dungeons of Par's for several months, escaping death only by an almost miraculous accident.

again beneath the coat of whitewash. This nation, which seemed on the point of dissolution, was recommencing a world, like those nations which issued from the dark night of barbarism and the destruction of the Middle Ages. . . . St. Denis was unroofed, its windows were broken, the rain penetrated into its moss-grown naves, and it no longer contained any tombs.

Parisian society was still heterogeneous; the scythe of time had not yet smoothed its earthquake-rent surface, and strange uncouth débris, cast up from great social depths, was found in the most inappropriate positions, and everywhere mingling strangely with splendour and elegance. In the Faubourg St. Germain there was a little colony of the old noblesse, mummified specimens of the Court of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Louis, among others Madame d'Houdetot and her now antique lover, St. Lambert, names familiar to the readers of Rousseau's "Confessions," who lived in an old world that seemed centuries away, and who mercilessly mocked and satirized that parvenu world that was in perpetual quarantine to it.* In the salons of Josephine was absorbed the old society of the Directory: the pure republican patriots had pocketed Napoleon's gold, and were now the most slavish of his adulators; but there the prevailing element was military, as it was throughout the land. France was a huge camp, and the Tuileries a tent, under which gathered soldiers and soldiers' wives; the former, brave men, who had won their epaulettes by brave deeds, but whose coarse unpolished manners totally unfitted them for a court; the latter, women who had sprung from all conditions of life—some from the palace, some from the gutter, and from all intermediate stages of the social ladder. With these were intermingled a sprinkling of vulgar *bourgeoisie* grown rich upon the plundering of the aristocrats, and a few of the less stiff-necked of the *noblesse*. The manners of such assemblies may be imagined: the men, at ease only upon the field of battle, talked camp language, while their partners, decked in splendid costumes and priceless jewels, the spoils of war, in which they could scarcely walk or sit, were yet more objectionable by their ridiculous awkwardness and attempted

fine-ladyism. How they looked in their huge, hideous turbans, foreheads covered with bull's curls, narrow-skirted, short-waisted dresses—the last remnants of the Classicism of the Directory—may be gathered from the pictures and caricatures of the time of our own Regency. Trénis and Vestris, the leaders of fashion and the geni of the dance, were their divinities, and the Terpsichorean the only art they could appreciate.

The masquerade ball was a species of amusement much favoured by Napoleon, as it afforded great facilities to the spy system. The police took care to inform themselves of the costume which each person would assume, so that each mask was known to them. Fouché and his myrmidons were ubiquitous; no word was lost to them, and even the Emperor himself wandered through the rooms playing the exalted part of spy.

Napoleon despised women; they brought soldiers into the world, and there, in his opinion, their use ended. "How many children has she?" was his question upon being introduced to a lady; he respected her according as the number was few or large. He required that all his officers should marry, and as husband and wife were frequently separated a day or two after the ceremony for many months together, and as the ladies had not usually been brought up in the most rigidly moral schools, the morality of this society is better left to the reader's imagination.

Nothing more splendid, however, than this parvenu Court, gorgeous in splendour and embellished with all that was exquisite in pictures and statuary, the spoils of the Italian campaign, can be conceived. Upon being created Consul for life, Napoleon restored all the Court offices, giving them, however, new names; for example, the chamberlains were called *préfets du palais*; he had his *petites levées* and his grand receptions, and days fixed for receiving each order of society. The costume of each was rigidly prescribed. Senators must be habited in velvet embroidered with gold, tribunes in velvet embroidered with silver, councillors of state in bright blue velvet; while the consuls were attired in scarlet embroidered with gold. Upon the establishment of the Empire the ceremonials were fixed with equal rigidity. Every person, upon entering and quitting the presence must make three distinct reverences to the Emperor and to the Empress and to all members of the Bonaparte family, none

* Napoleon was acutely sensitive to this ridicule, and would have done much to win the approbation of these exclusives. When crowned with the laurels of a great victory he would write to Fouché from the battle-field: "What do they think of me now in the Faubourg St. Germain?"

of whom must be addressed without permission. During the theatrical representations frequently given at the Tuileries no person was permitted to laugh or to applaud. David, the Savage Terrorist, the painter of Marat, he who offered to drink the hemlock with Robespierre, the sublime republican, debased his genius to paint the formulary of these ceremonies, while in the album of Isabey, still to be found in the Bibliothèque du Roi, are preserved pictures of all the costumes. A mixture of coarseness and slavish obsequiousness to the Emperor and his belongings were the distinguishing traits of Court manners.

Napoleon modelled himself partly upon Augustus, partly upon Louis the Fourteenth. He caused triumphal arches to be raised, hunted at Fontainebleau, and gave magnificent fêtes at Versailles; but even these were military; representations of Marengo and other great battles being their principal features. Upon his marriage with Marie-Louise he was more anxious than ever to restore the traditions of the old court, and many of the old aristocrats, who had until now held aloof, gathered around the Austrian luminary. From that time officers were not permitted to attend the assemblies in uniform; court costume was *de rigueur*. Inflated titles were cast about in wholesale profusion; Cambacérés, the old regicide Jacobin, was now His Serene Highness the Prince de Parme, and that spawn of the gutter, the vile Terrorist, Fouché, His Excellence the Duke d'Otrante. Even the very Sansculottes jeered at this gutter aristocracy sprung out of itself, and England, the only power that dared, held it up to the scorn of Europe in ceaseless caricatures.

The nation was a network of espionage, and a huge military prison. "It was not order, but discipline prevailed," says Chateaubriand. It was ruled according to military code, the law was martial law, and an iron despotism crushed out all personal liberty. Drunk with vainglory, *la grande nation* forgot its fetters and fawned upon its gaoler until the shock of the Russian campaign sobered its besotted senses; then it discovered that he was a tyrant. Never was the censorship of the press so rigorous. Political discussion of all kind was strictly forbidden; not to heap laudations upon the Emperor in every newspaper, pamphlet, and book was an unpardonable error, which would bring down the severest censure of the

police, and probably the suppression of the work.*

But as the ages of Augustus and of Louis the Fourteenth were celebrated for their literature, this vain despot, who would have crushed all talent, all genius, all fame, unless they ministered to his, who would have bestriden the world like a colossus, and would have had all mankind worship with veiled eyes before his mightiness, desired also to create a literature that should sycophantly blazon his wondrousness to posterity. For this purpose he offered a prize of ten thousand francs each ten years for any works of unusual merit. We do not hear that this tectotal-medal-prize-essay system was productive of any great success. Happily for the world, his power did not survive long enough to give it any extensive trial.

There were paid *littérateurs*, who were given posts in the Prefecture, and allowed a pension of one or two thousand crowns out of the public treasury to write prose or verse, or anything required by the gentle Duke d'Otrante, or by any other vile Janizary of the Imperial government, into whose society, of course in court costume, they were admitted upon something of the footing of superior domestics, on condition that after dinner they produced half a tragedy or some verses, a song, or a birthday or other anniversary ode, for the lady of the house, after the fashion of the poets of Louis the Fourteenth.

Such was the condition of authorship under Napoleon the Great.

Soon after Chateaubriand's arrival in France "Atala" appeared. Portions had previously been read in various literary circles, and the public had been prepared for something remarkable by laudatory paragraphs in the journals. Everything was favourable to a success, and a prodigious success was achieved. The book was in every hand; the story was acted at the theatres, exhibited by puppets and by little waxen figures upon the quays, and even the walls of every wayside inn were decorated with common red, green and blue pictures of the Indian girl, her lover, and *père* Aubrey. Enthusiastically praised by the multitude, it was attacked, ridiculed and caricatured with an equal ardour by the Voltairians, who saw in its success the certain revival of Christianity.

* See "Madame de Staël," *LIVING AGE*, No. 1543, (January 3, 1874), p. 27.

Chateaubriand tells us that a romance founded upon the ideal of savage life was an idea conceived in very early youth. This *idea* was undoubtedly born out of the study of Rousseau, and *the influence* of that writer is vividly apparent in "Atala," although not in a greater degree than such as remarkable works will ever produce upon immature genius. But it is rather in the surroundings of his youth that we must seek the germ of "Atala" as well as of René. It entered his soul while he wandered amongst the surf-beaten rocks of St. Malo, listening to the roar of the wild Atlantic; it ripened into the mystic shadow of the Sylphide in the woods of Dol, was nourished in the dull mediæval life and in the gloomy haunted turrets of Combourg, and was born a REALITY amidst the gigantic forests of America, beneath gorgeous sunsets and resplendent moonlights; its cradle was the dead leaves of a thousand years, its nurse Solitude, its lullaby the moan of the wind-swept trees, and the roar of the cataracts made musical by distance and the night.

All Europe was at this period passing through the stages of a great intellectual revolution. The cold polished glitter of the semi-classical eighteenth century, which frosted all genius, was everywhere disappearing before the wild romantic schools arising in Germany and England, and Schiller, Goethe, Anne Radcliffe, Monk Lewis, and later on, Byron, Shelley, and the Lake poets, were exercising a prodigious effect upon the literature of France. The Voltairians, with Chénier at their head, fought hard against the invasion of the new ideas. These Radicals, political and social, were Conservatives in literature; and, while sweeping away the ancient *régime* and all its belongings, would fain have compelled all writers to model themselves upon its literary traditions. Out of so mighty a movement as the French Revolution, there could not fail to arise a new birth of intellect. The Diderot-d'Alembert-Voltaire school had accomplished its mission, exhausted its purposes, all its theories, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Atheism, had been reduced to practice, given unlimited trial. Thus, the goal being reached, the guide was of no further service, and become a thing of the past.

The foundation stone of the new school had been already laid in "La Nouvelle Héloïse." From that famous book to "Notre Dame" the links, though numerous, are unbroken. In the writers im-

mediately following Rousseau, however — De Staël and Chateaubriand — we have the exaggerated sentiment and shadowy characters of the master; in Hugo and his followers we have instead, absence of sentiment, and gigantic exaggeration of character, to which all else is subservient.

Of all the monstrous dreams of the Revolutionists, no one was so monstrously irrational as that of converting a nation to pure Atheism. The belief and worship of a Soul of the Universe are inextricably interwoven with the daily life of all communities, civilized or uncivilized. That portion even of the Terrorists who denied the existence of a God was exceedingly small; the masses confounded religion with priestcraft, and gloried in the destruction of both; but when the delirium of the Terror was past, and men began to move in something like the old grooves, that first necessity of humanity — A BELIEF, began to make itself felt in the dreary hopeless world of scepticism. Each feared to speak of this to his fellow, lest it should be answered with sarcasm and derision, but all, to speak cumulatively, waited eagerly for the dawn that should once more dispel the eternal darkness of the tomb. In 1801 appeared "Atala, a Christian Romance." On the 15th of September, 1801, Napoleon issued the Concordat, and re-established the right of public worship and the Christian religion. In 1803 Chateaubriand published his "Génie du Christianisme," the object of which was to extol, to prove, and to point out the beauties of the Christian faith, these sublime purposes being clad in the garb of romance. In England the book would have been dissected, pronounced shallow, and morally and religiously its influence would have been nil. To the French of that day it supplied a universal want. It was not that this work, as some writers assert, actually produced the revival of Christianity; it had begun long since in the heart of the nation; but it was the interpretation of that heart, the utterance of its thoughts and longings; it aroused the sluggish, encouraged the timid, furnished arguments to the doubting, and won over thousands of disbelievers by the picturesque beauty of its language and narrative, the dazzling brilliance of which, aided by their own enthusiasm, blinded men's eyes to its faults. But to Chateaubriand undoubtedly belongs the honour of being the first *actively* Christian writer that arose in

France after the Voltairean age. I say *actively*, in contradistinction to such as Madame de Staël, whose Christianity was unobtrusive and almost passive, whereas her great contemporary wrote avowedly to proselytize.

Read at this distance of time, especially by an Englishman, a very different judgment must be pronounced upon it to the generally received one of seventy years ago. With all its beauties, and they are many, the work is superficial, abounding in false glitter, false reasoning, weak arguments, and exaggerated sentiment; it is brilliantly rhetorical, but lacks the vigorous logic of profound conviction. That there was no *profound* conviction in the writer's mind is proved by the influence under which it was composed. The posthumous reproaches of a dead mother, suddenly, without meditation, study, or any other influence, converted him from a philosophical sceptic to an enthusiastic Christian. Such sudden conversions are unreal. It must be admitted that from childhood he was devotionally inclined, but never beyond that sentimentalism which is so generally mistaken for religion. Throughout the work he continually sacrifices truth to a paradox, to a conceit, or to a prettiness. As an example, he asserts that descriptive poetry had positively no existence in heathen literature, and that Christianity is more favourable to the perfection of art than Mythology. That such an assertion is not only utterly false, but, especially in the latter instance, the very opposite of truth, must be apparent to the most unreflective reader who can recall memories of Theocritus, of Homer, of the Greek dramatists, of Virgil, and above all, of that sculpture, the very fragments of which are so marvellous.

A remarkable comparison between the mediæval and the modern spirit of religion is suggested by comparing this work with the "Divina Comedia" of Dante. Each reflected the particular religious view of the age in which it was composed; the last, monkish materialism, the literal acceptance of the Biblical text that man is the image of God *corporeally*, a conception no more exalted than that of Homer's Zeus; the devil another *corporeal spirit*, cloven-footed and hideous of aspect; Hell a pit of fire filled with scorpions and grotesque fiends; Heaven a sublimated Earth, whose pleasures and delights were founded upon our highest conception of earthly bliss illimitably intensified, *but*

all purely material. As during succeeding ages the human mind developed from the childhood of the new birth of the modern world to the more refined and subtle spirit of manhood, such ideas revolted it by their grossness and by their inferiority to its own conceptions of the Divine and the Immortal; hence one of the chief causes of the intellectual scepticism of the eighteenth century, that interregnum between the old and the modern spirit of religion. Scepticism, however, like other intellectual developments, fell into excesses, decayed, and was left behind in the progress of the human mind; its cold aridity was no longer suitable to the race who had passed through the fiery ordeal of the Revolution. But to return to the old faith was no more possible than for a man to go back into childhood. So out of that old faith was eliminated a more ethereal and spiritual belief, which immaterialized all its forms, and poetized them. Unfortunately such subtleties become in time vague bodiless mysticism; such is the tendency of the present age, which is rapidly approaching scepticism by the opposite process of over-refining, as its ancestors did by over-materializing. With the writings of Chateaubriand may be said to commence the Pantheistic tendency of modern thought towards the worship of an Omnipresent Soul of Nature, towards the recognition of the supposed subtle links which bind the animate and inanimate world in one harmonious whole. Solitary notes had been sounded in the letters of Madame de Sévigné, still more loudly in the romances of Rousseau, but they had fallen upon unprepared ears and died echoless.

A comparison between the descriptive poetry of, say Thomson, than whom no better representative of the old school can be found, and that of the nineteenth century, will illustrate this position. Thomson faithfully reproduces the objects and aspects of nature, as a painter does upon canvas, and in them he constantly finds parallels to human objects and aspects, but they are *parallel lines*, which may go on for eternity without touching one another. To him Nature is surpassingly lovely, but soulless. To the nineteenth century poet, beneath her outward form, there is a subtle essence; man, earth, and the mighty waters are parts of one harmonious whole, bound together by common sympathies and pervaded by a common soul. Our writers are not so much indoctrinated as suf-

fused with this mysticism, sometimes almost unconsciously. Intellectually, as well as physically, the world revolves in a circle; and these tendencies are but the revival of the Pantheism of Greek poetry, with its nymphs, hamadryads, and naiads, disembodied and spiritualized.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

LITTLE JACK.

CHAPTER II.

(CONTINUED.)

ONE windy morning in March, many weeks after the child's death, a farmer from Strood was driving slowly into Cheam. As he passed the Allan's garden he heard the tearing away of boards and sharp snap of broken wood, and, looking over the hedge, he saw Mary dragging at the planks of the pig-stye, and pulling them down one by one. Such wilful destruction of property arrested his attention. He pulled up his horse, and, when his amazement had somewhat subsided, looked curiously at the woman. A fierce wind was blowing her ragged cotton gown and showing her bare feet and legs. She had neither shoes nor stockings, her long arms were quite brown, and her face was furrowed and old, her eyes sunken, and her hair streaked with grey.

Farmer Stokes, who knew her quite well, and had often spoken to her as he passed the cottage-gate, lifted his hat and slowly scratched his head; then he said, "Tain't the same woman," and drove on. But somehow or other, as he said afterwards, he couldn't get her out of his mind. He began to recall the scattered information of the last few months, and to piece it together: the man was ill, and the child was dead, and she was in the County-Court. He pulled up his horse again, and a feeling compounded of compassion and curiosity induced him to turn and drive back to the cottage.

He slipped the reins over the gate-post, and went to the front door and knocked.

After some delay he heard footsteps approaching. Mary had just one old apron left, and she had instinctively searched for it and put it on before opening the door. When she had done so, and stood before him, it occurred to her visitor for the first time that he ought to have made up his mind what to say.

They looked at each other, and then he began:—

"I haven't seen you about for a good bit, Mrs. Allan, nor your husband neither, so as I was passing I thought I'd look in."

Mary did not speak. She expected nothing but evil, and thought as he was a churchwarden he possibly had power to torment her in some way.

"How is your husband?" said Stokes, who was really kind-hearted, and was actuated by a dim desire of affording help, though it had not yet worked to the surface.

"Very bad," replied Mary.

"He's had fever, hasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Is he getting better?"

"No."

A slight spasm contracted her mouth as she answered; but she showed no other sign of emotion.

"No—the doctor says 'e's a dyin'. He's in a decline."

"Dear me, dear me. Why you'll be pinched this long bout. It's months and months since I've seen him. Is there anything you want, now? because I'll ask my daughter just to step down and see what she can do for you."

Mary had listened unmoved whilst she expected reproof and possible menace, but the first words of kindness that had reached her ears were too much. She threw the apron over her head and began to cry.

"There now, don't cry; don't cry. I'll come in and sit down a minute. Why, God bless my soul, the room's empty. Why what have you done with the furniture?"

"*He's* got it," she said, with a fierce gesture, pointing to the village. "There ain't a stick of it left—nothin' but a old mattress as my poor man's a lyn'on. An' I paid 'im 'is bill; but there ain't no law agen his takin' the money, so as 'e can swear 'e ain't had it. And 'e ain't left me not so much as a chair to sit down on. Come and see."

And she led him upstairs to the bare rooms, and then down again to the little back-kitchen, where, upon a mattress stretched on the damp bricks, lay the wasted form of the sturdy north-countryman.

"Dear, dear. Why you'd have been better somewhere else!"

"Mebbe!" replied Allan, speaking in gasps and at intervals; "but we couldn't part at the last. 'Tis hard to go to die in

t' work'us. Landlord said as we mud stay on."

"Oh! I didn't mean that. But you see this is a poor place to be in when you're bad. Those bricks are very damp. You should move him into the front-room, missus; it's a boarded floor, and see how bright and warm it is. He'd be a deal better there."

"We never thought of that," said Mary. "He did not fancy bein' upstairs. There ain't any fireplace in them rooms, and he do like to see a bit o' fire."

"Well, light a fire in the parlour. You can do that, can't you?"

"Yes," said Allan, slowly; "and I'd like to be there. I'd like to see t' sun again, and trees i't' wood. When doer's open you can see reet away to Brenchley. Why, my lass, I could see tha all t' way."

Mary was leaning against the wall in a kind of stupor, but she roused herself to say:—

"I can drag in the bed before I go, if you think you can manage to get in."

"Are you going to Brenchley to-day?" asked Mr. Stokes.

"Yes, I've got the last five shillings I shall have in this world. There ain't nothin' more now, unless they take me—and I wish they would, and make an end of it."

"Come, come, keep up your courage. Things are never so bad they can't mend. I'll send my daughter and a bit of something for you, and we must see what can be done. I'd no notion you were in this state. Come now, don't give way. Just light a bit of fire in that front parlour. That's what you've got to do. Light a bit of fire."

He hurried away with an uneasy conscience and a feeling that somebody was to blame, and people ought not to be left to starve, and left Mary looking after him with a dream-feeling strong upon her. She seemed not to hear what he said whilst he was speaking, and then all the words came back afterwards when she had ceased to try and listen.

Now as she listened to the gig-wheels on the road, the words "Light a bit of fire" sounded in her ears, and she knelt mechanically before the parlour stove, and took away the faded fire-paper—too worthless even to burn. At the back of the old Downshire stoves there was in those days what used to be called an ash-hole, into which, during the summer, little odds and ends of withered flowers and rubbish of all kinds would be thrown. She pulled them out, and was about to

carry them away in her apron, when a bit of crumpled paper attracted her attention. As she touched it she felt the sickness of expectation and anticipation which she knew so well, and which had been followed by so many bitter disappointments. Still she unfolded the paper and smoothed it out, and then a deadly pallor spread over her face, great drops of sweat started from her brow, and slowly trickled down. She could not speak or move, but knelt before the fire-place holding by the bars of the grate. On a sudden the blood seemed to leap back to her heart. She started to her feet, and without uttering a word rushed out of the house.

CHAPTER III.

THE Holmsdale woods were gay with primroses and wood anemones. The sweet-scented early violets were all hidden among leaves, but the light winds that swept over them carried their odour afar. Long catkins hung from the hazels, and under the limes there was a brilliant carpet of small crimson petals, for the buds had burst through their winter coverings, which lay thickly strewn on the ground. The yew trees were in blossom, and the slightest touch sent forth a cloud of golden dust; the great buds of the horse-chestnuts had burst through their resinous sheath, and were rapidly unfolding delicate fan-like leaves. Mary, as she hurried onward, turned her head rapidly from side to side, attracted by the colour and odour and movement around her. The outward senses were vigilant, and seemed to be observant; but she could not even have told you that she was in a wood, for the connecting links between observation and intelligence seemed to have been snapped asunder. She stumbled and fell more than once over projecting logs and stones upon which her eyes were fixed, and rose and went on unobservant of scratches and bruises. Thus she passed along the high road, looking among the trees as the song of the nightingale fell upon her ears, and yet unconscious of the sound. She entered the town of Brenchley, and made her way mechanically through the crowd that filled the streets on market-day. Reaching the County-Court, where she was now well known, she walked, not to the seat which she usually occupied, but to the desk of the clerk who sat at a table beneath the judge. She stretched her hand out over this man's head, and, holding the paper towards the judge, strove in vain to speak. Her tongue,

dry and parched, seemed fixed in her mouth, and she was unable to articulate. But the agony of appeal in her eyes could not be mistaken, and the judge, who had at first motioned to an official to remove her, stretched out his hand to receive what she offered. As he took it her tongue was unloosened, and in a low, husky voice she said : —

“What’s this ?”

The judge, who had smoothed the paper out on his desk and put on his glasses to inspect it carefully, removed the hand which, according to his wont, he had been passing over his mouth and chin, and said, with unaccustomed keenness : —

“Where did you get this ?”

“What’s that to you? Never you mind where I got it. You tell me what it is.”

The poor creature was desperate, and the question seemed to imply distrust of the document. The usher laid his hand upon her arm, but the judge signed to him to leave her, and answered, as he leant forward and looked narrowly at her : —

“It is a receipt. But I want you to tell me —”

“What receipt?” she gasped, rather than spoke.

“A receipt for eight pounds three shillings and fourpence, given on the sixteenth of September last. It is a baker’s bill, and is signed Walter Neville.”

“Is that the money I’ve been payin’ ’im ?”

“Yes ; but if this receipt has been in your possession, why did you not produce it ?” said the judge, not unkindly.

“I’d lost it, and now I’ve found it. I told you I’d lost it, and I told you I’d paid it. And that’s ’is writin’. You can see that, and ’e can’t swear agenst that. And there’s the hole where he shoved the pencil through the paper. Didn’t I tell you he shoved the pencil through, and then begun to write again? And didn’t I tell you I paid ’im, and wasn’t my word as good as his? An’ you let ’im take all that money with nobody standin’ by to say as ’e did or ’e didn’t. And now look ’ere what you’ve done to me and mine.” She paused for an instant in this passionate outburst, and continued more slowly :

“I’m starved, that’s what I am. I’m starved to skin and bone ; the child’s dead, and my husband he’s a dyin’ : starved he is, like me. We ain’t got bite nor sup in the house — not a mouthful of

victual — nor a rag of clothes, nor a morsel of all the bits of things as my poor father and mother worked all their lives to scrape together, and as we’ve worked for too the last six years. And look ’ere now, there ’e is,” and she pointed to Neville, who was in the Court ; “there ’e is as brought us to this, and I pray God A’mighty to cuss ’im as I cuss ’im, day and night, and risin’ up and layin’ down !”

A man came forward and took her by the arm, and spoke kindly to her, and led her to a seat. Every one in the building was standing up and leaning forward, and trying to look at her. For months she had been coming amongst them — proud and insolent at first, and received with jeers and taunting speeches, gradually growing quiet and even humble, imploring grace with tears, urging as a reason for it her child’s death and the funeral expenses, her husband’s illness, begging her creditor to have patience and she would pay. And they had grown accustomed to the worn face and the ragged clothes, but on this day there came back to the judge, and to many others also, a vision of her as she had stood there seven months previously, bright and comely and well clad, with the pretty child in her arms.

And men and women at the far end of the court, who would not have turned their head even when she passed, were now standing on tiptoe and crowding forward, and leaning on each other’s shoulders to get a glimpse at her.

Neville was directed to go forward, and the judge handed the receipt to him.

“Is this your signature ?” he said.

The man took it and stood for a moment silent, looking at it on all sides, and turning the paper backwards and forwards. Then he began to call God to witness that it had clean gone out of his head.

But he was sternly interrupted :

“Answer my question. Is that signature yours ?”

“Well, sir, I must explain. I have such a number of these bills, and you see I must have forgotten to enter it in my book when I got home —”

“I don’t want your explanation. Is this your signature ?”

“Yes, sir ; but —”

“That will do.”

There was a moment’s silence, and then, with more than his usual quietness, the judge spoke. Mary stood up to listen, but the words fell coldly on

her ears. "Criminal negligence," the "probable necessity for ulterior proceedings" conveyed nothing to her mind. A few words at last told her that the money she had paid would be returned to her, that for every day she had attended that court she should receive compensation both for time and journey — probably at the rate of four or five a shillings a day — that her case must have excited the compassion of all who had heard it, and he had no hesitation in saying that he considered her a very ill-used woman.

"It's all over now," said the voice of some one near her. "Sit down, missus, or lay hold o' me, and I'll take you out o' this place. You've 'ad enough of this, I think."

She looked round her for a moment, and then, stooping, she felt on the bench at her side, passed her hands over it and round it, and lifted up her empty arms. Then with a great cry she fell senseless to the ground.

"It's the little kid as she was a feeling for," said one of those present, drawing his coat sleeve across his eyes; "he used to stand up there on the seat by her side. I've sin him many a time. He wur as pretty a little chap as you'd see in a day's walk."

They carried her out into the fresh air, and once again a crowd gathered round her. A woman knelt down by her side, untied her bonnet strings, took the pin from her shawl, and chafed her hands, and men stood round with their hands in their pockets, looking down at the wasted form. "Just look 'ere!" said one, "she's bin on the square all the time, and 'taint bin no use."

"Drink!" said another, contemptuously, "she ain't drunk much, whatever they may say, nor eat neither. Why she ain't nothing but a bundle o' bones."

A man had left the court who had tried to pass unobserved by the group that surrounded Mary, but, without a word spoken every one seemed to make way for him till he was hustled and pushed to the front. He looked uneasily round him, and in a whining tone began, "I give you my word of honour, gentlemen —"

"Oh, d—n you," said a big fellow turning savagely upon him; "shut up, and get out o' this. We'll make it hot for you before we've done with you. You may take your oath of that."

Neville turned and made his way to a small cart standing by the roadside. He heard angry growls on all sides of him, and thought he would not go back to

Cheam just at once, but would wait till nightfall, and enter the village unobserved.

Meanwhile, with many moans and long-drawn sighs, Mary was regaining consciousness. She sat up and opened her eyes, and with strangely dilated pupils began to look around her.

"I'm to have my money back," she said, "and my time, and my journeys. Lor, what a lot o' times I've bin here. That'll make a deal of money, that will; and compensation, he said. And what did he say I was?" and she looked round with wide pathetic eyes.

"Well, 'e said you was a ill-used 'ooman, missis, and that's just about what you are. I'm blowed if ever I sin a wuss."

"Yes, he said I was a ill-used woman," she repeated, rising slowly, and saying the words over again.

"You come along of me, dear, and have a cup of tea," said the woman who had been kneeling by her side, "and then I'll go a bit o' the way home with you."

"Why, I'm going to Cheam myself," said a burly farmer, in a tone that implied some astonishment at the discovery of his own intentions, "and if you jump up in the cart I'll put you down at your own door."

But Mary walked on, unobservant of these offers.

"She's a bit crazy-like, poor soul," said another woman. "Better let her be — she'll go straight home."

"Well, she shan't go empty-handed," exclaimed the farmer, and diving down into his breeches pocket for a shilling, he laid it upon his open palm, and said, "Who'll marrow me that?"

Two or three shillings, a few smaller coins, and some halfpence were speedily laid upon his hand, and with them he hurried after Mary.

"Here, missis, we've put a trifle together for you, and we'll see what we can do for you before long. Tell your husband I hope I shall see him about again soon, and if he wants a job let him come to me; or you either, for the matter of that."

Mary stood for a moment with the same unobservant face, but as the kind tones fell upon her ear and the money was put into her palm, and her fingers pressed down upon it by a large friendly hand, a smile lighted up her face. Looking up with something of her own old frank expression, she curtsied and said,

"And I thank you kindly, sir."

Some hours later a labourer, who was passing through the woods, saw a motionless figure in the boat by the side of the little jetty that stretched out into the pond. He watched it for a few minutes, and then turning aside he went down the narrow path leading to the water's edge. There in the prow of the boat, leaning over and looking fixedly into the water, sat Mary Allan. He spoke to her, but she did not answer; and as he had just come from Brenchley, which was resounding with the story of her wrongs, he did not pass on as he would probably have done otherwise, but stepped into the boat, and, touching her on the shoulder, asked if it was not time for her to be going home?

She looked up at him, and then, pointing to a white glimmer in the water beneath her, said:—"What's that?"

"That!" he replied, looking over the edge of the boat. "Why that's your own image in the water."

"No it ain't," she said; "'tis the child."

"Not it!" he exclaimed.

"But I tell you 'tis the child. My Lady she was up there on the bank, and she pointed to the water as I come and looked, and there was the child."

"I tell you 'tain't no such a thing. Come away home. 'Tain't no good thinkin' about things like them. Why my Lady's bin dead and buried this two months. So just see what nonsense you're a talking. Come home, do!"

He took her by the arm and she followed him. "Glad enough I was," he said afterwards, "to get her away, for she looked as mad as a crazy dame."

It was dusk before she reached home, and firelight was gleaming through the window of the long unused parlour. She opened the door, and her husband's voice fell upon her ears.

"Why, my lass, I've bin fairly moped about tha. I thowt thou was to settle ma thysel'. And thou ga's aff and says nowt at a'."

He was too weak to speak without frequent pauses; and the feeble voice, the catch in his breath, and the painful effort which it cost him to say even a few words, attracted his wife's attention and excited her fears.

"Ain't you so well, father?" she asked anxiously, drawing near the mattress, which was placed on a low wooden bedstead.

"Better, lass, much better. Miss Stokes brought somebody wi' her, and

they fastened up t' bed and gat ma in and med ma a drop o' broth. I'm as reet as reet now. An' there's teapot ready for thee, and a bit o' summut on t' hob."

Mary was watching him keenly: "If I tell him all at once," she thought, "it will kill him. Why, it very near killed me." So she sat down by his side and took his hand and stroked it. "There ain't much of it left, is there?" said he.

"But I think you're gittin' better, father," she said, in a tone that sounded almost like an entreaty.

"Na, na, nor niver sall i' this world. Things is a' wrong together, and aw don't see what's to be done. But we mun ha' patience: we mun ha' patience."

"Look 'ere now. I couldn't never bring myself to ask you afore, but you'll tell me true, John, won't you? Did you ever think as I'd done anything with that money, or made away with it?"

He started and turned upon her with such sudden angry eyes that she knelt by his side, and began to say:—

"I didn't mean to put you out. You know I didn't, but everybody's bin against me, and you've never said as you was sure I'd paid it. You've only kep' on sayin' if I'd paid it I'd got the receipt. And then sometimes I've a thought as you was like all the others, and didn't believe as I'd paid it at all." Allan's anger faded out as he saw her trembling by his side.

"You've na reet to say sic a thing," he continued, gravely, "but there, thou's had a hard time on't, poor lass. But I niver thowt thou'd a turned on ma. What I allus said I say noo. Thou'll find the bill some day."

She laid her head beside him on the pillow, and said: "You always was such a clever old chap. Your words 'll come true, you see if they don't. And look 'ere what I've got;" and she untied a corner of her shawl and took out the coins in it one by one. "Muster Barnett give 'em me; an' 'e says when you're ready for a job you've only got to go to 'im."

Allan raised himself with difficulty, and sat looking at her, his breath coming thick and fast.

"Thou's foond it; I know thou has. That's whar thou's bin all day. Whar is it, lass, whar is it? Shaw it ma. Show it ma."

She put it into his trembling hands, and he smoothed it out upon the bedclothes, and spelt out the words and went over the figures. And Mary began the story of how she found it, and all that

had happened since. It eased her heart, and loosened the tight cords that seemed to bind her brain, to talk to him. She had never told him any of the painful details connected with her visits to Brenchley. The desire to spare him when she saw how much he was suffering, and also her own pride, had kept her silent as to taunts and abuse and persecution, and the holding aloof of all the village from her in her trouble. But now that it was all at an end, and every one would know how much she had been wronged, she could tell him everything. And as he lay listening with his hand in hers the day closed and the night came on. There were candles on the table, which Miss Stokes had brought, but Mary had not lighted one, and the fire burnt low. As she talked on in the dark every other feeling sank before her desire of vengeance upon Neville. She attributed to him not only their poverty and suffering, but her husband's illness and the child's death.

"I'll see 'im hung for it," she exclaimed, "and I'll walk fifty miles to see him swing!"

"Na, na, lass, they'll niver hang him. 'Tisn't so bad as all that. I've thowt about it agen and agen. I know he's a rogue, and he's bin divilish hard. But somehow it don't seem all so wrang as it did to begin with. Thou sees there's Yan that knaws reet from wrang, an' if we're reet we're aside o' Him. I seem to see it as clear as clear, and thou'll see it too, some day; but I'm fairly tewed wi' talking."

He leaned back exhausted, and Mary sat silent by his side. Before long shouts from men and boys in the village street fell upon their ears, a rattling and beating and shaking of tin pots and pans; songs and whistling, and an indescribable babel of sound.

"What's that?" said Allan.

"Why that must be rough music," said Mary. "I ain't heard it since I were a child. They give old Tomny Giles rough music for turnin' his wife out o' doors one night, and then they broke the ice on the horse-pond here at the end of the road, and give him a good duckin'. He died the next day, so it's bin put down ever since."

"That'll be what we ca' ridin' stang in our own country. I'se tell tha' about it, some day."

Suddenly there was a great shout of "There he is; that's him!" and all other noises were replaced by the heavy

stamp of hob-nailed boots and cries of "Hold un, stop un! Dang it, don't let un go! That ain't 'im! This way; this way! That's 'im behind the haystack!"

The footsteps and voices had been drawing nearer, but now they seemed to take another direction, and the cottage was silent again.

Presently they heard the click of the garden-gate and stealthy steps on the garden-path. The cottage door was cautiously opened and carefully shut again, and locked and bolted by some one who had entered.

"Who's there?" exclaimed Mary.

"Git a leet," said Allan.

"No, no!" was uttered in a tremulous whisper. "For God's sake be quiet. Don't stir: it's as much as my life is worth if they get hold of me."

A thrill of recognition shot through Allan and his wife.

"Get a leet," said Allan, sternly; "let him see whar he is."

It was Neville. He was wild with terror, and as Mary held a candle to the fire he sprang to the window-shutters and closed and barred them. Then, by the dim light of the tallow candle, as he looked round he saw the pale faces that were turned towards him. He fell upon his knees, and implored them to have mercy upon him.

"I didn't know where I was coming to, nor where I was. I was creeping along under the hedge when I got away from them, and I saw a bit of firelight through the window. But I didn't know where it was. Don't give me up, for God's sake. It's as much as my life is worth. There ain't nothing as you can name that I won't give for my life. And I've a wife and seven children at home."

Mary listened intently. There came into her face a savage, eager look whilst he pleaded for his life, as of a wild animal waiting for its prey, and her hands worked convulsively.

At length she said, in a hoarse whisper—

"You can't stir, father, but I can drag 'im along. I'll stick to 'im and keep on hollerin', and they'll soon come." And she went towards the door.

Neville threw himself on his knees before her, and implored her to spare him. But it was in vain. She spurned him with her foot, and tried to pass. He was desperate, his life was at stake, and he seized and tried to hold her back. Then, filled with sudden strength and fury, she dashed him from her, and he fell, stunned

and bruised, against the wall, and lay there insensible.

"I'll get a stick," she said, turning to her husband with glaring eyes, "and quiet him till they comes up."

"Thou'll stop whar thou is," said he, sternly. "Does ta' mean to murder 'im, and me here a deeing? Thou'll stop wi' me."

"Look here, father — you ain't a goin' to let 'im off, not if you've the 'eart of a man. I needn't hit 'im again. I'll just open the door and holler out as 'e's here."

"Mary," said Allan, raising himself slowly in the bed and sitting up as he looked at her with great appealing eyes, "come here, my lass, and sit down wi' me. I'se not lang for this warld, lass, and thou'll see it plain enough if thou looks at ma. Somehow I can't bide to see tha botherin' and fechtin', not though it's for me and child. Seems as if it had nowt to do wi' t' churchyard I'm gawin' to, nor wi' t' time as we've bin together and bin so happy, and had lile lad wi' us an' aw. And now I'se gawin' down to him, and I shall be a thinkin' and thinkin' o' tha, like I is now. And eh, lass, but I'd like tha to do summut real grand, like as if thou was to forgie this man and let him ga. Why it 'ud be like partin' wi' your life to do it, and seems to me as if I could lie there and think of it o'er and o'er again, and niver git tired of it till thou comes to ma. An' I couldn't bide to think o' that fella's death lyin' at my doer like as it wad. Mind tha, it wad part us, it wad part us i' t' grave; and we niver hev bin parted sen we come together. Let him ga, lass — let him ga. Poor, meeserable beggar! and ex the Lord to forgie him, as I do."

Long before this speech, interrupted by many pauses and broken by his incessant cough, was finished, Allan had sunk back on his bed. As he pleaded, his voice grew more and more feeble, and the words came in gasps. Mary stood in silence by his side: the candle was burning low in its socket, it spluttered and went out. Neville, who had recovered, was afraid to move or speak. The feeble spark of red in the fire gave no light in the room, and the voice of the dying man came like a sob to startle the listeners at long intervals. Then there was a silence, broken by hasty steps upon the gravel, the sound of many voices, and a loud knocking at the door.

Mary turned slowly and opened it, and a voice out of the darkness said —

"Missis, that old raskil's got away from us somehow; but we'll tar and feather 'im afore the night's over, and duck 'im in the horse-pond and all. Jemmy Higgs has just bin to tell us that as 'e was a comin' from Brenchley an hour ago, he see the old bloke sneakin' up this path. Just give us a light, and we'll 'ave a look round and see if he's a hidin' anywheres about the place."

Mary heard a breath drawn fast and sharp in the darkness behind her, like some hunted creature in the woods panting with fear, and her heart gave one wild leap for joy. Then she clenched her hands and pressed them together, as if to keep back something with which she was struggling, as she said, slowly —

"My husband's very bad, as bad as 'e can be; and I'd thank you kindly if you'd not make a noise and come about the place just now."

"Beg your pardon, missis, and very sorry fur to hear it; but we thought as how he shouldn't sneak away and get off."

"Thank you kindly," she said, "but please don't make no noise." And she shut the door and turned the key.

There was a whispered consultation outside, and then a sound of retreating footsteps along the pebbly path. Mary went back to the bed and laid her head down on the pillow. The tears which had so long forsaken her eyes began to flow, and her frame was shaken with sobs. Her husband turned, and put one hand upon her head, and said —

"'Tis a fine lass and a bonny lass. God bless thee, Mary."

An hour later all the sounds in the village were hushed. Neville's friends had spread a report that he had got home and was in his own house. The one policeman from Strood had arrived, and peace was restored.

Mary left the bedside, and feeling her way to the backdoor called out, in a cold and constrained tone —

"Come along!"

And Neville groped his way to the gleam of moonlight which the open door admitted.

"Go down the garden and over the stile into the forty-acre. You can get to your house then by the back way."

The man had crouched so long in that room in deadly terror that he was completely unnerved. Holding by the door, trembling and crying, he tried to utter some words of thanks, and some promises for the future. But at the sound of

his voice Mary, with an expression of disgust, turned away. She could not trust herself to listen to him, for she felt as if she must seize some weapon and strike him to the earth. She went back to her husband's side, and in the night he died.

She seemed to have known it all before. She sat by his side, when all was over and her last offices fulfilled, not thinking, but waiting. There was something else to come; she did not know what it was, but something that she waited for. Perhaps it was the day, for when long rays of light stole through chinks in the shutter and cracks in the door she watched them. Then the voices of the birds fell upon her ear: the black-bird's whistle was like a call, and the thrush sang his loud clear notes over and over again, as if to make her understand. She rose from the bed-side, opened the door, and stood in the cottage porch. How pitiless the day was; bright sun and clear sky, soft woods and springing flowers; nothing felt for her in heaven or earth; nothing was left to her. The day and the sunshine and the fulness of life fell like a veil between her and the dead, and spoke of eternal separation. In the desolate room with her dying husband little Jack had seemed very near to them. Now, father and child were together, and she was alone. Everything was changed. It was not death, but life, that she dreaded; life which was to part her from all she loved; life which would surround her and shut her in, and keep voices and hands from reaching her.

She looked towards the village. Here and there a thin thread of smoke told of cottage fires already kindled. The neighbours would have heard the truth about her the previous evening, and would be coming before long. Where should she hide herself? How could she escape? Her eyes wandered over the trees towards Brenchley, and there came back to her the sweet scent of violets, which she had passed unnoticed at the time—violets covered with green leaves and wet with dew. How fond he was of them! He used to gather them on his way home from work, and bring them to her for a posy, as he called it. She would fetch some now, and place a bunch between the hands that she had folded on his breast. And with this thought she left the house, and passed unnoticed to the woods.

Early that day, women from the village, and a messenger from the Hall, visited

the cottage. After some delay they entered. The dead man had been tenderly and carefully stretched out on his wretched bed, but there was no sign of Mary. She had gone to Strood, they thought, to buy food, as she had long been in the habit of doing, so as to escape unfriendly remarks. Then, as the day wore on, they imagined that she had walked to Brenchley to see the undertaker who had buried her child. But in the afternoon it was known that she had not been seen in either place, and then a vision of the poor creature, wild with despair, made frantic by the injustice of her suffering and her solitude, began to appal them. Where was she? what had she done to herself?

"You'd better go down to the ponds," said the man who told the story of how he had brought her home the previous evening. And they went. Looking over the side of the boat, they saw a glimmer as of light clothing, and drew up a heavy form, still and white, which they carried back and laid on the bed beside her husband. In her hand she still clasped a bunch of violets, and the expression of her face was tranquil.

Beneath the lime-trees in the old church-yard there are three grassy graves, and that in the middle is a child's. "Little Jack, he du lie there," say the village children, but the elders whom they address pass on in silence, not insensible to the mute reproach of those green mounds.

FRANCES MARTIN.

From The New Quarterly Review.
RARE POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

BY L. RITTER.

It is no very easy thing to make intelligible to those who have no love for pottery, who take no delight in curious or beautiful pieces of china and earthenware, how it is that very many of their fellow-mortals—not altogether despicable persons—are possessed of an enthusiastic liking for these things.

The truth is, that the causes of the prevailing love for old china lie both deep and wide. To the antiquary, to the student of past history, there is this attraction in the ceramic art, that its productions more perfectly adapt themselves to the fashion of thought, to the fancies and ideas of each successive generation of men, than those of any other human industry.

Pottery owes nothing of its beauty or its serviceableness to its material, for that is but the dust beneath our feet, and everything to the hand that fashions it and to the mind that directs the hand; so is it that it comes to have so purely human an interest: it is a bit of man's work with no adventitious aid whatever. If the form is beautiful, or quaint, or ugly, or commonplace, it is that the plastic clay has followed and exactly reproduced the conception in the maker's mind; it is formless, without coherence, and all but colourless, it takes the form, and the consistency, and the colour that are ideal with the man who transforms the grey earth into a piece of pottery, and, when he has done this, his handiwork lasts forever.

Coins rust with time, statues of marble and bronze crumble or are corroded, inscriptions are obliterated, stone walls fall to the earth, and the pyramids themselves are slowly disappearing; every monument that mankind have thought most lasting yields to time except the work of the potter. The most frail of man's productions is yet the most permanent. The glorious tints on the Majolica ware are still as bright as when they were drawn from the kiln, while the pictures of Raphael and Leonardo, painted in the same generation, are already fading. We have perfect specimens of Greek pottery which cannot be of later date than a thousand years before the Christian era. Glazed mural tiles have been discovered among the ruins of Babylonian palaces, still bright enough to decorate a king's chamber; and in the catacombs of Egypt are found glazed figures of Ra, the Sun God, of Anubis, and of the sacred Scarabæus, as pure and brilliant in colour as the latest productions of Deck or Minton.

While this permanence and the peculiar plasticity of its material make the study of ancient pottery indispensable to the archæologist and interesting to every intelligent person, its potentiality for extreme beauty of form and colour recommends it to all who possess any degree whatever of æsthetic appreciation. In regard to form-beauty it is enough to mention the exquisite proportions of the classical vases, amphoræ and cylices, the rich and various shapes of early Italian wares, and the more learnedly elaborated forms of the pottery of the Renaissance period; and of colour it is enough to say, that the precious Imperial Red of ancient China vies with the ruby in bril-

liancy and depth, the blue of the turquoise is exactly repeated on the blue crackle ware of China, while the pink and dark blue of the *Rose du Barry* and the *Blue de Roi* of Sèvres, the rare Chinese apple-green, the exquisite tints on the ancient wares of Persia and Japan, are hardly equalled in the various qualities of depth, intensity, brilliancy, and tenderness by any colours in nature or in art.

The production of each one of these hues is a past triumph of invention and of applied science, and in the history of pottery is bound up the strong human interest furnished by the lives of the men who have advanced the art—the Della Robbias, the Palissys, and the Wedgwoods—men of science, artists, inventors, and endowed with the rare patience, energy, and devotion of true genius.

Such being the attractions afforded by the study of the ceramic art, it is no wonder that it is popular, and that its popularity increases with the intelligence of the age.

If it were allowable to cite names, those of many foremost statesmen, at home and abroad, of many great lawyers, of many men eminent in letters, and of many of our first artists, might be given as lovers and students of ancient and mediæval pottery. Mr. Gladstone at least may be quoted among the list, since he has not scrupled in a public speech to avow himself a keen amateur of fictile ware; the right honourable gentleman, indeed, is well-known to be an enthusiastic and discriminating collector of the wares of Wedgwood and Northern Italy.

Whether we have any leaning or not towards the ceramic art, whether we really care for it or do not, it is the fashion to know something about old pottery. It has got to be a mark of inculture to be wholly ignorant; and to have, at least, read up "Marryat" or "Chaffers" has almost become part of a liberal education.

The man who first brought the light of science to bear on the whole field and past history of pottery, who analyzed tested, examined, and classified the wares of all times and countries, was the Frenchman, Alphonse Brongniart. He it was who first reduced the crude mass into scientific shape, established a nomenclature, and, in short, did for pottery what Linnæus had already done for botany. Every subsequent student of the subject, English and foreign—and their name is legion—has followed in his footsteps.

It is not because of any failure of the respect and admiration due to a really eminent man that I propose now to depart, for the first time, entirely from Brongniart's system of classification, but because that system is, in my opinion — and I speak as a practical potter — the least valuable result of his labours. It is, however, impossible with my limited space to give the reasons which lead me to consider M. Brongniart's system of classification to be arbitrary, artificial, very complex, and very misleading.

Let us clear the ground by asking and answering the question, What is pottery? Any vessel formed of clay and more or less submitted to the action of heat, or *fired*, is to all intents a piece of pottery. If a child fashions a lump of moist clay into a bowl, and bakes it on the hob, the result is as truly a piece of pottery as the transparent tea-cup of the Oriental porcelain, or the Sèvres vase which costs a thousand pounds. The term, therefore, is a loose one, and there is clearly need of more exact definition.

Into two great classes can pottery at once be divided; that whose surface is covered with a glaze — a glassy coating — and that which has no such glaze. A common flower-pot is a type of unglazed, and a tea-cup or dinner-plate a type of glazed pottery.

The substance of a piece of pottery, the clay of which it is composed, we English potters term the *body*; and Frenchmen *la pâte*; and I will take this opportunity of observing that the French-English word *pâte*, introduced into their books by some English writers, is equivalent to *body*, and being redundant it is an unnecessary and even a foolish word.

A cup or bowl composed of *body* only is porous,* will not hold water, and slightly adheres to the lips when we drink from it. The glazing remedies all this, and it might be supposed that the remedy would have been applied forthwith; but it was not so, and men lived through long ages of comparative civilization with their pots, bowls, and vases still unglazed. Up to the Augustan age of Rome, earthenware in common use was unglazed, and the Falernian wine which Horace sang of was preserved in jars whose interior was rubbed with wax and tar to make them hold a liquid.

When the ancients did discover a glaze it was a very poor one. The learned are

still disputing whether the varnish to be found on the Greek and Roman vases of the later period is a glaze or not. A scientific Frenchman has endeavoured to detach it from the *body* and to analyze it, and finding that he could not do so, like a true philosopher, he has denied it to be a glaze at all. At any rate it is not the comparatively thick coating of vitreous matter which we moderns understand by the word.

The invention of a true glaze is the first great era in the history of pottery. Glazed tiles have, as we have said, been found in the ruins of Babylon, and were in existence perhaps a thousand years — according to some writers two thousand years — before our era; but so far as Europeans are concerned, the art of glazing did not reach us till many centuries later, and practically we must believe the Arab races of Spain to have been either the transmitters of the secret from the East to our Western civilization, or else to have re-invented the art for themselves in about the ninth century.

To glaze pottery is to cover it with a smooth, shiny surface impervious to water — to give it, so to say, a skin. Not so easy a matter as might appear, for if the *body* be not skilfully compounded, it will not hold this coating, but will blister the glazed surface and form lumps, as may often be seen with the commoner wares; and if the glaze likewise be not exactly suited chemically to the *body*, it will either not adhere or will shrink and crack.

Now, every one, we suppose, is aware that glass is made of silica and some alkali. If flinty sand and soda, or potash, be mixed together in certain proportions, and submitted to great heat, the result is a glass of some sort. The glass or glaze which covers pottery is likewise so compounded; and, as the oxides or rusts of certain metals, such as the peroxide of iron, which is iron rust, and the oxides of tin or lead, when used to help in glass-making, add certain useful qualities to the glass — among others, colours, and a certain capacity of adhesion — so also are these metallic oxides used in pottery glazes with the same good results.

Knowing these facts, we may go on classifying; for we may speak of lead glazes, and tin glazes, and siliceous or pure glass glazes: these latter being, of course, glazes in which the metals have no part.

The second great invention on the road of progress was the tin glaze, the

* Unless that *body* be prepared with peculiar skill, and by a peculiar method, as will be presently shown.

glaze first made having been a lead-containing, or, as the learned call it, a *plumbiferous* glaze. It was not till then that it was discovered that, by adding oxide of tin to the ingredients of the glaze, a species of opaque enamel could be produced, of an exquisite milky white, on which colours of various sorts could be painted. This grand discovery was the beginning of the art period of European pottery, so far, at least, as colouring is concerned, and it is worth while to dwell for a moment on the circumstances of the discovery.

The tin glaze, like many other good things, comes from the East. Tin-containing, or, in technical language, *stanniferous*, glazes are found with Egyptian mummies; on the splendid productions of the Persian potter, whose date we can only guess at; and in tiles from the Moorish palaces of Southern Spain. It is, then, to be supposed that this secret, too, lay long dormant among Oriental races, and was revived and communicated to European nations, with so many other half-lost arts, by the Arabs and Moors who conquered Spain. Tiles with tin glazes are found in the Alhambra, with a date corresponding to 1300 A.D., and there is no doubt that Moorish potteries were established in this and the following centuries, in Spain, in Portugal, and in Sicily, and wherever else the Moors had made their settlements.

The Moorish potters made a very beautiful ware, known to collectors as Hispano-Moresque, and easily recognizable by the peculiar metallic lustre on its surface. This ware was largely exported from Spain to Italy, insomuch that the most and the finest pieces are to this day found in that country, and not in Spain; and in time the Italians began to set up potteries of their own, and to imitate the Moorish ware. They called their imitations *Majolica*, or *Maiolica*—the ancient Italian name of Majorca—either because the Moorish pottery was made there or thence brought, or because the Italians fancied that it was.*

At going off, the Italian potters could not compass either the lustre of the Moorish ware or the rich, enamel-like glaze of these foreign potters, and their first works were lead-glazed, and are known to collectors as *half Majolica*,

"*Mezza Majolica*;" but towards the end of the fifteenth century they began to imitate the lusted wares. At last they got hold of the great tin secret, and their pottery soon surpassed the Hispano-Moresque wares in beauty. In the Moors' own speciality of lusted wares they were excelled by the Italians, and at the town of Gubbio a mode of imparting a lustre of a red colour of surpassing beauty was invented—a secret that was never disseminated, and soon lost; and the rare ruby-lusted plates of Gubbio are now among the greatest treasures of the art-collector.

So it was that this great secret of tin-glazing made its way to the country where art was rapidly arriving at its zenith, and where artists were soon to produce by its aid the *Majolica* ware of Castel Durante and Urbino, the glory of the potter's art.

It was during the period of the Renaissance that occasional specimens of the admirable ware of the Persians found their way to Italy. The history of this ware is still uncertain; we only know, that from a period which we cannot fix with any degree of certainty, the Persians had arrived at great perfection in the potter's art, producing works of a fine shape, an excellent glaze on a highly vitrified *body*, and a scale of exquisite blues, greens, and reds, which have never been approached—shape, glaze, colour-harmony and *body*, being alike characteristic and original; so much so, that we can point with certainty to the period in the history of *Majolica* when the influence of the Persian ware began to be felt among Italian potters.

While this activity prevailed in Italian art potteries, and before it culminated in the above-mentioned triumphs, a very remarkable man lived, whose genius did more than that of any other individual for Italian pottery. Luca della Robbia was born in 1400. He was a sculptor first, and a potter afterwards. An artist of the highest power, he was inspired with all the marvellous æsthetic force, and subtlety, and fertility of his age and of his country. He was not satisfied as other sculptors are, with form-beauty alone, but cast about to add to his moulded figures the further beauties of colouring and surface-texture. He no doubt well knew the wares of the Moors of Spain, and probably was acquainted with the secret of the tin glaze already used by the Italian potters. It is needless to assume, as most writers do, that he discovered tin glazes for himself; but he at

* The commonly-repeated story of the Pisans bringing back with them the wares of Majorca after their conquest of that island in 1115, and of the name having thus been diffused, is not now much believed in. The date is too early, and the legend is quite unsupported.

any rate adopted the process, and he has left us bas-reliefs and even life-sized statues covered with a fine stanniferous polychrome glaze which are among the wonders of Italian Renaissance art, and which to this day are, in their way, unsurpassed triumphs of skill.

Very far inferior as artistic productions, and in technical ability, are the works of another great potter, the famous Bernard Palissy.

Born more than a century later, and in a country where the surroundings were far less congenial to art than the Italy of Della Robbia, Palissy did most certainly, among circumstances of the greatest difficulty, discover for himself, and teach his countrymen, the art of stanniferous glazing, probably arriving at its knowledge by analysis of the glazes on the Italian wares; for Palissy was a skilful chemist, and to discover the presence of tin in a glaze is a matter of no difficulty whatever. The story of his life, his struggles, his discouragements, and his disappointments, is a sad enough one to any reader, but to those who are themselves potters the tale is doubly pitiful; for we know that he spent his great genius in solving with imperfect means a problem that had already, and long before, met with a perfect solution, and that the labour of a lifetime was wasted in learning what the poorest Italian potter could have told him in five minutes.

The Palissy ware has an attraction from the history of its maker. There is little technical merit or successful potter's skill, as the writers of his life always assume that there is, in Palissy's work: the glaze is poor, the colouring dull, though, as a rule, harmonious; the *body* is very coarse and earthy. The chief merit of the ware is in the originality, the artistic beauty and naiveté of the modelling of natural and other subjects encrusted on the surface.

While tin-glazed pottery was thus being made in Italy, and, a century later, in France, the Germans would seem not to have been idle; or rather, perhaps, it is that the patriotism of Germans of the present day has not been idle. It is stoutly maintained, and perhaps actually believed, that a stanniferous glaze was used by a potter of Schelestadt, in Alsace, somewhere about 1250. There are indeed to be found in Gothic German buildings of even an earlier period than this, fine specimens of glazed decorative pottery, with the artistic characteristics of the time and country, and minute por-

tions of tin may perhaps be detected in the glazes of these wares; but its presence in the thirteenth century pottery of Germany is clearly accidental; it is not there in such quantity as to influence the appearance of the pottery, or to merit for it the title of stanniferous.

In the Low Countries, tin-glazed pottery was made in the middle of the fifteenth century, and these works developed at a later date into the famous Dutch potteries, whose productions are known as Delft, of which we shall have more to say anon.

Before we enter upon an account of the great turning-point in the history of European pottery, we must dwell for a moment upon the works of another great Renaissance potter.

It was so late as the year 1839, that M. André Pottier, a French writer on art, first announced to the world the existence of the singular species of pottery now known as "Henri Deux" ware. He gave it as his opinion that it was the production of Florentine artists working in France. Until thus brought to the knowledge of connoisseurs, the very existence of this exquisite ware had been forgotten. It soon, however, became famous. Every corner of Europe was ransacked for specimens of it. Dukes, princes, and millionaires contended with the heads of National Museums for the few pieces still to be found. No ware ever yet became so costly; for every hundred pounds that a rare piece of Sèvres or Majolica will fetch, the "Henri Deux" will bring its thousand. As yet only about fifty pieces have come to light; and of these fifty, more than one half have found their way into the galleries of our wealthier English amateurs.

Those who see a specimen of this rare and precious pottery for the first time are apt to be extremely disappointed. They see a vase, or a ewer, or a candlestick of fantastic shape, covered with a thin, greenish-yellow glaze, the colouring not by any means brilliant, and the surface seemingly inlaid and encrusted with the innumerable details of a most elaborate ornamentation, made out in quiet browns, blacks, and sad neutral tints. Nothing is less striking to a casual or an ignorant observer — nothing in the whole range of decorative art so absolutely exquisite in design and effect to the cultivated appreciation of a connoisseur in Renaissance work.

No sooner was the ware discovered than speculations began as to its maker, its date, and the locality of its fabrication.

On no single point did the ten or twelve French writers on the subject come to an agreement, and a certain amount of unsolved mystery still attaches to all these points. There is no so-called "potter's mark" on any of the pieces except one, and this solitary mark is not recognizable as that of any known potter. It may be tortured into a monogram, or assumed to be a device, at the pleasure of those who form their various theories on the origin of the ware.

The pieces are decorated with the arms of French royal and noble families. One piece has on it the salamander surrounded by flames, the device of Francis I. of France, and very many out of the fifty bear the well-known monogram of Henry II. worked into the ornamentation of the surface — a circumstance which has given the ware its name. The date is, therefore, more or less fixed to the short period between 1540 and 1560, or twenty years. As to the nationality of the artist, the best authorities join in thinking he must have been a Frenchman, because the work is essentially of the style of the somewhat distinctive French Renaissance then prevailing. The precise locality of its production could only be inferred to be somewhere in Touraine, because a majority of the pieces can be traced as coming from that province.

Such was the mystery which hung about all connected with this curious ware; a mystery which not a little enhanced the interest taken in it, and perhaps the estimation in which it was held.

This mystery is now, to a great extent, cleared up.

At the Court of King Francis lived a widow lady of high birth, named Helène de Hangest. Her husband had been governor of the King, and Grand Master of France. She was herself an artist, and a collection of drawings by her of considerable artistic merit is preserved. They are portraits of the celebrities of the period. She was in favour at Court; the King himself composed a rhymed motto to each of her portraits, and some of these verses are written in his own hand. It is established that Helène de Hangest set up a pottery at her Château of Oiron, and that Francis Charpentier, a potter, was in her employ. To his hand, under the auspices of the Châtelaine of Oiron, is due the famous ware of "Henri Deux."*

* The evidence of all this seems complete. It is stated at length in the recently published monograph of M. Benjamin Fillon.

Mr. J. C. Robinson gives it as his opinion that the technical merit of the "Henri Deux" ware is very small. With due deference to Mr. Robinson, who, as a rule, writes well and learnedly upon this and cognate matters, we do not think he would say this if he had been able to appreciate the subject from a potter's point of view. The *body* of the "Henri Deux" ware is of admirable texture and quality; the mode in which the various clays are incorporated into the substance of the pieces without shrinking or expansion, the clearness, thinness, and smoothness of the glaze,— which, by the way, is plumbiferous,— all these things are so many marvels of skilful manipulation, and fill the mind of a practical potter with admiration.

We have hitherto been speaking of those sorts of pottery of which the *body* is chiefly composed of natural clays, and, while telling the story of the progressive steps towards improvement made in the fabrication of these wares, we have been able to make some sort of classification as we went on. We have shown how at first all European pottery was unglazed, as in the case of the more ancient Greek and Roman vases; how in time it got a sort of glaze, which was, in truth, only a thin varnish of vitreous matter, a sort of apology for a glaze; how, after several centuries, lead-glazing was thought of, and finally tin-glazing; and how this latter is divided into lustred and unlustred ware, the lustre being nothing but a surface layer of pure metal, gold, silver, or copper, spread so thinly as to be absolutely transparent. We have shown how the glazes on all the great Renaissance wares (except the very peculiar "Henri Deux"), that, namely, of Luca Della Robbia, of Palissy, and of Delft, are all tin-bearing; differing widely enough from each other in appearance, but each substantially compounded of similar ingredients, the body of each being always chiefly composed of clay, and lime, and silica, and the glaze always having tin for a principal ingredient.

There is still another important fictile ware known under the general term of Flanders stone-ware (*Grès de Flandres*). It has these special characteristics: the *body* is still formed chiefly of natural clay, to which is added some proportion of flinty sand. Jugs and drinking-pots of this ware have a considerable thickness, and in consequence a somewhat clumsy appearance; but the most remarkable characteristic is the glaze, which is

neither metallic nor siliceous in the sense in which those expressions have hitherto been used. The glaze differs, too, most completely in the mode in which it is put on, from that on every other kind of ware. In all other pottery whatsoever, the *body* is first fired, and when again cool is dipped, in its porous state (known as *biscuit*), into, and thickly covered with, a composition made by grinding the ingredients of the glaze to powder, and mixing them into a cream-like paste. The bowl, cup, or whatever it is, coated with this creamy stuff, is then returned to the furnace, and when again taken out, the surface is found to be covered with its glassy skin, or glaze. Not so with the ware known as *Grès de Flandres*. It is fired, and then replaced in the glazing kiln in its *biscuit* condition. A quantity of salt is then thrown into the kiln, the fires lighted, and a very strong heat produced. The salt is thereby evaporated or converted into gaseous fumes, and these strike upon the clay and flint, or silix. Now we all know, or ought to remember, that salt is a chloride of sodium, or less scientifically, a *muriate of soda*, and this same soda flying up and encountering the silix of the *body* in an incandescent state, joins with it to make what the learned call a silicate of soda, and the ignorant, soda glass.

As may be supposed, the coating of glass which reaches its destination in this airy fashion is thin and slight; it is also transparent, and shows beneath it the grey natural colouring of the clay. No colours can stand the fierce heat necessary to evaporate the salt except cobalt blue, consequently the *Grès de Flandres* has but this one colour, relieved by the rich browns, the greys, the black, and the whites of the various clays employed.

Simple as is its scale of colours, the *grès* is yet susceptible of artistic treatment of a very high and very elaborate kind. Encrustations of clay moulded into bas reliefs, armorial bearings and legends in Gothic character, diversify its surface. The strength and solidity of this pottery—it can be thrown to the ground without breaking—have caused it to find special favour among northern nations. It was made throughout Germany. At Nuremberg, that great Middle-age art centre, the ware was exquisitely wrought; at Cologne and in Holland, in Flanders, and at Beauvais in Northern France, *grès* was also fabricated. Much of the ware was imported into

England during the sixteenth century. The brown and grey jugs often sold by dealers as old English, and known as “grey-beards,” are usually of this imported ware.

Such was the progress of the ceramic art, and such the various kinds of decorative pottery made in Europe during its most palmy period, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Towards the end of the latter century the art productions of the potteries of this continent began to be competed with, and in time nearly swamped, by the productions of men who were far more accomplished potters than those of Europe, and whose manufactures—ininitely inferior in true art value to the Majolica, the stone-ware of Flanders or Germany, or the various earlier wares made in France—yet recommended themselves highly by their delicacy, their transparency of *body*, and their brilliancy of colouring.

In China the potter's is a very ancient art. The date of the first fabrication of pottery is lost in the distant mists of early Chinese history; the native chronologists themselves are not too sceptical to assign it to about the year 2698 before the Christian era; the discovery of true porcelain, as fixed by them, having taken place under the Hau dynasty, between 185 B.C. and 88 A.D. Without drawing so largely as this upon his credulity, the reader must yet believe that wares corresponding in texture and appearance to our glazed stone-wares and *faïences* were made by them many long centuries before they were dreamed of in Europe.

The Chinese had early made one important discovery which they long kept to themselves, and which relieved them of a great many of the difficulties which in our ignorance of it were incidental to our making of glazes. They had found a material which combined in itself silix, an alkali, and alumina; in fact, a substance which contained in itself all that goes to make a glaze. This was the variety of felspar which mineralogists call orthoglaze—a hard grey stone, known to the Chinese as Petuntze. This rock is occasionally found, as geologists term it, *degraded*, or decomposed; in other words, reduced by the action of the atmosphere to powder. The rain falls on it in this state, and makes it into clay, and in doing so washes from it all that water will melt; that is, deprives it of its alkali. In this state it is the famous Kaolin of the Chinese, the possession of which has enabled them to make the

semi-transparent pottery which we call china or porcelain.

The kaolin is a pure white clay, absolutely infusible by heat; being mixed with the before-named *petuntze* ground to powder, the addition of potash thereby obtained renders it slightly fusible—slightly disposed, that is, to run into glass when fired. It stops short of this point, and yet it is far more vitreous than the common clay pottery we have hitherto been dealing with. It is precisely in that intermediate condition between glass and earthenware which we know as porcelain.

The appearance of this beautiful ware, vying in tender colouring with the petals of flowers, its painted surface elaborate as the wings of butterflies, its substance delicate as the thinnest shell, and with the translucency of pearls and opals, was the death-blow to the coarser wares of Europe. The first specimens of true porcelain were imported at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and fetched enormous prices; and the decadence of the various Renaissance wares dates from the time when the markets of Europe began to be flooded with oriental China ware.

We have in this paper been dealing almost exclusively with the history and practice of the potter's art in Europe, treating of the various wares of China, Persia, and Japan only incidentally, and so far as they have affected the progress of the art in this continent. We have shown how the Persian wares reached Italy during the Renaissance period, and stimulated the pottery painters of that country to some emulation of their fine colour harmonies; how the art of the Arab potters reached Italy through Spain, and how greatly it influenced the Italian *fabriques*.

We have now to show how the pottery processes of all Europe were changed by the influence of China.

There was a long period during which any emulation of the newly-introduced porcelains would seem to have been thought hopeless. The potters of Europe were indeed busy enough during this period, but they were without the only materials with which true porcelain can be made, the kaolin and the *petuntze*, and their activity for more than a hundred years, that is, from 1600 till towards the middle of the following century, when European porcelain was first made, was

an activity that resulted in quantity rather than in quality of art work.

Every one who has studied the history of art generally during this century and a half knows that it is one of rapid decadence. All the great masters in painting, the Raphaels, Titians, Leonardos, and Michael Angelos, the Van Eyks and Albert Durers, had passed away in the generations preceding. The men who succeeded them, great indeed, were by no means worthy to hold places in this illustrious roll, and after the first fifty years they were replaced by artists of still inferior merit.

The art of pottery sympathized with the decadence in the other arts. Technical processes improved, but the genius of the art was dead. The best work was done in France; it was a pale reflection of the fine art work of Italy, and it gradually got more and more impenetrated by the French spirit, which has not often been either rich or interesting except when it has derived inspiration from Germany, Italy, or Flanders, and is, at its best, seldom quite free from a clever meretriciousness and a finikin prettiness quite the opposite of true art.

Louis Gonzaga, Duke of Nevers, set up, with the help of some potters from the great Urbino workshops, a manufacture of *Majolica* at Nevers.* The Nevers ware soon lost its Italian character, and got in process of time to be more and more Gallicized. It was never original, always an imitative art work. After following the traditions of the *Majolica* potters, it attempted to reproduce the fine colour harmonies of the Persian ware, then to imitate the pseudo-orientalism of the Delft, and last of all it got to be almost entirely French.

At Rouen, also, a famous *faïence* was made; and this, even at going off, was of quite unmitigated French taste—that is, of quite bad taste. In order that the reader may not think that we are unfairly biassed against French work and French art of this period, we will quote from M. Jaquemart's well-known and important work a sentence which shall, to all right-judging critics, condemn the Rouen earthenware, for which this author can find no praise too high. At first, says M. Jaquemart, the ornamentation on

* Such ware got in France to be called *Faïence*, after *Faïenza*, in Italy, one of the chief places of its manufacture; and the word *Faïence*, meaning simply glazed pottery, neither stone-ware nor porcelain, has been disseminated throughout all European languages, and is so useful a term that, as the reader sees, we have not been able to do without it.

the Rouen pottery was not well defined; but very soon the imitation of the designs on Oriental porcelain suggested to the potters of Rouen the true style and type of work which was to make them famous and constitute the glory of French pottery, and this true type was ornamentation in imitation of lace-work and scalloped shells:—"Le vrai type qui devait faire leur gloire et celle de la faïence Française tout entière, c'est le décor à *lambrequins et dentelles*."

That a man should be so lost to all sense of right taste as to see anything like glory in such pitiful stuff as this, is of itself a measure of the acceptance of true art canons across the Channel. In Rouen pottery, however, much as it falls short of the better work of a previous age, there is more than what M. Jaquemart finds to praise. Trivial as the motives of the ornamentation are, there is a certain harmony and even vigour of line and colour, and an ingenuity of design, which still find their admirers.

The pottery of Moustiers, in the south of France, though its colouring is poorer than that of the Rouen ware, and far poorer than that of Nevers, is superior to both in design. The slender arabesque drawings, on a pale or sad-coloured ground, are characteristic of this earthenware of Moustiers. All these three French potteries are represented in the museums of Europe, as are likewise the productions of a host of less known manufactories, which often pass for the wares of Moustiers, Rouen, and Nevers. We do not care to dwell on the work which these potteries turned out. As it receded further from the Italian type of bold, sweeping curves of design, and got more angular and finikin, so much the more is it undeserving of notice. It will be interesting, however, to observe how, on its way to the goal of complete meretriciousness, the art of pottery in France was arrested, in a curious manner, by certain foreign influences.

Our survey of the History of European Pottery, modest as are our conceptions of the scope of the subject, and of our power to deal with it, will oblige us, for an instant, to dwell on something approaching to *la haute politique* itself.

The French nation—in mere cleverness superior, perhaps, to every race that ever existed—is also more than any other nation imitative, and receptive of foreign ideas in art, in politics, and even in religion.

During the long decadent period of

which we have spoken (which, for want of a better name, we will call the post-Renaissance period), the whole of France was moulding itself—under the influences, successively, of an Italian Regent-Queen, of a half Italian King, and of a great Minister born and bred in Italy—to notions that were essentially Italian. It might or might not be detrimental to the nation to be ruled with that mixture of finesse and despotism which was in vogue in Italy, or to have to accept an Italian Churchman's strict notions of Church government; but it was, beyond question, for the advantage of the country that Italian art-taste should be substituted for that which was native.

True it is that art in Italy itself, at this time, was not thoroughly good; moreover, French subserviency to foreign influences was, as usual, excessive, and was soon carried to a quite absurd extreme.

When Louis XIV.—himself little of a Frenchman by blood, and still less in tastes and education—came to the throne, he inherited the fruits of the training which his predecessors had bestowed upon his people. His despotism was more absolute than theirs, and he ruled the fashion in art as arbitrarily as in other matters. All France bowed down before the "Grand Monarque," and followed his taste implicitly—the very art-world itself seeming to see in the great full-bottomed *peruque* of their despot their highest ideal of form. We can really trace something resembling the curls of this magnificent wig in all the art of the day: in the twirls, and flourishes, and spirals in stone of the architecture of that great period; in the sculpture, with its swelling drapery blown to all the winds of heaven at once; in the redundancy of bold, curling outline of the Court painters; even in the twists and turns of the furniture; and, markedly enough, in the ornamentation of pottery. Here, as always, the spirit of the generation of men that made it is more present than elsewhere; and here we see the prevailing taste for the so-called *Rococo** in all its glory, and here the curl of the great wig is especially conspicuous—a style of art too forcible, too broad, with too much wealth and flow of outline to be French; and with too

* *Rococo* is a term applied by the French themselves to the art of his successor's reign—not very advisedly, as it seems to us. The true *Rococo* was born under Louis XIV., and yielded to more classical inspiration under Louis XV., and his successor.

much purposelessness, and too many sins against taste, to be entirely Italian.

When the *Rococo* style wore out, it was to make way for a pseudo-classic taste; and under Louis XVI. some sort of chastening of French art took place, and some fair second-rate work was done in all branches of art, and especially in pottery, before the time of that deplorable abyss of taste, founded on a servile classicism, which the French know as "*Style Empire*."

We have thus dwelt at some length upon art-work in France during this post-Renaissance period because, while the French Sovereign—King or Emperor—has always ruled the taste of France, France has guided that of Europe. During this period Spain followed the *Rococo* taste at Talavera; the Dutch Delft-ware potters, abandoning their oriental models and adopting the French style, often turned out vases and jars which the uninitiated may easily mistake for the later Rouen ware. The Germans, slow adopters of French ideas, accomplished little in the way of *faïence*-making, but at Höchst some good *faïence* was made—always, however, without departing very far from the models of their western neighbours.

In our own country, till the middle of the eighteenth century, there is little movement in the potter's art to note. In Staffordshire, some very rude stonewares had been made from about the year 1580. At Fulham and Lambeth, nearly a century later, some Dutchmen set up a manufactory of Delft, very inferior to the true Delft made in Holland. Again, William of Orange brought to England in his train the brothers Elers, Dutch potters; and they established works near the clay-beds of Bradwell, in Staffordshire. They were excellent potters; the *body* of their ware is usually reddish in colour, is close in texture, and the surface is decorated with raised flowers and foliage ornaments in sharp relief. The pieces are sometimes impressed at the bottom with the word "Elers," and this has been a temptation to fraud. The majority of Elers ware in our collections is probably fictitious.

The Elers tried to keep the secret of their trade, and to carry it on in peace; but the jealousy of their neighbours drove them from their works, and a rascal named Astbury managed to swindle them out of their trade secret, and to set up on his own account. He afterwards discovered by accident for himself a mode of burn-

ing flints into an impalpable powder: to mix this with clay was a long step on the road of pottery-making.

The time was coming, however, when a new light was to arise who was to revolutionize the potter's art, and to take away from England the reproach of being far behind the other great nations of Europe.

Wedgwood was more truly a Potter than any of the other great men we have mentioned in this paper. He was born in the Potteries, the son of a Potter; he was apprenticed to a Potter, and he worked at the Potter's wheel himself. There are no less than three fairly good biographies of this remarkable man. We have the less need, therefore, to say much about him. Wedgwood was singularly fortunate in his life, as well as deserving of good fortune. He early secured the patronage of Queen Charlotte, and his *Queen's Ware* (she desired it might be so named)—a cream-coloured, glazed earthenware—quickly acquired a reputation and a sale. He had the luck and the wisdom to connect himself with a gentleman of wealth, artistic taste, education, and business habits—Mr. Bentley, of Liverpool—who became his partner, and encouraged him to follow his bent towards the higher forms of the potter's art. As great a stroke of fortune was his securing the services of Flaxman—a man who, if his genius had not been cramped by the narrow classicism of the day, would have probably left a name among the very greatest in art.

Wedgwood was not satisfied with the glazes then used in earthenware. He had, indeed, himself discovered some good ones, but the best did not satisfy his practical mind. All the glazes of the day were liable to crack with heat, and to become unserviceable. He determined to dispense with them altogether, and to supply the deficiency by a body so carefully prepared that it should be at once compact enough to hold liquids, and at the same time possess something of the smoothness of a glazed surface; in fact, his idea was to cause the glaze to permeate the whole mass, and not simply to lie on the surface as a skin. He succeeded, and every one knows the Wedgwood ware of tender grey blue, of the less valued dark blue, and of the so-called sage green, most esteemed of all; on these wares the even surface is relieved by raised ornaments—leaves or figures—in white. Wedgwood also made a pure black body of great beauty. Furthermore, by using baryta with his clay,

and mixing certain metallic oxides with the mass, he made a curious, beautiful, and now greatly-prized imitation of jasper: it was so hard and compact, and so little brittle, that it would bear to be filed and rubbed into taking a polish.

Wedgwood was a truly admirable potter, and his merits appeal particularly to one of his own trade. His bodies were so perfectly compounded, his *firing* so skilfully conducted, that never is a flaw or a speck perceptible, no shrinkage or warping, or unevenness is ever seen in a piece of his ware; but the eye at last gets tired of so much regularity and so much perfection. There is so much classical "elegance," such almost mechanical faultlessness of shape and drawing, such an adherence to the forms and types of the best periods of classic art, such unvarying and level excellence, that at last one almost wishes for an occasional deviation into individuality, even at the expense of correctness.

The one thing wanting in Wedgwood ware is this individuality: it is hardly artwork at all; it is not the artist's own handiwork like a Palissy dish or a Della Robbia *plaque*, only an exquisite art manufacture.

We are now approaching an important epoch in the history of pottery. We have shown how from the time when porcelain was introduced into this continent, the work of European potters had been disdained, and least neglected as it approached most in character to the admired wares of China. It had been the constant object of potters to imitate the delicately pencilled colouring, and the beautiful translucency of the imported porcelain. The discovery of the secret of this translucency was the discovery of the means of certain wealth: it was the philosopher's stone of the potter, which he was for ever dreaming of, and which he knew would transmute his clay to gold. Strangely enough Alchemy and the search after the great hermetic mystery, which had indirectly done so much for European science, has done this for art, that it has laid bare the secret of porcelain making.

During the reign of that ambitious and able prince and successful china collector, Augustus II., Elector of Saxony,* a young scamp named Bottcher had fled for protection to his capital from Berlin, where he had been employed as a drug-

gist's assistant. He had been suspected of pursuing researches in alchemy with, probably, some imputed recurrence to the black art. On reaching Dresden this story accompanied him, and the curious and superstitious sovereign caused him to be brought into his presence. Bottcher was questioned by the elector, but he denied any knowledge or any practice of alchemy. Augustus was not satisfied. He was himself employing one Schirnhaus, a professed adept, in experiments to discover the universal medicine; to this person Bottcher was handed over by the Elector, and in company with him and to please his royal patron — perhaps credulous himself — he busied himself with all the apparatus of the alchemist's laboratory.

One crucible full of earths and chemicals, when it was taken from the furnace contained a semi-vitreous substance which the shrewd Bottcher recognized as not unlike the material of which the Elector's highly-prized oriental porcelain was composed. He communicated his discovery to his patron, and was encouraged to persevere; but, lest he should escape with the news of it, Augustus shut him up in a royal castle near Meissen, supplying him with crucibles, retorts, chemicals, and furnaces, and providing him with every comfort and luxury except his liberty. In this semi-imprisonment Bottcher slowly worked out his discovery. In the presence of the Elector himself, he one day drew from the furnace a teapot of something not unlike porcelain, and threw it into cold water. The teapot was not injured, and thus one difficulty was surmounted. In the year 1709 he produced the very first piece of true china that ever had been made in Europe, with all the whiteness and translucency, but unfortunately without the strength and durability of the oriental ware, for it had bent and cracked in the fire. It was not till six years later that he made perfect porcelain with its full beauty, and its full power of resisting heat.

The Elector had already established a manufactory, and made Bottcher its director. Here it was, at Meissen, near Dresden, that the first and also the best true china in Europe was produced. For a time it was a close secret. The workmen were sworn to silence on the process they adopted: the walls were placarded with the warning words, "*Geheim bis ins Grab*," "Be secret till death," but the dissemination of the

* The famous "Green Vaults" of Dresden, containing the finest collection of oriental china in the world, were built and filled by the Elector Augustus.

secret could not long be prevented. A workman escaped with it to Vienna; another carried the secret to Höchst, in Mayence; from Höchst it was carried to Fürstenburg, in Brunswick, and to Frankenthal, in Bavaria, and finally it reached Berlin. At all these places, and at several other German centres, true china was manufactured of more or less excellence, before the middle of the eighteenth century.

It may be laid down as a general proposition that to make true *hard* china, the kaolin, and petuntze of the Chinese, or at least the kaolin, the so called China clay, must be used. The present writer has not a vestige of a doubt that it was used by Bottcher in his first successful experiments, and that it was imported from China in its crude state; but a fortunate chance enabled Bottcher to procure the precious clay in Saxony itself. An ironmaster of the Erzgebirge, one Schnorr, passing on horseback through the hilly country near the Aue, found that his horse's feet sank deep and nearly stuck fast in a sort of morass, and looking on the ground, saw that it was composed of a white clay. He knew nothing of porcelain making, but he thought at once that, being dried, this brilliant white earth would make a good substitute for hair-powder, then fashionable. He did accordingly bring it into the market as hair-powder, and much of it was sold for that purpose, under the name of "Schnorr's white earth." Bottcher used it, and was struck by its weight, and probably by its resemblance to the China clay. He examined it, and found that it was a true and fine variety of kaolin. This curious discovery was the source of the commercial success of the Dresden china manufactures.

It is time to say something about the classification of porcelain into *hard* and *soft*, a difference much insisted upon by collectors. The truth is that the so-called *soft porcelain* is not porcelain at all. On the way to the discovery of true china ware, which is hard, compact, and not to be injured by heat, which is serviceable as well as beautiful, which comes out of the furnace in the shape in which it goes in, neither shrunk nor wraped — on the way to finding out how to make this substance, the potters of Holland, so early perhaps as a hundred years before Bottcher's discovery, and those of St. Cloud in 1695, had learned to make what is known as *porcelaine à pâte tendre*, china with a soft *body*. This ware pos-

sesses nothing but the appearance of true porcelain; the *body* is white and semi-transparent indeed, and the glaze is usually of a soft-looking, creamy white, but the ware is brittle, light, and generally unserviceable; the surface is so soft that it can be scratched with a steel point. It is fired at a very low temperature,* and yet four out of five pieces are, or rather used to be, destroyed by the heat of the kiln, consequently it is rare and expensive.

The making of this soft porcelain at St. Cloud encouraged the French to hope that they could manufacture true china as it was made at Dresden, and kilns on a large scale were built, first at Chantilly and then at Vincennes, and afterwards at the more famous Sèvres. Every pains was taken; an immense establishment was set up, of which the king himself became proprietor, and Madame de Pompadour patronized and did all in her power to encourage the undertaking; but it was not till 1769 that true china was made at Sèvres. Kaolin was found at St. Yrieix, and hard porcelain began to be produced as a manufacture, but unfortunately the processes were imperfect, and the art value of the Sèvres porcelain began to decline just when the material itself began to possess any value at all.

We have said *art value*, but we desire to limit the term to the art value that is represented by money. The soft porcelain of Sèvres of the early period excites the cupidity of the average collector almost beyond every other product of the potter. One, two, or three thousand pounds is no uncommon price for a piece of soft Sèvres, hideous in form, depraved in taste, and with no merit but that of a smooth, rich glaze, a certain correctness and affected prettiness of drawing, and a quite inartistic delicacy of colouring.

The work done by the artists of Sèvres was, even in its most palmy period, intended to win the liking of a dissolute king and a court lost as much to the sense of true art as to any sense of morality, and the result is what might be expected. It is what the French themselves, meaning, indeed, no disparagement, call "*genre boudoir*," which can please only those who have no higher conception of art than the phrase implies.

* This supplies an easy mode of distinguishing the soft china. The lower part of each piece rests in the kiln on a small iron tripod, and where not touched by it, is covered with glaze. In true china the heat employed is too great for the use of an iron tripod, and the piece when in the furnace stands on sand; and the bottom consequently has no glaze on it.

Porcelain-making became fashionable when the courts of Germany and the king of France had patronized it. Other royalties followed suit. Charles III. of Naples established royal porcelain works at Capo di Monti, and brought the production of porcelain as far on the road of perfection as it has hitherto been carried in Europe. What is singular about this ware is that the immense difficulties in the way of arriving at even a moderately hard porcelain without the aid of kaolin, were overcome at Capo di Monti as they had never been elsewhere. The ware is neither soft nor quite hard, but the texture is fine, the glaze soft and beautiful, the colouring brilliant, and the art work of a high type. Groups, processions, sea nymphs, tritons, and marine monsters, and mingling with them representations of natural objects, branches of coral, strings of sea-weed and twisted conch shells, all coloured to imitate nature—these are the characteristics of this remarkable ware, which, though falling somewhat short of the utmost reach of good art, yet comes nearer to excellence than any European china ware has reached before or since. True Capo is rare, and even imitations often fetch very high prices.

The royal patron of these Neapolitan porcelain works carried his workmen to Madrid when he assumed the crown of Spain in 1759. He established a pottery at Buen Retiro, where the traditions of the Capo di Monti ware were preserved, and whose wares possess some of its characteristics.

In the meantime other porcelain kilns had been established at Venice and elsewhere in Italy; the best work, out of all comparison, coming from the manufactory of the Marquis of Ginori, at Doccia. Materials were imported from China, and a true, hard, kaoliniferous ware was made. The enterprising family of Ginori have continued this work until the present day, and the Doccia wares, even the more modern ones, command high prices from their intrinsic art value.*

No particular mention need be made of the porcelains produced at The Hague and Amstel in the Netherlands, at Copenhagen, in Russia, in Switzerland, and even in Portugal. The Amstel ware may

* At Doccia several wares are produced; a true hard porcelain, and the better known *Terraglia*, a white glazed ware, between porcelain and *faience*; of this, tall vases, statuettes, and even large figures often finely modelled are found in the collections of amateurs. Less praiseworthy, but very successful, are the Doccia imitations of Majolica, Sèvres, and Capo di Monti.

claim to fall not very short of being second rate, but the others are only curious.

It now only remains to describe the porcelain made in Great Britain. While in nearly every European country porcelain making was patronized, and in some cases actually superintended by kings and princes, in England royal favour was nearly unknown. The Chelsea pottery works indeed were favoured with the penurious patronage of the Court of George II., but no other factory in this country was helped or hindered by royal interference.

It was at Bow that china was, so far as we at present know, first made in Great Britain in about 1740. As in the case of every porcelain manufactured in England except that of Bristol, and possibly some made at Lowestoft, the Bow porcelain was soft. Many reasons have been suggested for the fact that when all the continental potters had left off the fabrication of soft porcelain, the English continued to produce it and no other. The chief reason we believe to have been that the English porcelain establishments were as a rule poor and small; that to adopt the new style required costly plant and materials, and the employment of high-waged workmen acquainted with the new processes;—required too, the purchase of expensive trade secrets in colouring and in firing. All this would have been beyond the means of the English porcelain makers, who could hardly pay their way as it was. Moreover, the English potters had early learned how to apply phosphate of lime, in the shape of bones ground to powder, to the *body* of their porcelain; the effect of which, while robbing the porcelain of a little of its beauty, is to give strength and consistency to the ware while in the furnace.

The manufactory at Chelsea borrowed its art forms from Sèvres, but its colouring is far less harmonious, its glazes less deep and silky than those of the French soft porcelain. At a later date the Dresden type prevailed at Chelsea, with garlands and bunches of flowers encrusted thickly on the vases. Pastoral subjects, the impossible shepherds and shepherdesses of the period, with their crooks, their knots of ribbon, small waists and eternal simper, are common to Sèvres, to Dresden, and to Chelsea. The technical superiority was with Dresden, and that of ingenuity and variety of form and ornament, while the glazes and colours of Sèvres were far ahead of its rivals, and Chelsea can only boast of a certain abstric-

nence from the excesses of bad taste prevailing at Sèvres; but to true art-merit not one of the rival potteries can claim the smallest title. The Chelsea manufacture was in no very long time abandoned, as was that at Bow, and the workmen emigrated to Derby, carrying their moulds and their trade secrets, and a good deal of their bad taste with them.

The ware made by Cookworthy, at Plymouth, has always appeared to the present writer to be far superior to that coming from the more famous English kilns. Cookworthy, though a Swedenborgian and a believer in the divining rod, was nevertheless a shrewd man of business and a good chemist. His ware, at least the plain white and the blue and white—the most characteristic—is beautifully modelled with natural subjects, shells, sea-weeds, and so forth, and attempting little, is marked by none of the pretentiousness of the period. He had discovered kaolin in 1755 near Helstone, in Cornwall,* and with it he made hard porcelain. The secret of doing so he sold to Richard Campion, who carried it to Bristol, and there made hard china which, as collectors know, is in especial favour and demand at the present day, as being the only true porcelain made in Great Britain. A melancholy proof was given of the excellence of this ware on the occasion of the recent burning down of the Alexandra Palace. No fewer than four thousand specimens of old English pottery and porcelain had been lent by different collectors to the palace. The Bow, Chelsea, Derby, Worcester, and other soft wares were reduced to shapeless masses by the heat, but the true porcelain of Bristol, though most of it was broken to pieces by the fall of roof and rubbish, retained its whiteness and even its most delicate shades of colour quite uninjured by the fire.

The porcelain made at Worcester from about 1751 is also in repute; pastoral subjects, tea-drinking parties, not over well executed, imitations of blue and white Oriental ware, and of Sèvres, are characteristic of the earlier Worcester; and almost from the first the Worcester potters introduced the commercially suc-

cessful, but artistically deplorable, device of printing instead of hand-painting on their wares.

There is still some mystery about some rare specimens of English porcelain stamped at the bottom *Nantgarw*. There is reason to believe that many of the pieces, the *body* of which is, so far as the present writer's experience of them goes, of a singularly fine quality, were painted elsewhere. The ornamentation does not rise above the standard of Derby or Worcester.

At Swansea porcelain was also made during a short space of time. It is noticeable for its fine painting of natural objects, birds, insects, and shells. The painting has often a resemblance to that on Nantgarw porcelain, but the *body* is entirely different; and as the productions of both these kilns are known to have been very trifling in number, they attract large prices from connoisseurs.

With the porcelain of Lowestoft, in Norfolk, we will close our necessarily very brief account of early English china wares. The porcelain of Lowestoft is characterized by a somewhat plentiful use of gilding; armorial bearings are frequent on saucers and plates; flowers and leaves, birds and insects, somewhat conventionally treated; the ornamentation is scanty in proportion to the white ground. The *body* of much of the Lowestoft porcelain is hard—harder than that of any European porcelain that we are acquainted with. The glaze is greenish in colour, and somewhat lumpy in texture, with occasional spots and imperfections; in short, it bears so close a resemblance to the commoner kinds of Chinese porcelain of the period, that it has been supposed that it was imported with the glaze on, and decorated at Lowestoft, a practice which was also followed at Delft. At the neighbouring town of Yarmouth it is positively known that a somewhat similar practice prevailed. The learned Mr. Chaffers, however, contends for the honour of Lowestoft, and maintains that hard porcelain was actually made by the Lowestoft potters. He gives some evidence, but has wholly failed to convince the present writer.

We have endeavoured to describe the characteristics of the products of the different kilns, and more especially those of our own country; a by no means easy task, for the difference, though marked enough in the eyes of the poorest judge, is often impossible to put into words. In doing this, we have said nothing of one

* It will have been seen what an important part this substance has played in pottery-making. Its technical name is China or Cornish clay, Cornwall being still the chief English site of its production. The mining, or rather digging, for it and its preparation by washing and drying form now very important businesses. Immense quantities are annually required, not for use in the potteries only, but in other arts. It is employed to clarify pale ale, and, more or less fraudulently, to stiffen and add substance to cotton and other cloth.

valuable means of distinguishing varieties of pottery and porcelain from each other — an acquaintance with the marks which potters have sometimes placed upon their works. We have done this advisedly, and we think that the time has come when some protest should be made against the too great dependence placed by collectors on this means of distinction.

It is, of course, indispensable that potters' marks should be studied. It is proper that our public collections and museums should contain specimens of marked pieces, *with a duly authenticated history attached to each piece*, to serve as a reference, and as settling dates and localities of production. It is well, for the same reasons, that Mr. Chaffers should have written a ponderous and most valuable work on the subject; but it is quite lamentable that any collector should have so little the "courage of his opinions" as to put his trust in a mark rather than in his judgment, and should be ready to give twice as much for a marked piece as for a better one unmarked.

A potter's mark, it must be remembered, is the exception rather than the rule. On the very finest wares they are very rare. Majolica is far oftener than unmarked. Of "Henri Deux" ware, but one piece has been found with any distinctive mark; Palissy, Persian, and Della Robbia earthenware are hardly ever marked. It is of course far easier to imitate a mark than anything else about a good piece, and spurious marks on spurious pieces abound — are commoner indeed than genuine pieces with genuine marks, as every old collector knows. It is for this reason that we make but small account of this useful but much abused means of distinguishing pottery and china, relegating the information that we give on the subject to a foot-note.*

* The potters' marks on Oriental china are innumerable, and are even yet but very imperfectly understood in Europe. They refer to the dynasty of the period of their production, or to the name of the potter or of the pottery, and often they contain a verse of high-flown poetry. Only a sinologue and a potter combined could do justice to this subject. Imitations of Oriental marks are often found on the early pieces of Delft and of European porcelain. The marks on Majolica are the potter's initials, monogram, or name in full, sometimes the date, sometimes the locality, and oftener only the title of the subjects depicted. On French pottery, initials and a date mark the earliest pieces of *Nivernais* earthenware; N. standing perhaps for Nevers; P. C. in blue letters; three mullets, perhaps the armorial bearings of the Italian potter, Conrade, and occasionally his signature in full. On *Moustiers* ware, an immense variety of painters' initials in cursive writing, and sometimes the words "*à Moustiers*," following

The extent of our subject and our want of space compel us to dwell only very slightly on the aspects of the art of pot-

them. On *Rouen* ware, the same multitude of initials, mostly in upright Roman letters, sometimes an O crossed by an arrow, the mark of the manufacture; sometimes the words, "*à Rouen*." On *Dresden*, A. R., or Augustus Rex, in monogram, is the mark of porcelain made in the reign of Augustus, the patron of *Botcher*; later on, K. P. M., to signify *Royal Porcelain Works*. The Caduceus is said to be on early pieces intended for sale. The crossed electoral swords were an early mark, and are the best known of all, on Dresden porcelain. With a collector of Saxon china, however, marks go for very little; the sharpness and delicacy of the details and of the moulding are more appreciated. At *Berlin* marks on porcelain are the sceptre, the eagle, and the globe, surmounted by a cross. At *Frankenthal*, a lion rampant; the initials, C. T. and a crown, belong to a rather later date, and afterwards, when the factory was transferred to *Nymphenburg*, in Bavaria, a shield covered with *fuzils*, or diamond-shaped squares, Masonic triangles, etc. The fine porcelain of *Nüchst* is distinguished by a wheel, on a wheel surmounted by a crown and cross, in gold, red, or blue, according to quality. On *Vienna* porcelain is a shield with a horizontal band in red, or as heralds have it a *fess gules*. *Firstenberg* is known by a capital F, in Gothic or Italian character. *Copenhagen* porcelain is marked by three waving lines, to typify the three seas, the Sound, the Great and the Little Belt. The *Sèvres* potters affixed to their wares marks which it is almost an education in French history to master. When the works were at St. Cloud, the mark is S. C., with T. under, for Tron, the manager of the works. The kilns being then transferred to Vincennes, the double L, the cypher of King Louis, was used. After the Revolution the potters were republican, and signed their pieces R. F. (*République Française*). As political fervour subsided, they signed *Sèvres* under Napoleon. The mark was *M. Imple. de Sèvres* under Napoleon, and from 1810 till his abdication, the Imperial Eagle. Under Louis XVIII. the double L, again, with a *fleur-de-lys*; under Charles X. a double C. Louis Philippe's reign was represented by a *fleur-de-lys* and the word *Sèvres*, and later on, the cypher L. P. K. F. came in again with the Republic of 1848, and the late Emperor reintroduced the Eagle as a mark, and after 1856, the *Sèvres* potters adopted the Imperial N. *Amstel* is marked by a capital A, or its own name, alone or accompanied by the letters M. O. L., signifying *Manufactory of Oude Loostrecht*, the works having originally been there situated.

These are all the chief marks on foreign productions. At home the earliest marks are the C. and the broad arrow-head in brown on the cream-coloured earthenware of Leeds. *Elers'* ware has the maker's name sometimes stamped on it. The usual spurious Chinese marks are found on the earthenware imitations of Oriental porcelains. *Wedgwood* used no mark except occasionally his name impressed, and the reign of marks did not commence till the porcelain makers began. On *Bow* china it is doubtful if any mark was habitually used. The very earliest Chelsea appears to have had no mark; afterwards a stamped triangle marked the productions of the Chelsea kilns; a raised oval containing an anchor; an anchor and dagger painted red; afterwards the anchor alone, sometimes red, sometimes gilt, the gilt on the best pieces. It has been noticed that the *Venice* porcelain is likewise anchor-marked, and some connection between the two works has been conjectured but not proved. Early *Derby* is known by a D.; when the Chelsea factory was amalgamated with that of Derby, the Chelsea anchor was crossed with the D., which stood for Derby, and this porcelain is known as *Chelsea-Derby*. Afterwards the anchor was left out, and a crown, with a St. Andrew's cross set over it, was used, the ware thus marked being called *Crown-Derby*. *Plymouth* is often marked with the symbol for Jupiter, and for the metal tin. Perhaps Cookworthy desired to notify to adepts that he used tin in his glaze. *Bristol* porcelain has a cross. The commonest marks upon *Worcester* are a crescent, a W., a square filled with chevrons, and imitations of Chinese marks, besides in-

tery of the present day. We do not regret our inability to do more, for if there is much to say in praise of the progress of this art in late years, there is also much room for adverse criticism. For the first twenty years of the present century, hardly any vitality showed itself in pottery-making. The Exhibition of 1851 allowed the world to perceive that some little activity had already begun in the French and English art potteries. There had at that time arisen that revival of truer art feeling in this country which the critics and artists absurdly called "Pre-Raphaelitism," and nearly smothered in its germ by making ridiculous. This singular latter-day Renaissance preceded by a year or two the introduction of an art element into our potteries, where it had long been absent. The bettering of our futile products has continued ever since. The French and the Italians have also advanced far, but the traditions of Sèvres and mediæval Italy and their ancient glories have seduced them into wrong paths.

Deck and one or two other admirable French artists in pottery have successfully imitated some of the single colour kaolinic glazes of China, and such a feat as this does not lie open to the objection common to other sorts of imitation.* They are reproductions or re-discoveries of secrets lost to the Chinese themselves, not a servile copying of a particular style of art. At Gien, near Orleans, a large manufactory has reproduced, at almost nominal cost, the best wares of Rouen and the old French *faïences*. The cheapness and the serviceableness of the Gien ware almost redeem the fault of its origin.

The merit of having advanced the potter's art further than it has been carried in Europe since the days of the Renaissance is due to our own countrymen.

They are at this moment pre-eminent among European potters, not in the making of artistic ware only, but also in the manufacture of cheap and useful crockery. Our common English earthenware undersells the products of every country where it is allowed to gain admittance, while our decorative pottery is quite as indisputably the best in Europe.

The one thing wanting with us—rather, the one thing not abundant—is invention. This has led our people to divert their technical knowledge and capacity into imitations. The Majolica and Palissy wares have been travestied rather than copied, and English potters have not even feared to attempt to imitate the quite inimitable *faïence* of "Henri Deux;" but our great potters have done worthier things than these, and much admirable and even original art work is annually turned out from their kilns.

Painting on *faïence* plates, dishes, and *plaques* is perhaps the direction in which our English pottery art is likely most to excel. That this branch of the art should not degenerate will depend as much upon buyers and the public as upon the artists themselves. If the public will school itself to see the truest merit in a quiet, harmonious scale of colouring, in flowing lines, in simple subjects not over elaborated, in a broad treatment of light and shadow—in short, in a style suited, as all true styles should be, to the exigencies of the materials employed—then we may hope that the painters will give up a certain forcible, jaunty, flashy mode of decoration, with gaudy, garish colouring, which has begun to prevail, and that British pottery will continue to hold its present supremacy.

numerable others. On *Swansea* we have a trident, and the word *Swansea* stamped; and on *Nantgarw* that word similarly impressed.

* These French re-discoveries, the work of scientific chemists, as well as potters, are very far ahead of the achievements of our potters in the same line. The turquoise blue of Deck might almost be taken for the true Oriental colour, so pure is it, so delicate, and the glaze so brilliant. The single colour glazes of the English potters are comparatively dull on the glaze and crude in their tone of colour. They do not seem to have considered that to produce their depth and brilliancy, the ancient potters employed materials that would only vitrify at an intense heat. It is a maxim in pottery that the stronger the fire the brighter the glaze, but also the greater the difficulties. The imperial red, yellow, blue and black of China are always on stoneware *bodys* with a crackle glaze; and this sort of glaze can only be produced by excess of kaolin and a strong fire. All the above colours are now more or less successfully reproduced by the potters of Europe except the red, and the secret of this splendid colour has, we have reason to believe, been at length discovered by an English potter.

From The Hiogo News.

A JAPANESE WORKHOUSE.

WHERE the deuce have all the beggars got to? was a question that occurred to me several times last year, and at last I resolved to find out where they were. After much "speering," as they say in North Britain, I heard that the bulk of the beggars had been located by a paternal Government somewhere in the eastern outskirts of the city. So one chilly day last November, armed with an order to view, I trudged towards the military suburb which lies to the southward of the Castle of Osaka. After some little wandering to and fro in that out-of-the-way

region, I alighted upon the object of my search, situated in a street known as the Kitakuihoji-machi. The building itself, a shabby looking structure, hidden from the passer-by by a lofty wooden fence, I learnt had been built some three years previously, but had only recently been occupied by its present inmates. The name by which it was known was the "Hin-in," meaning literally the poor-house. Just within the principal gate was a small office, where I had to present my credentials and go through as much ceremony as if I had been visiting a state prison rather than a charitable institution. Passing an inclosed space filled with sprouting sticks, which, on a closer inspection, turned out to be mulberry cuttings, I reached at last the place where the beggars had got to, and a queer place it was. Imagine a half-dozen of very narrow streets bordered by rows of one-storied houses, or rather huts, not unlike, with their coarsely plastered walls and unpainted woodwork, the rows of shanties which a railway contractor runs up near a tunnel's mouth for the temporary use of his navvies. Of these small one-roomed houses there were no less than 240, I was told. Besides these there were several feeding-rooms, weaving-sheds, and other workshops, all similar in appearance to the dwelling-houses outwardly, but inwardly, of course, of much greater length. A guide was sent with me from the principal office, and from him I learnt that when the Osaka Government had resolved to clear the streets of beggars, they proceeded in the following manner:—First, all of the fraternity who belonged to other parts of the country were packed off to their proper districts. Then those of the Osaka beggars who had got relatives who could afford to keep them were sent to their friends. The remainder were compelled to go into the Hin-in. The able-bodied men were sent out to work at dredging or work of a similar nature, under charge of officers; at night they returned to the Hin-in, where one of the diminutive huts was allotted to each five of them—the women being also placed five in each tenement. On the occasion of my visit there were in all 180 men, women, and children, 85 of whom were adult men, inhabiting the poor-

house. Every one was free to leave whenever he or she could give satisfactory proof that they would earn an honest living outside. There were but fifteen women inmates. These, together with some young lads, I found were being taught trades, some of them weaving and some of the boys paper-making, but all on the premises. There were but few children, and these were receiving the elements of a plain Japanese education. One thing pleased me, as showing that some consideration was shown for the comfort of even these poor outcasts; all the inhabited houses had matted floors, as is universally the case in Japan, even amongst the very poorest classes; the interiors had a clean, well-swept appearance. In one of the weaving-sheds—there were three of them—I found some weavers from Kioto engaged in teaching their craft to some of the ex-beggars. One of the latter, a boy, had only been one month under tuition; he, like all beginners, was set to work at a piece of coarse white cotton cloth. The looms were of the same ingenious construction as those which were to be seen at the last Kioto Exhibition, all wood, string, and bamboo; those used by the pupils being, however, of a very simple character. Some pieces of satin were shown me which had been made on the premises by the Kioto men. The weaving school, I was told, had only been open some two or three months. Silk winding and spinning were also being taught, the fifteen bobbing spinning frames, as of old, being set in motion, by means of a basket full of stones and a windlass. I was agreeably surprised to find how clean and healthy, as well as cheerful and contented, all the pupils appeared to be. With the horde of official parasites, which infest this, as every other public-department in this country, there is little fear of the outside weavers having to complain of being undersold by the Government, as tradesmen in England complain of the mat-making, &c., in English prisons. When I left the Hin-in it was with the impression that the thing was too good to last—few if any of these imitations of foreign institutions, more especially hospitals and schools, possessing lasting vitality unless they are under foreign supervision.

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A NEW "LEGEND OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT."

WHEN Psyche lost her Lord, the Lord of Love,
Weeping alone she wandered,
Listless by every well-known field and grove,
And on her lost Love pondered.

Lastly by Lethe's stream her footsteps strayed;
And "Oh!" she said, in sighing,
"That I might dip, and my past life be made
Like dreams with daylight dying!"

The big tears from her blue eyes raining down
Fell on earth's pitying bosom:
Sudden there sprang amid the sedges brown
Blue as her eyes a blossom.

And o'er her head, soft rustling sweet and low,
As though some bird's wing fluttered,
In those loved tones whose loss was all her woe,
"Forget-me-not!" was uttered.

No more: no sight, no touch: these words
alone:
And "Ah!" she cried, "forget thee?
Nay, but half Love in our glad life was known;
Half Love is to regret thee.

"Forget thee? Nay, these flowers my tears
begot
Shall be to me a token
Of love: they shall be called Forget-me-not,
The name to cheer me spoken."

So well, sweet river-flowers, we welcome you,
Earth with faint sadness scenting, —
Born of the tears from Psyche's eyes of blue,
For her lost Love lamenting.
Spectator.

F. W. B.

THE DAWN.

ALL the wild waves rocked in shadow,
And the world was dim and grey,
Dark and silent, hushed and breathless,
Waiting calmly for the day.

And the golden light came stealing
O'er the mountain-tops at last —
Flooding vale and wood and upland, —
It was morning — night was past.

There they lay — the silvery waters,
Fruitful forests, glade and lawn. —
All in beauty, new-created
By the angel of the dawn.

So my spirit slept in twilight; —
All was quiet, grey and still,
Till the dawn of love came stealing
Over Hope's snow-crested hill.

Then the dim world woke in glory,
And the iris-dyes grew bright
On the waves and woods and valleys,
In a morning-flood of light.

Ah! the vineyards and the gardens! —
Ah! the treasures, rich and rare,
Full of endless life and beauty,
Which that dawn created there!
Good Words. ADA CAMBRIDGE.

EXPECTANCY.

THE wind went sighing gently through the
trees,
The sun shone bright, making the bursting
buds
Glance like bright gems in the soft-moving
breeze.
Beneath the promise of the opening spring,
With flowers just waking from their winter
sleep
Under her feet, fairer than they, she stood,
Her hands clasp'd closely o'er her throbbing
breast,
As if she said, "Be still, my beating heart,"
And you, ye panting breaths of hope, be still."
Her eyes were weeping-ripe, wherein the tear,
Trembled to fall, like grain from o'er-ripe ear
Which the last breath of wind shakes to the
ground;
So were her tears, one throb of feeling more,
Even at his footstep, heard and known, they
fell.
Macmillan.

From The Edinburgh Review.
MEMOIR AND LETTERS OF SARA
COLERIDGE.*

THE publication of biographical memoirs usually rests its apology on one or the other of two grounds. Either the subject of the biography is sufficiently conspicuous in the calendar of fame to make the record of his or her words and doings worth attention for the individual's sake; or the records themselves possess such intrinsic spirit and originality as to interest the public irrespective of the celebrity of their subject. It might indeed appear, on a cursory view, that the first condition would involve the second: but this is by no means necessarily the case. A remarkable writer may have given us all of him that is worth preserving in his published works: he may have breathed out his best in the literary efforts to which he has consecrated his faculties; and may have had little time or energy left for the fascinating confidences of letters and notebooks. Or, on the other hand, the thinker who has published little, but in whom the intellectual taste is keen, may have failed indeed to hit the right vein for general popularity, but may have vented, in private channels of communication, passing thoughts and fancies which are more suggestive, more sparkling, more attractive than his finished compositions. In female biography two instances happened to occur a few years back, illustrative of our position. The Letters of Jane Austen and of Miss Mitford were given simultaneously to the world. The authoress of "Mansfield Park" and "Pride and Prejudice" had won herself a prominent place among the classical novelists of England: all the cultivated world was pleased to know something of her in her private relations. But not only was her life placid and uneventful, her letters were undeniably commonplace and meagre. The annalist of "Our Village" would not have deserved to be recalled to remembrance either for that, her most successful work, or for the dramatic pieces by which she

gallantly persisted in seeking to earn a maintenance for herself and a reckless father, had not her lively correspondence, kept up with many literary notabilities and touching on contemporary persons and matters of interest, been itself a source of entertainment far more stimulating than her efforts in the paths of literature.

The filial editor of the Memoir now before us seems to rest its justification more on the first of the above-mentioned grounds of apology than on the second, though she thinks that the two may be fairly conjoined. At the outset of her preface Miss Coleridge says:—

The interest which such works are intended to excite is in the main biographical, and their object is not merely to perceive and bring to light a number of writings of intrinsic merit and beauty, *but still more, perhaps*, to present to the reader a record, however imperfect, of the personal characteristics, both moral and intellectual, of the writer.

Thus challenged to the inquiry why we should wish to know what Sara Coleridge, as an individual, thought and felt during her passage over this world's stage, we must begin by bringing to our readers' minds the salient points of interest connected with her. To those who had the privilege of her personal acquaintance it hardly needs to say that her intellectual accomplishments were considerable, her conversation fascinating, her charm of feature and expression very distinguished. Again, the public knew her as the authoress of a Fairy Romance, and of one or two philosophical and literary commentaries. But by these alone she would hardly have lived beyond her day. Her title to remembrance is of a cumulative sort. Her parentage threw a halo of interest over her which enhanced all her other claims to notice. She was the daughter—the only daughter, the beautiful daughter, the gifted daughter, of a great poet and thinker. A poet's daughter. It is rather curious to note, when we look into the matter, how nearly confined to our present century is the record of poets who have *had* daughters, so to speak—daughters in any degree connected by

* *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge*. Edited by her Daughter. Two volumes. London: 1873.

sentiment or heritage with their fathers' fame. Glance at the olden time. Of Susannah Shakespeare, married to Dr. Hall, a physician, fancy may indeed please itself with tracing an alluring portrait, based on those suggestive lines of her epitaph preserved by the antiquary Dugdale:—

Witty above her sex, but that's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall.
Something of Shakespeare was in that: but this
Wholly of him, with whom she's now in bliss.

Milton had daughters, but the records concerning them are of sinister import; that they rebelled against the task of reading to him in learned languages with which they were unacquainted, and were by him dismissed from his house, to learn embroidery in gold and silver, as better suited to their capacities. Addison had a daughter by his countess-wife: a half-witted old lady, as she lived to be—Miss Charlotte Addison to the last—of whom local tradition has preserved some faint remembrance in her Warwickshire homes. Undoubtedly, the proportion of bachelor poets in our Golden Book of Literature has been very large—Pope, Thomson, Gray, Cowper, Goldsmith, occur to the mind at once. The number might be doubled speedily. But in the literary associations of our present century, it so happens, the poet's daughter forms a somewhat conspicuous object. Is this only because bards have been more often "family men" than of yore; or because domestic tendernesses, as matter of poetic inspiration—apart from the passion of *the love* which no time or culture has ignored—are rather an outgrowth of modern sentiment; or because female accomplishment and attraction have really altered the standing-point of women in every-day life—we stay not to inquire, but so it is. Byron and Coleridge were men of wayward genius. Their homes were not enlivened by the fairies of fireside love. But Byron poetized of his

Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart,
and that "Ada" was a woman of superior attainment; chiefly, however, in the department of mathematical science, in

which her mother was a proficient. Of Coleridge's "Sara" these pages will show the intellectual fibre. Assuredly, had she been one of Milton's daughters, the Greek authors he desired to have syllabled to him in his blindness would have found a zealous admirer and not unskilled interpreter in the high-wrought maiden of Keswick. Little chance would embroidery have found with her, in competition with a strophe of Pindar or a dialogue of Plato. Scott's Sophia, "the minstrel's darling child,"* is well remembered for her social attractions, her Scottish ballad strains, her intelligence, her brightness. Of Wordsworth's Dora, the sweet wife of Edward Quillinan, and of Southey's Edith, married to John Warter, the knowledge of contemporaries is more limited, more private; but both of these, in association with Sara Coleridge, were deemed by Wordsworth fit subjects for his ode, "The Triad:"

Come like the Graces, hand in hand,
For ye, though not by birth allied,
Are sisters in the bond of love.

Before we close the list, we must advert to one more daughter of the poet-sire—Adelaide Proctor; who—if inheritance it was—inherited from her father, "Barry Cornwall," more of the real *astrus* of poetry than fell to the share of any other we have named. She united to these gifts a rare originality and simplicity of character; in the struggle of life her powers of action were untried, and she passed away as one of those who only light upon earth in their passage to another sphere.

Sara, the youngest child of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and of his wife Sarah, the daughter of Mr. Fricker of Bristol, was born at Greta Hall, near Keswick, December 22, 1802. "My meek little Sara," her father wrote of her in the following year, "is a remarkably interesting baby, with the finest possible skin, and large blue eyes; and she smiles as if she were basking in a sunshine, as mild as moonlight, of her own quiet happiness."

Coleridge's bodily sufferings at this

* See Dean Milman's verses on Mrs. Lockhart's funeral.

time induced him to go to Malta, from whence he returned in 1806, when he desired his wife and children to meet him at Bristol. Sara speaks of her remembrances concerning her sojourn at Bristol, at Nether Stowey, the seat of Coleridge's friend, Mr. Poole, and elsewhere, as "partial and indistinct glimpses of memory, islanded amid the sea of non-remembrance." Soon afterwards, the mother and children returned to Keswick, and were domesticated with Southey. The father lived for a time at Allan Bank, Grasmere, with the Wordsworths. Sara remembered a month which she spent with him there, at his request, when she was in her sixth year, and we quote some of her reminiscences. In his morbid mood Coleridge seems to have had little tenderness at this time for the child he had neglected, but a vehement desire to make himself the first object with her:—

I think my dear father was anxious that I should learn to love him and the Wordsworths and their children, and not cling so exclusively to my mother and all around me at home. He was therefore much annoyed when, on my mother's coming to Allan Bank, I flew to her, and wished not to be separated from her any more. I remember his showing displeasure to me, and accusing me of want of affection. I could not understand why. The young Wordsworths came in and caressed him. I sat benumbed; for truly nothing does so freeze affection as the breath of jealousy. The sense that you have done very wrong, or at least given great offence, you know not how or why—that you are dunned for some payment of love or feeling which you know not how to produce or to demonstrate on a sudden—chills the heart, and fills it with perplexity and bitterness. My father reproached me, and contrasted my coldness with the childish caresses of the little Wordsworths.

Readers of Coleridge's minor works of mingled prose and poetry will remember the remarkable piece entitled "New Thoughts on old Subjects," in which first the perfection of conjugal love is described in language of singular force and eloquence; then, its disenchantment. "Surely," says one of the interlocutors in the dialogue, "he who has described it so well, must have possessed it?" "If," replies the "Friend," "he were worthy to

have possessed it, and not found it, how bitter the disappointment!"

Yes, yes! that boon, life's richest treat,
He had, or fancied that he had:
Say, 'twas but in his own conceit,

The fancy made him glad!
Crown of his cup, and garnish of his dish,
The boon, prefigured in his earliest wish,
The fair fulfilment of his poesy
When his young heart first yearned for sympathy!

But e'en the meteor offspring of the brain,

Unnourished, wane:

Faith asks her daily bread,

And Fancy must be fed.

Now so it chanced — from wet or dry,

It boots not how — I know not why —

She missed her wonted food, and quickly

Poor Fancy staggered and grew sickly.

Then came a restless state, 'twixt yea and nay;

His faith was fixed, his heart all ebb and flow;

Or like a bark, in some half-sheltered bay,

Above its anchor driving to and fro. . . .

A peevish mood, a tedious time, I trow,

he adds in a subsequent stanza. And so, the affection and ingenuousness of the "Asra" of his earlier love-poems having ceased to charm, and the opium-fiend laying more and more hold on him, the fastidious bard loosed himself from his domestic moorings, and became a desultory dweller here and there, till in 1816 he placed himself for friendship and restraint under the roof of Mr. Gillman at Highgate.

Sara and her mother continued to reside under the roof of Southey, whose generous paternal care of the young girl was rewarded by strong affection on her part, and a remembrance of his virtues which never faded. In speaking of the influence which the society of the Lake poets exerted over her mind, her daughter says:—

I am but repeating her own remarks when I say that in matters of the intellect and imagination she owed most to Mr. Wordsworth. In his noble poetry she took an ever-increasing delight, and his impressive discourse, often listened to on summer rambles over the mountains, or in the winter parlours of Greta Hall and Rydal Mount, served to guide her taste and cultivate her understanding. But in matters of the heart and conscience, for right views of duty, and practical lessons of in

dustry, truthfulness, and benevolence, she was "more and more importantly indebted to the daily life and example of her admirable uncle, Southey," whom she long afterwards emphatically declared to have been, "upon the whole, the best man she had ever known."

Under Southey's supervision, with the stores of his ample library at command, Sara Coleridge indulged her strong natural taste for literary acquisition. "Before she was five-and-twenty," says her daughter, "she had made herself acquainted with the leading Greek and Latin classics, and was well skilled in French, Italian, German, and Spanish." When she was twenty years old she translated from the Latin Martin Dobrizhoffer's "Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian People of Paraguay," a work in three octavo volumes, which was commonly ascribed to Southey, under whose auspices it was published; and of which Samuel Taylor Coleridge said: "My dear daughter's translation of this book is in my judgment unsurpassed for pure mother-English, by any thing I have read for a long time." "How she Dobrizhoffer'd it all out," said Charles Lamb, after alluding to the "unobtrusive quiet soul who digged her noiseless way so perseveringly through that rugged Paraguay mine" — "puzzles my slender latinity to conjecture."

It was to this period of her life that the first reminiscences of Sir Henry Taylor — the author of "Van Artevelde" — refer. We give *in extenso* the letter with which he has enriched Miss Coleridge's Biographical Introduction: —

I first saw your mother when, in 1823, I paid my first visit to Mr. Southey at Greta Hall, where she and her mother were staying. I suppose she was then about twenty years of age. I saw but little of her, for I think she was occupied in translating some mediæval book from the Latin, and she was seen only at meals, or for a very short time in the evening; and, as she was almost invariably silent, I saw nothing and knew nothing of her mind, till I renewed my acquaintance with her many years after. But I have always been glad that I did see her in her girlhood, because I then saw her beauty untouched by time, and it was a beauty which could not but remain in one's memory for life, and which is now distinctly before me as I write. The features were perfectly shaped, and almost minutely delicate, and the complexion delicate also, but not wanting in colour, and the general effect was that of gentleness, indeed I may say of composure, even to stillness. Her eyes were large, and they had the sort of serene lustre which I remember in her father's. After her marriage, I think I

did not see her till the days of her widowhood, in young middle life, when she was living in Chester Place, Regent's Park. Her beauty, though not lost, was impaired; and with the same stillness and absolute simplicity which belonged to her nature, there was some sadness, which I had not seen before in the expression of her face, and some shyness of manner. I think I was myself shy, and this perhaps made her so; and the effect was to shut me out from the knowledge, *by conversation*, of almost any part of her mind and nature, except her intellect. For whenever she was shy, if she could not be silent, which was impossible when we were alone together, she fled into the region where she was most at home and at ease, which was that of psychology and abstract thought: and this was the region where I was by no means at ease and at home. Had we met more frequently (and I never cease to wish that we had) no doubt these little difficulties would soon have been surmounted; and we should have got into the fields of thought and sentiment which had an interest common to us both. But I was a busy man in these years, and not equal in health and strength to what I had to do: and it was in vain for me to seek her society, when I was too tired to enjoy it: and then came her illness and her early death, and she had passed away before I had attained to know her in her inner mind and life. I only know that the admirable strength and subtlety of her reasoning faculty shown in her writings and conversations, were less to me than the beauty and simplicity and feminine tenderness of her face; and that one or two casual and transitory expressions of her nature in her countenance, delightful in their poetic power, have come back to me from time to time, and that they are present with me now, when much of what was most to be admired in her intellectual achievements or discourse have passed into somewhat of a dim distance.

To the classical glorification of the fair Sara in her maiden days, contained in Wordsworth's poem of "The Triad," we shall, for the sake of space, content ourselves with making reference only, as the poem itself is easily accessible to most readers: —

Last of the three, though eldest born,
Reveal thyself like pensive Morn, &c.

Sara herself never professed to admire the poem. In one of her letters she says: —

It is, to my mind, *artificial* and *unreal*. There is no truth in it as a whole; although bits of truth, glazed and magnified, are embodied in it, as in the lines,

Features to old ideal grace allied,
a most unintelligible allusion to a likeness discerned in dear Dora's contour of countenance to the great Memnon head in the British

Museum, with its overflowing lips and width of mouth, which seems to be typical of the Ocean. The poem always strikes me as a mongrel — an amphibious thing, neither portrait nor ideal, but an ambiguous cross between the two. Mr. de Vere, before he knew me, took it for a personification of Faith, Hope and Charity, taken in inverse order — a sufficient proof, I think, that it is extravagant and unnatural as a description of three young ladies of the nineteenth century.

In the lines,

Come with each anxious hope subdued
By woman's gentle fortitude,

an allusion is contained to the most interesting event in the young maiden's life, her engagement to her young lawyer-cousin. Of the many accomplished members of the Coleridge family, Henry Nelson Coleridge is one well entitled to remembrance for his own sake. He was a younger son of Colonel James Coleridge of Ottery, St. Mary, and a brother of Sir John Taylor Coleridge, lately a member of our judicial bench, the friend and biographer of Keble. Henry was educated at Eton and Cambridge; was a Fellow of King's College, and obtained the Browne medal in two successive years. In 1823 he was a contributor, in conjunction with Winthrop Praed, Macaulay, Sidney Walker, and Moultrie, to Knight's Quarterly Magazine; his own essays being chiefly on historical subjects. He made the legal profession his choice; and while studying in London he visited assiduously his philosophic uncle on the Highgate heights, became enraptured with his converse, and eventually set himself to "Boswellize" it in the vivid but fragmentary record which was published after the great man's death as the "Table Talk of S. T. Coleridge."

In 1822 the subject of the present biography visited her father at Highgate, and there met for the first time her accomplished, animated cousin. The attachment that sprang up on both sides led to their marriage seven years afterwards. The interval was a period of somewhat anxious suspense. Henry Coleridge had to secure his position at the Chancery Bar; and the interruption of a period of ill-health, for which he undertook a six months' sojourn in the West Indies in 1825, came inopportunistically to throw him back. But his ready talent, acquired knowledge, constitutional high spirits and ardent love, carried him through adverse circumstances. His account of his West Indian

experiences, published under the title of "Six Months in the West Indies," was a popular book in its day, and struck the public ear with something of novelty because of its mercurial style — that mixture of the graphic, sentimental and jocose, which is common enough now as a style, but which rarely characterized books of travel fifty years ago, when the visiting foreign climes was still a serious proceeding. Mr. Trollope himself could not write with more fun of the West Indian coloured beauties, their dances and their graces, nor portray in more lively terms the habits of life of the planters. Of the descriptive powers evinced in this almost forgotten book, we may cite at random two instances; that of a storm in the Bay of Biscay, and the first view of Trinidad. Throughout the young exile's lively pages breathes his loyalty to his far-off love, his "Eugenia," to whom he declares himself to belong "in union or separation" to his life's end — whose image accompanies him "in visions by night, in musings by day, in noise and in silence, in crowds and in the wilderness," associated with "the lake, the mountain, the cousin-star of beauty [Edith Southey], twin divinities of Vallombrosa."

Henry and Sara Coleridge were married at Crosshwaite Church near Keswick, on Sept. 3, 1829.

After a few months spent in a London lodging, [says her daughter], they began their frugal housekeeping in a tiny cottage on Downshire Hill, Hampstead, where their four elder children were born, of whom the twins, Berkeley and Florence, died in infancy. In 1837 my parents removed to a more commodious dwelling in Chester Place, Regent's Park, where a third daughter, Bertha Fanny, was born in 1840, who survived her birth but a few days.

United not only by affection, but by the closest similarity of tastes, the young couple cultivated literature in common. The year after his marriage the husband published his popular "Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets," which reached a second edition in 1834. The letters of the wife to him at this time afforded presumptive evidence that she was an intelligent critic, possibly an assistant of his labours. We find her thus commenting on the observation of Nature by the ancients: —

Martin says the ancients were vague in the description of colours. I doubt not, if we understood them thoroughly, we should find that

what appears vague and shadowy proceeded from fineness and accuracy of discernment. The ancients were precise in the delineation of Nature. They did not see it with the spirit of Wordsworth — no more, I think, did Shakespeare. But they either drew and coloured in the open air, and conveyed forms and tints closely and vividly, or they translated literally from the poets who did so, as Virgil appears to have done from Homer and Theocritus. This applies to their poetical diction. The spirit and form of Virgil's work were doubtless borrowed with modification; but the vague, dreamy imagery of Shelley, Keats, &c., I believe to be a thing of modern growth. The ancients did not modify and compose out of floating reminiscences of other books. *Purpureus*, as applied to a swan, of course is metaphorical, red being the most brilliant of colours, and a white swan gleaming in full daylight one of the most resplendent of natural objects. The passages on the Hyacinth, I think, are perfectly consistent, if closely examined, and express a peculiar shade of red, belonging to one of the multitudinous tribe of lilies. *Glaucus*, too, has a precise meaning. *Pallens* is very expressive and true in the way it is applied — meaning yellowish white. *Niger* must have meant dark-coloured, not merely black. How exact the metaphors of the peasantry are! The "Georgics" is the Rubens portrait of nature.

There can be no doubt that Cicero had a feeling of the interest to be derived from a copy of living objects on canvas, or even those of still life, as the scene and circumstance of action. But the picturesqueness of the group may not have been the source of interest (at least not to the consciousness of the beholder, though no doubt it did enhance the gratification), but the life portrayed in the picture. The beholder was to be instructed, animated, or soothed by the story of some event, or knowledge of some fact, rather than astonished, gratified, entertained by the exhibition of art, and spectacle of abstract beauty. I think this is the general distinction between the ancient and modern notions in regard to painting, though there may be exceptions, and the times of old may have had an infusion of our feelings, as we doubtless partake of that sort of interest which was the chief and most defined one to them. The pleasure to be derived from the power of art was by no means so decidedly modern, as a sense of the picturesqueness of inanimate combinations. The latter must belong to a people who have long been refined; a people who have leisure to luxuriate in things which have no being but in the imagination, and who have hit upon combinations and notions of the agreeable and beautiful which were never suggested to the fancy even of sages and philosophers of simpler ages. Don't you think that much of the best modern poetry would be unintelligible to Cicero?

Learned letters, to be addressed by a wife to a husband — possibly, it may be

said, savouring of pedantry. But if they evince little more than the faculty of reproducing the results of reading, and are, as commentaries, rather trite than original, it must be remembered that they were merely passing notices, never meant for publication. "Never meant for publication:" this indeed is a phrase very commonly used, and, we suppose, applicable to almost all letters whose writers have not reached the highest terraces of fame. Were they meant for *preservation*? Undoubtedly. In her private circle Sara Coleridge stood on a pedestal. She was greatly admired for her intellectual attainments. Her friends made a point of preserving her letters; and they are letters that naturally would be preserved. They are cultivated and thoughtful productions, but they cannot be called vigorous or sparkling. In her correspondence, which, with the exception of the occasional letters to her husband and those of later date to Mr. de Vere, is chiefly carried on with female friends, we look in vain for any varied descriptions of character or society. Her nature prevented her from being a lively narrator. She was essentially one of *die Stillén im Lande*. Her mind was of the introspective cast. Delicate health, fragile nerves, the secluded training of her youth, and the absence during that impressive period of the home joys that should have been especially her own, had thrown a shade of pensiveness over her disposition which the affectionate atmosphere of her married life mellowed into happiness indeed, but not into vivacity. Moreover, the life of the young wife and mother was in itself quiet and uneventful. Circumstances kept her very much to her own fireside. She seems seldom to have quitted Chester Place, except for brief holiday sojourns at the watering-places on the Kentish coast. Once only, during her husband's illness, she made a short tour abroad with him. To read and ponder was her favourite recreation: to instruct her children, a duty to which she lovingly devoted herself. Many of her letters are taken up with describing her mode of educating her son, whose Greek and Latin studies led her along the classical pathways so congenial to her taste. A little volume, entitled "Pretty Lessons for Good Children," which her husband persuaded her to publish in 1834, perpetuated some of her early teachings, and proved a popular work, passing through five editions. Her daughter cites, with

loving allusion to the subsequent character and career of the brother for whom they were composed, these lines, suggested by one of the Latin declensions :—

Learning, Herbert, hath the features
Almost of an angel's face :
Contemplate them steadfastly,
Learn by heart each speaking grace.
Truth and wisdom, high-wrought fancy,
In those lineaments we trace ;
Never be your eyes averted
Long from that resplendent face !

Less successful as a literary venture than the "Pretty Lessons," was a Fairy Tale entitled "Phantasmion," which Mrs. Coleridge published in 1837. In spite of the favourable judgment of an American critic, cited by the editor of these volumes, who declares that nothing comparable to "Phantasmion" had appeared since the "Undine" of La Motte Fouqué, we must admit that in our opinion the indifference with which this tale was received by the general public had sufficient grounds. The graceful fantasies which undoubtedly spring up among the elves of wood and wind and water, by whom the pages of "Phantasmion" are peopled, fail to allure the reader through a maze of dreary incidents and artificial personalities. We care not for the visionary vicissitudes of Palmland and Tigridia, nor for the pulseless loves or woes of Antheimida and Iarine ; and even the bits of musical verse with which the romance is interspersed, obtain no grasp on the memory by point or felicity of diction. The story has no backbone : no definite plan or purpose. In justifying its want of organic strength to her husband, Mrs. Coleridge hazards a somewhat bold comparison :—

I may venture to say [she writes], comparing little things with great, that this want of unity, exhibited in a somewhat different way, is also perceptible in "Faust." There the prevailing thought at the outset is quite merged in another, which arises adventitiously out of the progress of the story.

She considers her own production to belong to that class of fictions of which "Robinson Crusoe," "Peter Wilkins," "Faust," "Undine," "Peter Schlemihl," and the "Magic Ring, or the White Cat," and many other tales are instances ; fictions in which it is not the author's chief object to inculcate a direct moral, but rather to please the imagination while dealing half-allegorically with the passions and interests of human life.

While her father lived on at Highgate, and Sara with her husband and mother

had her home in the lower part of Hampstead Heath, visits were exchanged between the houses. Henry Coleridge was a frequent attendant at his uncle's conversational *réunions*, and made it his business to record them for future use. In the summer of 1834 the poet died. The circumstances of his death are thus narrated by his daughter in a letter to a friend :—

His departure, after all, seemed to come suddenly upon us. We were first informed of his danger on Sunday, the 20th of July ; and on Friday, the 25th, he was taken from us. For several days after fatal symptoms appeared his pains were very great ; they were chiefly in the region of the bowels, but were at last subdued by means of laudanum, administered in different ways ; and for the last thirty-six hours of his existence he did not suffer severely. When he knew that his time was come, he said that he hoped by the manner of his death to testify the sincerity of his faith ; and hoped that all who had heard of his name would know that he died in that of the English Church. Henry saw him for the last time on Sunday, and conveyed his blessing to my mother and myself ; but we made no attempt to see him, and my brothers were not sent for, because the medical man apprehended that the agitation of such interviews would be more than he ought to encounter. Not many hours before his death he was raised in his bed, and wrote a precious faint-scrawled scrap, which we shall ever preserve, recommending his faithful nurse, Harriet, to the care of his family. Mr. Green, who had so long been the partner of his literary labours, was with him at the last, and to him, on the last evening of his life, he repeated a certain part of his religious philosophy, which he was especially anxious to have accurately recorded. He articulated with the utmost difficulty ; but his mind was clear and powerful, and so continued till he fell into a state of coma, which lasted till he ceased to breathe, about six o'clock in the morning. His body was opened, according to his own earnest request. The causes of his death were sufficiently manifest in the state of the vital parts ; but that internal pain, from which he suffered more or less during his whole life, was not to be explained, or only by that which medical men call nervous sympathy. A few out of his many deeply attached and revering friends attended his remains to the grave, together with my husband and Edward ; and that body which did him such "grievous wrong" was laid in its final resting-place in Highgate churchyard. His executor, Mr. Green, after the ceremony, read aloud his will, and was greatly overcome in performing his task. It is indeed a most affecting document. What little he had to bequeath (a policy of assurance worth about 2,500*l.*) is my mother's for life, of course, and will come to her children equally after her time. . . . No man has been

more deeply beloved than my dear father ; the servants at the grove wept for him as for a father ; and Mr. and Mrs. Gillman speak of their loss as the heaviest trial that has ever befallen them, though they have had their full share of sorrow and suffering.

The death of this eminent man gave a decided turn thenceforth to the literary occupations of his daughter and his son-in-law. Kindred offices to those performed by Lockhart for Walter Scott, and by John Warter for Southey, devolved upon Henry Nelson Coleridge in connection with the father of his wife ; and in his work as editor of the poet's literary miscellanea he found a zealous helpmate in Sara during his lifetime, as she proved also an efficient substitute when death at an early age cut short his own career of intelligent activity. That event took place in January, 1843, after a long illness from spinal paralysis, the ultimate development of those symptoms — presumed then to have been of a rheumatic nature — for which he undertook his West Indian visit in 1825. Sara, left a widow at the age of forty, mourned deeply the husband of her youth, but found support in her mental resources, her maternal duties, and in her religious convictions. A few days after her husband's death she writes to Mrs. Gillman : —

It was at Highgate, at your house, that I first saw my beloved Henry. Since then — now twenty years ago — no two beings could be more intimately united in heart and thoughts than we have been, or could have been more intermingled with each other in daily and hourly life. He concerned himself in all my feminine domestic occupations, and admitted me into close intercourse with him in all his higher spiritual and intellectual life. It has pleased God to dissolve this close tie, to cut it gradually and painfully asunder, and yet, till the last fatal stroke, to draw it even closer in some respects than before.

To another friend she writes : —

The separation is a fearful wrench from one for whom, and in expectation of whose smile, I might almost say, I have done all things, even to the choice of the least articles of my wearing apparel, for twenty years. But even that is not the heaviest side of the dispensation. It is to feel not merely that he is taken from *me*, but that, as *appears*, though it is but in appearance, he is not. That the sun rises in the morning, and he does not see it. The higher and better and enduring mind within us has no concern with these *sensations*, but they will arise, and have a certain force. While we remain in the tabernacle of the flesh, they are the miserable, cloggy vapours that from

time to time keep steaming up from the floor and the walls, and obscure the prospect of the clear empyrean which may be seen from the windows. The most effective relief from them which I have found, is the reminding myself that he who is past from my sight is gone whither I myself look to go in a few years (not to mention all those of whom the world was not worthy, before the publication of the Gospel, and since) ; and that if I can contemplate my own removal, not with mere calmness, but with a cheerfulness which no other thought bestows, why should I feel sad that he is there before me ? But these of which I have spoken are only the sensations of the natural man and woman. I well know that in my heart of hearts and better mind, that if he is not now in the Bosom of God, who is not the God of the dead, but of the living, or if all these hopes are but dreams, I can have but little wish to bring him back to earth again, or to care about anything, either in earth or heaven.

Later on her mind grew calmer. Thus she writes in October 13, 1843 : —

Of course I am not up to the mark of easy, quiet enjoyment ; yet I feel that, for a time, it is good for me to be here. I cannot withdraw myself from the world ; I must live on in this outward scene (though it continually seems most strange to my feelings that I should yet be mixed up in it and Henry *gone from it* forever). But since I have been doomed to outlive my husband, I must, for my children's sake as well as my own, endeavour to enter, with as much spirit as I can, into the interests and movements of the sphere to which it is God's will that I should yet belong. Ever since my widowhood I have *cultivated cheerfulness* as I never did before. During my time of union I possessed *happiness* ; mere *cheerfulness* I looked upon as a weed, the natural wild produce of the soil, which *must* spring up of itself. Now I crave to see fine works of art, or the still more mind-occupying displays of Nature. I try to take an interest in the concerns of my friends, to enter into the controversies of the day, to become intimate with the mood of mind and character of various persons, who are nothing to me (*I* being nothing to them), except as *studies* ; just as a lichen or a curious moss may be, only in a higher manner and degree. All this with an earnestness unfelt in former times. To a certain extent I find my account in this ; my mind is restless, and rather full of desultory activity than, what is far better, concentrated energy ; but it does not stagnate. I do not brood miserably over my loss, or sink into an aimless, inert despondency : I have even an upper stratum of cheerfulness in my mind, more fixed than in my happy married days ; but then it is only an upper stratum : beneath it, unmoved and unmodified, is the sense of my loss.

To our mind, those letters of Mrs. Coleridge which portray her personal sorrows and consolations are the most in-

teresting of the collection. They are genuine, not pedantic; and if coloured by a somewhat monotonous strain of sentiment and speculation, still they are, in their degree, revelations of real feeling, real thought, on subjects the deep significance of which cannot be ignored by any thinking being, as life presses its experiences home. She thus describes the satisfaction which intellectual occupation afforded her:—

Things of the mind and intellect give me intense pleasure; they delight and amuse me, as they are in themselves, independently of aught they can introduce me to instrumentally: and they have gladdened me in another way, by bringing me into close communion with fine and deep minds. It has seemed a duty, for my children's sake and my own, to cultivate this source of cheerfulness; and sometimes, I think, the result has been too *large*, the harvest too abundant, of inward satisfaction. This is dangerous. How hardly shall the rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven! And these are the richest of earthly riches. They who *use* intellect as the means of gaining money or reputation, are drudges, poor slaves—though even they have often a high pleasure in the means, while they are pursuing an unsatisfactory end. But they who live in a busy, yet calm world of thought and poetry, though their *powers* may be far less than those of the others, may forget heaven, if sorrow and sickness, and symptoms of final decay, do not force them to look up and strive away from their little transitory heaven upon earth to that which is above. Bright, indeed, that little heaven continually is with light from the supernal one. But we may rest too content with those *reflections*, which must fade as our mortal frame loses power. Hope of a higher existence can alone support us when this half-mental, half-bodily happiness declines.

In the education of her son Mrs. Coleridge found agreeable stimulus for her mental efforts. On their occasional visits to Margate and Herne Bay she watched with him the effects of sea and sky, comparing these with the descriptive notices of classical authors. When the Eton boy was at home for his holidays, she read Homer, Æschylus, Pindar, and Aristophanes with him.

It is some exertion for me [she says, writing in September, 1846], to keep pace with Herbert's Greek now; his eye is rapid, more so than mine ever was. I wish he could unite with this a little more of my pondering propensities, and love of digging down as far as ever one can go into the meaning of an author: though this is sometimes unfavourable to getting a given thing done for immediate use, it takes one off into such wide and many-branched excursions,

But the intellectual labours to which she chiefly devoted herself were those which she undertook in connection with the exposition of her father's works. Her husband's death threw upon her the responsibility of the edition which he had commenced. She was at that time already occupied with the composition of an elaborate essay on Rationalism, which appeared as "Appendix C." to the new edition of the "Aids to Reflection" put forth in 1843, and had reference primarily to the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, purporting to advocate what she conceived to be Coleridge's views of that doctrine in opposition to the high Sacramental tenets of the Tractarian school. The amount of sustained thought and reading which the essay displayed was certainly something unusual as exemplified in a female theologian. Not only the standard authorities of the English Church—Taylor, Waterland, South, and numerous others, were cited and analysed, but Greek and Latin fathers and German metaphysicians were passed under review. And yet this notable production failed in method and conciseness of statement, and in assimilative power. When the first surprise of the public was over, that a woman could have written so well and so learnedly, it was felt that no definite gain to theological controversy had been made.

Besides this treatise, Mrs. Coleridge, in the course of her editorial labours, composed an "Introduction" to her father's "Biographia Literaria," and a preface to the "Essays on his own Times." She continued her occupation with his works up to the closing period of her own life, resigning it by degrees however, and at last wholly, into the hands of her brother, Derwent. There is something very touching in the following lines in which she comments on her own labours:—

Father! no amarantus e'er shall wreath my
brow;
Enough that round thy grave they flourish
now!
But Love his roses 'mid my young locks
braided,
And what cared I for flowers of richer bloom?
Those two seemed deathless—here they never
faded,
But, drench'd and shatter'd, dropt into the
tomb.

The theological studies to which Sara Coleridge devoted herself, in fulfilment of her filial task, at first with, and then without, her husband's aid and superin-

tendence, were not only congenial to her natural disposition, they fell in also with the tendencies of a social epoch in which controversial polemics formed a somewhat prominent feature. And here we are tempted to a digression. If discussion on topics doctrinal and ecclesiastical was much in vogue in English coteries during the second quarter of the present century, it was not by any means to the masculine sex that it was confined. Cultivated women, the young and ardent especially, manifested a strong inclination to controversy. It was the favourite field on which to exercise the logical faculties which improved education had taught them they possessed. There were reasons for this. The former generations for which Mrs. Chaponé and Dr. Fordyce had dictated their schemes of female improvement, were placid as to doctrinal matters. But Methodism first, and then the reaction consequent on French Revolutionary impieties, awoke the zeal of proselytism. Bible Societies and Missionary Societies raised their heads. Doctrine was eagerly insisted on. The female generation for which Hannah Moore penned her various chapters of advice, partook of the surrounding influences. It became something of a fashion for a young lady to be "serious;" not only, like the Romish *dévoté* and the Methodistical she-"saint," to revel in experiences, but to be a skilled fencer with arguments *pro* and *con* concerning tenets which had been mapped and defined by scientific theologians. How many an elderly bachelor or paterfamilias will still remember the lively correspondence by post, or *vivâ voce* contests at country-house or watering-place, whether on Socinian, or Calvinistic, or Tractarian battle-fields, which he has waged with fair-haired antagonists, who had their Bible at their finger-ends and could prate, not unappositely, of Ignatius and Augustine.

As long as these discussions were confined to the conventional limits of dogma, women might often bear their part with fair credit in the arena. While the weapons were those of text-quotation (in the Authorized Version), or of church principles, or of *catenæ doctorum*, some amount of reading, and the exercise of that inductive logic which (*pace* Mr. Buckle and many other theorists) is, we apprehend, more truly within the grasp of clever women than the deductive, might carry the more accomplished not unworthily through the fight. Then, for drawing-room circles, the days had not

yet come of German philology as applied to the Sacred Books; still further off were the days of popular scepticism on the basis of natural science.

Religious polemics have since worked into a different phase, and have comparatively little charm for our Bradamantes of the brain. The High Church devotee, dimly aware of the wider grounds on which the theological argument now rests, follows implicitly her Ritualistic orator or confessor, but cares little to syllogize in defence of her standing-point. The Revivalist quotes experiences, but her "reasonings" fail to make lodgment in the educated mind. The "advanced" thinker—a variety of the intellectual nursery-garden as to its feminine type certainly not common in general society till our own days, and, we venture to imagine, unlovely enough to discredit infidelity, as a mere fashion, with the other sex sooner or later—treats all theology as a sham, and shrugs her shoulders at the superstitions which "Christians" indulge in. Meanwhile, amid changes of form, one similarity, we think, still holds good in the strategy of woman-militant. Whether it will still hold good when the new educational methods have had full play, it would be presumptuous in us to pronounce. But hitherto it would appear that woman—as a rule—argues best, most freely, and, in a certain sense, most successfully, when she has a leader in her eye to whom she can look with reverential confidence. The female partisan of Simeon or of Pusey, of Arnold or of Knox, in the generation that is past or passing, would dare, nay, court opposition, so that she could feel sure of having her own particular pope on her side. And have not Darwin and Huxley their lady devotees also, who hold their faith in presumed compliance with the *dicta* of their leaders, whether or not they really understand all the consequences and the limitations of the principles they profess? The female philosopher is not a coward as long as she feels confident of her ground. What she does dread is the insurrection of her own thoughts. Doubt, suspense, half-truths, she abhors. She shrinks from admitting facts which seem to conflict with the conclusions at which she has arrived. She likes symmetry, even if she is inadequately alive to the higher requirements of logical consistency.

To apply these remarks to Sara Coleridge. Her serious temperament inclined her to psychological inquiry. In early

womanhood she made study of her father's works. Filial pride, as well as a certain congeniality of mind, allured her along his pathways of mystical speculation. In short, she constituted him her "Pope." What "Esteese" (S. T. C.) thought, or would have thought, on this or that subject, became her criterion of all that was true in respect of the highest interests of humanity. Now the metaphysical portion of Esteese's theology—distinguishing this from the portion which came within the functions of his critical sagacity—lay less within his daughter's grasp of apprehension than she herself imagined. Some maintain that like Wordsworth's "Protesilaus," it was shadowy altogether, vanished in the attempt to compass it. Still it dealt with formulas, the reproduction of which, if conventional, was plausible :

The phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

But a time came when Coleridge's authority was cited by theologians of a more advanced type than Sara dared to sympathize with ; by Maurice, Myers, Sterling, Carlyle. Then, professing still the highest allegiance to her father, it is manifest that she doubted how far she could really trust him. She speaks of withholding her consent from some at least of his conclusions :—

My father's religious teaching [she writes in 1848], is so interwoven with his intellectual views—as with all deep and earnest thinkers must ever be the case—that both must stand or fall together ; and in my opinion those persons dream who think they are improved by him intellectually, yet consider his views of Christianity in the main unsound. There are some portions of his theology on which I feel unresolved, some which I reject ; but in the mass they are such as both embrace me and are embraced by me. His view of Inspiration, as far as it goes, I do entirely assent to ; and it is my strong anticipation, as far as I have any power to anticipate, that after a time all earnest, thoughtful Christians will perceive that such a footing, *in the main*, as that on which he places the Inspiration of Scripture is the only safe one—the only one that can hold its ground against advancing thought and investigation.

And in a letter of the following year, she says :—

I hardly ever read books of Mr. M——'s [Myers's] opinions. I have a sort of dread of writers professedly on the same side as my father. They so often do an injury to his cause, either by their tone of mind, or by their reasonings. Almost all the theology I read is

what you would call Catholic, in its various shades and grades.

These last sentences are addressed to Mr. Aubrey de Vere, the poetical and High Church friend with whom most of her published correspondence during the later years of her life is carried on. They afford another clue to her hesitations. The interval in the religious history of our age which occurred between the publication of the Oxford Tracts and the publication of "Essays and Reviews," was of a transitional, tentative character. The essential differences which have since proclaimed themselves between the Romanizing, the Protestantizing and the materialistic tendencies of public opinion, were then, partially at least, misunderstood, partially overlooked, partially flattered and disguised. The secession of some of the foremost upholders of the *via media* to overt Popery gave the first powerful impulse to the disintegrating process : but so long as Newman, Manning, Dodsworth and others remained nominal members of the English Church, many whose principles were Protestant allowed their taste to dally with the seductions of revived Ecclesiasticism. Mrs. Coleridge herself was a member of that congregation at Christchurch, Albany Street, of which the Rev. William Dodsworth was pastor, and which in the early days of the movement was a principal centre of High Church religionism in the metropolis. Dodsworth was a fine preacher. His church-services were impressive. There was a flavour of combined learning and piety, and of literary and artistic refinement, in the representatives of Tractarianism, which enlisted floating sympathies ; and hence, besides the thorough-going "Puseyites," there existed an eclectic following in and around Albany Street, composed of various elements. In some cases it was the old wine of Evangelicalism settling itself into new High Church bottles ; in others, literary affinities fastening on congenial forms of historic or æsthetic sentiment. Of this eclecticism we catch the tone and spirit in most of Mrs. Coleridge's correspondence during her residence in Chester Place. She writes to Miss Brooke :—

I have lately been reading, certainly with great interest, the sermons of John Henry Newman ; and I trust they are likely to do great good, by placing in so strong a light as they do, the indispensableness of an orthodox belief ; the importance of sacraments as the main channels of Christian privileges ; and

the powers, gifts, and offices of Christian ministers derived by apostolic succession; the insufficiency of personal piety without Christian brotherhood; the sense that we are all members of one body, and subjects of one Kingdom of Christ; the danger of a constant craving for religious excitement; and the fatal mistake of trusting in any devotional thoughts and feelings which are not immediately put into act, and do not shine through the goings on of our daily life. But then these exalted views are often supported, as I think, by unfair reasonings; and are connected with other notions which appear to me superstitious, unwarranted by any fair interpretation of Scripture, and containing the germs of Popish errors.

Elsewhere, writing — in a more playful vein than is usual with her — to the Rev. Henry Moore, she says: —

To be sure, I should vote for Gladstone! Why, don't I always support the High Church party with all my mighty power and influence? What can you be thinking of? Didn't I give money to St. Augustine's — more than I could afford — and always stand up for Mr. D — [Dodsworth] to his back, though I oppose him to his face? And am I not as constant to his church as a dove? And wouldn't I rather join the Tractarians than any other party, if I was forced to join any?

Later, indeed, her disapprobation of the Tractarians seems to have more decidedly outweighed her sympathies with them; and in the name and fundamental grounds of Protestantism she always professed to glory. But we must confess that it is hardly worth while to study in detail the passing remarks, whether on theological matters or literary matters, which enlarge to a needlessly large bulk these volumes of Sara Coleridge's correspondence. Her long letters to Mr. de Vere on Baptism, on Church principles, on Dante's or Wordsworth's poetry, or on Luther's character, were no doubt very pleasant to receive in the touch-and-go of friendly intercourse; but for the outside reader now they possess scanty interest. We might indeed refer to many passages as evincing the real liberality, love of truth and good feeling, which lay at the root of her doctrinal convictions; but we shall content ourselves with citing the following, from a letter to the Rev. Edward Coleridge, which shows that before she died she had become aware of the new phase into which religious controversy was passing, and which made the polemics of Puseyism assume diminished importance in her eyes: —

No attempt at answering *Strauss* amid all the thousand pamphlets upon theories of doc-

trine, the practical result of which is insignificant. *That* is indeed a fearful subject: that way the danger lies: and as there are sorrows too deep for tears, so there are perils and ills too real and serious for noise and agitation. Infidelity creeps on in silence. Men whisper it to each other: no man boasts of it, or parades it; few even argue for it. Dr. Newman said the other day to some controversialist, "Let us talk about the prospects of Christianity itself, instead of the differences between Anglican and Catholic." Why does not he answer the adversary? Silent contempt is not politic in such a case. It is too ambiguous. Let our churchmen conquer first and contemn afterwards.

We revert to the more personal aspect of these records; and that with satisfaction.

The death of her brother, Hartley Coleridge, at the beginning of the year 1849, was a great grief to Sara. Wayward and eccentric as he had always been, Hartley possessed certain attaching qualities, of which his sister makes the most in her affectionate notices; and though the circumstances of life kept them apart, she seems always to have cherished the hope of a renewal of personal intercourse at some future day. "I never thought of surviving him," she says in one of her letters; "I always thought he would live to old age, and that perhaps in our latest years we might cherish each other: meantime, that I might see much of him, in some long visit to the North, when I might make my children known to him."

Among Hartley Coleridge's poetical remains are some lines descriptive of the sister to whom he gave perhaps the warmest feelings of his heart. "She was a maid," he writes,

Not easily beguiled by loving words,
Nor apt to love; but when she loved, the fate
Of her affections was a stern religion,
Admitting nought less holy than itself.

The affectionate and almost paternal attentions of the aged poet Wordsworth and his wife to poor Hartley on his death-bed are retailed by Mrs. Coleridge from her brother Derwent's account. Hartley was followed to the grave sixteen months later by Mr. Wordsworth himself, who had never recovered the effects of grief for his daughter's death, in August 1847. All these touching evidences of mortality struck in Sara's mind the chords habitual to it: —

Who can be very *gleeful*, [she asks], for more than a few minutes at a time, in such a world as this, dear friend, so full of sorrow and misery and crushing want, spiritual and

physical, and so surrounded by impervious shadow, the awful mystery of the world to come?

On the death of Dora Quillinan she writes : —

For myself I feel as I did in my own great bereavement and affliction; the thoughts and feelings which the event and all its accompaniments induce are, in the poet's own words, *too deep for tears*; they are deeper than the region of mere sorrow for an earthly loss or temporary parting. Sorrow for the death of those nearest to us, in whom our life has been most bound up, is absorbed in the gulf of all our deepest and most earnest reflections — thoughts about life and existence, here and hereafter, which are more earnest, more *real*, and permanent, and solid, and enduring, than any particular thoughts and sorrows and troubles which our course here brings with it, or which contains them all virtually. The particular becomes merged in the general, happily, and when we seem most bereft, most afflicted by the inevitable loss of death and corporeal decay, we are only led to feel that this is but a part of the universal doom, that the loss and calamity which has come upon us at *this* time, is but what in a very short time, and in some form or other, we must bear.

In another letter she thus expresses herself : —

The more we think of the state after death, the deeper is the awe with which we must contemplate it; and sometimes, in weakness, we long for the happy, bright imaginations of childhood, when we saw the other world vividly pictured, a bright and perfect copy of the world in which we now live, with sunshine and flowers, and all that constituted our earthly enjoyment! In after years we strive to translate these images into something higher. We say, All this we shall have, but in some higher form: "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven, neither shall corruption inherit incorruption." All this beauty around us is perishable; its outward form and substance is corruption; but there is a soul in it, and *this* shall rise again; and so our beloved friends that are removed, we shall see them again, but changed — altered into what we now cannot conceive or image, with celestial bodies fit for a celestial sphere.

The date of this letter is May 1850. Soon afterwards the vision of the world to come was being pressed upon her by her own sense of decaying health. And, mingled with that vision, the yearning for scenes in which her childhood delighted — that *nostalgia* of early association — which so often besets the sick and dying.

To Mr. de Vere she writes, October 1, 1851 : —

My dear Friend, — You will regret very

much to hear how much worse and weaker I am than when you saw me last. I cannot now walk more than half an hour at a time, when I am at the best. At Margate an hour or hour and twenty minutes did not fatigue me. I still take short walks twice a day; but how long my power of doing this will last I cannot say. You can hardly imagine how my mind hovers about that old well-known churchyard, with Skiddaw and the Bassenthwaite hills in sight; how I long to take away mama's remains from the place where they are now deposited, and when my own time comes, to repose beside her, as to what now *seems* myself, in that grassy burial ground, with the Southneys reposing close by. My husband I hope to meet in heaven; but there is a different feeling in regard to earlier ties. Hartley and Mr. Wordsworth I would have where they are, in that Grasmere churchyard, within an easy distance of Keswick, as it used to be in old times. These are strong *feelings*, translated into fancied *wishes* — not sober earnest. When we are withdrawn from society and the bustle of life, in some measure, and our thoughts are from any cause fixed on the grave, how does the early life rise up into glow and prominence, and, as it were, call one back into itself! Yet, during that early life, how I looked forward, imagining better things here below than I had yet experienced, and going beyond this world altogether, into the realms above! . . . Oh Keswick Isle! and shall I really die, and never, never see thee again? Surely there will be another Keswick — all the loveliness transferred — the hope, the joy of youth! How wholly was that joy the work of imagination! Oh, this life is very dear to me! The outward beauty of earth, and the love and sympathy of fellow-creatures, make it, to my feelings, a sort of heaven half ruined — an Elysium into which a dark tumultuous ocean is perpetually rushing in to agitate and destroy, to lay low the blooming bowers of tranquil bliss, and drown the rich harvests. Love is the sun of this lower world; and we know from the beloved disciple that it will be the bliss of heaven. God is love; and whatever there may be that we cannot now conceive, love will surely be contained in it. It will be love sublimed, and incorporated in beauty infinite and perfect.

Meanwhile, the incurable malady which had fastened upon her made steady progress. She writes on October 13 to Mr. Blackburne, the friend of her brother Hartley : —

I feel much in saying farewell to you, dear friend of my ever-lamented brother. You have known me in a sad, shaded stage of my existence, yet have greeted my poor autumn as brightly and genially as if it were spring or summer. Hitherto my head has been "above water"; ere you return to this busy town *the waves may have gone over my head*. My great endeavour is not to foreshape the future

in particulars, but knowing that my strength always has been equal to my day, when the day is come, to feel that it ever will be so on to the end, come what may, and that all things except a reproaching conscience are less dreadful than they seem. . . .

“E spouse thy doom at once, and cleave
To fortitude without relieve,”

are words that often sound in my ear.

A fortnight later she writes to Mr. de Vere : —

My dear Friend, — I was sorry not to see you yesterday, and the more so lest I should be too weak when you come again ;

“For I’m wearing awa’, Friend,
Like snaw when its thaw, Friend,”

and I feel as if I should not be long here. There is a torpor ever hanging over me, like a cloud overspreading the sky, only rent here and there by some special force ; and my eyes have a heavy, deathly look. I am decidedly worse since I saw you, and I begin to wish to get rid of the mesmerism, which is producing no good effect.

During Mrs. Coleridge’s last illness, eight months before her death, she commenced, for her daughter, a sketch of her personal reminiscences. What her intention had been is recorded in the touching introductory sentences : —

My dearest E——, — I have long wished to give you a little sketch of my life. I once intended to have given it with much particularity ; but now *time presses* — my horizon has contracted of late. I must content myself with a brief compendium. I shall divide my history into childhood, earlier and later ; youth, earlier and later ; wedded life, ditto ; widowhood, ditto ; and I shall endeavour to state the chief moral or reflection suggested by each — some maxim which it specially illustrated, or truth which it exemplified, or warning which it suggested.

The execution of her project did not advance beyond the first portion, ending with her ninth year. Her pen lingered with fond detail over those earliest Keswick reminiscences. Strength or courage failed her for the remainder of her task.

After a lingering and painful illness of about a year and a half, [says her daughter in her Introductory Memoir], Sara Coleridge was released from much suffering, borne with un-failing patience, on the 3rd of May, 1852, in the forty-ninth year of her age. In the old churchyard at Highgate (now enclosed in a crypt under the school chapel) her remains lie, beside those of her parents, her husband, and her son.

Happily, she was not doomed to be herself a witness of her son’s departure. Herbert Coleridge, to whose education

she had devoted herself with such pride and interest, gave her in her lifetime the best reward of her pains, in his successful progress at school and college. He gained the Newcastle scholarship at Eton in 1847, and a Balliol scholarship in 1848 ; and in the same year in which his mother died he took a double first-class degree at Oxford. He was passionately devoted to literature, to Philology in particular ; and was engaged in preparations for the new English Dictionary projected by the Philological Society when his career came to an untimely end in 1861. During his fatal illness, his sister tells us, “learning was to him as to her [his mother], a shield from the monotony of the sick room, and an exceeding great reward.”

From Blackwood’s Magazine.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

Two ladies were seated in a great dim room partially illuminated by fits and starts with gleams of fire-light. The large windows showed a pale dark sky, in which twilight was giving place to night, and across which the brown branches of the trees, rough with the buds of March, tossed wildly in a hurricane of wind, burdened with intermittent blasts of rain — rain that dashed fiercely against the windows a handful at a time, then ceased till some new cloud was ready to discharge its angry shower. Something fiercely personal and furious was in the storm. It looked and felt like something not addressed to the world in general, but aimed individually by some angry spirit of the elements at the people who lived here high up above the brawling Esk amid the brown wintry woods at Rosscraig House.

The drawing-room was large, lofty, and full of old-fashioned furniture which would have enchanted a connoisseur. The two ladies, who were its only occupants, were scarcely discernible at first, though the firelight, gleaming about among the still life, caught here a green reflection from a wonderful cabinet of rarest Verni-Martin, and there entangled itself in the bevelled sides of a strange old mirror, used to reflecting wizards. It was more easy to make out these accessories of existence than it was to

identify the two voices which occupied and reigned over this still and darkling chamber. They were in one corner of the room near the fire; one, the prevailing voice, was soft but strong, with the vigour in it of mature life, just roughened here and there by a touch of age, which gave it an *aigre doux* of distinct character — and came from an ample dark shadow in a great chair, turned towards the fire. The other, which gave forth only monosyllabic sounds of assent or wonder, sweet and tender, but feeble, belonged to a smaller person near the first, and facing her — whose countenance, turned towards the window, showed like a pale whiteness in the dark. This was the central light, the highest tone in the picture, except the pale gleaming of the sky from the windows, and the fitful red flash from the fire.

“Richard’s story,” said the stronger voice, “cannot be supposed to be very interesting to any but ourselves. If it is for mere curiosity, Mary —”

“Curiosity!” — there was a tone of reproach in the soft repetition — a reproach and an appeal.

“That was unkind. I did not mean it. I meant interest, friendship; but, Mary, Mary, friendship is weak, and interest a poor bit feeble echo of feeling to them that are all bound up in one life as I have been in my son.”

Here there was a little pause, and then the younger voice answered, faltering, “I have known him all my life. I have seen few men but him —”

This was preliminary to the story which old Lady Eskside had begun to tell when I opened to you, gentle reader, the door of this great dim room. She was deep in it by the time we shadows entered, among the shadows, to listen. And most of us can figure to ourselves what a mother would be likely to say of her own child — the child not of her youth even, which puts a kind of equality between mother and son, and brings them together, as it were, upon one tableland of life, sooner or later — but the child of her mature age, and therefore always a child to her. What she said of him I need not repeat. The reader will make acquaintance with the man for himself, a different creature from the man as seen through his mother’s eyes.

“Perhaps it is not a thing to remark to you,” said the old lady, who was old enough not only to retain a Scotch accent, but to use occasionally a word peculiar to the north, — “but, Mary, you

are not a bit girlie unacquainted with the world. You will recognize Richard in this that he married the woman. — God forgive me! I’m sorely tempted to think sometimes that vice is less deadly for this world than virtue. You know what most men would have done — they would have taken the girl as they would have gathered a flower, and neither she nor one belonging to her knew better, nor expected better; but my Richard, God bless him! was a fool, Mary, — he was a fool! His father says so, and what can I say different? He has always been a fool in that way, thank God! He married the woman; and then he sent to me when it was all over and nothing could be mended, to come and see, for God’s sake, what was to be done.”

“And you went?”

“I went after a struggle; I could not thole the creature, — the very name of her was odious to me. It was a ridiculous name — a play-actor’s name. They called her Altamira. What do you think of that for Richard’s wife? I thought she was some shopkeeper’s daughter — some scheming, dressing, half-bred woman that had made her scheme to marry him because his father was Lord Eskside — though heaven knows, it’s a poor enough lordship when all’s said. Perhaps we women are too apt to take this view; naturally, when such a thing happens, we think it the woman’s fault — the woman’s doing. But Mary, Mary, when I saw the girl —”

“You freed her,” said the other, with a sighing sound in her low voice, “from the blame?”

“The blame!” cried the old lady, with some impatience; then, sinking her voice low, she said hurriedly — “the girl was no shopkeeper’s daughter, not even a cottage lass, nor out of a ploughman’s house, or a weaver’s house, or the lowest you can think. She was out of no house at all — she was a tramp. Mary, do you know what that means? — a creature hanging about the roads and fields, at fairs, and races, wherever the roughest, and the wildest, and the most miserable congregate — that was Richard’s wife —”

“Oh, Lady Eskside!”

“You may well say, Oh! As for me, if I had ever fainted in my life I would have fainted then. She was a beautiful creature; but the sight of her brought a sickness to my very heart. She was like a wild hunted thing, frightened to death for me and everything that was

civilized — looking out of her wild black eyes to see how she could escape — shrinking back not to be touched as if she thought I would give her a blow. Blame! you might as well blame a deer that it let itself be taken, poor, bonnie, panting, senseless thing! I blamed nobody, Mary; I was just appalled, neither more nor less, at the man's folly that had done it. Think of a son of mine having so little command of himself! The madness of it! for it was no question of making a lady of her, a woman that could take his mother's place. She had to be tamed first out of her gipsy ways, tamed like a wild beast, and taught to live in a house, and wear decent clothes as she had never done in her life."

A low cry of dismay and wonder came from the listener's lips, and a strange pang which nobody knew of went through her heart — a pang indescribable, mingled of misery, humiliation, and a kind of guilty and bitter pride; guilty, though she was innocent enough. This was his choice, she said to herself; and that sharp and stinging contempt — more painful to herself than to the object of it — which a woman sometimes permits herself to feel for a man who has slighted her, shot through the gentlest soul in the world.

"I cannot tell you," said Lady Eskside, her voice sinking low so that her companion had to stoop forward to hear, "all that I went through. She broke away from us, and got back to her people more than once. Our ways were misery and bondage to her. At first she had to be dressed like a child — watched like a child. Her husband had no influence over her, and she was frightened for me: the moment she was out of our sight her whole mind was busy with schemes to get away."

"But what reason — what motive —" began the other, faltering.

"None," said Lady Eskside. "Listen, Mary; there was one thing. She was good, as people call good; there was no wickedness in her, as a woman. What wife meant, in any higher sense, she was ignorant of; but there was no harm — no harm. Always remember this, whatever may happen, and whatever you may hear. I say it — Richard's mother — that can have no motive to shield her. She wanted her freedom, nothing more. She was not an ill woman; nothing bad — in that way — was in her head. She would have put her knife into the man who spoke

lightly to her, as soon as look at him. She was proud in her way of being Richard's wife. She felt the difference it made between her and others. But she was like a wild animal, or a bird. She would not be caged, and there was too deep an ignorance in her to learn. There was no foundation to build upon — neither ambition, nor pride, nor any feeling that the like of us expect to find."

"And was there no love?" The voice that made this inquiry trembled and had a thrill in it of feeling so mingled as to be indescribable — bitterness, wonder, pity, and a sense of contrast more overwhelming than all.

Lady Eskside did not reply at once. "Often and often I've asked myself that question," she said at length; "Was there love? How can I tell? There are different kinds of love, Mary. You and I even would love very differently, let alone you and her. With you there would be no thought of anything but of the person loved —"

"I am not at all in question, Lady Eskside," said the other, with the strangest delicate haughtiness.

"I beg your pardon," said the old lady, quickly. "You are right, my dear; there is no question of you. But still there are different kinds of love. Some think only of the person loved, as I said; but some are roused up into a kind of fierce consciousness of themselves through their very love. They feel their own individuality not less but more in consequence of it. This was that poor creature's way. Mixed with her wild cravings for the freedom she had been used to, and the wild outdoor life she had been used to, I think she had a sort of half-crazy feeling how unlike Richard she was; and this became all the stronger when I came. My dear," said Lady Eskside, suddenly, "the most untrained woman feels what another woman thinks of her far more than she feels any man's criticism. I have thought and thought on this for years, and perhaps I put my own thoughts into her mind; but I cannot help fancying that sometimes, though she did not understand me in the least, poor thing, she caught a glimpse of herself through my eyes; and what with this and what with her longing to be out of doors, she grew desperate, and then she ran away."

The listener made no reply. I don't think she cared to hear any excuse made for the wild woman who was Richard's

wife — whom Richard had chosen instead of any other, and who had thus justified his choice.

“I stayed as long as I could, and tried all I could,” Lady Eskside continued, “and then there came a time when I felt it was better for me to go away. I told Richard so, and I advised him to take her abroad — where she would have nobody to fly to. And so he did, and wandered about with her everywhere. I can’t think but what she must have made some advances, in sense, at least, while they were so much together; but it takes a long time to tame a savage; it takes a long time to graft a new stock upon a wild tree.”

“And have you never seen her again?”

“I saw her when her children were born. She was so far tamed then by weakness, and by the natural restraint of the circumstances,” said Lady Eskside, “that I hoped she might be changed altogether. And she would talk a little — not so much as that one could find out how her mind was working — but yet a little — enough to swear by; and her voice was changed. It lost its wild sound and took finer modulations. You know how particular Richard always was in all his ways — you remember his voice?”

The other drew back her chair a little. Somehow the sudden reference struck her like an arrow through and through. It was not her fault. For years she had been trying to think of Richard — as she ought to think — not too much, nor too kindly, but with gentle indifference and friendship; no, not indifference; old long friendship which may be permitted to remember. “Like his sister,” she had often said to herself. But somehow these sudden words, “You remember his voice,” struck poor Mary at unawares. They brought her down to the very ground. She tried with a choking sobbing sensation to get out the word “Yes.” Remember it! She seemed to hear it and nothing else, till her head ached and swam, and there was a ringing in her ears.

“Ah!” Lady Eskside paused, with a wondering sense that something was going on in the dark more potent than mere interest in her story. But after a while, as even a story which is one’s own takes a stronger hold upon one than the emotion of another, however deep — she recommenced, going back to herself. “Her voice had changed wonderfully. She spoke almost like an educated per-

son — that gave me great hope. I thought, what with the children and what with this opening of new life in herself, that everything would be changed; and my heart was moved to her. When I left I kissed the children, and for the first time I kissed her; and I promised to send her a nurse, an excellent nurse I knew of, and came home quite happy. You recollect my coming home, and how proud I was of the twins — the darlings! Oh, Mary, Mary! little did I know —”

Mary put out her hand and took that of her old friend. She was too much moved herself to say anything. From this point she had a faint knowledge of the story, as everybody had.

“The next I heard was that she had disappeared,” said the old lady; — “disappeared totally, taking the babies with her. Richard went with me so far on my way home, and while he was absent his wife disappeared. There is no other word for it; she disappeared, and no one has ever heard of her again. Oh, Mary, what news for us all! There had been some gypsy wanderers, some of her own class, about the place, we found out afterwards; and whether they carried her off, or she went of her own will, nobody knows. Sometimes I have thought she must have been carried away, but then they would not have taken the children; and sometimes I have blamed myself, and thought that what I said about the nurse may have frightened her — God knows. We sought her everywhere, Mary, as you may suppose. I went myself up and down over all the country, and Richard went to America, and I cannot tell you where. We had the police employed, and every sort of person we could think of; but we have never heard any more of her to this day.”

“Nor of the children?” said Mary, drawing closer and holding still more tenderly her old friend’s hand.

“Nor of the children — two bonnie boys — oh, my dear, two lovely boys!” cried the old lady, with a sob. “I never saw such sweet children. You may fancy all I had said to my old lord when I came home, about them: one was to have my property such as it is, and the other the Eskside lands. A single heir would have been better, Lord Eskside said, in his way, you know — but he was as proud as I was. Two boys! — no fear of the old house dying out. We began to plan out the new wing we have always thought of building. Oh, Mary, now you will under-

stand how I can never laugh when the gentlemen make a joke with my poor old lord about the new wing!"

"Dear Lady Eskside! but you must not—you must not break down—for his sake."

"No, I must never break down; and if I would I could not," said the old lady; "it's no my nature. I must keep up. I must stand firm till my last day. But, Mary, though it is my nature, I have to pay for it, as one pays for everything. Oh, the weary nights I have lain awake thinking I heard her wandering round the house, thinking I heard her at the window trying to get in. She knew nothing about Rossraig—nothing; but, strange enough, I always think of her coming here. When the wind's blowing as it blows to-night, when the leaves are falling in autumn—oh, Mary, have you never heard a sound like steps going round and round the house?"

"It is only the leaves falling," said Mary; and then she added, suddenly, "I have heard everything that the heart hears."

"And that's more than the ears ever hear tell of," said the old lady; "but oh, to live for years and never hear that without thinking it may be them—never to see beggar bairns on a roadside without thinking it may be them—to go watching and waiting and wondering through your life, starting at every noise, trembling at every sudden sound—God help us! what is that—what is that?" she cried, suddenly rising to her feet.

"Oh, Lady Eskside!" cried the other, rising too, and grasping her hand with a nervous shudder; "it is nothing—nothing but the storm."

The old lady dropped heavily into her seat again. "Sometimes I cannot bear it," she cried—"sometimes I cannot bear it! I get half-crazed at every sound."

"The wind is very high," said Mary, soothing her, "and the Esk is running wild over the linn, and the storm tearing the trees. It must be the equinoctial gales. If you only heard them as we do, roaring and raging over the sea!"

For a few minutes the two ladies sat quite still holding each other's hands. The storm outside was wild enough to impose silence upon those within. The trees were tossed about as if in an agony, against the pale whiteness of the sky; now and then a deeper note would come into the tumult of sound, the hoarse roar of the river, which grew rapidly into a

torrent at the foot of the hill; and then the wind would rush, like the avenging spirit through the bleeding wood in the Inferno, tearing off the limbs of the trees, which shrieked and cried in unavailing torment. The last lingering rays of twilight had disappeared out of the sky, the last gleams of firelight were sinking too—even the mirrors had sunk out of sight upon the walls, and nothing but the large windows filled with the mournful pallor of the sky, and Mary's pale face, a similar spot of whiteness, were even partially visible. After this story, and while they sat silent, conscious of the strange stillness within, and commotion outside, was it their imagination that represented to them another sound striking into the roar of the storm? Lady Eskside did not start again as she had done before, but she grasped Mary's hand tightly; while Mary, for her part, sat bolt upright in her chair, thinking to herself that it must be imagination, that it was a mere trick of excitement which filled her ears with echoes of fanciful knockings. Who could be knocking at this hour? or how could such a sound be heard even in the onslaught of the storm?

What was it? what could it be? Now, was that the *folorn* peal of a bell? and now a gust of cold air as if the door in opening had admitted the storm in person, which swept through the house like a mountain stream; and now a wild dash and clang as if the same door had closed again, shaking the very walls. Tighter and tighter Lady Eskside grasped Mary's hand. They said nothing to each other, except a faint "It is nothing—it is fancy," which came from Mary's lips unawares, and under her breath. Was it fancy? Was it some curious reverberation through the air of the countless anxieties which the old lady had hushed in her mind for years, but which until now she had never betrayed? For the next few minutes they heard their own hearts beating loud over the storm, and then there came another sound ludicrous in its methodical calm, which startled them still more than the sounds they had supposed themselves to hear.

"Something has happened, Mary!" cried Lady Eskside, withdrawing her grasp and wringing her hands. "Something has happened! some one has arrived and Harding is coming to let us know."

"He is coming to light the lamps," said Mary, making one desperate effort to throw off the superstitious impression;

and she laughed. The laugh sounded something terrible, full of mockery and contempt in the midst of the always resounding storm; the echo of it seemed to breathe all round the room, calling forth diabolical echoes. In the midst of these Harding came solemnly into the room. He was an elderly man, who had been many years in the house, and was deeply impressed by the solemnity of his own position. He came in without any light, and stood invisible at the door, another voice and nothing else. "My lady," said Harding, solemnly, "something has happened — something as is very mysterious and we can't understand. Would it be a great trouble to your ladyship if we was to ask you to come down-stairs?"

She had sprung up nervously at his first words. She rushed now before him down-stairs — unable to reply, unable to question — as light as a girl of twenty, though three times that age — followed trembling by the other, who was not half so old, nor half so full of life as she.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE I can fully explain what happened next, and what Lady Eskside saw when she rushed down-stairs, I am obliged to turn back for some hours to the afternoon of this day, and for some miles, to a scene of a very different kind — a scene so opposed to the other in all its circumstances, that it is strange to realize the close connection between them; though the two were so closely linked together as to be incomprehensible, one without the other. The village of Lasswade lies on the Esk, at a much lower elevation, and nearer to the sea, than Rossraig House. It was, at the time I speak of, a much more primitive village than it is now, when so many cottages of gentility have sprung up around as to make it almost a suburb of Edinburgh. It consisted of little more than one street, which straggled off into the country at one end, and at the other dragged itself across the bridge to conclude in a humble postscript of an additional street on the other side of the water. The Esk, which ran through it, was not beautiful at this point. It was somewhat dirty, and encumbered with the overflowings of the village; but yet the groups of clustered houses on either side of the river, framed in by the high wooded banks which you could see rising in the distance on either hand as you stood on the bridge, and with the fresh green fringe of rich and silent coun-

try beyond, was a pretty sight. There was no railway near at that time, but a coach ran regularly on all lawful days, from the corner of Princes Street to the Bull Inn in the High Street, and conveyed its few passengers with a regularity and steadiness quite satisfactory to those leisurely people. But the aspect of Lasswade, though considered cheerful and inviting by its Edinburgh visitors, was very dreary on this March afternoon, when the wind blew a hurricane, and the rain now and then came down in torrents. Between these storm-showers there came "blinks" of intermission, when people who loved to see what was going on came forth to their doors, after the fashion of the place; and it was this humble sprinkling of the population which, as many of them remembered later, witnessed the passage through the town of a still humbler visitor, a poor woman who arrived shortly before the darkening in a miserable condition enough. Two small boys accompanied her, wet through, splashed with mud, and crying with weariness, and with the buffets of the wind which blew them off their little legs. The woman was tall, wrapt in an old shawl of that indescribable no-colour of which the vagrant class has a monopoly. Her damp clothes hung limp about her, her poor bonnet, wet and limp like her dress, clung to the dark locks which here and there escaped from its cover. She was a stranger, as her weary and bewildered looks testified, and the children who clung to her on either side seemed to confuse her still more by their whimpering weariness. This melancholy little group came over the bridge in one of the pauses of the storm, when a few people had strayed out to their doors to relieve the *ennui* of the wet and stormy day by a little gossip at least. Chief among these were Merran Miller, the blacksmith's wife, a woman too fond of hearing everything that was going on (people said), for the comfort of her house; and the old postman, Simon Simson, whose work was over for the day. When the stranger approached this knot of gossips, and asked the way to Jean Macfarlane's inn, they all answered at once, glad of an event, with directions on the one hand and remonstrances on the other. Old Simon pointed out the way with officious haste; but Mrs. Miller stopped the wayfarer to tender advice.

"My woman," she said, "I would not go to Jean Macfarlane's if I were you.

You're wet and cauld, but a wee piece further would make little difference. John Todd at the Loanhead is real respectable, and would give you lodgings just as cheap."

"Hoots, woman! Jean Macfarlane will do her nae harm," cried old Simon, interrupted in the midst of his instructions.

"It's no a house for an honest woman," said the smith's wife, "or for little bairns, poor things. They maun have travelled far the day to be so wet and so draiglet. Bide a moment and I'll give them a piece."

"Where did you say it was?" said the stranger, vacantly, paying no regard to this benevolent offer; and she went on with her children, following the old man's directions, without waiting for Mrs. Miller's return with the "piece" which she had gone into her house to seek. This of itself was a strange thing to happen with any one so poor and miserable, and impressed the fact of her appearance upon the mind of the smith's wife, mortified by such tacit refusal of her kindness. "She maun be a foreigner — or a fuil," said Merran, standing with the rejected piece in her hand, and watching the retreating figures as they approached Jean Macfarlane's door.

Jean Macfarlane's house was worse spoken of than any other house in Lasswade. Every disturbance that happened in the tranquil place came from that centre of disorder and lawlessness; and to lodge there, or to propose lodging there, was of itself a tacit acknowledgment of vagrancy, or at least of an absence of that regard for other people's opinions which is the first step towards respectability. All the disreputable class of travellers who passed through so quiet a place found their way to it by instinct, and recommended others of their own kind. No one was too low for Jean Macfarlane. Pedlars of the lowest class, travelling tinkers, tramps without even that pretence at occupation, frequented her house. She was herself the most dreaded personage in the village: a large, coarsely-handsome woman, loud-voiced and hot-tempered, the most terrible scold and "randy" on all Eskside. The minister, who had once attempted, simple soul, to bring her to reason, had been made to flee before her; and the chief elder of the parish, Mr. Mouter himself, was known to be in the habit of walking a mile round rather than pass her door, — a proceeding at which many people

scuffed, asking, What was religion if it preserved you so little from the fear of man, or indeed of woman? It may be supposed, then, that the poor woman who openly asked to be directed to Jean Macfarlane's, was as poor and as completely beyond all regard for the prejudices of society as it was possible to be. She went on without pause or hesitation, with an abstracted indifference of demeanour which perhaps was occasioned by mere weariness and discomfort, to the dreaded door. The aspect of the house was not encouraging, neither was the reception which the traveller received. It was the last house in the village, dreary always, drearier than ever on this stormy afternoon. In the poor little parlour with its sanded floor, which was the better part of the establishment, two men, in wet coats steaming from the rain, sat before the fire, talking loudly over their little measure of whiskey, while Jean's voice rang through the house, as she went and came, in a continuous and generally angry monologue. The new-comer came up to her timidly, holding back the children, and asked in a low tone for a room with a fire, where she and her children could rest. "A room to yoursel'!" said the mistress of the house; "set you up! are you better than other folk, that ye canna share and share alike? Sirs, this leddy's mista'en her road. She thinks she's at the Bull, where there's plenty o' parlours and private rooms, and naebody to gang near them. Here's a' the private room you'll get in my hoose. Eh, woman, canna ye stop the mouth o' that girning brat? It's cauld and weet? I can see that: but it needna deave decent folk. Sit aff from the fire and let the woman in, ye twa drucken brutes of men! What do you want there, dribbling and drinking, and spending your wives' siller? Let the pair bit things get near the fire——"

"Jean, you're the greatest randy in the parish!" said one of the men, getting up in time to save himself from the ignominious push aside which sent his companion, reeling, out of the way.

"And if I'm a randy, what are ye? drucken beasts that drink a' night and sit owre the fire a' day? Ca' yourselves men!" cried Jean, with the freedom of perfect independence. "You can sit down here, wife, if this will do ye. Eh, what a handless thing that canna warm her wean's feet, nor even gie't a clat on the side of the head to make it haud its tongue! Ye're a' alike, a' alike. Tea? Lord preserve us! what does the woman

want with tea? A wee drap whiskey would do ye ten times the good. Will I gie you what ye want? Oh ay, now you've gotten to your English I'll gie ye what ye want — if ye'll make thae little devils stop their clatter, and no look such a draiglet idiot yoursel!"

The men laughed uneasily, not knowing whether they might not divert the stream of Jean's eloquence upon themselves, as she thus rated her other guest; but all took the despotism as a matter of course, and submitted meekly, without anything of the surprise or indignation with which the lodgers of a different kind of hostelry would have regarded such an address. They were her customers, it is true, but at the same time they were her subjects. The new-comer scarcely, indeed, seemed to hear the abuse directed against her. She drew her little boys to the fire, took one on her knee and put her arm round the other, drying their little wet hands and faces with a corner of her shawl. They were subdued into quiet and comfort by the time that Mrs. Macfarlane's servant-lass, Jess, brought them their tea, on a battered old iron tray, with coarse brown sugar, and a jug of skim-milk flanking the broken and smoky teapot. People in this poor woman's condition of life are not fastidious, and the miserable beverage warmed and comforted the humble travellers. After some time and much further parley with Jess — who was less peremptory and despotic than her mistress, though she, too, felt herself the superior of so poor a guest — the woman and her children were allowed to go upstairs into a dingy little bedroom, — a poor exchange for the fire-side which, grimy as it was, had the comfort of warmth. Dear reader, your children or mine would (in our apprehensions at least) have died of such treatment; but the tramp-mother is saved from anxieties which trouble mothers in other circumstances. She did all she could for them, and which of us can do more? She had no dry clothes to put on them, but she was not afraid of taking cold. She put them both on the bed, where they soon fell asleep, and covered them with a blanket; — they were damp but warm, and rest was heavenly to their poor little wearied limbs. They were asleep as soon as their little heads touched the pillow; and then she sat down by the bedside — to think.

How many processes get called by that name which have little enough to do with thought! The mother of these children

had lived up to this time an almost entirely physical existence — that is, she had indeed gone through passions and miseries, and acted upon impulses which had to do with the more ethereal part of her being. She had been moved to despair, which is (I humbly suppose, not knowing) a sensation beyond the reach of any animal, save man; but never in all her life had she been moved before by a tremendous moral impulse, against her own will, and in contradiction to all that she believed to be for her own good and happiness. At other times she had eased the pain in her breast by sudden resolutions, sudden actions, all more or less like the instincts of an animal, to get rid of some burden or trouble which oppressed her. But somehow, she could not tell how, an entirely new tide had set in, mysterious and unaccountable, in her being. She had been driven by an impulse which she hated, which she resisted, which made her miserable, to do a certain act which her wild and uninstructed mind took to be justice. Long she had struggled against it, but gradually it had grown until it became too much for her, and had driven her at last to the verge of the act which would make her miserable, yet would be *right*. What a wonderful moral revolution had been worked in a creature so untaught as to seem without any moral nature at all, before things came to this pass, I need not say. And now she sat down, as she thought — to think; not to think whether she would do it, but — which it was to be? Her mind was wildly made up, after many a conflict, to submit to the wild law of justice which had seized upon her against her will. She was about to give up, to "them that had the right to it," one of her children. What she had to decide now was — which was it to be?

From The Contemporary Review.

LETTERS FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

TO THE AUTHOR OF "ORION" ON LITERARY AND GENERAL TOPICS.

II.

A PROJECT was originated by Wordsworth, as I believe, though it seemed to crop out from another quarter, to produce a volume or two of choice selections from Chaucer, modernized upon a truthful plan. The undertaking present-

ed considerable difficulties. The unscrupulous paraphrases of Pope, Dryden, Ogle, Betterton, &c., were to be entirely avoided; while the hard-favoured method of giving the original, with modern spelling, accents, and a glossary in foot-notes, was not to be, in any degree, adopted. Thus, there would be the loss of easy liberty, not to say the abominable licence, which attended the former,—and the loss of Chaucer's euphonious versification in the hybrid form of the latter. The best modernizations of the previous period, and out of sight beyond all others, were those of Lord Thurlow; yet even he interpolated a line or two in nearly every stanza of "The Flower and the Leaf." Not so with his admirable modernization of "The Knight's Tale," though he adopts the monotonously regular heroic couplets of the school of Pope and others, and never gives the varied *rhythm* which Chaucer continually introduces in the heroic metre. Briefly, several lovers of the great "father of English poetry" agreed to undertake the work — *to wit*, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Miss E. B. Barrett, R. Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton), Robert Bell, Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, the present writer, and some others. After the first volume had been satisfactorily launched, a second was contemplated, the projectors intending to request the co-operation of Tennyson, Talfourd, Browning, Sir E. L. Bulwer (afterwards Lord Lytton), Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke, of course, and Mary Howitt. Everything was soon settled, except to fix upon an editor. Wordsworth being in years, and residing at a distance, would not accept the post. The next in seniority was Mr. Leigh Hunt, who was living near London, and in all respects suitable as a most accomplished reader and lover of Chaucer;—so we proposed it to him. But he was too wise; he "smelt the battle afar off," which I did not; and as Wordsworth, to whom several of us had sent poems we had modernized, had written to London to say that my rendering of "The Franklin's Tale" was "as well done as any lover of Chaucer's poetry need or can desire," the editorship was offered to me. To my subsequent regret, hard work, thankless waste of time in verbal conflicts, countless vexations—yet pride, withal—I accepted the office, "little dreaming." These things are incidentally mentioned, because they will presently display, in novel relief, certain characteristics, not unamiable, but minutely

painstaking, provocative, and probably amusing (to present readers) of several literary celebrities of that day (1841) when the design was put into execution.

Miss E. B. Barrett, though still with so fragile a tenure of life that she might be said to have been really hovering near the grave, cheerfully, and indeed with enthusiasm, agreed to lend her aid to the work. And it is a great pleasure to recollect that everybody to whom I applied cordially consented, the only exception being Mr. Landor, who, however, conveyed his objection in a form that could not be displeasing to those who had an artist-like interest in this labour of love. His first reply was that he believed "as many people read Chaucer" (meaning in the original) "as were fit to read him." As I took leave to doubt this, Landor again wrote to me saying—"Indeed I *do* admire him, or rather love him. In my opinion he is fairly worth a score or two of Spensers. He had a knowledge of human nature, and not of doll-making and *fantoccini* dressing. 'Imagination' seems to our poets and critics to be the faculty of devising a rare quantity of small images." And further on, he wrote—"Pardon me if I say I would rather see Chaucer quite alone, in the dew of his sunny morning, than with twenty clever gentlefolks about him, arranging his shoe-things and buttoning his doublet. I like even his *language*. I will have no hand in breaking his dun but rich-painted glass, to put in (if clearer) much thinner panes." And thus,—with the true, but narrow devotion of the best men on the black-letter side, and their resistance to all attempts to melt the obsolete language and form it into modern moulds,—and the stolidity of a British public on the other side, the Homer of English Poetry continues unread, and known only to the few. As I said in the Introduction to the volume in question, "Had Chaucer's poems been written in Greek or Hebrew, they would have been a thousand times better known." They would have been translated again and again, year after year.

Writing to Sir E. L. Bulwer (Lord Lytton), the principle I proposed for acceptance or discussion was, that those contributors who could gracefully and poetically retain most of the original words should be considered as best doing the work. Wordsworth had at once coincided in this; so had Miss Barrett, and so did Sir E. L. Bulwer, and all the rest but one. I allude to Leigh Hunt,

who did not altogether coincide. And the more he thought over it, or rather the more he worked at the modernization, the less he agreed with the principle, as we shall presently see. Be it understood that I fully admitted there was much to be said on his view of the matter. However, we all commenced. Wordsworth gave a version of "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale," an extract from "Troilus and Cressida," and he virtually modernized the whole of "The Flower and the Leaf," by the re-writings, revisions, and general labour he bestowed upon it for somebody else. Leigh Hunt modernized "The Manciple's Tale," "The Friar's Tale," and "The Squire's Tale;" and Miss Barrett modernized "Queen Annelida and False Arcite," and "The Complaint of Annelida." The remainder of the volume comprised the "Life of Chaucer," by a learned German professor; Eulogies on Chaucer, by his contemporaries, and others, and the modernizations and other work, by the Editor and by Robert Bell.

The poem selected by Miss Barrett presented one peculiar feature, being the first of its kind, systematically carried out, that is to be found in English Poetry. In the general execution, the lady adhered to the principle that had been laid down; but the peculiarity alluded to is to be found in two stanzas only of the present poem, which we will first give in the original, so that readers may judge of how the work has been performed.

The Complainte of Annelida to False Arcite.

bii.

*But for I was so plaine to The Arcite,
In all my wordes and workis moche and lite,
And was so besy aye you to delite,
Myne honour only save meke, kinde, and fre,
Therefore Arcite ye put in me this wite,
Alas! Alas! ye reckin not a mite
Though that the percing swerde of sorow byte
My wooful hert thorough your cruilte.*

biii.

*My swete foe, why do ye so for shame?
And thinkin ye that furthered be your name
To lovin a newe, and ben untrewa aye,
And putin you in slaundir nowa and blame,
And so to me adwersyte and grame,
That love you most, God thou wootist alwaye.
Yet turne agen, and yet be plaine some daye,
And then shall this that now is mis ben game,
And al forgevin, whilis I lyve maye.*

The following are the modernized versions of Miss Barrett:—

STANZA VII.

Because I was so plain, Arcite,
In all my doings, your delight
Seeking in all things, where I might
In honour, — meek and kind and free;
Therefore you do me such despite.
Alas! howe'er through cruelty
My heart with sorrow's sword you smite,
You cannot kill its love. — Ah me!

VIII.

Ah, my sweet foe, why do you so
For shame?
Think you that praise, in sooth, will raise
Your name,
Loving anew, and being untrue
For aye?
Thus casting down your manhood's crown
In blame,
And working *me* adversity,
The same,
Who loves you most — (O God, thou know'st!)
Always?
Yet turn again — be fair and plain
Some day;
And then shall this, that seems amiss,
Be game,
All being forgiv'n, while yet from heav'n
I stay.

Possibly the reader may not, at first, have perceived that in the foregoing arrangement of Stanza VIII. the rhymes exist, concealed in the body of the original just given, — and not addressed to the eye — the lines having the same ten-syllable measure as those stanzas in which, for the most part, the poem is written.

xb.

*The longe night this wondir syght I drie,
That on the day, for soche Affray I dye,
And of al this right naught iwys ye retche,
Ne nevmore myne eyin two ben drye,
And to your routhe, and to your trouthe I crye,
But wel away! to ferre ben they to fetche,
Thus holdith me my destiny a wretche,
But me to rede out of this drede or gye
Ne may my wite (so weke is it) not stretche.*

Miss Barrett's modernization of the foregoing was placed by her in the same order of the rhymes as in the stanza previously given. Some persons rather blamed her for this, and wrongly; for she might, with equally true justification, have arranged them in the following order, showing how "cunning an artificer" was the "Father of English Poetry," who is fancied to be rough and crude only by those who do not know him in the original.

STANZA XV.

Through the long night,
 This wondrous sight,
 Bear I,
 Which haunteth still
 The daylight, till
 I die;
 But nought of this,
 Your heart, I wis,
 Can reach.
 Mine eyes down pour,
 They never more
 Are dry,
 While to your ruth,
 And eke your truth,
 I cry—
 But, welayday,
 Too far be they
 To fetch.
 Thus destiny
 Is holding me—
 Ah, wretch!
 And when I fain
 Would break the chain
 And try—
 Faileth my wit
 (So weak is it)
 With speech.

Miss Barrett had written the last verse in the form of the second (Stanza VIII.), as we have said, and it has only been altered to display not only Chaucer's skill in versification, but the care the lady displayed in attending to his concealed rhymes wrought into the body of each line. The first letter I can find on the subject we are now upon, may be thought to have been written after the volume was out; but this is by no means certain, as I continually forwarded proofs to her of various matters long before they were printed, as such things seemed to cheer her solitude; and the date of the Letter almost proves this to have been the case.

Post-mark, TORQUAY,
 December 17th, 1840.

I did not say half—not half—enough about the "Introduction." The apotheosis of Chaucer, or rather your witness to his poetic devoutness, is very beautiful,—and that passage, for instance, about the greenness of his green leaves, and the whiteness of his daisies (so true, that is!), and above all, a noble paragraph near the end, close to the end, testifying to the devotional verity of every veritable poet. I have read it again and again.

Notwithstanding all the merit and the grace, do not some of the poems militate against the principle you set out with? I venture to think that the re-fashioners stand—some of them, and in a measure—too far from Chaucer's side—however graceful the attitude. You, yourself, and Wordsworth are devoutly near,

and most devoutly. *Most* of the contributors are so, but not all, for even Mr. Leigh Hunt is sometimes satisfied with being with Chaucer in the spirit, and spurns the accidents of body. But Mr. Bell's "Mars and Venus" is too smooth and varnished, and redolent of the nineteenth century, as appears to me, for spirit or body. I think people will say you might "keep more Chaucer." But, however, they mayn't; and if they are not (say what they please) delighted with this volume, this breathing of sweet souths over the bank of deathless violets, there can be no room for delight in their souls.

Papa has been to leave his card upon you, as he tells me. He is a very bad visitor, or would have done it long ago—with his strong impression of all your kindness towards one of his family. Do go and see them in Wimpole Street, dear Mr. Horne, some day when you are in the neighbourhood—do—before I am there—if really it is not out of all order in me to say such a thing. But it would give them such real pleasure to know you, I am very sure; and, besides, I shall like to think that they do. Very truly yours,

E. B. B.

No, we don't agree; and I want to set up, not the contrariety, but the identity of the principle of Greek versification and ours.

The postscript alludes to our projected lyrical drama of "Psyche."

One of the printer's proofs of some part of my work in the "Chaucer Modernized" is now before me. I sent all my own proofs to Miss Barrett and to Leigh Hunt, asking for their comments and proposed revisions, in the same way that I had given mine upon their proofs. Some very slight notion of the literary, philological, and archæological queries and contests that attended this very proper process may be gathered from the following quotations, with the marginal and foot-notes on the proofs.

- R. H. "Love will not be constrained by mastery.
 When mastery cometh, the God of Love, anon
 Beateth his wings—and, farewell!
 he is gone."
 E. B. In the second line "comes," says Chaucer, and more smoothly.
 R. H. Yes, more smoothly, but not so Chaucerian in its variety of rhythm. Does your copy print it "comes?"
 What edition have you? Mine reads "cometh."

The above is a celebrated passage which has been copied paraphrastically, by Pope, and others, without acknowledgment. To continue:—

- R. H. "After a time there must be temperance
In every man that knows self-governance."
- E. B. B. I don't think it means self-governance, but governance generally. If so, "that knoweth governance" would be right.
- R. H. "His presence aye desiring, so dstraineth,"
- E. B. B. Why not,
"The yearning for his presence so constraineth,"
- R. H. Yes, far better; thank you.
- R. H. "Progressively, as know ye every one,
Men may engrave and work upon a stone
Till that some figure there imprinted be;
So long her friends have soothed her heart," &c.
- E. B. B. "Men may engrave so *long* upon a stone," &c. Shouldn't it suit the other clause?
- R. H. Yes, no doubt.
- R. H. "Or else the sorrow had her heart yslain."
- E. B. B. Dare you say "yslain?" Why not,
—"Thro' sorrow had her heart been slain."
- R. H. Yes, more prudently, and perhaps as good.
- R. H. "The odour of flowers and freshness of the night
Would any heart have filled and made it light,
That ever was born," &c.
- E. B. B. Is it not rough?
- R. H. No, it is Chaucer's harmonious wavy lift and roll, as explained in the "Introduction." It would of course be unwieldy if tried by Pope's regular, finger-scanning by syllables, instead of Chaucer's *beats* of time.
- R. H. "And home all wend with ease, and full of glee,
Save wretched Aurelius—none was sad but he."
- E. B. B. Rough—is it not?
- R. H. No; it is Chaucer's lifting rhythm. And if it *were* rough, I should retain it for its "wretched" effect.
- R. H. "Your blissful sister, Lucina the sheen, &c."
- E. B. B. Qy. the "Lucina." Don't you adjust Chaucer's bad quantities?
- R. H. I left that, and others in the proofs, to see what you and Leigh Hunt would say. I suppose we must alter false quantities. Would Landor retain them, black letter and all?
- R. H. "His brother weepeth and waileth privately."
- E. B. B. The *mètre* would be freer without the "and," I think.
- R. H. *Stet.* the "and," for Chaucerian reasons previously given. The same
- with regard to several others you have marked.
- R. H. "But that a clerk should do a gentle deed
As well as any wight of whom we read."
- E. B. B. Doesn't Chaucer mean as well as *either* of you—knight or squire?
- "But that a clerk a noble deed should do
Is certain sooth, as well as either of you."
- R. H. Yes, you are right; and I like the Chaucerian rhythm of your second line at the close; "as well as either-*ôf*-you," I propose to alter thus—
"But that a clerk a gentle deed should do
As well—ne'er doubt it—as this knight or you."
- R. H. "For, Sir, I will not take a penny of thee
For all my craft, nor aught for my travail:
Thou hast sufficient paid by my *vaille*."
- E. B. B. I hate and detest those words. Chaucer wouldn't use them *now*. Now, would he? Besides, I doubt the meaning given to the latter line being quite the right one. How impertinent! but this is *colophon* to the whole. I fancy something of this sort,—
"For all my craft and all my labour given:
For hospitality, we two are even."
- R. H. Sorry to give up the two old words of the original; but, sighing my thanks, I adopt your suggestion.
- E. B. B. Last line of all stands thus in my black letter,—
"He took his horse and rode forth on his way."
- R. H. Not so in mine. What is the date of yours—and its pedigree?

From the foregoing example of only a few selections from the proofs of a single Tale, modernized by the Editor, some faint conception may be formed of what occurred when Leigh Hunt dealt with my proofs, and I with his. By his seniority in years and literary start long ahead of me, in addition to his early studies of Chaucer and critical essays, I was prepared for abundant difficulties; but it will be seen how all these were increased when he announced—after we had all commenced upon the plan of as close a literal reading as was compatible with poetical as well as metrical requirements—that he was quite opposed to our leading principle. He announced this, in re-

turning the proofs of my version of the "Prologue to the Canterbury Tales," crowded with revisions on the opposite theory. Of course I accepted with thanks as much as I could, without violating my own ideas on the question of truthfulness; and I am quite prepared to admit that in all difficult or doubtful passages, a rendering in the spirit would probably be far superior to adhering to the letter. The door, however, Leigh Hunt proposed to open, would let in all sorts of spirits—"black spirits and white," true spirits and false; and in dealing with a great author, it is right to be on the safe side. The translations of Shelley from the Greek, Italian, German, and Spanish, seem to me as near to perfection as possible. These are in many parts as fine as their originals; and with respect to his translations from Goethe's *Walpurgis Nacht*, and *El Magico Prodigioso* of Calderon, I consider then not only faithful, but finer than the originals. The same method was not so fitting in Leigh Hunt; and it would be fitting to very few. Shelley was a great poet, and not unlike Calderon, in several characteristics;—Leigh Hunt, though an elegant and delightful poet, was not a great poet, and not at all like Chaucer. As to the principle at issue, the close literal translations of Mr. Oxenford from *Calderon* seem to me very preferable to the fancies many a gentleman might indulge in, and call it the "spirit" of that poet (because it was his own spirit); while the nearest combination of the poetical with the all-but literal, in the present day, is to be found in Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy's translations from the Spanish, even though he does this "in the metres of the original." Still, they do not approach what Shelley has done. To return to Leigh Hunt, the opinion of Miss Barrett as to his renderings of Chaucer seems to me quite correct; and most gracefully as he did his part in the "Chaucer Modernized," I prefer what was done by Wordsworth and Miss Barrett, with the understanding that the poems they selected would not be so interesting, in themselves, to most people, as those selected by Leigh Hunt.

Combined with one or two of the Letters on general topics,—the struggles of the "Syncretics" with a view to bringing a true dramatic literature upon the stage,—the discomfiture of poor George Stephens, and the fate of his tragedy of "Martinuzzi," which mainly caused him to die of a broken heart; combined also

with Miss Barrett's most unselfish consideration with regard to my time, my lingering hooping-cough, and other matters,—the subject of the "Psyche" drama every now and then rises up like a vague form through a broken silver mist. I was so very glad to observe how this seemed to carry her mind away from the contemplation of her own painful, however necessary, seclusion.

TORQUAY, August 14th, 1841.

I would not hear your enemy say so, dear Mr. Horne—that you were a bad correspondent—much less say so myself. You are a bad *catechumen*, and that's the worst of you, and I'm sure it doesn't deserve a bad cough. Therefore, if you receive a jar of tamarinds from the West Indies *via* Wimpole Street—and you will, in the case of papa's having received any himself, as he usually does—pray use them. [Then follows the "prescription."] But the pilgrimage through the villages is the remedy. And, dear Mr. Horne, never mind "Psyche." There is plenty of time for "Psyche"—in the future, if not now. She is persecuting you, I fear. Remember—when one is tied with cords, to struggle only strengthens the knots. Put "Psyche" away, out of thought for the present, and don't fancy that I (for one) am even inclined to be impatient about it. I shall not expect any more news of her for six months, from this fourteenth of August, eighteen hundred and forty-one.

And so your angelic sin is so rampant that "you'd be an abbot" (and not a "butterfly," despite of Psyche) if you went into a monastery—an abbot of misrule—unless St. Cecilia, who "drew the angel down," did the like by your reverend desires. Ah! when I was ten years old, I beat you all—you and Napoleon and all—in ambition—but now, I only want to get home.

Nevertheless, I fear I do fear the light words may be bubbles at the top—that it may be darker underneath. I know the secret of *that*, you see; and I fear that the hooping-cough and the pressure of business don't go blithely together, and that you are walking your imaginary cloisters with a graver, perhaps sadder step than should be. Can it be so? Is it so? The louder the call then to the villages. [For change of air.] Neither cloisters nor graves are ready for you yet—nor you for them. So I do hope that "generally you don't think" about either. Whom should we have for Dramatic Professor in the great Genius-establishment, [a humorous hit at the Syncretics] where the moth will be sworn never to corrupt and the thief never to steal? Whom, if, you were away? If you were only an abbot, or an organist, it would be very different. Do remember that if you are not so tranquil as they, you are [. . .] and valued more.

So, the *Monthly Chronicle* is gone—self-

slain, because it wouldn't condescend to be lively. There was power enough in it for three or four magazine-popularities—but the taste of *caviare* preponderated, and people turned away their heads. They said of it, as my own ears witnessed, "dull and heavy." Then it was such a fatal mistake to keep back the *names!* I saw it to the last. God bless you! I am going to think, in the face of the — *weather*, if it won't turn round.

Truly yours,

E. B. B.

The last words convey a more satirical meaning than will be generally apparent. The brief literary career of the *Monthly Chronicle* is unique, curious, and amusing in a certain way. It was started under the joint auspices of three high celebrities of the time; *to wit*, Sir David Brewster, Sir E. L. Bulwer (the late Lord Lytton), and Dr. Lardner. Being all three proprietors and editors, and each too great to communicate his intentions to either of the others (or even give a definite reply to the Contributors, as I found), a beautiful confusion was the constant and necessary result. The magazine, however, was successfully advancing by reason, and no reason, of the *prestige* of the three names, when the following disastrously natural event occurred. The wonderful accident of "Murphy's Almanack" had just burst through the wintry fogs of London, the astrologer having truly predicted the very coldest of all the cold days of that winter; and the sale of the Almanack was of a kind that compelled the publishers (Messrs. Whitaker) to have police to keep off purchasers from crushing-in the door and windows. This I one day witnessed. The next number of the *Monthly Chronicle*, therefore, came out with a very long article by Sir David Brewster, "On Murphy's Almanack," and another article by Dr. Lardner (no exchange of ideas having been designed), consisting of fourteen pages, "On the Weather," being founded upon the same "Vox Stellarum!" They occupied a third part of the whole magazine! After this, the proprietor engaged Mr. Robert Bell as editor, who did all that a gallant and indefatigable editor of six feet four could do, but the poor magazine never recovered from that double dose of cold weather.

Since the appearance of these papers in the Contemporary Review for last month, another Letter on the subject of the old theatrical patent monopoly has come to light, of too interesting and peculiar a nature to be omitted. A passage in the following Letter shows how con-

scientious and unconcealing Miss Barrett was, and sheds an additional lustre' if any were needed, upon the nobility of her character,—the faintness of hold upon the branch of life still continuing:—

TORQUAY (no date, but probably 1842).

MY DEAR MR. HORNE,—So you write me down "dozing," in courtesy for a worse word; and, indeed, I scarcely know another to recommend to you. Yet it has not been "dozing" either—no—nor long-drawn consideration. The truth is, I have felt afraid [. . .] and do, and one day being the image of another to me, while the fear made me delay sending you my fancies, I lost account of the time spent in delaying—took Saturday for Monday still, and built up so a dozing reputation. And, indeed, I, upon my "rock," have less time for anything good than is supposable. Half the day, all the morning, I am just able to read lazily in that low, spiritless, lack-lustre state which shows the quenched embers of opium and things of the sort, said to be necessary for me just now; and the uncomfortable, uncertain excitement before and afterwards, though pleasant as a sensation, is more congenial to dreaming—"dozing," if you please, dear Mr. Horne,—than to any steady purpose of thought or fixed direction of faculty. So far to account, in part,—in some degree—for the rough sketch I send you, being "very *un-like* a whale." [Alluding, probably, to the projected Lyrical Drama of "Psyche."]

But it was thrown on paper directly I read your reminder—"a first foyn," indeed. I didn't wait any more,—and if the mail coaches *do*, in the snow, it isn't my fault. Your letter came to me, most reluctantly, a day too late, and mine may "copy its paces."

Thank you for the reproof from Hazlitt—in paragraph "to suit"—for the beauty is the gentleness of the rebuke. Yet you and he could both have written as finely and forcibly upon the opposite evil of compromise, [alluding apparently to her refusal to sign our Petition against the Theatrical Patents] of temporizing as to objects, and being indifferent to means—that "fat weed" of the day—perhaps of the world on all days. More of us, you will admit, do harm by groping along the pavement with blind hands for the beggar's brass coin, than do folly by clutching at the stars "from the misty mountain top." And if the would-be star-catchers catch nothing, they keep at least clean fingers.

This applies to nothing, you will understand, except to the passage from Hazlitt—suggestively.

And talking of beggars' coins, will you believe me (you *MUST* believe me) that I never thought until I had finished my letter to you about the Petition, of my own self having something to do with the proprietorship of Drury Lane, by virtue of five shares given to me when I was a child? I really never thought

of it. But I thought afterwards that if you ever came to guess at such a thing, why you might infer me into basenesses. The shares never reminded me of their being mine by one penny coming to my hands, nor are likely to do so — the National theatres being as empty of profit as of honour. [Written about the year 1842.] But if it were otherwise, oh! you couldn't suspect me of being warped by such a consideration — you will trust me that half cubic of probity, without another word.

The concluding portion of the next Letter refers to a very opposite class of ideas. Although the projected Lyrical Drama must be reserved for a future paper, I cannot refrain from giving some crude idea of it in this place, as it belongs to the close of the previous Letter, and helps to fix the period of its origin.

TUESDAY.

DEAR MR. HORNE, — I was not quite well, and was forced to break off writing and begin again to-day. You will think me an "eighth" sleeper now. Don't scruple to say what is in your mind about the subject. Remember you suggested Greek instead of modern tragedy as a model for form. My idea, the terror attending spiritual consciousness — the man's soul to the man — is something which has not, I think, been worked hitherto, and seems to admit of a certain grandeur and wildness in the execution. The awe of this soul-consciousness breaking into occasional lurid heats through the chasms of our conventionalities has struck me, in my own self-observation, as a mystery of nature very grand in itself — and is quite a distinct mystery from *conscience*. Conscience has to do with action (every thought being spiritual action), and not with abstract existence. There are moments when we are startled at the footsteps of our own Being, more than at the thunders of God.

[That last remark might suggest an essay to Mr. Herbert Spencer.]

Is it impracticable? — too shadowy, too mystic, for working dramatically?

Think of Faust. You could do anything. But you are judge as to what is to be done or tried. Say yes, or no — and I am prepared for "no" most.

Truly yours,

E. B. B.

My reply was to the effect, that the subject could be worked dramatically, *i.e.*, in the spirit, and everything breathing of stage-action being clean out of the question; that I would devise the characters, interlocutors, chorus and semi-choruses; make a construction of the movement, or action, of the whole; propose the locality (some unknown Greek island), the scenery, &c.; that the part of Psyche should be left entirely to her, and nearly all the lyrical portion, and I would do the rest. When the design and construction were com-

pleted Miss Barrett was to receive a duplicate of the whole, so paged and marked that the different portions of the writing could be carried on with a means of constant reference (and intercommunication), so as to move harmoniously under the two hands. The Greek form and a remote age were proposed as assisting to carry the drama quite out of present art, as the subject seemed rather to belong to *no* special time or place — if not to another world, at least to the world of spirits here below. This form was also proposed, because I fancied it would be most pleasing to her, if she ever lived to carry out the idea, which seemed to me very doubtful. The subject might seem to belong to modern thought; but she was reminded that she would have found among the old Greek philosophers most of the speculations we imagine to belong to modern times; and if she wished for further justification, and could not hope to find it in the Hebrew, she would discover its Shadow in the Sanskrit, as students of the Bhagavat Gita were fond of placing it as the earliest source of the mighty Nile of metaphysics which has flowed down to modern ages. With which piece of rather grim attempt at archaic pleasantry, the lady was "left to her own devices." Nevertheless, I saw there was something new to be "worked," as she expressed it, out of her subject.

The same Letter concludes with a postscript, informing me that she was sure Miss Mitford would sign the Petition, as she was "personally interested in the theatres, and had a play" (at that time) "waiting to be acted." Among these Letters there has just turned up one from Mrs. Jameson, a celebrity at that day, who expressed herself ready to sign the same, and enclosing a few lines to an eminent medical practitioner (Mr. Travers, of Bruton Street), requesting he also would sign it. Mrs. Jameson's letter is very interesting, but must be omitted, together with many other collateral notes and circumstances; indeed it will have been obvious that I have to struggle against becoming chronological, as well as autobiographical. Many celebrated persons signed that fatal document.

Miss Barrett's first publication was "An Essay on Mind" (1826); her next, was a translation of the "Prometheus" of Æschylos (1833); and her third, "The Seraphim and other Poems," in 1838. A certain critical work in which I was responsibly concerned, while fully admitting her genius, dealt very freely with

what seemed to be her shortcomings, a *résumé* of which seems to have been condensed in a private note. The following Letter will show with how generous a spirit she bore all this :—

Nov. 4th, 1841.
50, Wimpole Street.

My head has ached so for two days (not my temper, I assure you) that I thought it was beheading itself,—and now that “distracted globe” having come to a calm, I hasten to answer your letter. A bomb of a letter, is it, to be sure!—enough to give a dozen poets a headache a piece. “No sex—no character—no physiognomy—no age—no Anno Domini!”—a very volcano of a letter.

After all, dear Mr. Horne, your idea of revenge is not tragic enough for a great dramatist, and I may criticise back to you, on such grounds. But then, again, I spare you on others. You needn’t “try to recant.” I am not angry—don’t even feel ill used—(that feeling of melancholy complacency);—and beg you to extend your dramatic sceptre within reach of my subject hands, and with the “diagram” at the top of it. [Referring, probably, to certain geometric figures I had suggested as private “working” illustrations for the “Psyche.”]

When Socrates said that it was worse to suffer, being guilty, than being innocent, wasn’t he right,—and am I not like Socrates?—in the sentiment, which I am right in—not position, which I am wrong in. At the same time, it does seem hard—hard even for Socrates—to drink all this hemlock without a speech—to die, and make no sign. The general criticism is too true a one—also—lately true—but not equally, altogether true, perhaps, in everything. I think, for instance, that my Page-romant, has some sex, and physiognomy, however the Anno Domini may be mislaid, even in her case. Well—but it’s a true general criticism—and true particularly, besides—and do send the diagram, dear Mr. Horne,—and be sure that however lightly I have spoken, I must always be gravely grateful to you for telling me all such truths.

Miss Mitford came to town last Thursday, in her abundant affectionateness, just to see me, and returned home on Saturday. She measures your dramatic stature by cubits. She prefers your “Cosmo” to “Gregory.” So do I, you know—although the artistic power is greater in the “Gregory”—and oh!—she told me that late struggle of the un-acted authors [“the Synchronics”] has done good already in the theatres. “How?” I asked. “Because it disproves the late idea of there being an immense deposit somewhere of excellent un-acted dramatic works. People say to one another—‘you see, they could find nothing more excellent than “Martinuzzi;”’—and thus the theatres open their doors a little wider to the *rare* virtue!

But you *could* have found something more excellent than “Martinuzzi.” There was the

—; well but do send the diagram. I wish I could “transfuse” in my brother George, who talks of meeting you face to face this evening at Mrs. O—s’.

Truly yours, ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

Of course I couldn’t object to listen to your arguments upon [against] “the title page” [of her forthcoming volume, most likely] as long as they do not touch my “foregone conclusions.” But those—pray, dear Mr. Horne, remember—are fixed as Danton’s hat.

Knowing the aspen-leaf condition of the writer, it is difficult to express the peculiar charm there was in receiving these indications of a determined will, however humorously expressed.

As it must be obvious from the genius, learning, and elaborate reading of this lady, that her Letters are not what may be classed as “meet for the million,” it does not seem necessary to offer any apology for their dealing with subjects not suited to the taste or experience of every general reader of the day. Some persons may ask, “What care we whether Miss Mitford goes to Jersey or to Jericho?” It is very intelligible why they should not care. Another may say—“Well, I never read ‘The Seraphim;’ and if I did read it I should more probably prefer the Ethiopian Serenaders.” All of which is very natural, and, so far, reasonable in them. We may simply say, that these Letters are mainly intended for the readers of the *Contemporary Review*, and works of similar scope and character.

MONDAY MORNING,
(Date probably about 1843.)

I answer your note before you can answer mine, and it is the best so. Whatever may be said or unsaid, of me and mine in your work, [alluding to the forthcoming “New Spirit of the Age”] do not give a second thought to any imagination of discontent as applicable to me. I shall know that you meant the kindest—and understand *awry* everything not the pleasantest. My head will not go round.

For the rest, or rather under the whole, if I myself am not *tame* about the “Seraphim,” it is because I am the person interested. I wonder to myself sometimes, in a climax of dissatisfaction, how I came to publish it. It is a failure in my own eyes; and if it were not for the poems of less pretension in its company, would have fallen, both probably and deservedly, a dead weight from the press.

I do not think I ever said, or inferred anything to this extent; or thought so disparagingly of the above Poem as the authoress here, in her nobly inward aspiration after excellence, so magnanimously declares as her verdict upon her-

self. What follows is grand and pathetic:—

Something I shall do hereafter in poetry, I hope. Hopes which have fallen dead from all things, are thrown in a heap *there*—perhaps like withered leaves! We must hope in something however, if we live.

Which I did not mean to say in beginning this note.

Only you will see that I shall not be discontented at the effects of your [comments, &c.]—it is better too perhaps, so. The book [the critical work in preparation] will be in better odour for it, with the million.

Ever truly yours, E. B. B.

I heard from Miss Mitford this morning. She appears resolved to go to Jersey, as you know probably.

SATURDAY.

MY DEAR MR. HORNE,—I send you “an opinion” on Tennyson. Use it, or do not use it. He is a divine poet; but I have found it difficult (in the examination of my own thoughts of him) to analyse his divinity, and to determine (even to myself) his particular aspect as a writer. What is the reason of it? It never struck me before. A true and divine poet nevertheless.

Have you a portrait of him? I hope so.

Yours, E. B. B.

Wishing to interpolate no more of my own writing with these Letters than what may be necessary for explanation, and connection, and the expression of strong sympathy, or dissent, I refrain from making any comment here, except that of a cordial agreement in the supreme admiration of the poetess with regard to the Laureate. And, once for all, as to interpolation, I venture to hope that some brief exceptions will, occasionally, be ungrudgingly permitted to an author who is one of the few remaining links between the period of Burns, Wordsworth, Shelley, and their great contemporary prose writers,—and the risen and rising stars of the present day—who are, in like manner, hurrying to join the “past,” with all its extinctions and oblivions. For many are “called,” but a very small number will be “chosen.”

A considerable interval occurred in the course of these Letters, owing to a tragic occurrence, the suddenness of which, and the profound grief that followed, caused the prostration of every power. A dear brother of Miss Barrett was accidentally drowned while out on some boating excursion, and almost within sight of her windows.

August 31st, 1843.

[Apparently from Wimpole Street.]

Ah, my dear Mr. Horne, while you are

praising the weather—stroking the sleek sunshine—it has been, not exactly killing me, but striking me vigorously with intent to kill. It was intensely hot, and I went out in the chair, and was over-excited, and over-tired, I suppose; at least, the next day I was ill, shivering in the sun, and lapsing into a weariness it is not easy for me to rally from. Yet everybody has been ill—which, in the way of pure benevolence, ought to be a comfort to me; and now I am well again. And the weather is certainly lovely and bright by fits, and I join you in praising the beauty and glory of it: but then, you must admit that the *fits*, the spasmodic changes of the temperature from sixty-one degrees to eighty-one, and back again, are trying to mortal frames; more especially to those conscious of the frailty of the “native mud” in them. If I had the wings of a dove, and could flee away to the south of France, I should be cooing peradventure instead of moaning. Only, I could not *leave everything*—even then! I must stay, as well as go—under any circumstances—dove or woman.

By the way, two of my brothers are on the Rhine at this moment. They have gone, to my pain and pleasure, to see Geneva, and come home at the end of six weeks, by Paris, to re-plunge (one of them) into Law.

It pleases me to think of dear Miss Mitford reading my “House of Clouds” to you, with her “melodious feeling” for poetry, and the sweeter melody of her kindness; and it moreover pleased me to know that you liked it in any measure. To show the difference of possible opinions, Mr. Boyd told me that “he had read my papers on the Greek fathers” [in the “Athenæum,” I think], “with the more satisfaction, because he had inferred from my ‘House of Clouds’ that illness had *impaired my faculties*.” Ah,—but I hope to do something yet, better than the past. I hope, and shall struggle to it.

I have had a great pleasure lately in some correspondence with Miss Martineau, the noblest female intelligence between the seas,—“as sweet as spring, as ocean deep.” She is in a hopeless anguish of body, and serene triumph of spirit,—with at once no hope, and all hope! To hear from her was both a pleasure and honour to me.

Last week a voice spake to me out of a beautiful smile—“Ask Mr. Horne if he has given me up for ever?—and tell him that I still live at E—S—.”

Very truly yours,
ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

I should not—*could* not—pass on to the next Letter, without saying that, not very long since, a note came to me from Miss Martineau, then lying, and still lying in a similar state to that described above with such simple and pathetic grandeur (1843); and still taking her usual interest in a certain important question of early training and education, con-

cerning which I had formerly corresponded with her.

Dec. 16th, 1843,
Wimpole Street.

I am so glad to hear that nothing really very bad is the matter with Tennyson. If anything were to happen to Tennyson, the world should go into mourning.

Did I ever tell you that I once wrote to him, and had a note from him? Thus it was. Some friendly American sent me last year a newspaper, containing a review of his poetry, and requested me to forward it to him, knowing my direction and not his. I was embarrassed to know what to do; and more especially so as the review was cautious in its admiration. At last I wrote a brief statement of the facts of the case, and sent the newspaper. I was quite ashamed of myself and my newspaper; but he was good enough to forgive me for an involuntary forwardness. The people in Yankeeland, I observe, think that we in England all live in a house together—particularly we who write books. [1843.] The idea of the absence of forests and savannahs annihilates with them the idea of distance.

What induced the following remarks, I can only imagine:—

I am content—in relation to poetry—I can understand perfectly. Perhaps, however, you have under-rated certain perceptions of an individual, of poetry in its highest order. The individual in my mind (probably different from the individual in yours) can appreciate Tennyson, Wordsworth, Keats, and your "Cosmo." Still, I admit that I should shrink a little from the suggested hot ploughshare of your magnificent

Oblivion, crown'd with infinite blank stars;

because certainly there is a mystical effluence of poetry (a highest height over the highest height) in Wordsworth, Tennyson, Keats, which escapes the individuality of *my* individual—always did, and must. But now, I think, we have written into about as thick a fog as obliged us to light the candles at noon a few days since. Only I don't mean to light the candles here.

I have not the *Blackwood* in question. I could send for the number, but cannot remember definitely. I think it came out just after the "Seraphim"—in 1839, was it not?—and I think the paper called itself "Our Two Vases," that being a current title of a series of critical papers by Christopher North. Mr. Milnes and I were reviewed together in the paper I refer to, and we had it to ourselves.

No—I did not suppose that the opinion I sent to you amounted to much; but I will send you one, since you care to have it. Also, he and I were associated together with Mr. Sterling, and one or two more *Blackwood* poets, in the *North American Review* of last year. Mr. Milnes was treated unworthily in it, I think, and overthrown for want of imagination and fire. They behaved very gener-

ously to me, and, after sundry admonitions, unquestionably founded, dismissed me with a laurel-branch. This paper was written, I have since ascertained, by the Head of Harvard College, Boston—or perhaps "ascertained" may be too hard and self-satisfied a word—say "believed" instead.

So, Tennyson is "pretty," is he? Did I ever tell you that I heard a lady—a countess—by the order of St. Louis!—say "The latter part of Homer is certainly very pretty." These are your critics, O Israel!

For my own part, I was going to observe (when I last wrote to you) that I should be satisfied, in the case of a certain mortal enmity, with such an execration as "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" I stopped the pen, because it struck me as too savage. I will say it now, though.

Who, or what, the above refers to, has no place in my memory at this moment.

Mr. Lough is engaged on a bust of poor Southey, which is said to be fine and resembling. His widow went to see it the other day.

The anonymous "Life in the Sick Room," by an invalid, is by Miss Martineau, and worthy of her; full of noble Christian philosophy, and most affecting, through its very calmness.

I cannot write any more—which is lucky, I believe.

Yours truly,
E. B. B.

You will be glad to hear that dear Miss Mitford has been chosen Honorary Member of the new Literary Institute, under Buckingham. They have also chosen Agnes Strickland, to prevent any unpleasantness to Miss Mitford, from the circumstance of her being the only woman.

The next Letter refers to two volumes of literary criticism, which were to bear the title of "The New Spirit of the Age," and the assistance of Miss Barrett, Mr. Robert Bell, and two or three others, had been solicited, but without any very definite explanations till the projected work was more matured.

Dec. 22nd, 1843.

Just ten minutes before your note came, I held R. Monckton Milnes's volumes in my hands—the two first, at least—having be-thought me of taking an opportunity of borrowing them from Mr. Kenyon. So, now if you please, I will make a few notes on them, which you will "improve" (literally) to the edification of your readers afterwards. And in the meantime (I am very patient, you know), but in the meantime I should like to hear what you want me to do, and what this great subject to come, is. I confess to being moderately curious about it. "Not Dr. Pusey." Thank you for the "not." And not a political economist, I hope—not a mathematician, nor a man of science—such a one as Babbage for

instance, to undo me. My dear Mr. Horne, certainly I am a little beset with business just now, being on the verge of getting another volume into print,—with one or two long poems struggling for completion at my hands, in order to a subsequent falling upon the printer's. But if there should be nothing likely to take much time, in the work you meditate for me, I shall be very happy, at present and always, to be of use to you, or trying to do it,—which, as I say it honestly, I hope you will act as if you believed. Thank you much for the promise of proofs, and you will tell me what the new subject is? Not that I am impatient. Oh, no!

And so you heard of "Tennyson and Mr. Sterling." Well! there is no accounting for tastes, as we say with proverbial wisdom; and, what is quite as certain, there is no accounting for "want of taste." Mr. Sterling is admired by some, I am aware, and I would rather that you had your impressions of him from reading his book, uncoloured by hearing what I say. He was a contributor to *Blackwood*; and, some two or three years ago, published his contributed poems in an independent form,—just as Mr. Simmons has done. By the way, there are persons who think highly of Mr. Simmons—for instance, Miss Mitford does, praising him for terseness and vigour. To return to Mr. Sterling, I never read his book, although I have read many of his poems in *Blackwood*. He falls, to my appreciation, into the class of respectable poets; good sense and good feeling, somewhat dry and cold, and very level, smooth writing being what I discern in him. There are Mr. Sterling, Mr. Simmons, Lord Leigh, and one or two others, who have education and natural ability enough to be anything in the world *except* poets; and who choose to be poets "in spite of nature and their stars," to say nothing of gods, men, and critical columns. Moreover all these writers, by a curious consistency, take up and use the Gallic-Drydeny conception of versification,—so, at least, the passing glances I have had of their proceedings lead me to suppose. Now, you will judge for yourself, dear Mr. Horne, and I shall not be uneasy lest you should fall into prejudices in consequence of my hasty impressions.

Dec. 23rd, 1843.

I forgot, after all. Agnes Strickland is the author of the "Memoirs of the Queens of England," by which she is principally known. She did, however, write before—tales, I think—perhaps a novel; but, although one of the very best read persons of your acquaintance, in all manner of romances and novels—good, bad, and indifferent,—I do feel rather in a mist about her doings in these respects, only having a faint idea that I have looked through a volume or two of hers, and that I found them of the highly moral, didactic, and useful-knowledge-society description. But do not trust me an inch, for I feel in a mist, and in a sort of fear of confounding the maiden didac-

tion of Mrs. Ellis when she was Sarah Stickney, and this of Miss Strickland's,—having been given to confound Stickneys and Stricklands from the very beginning. One or two volumes of the "Memoirs of the Queens of England" I have read; and they seemed to me to show industry and good taste in the selection and compilation of materials. But I did not read any more, just because I like the old Chronicles, and dislike the compiling spirit. Miss Lawrence, you are aware, has published Memoirs of the Queens, also,—and, moreover, the two ladies have stood at cock'd-pistol in relation to one another, because of this coincidence of subject. I have not seen Miss Lawrence's work, but from indications of extracts, I do more than suspect that she is the deeper-minded woman of the two, and qualified to take in literature, the higher place.

By the way, either a Stickney or a Strickland wrote the "Poetry of Life,"—prose (very) essays, which I couldn't get to the end of—full of words, and signifying nothing.

I confess that I wondered a good deal at Mr. Buckingham's, or the Literary Institute's, selection of Miss Strickland as the second female Honorary Member. Nobody else to be found fit for the honour, except Miss Strickland! And Miss Martineau, Mrs. Jameson, Maria Edgeworth, Mary Howitt, and Lady Morgan all alive—with long-established European reputations! France and Germany will be a little astonished, I think; and, for my own part, although it gave me cordial pleasure to hear of the honour won by, and honourably paid to Miss Mitford, I should have been more pleased, even for her sake, and valued the appreciation more fully, if it had united her name to the names of these distinguished contemporaries, rather than severed it from them. Truly yours,

E. B. B.

The following "attack upon the Government"—one of the very rarest things to be found in this lady's writings, if not the only instance, will rather amuse some readers when they learn that the angry outburst is attributable to a friendly indignation at my having caught the hooping-cough while collecting evidence of my blue-book reports as an Assistant-Commissioner, mention of which was made in the first of these papers.

July 24th [of a previous year.]

There was a blank, dear Mr. Horne, in your last notes when you ought to have said something about the cough. I hope the silence meant that you had quite forgotten all the cutting-up and boiling—the whole process of your "rejuvenescence"—and that your present suffering is concentrated in the Parliamentary Reports.

It is an atrocious system altogether—the system established in this England of ours—wherein no river finds its own level, but is

forced into leaden pipes, up or down; her fools lifted into chairs of state, her wise men waiting behind them; and her poets made Cinderellas of, and promoted into accurate counters of pots and pans. We need not wonder at the selections. *Everything* "is rotten in the state of Denmark."

Have you seen Miss Sedgwick's book, and heard the great tempest it has stirred up around you in London, without a Franklin to direct the lightning? She was received from America two or three years since, by certain societies, with open arms,—none ever suspecting her to be the cheil "among them, takin' notes!" The revelation was dreadful. My friend and cousin, Mr. Kenyon—admitted to be one of the most brilliant conversers in London—fell upon the proof-sheets accidentally, just half-an-hour previous to their publication [or rather, *printing* must be meant], and finding them sown thick with personalities, side by side with praises of his own agreeable wit, took courage and a pen, and "cleansed the premises!" Afterwards he wrote across the Atlantic to explain "the moral right" he had to his deed. For my own part, strongly as I feel the *salience* of Miss Sedgwick's faults (it struck repeatedly and ungratefully upon some who had bestowed cordial and sisterly attention upon her, and "less as an authoress than as a friend"), I am not quite clear about Mr. Kenyon's "right." The act was *un peu fort* in its heroism, and probably his American admirers may not thank him as warmly as her victims do.

Not that I ever do, or could join in the outcry against Boswell and his generation: I like them too well. But there is a line—a limit—to their communicativeness; and such as pass it, dirty their feet.

Yours, E. B. B.

Certainly the feeling of Miss Barrett as to her cousin's act is the proper one. Any book or article might be completely thrown "off its balance" by such a proceeding. What writer could feel safe if wholesale and unauthorized erasures, or any, could thus be made in his books! And what should we think of any printing-office where this would be permitted?

The present paper having extended several pages beyond my calculation, the Letters on "English Rhymes and Versification" must be deferred, as they will re-open questions which have not been dealt with for many years,—and have never yet been treated with a clear recognition of the philological peculiarities, and, as foreigners so loudly declare—the perversities of the English language.

R. H. HORNE.

From Temple Bar.

BERTHE'S WEDDING-DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

I.

"GOOD-NIGHT, my well-beloved—in a week's time, my wife!"

François Garaye is so much taller than his betrothed that he has to bend down to kiss pretty Berthe's plump rosy cheeks.

She puts one arm round his neck to hold him fast while she fixes a little sprig of myrtle in front of his gendarme cap.

"Wear it till our wedding-day," she whispers; and this time François kisses the lips which have come so near his own.

"Good-night, *ma chérie*." He waves his cap and turns away.

Berthe Duval stands at the cottage door, and looks after her lover. The whitewashed green-shuttered cottage is in the midst of a hilly wooded park. Matthieu Duval is *conciërge* to the Château of Villequier, and this cottage is his home, though he spends most of his time up at the Château, while the Villequier family stay so long away in Italy.

Berthe would like to walk a little way with François, but he will not let her come even so far as the park gates with him; the rain is falling heavily, and the path is already half under water; for though the park of Villequier is lovely and romantic, full of upland glades sequestered by lofty forest trees, the central part where the cottages are built forms a basin at the foot of circling hills, and the brilliantly green grass around is rarely parched, even in fierce summer heat.

Matthieu Duval is crippled with rheumatism, and so is Tonine, his old pinched wife, and Tonine's eyes are dim; but Berthe is plump and rosy, and her blue eyes are clear and bright as they follow her lover through the park.

Clear and bright; but there is a tender timid sadness in them now which fits in with the scene around her, with the falling rain, the pendent, heavily soaked leafage on the tall trees. Still François Garaye's last words, and the bright honest look that went with them, ought not to have brought so heavy a shadow across the face of his betrothed.

Berthe is conscious of this. She strains her eyes against the gathering darkness, so that she may follow François' rapid firm steps through the trees. He has reached the bank of the little

river which runs through the park, and as he follows its winding she loses sight of him. No, there he is again! He must have come back — he is nearer to her than he was when she lost sight of him; he stands a moment or two waving his gendarme cap, and then vanishes.

Berthe shudders from head to foot. "How white his face was!" she says.

She goes into the cottage, trembling strangely; her hands are so cold that she crouches over the hearth and warms them.

"Berthe," a fretful voice sounds out of the dark fireside, "what ails thee? Thou art as white as the wall is. François is a fool to keep thee out in rain like this; he will spoil his uniform, and thou wilt have an ague. Our river is harmful in the rainy season, and thou knowest it well."

Berthe keeps such unusual silence that her mother's head sinks yet more on one shoulder, and her little watery grey eyes open as wide as possible.

Berthe cannot laugh or even speak; her heart is each moment growing heavier. Why did she obey François? Why did she not go with him as far as possible? Where does this horrible cold terror spring from that grasps at her heart like a hand of ice? Is something evil happening to François?

She raises herself and looks round. She even goes once more to the door and looks out. "It is a foolish fancy," she says; but she cannot for all that shake it off; and even when she goes to bed she awakens suddenly from her troubled sleep and cries out in a wild frightened voice:

"François! oh, my François! shall I never see thee again?"

That night the rain never ceases; it keeps falling with a stealthy sound, but still that sound is audible, filling the night with unrest, and making it impossible for one wakened from sleep to slumber again. Berthe lies with widely opened eyes, now shivering as the remembrance of her last night's terror comes back, now in pitying thought of homeless wanderers shrinking beneath the soaking rain, and always through every thought she sees her François and the pale face her last look had shown her between the trees.

II.

It is a very bright morning after the rain; the sun is drinking eagerly at every leaf of the tall forest trees, and even at the dripping grass blades.

François had told Berthe that business would keep him all day in Caudebec; so

she must not expect him. And Berthe had smiled to herself. She knew that her lover's business was the completion of his *mobilier* — the finishing touches in the way of decoration to the two rooms in the Gendarmerie which she was henceforth to inhabit as Madame Garaye. It was hard to get through a day without François; since the young people have been promised some six months back, François has gone out to Villequier every day, for the good gendarmes of Caudebec have a tranquil life of it.

Berthe feels happier this morning, but she is pale from her wakeful night. Tonine looks at her daughter when they all sit down to the mid-day meal of soup and bread.

"*Eh bien! ma fille!* thou dost not look like a bride. Thy cheeks are as white as a June lily."

"Bah! bah!" Matthieu laughs in his fat way. "She will grow rosy enough when she hears our gendarme on the road by-and-by."

Berthe smiles, but there is little of the old sunshine in her eyes.

"François is not coming to-day," she says gravely.

"Not coming? Bah! What hast thou said to vex him? It is ill done to quarrel so near the marriage-day."

Berthe looks uneasy, half ready to cry. She knows that she has not quarrelled, but what then? It is useless to contradict her father, and besides, he does not give her the chance. He drags his long stiff legs out of the cottage; he is going up to the Château again. He and Tonine wonder sometimes why their limbs have stiffened so early, and why they are so often racked with pain. Down in the village and in the town of Caudebec, only three miles away, their neighbours and gossips are strong and healthy. The simple pair never think that their lord would have done well to build his cottages in somewhat less of a morass — for on the heights beside the Château there is plenty of dry ground.

As Matthieu steps outside the cottage door he finds himself face to face with two gendarmes. One of them — a broad big fellow with a dark coarse face — Matthieu knows very well; he is a comrade of Berthe's lover, and François has often brought him with him to the cottage, and calls him "*mon gros* Jacob," and teases him till Matthieu thinks the stout man loses patience; but the other gendarme is a stranger, and Matthieu sees in an instant that he is Jacob's su-

perior. He is a tall, dark, slight man, who looks frail and delicate beside his burly companion.

"*Bon jour, monsieur*;" — the stranger raises his cap, and so does Matthieu. "Are you Matthieu Duval?"

"At your service, monsieur," and the caps are raised again.

"Well, then," the stranger goes on, "I have a question to ask you. Is our comrade François Garaye here?" He puts the question in a coaxing mysterious way, at which Matthieu's blue eyes open roundly.

"Here? No, monsieur, *ma foi!* At this time? No." Matthieu smiles, and looks over his shoulder into the cottage. "Even our young lass never expects him till evening."

The tall thin man gives a significant glance at Jacob, and Matthieu looks too, to see what they are meaning.

"Why, how pale is Monsieur Jacob!" he says. "*Diable!* come in and sit down, messieurs."

When the gendarmes follow Matthieu into the cottage they only find Tonine there. Berthe did not hear what was said, but through the window she has caught a glimpse of Monsieur Jacob. She does not like him; he always stares at her in a manner which is insufferable, and she cannot tell François, because Jacob is his friend. The only cloud that hangs over her future life in Caudebec is that this fat staring Jacob Leduc will also inhabit the Gendarmerie.

"Sit ye down," Matthieu says; then, when they are seated, "You have a reason for coming here to seek François Garaye?"

He looks at the broad dark face, but Jacob's eyes are fixed on his superior.

The tall thin official bows to Matthieu. "I will explain to monsieur. I arrive at Caudebec yesterday, from Rouen, and this morning I inspect our force, and I find that one name does not answer to the muster-roll. I inquire the reason for this, and I learn from my excellent friend" — he looks at Jacob — "that François Garaye, the second in rank at the Gendarmerie of Caudebec, has not been seen since the afternoon of yesterday. I see that my friend" — he lays his fingers on Jacob's dark blue sleeve — "hesitates and looks confused, and I proceed to cross-question. I am seldom baffled." The thin man smacks his lips and sends a glance of conscious merit into the recess where Tonine crouches beside the fire. "My friend Jacob there

imparts to me the relations which exist between the said François Garaye and" — the thin man bows politely — "the young lady of the house, and he asks me to be merciful. He says it is the first neglect of which his comrade has been found guilty. In short" — he waves his hand — "he comes here with me, that we may together administer rebuke, and make the simpleton return to his post before his absence is remarked by the townsfolk; for you comprehend, no doubt" — here the thin gendarme lays a long thin finger on his arched flexible nose — "that the town of Caudebec is too precious to be neglected, and that the absence of one of its valiant defenders during a whole night is neglect of a serious nature; and, monsieur, I am a disciplinarian, as a police inspector must always be."

The thin man stops short here, and refreshes himself with a huge pinch of snuff and a red pocket-handkerchief.

Matthieu plunges both hands into his hair, and sits looking stolidly at the gendarme.

The old woman beside the fire has heard every word, and now she gets up stiffly from her chair, and moves like a bent stick out of the kitchen. The thin official smiles, and nudges Jacob ever so little.

Matthieu looks vexed and puzzled.

"I know nothing of the lad, monsieur," he says, in his broad Norman speech. "I came in late last night, and my wife told me that François Garaye had been here, and that he had gone away — that is all I know."

There is a pause; then Tonine's dragging steps sound on the tiled floor outside. She pushes at the half-opened back door and comes in, followed by Berthe. Berthe is so white that her father's mouth opens at sight of her. The girl's eyes are dilated, she walks up to the stranger, and fixes them on his face.

"Monsieur, what is this my mother says? What has been done to François Garaye?"

She never so much as glances at Jacob. She knows where he sits, just beyond the other, with his eyes fixed on the red-tiled floor.

The thin-faced man rises and bows; he begins to smile. "It is the other way, mademoiselle. I am come to ask you for François Garaye. You and I will have a talk by ourselves." Then his smile fades away beneath the intense

expression of those scared eyes; he bends down and whispers to Berthe, "You will serve him best by speaking the truth. He must be reprimanded, but for your sake he shall not be punished."

Berthe puts her hand on the man's arm, and gives him an impatient little push away.

"Father!" — she speaks so hurriedly, so unlike her usual peaceful self, that Matthieu too stares at her, and is more perplexed than ever — "dost thou hear this, and canst thou stand idle? Thou knowest François has not been here since seven last night, and they come here to ask for him now. Why dost thou not tell them he went away at seven? Where is he? Why do they seek him here? We know nothing." Her voice rises as she goes on; all her suppressed terror has got free, and is mastering the quiet, gentle girl. "Come — come! I say, all of you, and help me look for him — come!"

She looks round at them all, but there is no answering terror in their faces. Jacob whispers to his comrade, and then a quiet nod is exchanged between the two gendarmes; the thin-faced superior puts his hand on Matthieu's shoulder, and bends down to whisper in his ear.

Tonine stands clinging to the blackened dresser, above which are four ranges of gay-coloured plates. She sees that the terror which sways her daughter is not shared by Matthieu. She looks from one to the other with her dull bleared eyes, striving to gather in what is meant. When her eyes reach the face of Jacob, she sees there for an instant the same scared pale horror that has mastered Berthe. But even while she gathers this in, Jacob's expression changes, and the stout gendarme is looking at her daughter with profound sympathy in his face.

Berthe opens the door and looks impatiently at the three silent men.

"Come!" she says again, then she passes quickly out of sight.

"Monsieur" — the thin gendarme draws a breath of relief — "it will be better to follow mademoiselle and tell her the conclusion at which we have arrived. The poor girl must not waste pity on a faithless lover." He looks at Matthieu, but Duval sits in scowling silence. "You see, madame" — the stranger speaks for the first time to Tonine — "it is evident that the young man has departed, no one knows where. Well then, there is only one reason to be found for

his departure. I have thought profoundly over the affair, but there seems no reason so likely as that which my friend Jacob suggested to me this morning; for you understand, a man would not give up so respectable an *état* without a reason. My friend Leduc" — he looks sympathizing — "has grave reason to suppose that François Garaye, for some reason unknown to us, shrank from the fetters of a married life, and therefore François Garaye will not reappear in Caudebec. At your service, monsieur. I do not wonder at your anger." He raises his hat, and passes out of the cottage in pursuit of Berthe.

III.

It is Sunday in Caudebec. Bright August sunshine streams down the beautiful spire of Notre Dame, over the richly sculptured triple portals, on to the groups which come in a swiftly moving stream from the dark narrow streets of quaint half-timbered houses into the Grande Place where the church stands. It is the Grande Place of Caudebec, but it is really only a small market-place, bordered by two long sides of gabled houses with grotesque dormers atop; these converge into two narrow streets, leading in struggling crooked fashion to the Seine; between these streets, and facing the church, so as to close in the Place, are a few houses with shops in front of far more modern construction than those on either side.

The sunshine rests specially on the snowy caps of the farmers' wives, some of whom have come across the ferry to hear mass in Caudebec, and also it glints on the epaulettes of the soldiers among the crowd pouring into the church in slow decorous order; it glitters just now on the cap of a stout gendarme with a small, decrepit woman clinging to his right arm. It is Jacob Leduc, the chief of the gendarmerie of Caudebec, and the infirm woman is Tonine Duval. On the other side of Tonine walks a thin, pale girl — a shadow of the rosy, plump Berthe who bade good-bye to François Garaye two years ago.

How sadly Berthe has changed in these two years! Even the sweet softness of her eye is changed; there is a new look, but not a fixed look, in her face. It requires a special cause to bring that sudden darting in of horror and distrust to the sweet blue eyes; and yet now, as she turns her head to stretch her hand to the *bénitier* under the porch, and meets Ja-

cob's glance, the look spreads over her face till her lips even lose colour.

No one notices Berthe to-day, for the entrance doorways are small, and the crowd of worshippers have to pass in heedfully when there are so many, or it might seem strange to them to note that look of ghastly horror in the face of a girl gazing at the man to whom gossip has assigned her.

They pass in, and Jacob's chair is next those occupied by the mother and daughter; and when the *pain bénit* comes round, Jacob leans across Tonine to offer a piece to Berthe. Service is over, and the crowd streams out, with its tongue unloosed, beyond the portal, and there is much greeting, more especially among the women.

Madame Haulard, the tailor's wife, slips away from her husband and her tall, gawky daughter, and greets a stout, squat woman, who is so like her that you see at once they are mother and daughter, the new edition being a great improvement on the original. Madame Haulard's eyes are weak, but old Julie Carron's eyelids have a red border which is unpleasant to behold; her mouth, too, is wider than her daughter's is, and she has lost her teeth; but there is an energy and a vivacity in the old woman which the better-grown, better-favoured daughter seems to lack.

"*Bo'jour—bo'jour, ma belle.*" She throws back her old head, with its black silk covering pinned carefully over the snowy cap, and gazes admiringly at Madame Haulard. "Come, then; but thou hast *bonne mine* to-day, my Henriette, aha!" She glances over her shoulder at the broad lumbering tailor; his heavy straight brows are bent anxiously in search of his wife; but Madame Carron's sharp, ugly old eyes go past him to look for her granddaughter. "Aha!" the old woman chuckles, "Eugénie will not improve the race, *ma fille*; she is for all the world like my Chinese pullet, all legs and neck, *ma foi!* Her mouth is big enough to swallow a small creature like me altogether. *Dame!* thou art big enough for a woman, Henriette; why, then, hast thou let Eugénie shoot beyond thee?"

A little flush rises on madame's placid face; but this is an old grievance, and she is too good a daughter to contradict her mother. She walks beside her silently.

"Thou wilt come in and eat, my mother?" she says, when they reach the

tailor's shop on the left side of the market-place.

"But no, my Henriette; on the contrary, I must hurry, or I shall miss the noon ferry-boat; my *bonne*, Nanine, is going to the *fête* at La Mailleraye, and she will not start till I return. *Tiens!*" She points suddenly to one of the groups in the Place. "Jacob Leduc is with Tonine Duval and her daughter. Is a marriage then arranged for *la petite? Ma foi!* But Jacob is too old and fat."

"What wilt thou, my mother?" Madame Haulard speaks with the soft purring tone which so usually accompanies worldly wisdom in a woman. "The Duvals have no money. Berthe's health is so broken that she cannot earn a sou, and Monsieur Leduc wants a wife. If Matthieu had lived, or if affairs had been better at the Château, then indeed such a difference of age might have been considered; but I hardly know, *ma mère*. I do not suppose Matthieu would have laid by much for Berthe, and a girl without a portion should be thankful to get a husband at all."

"Poor Berthe, I am sorry for her!" The old woman rebels against her daughter's wisdom; but she admires what she calls Henriette's *civilisation* too much to contradict it. "She must have been very fond of that *vaurien* François Garaye. See how pale and altered she has grown. She has never got over the illness she had afterwards."

There are tears in old Julie's eyes as she watches the group out of sight.

"Berthe must have been badly brought up, my mother, to be fond of a man who was not her husband; thou did'st not tell me it was my duty to love before marriage, so I began without any love; yet see how well Monsieur Haulard and I have got along together. Dost thou not think that Berthe's paleness may rather be caused by the change that has come into her life? *Ciel!* It must be a great change to be shut up in a small close room in the Rue de la Boucherie, after living in her father's cottage at Villequier, where she could roam the park all day."

"Yes, yes, thou art always wise, my Henriette; but *hâtons le pas* or I may lose the boat;" and the squat old figure rolls on towards the river as if the soles of her stout black shoes were round.

The Rue de la Boucherie is certainly not a healthy street, its back windows overlook the small fetid river, which in-

deed runs under the houses, but the room which Tonine and her daughter have rented ever since Matthieu died is neither small nor close; on the contrary, it is spacious, and has two large pointed windows, with stone seats in the deep recesses.

Matthieu died suddenly in a fit, and his sudden death spared him the consciousness of the ruin of his employers; for the Châtelain de Villequier and his family are scattered in a foreign land now, and their long-possessed home is let to strangers.

Berthe has never recovered from the shock of François Garaye's disappearance and the long illness that followed; but her father's death roused her. She planned the removal to Caudebec with all her former energy, and as long as there was anything to do she seemed to have rallied from the blight which had withered up her youth.

But this excitement soon passed away, the girl became again pale and lifeless looking, and the scared glance, which had so terrified her mother at the cottage, showed at times on Berthe's thin face.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," the old woman murmured. "Berthe pines, shut up here in Caudebec, but I have not half the pains and aches I suffered in the cottage. I am surely growing younger. Monsieur Jacob says so, and he is a wise man."

Monsieur Jacob is a constant visitor in the room *au quatrième*, Rue de la Boucherie. Berthe always takes her work into one of the arched windows when he comes, and sits sewing on the stone seat there till his visit is over; and yet, although he rarely ventures to address her daughter, Tonine understands the object of the well-to-do gendarme's visits.

She is eager to encourage them. Little by little, fresh meat and white bread, now and then a chicken and a bottle of wine, come in an unexpected way, and eke out the frugal housekeeping of the mother and daughter.

At first Berthe rebels against these gifts, but her mother's infirmities and helplessness close her lips. Little by little, too, her own increasing weakness makes even needlework irksome. Berthe feels that she is drifting slowly into a destiny, the first thought of which stirred her whole nature to desperate resistance.

Her mother has wept and prayed and scolded and entreated for more than a year, and Jacob Leduc has persevered in

his silent unobtrusive suit, and now at last he is to be rewarded.

On this Sunday Monsieur Jacob has gone home with the mother and daughter, and has eaten with them for the first time; and now he stands, bowing over the hand of Berthe, firmly clasped in his own, for Berthe has just promised to be his wife as soon as the necessary arrangements are made.

Monsieur Jacob raises his head and smiles at his affianced; he is going to kiss her, and Tonine stands by, smiling too, to sanction the action.

She sees the smile die out of the broad heavy face, she sees the dark sallow skin change suddenly to a sickly white, and then the old woman's dull cunning eyes pass on swiftly to her daughter's face. She sees an awful, ghastly terror painted there; the blue eyes are widely dilated, and fixed on something which Tonine cannot see; for there is nothing, absolutely nothing, but space on the blank stone wall behind Jacob, and it cannot be Jacob himself who has called up the horror in her daughter's face.

"Is she mad?" the frightened woman asks herself. "Well, if she is, Monsieur Jacob must not find it out."

While Matthieu lived Tonine was looked upon almost as a helpless imbecile; but she has regained the full use of her limbs since she has lived in Caudebec, and her cunning has grown with her strength. Food and drink are the chief things of life to her, and Berthe is only an available means to procure these without labour or anxiety.

"No," she says again to herself, "Monsieur Jacob must not find out anything which could prevent the marriage. *Allons, monsieur,*" she says in a bantering tone, "as you are to have her altogether soon, you must leave Berthe to me this evening; you see she is not well."

Monsieur is glad to go; he wants to marry Berthe, but he is never at ease in her presence.

"It will be different after marriage," he says, as he goes down the broken staircase; "she will be mine altogether, then, and I shall break her of these moods. I wish I had never seen her!"—and he mutters an oath.

The staircase is certainly very dark and uneven, but the gendarme's face has a heavier scowl on it than this could cause, even when he comes out into the sunshine.

As soon as he departs, Tonine's anger bursts out.

"And is it not enough, then, foolish child, that thou hast flouted and chilled the man by thy haughty moods, but thou must glare as if thou sawest a ghost over Jacob's shoulder? If thou hadst now and then given him so much as a smile he had married thee a year ago."

Her voice falters as she ends, and she crouches into her low chair, set just within the projecting brick fireplace.

Berthe does not speak. She only keeps her eyes fixed on her mother, till Tonine can no longer bear their mute reproach. She begins to rock herself to and fro, and she flings her patched black apron over her head, that she may grumble with impunity.

"Pining and fretting away health and good looks for a *vaurien* — for Jacob says François was a *vaurien* — and then treating an honest man like a dog, and no one may say a word! *Sainte Vierge, c'est fâcheux!*"

All this time Berthe has been trying to speak. She dares not utter all that is in her breast; hard as the task has been, she has tried to disbelieve her own suspicions that François was not fairly dealt by. From infancy she has been accustomed to hear her mother's feeble impotent murmurs, and she has met them as her father met them, with gentle patience.

But though Tonine has been a helpless tyrant, till to-day her tyranny has manifested itself rather in feeble complaints than in severe reproaches.

The changed tone rouses Berthe from the stupor which has been creeping over her day by day since she has lived in Caudebec — rouses her to a sudden and complete awakening.

It is not on the crouching woman in the chair, with her apron over her head, that Berthe gazes so intently: it is on the gleam of light which has fallen on her mother's conduct.

Till now, Berthe has neither thought nor reasoned about Monsieur Jacob and his visits. At first she tried, in a spirit of dumb resistance, to be absent when he came; but she soon yielded to his vigilance, and then, as her health failed, and all resources seemed closed to her, she felt with a sort of half-conscious sullen despair what the end must be. Now, in one startled minute of enlightenment, she sees it all. Her mother has from the first meant her to marry Jacob, although she well knew how Berthe had shrunk from the big gendarme, even at the cottage at Villequier. Something beyond there is, which Berthe strives to see in the flood

of light that thus suddenly brings her back to her former mental energy, and she seeks to follow the clue; but as she seeks she feels the black veil falling over her again, and striving hard to keep her newly-gained light, she breaks suddenly into words:

"Hush, my mother! for the love of God do not make my burden heavier. I have promised to marry Jacob Leduc — is not that enough? I have made no promise to love him, and if he is content thou must be so too."

The tone of her daughter's voice startles Tonine: she pulls down her apron, and looks at her hurriedly. Berthe has flushed; her eyes are bright, and her lips too look full of life; for an instant she is almost the Berthe Duval of two years ago. At this sight all that there is of motherly feeling stirs in the old woman. Tonine struggles up to her feet, and hobbles over the tiled floor to her daughter.

"My Berthe," she says, "don't be angry with thy mother; she is old and foolish, but all she does is for love of thee; only tell her just this, Berthe; tell her why thou hast looked so strangely at Jacob, and why that wild look comes to thy face at — at —"

She fixes her cunning little eyes on the soft, sweet blue eyes of her daughter, and then stands with her mouth wide open, stupefied, at the rapid change; for Berthe's colour fades as fast as snow melts before the fire; the light dies out of her eyes, and she grows a ghastly white.

"Do not ask me," she says. "I cannot help my looks. Do not notice them, my mother."

She leads Tonine carefully back to her chair, and then she goes up the creaky staircase to the *grenier*. It is a large low room, open to the roof, but it has been unlet for years, and Berthe has the privilege of retiring here when she wants to be alone with her thoughts. She only goes up there in daylight; the one window gives scanty light to the far-off corners, whence the shadows seem hardly to be driven away by the noon-day sun; there is a weird atmosphere in the gaunt, deserted place, and though this chimes in with Berthe's sense of lonely sorrow, still she shudders and trembles if she stays up there a minute after dark.

There is no furniture in the *grenier*, and Berthe seats herself on the floor, near the window, and hides her face in her thin hands.

"Oh, my François! my beloved!" she says, "forgive me this wrong I am going to do to thee. They say thou wert unfaithful to me; I do not think so; but if thou wert, what then? I never was worthy of thee, and how can I murmur, if thou hast seen me as I see myself? But thou lovedst me so once, my well-beloved! that I can never let thee out of the shrine my heart has made for thee! Do not fear, my François, that this marriage will obscure thine image in my heart—it will not be for long. May God forgive me, if this is sin; I but consent to this marriage, to be free of these ceaseless importunities of my mother; and, my François, I know it is not for long. I am coming, beloved. This marriage will but hasten our reunion, for thou awaitest me—I know it—I feel it—ah!——"

She stops with a sob of shuddering terror, and looks round with wild scared eyes; but there is nothing in the vast blank space, only the sound of mice in the wall close by tells what has startled her.

"It is necessary, I believe, for my mother's comfort," she goes on listlessly, "and I will try to like Jacoba a little—and not to tremble so when he looks at me. But oh, why is it?—why do I always see my François when I see him?"

Again the terrible look whitens her face. She glances round at the fast-darkening corners of the *grenier*, and runs to the staircase in an agony of terror.

IV.

THERE are Seine pilots dwelling at Villequier, on the quay at the foot of the steep hill which leads up to the Château perched atop of the lofty *côte*. The little boat brings passengers from the steamer which plies three times a week between Le Havre and Rouen, and it has just landed its one passenger, a tall, bony, dark-eyed woman, who might well sit for the portrait of Meg Merrilies.

The sailors gather round her; they have been idle all day, and her face promises pastime.

"*Bon jour, ma mère*," says Jules Sergeant, the biggest and burliest of the pilots, "you are a stranger; you are welcome. What may your business be in Villequier? Command us, we are in authority here."

A shout of laughter from the rest shows her that he is in jest. She mutters a rough word, and pushes by him till she

is free of the circle, then she turns round with a scoff on her keen, dark face.

"*Lazy vauriens!*"—her face softens into a smile—"I have a sailor son, only he does not spend his leisure in teasing other men's mothers. He is good and kind, is my Auguste, and it is for him I am come to pray at Barre-y-va, that his voyage may be prosperous."

All the men take off their caps and look grave.

"*Pardon, ma mère*," says Jules Sergeant, "just now we are idle fellows, as you say; but we are going to drink the health of a bride and bridegroom to-day, and the prospect makes us merry. We will drink to your son's safe return too, if you will tell us who he is."

"His name will not tell you much"—a glow of pride passes across the wrinkled gipsy face—"he is called Auguste Durand. I cannot tell you where he is; he has been gone two years; but I have had news of him, and in his letters he asks me to go to Barre-y-va."

"I will go along with you, my mother," says Jules. "The chapel is a good step on the road. It is nearer to Caudebec than it is to Villequier."

Jules rolls out of the group and advances towards the mother of Auguste. The sleeves of his dark knitted jersey are rolled up to his elbows and his glazed hat is set at the back of his head; but the smile fades out of his broad face, and he hesitates; the old woman's brows are gathering into a frown while she stands scanning his face.

"What is amiss now, my mother? No offence is meant, so none should be taken. I do not seek to force my company on thee. My mates and I must all find our way to the chapel presently, to meet the bridal procession."

The old woman shudders.

"I know my ways," she says, "and I am not angry with you either, my lad. I was looking to be sure I had not seen your face before; but no, it was another. Did you say a bridal procession to the chapel? Tell me"—she looks away from Jules to his companions—"has there been no one missing here this time two years? Was there not a hue-and-cry after a lost man?"

"Two years!"—a black-eyed youth laughs merrily at her. "Why there's not a man among us has been here two years. Some of us come from Quillebœuf and some from Le Havre. I come myself from Honfleur; we know nought of what happened here two years ago; but *ma*

mère, if you want to hear the gossip of Villequier you must step into the *Hôtel de la Marine*. Madame Manget will give it to you — well spiced."

The woman again knit her black eyebrows fiercely.

"Gossip! Do I look like a gossip, imbecile? I could tell of that which it is too terrible to gossip about."

She gives an indignant wave of her lean brown hand, and turns her back on the sailors.

The dark-eyed youth laughs loudly, but Jules puts his hand on his shoulder.

"*Chut!* Victor. She is mad, or she may be a witch, and in an instant she may cast an evil eye over her shoulder."

"Witch! — *bêtise*. Laurent Tournier, the only white-haired man among them smiles at the awe in Jules' face. "But two years ago — did she say two years ago — a man missing? Ah! I remember," he repeats slowly. "Was it two years or three years ago that the young gendarme ran away from old Matthieu's pretty daughter?"

"*Tiens!* A pretty girl forsaken. What is the story, Laurent?" Jules speaks first, but two or three others join in entreaty.

Laurent shakes his head and walks out of the group.

"No; to-day is not the day to recall all that sorrow," he says gravely. "Poor Berthe! I never thought to have seen her wedding-day with another."

The tall woman goes on along the white osier-bordered road.

"A wedding-party at Barre-y-va?" she says, and then a look of horror passes over her face. "I thought when I left the place I could never come back to it; but for my Auguste's letter I had never come. Well, it may be that this bridal procession will wipe out the remembrance. *Ah! mon Dieu!* that was a night!" — she shudders and draws the back of one brown hand across her eyes.

The road has begun to mount; it has widened too, and the sun pours down scorching rays on the dusty, stony ground. After a mile or so the woman's steps flag; she no longer holds her head so erect; at last, with almost a groan of fatigue, she makes her way out of the beaten path to a stile set in the hedge that borders the foot of the steep *côte*, and sits down to rest. A gurgling sound makes her look about. Close by her feet is a cluster of broad primrose leaves, starting out from among a fringe of ferns, and beyond this, issuing from the mossy bank beneath the

hedge, a fountain trickles like a thread of sparkling silver in the sunshine. She gets off the stile, stoops to wash her face in the clear water, and then hollows the palm of her left hand and drinks thirstily out of it.

"I must make haste to Barre-y-va," she says, more cheerfully. "It is not very far on to Caudebec, and I shall perhaps find a waggon there going to Yvetôt or Beuzeville."

She goes on with a quicker step along the road beside the river to offer up prayers for her Auguste at the little chapel. Two years ago, when the young sailor started on his voyage, she had made this pilgrimage. Since then all had prospered with him, and now that his ship, instead of returning home, is to remain afloat another year, the pious young fellow has written to entreat his mother to take the weary journey once again for his sake, and to make an offering to Notre Dame de Barre-y-va. Last time the *Mère Durand* fell ill on her way home, and stayed some time at Beuzeville before she could return to Le Havre; but then perhaps it was not to be wondered at, for she had started from Le Havre on one of the late evenings of the little steamer, and it had not landed her at Villequier till past eight o'clock in the midst of pouring rain. She had spent the night in the road, and had been picked up next morning, in a drenched semi-conscious state, by the driver of a waggon returning to Beuzeville. It was really not wonderful that la *Mère Durand* should have had a fever after this; still, the very few acquaintances she possessed at Le Havre said it was strange that la *Mère Durand* should have grown so stern and silent since her journey to Barre-y-va. Something must surely have happened there.

There is a great contrast between the pilgrims bound for Barre-y-va on this sunny afternoon. Monsieur and Madame Haulard head the procession when it leaves the church; the bridegroom is from the south, and he has no relative to stand by him in Caudebec, so he has asked the tailor to give him countenance. Next to this portly pair come Alphonse Poireau, the clock-maker, and his sister Louise; old Pierre Lebrun, a half-witted brother of Tonine, is the only relative of the bride, for Berthe entreated her mother not to write to any of her father's relatives — they live in Paris, and they are rich, and have shown no sympathy in the troubles which have befallen the Duvals in these two sad years.

After Pierre come two gendarmes, sleepy-eyed fellows, who look suitable guardians of order for the peaceful, leisurely town of Caudebec. Then come about seven or eight girls and young women, for whom Berthe has no special friendship; but they love Berthe for her sweet face and for the patience with which she has borne her sorrow.

The procession goes to the house of Monsieur Haulard to breakfast, and it is afternoon before it sets out again towards the little chapel. No one knows whence the custom of going there came. The chapel, as the name implies, was built to implore the Virgin's help against the fury of the terrible *barre* of the Seine, which loses its force just above Caudebec; but whether the bridegroom is or is not a sailor, from time out of the memory of any living inhabitant, every newly-married pair goes on foot from Caudebec to the chapel, and offers up prayers for a blessing on their union. The procession walks in the same order as before. There is no bridal finery displayed in it till you reach the bride; her friends all wear their Sunday garments, and look trim and fresh as for a *fête* day; but the dresses are chiefly dark-coloured.

Berthe looks pale and delicate but very charming to-day. She has on a long white muslin gown, which trails on the ground behind, a wreath of white roses on her head, and over this a large white muslin veil. She has a bouquet of white flowers in one hand, and a pocket-handkerchief trimmed with lace in the other. These are Jacob's gifts, selected by Madame Haulard.

Jacob walks a little in front of the bride and her mother, swinging Berthe's parasol in his hand. He looks very pale and grave, paler even than he did during the marriage ceremony, certainly not a joyful bridegroom:

"I did not think Berthe would have looked so well," madame whispers to her husband, as soon as they are clear of the town and fairly on the Villequier road. "She must really have been nice-looking before her illness."

"Nice-looking! dost thou say? She was the prettiest girl to be seen for miles; and as for figure!" — here Monsieur Haulard sees a projection of his wife's lower lip, and he stops. Since marriage experience has added much to the tailor's natural sagacity; but he occasionally forgets prudence when he speaks of female beauty.

"Pretty!" — madame shrugs her broad

shoulders till her handsome shawl nearly touches her ears. "Thou art so easy to please, my friend; put a head on a mopstick, and dress it up, and for thee there is a fine-figured woman! Well, dress does something for most of us. I laughed when Jacob Leduc asked me to buy black silk, and get it made into a gown for Tonine; but the poor old woman looks quite respectable in it, and those white satin bows that Eugénie trimmed her cap with are really becoming."

Monsieur Haulard looks displeased.

"It is well, my wife," he says, "in the midst of prosperity, to remember the ups and downs of fortune. There was a time when Tonine Duval always had a silk gown to her back, though, may be, she seldom wore it."

But madame never allows her husband the last word; she shrugs her shoulders a little higher. "Ah, perhaps so, my friend; and it might have been better for Tonine and Berthe now if that poor Mathieu had been more thrifty."

Here Madame Haulard finds the sun so scorching that, although she wears a bonnet, she is glad to ask her husband to shade her with his huge blue umbrella.

"Courage, my friend!" He stands still a minute, his white trowsered bolster legs wide apart, takes off his grey felt hat and wipes his bald broad forehead. "Truly the heat is oppressive; but we are almost arrived, and there is shade just round the chapel."

Berthe walks on silently. The sun beats fiercely on her head, but she will not ask for her parasol. She cannot force herself to speak to Jacob; he keeps a little in front, and never once looks over his shoulder, even when he answers the questions of his mother-in-law; for Tonine is in a very gay and garrulous mood; she has accomplished her purpose, and she feels satisfied with herself and all the world besides. Her child looks well, and has received some useful presents; and the breakfast provided by Madame Haulard was excellent. Tonine has drunk more wine than she ever drank in her life. She is in far too merry a mood to notice the silence of the bride or the ghastly pallor of the bridegroom, for as they now come in sight of the turn in the road where the chapel stands Jacob's face has grown awful to behold; his lips have lost all colour, and he continually wipes his clammy forehead with his handkerchief.

Just then comes a sound borne along from Villequier, and Jacob starts vio-

lently and looks round. No one notices him except Berthe; for the wailing sound becomes distinct in another instant, and the procession greet it with a merry laugh.

It is the group of sailors from Villequier, and Jules is playing "Marlbrook" on an accordion very much out of tune.

The sailors halt at the turning which leads to the chapel, and the procession also halts; it is customary for the bride and bridegroom to pass on together and kneel side by side on the bench in front of the shrine. Also it is customary for the newly-married pair to advance hand-in-hand and to kneel down together an instant as they pass the Calvary which is just outside the chapel.

But Jacob either does not know or intends to set aside these customs. He stands back that Berthe may pass in, and he waits while she kneels at the Calvary, then he follows her slowly and unwillingly to the little shrine at right angles with the high road, but completely hidden from it by a massive group of trees; the ground is level for some little way to the left of the shrine, and then, instead of the steeply-sloping bank, which they have been skirting on their way from Caudebec, there is a precipitous descent to the river. The water is very deep here, so deep that when the *barre* is expected to be at its worst the Caudebec boats go quickly down to Barre-y-va, and lie snugly in the creek made by the projecting point till the furious wave has passed by. The fishermen say there are holes here of fearful depth. The procession stands waiting; they will all go up to the shrine to offer their prayers by-and-by, but they give precedence to Jacob and Berthe.

Suddenly a loud shriek bursts through the thick trees, and at once Monsieur Haulard and Jules Sergent spring forward to the chapel. Alphonse Poireau hangs back, but the women and the two gendarmes press on eagerly, for the silence that follows the shriek has been broken by fierce, shrill words that increase each moment in vehemence.

When Madame Haulard arrives in front of the chapel she sees this:

A tall dark woman stands pointing and frowning fiercely at Jacob Leduc; Berthe has flushed cheeks and wild excited eyes, and Monsieur Haulard and the sailor look full of horror.

"Are you men, either of you?" the dark-eyed woman asks, in her fierce, high-pitched voice. "Do you not hear

what I say? Listen then, you others" — she turns to the new-comers and points to the shrinking figure of the stout gendarme. "Two years ago I came to Barre-y-va to pray for a prosperous voyage for my son Auguste Durand. I came by the latest tide; if I had waited a day the boat would have started in the early morning, but I was impatient, and I left Havre in the afternoon. It was a rainy evening and the light went early; it was growing dark by the time I reached Villequier. I was told I had better sleep there, and make my pilgrimage in the morning; but I was restless, I could not sleep; I asked my way and went on in the dark till I reached this place. I saw the light of the lamp through the trees, and thought I would stay on through the night beside the chapel, in prayer for my Auguste, and not go on to Caudebec till the morning, for I believed I was much farther off than I really was. I went in and knelt down there" — she points her long brown hand to the bench in front of the grating — "and after a bit I think I fell asleep. Suddenly I hear a crashing rumbling sound and a loud cry; the crashing goes on and on, and I hold my breath in terror. Then comes a heavy fall. I listen, but there is only silence. I say to myself, 'Some one has fallen down the steep cliff and has perhaps stunned himself. I must give what help I can.' In an instant, before I can move, I hear a stealthy, cautious sound, nearer to me than the fall was; it is as if some one pushes through the bushes on the other side of the road. I wait — something in this sound frightens me more than the other —"

Jacob rouses himself abruptly. "What is this folly? Are we men?" he utters an oath, and he looks specially at the two gendarmes, as if he had a right to their support. "Why do we listen to a mad-woman? No sane woman would think of sleeping outside the chapel all night in the rain, and because this old witch did this, and because she had a bad dream, she is to fly at me like a wild-cat with impunity!" He tries to stand erect; but he almost reels while he speaks, and stammers out the next words: "Come, Berthe, come then; we have wasted time enough here. If our friends like to amuse themselves with this fury they can do it; but if she follows me to Caudebec she will be locked up."

No one heeds him, all the staring faces

are full of horror and expectation. Berthe moves closer to Monsieur Haulard, her eyes are full of menace. Madame Durand breaks in on Jacob's speech at the first pause:

"Mad! *mon Dieu!* I have thought all this time that it might be a bad dream, or that the fever had made me mad. I have thought this, but I am not a witch or a fury. No, brigand; I was not mad when I saw you — yes *you* — come slowly past me, dragging *something* after you, something which sounded heavy before you came in sight. Ah, *mon Dieu!* Well for me if I had never stirred — never looked that night! I should have spared myself many a night of horror since. He" — she turns from Jacob to Monsieur Haulard — "left his burden and went forward to the edge of the steep bank yonder, and then I — I could not help it — I bent forward and I saw what it was he had dragged so slowly — it was the body of a man, and it lay just there — there where you stand. I hid myself out of sight before the murderer came back, and then I heard again the heavy dragging over the ground" — there is a movement among the listeners — "and then the sullen splash below. I tried to cry out, but I could not. I could not even move. When at last I roused myself, dawn had broken; I looked through the trees, and there on the ground was the cap of a gendarme, with a sprig of myrtle fastened into the band —"

"What became of that cap?" says Haulard, sternly; "you should have come on at once to Caudebec with that, and have made your deposition."

The woman looks at him grimly. "Monsieur, we cannot always do all we should do. For me, that day I had but strength enough to crawl back to the road, and there a kind waggoner picked me up and took me on to Beuzeville; there I had fever on the brain, and I was scarcely sure till to-day if what I had seen was real or a bad dream. But to-day, when I saw his face, I knew all was true." She points at Jacob; but no one looks at him, they are too much excited in listening to her. "For the cap, I know nothing — I left it where it lay. No doubt he took care it should never be seen —"

She stops with a sudden awe on her face.

Berthe has come forward and stands facing Jacob — so pale, so calm, so stern, that excitement dies out of the group;

the stillness is so profound that the girl's voice strikes a chill into her listeners:

"My friends, she speaks the truth — this man, Jacob Leduc, is a murderer; he murdered my François. He told him the high path along the *côte* was safe, and not dangerous, as I had told him it was, and he was watching for him when he fell. I have felt that he knew something, whenever I looked at that man; and all this time — all this time" (she turns and looks sternly at the group behind her) "you have pronounced my François a faithless coward. This man is his murderer; here is the proof: that evening when — when François parted from me I fixed a sprig of myrtle in his cap."

An angry murmur rises round her, and Jules and another of the sailors take firm hold of Jacob.

He offers no resistance — he seems paralyzed with fear.

At Berthe's first words he has begun to tremble; the ghastly pallor has come back to his face, and now he shrinks from the blue eyes which fix so sternly on him.

"Take me away," he murmurs, "take me anywhere away from her."

Monsieur Haulard too shrinks away from Berthe; there is something awful and unnatural in the terrible calm that possesses her.

The sailors lead Jacob away to Caudebec, and there is an instance of silence. Then Monsieur Haulard looks at Berthe.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he says, and advances quickly to her. He is too late: Berthe totters, puts one hand to her heart, and falls at her mother's feet.

"Best so," the tailor says to his wife, when at last they reach their home in the Grande Place of Caudebec; "better that poor Berthe should pass away at once and be spared the end of this tragedy."

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SULLY: SOLDIER AND STATESMAN.

THE founder of the Bourbon dynasty in France is one of the few royal figures which, in an age of irreverence and revolution, have to a large extent maintained their ancient hold upon the national affections. It is indeed difficult for any thinking Frenchman to withhold the tribute of homage and gratitude due to the monarch, who, after a youth wonderfully preserved through a multitude of Quixotic

adventures and hairbreadth escapes, had to do battle in his manhood against the combined forces of the Leaguers and the Spaniards, and who, having overthrown them in a series of Homeric encounters, finally rescued his hereditary right from usurping factions, and his people from impending dissolution, thus bringing the distracted and disastrous sixteenth century to a glorious close. Moreover, the popular fibre of the French masses was vividly stirred by the memory of the patriot king who refused to storm his insurgent capital, and who checked the indiscriminate slaughter of the fugitives at Ivry by the famous word of command, "Quartier aux Français, main basse sur les étrangers." Henry of Navarre has thus become very deservedly the hero of a national legend, which asserted itself strongly during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and which was not entirely without force even in the worst days of the Jacobin dominion.

But however potent the posthumous charm cast by him over the minds of succeeding generations, it was surpassed tenfold by the personal fascination which he exercised, in his lifetime, over all who approached him, and which no French ruler, with the exception, perhaps, of the First Napoleon, ever possessed in the same degree. Thus it happened that, at the date when commenced his great struggle with the Lorraine party and the fanatics of the League, he had become the centre of a perfect Round Table of devoted adherents, comprising many of the most brilliant civil and military talents, and of the most noble characters produced by the age. The names of the "upright" Duplessis-Mornay, of the "incorruptible" Agrippa d'Aubigné, of the "iron-armed" La Noue, and of the "brave" Crillon, are familiar to all readers of French history; but the foremost place in the distinguished group must assuredly be given to the one who distanced all his comrades by his unchanging devotion to his royal master, by his immense services, and by his commanding influence over the whole policy of the reign.

What renders the life and acts of Sully exceptionally easy to sketch, is the circumstance that he has left behind him a series of long and diffuse memoirs, the compiling of which was one of the chief occupations that filled his last thirty years. He appears to have acquired at an early date the habit of keeping a minute written record of all that daily be-

fell him; and the mass of documents and manuscripts thus formed was placed by him in the hands of the four favourite secretaries who attended him in his chateau, after his retirement from public affairs. From their labours proceeded, perhaps, the only biographical work in existence whose hero is systematically mentioned, not in the first or third, but in the second person. "Monseigneur," says the preface, "your greatness having enjoined upon us four, whom you know sufficiently well, to revise and consider very minutely certain memoirs, which two of your former servants and I myself have first put together, and then largely amplified, etc., etc., in all of which matters we have acquitted ourselves to the best of our power, etc., etc.;" and this preamble is followed by a lengthy and very detailed narrative, which, though awkward in style and execution, and often obscure in meaning, is none the less of great value as a contemporary clue to the history of those times.

Maximilien de Béthune, afterwards Duc de Sully, and during the earlier part of his life commonly called Rosny, was born at the Norman chateau of that name, in the year 1559. His family were probably descended from one of those numerous Scotch soldiers of fortune, who were induced by the French alliance to quit their country, and to seek honours and preferments under the Valois kings, during the long defensive wars carried on by these latter against the Plantagenets. Sully's father, having embraced the Reformed doctrines, was careful to train up his son, whose promising gifts were manifest from childhood, as a true and loyal follower of the young Henry of Navarre, the chief of the Protestant interest in France. "I trust," he would say to him, "that you will one day be of some note. Prepare yourself, then, to bear with fortitude all the trials and difficulties which may overtake you in the world, so that by surmounting them manfully you may win the esteem of honourable men, and, above all, of the master to whom I desire to give you, and in whose service I command you to live and die."

This view of his life's vocation was strengthened in the boy's mind by the assurances of one of his preceptors, named La Brosse, who, being cunning in astrology, cast his pupil's horoscope, and declared that Henry of Navarre was destined, after a long series of labours and perils, to arrive ultimately at the French throne, and that young Rosny, who was

only by six years the prince's junior, would then share his high fortune, and become one of the first subjects of the realm.

These visions of the future, which history was afterwards to verify in so signal a manner, sank deep into the boyish mind to which they were unfolded; like the fatalism of the Third Napoleon, they served in the coming years to console both Rosny and his royal master at moments when the hopes of their cause seemed to be at the lowest ebb. In the month of August, 1589, when Henry III.'s untimely end became the signal for the piecemeal dispersion and disbandment of the army which was to have coped with the revolted Leaguers, Sully endeavoured to revive the spirits of the royalists by quoting the predictions of his old preceptor.

But, to return to the natural order of dates and events, we find, from the early chapters of the Memoirs, that the loyal-hearted father lost no time in formally knitting the bonds of the connection, on which the pedagogue and himself, each from his different point of view, were both equally bent.

In the year 1571 young Rosny was taken by his father to Vendôme, and there presented to the Queen, Jeanne d'Albret, and to her son, Prince Henry of Navarre. The boy repeated to the youth a neat little harangue, promising solemnly to do him faithful suit and service all the days of his life; and the scene, which appears to have left a happy impression on both sides, is thus chronicled in the Memoirs: "All this you swore to him" (write the secretaries) "in such handsome terms, with so much grace and assurance, and with a tone of voice so agreeable, that he at once conceived brilliant hopes of you; and having raised you up, for you were on your knees, he embraced you twice over, and told you that he admired the gracefulness of your manners, considering your age, which was but eleven years, and that you had tendered your service to him with such an easy readiness, and were of so good a race, that he doubted not of your making good your promise hereafter, like a true gentleman."

Not long after this incident, Sully's existence was crossed by the sinister date of St. Bartholomew. He was then residing at Paris, and it is evident that, young and little remarked as he was at that period, he had none the less to run the gauntlet of many very serious dangers.

On the evening of August 23rd, 1572, he had retired to bed in good time, intending to pay his respects to Henry of Navarre at an early hour on the following day. At three o'clock in the morning his sleep was disturbed by the peal of the tocsin, and by the uproar of the populace; his governor, a certain Sieur de St. Julien, and his valet went out to inquire what was the cause of the commotion, but they neither of them returned, nor was it ever ascertained what had become of them. The master of the house, though a Huguenot, resolved to seek safety in concession, and urged his guest to come with him to mass. This proposal was, however, declined by young Rosny, who, putting on his student's dress, and taking a prayer-book in his hand, left the house, piloted himself without disaster through the horrors of the night, and made his way to the College of Burgundy. Here the principal received him, and kept him concealed for some days, at the end of which time he received a letter from his father, whose discerning shrewdness had long forecast that the wedding of Marguerite de Valois with Henry of Navarre would be attended with some fearful tragedy, and who had rebuked the exulting confidence then felt by most of his party, with the ominous warning, "Si ces noces se font à Paris, les livrées en seront bien vermeilles." The writer directed his son to obey his young master in all respects, to conform his conduct to the prince's in every particular, to imitate his example, if need be, in going to mass, and in short to follow his fortunes to the death. Rosny set himself to carry out his father's injunctions from point to point; and, thanks to this loyal yet politic line of conduct, he appears to have traversed the season of crime and peril without being further molested. Throughout the shifting moods and humours of the court during the days that followed the massacre, he was careful to do his duty well and faithfully, without committing either his master or himself by any indiscreet excess of zeal. As often as Henry was treated with respect, and permitted to have his own servants around him, Rosny was always at his post; but on other days some new whim prevailed at the Louvre—harsh dealing became the order of the day, and orders were sent to confine the prince closely, and to separate him from all his personal attendants. On these occasions the astute young Norman kept himself quietly at home, and gave himself up to

that taste for severe studies, which his character had displayed from his infancy, and which was to contribute so largely towards bringing about the high fortunes of his after career. "But in whatever condition you were," say the secretaries, "you always found time to continue your studies, above all, those of history and of mathematics, which occupations revealed your inclinations for virtue."

The sixth chapter of the Memoirs possesses an exceptional interest, partly on account of the subject matter which it treats, but above all, because it is one of the few passages in the work which proceed directly from the chief actor's own pen. The secretaries announce at its commencement that they are here merely transcribing textually the record written by their master, and their statement is fully borne out by the visible change of manner which may be remarked in the following pages. Instead of the tedious, long-winded, and diffusely fulsome vein of narrative, which has hitherto prevailed, we now come upon writing of a widely different order — concise, graphic, pointed, and such, in short, as to give a very fair idea of what Sully's own style would have been had he taken up the pen more frequently. He has succeeded in presenting vividly the remorse that overtook Charles IX. after St. Bartholomew, the resistance which his murderous injunctions encountered from a few generous commandants and governors, and also the unlooked-for energy and elasticity shown by the party whose total prostration had been counted upon by the authors of the crime. We are made to contemplate the appalling anguish of the assassin king's deathbed, the abrupt arrival of the successor from Poland, the hopes of a wiser and more tolerant policy excited by his first expressions on his return, and then the helpless falling away from these good intentions, which was speedily wrought by the sinister influence of the court and the queen-mother. We are also struck with the universal scorn and discredit which the new king rapidly incurred on all sides, in consequence of his pitiful and unmanly bearing, and it is, indeed, certain that this reign furnished an alarming foretaste of those subversive passions and sentiments, under which the French monarchy was destined to succumb two centuries later.

After four years of more or less distinguished captivity in the Louvre, Henry of Navarre found means to baffle the vigilance of his detainers and break

prison. Sully accompanied his flight; the two safely reached Henry's dominions, and there the young acolyte busily set himself to learn the art of war under his master's eye. He first placed himself in the infantry as a simple private soldier, and on his friends demurring to this step as scarcely becoming for a young man of family, he sturdily rejoined that he was resolved to learn the rudiments of his calling from the very beginning. After a period of service in the ranks, he became ensign in the company of a certain M. de Lavardin, but he, shortly afterwards, made over this post to one of his cousins, with the determination to live upon his pay in the thriftiest possible fashion, and so to save up the sums derived from his private income. As he quickly became one of the most dashing and enterprising soldiers in Henry's army, he was able to supplement these economies with his share in the profits and perquisites arising from the warfare of those days, and in no long time he had amassed a little capital, which permitted him to serve the king as a gentleman-at-arms, having his own train of followers and attendants. All this while he did not forget to join theory to practice, actively directing his bookwork studies to military matters, and using so much diligence and attention, that after a few years' time, besides being one of the most brilliant personal combatants on the field of battle, he had acquired a rare mastery over all the technical branches of his profession, and was especially expert in all matters of fortifications, defences, and siege works. In the year 1589, one of the quarters of Tours was committed to his keeping at a difficult moment, and at the end of the first night he had thrown up entrenchments of such strength as completely to baffle the project of surprise entertained by the Leaguers, and this signal service procured for him the public thanks of Henry III., who had then made common cause with the Protestant party.

These habits of methodic study embraced every possible concern and detail of his life, even to the smallest matters of social observance. In 1576, during the brief moments of respite left by the harrassing religious war, he would set himself to learn the graces of the courtier's vocation with exactly the same application which he gave to the acquirement of the most abstruse knowledge. In 1576 he studied his first ballet under the direction of Henry's sister,

Madame Catherine, who was graciously pleased to teach him the steps herself. "And indeed, you did actually dance it, a week later, in the king's presence," wrote the dutiful historians we have already quoted. Nor must it be supposed that this courtly education was at all lost upon the painstaking pupil; notwithstanding the rigorous tenets professed by the Calvinists militant of that age, it could hardly be expected that the temperament of a circle presided over by Henry of Navarre should be excessively austere, and Rosny, at this period of his life, was a man of pleasure like the others.

There would appear to have been moments in the earlier part of Sully's career, when his constancy to his master was put to severe trials. His not very enduring humour, often stung by Henry's hasty bursts of anger, provoked him more than once to sore mutiny and discontent; and on one occasion he even seized the opportunity of a truce to attach himself for a time to the French king's younger brother, the Duc d'Alençon, whom he accompanied into Flanders. In the prince's train he fell in with some members of a cognate branch of the Bethune family, who had remained Catholics, and were high in court favour. Their promising kinsman naturally became an object of attention and interest; and it seemed for an instant as if young Rosny might be induced to change his party and his religion. However, he was recalled to the post of duty by an urgent letter from his master, who embraced him cordially on his return, and admonished him as follows:—"My friend, bear in mind that the chief part of a man of honour and courage is to show himself inviolable in his word and in his good faith; and that I will never be found wanting to my own." And he directed him to go to Paris, and there to make use of his court connections on behalf of the Huguenot cause; to appear, if need be, not indisposed to embrace the king's personal party and the Catholic religion, and by this means to penetrate, as far as possible, the enemies' views and designs. To Paris then he went, doubtless intending to carry out these injunctions with the utmost diligence; but this improvised diplomatist of twenty-three had not yet had time to acquire that earnestness of character and purpose which public life and experience were hereafter to develop in the severely sedate statesman of later years and of popular tradi-

tion. The social enjoyments of the gay and polished circle, of which he now became an intimate, could not fail to have irresistible attractions for the novice Lotherio from the little Navarre court; and the tumult of giddy excitement with which he was now beset appears to have somewhat distracted his attention from the grave interests committed to his vigilance. Soon, however, his nature, far superior to that of the reckless pleasure-seekers who surrounded him, began to feel the need of some serious attachment, and he determined on marriage. For a time he fluttered undecided between two young beauties: the one a daughter of the President de Saint Mesmin, who appears to have drawn round her a numerous group of admirers, by a rare gift of that social wit and liveliness so often possessed by Frenchwomen; the other, a certain Mdlle. Anne de Bontin, a lady of less dazzling attractions, yet graceful and comely in her person, and of very distinguished lineage, being a daughter of the house of Courtenay, and therefore a direct descendant of the blood-royal of France. On one occasion he found himself in a most perplexing dilemma; having alighted during a journey, at the town of Nogent sur Seine, he found that the two ladies of his thoughts had preceded him thither, and that an odd chance had brought them both to the same hostelry as himself. As he was debating in his mind to which of the two rivals he should first pay his respects, he was accosted by a young sister of Mdlle. de Mesmin: "How is this, sir?" said the astute child, "we are told that you have been a full half-hour under the same roof as ourselves, and you have not yet been to visit my sister. She will have something to say to you, for she has heard that you have another lady-love. He was about to yield to the arch ambassadress, when a friend of good counsel stopped him short, whispering into his ear, "Turn your heart rather to the right-hand side; you will find there good substance, a royal extraction, and fully as much beauty-as in the other, as soon as the age of perfection shall have come." Sully thereupon declared finally for the more modest attractiveness of Mdlle. de Bontin, whom he married in the course of this same year, 1583: and this happy event has excited the respectful ecstasies of the four secretaries. "Her affection and gracefulness kept you all the year, 1584, in your new household, where you began to show, as you had already

done in all your life, a marvellous economy, order, and thriftiness in the management of your house; taking the trouble to see and know everything which concerned the incoming and the outgoing of your substance — writing down every item, without leaving any part of the task to your servants; while every one was amazed that, without any gifts from your master, and without contracting debts, you should have been able to maintain so many gentlemen in your suite, and such distinguished persons as were the Sieurs de Choisy, Morelly, Tilly, etc.” And the trusty chroniclers do not forget to explain the secret of this timely abundance; their master, an excellent judge of horses, used to purchase large numbers of them in Picardy, in Flanders, and even in Germany, buying them up at cheap rates, and selling them again to great advantage in the South of France.

Sully was twice married; his second wife has been ill-spoken of, but this first bride was all charm and goodness, and her soft, dainty, and infantine prettiness, as depicted by an engraving in the Cabinet d'Estampes, appears thoroughly to have won her husband's heart and affection. In the year 1586, during the prevalence of a destructive malady, which was ravaging the Rosny neighbourhood, he came to visit and tranquillize her, when he found that she had fled from his own château, and taken refuge in that of an aunt, with two or three servants, and there he joined her, attended only by a secretary, and passed a month in her exclusive company; for all shunned their dwelling as a house of pestilence. “And nevertheless,” write the secretaries, “as we have often heard you say since, you never enjoyed a pleasanter or less irksome existence than this solitude; where you passed your time tracing plans of houses and maps of the country, making extracts from books, digging, planting, and grafting in a garden hard by, setting snares in the park, bringing down with your gun multitudes of birds, hares, and rabbits which abounded in that place, plucking your salads, your soup vegetables, and your mushrooms, which you dressed with your own hands, attending personally to your kitchen for want of cooks, playing cards, chess, and draughts, and devoting yourself to your young wife, who was very lovely, and had one of the most charming minds that it was possible to see.”

This sketch is a pleasing and refreshing one; it reminds the reader, to some

extent, of the description drawn by Rousseau of his peaceful sojourn at the Charmettes, ere yet the cares, troubles, and sorrows of his later manhood had begun to assail him; and there can be no doubt that the golden age of Sully's long existence was his time of wedded life with this delightful companion, whom, however, he had the misfortune to lose in 1589, after five years of marriage.

Sully found in this fortunate marriage a two-fold advantage: besides assuring his personal happiness, it likewise served to withdraw him from that Paris existence of dissipation and pleasure-seeking into which he had drifted for a time, and which, if persisted in, might have undermined his energy and talents, and perhaps compromised his whole after career. We now find him as busy as ever in his master's behalf. The moment the sword was drawn again in 1585, he lost not a day in quitting his court surroundings, and returning to his place in the Protestant ranks. After bearing himself well and manfully in several minor encounters, he had the honour of contributing largely to the signal victory won by Henry of Navarre over the royal army at Coutras in 1587. Although the fortunate issue of this battle may be mainly ascribed to the brilliant dash and leadership of the chief himself, yet no slight share of the day's glory should also be rendered to Sully, who most ably seconded his master's efforts by his skilful and effective handling of the three pieces of cannon belonging to the Huguenot army. His good services on this occasion have found an august historian in the late Emperor Napoleon III., who has devoted to this encounter several pages of his treatise on artillery.

This was the first very decisive victory achieved by Henry of Navarre; it served to reveal him thoroughly to himself, and to make him contemplate, with serious and statesmanlike earnestness, the chances which the future might reserve for him, whereas he had hitherto lived and done battle in the spirit of a brilliant Paladin, little heeding aught beyond the thrilling excitement of the fray, and the welcome exercise given by it to his headlong personal courage. As it was, the fruits of the exploit were to a great extent frittered away by the dissensions and rivalries of the Protestant princes, aided by the untimely absence of Henry himself, who had hurried off the moment the field was won, to lay the trophies of the day at the feet of the Comtesse de Guiche, the

lady paramount of his thoughts for the time being. So the advantage was not followed up; the Huguenot army helplessly disbanded itself, and a few weeks later the blow by which Guise crushed Henry's German auxiliaries at Meung, came to balance the moral effect of the Coutras feat of arms.

But fortune had now fairly taken the daring prince by the hand, and, the year following this neglected victory, opened a fresh chapter of happy chances in his favour. The events of the last few years had resolved France, so to speak, into a political triangle of forces, each side representing one of the factions which had fashioned themselves from out the chaos of the religious feuds. Of these three parties, the extreme Catholics or Leaguers, headed by the chiefs of the Lorraine family, had hitherto coalesced in the civil war with the Politiques or moderate Catholics, who, while not averse to a system of tolerance and liberty in religious matters, were, above all, desirous of upholding the national unity and the royal authority. Thus the Huguenot interest, which, numerically speaking, was weaker than either of the others, had hitherto been compelled to cope with both combined; but now the impatient violence of the Leaguer ringleaders promised to bring about an important change in the balance of parties. Relying on the strength of the subversive passions which they had succeeded in exciting throughout the kingdom, on their ascendant over the urban masses in the large towns, and also on the powerful succour they were authorized to expect from the king of Spain, the Lorraine chiefs resolved to force on the crisis, to break with the moderate party, and to temporize no further with the shuffling possessor of the French crown. Their influence had long been secretly at work amidst the populace of the capital; they now sprung a mine upon Henry III.; the Day of the Barricades showed him that he was no longer safe in his Louvre, and he quitted Paris, hoping to find a point of support for his tottering throne in the States-General convoked at Blois. However, finding this body thoroughly devoted to the League, and unable to endure the affronts and menaces of which he was daily the object, he had recourse to a terrible and desperate crime, and in December, 1588, the two Guise princes fell by the assassin's hand in the Chateau of Blois. But this deed no more answered the purposes of its

authors than the bloodshed of St. Bartholomew had done. From all points of the kingdom there came a cry for vengeance upon the guilty monarch; Paris, Nantes, and all Brittany rose in armed revolt, and declared with one voice for the Lorraine cause and the Catholic religion; and the Hydra of the League, which the king had thought to crush by striking at its heads, recoiled upon him more angry and threatening than ever. Henry of Navarre quickly saw the opportunity, and despatched Sully to his cousin of France, to propose a treaty. The last scruples and difficulties were speedily laid at rest by the envoy's arguments, and though an untimely attack of illness prevented his having the honour of putting the finishing stroke to what he had so well begun, yet the negotiation was continued by other hands, an offensive and defensive alliance was finally entered into, and in April, 1589, the two kings joined their forces at Plessis les Tours. This union, on which the chiefs of the League had apparently not counted, seemed at first to disconcert them completely; if their efforts, combined with those of Henry III., had effected nothing against the Béarnese, how would it be when the king of France was in the same camp with the victor of Coutras? Accordingly the new allies marched upon Paris almost without resistance, and laid siege to the revolted city with an army of nearly forty thousand men.

The place was not provisioned for a long blockade, and its early surrender was already counted upon, when the Leaguers, in despair, retorted upon Henry III. his own method of attack. On the 1st of August, 1589, the dagger of Jacques Clement gave a mortal blow to the last of the Valois, who, having recognized his cousin of Navarre as his successor, and exhorted him to embrace the Catholic faith, died of his wound a few hours later. Slight as had been his personal value to his allies either on the field or in the Council, yet his untimely end was a severe blow to them, as many of the Catholic nobles of the blockading army refused to serve under a heretic king, and quitted the camp with their followers. Henry IV., finding himself too much weakened to remain before Paris, raised the siege, and retired through Normandy towards the seaport of Dieppe, one of the few towns which had at once acknowledged him as king of France. He was closely followed by the Leaguer army

under Mayenne, and, sorely discouraged, felt for a moment disposed to take ship and sail for England.

Sully, however, dissuaded him with the well-known remonstrance, "*Qui quitte la partie, la perd.*" and, turning boldly upon his pursuers, Henry beat them off and routed them in the successful battle of Arques. This advantage he followed up a few months later by inflicting upon Mayenne a still more complete and disastrous overthrow at Ivry, after which the road to Paris lay again open to the conqueror.

Sully's share in this last exploit was noteworthy enough, and is minutely chronicled in the Memoirs. The eve of the day on which the armies met found him in garrison at Pacy sur l'Eure, distant about ten miles from the Protestant camp, but he was quickly summoned to the ranks by a special courier from Henry, who saw that a decisive engagement was imminent. At the first shock of the battle he was overthrown with his horse, both wounded; in the second charge he had a fresh horse killed under him, and was again wounded. He fell to the ground, his thigh pierced with a lance-thrust, his flank bruised with a pistol-shot, and his head and hand bleeding with sword-cuts. When he rose to his feet, after some minutes of unconsciousness, he found himself deserted by all his attendants, alone on the field of battle, and not knowing what to do, or whither to turn. A cavalry soldier of the opposite side came up to cut him down with his sword, but he found shelter under a pear-tree, the branches of which were so low and so wide-spreading, that his enemy rode round and round without being able to reach him.

Afterwards there passed by a trooper of the Royalist army, leading by the hand a horse taken from one of the enemy, and this animal, Sully, who always went into battle well supplied with money, purchased on the spot from its new possessor. Mounted upon it, and in very sorry condition, he was slowly picking his way across the plain, when he saw a group of seven enemies approaching, one of whom carried the white cornette of M. de Mayenne. Rosny, in answer to their "*Qui vive ?*" gave his name, and was about to yield himself their prisoner, when one of them stopped him with the rejoinder, "We all know you very well; will you treat us with courtesy and save our lives?"

"How is this?" exclaimed Sully. "You talk as if you had lost the battle."

"We have indeed," they replied, "and the horses of three of us are so tired and spent that we cannot get away."

Sully thus found himself, to his great surprise, master of the field, and captor of the very party to whom he had intended to surrender. Three of the number, however, better mounted than the rest, wished him farewell, and spurred away. The rest followed him to his camp, having first delivered into his hands the white cornette, spangled with the black cross of Lorraine, which was the principal standard of the enemies' army. This trophy his weak state compelled him to place in the hands of one of the king's pages, who happened to be near, and it became an object of much envy to several persons of the royal army, whom he met on the way; and, above all, to the busy M. d'Andelot, Coligny's nephew, who wanted to wrench it from the page's grasp. Sully, however, arrived safely with his prizes at the château of Anet, where he passed the night, after having had his wounds dressed. Here he received a visit from the Maréchal de Biron, who came to compliment him on his good fortune, and who, on seeing at his bedside the prisoners and the captured standard, said to him, "Farewell, my dear comrade, you have little cause to regret either your hurts or the blood you have lost, seeing that you have carried off one of the most signal marks of honour that a cavalier could desire on a day of battle, and you have, moreover, taken some prisoners at whose expense you can easily cover the cost of your lost horses, and likewise pay for the dressing of your wounds, and for plenty of good wine to make new blood with." It is curious to note from this little speech how the feudal usages and ideas of Froissart's battles still asserted themselves after this comparatively modern victory of Ivry.

Henry's success had been as sweeping and decisive as possible, and so great was the moral ascendancy which it gave to his arms, that though the busy intervention of Philip II. caused the war to linger on for several years, the French Leaguers never again ventured to cope in the open field with the invincible monarch, except when they were backed by the presence of a Spanish army and a Spanish general.

The further phases of the long and tedious struggle: the siege and distress of Paris during the summer of 1590, its re-

lief, when already at the last gasp, by Parma's advance from the Netherlands; Henry's partial and local successes in 1591 and 1592, Parma's second invasion during the latter year, and his death at Arras when on his return; Henry's instruction and conversion at St. Denis, followed by his unopposed entry into his capital in 1593, his absolution by the Pope, and the subsequent surrender of Mayenne and of the other Lorraine chiefs; the tardy submission of Brittany, and the universal acknowledgment of Henry by all France as its lawful king, in 1598; and, finally, the crowning of his whole work and policy by his publication of the noble Tolerance Edict issued from the obstinate Leaguer city of Nantes, so long the very heart and soul of the vanquished rebellion;—all these incidents are too well known to require minutely dwelling upon.

During these years of steady but toilsome progress for Henry of Navarre's cause, the fortunes of Sully marched slowly and surely onwards in the wake of his master's. On the day following the Ivry victory, as he was being carried, weak and wounded, to his own château of Rosny, he was met by the king, who embraced him warmly, and solemnly assured him that no improvement in his own condition or prospects should be unshared by so valiant and devoted a follower. And it must, on the whole, be admitted that the pledge so given was well and faithfully made good; though Sully was at first disposed to complain that the royal promises to him found but leisurely fulfilment. Albeit just, loyal, and true-hearted, he was not exactly disinterested: like shrewd Sancho Panza, he was resolved to follow his master in all honour and duty, but without despising the tangible profits and perquisites that might recompense his good service. Accordingly when, shortly after Ivry, two of his requests for lucrative posts met with polite refusal, he lost all self-control, and went so far as to upbraid Henry with thanklessness and injustice. The good-humoured king easily condoned these bursts of discontent, and always replied: "You may rest assured that if ever I become monarch, and master, I shall bestow wealth and honours on all those who like yourself, have faithfully served me. In the meantime, take patience, as I do, and continue to do and deserve well." And this wise counsel may be said to give the formula of Sully's after career, which was one not of promptly won greatness, or of

headlong promotion, but rather of slow and gradual advancements, won step by step, through patience and continued well-doing and well-deserving. At the date of his master's entry into Paris he had lately been named Councillor of State; in 1596 he was appointed to the Council of Finances, of which he became president a year or two later; in 1601 he was made Grand Master of Artillery; and finally, in 1606, the king created him a peer of France, with the title, by which he is best known, of Duc de Sully.

What specially commended Sully to his master's favour and confidence was the early ripeness of his judgment on men and things, a quality which he undoubtedly owed to the thoughtful and studious habits of his youthful years. We have already seen the authority of his opinion during the anxious days that preceded the success at Arques; and, in the period that followed, the king gradually became accustomed to consult him privately on all decisive occasions. During the months when the League and the Lorraine faction were visibly collapsing, and when Henry was receiving in consequence numerous advances and overtures from all sides, he was greatly influenced and assisted in his conduct by Sully's masterly comprehension of the entire position. The latter at once discerned that it was his master's interest to prevent those who had been in arms against his authority from entering into collective negotiations with him, to let the process of dissolution among them run its full course, to leave them to fall out more and more amongst themselves, so that, dealing with them singly and piecemeal, he might thus treat from the best possible vantage ground. "So," he concluded, "when they are all at feud one with the other, and hopeless of carrying out their unreasonable designs, it must come to pass that all the Frenchmen in their number will throw themselves into your arms by instalments (*par pièces et lopins*) as you should desire; acknowledging no royalty but yours, nor seeking protection, help, and support elsewhere than in you, nor hoping to obtain benefits, dignities, places and preferments except from your favour and bounty alone."

He was likewise consulted by Henry on the religious difficulty; and here, though he shrunk from urging the king in express terms to abandon the creed which he himself always continued to profess, yet he hardly dissembled his

opinion that nothing but the king's formal return to the communion of the vast majority of Frenchmen would ever reconcile the mass of the nation to his government and dynasty. It was this question, above all, which severed Sully from most of the leading Huguenot warriors and counsellors with whom he had hitherto acted: the somewhat narrow, though sincere and intrepid characters of men like Duplessis-Mornay and Agrippa d'Aubigné could never make allowance for the side of the question pointed to by Henry's laughing repartee: "Paris vaut bien une messe;" and after the king's conversion many of his oldest and most trusty followers quitted his service, and broke off all relations with their backsliding leader.

The moral standard of the sixteenth century was, as is well known, by no means a high one; and though we may not, indeed, be prepared to take with absolute literalness the despairing tone of Duplessis-Mornay in his pictures of the time, or the quaint levity of Montaigne, where he writes: "Il fait bon d'estre né dans un siècle très depravé, car par comparaison d'aultruy on est réputé vertueux à bon marchè. Qui n'est que paricide, chez nous, et sacrilège, il est homme de bien et d'honneur;" yet it is natural to suppose that a century of civil wars, of religious anarchy, and of repeated political assassinations was not marked by a very keen or delicate discernment between right and wrong. A most untoward abasement of men's characters and consciences had asserted itself in every class of life and under a thousand different forms; and one of its most pestilent symptoms was the flagrant and shameless disregard which all persons in authority showed for anything like principle or purity in money transactions.

Throughout the public services all the office-bearers, civil or military, high or low, were equally venal and corrupt; trading and trafficking with the duties of their position, giving and receiving bribes in the most free and open fashion, and always ready, for adequate money payments, to shut their eyes upon the abuses which they were most expressly pledged to prevent.

During the blockade of Paris, in the summer of 1590, when the whole fate of the kingdom seemed to depend on Henry's being able to starve his capital into surrender before Parma could come up to the rescue, it was perfectly well

known that supplies of food were being freely carried up the Seine into the besieged city; and this by the purchased tolerance of the royal governors holding the riverside towns. Sully one day received news from a gentleman-at-arms attached to his service that one of these provision-boats, having discharged its cargo, was about to return laden with the connivance-money due to the aforesaid governors, and among the rest to Sully's own brother, who commanded Mantes for the king. An ambuscade was quickly set, and the precious boat, stated to contain a sum of fifty thousand crowns, was successfully seized and brought in. But Sully did not find in it the full amount expected, and moreover the assets actually placed in his hands were only in bills of exchange.

As he was complaining of this deficit to the bearer of the treasure (who was no other than the father of the well-informed news-monger), the pockets of the latter happened to burst, and a long and luminous trail of crown-pieces rolled to the floor. "We will not amuse ourselves," say the secretaries, "with describing the indignation of your honoured brother, and of M. de Bellengreville (another governor), or the hearty laughter of his majesty when the story came to be known." To crown the anecdote, we may add that the contraband crowns were considered as Sully's lawful perquisite, and did not find their way into the king's treasury. Henry's laughter, too, proves that at that date the public authorities were scarcely expected to have clean hands, and that their lapses from good faith, when detected, were thought excellent entertainment, without causing scandal.

Given such moral conditions as those we have just sketched, it is not difficult to imagine how matters then stood with the fiscal affairs of the kingdom, and with the class — not always renowned for disinterested delicacy or self-denial — of revenue farmers and financiers. Favoured by the levity and laxity of the last few reigns, and now released, by the anarchy of the period, from all effective or practical control, these men had cast off the last semblance of decorum or self-restraint, and become a mere race of public pillagers and cormorants, laying the realm and its subjects under contribution for their own behoof, and thriving insolently upon the general distress of the times.

The state of things which they had brought about is vividly set forth in a letter written by the king in 1596, from

the camp before Amiens, and addressed to Sully:—

I desire to describe clearly to you the state to which I find myself reduced; and which is such that I am in the close neighbourhood of the enemy, and possess, so to speak, neither a horse on which to ride into battle, nor a whole suit of armour to lay upon my back; my shirts are all torn, my doublet in holes at the elbow; my larder is oftentimes empty, and I have to beg my dinner and supper from table to table; my purveyors often tell me that they have not a morsel of anything for me, and that because they have received no money whatever for the last six months. However, I leave you to judge whether I deserve to be treated in this fashion, and whether I ought to permit the financiers and treasurers to starve me, while they themselves keep dainty and delicately served tables.

Apart from all soreness and ill-humour at the personal discomforts thus imposed on himself, Henry clearly saw that unless he could put an end to this order of things, it was useless to think of coping successfully with the power of a monarch who had all the treasures of the New World at his disposal. A desperate effort must therefore be made to deliver the national finances from the crying scandal of pillage and rapine, which the homely wit of popular talk, so prompt to give facts a familiar and personal shape, was wont to designate as "Madame Grivelée." Such a work of reform required a man of varied gifts and aptitudes, devoted to the king's cause and to the public welfare, ripe and mature in judgment, yet young enough withal to have retained his full measure of physical and moral energy; and, above all, he must be so far a novice in the craft of finance as to be completely free from that spirit of routine which often makes a veteran administrator look tenderly on the most flagrant abuses, provided that a period of prescription can be pleaded in their favor.

No one in France could have been better fitted for such a task than the receiver of the letter quoted above, and moreover, the business promised to be in perfect accordance with the tastes of Sully, who, though not averse, as we have seen, to fair and legitimate means of making a fortune, was disposed to wage a war to the death on jobbery, corruption, and connivance, and on all underhand and dishonest practices. Accordingly his appointment to the Council of Finance, in 1596, beamed the signal for a most unsparing hue and cry upon "Madame Grivelée." Ill seconded by the lukewarmness

or bad faith of many amongst his colleagues, he took upon himself an active personal campaign against the evils and abuses of the public finances, travelling about from province to province, overhauling all the accounts and documents for years past, questioning minutely the under officials, and often suspending or discharging the higher financial agents by way of warning and example.

He did so well that at the end of a few weeks he had wrenched and extracted a sum of half a million crowns from the unwilling hands of the receivers-general, and of the receivers-particular; and as the king was then at Rouen, he at once hastened thither to report progress, followed by a train of seventy waggons, containing the produce of his successful raid, and by a provost with thirty archers serving as escort.

It was, of course, difficult to gain say such authentic proofs of zeal and competence; and notwithstanding all the ill-will of the numerous enemies and detractors in high places which Sully's thoroughgoing proceedings had made him, his master now began to rate him at his true worth. He was soon raised from the rank of simple councillor to the presidency of the Finance Board; and in 1601 he acquired, in addition, the important office of Master of the Royal Artillery—an honour all the more signal and emphatic that the king, in order to confer this post upon Sully, had first of all to obtain its surrender from the previous holder, who was no other than the Marquis d'Estrées, father of "La Belle Gabrielle." Events soon enabled Sully completely to vindicate this act of authority. The Duke of Savoy had profited by the years of trouble to occupy and to exercise dominion in the greater part of Provence; Marseilles itself, the second city of France, fell for a moment into his power, and for a long time Lesdiguières, one of the king's ablest lieutenants, had had the utmost difficulty in coping with his well-timed aggressions. Now that the utter collapse of the League and the peace of Vervins with Spain had left the Duke face to face with Henry, the former still relied on the strength of his mountain fortresses, and showed but little readiness to make amendment for his past misdeeds. He counted upon being able to carry on a long defensive war of protracted sieges and tedious blockades, and so to hold out until the Catholic powers should again draw the sword for his rescue. But his calculations were

completely upset by the martial promptitude of Henry, and by the consummate technical skill of Sully, whose masterly handling of the artillery fixed upon him the attention of all Europe. Places that had been hitherto deemed capable of resisting for years were helplessly shattered in a few days by well placed and well served batteries; a long series of fortified towns, including Charbonnières and Montmelian, yielded in quick succession; and after a brief but eventful campaign, the arrogant Duke was utterly prostrated, and reduced to surrender at discretion.

This war, the last in which Sully was directly engaged, won for him the reputation of being incontestably the ablest siege-general of the time; only he often allowed himself to be led into unnecessary dangers by that recklessness of his person which always possessed him when under arms, and by his professional eagerness to see every detail with his own eyes, and to do as much as possible with his own hands. At the siege of Montmelian, some act of headlong imprudence on his part drew from Henry the following kindly yet significant rebuke:

My friend, just as I commend your zeal in my service, so I blame your inconsiderate haste to fling yourself needlessly into perils. That would be excusable in a young man who had never given proof of his courage, and who was desirous of beginning his fortune; but now that yours has advanced so far, that you possess the two most important and weighty offices of trust in the kingdom, now that your past actions have thoroughly established my confidence in your valour, and that you have a number of brave men under you in the army which you command, you should commit to them these matters which are so full of danger. Bear in mind, then, to be more heedful of yourself in the future; for if you are useful to me in the artillery department, I have yet more urgent need of you in that of the finances. If, then, by vanity and thoughtlessness, you should render the two incompatible in your hands, you will give me cause to leave you the latter only. Good-bye, my friend, whom I love well: continue to do me good service, but not to act like a madman or a simple soldier of the ranks.

However, both Henry and Sully returned safe and sound from the Savoy expedition, and hurried to Paris, where a merry solemnity awaited them. Marie de Medici, Henry's new-married bride, made her first entry into the capital; and Sully, who had greeted the moment of her arrival, "avec beau bruit d'artillerie," joyously did the honours of his arsenal

to the king, the queen, and the whole court. "You entertained them there" (say the *Memoirs*) "very famously, and, above all, the queen's Italian ladies in waiting, who went away in such high spirits, that the king saw they had been the victims of some pleasantry on your part." The fact is that Sully's lively sense of humour, keenly excited by his delight at seeing his master well married, and likely to have legitimate heirs, had completely got the better of him, and he had amused himself by filling the ladies' glasses with white wine instead of water, the effect of which soon became apparent. The well-known stories of our First James's diversions at the expense of the dresses of his court ladies, and a multitude of similar contemporary anecdotes, prove that even in the best company such practical joking was completely in the taste of the times. This wedding was followed by nine thriving years of peace and plenty, during which Sully, now become decidedly the first personage, after the king, in France, was able to give the fullest exercise to his energies and talents. The effects of his conduct in office were of the happiest possible description: the public finances were placed in the most flourishing condition, the ravages and disasters of the civil wars were repaired even in the provinces, which, like Brittany, had suffered most cruelly, and, above all, men's minds, feeling vividly the contrast between the prosperous present and the fearful misery of the bygone period, gave the House of Bourbon that consecration of national popularity which is so much required by every new dynasty. The material result of his administration may be measured by the circumstance that the royal treasury, which Henry III. had left in an almost hopelessly insolvent state, showed a surplus of fifteen million crowns in the year 1610.

The secret of Sully's finance system lay mainly in his suppressing, as far as possible, all needless intermediate hands between the taxpayers and the national budget. The more important imposts had hitherto been leased out, by public auction, to the great farmers-general, who underlet them again to certain sub-farmers, drawing from these latter nearly twice as much as they had themselves expended. Sully aimed at making an end of the farmers-general, refusing to renew their leases as they expired, and ordering the sub-farmers to cease all further payments to them, and to pay di-

rectly into the treasury the sums which had formerly reached it by wide circuits, shrinking sadly in volume at each step of their way.

These vicious methods of proceeding had actually gone so far, that in some cases the imposts of entire provinces were found to have been conveyed for long periods of years to various foreign powers. When large amounts had fallen due — say, to the Queen of England, or the Prince Palatine, or to any other sovereign — it had hitherto been the custom to hand over in payment a portion of the taxes to the august creditors, with the arrangement that they were at liberty to draw thence whatever they could; and they again assigned their rights to some financier, who gave as little as possible, and then worked the conceded revenues for his own profit at the highest possible pressure. Sully, however, bought out all these assignees by paying them honestly all they could claim as justly due to them, and so restored to the treasure the imposts that had been dismembered from it.

These reforms he carried out and maintained in action by a system of minute inspection, noting down, studying, and learning by heart the smallest details of the public revenue, computing the yield of all its branches, and following the movement of every crown, from the time of its leaving the tax-payer's hands to the moment of its employment in the king's service. Such a task, it is needless to say, entailed drudgery of the most toilsome and painstaking kind, and the time-table of Sully's daily life has become almost a household word. He rose at four in the morning, gave two hours to his Memoirs, joined the king at seven, and transacted business with him till noon, at which hour he dined. After dinner he gave audience and then resumed work, with but little respite, till ten o'clock in the evening, at which hour he took supper, and then went to bed.

Notwithstanding all these merits and services, Sully never appears to have enjoyed during his lifetime a large measure of public favour with any class in the nation. His severe thriftiness in the management of the public treasure, together with his well-known influence in checking and restraining Henry's acts of bounty, had rendered him thoroughly odious to all the king's surroundings, and, in fact, to all that numerous class which ever seeks to justify the epigram, "Les prodigalités des roi sont le patri-

moine des cours." Moreover, he did not in any way become an object of attachment to the people and to the middle classes, who, not valuing him duly as a defender of the common interests, looked to nothing but his harsh and abrupt manners, and the enormous development of his own station and fortune.

The Parisian bourgeois L'Estoile, one of the most outspoken chroniclers of the period, has set forth the whole array of Sully's titles and offices in a catalogue almost as bewildering as Shakespeare's well-known recital of the dignities conferred upon Talbot.

Maximilien de Béthune, Knight, Duke of Sully, Peer of France, Sovereign Prince of Henrichemont and of Boisbelle, Marquis of Rosny, Count of Dourdan, Sire of Orval, Montrond, and Saint-Armand, Baron of Epeneuil, etc., etc., etc.; Grand Master and Captain-General of Artillery; High Waywarden of France; Superintendent of the King's Finances, Fortifications, and Public Works; Governor and Lieutenant-General for his Majesty in Poitou, Châtelleraudois, and Lendunois; Governor of Mantes and of Jargeau; and Captain of the Bastille in Paris.

Such [concludes L'Estoile] are the august and superb titles of greatness belonging to the great Duke of our age. For my part, I shall always honour greatness in him and in any other man; but I shall ever set more store by one grain of goodness than by a whole world of greatness.

So long, however, as Henry lived, these malignant murmurs could not greatly affect his minister's power and position. The intimacy between the two had grown more and more cordial every year; and though Sully's plain-spoken temper led him at times to take certain uncourtly liberties, which his busy detractors eagerly clutched at, with a view of sowing dissension between his master and himself, yet all their endeavours completely failed of effect.

These incidents resulted at most in a few days of coldness and ill-humour, by which the firm bond of friendship was in no wise weakened, the more so that Sully's most venturesome escapades of language and conduct proceeded solely from his zeal for his master's welfare. A well-known anecdote records the manner in which he interposed between Henry and his passion for Mdle. d'Entragues. The king had actually written out for this young lady a formal promise of marriage, which he showed to Sully. The latter, by way of comment, tore it to pieces with his own hands; and to the bewildered king's exclamation, "Assurément, Mon-

sieur de Rosny, vous êtes fou," he readily rejoined, "Oui, sire, et je voudrais l'être si fort qui je le fusse tout seul en France."

On another occasion the king quitted the arsenal in high ill-humour because Sully had derided freely some favourite project of his. "That is a man," said he to his attendants, "whom I cannot endure any longer; he does nothing but contradict me and find fault with everything I propose; but, by Heaven, I will give him a lesson, and will not see him for the next fortnight." However, the next morning found the forgiving monarch again at the arsenal. At the hour of seven he knocked at Sully's study-door, and entered with several of his familiar companions. Sully was hard at work with a mass of letters and memoranda, which he was busy writing. "How long have you been there?" asked the king. "Since three o'clock this morning," replied the minister. "Well, Roquelaure," said Henry, turning to one of his courtiers, "for how much would you consent to lead that life?" "I would not do it," rejoined the other, "for all the treasures of your majesty's kingdom."

History has preserved a certain conversation of the king's towards the end of his reign, in which his opinion of Sully stands very clearly and fully recorded. In 1609, whilst talking after dinner with several of his confidants and familiars, Henry began to draw a parallel between Sully and his two other principal ministers, M. M. Villeroi and Sillery. On the first of the three he descanted as follows:—

Some persons complain of him, as indeed I do myself at times, that he is of a surly, impatient, and cross-grained temper; and tax him with having an arrogant turn of mind, that makes every possible presumption in favour of his own opinions and actions, and looks slightly on those of others, and that seeks to acquire great fortune, and to possess lands and honours. Now, though I see clearly part of his shortcomings, and though I am obliged to stand my ground firmly with him at times, when he irritates me, or gives the rein to his fancies, yet, for all that, I am fond of him. I am able to bear with him, to value him, and to employ him well and usefully, because I am convinced that he is sincerely attached to my person, that he is interested in my days being long in the land, and that he desires with passion my own glory and grandeur, together with that of my realm; moreover, there is no mischief in his heart, his mind is very painstaking and very fertile in expedients; he is very thrifty of my substance; very toilsome and diligent, seeking to

understand everything, and to be capable of all sorts of affairs, of peace and of war; he writes and speaks very well in a style which I like, because it has a soldierly and statesman-like savour; and I must confess to you that, notwithstanding all his quaintness and abruptness, I find no one who consoles me as well as he does in all my troubles, annoyances, and disappointments.

Nothing could have been more true, just, or clear-sighted than this judgment, many points of which, indeed, were about to be verified with the most marvellous exactness. For instance, the most emphatic notes of praise in the sketch are just such as would be given to the character of a first-rate subaltern, capable, when under skilful direction, of the most useful and successful work; but hardly fitted, in case of accident, to replace his chief and take the lead himself; and this estimate is still further underlined by the little phrase about Sully's having an interest in the king's length of life. This latter remark, in fact, received an almost prophetic significance a year later, when Henry's untimely death quickly brought his servant's prosperous and useful career to a premature close.

Sully appears, in fact, to have been utterly paralyzed and unnerved by the fatal dagger-thrust which struck down his master; the crisis found him utterly wanting in decision or presence of mind, and he wavered to and fro in a shiftless dilemma between his desire to secure the queen's support and the alarm lest his own life or liberty should be menaced by the enemies of his murdered master. His first impulse on hearing the news was to hurry to the Louvre; but, when already on the way, he was seized with fears for his personal safety, and, in spite of a pressing summons from the queen, he insisted on going and shutting himself up in the Bastille, of which he was governor. When he did visit Marie de Medicis on the following day, he found that her ear had already been gained by the untoward factions, whose selfish and scandalous rivalries were to make the incoming period so disastrous until the day when the helm of the State should fall into the strong hand of Richelieu. In short, Sully found that he had lost the decisive moment which rarely returns for those who have once missed it; and, though he retained his principal offices for some months longer, he found that his authority in the council diminished daily, and that a race of new powers—the princely cabals and the Italian aspirants—were now in the

ascendant. More and more weary of his position, he determined on retiring to his estates, having first disposed, to the greatest possible advantage, of nearly all his offices and preferments. This piece of worldly prudence, in the Sancho Panza style, seems to have excited the derision of many among his contemporaries; Richelieu above all, whose "Memoirs" seldom betray much friendly feeling for Sully, has penned a severe remark upon this head, "Il est vrai qu'on n'avait autre intention que de lui faire un pont d'or, que les grandes âmes meprisent, lorsqu'en leur retraite ILS peuvent eux-mêmes s'en faire un de gloire."

The story of his remaining thirty years is quickly told. He resided mostly at his headquarters of Villebon, in Beauce; but making yearly visits to his châteaux of Sully and Rosny, and living in relative, though not in absolute privacy, as he kept a great train of attendants, and moreover still retained the two appointments of Governor of Poitou and High Waywarden (*grand voyer*) of France.

He was more than once summoned by Louis XIII. to give his advice at critical moments, and it was on one of these occasions that he administered his memorable rebuke to some of the young courtiers who were disposed to deride his old-fashioned costume. Turning to the king, he addressed him as follows: "Sire, quand le Roi, Votre Père, de glorieuse mémoire, me faisait l'honneur de me consulter, il commençait en faisant sortir les buffons."

This incident serves, as it were, to picture vividly his position with respect to the more modern era into which he had survived. Though treated with outward respect by the new rulers as a great and venerable personage, he was yet looked upon rather as an imposing spectre of the past than as really belonging to the existing order of things; and it was partly with the view of doing justice to his own epoch, and of repelling the insolent detraction which the men of the younger race were wont to level at it, that he undertook the compiling of his memoirs. The two first volumes of them were printed in the year 1638, under the following sonorous and emphatic title.

Memoirs of the wise and royal Economies of State, domestic, political, and military, of Henry the Great, the exemplar of kings, the prince of virtues, of arms, and of laws, and the true father of his French people.

And also of the useful services, dutiful obediences, and loyal administrations of Maxi-

milien de Béthune; one of the most familiar confidants, and of the most useful soldiers and servants of the great Mars of Frenchmen.

Dedicated to France, to all good soldiers, and to all Frenchmen.

Sully died at the end of 1641, having completed the eighty-second year of his age. The loss of a lawsuit brought against him by a grandson, who was not very dutiful, and who had caused him no little trouble, is said to have hastened his end.

Sully has become the theme of many widely different judgments. His own contemporaries, repelled by his harsh manners, and envious of his high fortune, were, for the most part, either adverse to, or at least lukewarm towards him; but their injustice has been fully rectified by the more mature and impartial decision of posterity. We may indeed concede to his detractors that he was not one of the rare men who are content

To scorn delights and live laborious days, merely with a view to abstract and ideal results; that he loved the tangible fruits of success in life, and that the worldly-wise maxim, "*Toute peine est digne de loyer*," was very present to his mind. Yet this, after all, though the dignity of his character may somewhat suffer by it, cannot be deemed a very grievous reproach in the very imperfect world which we inhabit. But we must also admit that a certain air of incompleteness is given to his whole life and career, hither so useful and prosperous, by his inert withdrawal from public affairs just at the crisis when France had such sore need of her wisest and ripest spirits. Could he have taken upon himself a part similar to that played by Ximenes after the death of Ferdinand, or even by Mazarin during the troubled time of Louis XIV.'s infancy, this period of his life would have well and worthily crowned the promise of his past years; whereas had he but been capable of forestalling Richelieu's task, of carrying on without interruption the work and policy of Henry IV., and thus of rescuing his country from fifteen wretched years of anarchy and disarray, his name would then have stood second to none in the annals of the French monarchy. But this was not to be. Forty years of suit and service done to Henry of Navarre had fashioned him to be merely the first agent and instrument of his master's will; and the moment the great king was struck down, the minister fell helplessly from his place, like the

satellite moon of some planet wrecked in a convulsion of the heavens. Nevertheless, all abatements and deductions made, Sully's merits were far too great and notable to be gainsaid; useful alike in peace and war, a skilful general, a trusty adviser, and a faithful administrator, he was the great servant of a great reign, and moreover he has left behind him a character sterling, true-hearted, and loyal in the midst of an age whose leading spirits and distinguished intellects, albeit very numerous, must be admitted to have represented the baser at least equally with the better side of human nature.

From the Saturday Review.

FRANCE, ITALY, AND GERMANY.

THE French Government has at last made a full and satisfactory statement of its foreign policy. It has even done more than make a statement. It has ventured to quarrel openly with its clerical supporters, and has silenced for a time the organ of M. Veuillot. This and the speech of the Duke Decazes taken together have made it quite clear that France is not to be dragged into difficulties, much less into war, by the Ultramontanes. The French Government lately published a set of despatches containing the circulars issued respectively by the Duke of Broglie and Duke Decazes on assuming office as Foreign Minister. Both Ministers said the same thing. Both proclaimed that peace must be the great aim of France, and that care must be taken not to let the country be embarrassed by the passions of extreme parties. But they said this in different ways. Duke Decazes seemed to mean what he said more thoroughly than his chief, to have formed a more comprehensive and permanent policy, and to be more determined that he would not be frightened or persuaded by dangerous friends into letting the character of his policy be misunderstood. Since he took the place of the Duke of Broglie the action of the French Foreign Office has been gradually becoming more decisive and significant. He has realized that France could not any longer maintain an attitude of open amity, but scarcely covered enmity, towards Italy, and that the time had come when France must either recognize the destruction of the Temporal Power, and treat it as any other conquest sanctioned by time and the course of

events, or must refuse to recognize it and treat it as a cause of war, to be declared as soon as the circumstances of France would permit. A fierce Ultramontane deputy gave the Duke an occasion for declaring once for all what was the decision at which he had arrived. General Du Temple proposed to question the Ministry as to its intentions in appointing a new Minister to the Court of Victor Emmanuel. The view of General Du Temple and his ecclesiastical friends is that Victor Emmanuel is a sacrilegious robber, a spoiler of holy things, a sovereign under the severest Papal censure, and that therefore France as a nation of good Catholics ought to have nothing whatever to do with him. The Duke anticipated the question, and made a statement which answered all the purposes of General Du Temple if he merely wanted to get information. The Government had to say that they were sending a new Minister to Rome because they wished to live in sincere and hearty friendship with Italy, "such as circumstances have made her." Words of kind regard to the Pope were added, but the Duke carefully limited himself to a concern for the spiritual interests of the Holy See. Nothing could be plainer. The destruction of the Temporal Power is not to be regarded by France from the ecclesiastical point of view. The Pope was a sovereign, and has been dispossessed just like the Elector of Hesse or the king of Hanover; and Italy, such as circumstances have made her, is to be regarded as any other friendly Power which has in its day got hold of territory in a somewhat improper way. The feeling of the French Assembly on hearing this explicit avowal of a policy totally opposed to the wishes and views of the Ultramontanes appears to have been one of extreme relief. It allowed the question of General Du Temple to be burked by a piece of Parliamentary sharp practice, and the position of the Ministry both in and out of the Assembly is decidedly stronger in consequence of the rupture that has taken place between the Government and the clerical party.

The satisfaction with which the French nation has learnt that it is not to be offered up as a sacrifice to the adventurous schemes of fanatics appears to have been strong enough to remove much of the mortification that might naturally be felt when it became known that the action of the Government was not purely spontaneous, but had been determined

partly by the interference of Germany. What really passed between the two Governments is not accurately known, but it is probable that what has taken place is this:—The German Government began by complaining of the language used by the French bishops generally, and by the bishops in the neighbourhood of the annexed provinces more particularly. In consequence of this M. de Fortou issued his circular, but the German Government considered this circular too mild, as it rather warned the bishops for the future than censured them for the past. The French Government pointed out that it was extremely difficult for it to control the language of bishops who could only be reached by a cumbrous and ineffectual process. The German Government replied that a part of the French press was even worse in its instigations of hatred to Germany than the bishops, and that at any rate the French Government had sufficient control over the press. While the controversy was at this stage, it happened that the *Univers* published a criticism by the Bishop of Périgueux on M. de Fortou's circular, and the French Government determined to act at once, and suspended the *Univers*. It was not on the demand of the German Government that the *Univers* received this blow, for the blow was dealt before the German Government could have received a copy of the *Univers* in which the Bishop's manifesto appeared. Meanwhile the Chevalier di Nigra had been vehemently urging Duke Decazes to put an end to the state of suspense in which Italy was kept, and to let Italy know whether it was really to be treated as the friend of France or not. Duke Decazes accordingly resolved to content the Italian Government by the frank avowal of a friendly policy in the Chamber, just as he had contented the German Government by the suspension of the *Univers*. In doing this he was only carrying out the policy to which he had all along been personally inclined, and he was aware that this policy was that which the great majority of his countrymen heartily wished to see carried out. In one sense, therefore, the action of the French Government has been the result of foreign interference, and in another sense it has not. The French Foreign Minister has not been compelled by a powerful neighbour, and by a neighbour not very powerful but still strong enough to insist on an open policy of friendship or enmity being pursued in regard to it, to do what he disliked doing, or what the French na-

tion wished that he should not do. He has merely done what he desired to do and what his countrymen approved his doing. But he was forced—or, perhaps, it is more strictly true to say that his colleagues were forced—to put an end to hesitation, and avow the real intentions of the Government. It is humiliating to Frenchmen to act in any way under foreign dictation, and if France had not been so thoroughly beaten in the late war, the dictation of Prince Bismarck might have been keenly resented. But at the same time Prince Bismarck has done the French Government and the French nation a great service. It is the hatred of the priests, who are supposed to be the allies, if not the guides, of the Ministry, that has made the Ministry so weak and unpopular in the country; and it is the hatred of the priests that keeps France unsettled, and prevents its recovery from the effects of the war. The suspension of the *Univers* and the speech of Duke Decazes will do more to help the Ministry than the nomination of any number of Mayors; and if the French people can but be made to believe that the intrigues of priests will not be allowed again to waste the blood and treasure of France, they will be encouraged, as they would be encouraged in no other way, to settle down under a Conservative Republic, and let politics alone while they strive by patient industry to repair their shattered fortunes.

Whether Prince Bismarck has been harsh, and cruel in the exercise of the dictation he has employed is a question which will be answered differently according to the general prejudices and prepossessions of critics. Prince Bismarck is engaged in a very serious struggle, and he finds that his opponents notoriously rely on the support of France. Their party is, they say, in power in France, and France will soon be strong enough to help them. The French Bishops and a part of the French press countenance this notion in every possible way, and suggest in one shape after another that, although war is impossible just now, yet the German Government may be embarrassed and enfeebled by persistence in a violent opposition to all it does, and that the newly-erected Empire of Germany may thus be so undermined that its disruption must be only a question of time. In the same way the clerical party in France do not ask for an immediate declaration of war against Italy, but they urge that by the judicious use of a

vexatious, vacillating, and dubious policy towards Italy, the spirit of the Italians may be broken, their material resources wasted in prolonged preparations for war, and their domestic differences fomented and aggravated until at last France will have only to take a very little trouble, and the Pope will have his own again. Under these circumstances, as the French Ultramontanes derive almost their whole strength from the countenance of the French Government, and from the supposed necessity of the Government to purchase their support at any price, the German and Italian Governments have called on the French Government to speak out one way or the other, and to let it be known whether the disruption of Germany and the restoration of the Temporal Power are or are not part of their foreign policy. As it happens, this demand has been made at a time when on other grounds a coolness has sprung up between the Government and the Extreme Right, when the alliance of the Ultramontanes is evidently doing the Government much more harm than good, and when the Foreign Office is in the hands of a moderate and liberal man. Forced to speak out, the French Government has spoken as it wished to speak, although, if the choice had been given it, it would probably not have spoken so soon or so clearly. With its utterance the French nation is perfectly satisfied, and sees that it has thus escaped a danger even greater than that which threatened Germany or Italy. Frenchmen generally regard Germans with profound aversion, and Italians with a mixture of dislike, suspicion, and contempt, and many Frenchmen would therefore have probably preferred that when pleasing themselves, they should not be at the same time pleasing Germans and Italians. But their misfortune cannot be helped. France, Germany, and Italy each want the same thing — the pursuit by the State of its own aims, without the interference of the Church. To each of them this is the necessary preliminary of a durable peace, and peace is precious to all three, although France perhaps needs it the most.

From *The Economist*.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S INTERFERENCE IN FRANCE.

IT is now admitted on all sides that Prince Bismarck is, whether from fear of

Rome or from some other motive, interfering with the internal administration of France, in order to put down the Roman Catholic critics who take the side of the Vatican against the German Empire. This is an act of monstrous moral weakness, though it is dictated by the consciousness of vast physical strength. Here we have the dictator of the strongest empire in Europe,— who has just defeated what was till then accounted the strongest empire, and not only defeated it, but mulcted it to a dangerous and preposterous amount,— choosing to regard it as essential to the peace of Europe that the weak government of the country thus beaten and fined should suppress the organs of what is physically a still weaker power, because they attack the ecclesiastical legislation of Prussia and side with that poor old Pope who terms himself the “prisoner of the Vatican.” We do not see where this kind of interference is to end. Prince Bismarck has, we are well aware, professed that his ecclesiastical legislation was forced upon him by the opposition of Rome to the growth of the new German Empire. We confess to always having regarded this assertion with a good deal of incredulity. To our minds Germany was far too strong to fear such a foe, and even if she were not, Prussia went the wrong way about her work when she began making the ordinary mode of administering the Roman Catholic Church penal in Prussia. But be this as it may— admit, if you like, that Prussia was absolutely forced into the ecclesiastical legislation which has so embittered the controversy between the Empire and the Papacy,— and it seems to us none the less a monstrous and most dangerous assumption that she has any right to impose something like the same attitude on the Government of the nation she has conquered and enfeebled. Prince Bismarck thought himself strong enough to set at defiance the Ultramontane party throughout Europe. He has done it and is proud of his achievement. He boasted only the other day in the Prussian Diet that he was the best-hated man in Europe. Well, if he is really equal to his position, he should take its consequences without attempting remedies which are subversive of all internal order in foreign States. He can do nearly what he likes, both legislatively and administratively, in Prussia and in Germany. The Emperor of Germany is master of far the most powerful military organization in the world,— one which might almost venture

to meet the combined armies of Europe, and not fear defeat. Surely the Minister who has made for himself this position and is proud of it, ought to accept the logic of facts and not whine because the newspapers of the defeated Power and of the assailed Church, publish frank and even malignant comments on his proceedings. There is no newspaper in Europe for which we feel less sympathy than the *Univers*. Still it is only fair to say that if it did not speak ill of Prussia and of the policy of Germany, the *Univers* would exercise a kind of Christian forbearance of which religious journals — even of the Protestant faith — show very little trace. When Prince Bismarck tells the French Government, as he evidently, and, indeed, confessedly has told it, that he will hold it responsible for permitting Ultramontane attacks on the policy of Germany, he is guilty not only of the weakness of not being able to endure the natural consequences of his own policy, but also of this very serious offence against the peace of Europe, that he is deliberately weakening and even rendering impossible the growth of a strong government in the country which he has so profoundly disorganized. No government can afford to be thus threatened in relation to its internal affairs by a powerful neighbour. Prince Bismarck should have governed France himself, after his master had conquered it, if he intended, after retiring from it, immediately to knock over again any feeble native governments which might succeed him. It is impossible to do a more mischievous thing than subvert the authority of native governments without putting anything in their place. And this is what Prince Bismarck is now doing in France. He has not only made France feel her weakness, he will not even let her use such little strength as she has without interfering to show that it is impotence. And all this he does, if we may believe the article — no doubt more or less official — in the *Nord Deutsch Gazette*, because he says that while France supports the Pope, she must be anti-German, since the Pope is anti-German. In other words, France

is neither to have a policy nor a faith of her own, so long as Prince Bismarck fears the operation either of one or of the other. The Ultramontane Catholicism of France is no doubt very blind and very superstitious, but it is the French faith; and if France affected to sympathize with the "Old Catholics," she would only be pretending to a faith that no class in France of the least significance really holds. Whatever principle of social order and reverence there is amongst the masses of the French people, is Roman Catholic, and if the French Government is to be driven into war against that, it will be compelled to dissolve almost the only Conservative force in France at the very moment when it is obliged to enter on the difficult task of reconstructing the political order which has been swept away. Besides, for Prince Bismarck to affect fear of the French Ultramontanes is hardly worthy of him. If he believed that the *Univers* and such papers could hurt him, why did he ever enter into this fierce combat with the Vatican? If he does not believe this, and is only making political capital out of his dictatorial policy, — showing the German Liberals how plastic the French Government is in his hands, — then he is following up the injuries he has already inflicted on France by one worse perhaps than any, the injury involved in making the actual Government of France contemptible in the eyes of the French themselves. What would be the effect in England of an order from Berlin to suppress the *Record* or even the *Tablet*? Would any Government that complied with such an order ever be able to command the respect of the English people again? These iron-handed dictators do not know the mischief which their rude interferences in the internal policy of other states is apt to do. Confidence and respect for established order are of slow growth at all times, and never of slower growth than in a country which has incurred a great and terrible humiliation. But if these humiliations are to be repeated without limit, then the restoration of France to peace, tranquillity, and influence, is not to be hoped for.

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A COUNTRY SABBATH.

Now soars the lark in heaven's eyes ;
Through leafy crypt now steals the stream,
With shallow dimple, sword-blade gleam,
And glimpes of divine surprise.

Heaven's golden fire and air of blue
Are drooped about the bowery world ;
Within her holy bosom furled
The sun has drunk the rose's dew.

The landscape all around is fair,
But this remains the heart and gem ;
With stealing stream, and graceful stem,
And sunlit park, and sweet parterre.

The vista fascinates my gaze ;
I linger in a blessed trance,
See in a dream the waters glance,
And things that are the food of praise.

In many an English cottage round
Japonica, a glory, glows ;
Her ruby-coloured sister blows ;
And purple pansies gem the ground.

The first laburnum droops her curls,
And mingles with the lilac's locks ;
O'er golden meadows browse the flocks ;
The orchard-blossom types sweet girls.

The sweet-briar sheds its heavenly breath ;
I pass the wallflower's rich perfume ;
And chestnut with its tint-freaked plume :
O world to banish dreams of death !

The scent of flower, the song of bird,
The lace of leaf, the light of heaven,
Are vital with a mystic leaven
We have a soul for, not a word :

Unless it be — the Breath of God ;
Which also breathes in yon church-bell ;
It breaks on me with what a spell
Across the May-embroidered sod !

Earth, clothed with Sabbath, thou art fair !
Ye two upon each other act !
The Sabbath steps the flowery tract,
And finer seems to make the air.

Chambers' Journal.

SONG.

SING the old song, amid the sounds dispersing
The burden treasured in your hearts too long ;
Sing it with voice low-breathed, but never
name her ;
She will not hear you, in her turrets nursing
High thoughts, too high to mate with mortal
song :
Bend o'er her, gentle Heaven, but do not
claim her !

In twilight caves and secret loveliness
She shades the bloom of her unearthly days ;
The forest winds alone approach to woo her ;
Far off we catch the dark gleam of her tresses,
And wild-birds haunt the wood-walks where
she strays,
Intelligible music warbling to her.

The Spirit charged to follow and defend her,
He also, doubtless, suffers this love-pain,
And she perhaps is sad, hearing his sighing ;
And yet that face is not so sad as tender ;
Like some sweet singer's, when her sweetest
strain
From the heaved heart is gradually dying.
AUBREY DE VERE.

THE SEA.

UNCHANGED, unchangeable old friend, I come
Back to thy welcome — back, as to a home.
All else has failed me in my hour of sorrow ;
Nature has naught that wayward grief can
borrow.
Sweet flowers have thorns, and wither in my
hand ;
Alone, mid sweeping glades and hills, I stand.
The river, dancing on its sunny way,
Has little to my yearning heart to say ;
Bright birds sing on, sing on, in jarring mirth —
Such woe as mine shrinks back from happy
earth.

Unchanged, unchangeable, thy mighty roar
Thunders, as ever, on the rocky shore.
Thy solemn beauty, thy eternal motion,
Are pure and grand and true, majestic ocean,
As when we stood in fearless joy together,
And watched thee sparkling in the golden
weather.
Now, in the winter of the year and heart,
Old friend, I come ; I own thee as thou art,
Unchanged, unchangeable, O glorious sea,
Comforter, teacher, help, and strength to me.
Tinsley's Magazine.

TO AN INFANT.

FAMILIAR spirit, that so graciously
Dost take whatever fortune may befall,
Trusting thy fragile form to the arms of all,
And never counting it indignity
To be caressed upon the humblest knee ;
Thou, having yet no words, aloud dost call
Upon our hearts ; the fever and the gall
Of our dark bosoms are repressed in thee.
From selfish fears and lawless wishes free,
Thou hast no painful feeling of thy weakness ;
From shafts malign and pride's base agony
Protected by the pillows of thy meekness ;
Thou hast thy little loves which do not grieve
thee,
Unquiet make thee, or unhappy leave thee.
AUBREY DE VERE.

From The British Quarterly Review.
THE BALLAD: ITS NATURE AND
LITERARY AFFINITIES.*

THE name *Ballad* was long ago divorced from the thing which it originally designated. No one now associates with the word the idea of a *dance-song*, which radically belongs to it. In its congeners *ballet* and *ball*, the primary idea of dancing is still preserved. But, as in the case of treaties of peace, rival claims seem to have been settled here on the principle of mutual concession. The ballad has resigned the dancing to the ballet and the ball; and they, in exchange, have abandoned the singing to the ballad. The combination of singing and dancing is, of course, perfectly natural. It is as natural that exuberant feeling should be expressed by rhythmical movements of the whole body as by rhythmical movements of its most expressive organ — the voice. Perhaps it is most reasonable of all that the two modes of motion should harmoniously combine.

In fact, this union is found pervading the primitive entertainments of most nations. The wild "whoop" of the Indian in his war dance, and the "haloo" of the Scottish Highlander in the mad whirl of his reel, are alike inarticulate ballads, expressing in the one case savage triumph, in the other exuberant mirth. One traveller describes to us the simple custom of the Faroëse, who "recreate themselves with a plain dance, holding one another by the hand, and singing the while some old champion's ballad." Another tells us how his peaceful arrival on one of the South Sea Islands was celebrated by an extempore lay, which had for its rhythmical accompaniment the dancing and merry-making of the children who per-

formed it. But it is in connection with primitive religious services that the union of singing and dancing is most strikingly illustrated, and that chiefly among Eastern nations, from the days of Miriam and David to those of the Greek dithyrambic chorus, and from the Greek chorus to the Moslem dervishes and Egyptian almë and Indian bayaderes of our own time.

This is in itself a deeply interesting subject, but we refer to it now merely for the purpose of pointing out how widely the term with which we are dealing has departed from its original application. For the ballad long ago reserved itself to designate a particular department of literature, using language, spoken or written, as the only medium through which its thoughts are expressed.

But, even in its literary application, great liberties have been taken with the term. It has been applied, even in the same age, to works of the most diverse character. In England this confusion reached its climax in the sixteenth century, when the names *book* and *ballet* appear to have been used indifferently for nearly every kind of literary product, whether in prose or in verse. A long poem in "The Mirroure for Magistrates," entitled "The Murninge of Edward, Duke of Buckingham" (apparently a popular epitome of Sackville's famous "Complaint"), is called a ballad. About the same time there appeared a versified history taken from the "Romance of Alexander;" that, also, is called a ballad. Sometimes a ballad is a work wholly written in prose; sometimes it is a play, or an interlude. Many ballads are religious works, for in 1561 there was published "A new Ballet of Four of the Commandments," and a few years later we have a ballad on "The Seventeenth Chapter of Genesis." John Hall's "Courte of Vertue" (1564) contains "Holy and spiritual songs, sonnets, psalms, *ballets*, and short sentences, as well of holy scripture as others." Again, some of Skelton's poems are called "Satirical Ballads;" and a famous poem written in defence of the Reformation doctrines is called "The Ballad of Luther, the Pope,

* (1.) *Scottish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditional*. Edited by JAMES MAIDMENT. Two vols. 1853.

(2.) *The Ballads of Scotland*. Edited by WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN, D.C.L. 1853.

(3.) *The Romantic Scottish Ballads, their Epoch and Authorship*. By ROBERT CHAMBERS, F.R.S.E., &c. 1859.

(4.) *The Romantic Scottish Ballads and the Lady Wardlaw Heresy*. By NORVAL CLYDE. 1859.

(5.) *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. By THOMAS PERCY, Lord Bishop of Dromore. 1765.

(6.) *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Collected by Sir WALTER SCOTT, Baronet. 1802.

a Cardinal, and a Husbandman" (1550). Long before this, John Gower had presented fifty MS. French sonnets to Henry IV. : they were called, and are still known as, the "Cinquante Ballades." Eighty years later we find Caxton applying the designation "the Ballad Royal" to the measure in which Benedict Brough translated Cato's "Morals." In more recent times we have Warton characterizing as a "celebrated ballad" the satirical medley of James V. of Scotland, entitled "Christ's Kirk on the Green." This laxity has descended to our own day, for we still apply the term "ballad" indiscriminately to lays and legends, to romances and rhapsodies, to love lyrics and sentimental songs, and, with least propriety of all, to those weakest of all weak productions, the nondescript ballads of the modern concert room.

It were rash to conclude that this confusion is the result of ignorance or caprice. It is due mainly to the altered conditions under which, at different stages in the history of thought and of civilization, the same kind of literary work, or literature with the same end and aim, is produced. There is a certain method underlying the madness or licence which appears on the surface. The common bond which unites and harmonizes these widely diverse literary products is, that they all appealed, though in different ways, to the prevailing popular sentiment of their time. At one time this sentiment might be most easily reached through the medium of prose ; at another time through that of verse : at one time by means of simple narrative ; at another time by means of reflection and satire. In one age the sentiment connected itself with civil and social affairs, in another with ecclesiastical and religious politics. But in every case the literary instrument employed to quicken the popular enthusiasm is called a ballad. Add now to this limitation of the term to popular literature its further restriction to poetry, and we shall approach very near to the modern application of the word. For there is a special branch of our poetical literature to which by common consent the name ballad expressly belongs —

works possessing a character as distinct as the metrical romances or the rhyming chronicles, as the old dramatists or the Lake poets.

If, then, equally discarding ancient distortions and modern imitations, we examine with care that very considerable body of our poetical literature, on which under the familiar name of "our ballads" we not unreasonably pride ourselves, we shall find that it possesses three main distinguishing characteristics. These poems are *narrative* in substance ; they are *lyrical* in form, and they are *traditional* in origin.

First, the true ballad is a *narrative* poem. It tells a connected story. It has a beginning, a middle, and an end. It deals with stirring events or touching incidents. It appeals to the popular ear, and goes directly to the popular heart. It commemorates the achievements of great warriors or of national heroes. Its end was both historical and practical, and practical in being historical. For it was the express aim of the ballad not merely to interest and amuse the people to whom it was addressed, not merely to express the popular estimate of the heroes whose triumph it celebrates, but also, and very specially, to hold up these heroes as examples to be followed, and to inspire the auditors with a laudable ambition to emulate their deeds of prowess, and so to stimulate popular enthusiasm and national spirit in rude times. Sir Philip Sidney well describes the effect of such recitals in kindling the heroic spirit when he says, "I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet."

The narrative ballad thus presents us with heroes and heroines, with lords and ladies, with fairies and demigods,—for these were credulous times,—or with plain men and women of the work-a-day world, in whose fate, as in that of the characters of a play, we feel the most absorbing interest.

But, in order to mark off the ballad from other narrative poems,—from poetical romances, rhyming chronicles, and epics of the greater sort,—we must add that the ballad limits its subject to a sin-

gle incident. It is *simple* in its plan and action, not *complex*. It tells a connected story, but only one story, not an interwoven series of stories, whence it follows that the incident which it narrates must possess in itself enough of interest and body to enable it to stand by itself as the sole subject of a complete poem.

Secondly, the true ballad is a *lyrical* poem. It was originally composed with the special view, not of being read or studied in private, but of being recited, chanted, or sung before an audience more or less public. Of course, in determining the nature of the ballad, the lyrical feature must be taken in connection with the other features mentioned, that is to say, while every true ballad is a lyric, it does not follow that every lyric is a ballad.

The lyrical character of the ballad was no accidental or artificial charm added to it to set it off to greater advantage. It was an essential condition of its existence in the circumstances of its publication. For ballads are originally the literary products of a primitive and unlettered race. They are, in a very true sense, the nursery rhymes of a people. In the nation, as in the individual, the opening and unsophisticated mind of childhood delights in incidents and adventures; and it takes the greatest delight in these when they are narrated in the metrical form. It lisps in numbers, because numbers most naturally and fitly come. For the old ballads were not at first written down. The likelihood is that their authors could not write, and that their auditors could not have read the ballads if they had been written. They were, therefore, composed in the head, and committed to memory verse by verse as they were composed; and they were perused, in the first instance, and probably for generations afterwards, through the ear alone. A lyrical form, therefore, would be an immense convenience both to the performers and to the audience. Add to this that it was the aim of such primitive productions, not merely to afford entertainment, but also, and indeed chiefly, to stir and keep alive a sentiment of heroism; and we cannot fail to see that the lyrical form was not

only a convenience, but a means of greatly enhancing the influence of the ballad minstrels.

Though these minstrels and their calling latterly fell into disrepute, they have weighty claims upon our respect and gratitude. They were long the only custodiers of our popular literature. We are indebted to them also for many of those simple and primitive melodies which form the foundation of our national music, both sacred and profane. Before literature became a separate and recognized calling, they were the professional authors of their day and generation. When books and newspapers were yet unknown, they furnished the "abstract and brief chronicle" of their time. Before schools were planted, or schoolmasters were abroad, they diffused, not only news, but intelligence in the higher sense, and were, even more than the clergy, the true educators of the people.

The minstrels were for long esteemed and rewarded according to their deserts. As they made their periodical circuits of the country, they were received, in castle as in hamlet, with hearty welcome. No picture of mediæval life is more interesting, or more thoroughly characteristic of the time, than that in which we see the lords and ladies of the castle, with their retainers and faithful hounds, gathered at the close of the day round some wandering bard in the great baronial hall, while he, sweeping the chords of his harp, pours forth his stream of melody, — now swelling into a tide of triumph as he celebrates deeds of derring-do, now sinking into soft and tender cadences, while he recounts some tale of thrilling pathos, or of ill-requited love.

But many a great house had its own special minstrel, as an indispensable and well-paid member of the establishment. Indeed, one of the chief entertainments of the Norman barons was to listen to the romantic and martial adventures of their ancestors, recited by their paid minstrel. It seems to have been a special perquisite of those baronial minstrels, that they were allowed to travel to neighbouring monasteries and "assist" at their profane entertainments. On such occa-

sions their services were not only more highly esteemed than those of the clergy by the general public, who usually preferred amusement to instruction, but they were sometimes better remunerated by the clerical directors of the entertainments themselves. Of this, Warton mentions some curious instances :

In the year 1439, at the annual feast of the fraternity of the HOLIE CROSSE at Abingdon, a town in Berkshire, twelve priests each received *fourpence* for singing a dirge; and the same number of minstrels were rewarded each with *two shillings and fourpence*, beside diet and horsemeat. Some of these minstrels came only from Maidenhithe, or Maidenhead, a town at no great distance in the same county. In the year 1441, eight priests were hired from Coventry to assist in celebrating a yearly *obit* in the church of the neighbouring priory of Maxtoke; as were six minstrels, called *MIMI*, belonging to the family of Lord Clinton, who lived in the adjoining castle of Maxtoke, to sing, harp, and play, in the hall of the monastery, during the extraordinary refectation allowed to the monks on that anniversary. *Two shillings* were given to the priests, and *four* to the minstrels; and the latter are said to have supped *in camera picta*, or the painted chamber of the convent, with the sub-prior, on which occasion the chamberlain furnished eight massy tapers of wax.*

The custom of having minstrels attached to noble houses, such as that of Lord Clinton, was common amongst the Norman barons, whose retainers included several singers and harpers, just as pipers to this day have their recognized place in the household of a Highland chieftain.

But the reference to the Maidenhead minstrels who performed at Abingdon reminds us that in those times every considerable town had its complement of singers, harpers, tale-tellers, and fiddlers, supported out of its revenues. What were the ordinary or regular entertainments in which they took part, we do not precisely know; but the services which they rendered on great occasions are often minutely recorded. "It seems," says Tytler, "to have been a custom in Scotland, as old at least as Alexander III., that when the sovereign made his progress through the country, minstrels and singers received him on his entrance into the towns, and accompanied him when he took his departure; and we find Edward I., in his triumphal journey through the land in 1296, paying certain sums of money as a remuneration for the same melodious reception."

But most highly favoured of all were the minstrels attached to the court, both in England and in Scotland. In the Burgh Records of Scotland, quoted by Professor Aytoun, no entry is so common as that of payments to *singers* and *lutors*, "at the king's commande." These records afford unequivocal proof of the high estimation in which traditionary poetry and the performance of the minstrels were held in early times. But no circumstance attested by them is more gratifying than the fact that Blind Harry, the chronicler of the deeds of Wallace, "who must then," as Aytoun says, "have been in extreme old age, was a regular stipendiary of the gallant and accomplished king, who fell in the midst of his chivalry, at Flodden." "Whether Bruce himself," says Tytler, "was a proficient in music, the favourite accomplishment of many a knight in those days, is not known, but he undoubtedly kept his minstrels."

At the English court, the institution of minstrelsy was still more liberally maintained. Henry III. had not only his royal minstrel or *joculator*, and his harper, but he had also in his train a French poet called *Henry the Versifier*, to whom, on several occasions, the salary of one hundred shillings a-year was paid. Then we all know the story of Robert Baston, a minstrel whom Edward II. took with him to Scotland, to sing his triumph over Bruce, but who had the misfortune to be taken prisoner at Bannockburn, when, for his ransom, he was compelled, Balaam-like, to bless those whom he had come to curse. Richard I., himself a noted troubadour, had several French minstrels in his pay, of whom tradition gives the foremost place to Blondell, whose voice and harp are said to have enchanted his royal master out of prison.

Both the universities and the monasteries were, for a time at least, amongst the patrons of minstrelsy. In the fourteenth century we find William of Wykeham enjoining the scholars both of New College, Oxford, and of Winchester, to amuse themselves on festival days with songs and recitations of chronicles, — with *cantilinea*, *poëmata*, *regnorum chronica*, and the *mirabilia mundi*, — the last a collection of legends brought by the crusaders from the East, and afterwards worked up into the *Merveilles du monde*. It seems certain that many of the rhymes which the professional minstrels hawked about the country, were the production of

* Warton's "History of English Poetry, from the Eleventh to the Seventeenth Century," section xxiv.

monks in their leisure hours. Monastic libraries abounded in romantic rhymes. "Guy of Warwick" was written by Walter of Exeter, a monk; why not, then, many of the lesser rhymes? A friar in "The Vision concerning Piers the Plowman" is said to be much better acquainted with the "Rimes of Robin Hood" and "Randal of Chester," than with his Paternoster.

But in course of time a change came over the spirit of the clerical dream. The clergy grew to be jealous of the popularity of the minstrels, and of the influence which they exercised over the people. And unfortunately the Church had good reason for putting their rivals under the ban; for the latter yielded only too readily to the temptations to which they were exposed. They were so often associated with scenes of riot and excess, that it was not difficult to attribute such scenes to the influence of their performances. Accordingly the minstrels became identified with revelry and dissipation. Their calling fell into disrepute. They sank lower and lower in the social scale. The noble *scôp* (shaper) and *mâker* degenerated into the mirth-causing gleeman and buffoon. The romantic *jongleur* gave place to the handicraft juggler, pure and simple. And at last, in Queen Mary's time, when books as well as readers became more common, they were by Act of Parliament subjected to the same penalties as "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."

It is sad to leave in such company the grand old minstrels, whose career as a class is encrusted with so many fine poetical and historical associations. But this great change should not make us forget the important services which, in their palmier days, they rendered both to national literature and to national music. It were certainly an injustice to their memory were we to forget that to their labours we are chiefly indebted for the perfecting of the lyrical element which is an essential one in the definition of ballad poetry.

Thirdly, the *traditional* element in ballad literature—the fact that these poems must have floated about for years, sometimes for generations, before they were fixed down by the strict laws of literary form—is the feature which marks off the ballad most distinctly from all other forms of poetry. To this circumstance we owe that simplicity of thought which indeed was a necessary condition of the existence of works which lived only

in the memory, and which were perused only by the ear. Their forcible plainness and directness of language are due to the same cause. Thence, also, they derived their representative character; for the true ballad was less the expression of the feelings of the individual poet, than it was the natural outcome of the life and thought of the people, blossoming in song. This is the secret, too, of the educative power of the ballads. For long they were the only means of intellectual culture which the mass of the people enjoyed. The minstrels were their teachers. They stored their memories, they trained their minds, they moulded their spirits, and discharged a function which, in Scotland at least, has been performed in later times by the pulpit and the press. And this is, no doubt, what the "very wise" friend of Fletcher of Saltoun meant when he said, in the trite words generally attributed to Saltoun himself—"if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

Such being the true nature of the ballad—narrative, lyrical, and traditional—it is not wonderful that its origin and early history should themselves be matters of tradition and inference, rather than of well-ascertained fact. Yet it cannot be doubted that the ballad has exercised an important influence on the development, not only of national poetry, but of national literature in all its great departments—excepting, of course, that of speculation and abstract thought.

In the first place, the ballad is the true spring-head of *history*. It is an acknowledged fact that the earliest national literature of all countries has been some kind of ballad poetry. It is reasonable, in the nature of things, that it should have been so. There is, indeed, no fact which modern research and philosophic criticism have more satisfactorily established than this,—that the streams of authentic history, when traced far enough, have their source in remote uplands, where the head-waters are lost in wildering mazes of tradition and romance. This is now so well understood, and so generally acknowledged, that its statement is a mere commonplace of criticism. In connection with the early history of Rome, this view, promulgated in the last century by Perizonius, and elaborated more recently by Niebuhr, Thirlwall, Malden, Arnold, and Mommsen, has been thoroughly popularized by Macaulay in his vivid *lays*, which are

simply conjectural ballads,—examples in modern dress of the kind of stories which enter so largely into the woof of Livy's narrative.

But the same thing which is true of the early history of the nations of antiquity is demonstrably true of the great nations of modern Europe,—of England and Germany, as well as of France and Spain. The metrical chronicles, often fabulous and incredible, in which their history has its springs, abound in romantic incidents, for which their writers do not hesitate to avow their indebtedness to traditionary and popular songs. From the chronicles, these legends have been transferred bodily to the pages of such accepted modern historians as Hume; so that historical critics are forced, for example, to deal with many passages in the early, ay, and even in the later history of England, much as Niebuhr dealt with the early history of Rome. There is no doubt great temptation to carry this historical scepticism too far—a temptation which critics of the iconoclastic school find it hard to resist. Yet, when every allowance has been made, many of the most romantic characters and scenes in the early history of Europe must, with however much regret, be given up as either wholly or partially mythical. But if this be so, it may be said that the traditionary element has only vitiated history, by introducing matter which has distorted its aspect and polluted its stream. True to some extent in the lower and literal sense; very far from true in the higher spirit. For these elements, even when their fictitious character has been most clearly demonstrated, have a historical value of their own. Particular facts may be questionable, details may be exaggerated; but the broad picture is, no doubt, essentially true. Moreover, these traditions *were* history to the people who accepted and cherished them,—all the history they had. If they were regarded in no other light than as an embodiment of primitive feelings and beliefs, as a confession of the historical faith of rude times, they would be invaluable to the student of human nature and human thought. Even the scientific historian, therefore, may no more ignore traditionary ballads than the geologist may ignore the moraines and erratic boulders which testify to the existence and operation of powerful agencies which were at work in prehistoric times.

The relations of *the Drama* to ballad poetry are quite as distinctly marked as

those of history. We do not refer merely to the well-known fact of certain great plays—such as “King Lear” and “The Merchant of Venice”—being so far indebted to earlier ballads for their plot or story; or to such confessions as that of Æschylos (important though they be) that his dramas were but scraps from the great feast of Homer. We refer to the drama as a distinct institution, regarded both as a public performance and as a department of poetry.

Now it is plain that whenever dialogue was introduced into the ballads, and when the minstrels, in reciting them, set them off by mimicry and action, so as to give individuality to the characters of the story, the whole performance became a drama in miniature. And this is precisely what the Greek drama was in its earliest stage. Both comedy and tragedy had a distinctly lyrical origin, in the services connected with the worship of Dionysos. At first a mere interlude, probably for the relief of the chorus as much as for the amusement of the audience, the dramatic performance ultimately assumed the first place, and the chorus became subservient and tributary. For a time the story was appropriately connected with the perils and sufferings of Dionysos; but it soon took a wider range, embracing, as in the case of Æschylos, the great cycle of Hellenic legends. But in the first instance, and indeed for long, the performance was purely a piece of minstrelsy. The earliest plays, both comedies and tragedies, were performed or recited by a single actor. Dryden, speaking as a dramatist, puts this well, in one of his prologues, when he says:—

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes *sung ballads* from a cart.

The cart is admitted to be an anachronism; for the couplet is an adaptation of the well-known line of Horace:—

Dicitur et *plaustris* vexissa poemata Thespis,—
in which the Roman poet adopts the error, common in his day, of ascribing to Thespis the waggon, or movable scaffold of Susarion, the first comic dramatist. Thespis had, no doubt, a stable enough stage. But what we have to notice is the very accurate description which both Horace and Dryden give of what Thespis *did*—not what he did it on, or from. And what he did was to sing ballads. Now the claim of Thespis to be considered the father of Greek

tragedy consists in the circumstance that he was the first to put a separate actor on the stage, in the shape of the exarch or choral leader, who recited his story in the intervals of the dithyrambic chorus. The performance of the earliest Greek comedies by an individual actor, already incidentally referred to, is an equally notorious fact of literary history. Now, these single actors, in whose representations both comedy and tragedy originated, were but ballad minstrels of a higher sort, who gave greater effect to their recitals by adopting histrionic devices.

In the history of the drama of modern Europe, we are able to note a distinct stage at which the religious entertainments that led to it were of a purely lyrical and didactic character. Before they attained to a regular dramatic form they consisted of processions and set scenes, which were illustrated by lyrical recitations of the most striking passages in the lives of apostles, patriarchs, and saints. Sometimes these songs or sacred ballads were introduced in the celebration of the mass: sometimes, as in France, in the more questionable spectacles of the *Feast of the Ass* (of Balaam) and the *Feast of Fools*; sometimes, both in France and in England, in the festival of the *Boy-Bishop*. The undoubted fact seems to be that, to counteract the influence of the minstrels at fairs and festivals, the clergy, jealous of the popularity of their rivals, turned actors themselves, and substituted for the profane and often ribald entertainments of the minstrels, stories from the legends of the saints, and from the Bible itself. At one time the minstrels were allowed to entertain the people on Sundays with monkish legends, which they sang to the harp. But this also the clergy by and by took into their own hands. There is in the British Museum a collection of legendary rhymes, which were solemnly recited to the people on Sundays and holidays. Nay, some of the oldest extant sermons in the English language are metrical homilies of a distinctly ballad character; and this shows, more than anything else, the extent to which the clergy both feared and prized the power of minstrelsy. Now the clerical performers, in all their services, both dramatic and non-dramatic, were merely ecclesiastical minstrels, who found that they could best catch the popular ear, and win popular sympathy, by throwing the sacred and saintly narratives, first into a metrical, and afterwards into a dramatic form.

These views are strikingly corroborated by the evidence of language. In the fourteenth century the terms *tragedy* and *comedy* were by no means confined to dramatic poems, but were freely applied to metrical narratives. Dante's comedies were in no sense dramas. With Chaucer (see the prologue to the "Monk's Tale"), a tragedy is simply a tragic story; and Lydgate characterizes Chaucer's own poems as comedies and tragedies. But still further, we have it, on the authority of Professor Max Müller, that the name *mystery* (improperly written *mystery*), by which these religious plays are known, has no reference to anything mysterious or mystical in their subject. *Mystery*, *minstrelsy*, and *ministry* are, in point of fact, radically identical; and their different applications in modern times merely show how widely derivatives from the same root may diverge in meaning in the course of ages. All point to the idea of service; and in truth a *minister* is but a sacred *minstrel*; a *minstrel* is only a secular *minister*.

But it was not only in its earliest stage that this ballad character belonged to the miracle, or religious play. Even when its dramatic form was fully developed, it was still customary to represent a great part of its action by dumb show, and in *tableaux vivants*, while the story itself was recited by a single actor or by two or three of the chief characters, whose function brings us back once more to that of the old ballad minstrel.

Finally the *Epic* is at once the most direct and the grandest product of ballad poetry. The "Epic" is the finished temple, of which ballads are the separate pillars; the galaxy, of which ballads are the single stars of varying magnitudes. For unquestionably the greatest heroic poems in the world are essentially concretions of popular poetry, which first existed in the simple ballad form. This is true, not only of the Homeric poems, but also of the great national epics of mediæval times. Just as the "Iliad" is a great body of Greek traditional poetry — the growth of ages — moulded into a majestic whole by the hand of genius, so the great Norse Eddas and Sagas were compiled from still older legendary and mythical songs. The "Elder Edda," that of Saemund, an Icelandic priest, was compiled in the beginning of the twelfth century, from the most ancient mythological and heroic Scandinavian songs. About a century later the materials for the younger "Edda," that of Snorni, himself a Skald

by profession, were collected from the same sources. The Icelandic Sagas, which form a rich deposit in the literature of the Middle Ages, drew their material from the current Skaldic songs and national folk-lore. The fine old German epic, the "Niebelunglied," the oldest MS. of which is assigned to the beginning of the thirteenth century, was a compilation of previously existing songs and rhapsodies. The "Cid Romances in Spain," first published in the sixteenth century, but composed much earlier, were taken from ancient national *cantares* and Castilian *poemas*. In like manner the Carolingian romances in Central Europe, the Arthurian cycle in England, and the Wallace of Blind Harry in Scotland, are all great poetical concretions, the elements of which were in every case an earlier growth of legends, rhapsodies, and songs.

The elementary ballads and legends, from which these epics were built up, floated about—we cannot tell how long—in the minds and voices of the people, until there arose minstrels of greater genius, of higher art and constructive power, than their predecessors, who conceived the idea of welding these transient and isolated fragments into a solid whole. Now the great fact for us here is that, in nearly every case, the foundation ballads, the elementary germs, have entirely disappeared. Nor is this an unnatural result when it is remembered that, before the era of the printing-press, minstrelsy formed the very condition of the existence of popular poetry. Poems which ceased to be recited or sung, necessarily ceased to be. And when the greater epics came, in course of time, to form the stock in trade of the minstrels, it was inevitable that the minor epics—the ballads—should be forgotten.

It thus seems to be a fixed law of traditional literature that, when ballads came to be absorbed in epics and romances, they thereby sacrificed their individual and independent existence. We find their remains embedded, as it were, in a fossil state, in the great stratum of mediæval poetry; but as separate and living organisms they no longer exist. We have abundant evidence, both historical and traditional, that they did exist. Nay, the exact counterparts of legends which have been swallowed up in the epic poetry of one country, retain their separate individuality in another. The Danish ballads, the famous "Kæmpe Viser," which form the richest bequest of mediæval folk-lore, are an exception to the

general law of absorption. Developed by a long course of oral transmission, and collected in the fourteenth century, they have descended to us in their virgin ballad form. But we find in these simple ballads some of the identical legends which are woven into the Lay of the Niebelungs; from which we warrantably infer that they once existed as ballads in Germany also. This is a remarkable case of the exception proving the rule. Nothing, surely, could better bring out in bold relief the fact on which we are insisting, that national epics are a proof of the previous existence of national ballads. The epics and romances in which the ballads have been absorbed cannot, in strict propriety, be called ballads; but they retain, amid their complexity and prolixity, enough of the flavour and spirit of traditional poetry to bear witness to their ballad origin.

But it may be asked, if this law of absorption holds good, whence have we derived the important body of ballad poetry which forms one of the boasted treasures of our modern literature?

Now in this country, as in others, when the earlier romance epoch passed away, a new ballad epoch began, which was indebted for much of its material to the romances which it superseded. The romances were composed for, and addressed to, the great and noble; but when the progression of literature provided that class with more permanent works, in the shape of regular dramas and epics, and systematic histories, there still remained a large unlettered class of the community to whom the inheritance of oral poetry naturally descended. Elaborate romances did not suit their tastes. They demanded, as their simple forefathers had done, brief and pithy narratives. The minstrels, whose duty it was to cater for them, had to find material to satisfy their tastes. They found a convenient storehouse, full of the richest material, in the more elaborate romances. Thus it came to pass that the long poems, which had in the first instance been built up out of ballads, were, for the benefit of the common people, broken down into ballads again. And in point of fact not a few of our oldest ballads, and of these some of the most striking, are but chips of ancient and well-worn metrical romances. The well-known ballad of "Hynde Horn," for example, is but a paraphrase of part of the older romance or gest of "King Horn," which was itself, beyond question, a concoction of still older ballads and legends.

But it is not necessary to account for all our ballads on this principle. It is sufficient for our purpose to show that some have originated in this way; others were, undoubtedly, handed down in the lyrical form from earlier times, others were transplanted from foreign countries. But many, perhaps the most and best of those which we now have, owe their origin to the fact that in our country in comparatively recent times the circumstances which tend to call forth a body of traditional poetry arose with irresistible power. These circumstances were the craving for literary excitement in the common people combined with the absence of culture and the power of literary appreciation, and the natural desire to glorify national and local heroes in popular verse. The same conditions which made ballad poetry a necessity in the ninth and tenth centuries, called it forth again in England and Scotland in the fifteenth and sixteenth. Some of the Robin Hood ballads were amongst the earliest productions of the English printing-press. "Chevy Chase" was an "old ballad" in Sir Philip Sidney's time; other ballads are echoed by snatches in Shakespeare and our old dramatists. But the great mass of our existing ballad literature cannot be traced further back than the fifteenth or the sixteenth century, which constitutes for us the special ballad epoch in our modern literature. When the old chronicles and romances gave place to the historical drama and the regular epic in one direction—that of literary culture, they were superseded by ballad minstrelsy in another direction—that of popular poetry. And the great fact to which our argument leads up is, that the mass of our extant ballad literature, which the labours of Bishop Percy and of Sir Walter Scott rescued from oblivion in the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, forms a later deposit, a tertiary stratum, which illustrates the life of comparatively recent and strictly historic times. Though purely oral compositions, living only in the hearts and memories of the people, they belong to a period contemporaneous with the methodical productions of literary art in every department of human thought. Not only while Gower and Chaucer were committing their thoughts that breathed to perishable parchment, not only while the works of Spenser and Shakespeare, of Milton and Bacon, were being multiplied by the printing-press; but after Dryden and Pope had given the

keenest polish to English diction and versification, there was still floating about freely in the intellectual atmosphere of this country a great body of traditional poetry, not destined to be caught up or fixed down by the hard and fast conditions of literary art for many years afterwards.

For it is an important fact that our modern collections of ballads date only from the last century. A few versions of fugitive ballads had been included, along with modern material, in poetical miscellanies much earlier—in "Wit Restored," in 1658, and in Dryden's "Miscellany Poems" in 1684. But the earliest systematic editions of popular poetry are "A Collection of Old Ballads," published in London between 1723 and 1738, and the "Evergreen" of Allan Ramsay, published in Edinburgh in 1724. The two men, however, to whom we are chiefly indebted for recovering and preserving the rarest gems of our ballad poetry are Bishop Percy, whose "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" was first published in 1765, and Sir Walter Scott, whose two volumes of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" appeared in 1802 and 1803 respectively. We may obtain some idea of the value of Scott's services in this department of literature from the fact that the "Minstrelsy" contains as many as forty ballads which had never before been taken down in writing, or published to the world. The rich field, in which Percy and Scott may be said first to have broken ground, has been extensively and profitably worked by enthusiastic labourers since their time. It would be unfair, in speaking of Scott's own labours in the ballad field, to ignore the valuable assistance which was willingly rendered to him by John Leyden, the gifted author of "Scenes of Infancy." Since the appearance of the "Minstrelsy," the collecting and editing of ballads, especially of Scottish ballads, has been the pet work of literary antiquaries. We can do no more here than refer in passing, but with grateful acknowledgments, to the labours of such men as Jamieson, Bird and Buchan, David Laing and Robert Chambers, Finlay and Kinloch, Sharpe and Maidment, Johnson and Motherwell, and last, though not least, William Edmondstone Aytoun, to whose fine literary instinct and critical acumen we owe the purest and most perfect collection we possess of the ballads of Scotland.

The labours of Percy and Scott, it should not be forgotten, had a much

wider bearing than that to which we have now referred. They exercised a most important influence in reviving that taste for genuine natural poetry, which forms the chief intellectual characteristic of the present century, and which extended itself to every department of literature and art. From the appearance of Percy's "Reliques" we are bound to date the recoil in the last generation from the cold formality which had characterized the poetry and thought of the preceding age. The impetus which Percy's labours gave to the poetical genius and taste of Scott is well known. The testimony of Wordsworth, the great apostle of the new poetic faith, is express and unequivocal. "I do not think," he says, "that there is one able writer in verse at the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the 'Reliques.' I know it is so with my friends [among whom Coleridge and Southey were conspicuous], and for myself," he adds, "I am happy to make a public avowal of my own." In this admission we may discover one of the reasons which led Wordsworth and Coleridge to call the poems which they produced jointly at an early stage in their career "lyrical ballads," though the title involves something of a cross division: for all true ballads, as we have endeavoured to show, must be lyrical. But it is interesting, as it is valuable, to have received from the most philosophical of modern poets, this testimony to the ballad origin of some at least of the features which characterize the modern school of poetry. As culture and intellectual refinement advance, the poet, wedded to his art, is ever prone to set himself above Nature, and to prefer his own wisdom to her mother-wit. But poetry, like history, of which it is the flower and the fruit, has a happy knack of repeating itself. And if it be true, as it undoubtedly is, that the poetry of our time owes both its strength and its sweetness to a rekindled allegiance to the nursing bosom of Nature, which, in spite of the vagaries of her prodigal sons, is ever one and the same, we owe this result, more perhaps than is generally recognized, to the influence of ballad poetry.

The historical ballad attained its highest perfection in those countries in which the chivalrous spirit was most fully developed—in England, Scotland, and Germany amongst northern nations, and in Spain amongst those of the south. In France, and Italy, on the other hand, where chivalry was transformed into

artificial knight-errantry and the fanciful championship of beauty, the national minstrelsy either assumed the form of passionate love songs, or degenerated into tedious prose romances. It is only where martial ardour is ennobled by national enthusiasm that scope is found for pure and healthy ballad poetry.

But it must be admitted that the historical ballads which have come down to us are not poetically the best specimens of their kind, at least, when judged by the canons of modern criticism. They are often tiresome from painful minuteness of detail. They are generally long, and sometimes dull. Purely poetical ideas in them are as a rule "few and far between." Their charm lies in their rough and ready vigour in the active scenes, relieved by dashes of quaint humour, and touches of melting pathos.

One old English ballad, quoted in Evans's collection, from the "Garland of Delight," dwells with a zest which there is no effort made to conceal, on the achievement of Lord Mayor Walworth, in stabbing Wat Tyler to the heart. In like manner battle scenes are favourite subjects with the Scottish historical muse, from "The Battle of Otterbourne," in the fourteenth, to "The Battle of Bothwell Bridge," in the seventeenth century; and nothing seems to inspire the *mâker* so thoroughly as the intoxication of blood. Indeed these old Scottish heroic ballads glory in slaughter in a way that shocks the sensibility of modern times. It was evidently a good joke to describe how a Percy was spitted so perfectly that the spear protruded from his back, "a large cloth yard, and more." In the same ballad we read how

The Percy and Montgomery met,

That either of other was fain;

They swakkit swords, and sore they swat,

And the blood ran down between.

Such passages, given with proper effect, could not fail to "bring down the house," in times when bloodshed was still regarded by most men as the great business of life. Yet there mingle strangely with these exhibitions of grim, ferocious humour, touches of the finest pathos, and hearty recognitions of knightly courtesy. Such, for example, is the scene in which the victorious Percy mourns over his fallen foe, on Cheviot side:—

The Percy leaned on his brand,

And saw the Douglas dee:

He took the dead man by the hand,

And said: "Wae's me for thee:

“To save thy life, I'd have parted with
My lands for year's three;
For a better man, of head nor hand,
Was not in all the North country.”

The fate of the heroic Witherington,
too, touches the minstrel's heart : —

Of Witherington my heart was wae,
That ever he slain should be;
For, when both his legs had been hewn in twa,
He kneeled and fought on his knee.

And very fine and solemn is the minstrel's account of the mourning after the combat : —

So on the morrow they made them biers,
Of birch and hazel so gray;
Many widows with weeping tears
Came to fetch their makes away.

Here, surely, if anywhere, we have the “touch of nature which makes the whole world kin”!

The Scottish version of “The Battle of Otterbourne” is remarkable, as containing an element of superstition similar to that which we find in many of our legendary ballads. Douglas is mortally wounded; but with his last breath he orders the fight to be continued till the old prophecy should be fulfilled, that “a dead Douglas should win a field.” This touched upon a favourite superstition of the times, which the minstrels of all countries did not fail to turn to account. It was obviously intended, not merely to divest the last enemy of some of his terrors, but also to invest the circumstance of death on the battle-field with a special glory. Thus in the last victory gained by the Cid Campeador, on the plains of Valencia, his corpse, clad in panoply, was bound to his charger, and led to the front, between two valiant knights; and the Moors, we are told, were so appalled by the apparition, that they turned and fled. But in the case of the “dead Douglas,” at Otterbourne, the narrative is more picturesque and circumstantial. Before the battle began he is represented as saying to his faithful page : —

But I have dreamed a dreary dream
Beyond the isle of Skye:
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I.

When struck down, he says to Mont-
gomerie, his nephew : —

My wound is deep; I fain would sleep:
Take thou the vanguard of the three;
And bury me by the bracken bush,
That grows on yonder lily lea.

So, when Percy, in turn, is struck

down, and asks to whom he must yield,
Montgomerie replies : —

Thou shalt not yield to lord or loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the bracken bush
That grows on yonder lily lea.

Into the early English historical ballads, or ballads with a historical basis, there were frequently imported satirical elements, which made them less ballads, in the strict sense, than political songs. Warton* quotes an excellent specimen of this class of poems, in which a partisan of Simon de Montfort casts unmeasured ridicule on Richard, King of the Romans (“Richard of Alemnaine”), brother of Henry III., who was taken prisoner along with the latter at the battle of Lewes (1264). So effective was the humour of this ballad or song, that it is believed to have occasioned a statute against libels in the year 1275, under the title “Against Slanderous Reports, or Tales to cause Discord betwixt King and People.” “About the present era,” says Warton, “we meet with a ballad complaining of the exorbitant fees extorted, and the numerous taxes levied, by the king's officers.” A little later (1306) there is a similar effusion complaining bitterly of the conduct of the justices appointed by Edward I. to carry on the government during his absence in the French and Scottish wars. In the reign of Henry VI., in the next century, a satirical ballad, commenting severely on the proceedings of the king and his counsellors, then sitting in Parliament, was stuck on the gates of the royal palace. Of the same nature were the scurrilous songs which held up “Old Noll” to ridicule in the time of the civil war. The Revolution had its triumphant, but now meaningless “Lillibulero.” The Scottish rebellion in the eighteenth century called forth a host of vigorous Jacobite songs. But these productions, though they owe their existence in some measure to the same circumstances which, in less sophisticated times, gave rise to genuine ballads, do not, any more than the Corn-laws rhymes of Ebenezer Elliot in the present century, belong in any proper sense to ballad literature. They are chiefly interesting as showing how, when intellectual culture spreads, popular feeling seeks out new and more reflective channels through which to express itself.

A considerable section of our national

* “History of English Poetry,” section ii.

ballads, both English and Scottish, relates to outlawry and freebooting life. This can hardly be surprising when we remember how unsettled society was, in both divisions of the island during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries especially, and on the border-land between the two countries at a still later period. The mode of life of the freebooters, combining in a marked degree the elements of lawless and defiant danger on the one hand, and free-handed liberality on the other, presented features of romance which invited poetical treatment. To this class, indeed, belong the best of the old English ballads — those, namely, which treat of the career and exploits of Robin Hood and Little John, and Will Scarlet and Friar Tuck, and the other merry men who dwelt, as their wits could best devise, under the greenwood in Sherwood Forest. The Robin Hood of the ballads, at least, can no longer be regarded as a historical personage; but it is remarkable that his name has been far more popular with the English peasantry than the names of many real heroes. The reason of this is, that his career was typical of a popular cause — to wit, that resistance to the severe and unjust forest-laws, which long after the distinction of Norman and Englishman was forgotten, kept up the old jealousy between the nobility and the common people. By the common people Robin Hood was unquestionably regarded as a real personage — as their hero and champion. And he was as great a favourite on the north of the Tweed as on the south. There is a genuine old Scottish ballad, detailing the story of his noble birth; and “The Play of Robin Hood” was a favourite pastime at the annual sports of many Scottish burghs until the end of the sixteenth century, when it fell under the ban of the General Assembly of the Kirk. Every reader of Scott remembers how effectively it is introduced in the Stirling sports described in the Fifth canto of “*The Lady of the Lake*.” He was a great favourite too, with the minstrels, who have adorned his character with all heroic and gentle attributes. But the great number of the ballads in which he figures — between thirty and forty, and these of very unequal interest and merit — seems to countenance the theory that every law-defying adventure in the forest, real or imaginable, was fathered upon Robin; and that “Robin Hood” became a kind of generic name for daring freebooters and outlaws.

The Border land, both English and Scottish, was the favourite haunt of marauding bands down till comparatively recent times. No doubt international jealousy tended to perpetuate this state of matters, and to obtain for it a kind of semi-official sanction; for the “raids” were regarded as quite legitimate so long as they were made by either party on the other side of the Border, and were conducted in conformity with “the truce of Bordertide.”

On either side there was a Lord of the Marches, to whose judgment doubtful cases were appealed, and who not only sanctioned, but often led, the predatory inroads. The Scotts of Buccleuch, on the north of the Border, had their counterparts in the Lord Scroops and false Salkelds on the south. If England had its Clym o’ the Clough and William of Cloudeley, Scotland had its Johnnie Armstrong and Kinmont Willie, its Jock o’ the Side and Jamie Telfer, and a host of others. For the Scottish reavers were both more numerous and more daring than their English rivals, to which the fact is, no doubt, in great measure owing that the Scottish Border ballads of this class are superior, not in number merely, but also in merit, to those of England.

The great mass of the Border ballads are connected, directly or indirectly, with the lives and deeds of adventurous freebooters, who lived by levying black-mail upon their weaker neighbours. Plunder was the avowed profession of these men. Of John Armstrong, the laird of Gilnockie, it is the minstrel’s boast that, though

He has no lands, nor rents coming in,
He keeps eight-score men in his hall.

He has horse and harness for them all —
Goodly steeds that be milk-white;
And goodly belts about their necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

Their whole life was a well-planned system of petty warfare — a prolonged struggle for existence — in which

The good old rule
Suffic’d them — the simple plan,
That they should take who had the power,
And they should keep who can.

This was their creed; yet there was method in the mad lawlessness of these marauders. There was honour among these Border thieves. Oae of them could boast with his last breath, on the gallows —

I’ve lo’ed naething in a’ my life,
I will daur say’t, but honestie!

Their conception of honesty, however, consisted in a loyal and profitable adherence to the *lex talionis*. They held that they might do as they were done by, with impunity. Lord Scoop says to Dick o' the Cow, a noted Cumberland reaver : —

I give thee leave, my honest fool —
Thou speak'st against my honour and me :
Unless thou gie me thy troth and thy hand,
Thou'it steal from none but who stole from thee.

And Dick replies : —

There's my troth and my right hand —
My head shall hang on Haribee,
I'll ne'er cross Carlisle Sands again
If I steal frae a man but wha stole frae me.

In the same spirit Johnnie Armstrong boasted to the King : —

England should have found me meat and mault
Gif I had lived this hundred year :
She should have found me meat and mault,
And beef and mutton in all plentie ;
But ne'er a Scot's wife could have said,
That e'er I skaited her a poor flea.

Such strokes of humour are frequent in the ballads of plundering warfare. "Kinmont Willie" for example is full of them. But no less common are touches of the finest pathos. What, for instance, could be finer than these stanzas from "Edom o' Gordon," in which the fate of the little daughter of the castle, to which Edom has set fire, is described : —

They rolled her in a pair of sheets,
And dropped her o'er the wall ;
But on the point of Gordon's spear
She got a deadly fall.

O bonny, bonny was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks,
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red blood dreeps.

Then with his spear he turned her o'er ;
O, but her face was wan !
He said, "You are the first that e'er
I wished alive again."

He turned her o'er, and o'er again ;
O, but her skin was white !
"I might have spared that bonny face,
To have been some man's delight.

"Busk and boun, my merry men all,
For ill dooms I do guess ;
I canna look on that bonny face
As it lies on the grass."

Students of Scottish ballad poetry are aware that "Edom o' Gordon" is one of the romantic series condemned as spurious imitations by the late Dr. Robert

Chambers. Himself an able and appreciative editor of ballads in his earlier years (1829), he published, when advanced in life, an elaborate argument * to prove that many of our best romantic ballads, including "Sir Patrick Spens," "Gil Morrice," "Young Waters," "The Douglas Tragedy," and some twenty others, were written by Lady Wardlaw, of Pitreavie, who died in 1727. The foundation of his argument is the fact that "Hardy Knut," which was published professedly as an old ballad in 1719, and in which the style and diction of the traditional ballads are very skilfully imitated, was subsequently acknowledged to be the composition of Lady Wardlaw. He finds that the versions of many of these ballads given by Percy, through whom they were first published, rest upon no ancient manuscript authority, but were printed "from a manuscript copy sent from Scotland," or "from a written copy that appears to have received some modern corrections," or "as it was preserved in the memory of a lady that is now dead." Suspicion being thus aroused, he proceeds to compare these ballads with one another, and with the avowedly spurious "Hardy Knut ;" and he finds so many points of resemblance, both in plan of treatment and in turn of expression, that he is forced to assign the whole of this remarkable body of romantic literature to Lady Wardlaw's single pen.

The whole of the evidence on which Dr. Chambers bases his case reduces itself to two points, — the absence of ancient manuscript authority, and the alleged coincidences of thought and expression observed in the ballads.

To the former ground very little weight can be attached. It is of the nature and essence of a national ballad to be traditional. As soon as it is committed to manuscript, or to type, its traditional career is cut short, and it becomes a part of regular literature. In the history of every traditional ballad there must have been a time when it was first committed to manuscript, and if that time was recent, it is impossible that any "ancient manuscript" can be appealed to. The fact has already been mentioned that in Scott's "Minstrelsy" there are upwards of thirty ballads which had never before been published, but which he and Leyden and other friends ferreted out and wrote down in the course of their "border

* We give the title of Dr. Chambers's brochure at the head of this article.

raids." Now, when Scott wrote a ballad, — and he wrote many, — he always took the credit of it. He never attempted to conceal his authorship of "Glenfinlas," or "The Massacre of Glencoe," or "The Eve of St. John," or "The Gray Brother." Leyden, in like manner, acknowledged himself the author of "The Mermaid" and "Lord Soulis," and other ballads. But there was never a whispered doubt of the genuineness of "Jamie Telfer" or "Kinmont Willie," of the "Cruel Sister" or the "Demon Lover," of the "Dowie Dens o' Yarrow" or "The Wife of Usher's Well," or of a host of others which Scott first gave to the world. Yet there were no "ancient manuscripts" of these poems. If there had been, the probability is that their first publication would not have been reserved for Scott.

The mere absence of "ancient manuscript" authority therefore is in itself no sufficient ground for questioning the genuine antiquity of ballads taken down and published at a still later date than that of those which Dr. Chambers impeaches.

A better proof of antiquity than that of manuscript authority is the existence in different districts of different versions of the same ballad. Now this is the case with what Dr. Chambers calls the romantic, but what is more correctly called the historical ballad of "Sir Patrick Spence." When Percy first printed this ballad, in 1765, "from *two* MSS. copies transmitted from Scotland," it contained only eleven stanzas. When Scott reproduced it in 1802, he was able to add at least ten new stanzas, obtained from independent dictation. In 1806 Robert Jamieson published another version of the same ballad in eighteen stanzas, and in 1828 yet another version was produced by Peter Buchan comprising twenty-nine stanzas. The remarkable fact to be noticed in connection with these different versions of "Sir Patrick Spence" is, that no one stanza in the versions of Jamieson and Buchan is exactly the same as, or exactly corresponds with, the combined version of Percy and Scott. Now this is precisely what would occur, — what occurs over and over again, — in the case of traditional ballads. And this is a crucial test. For, as Mr. Norval Clyne well remarks —

"Sir Patrick" is the corner stone of the structure raised by Mr. Chambers. If he has failed to prove, or show reasonable grounds for believing, that the author of "Hardy Knut" and "Sir Patrick Spence" was one and the same person, or that the latter poem is

a production of the eighteenth century, the whole of his precarious edifice comes to the ground, a baseless fabric. He dwells strongly on points of resemblance between the several ballads in dispute, and argues somewhat in this fashion: Number *one* has expressions similar to those in "Hardy Knut;" number *two* contains lines or words wonderfully like some in number *one*; number *three* has, in a similar way, a resemblance to numbers *one* and *two*; and so forth through the whole twenty-five pieces. Take away number *one*, therefore, to wit, "Sir Patrick Spence," and Mr. Chambers's logic, unsound enough before, becomes too defective to be mentioned with gravity.*

This leaves the point in dispute, therefore, to be determined solely by internal evidence; that is, by a comparison of the ballads whose genuineness is doubted with one another, and with "Hardy Knut," whose modern authorship is unquestionable. Now, here it should be noted that, considering the nature of traditional poetry, considering especially the manner in which necessarily it is propagated and conserved, mere coincidences of expression and treatment afford in themselves no reliable proof of identity of origin. We find not merely phrases, not merely lines, but whole stanzas freely interchanged, with but slight variations. In ballads the antiquity of which is beyond the reach of question. Dr. Chambers's argument proves too much. For there are numerous expressions in ballads the genuineness of which he did not dispute, which bear the closest affinity to, nay, which are identical with, expressions in the ballads which he condemned as spurious.

Further, it happens unfortunately for Dr. Chambers's argument, that "Hardy Knut" is admitted on all hands to be immeasurably inferior as a poem to the ballads with which he expressly compares it. He himself refers several times to the "stiff and somewhat puerile" manner of that poem. There are many lines, even in the parts of "Hardy Knut" which he has quoted, which have a distinctly modern flavour. Such lines as —

With noble chiefs in brave array ; —
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
The King of Norse commands ; —
Kind chieftain, your intent pursue ; —
But soon beneath some drapping tree
Cauld death shall end my care. —

* Mr. Clyne's brochure is a systematic and exceedingly able and convincing reply to Dr. Chambers's paper. Apart from the general argument, it disposes most successfully of the verbal coincidences on which Dr. Chambers laid so much weight.

Ne'er to return to native land,
 Nae mair, with blithesome sounds,
 To boast the glories of the day,
 And shaw their shining wounds.

Such lines as these, we say, in spite of "drapping" for "dropping," "cauld" for "cold," "shaw" for "show," and "lang" for "long," betray at once their modern cast of thought. There is nothing specially ballad-like about them, and nothing specially poetical. They might have appeared in any commonplace eighteenth century poem. Now we find no such commonplace modern lines, no such feeble expressions, as those quoted above, in the other ballads whose genuineness is impeached.

Peculiarities of grammatical construction form a better test of authorship than similarities of expression, or even of treatment. "Hardy Knut" is free from such singularities, from first to last. But in the first six stanzas of "Sir Patrick Spence" there occurs three times an idiom so peculiar that, to have been used so frequently, it must have been an idiosyncrasy of the author; and, supposing "Hardy Knut" to have been the production of the same hand, it is hardly possible that that hand could have written so long a poem without introducing it once at least. The peculiarity to which we refer is the omission of the relative in the nominative case. We find this in the second stanza:—

Up and spak an eldern Knight
 (*Who*) sat at the king's right knee.

We find a curious repetition of it in the third stanza:—

And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence
 (*Who*) was walking on the sand.

And we find it again in the sixth stanza:—

O wha is this (*that*) has done this deed,
 This ill deed done to me.

Now this is no ordinary ellipsis. The omission of the relative in the objective case is common enough; but the omission of the subject relative is very rare. In fact, as an idiom, it is peculiar to Shakespeare and the writers of the sixteenth century, who, like him, adopted an excessively condensed style of diction. At the same time it is not a peculiarity which is likely to have been adopted by any one of set purpose. No one but a professed anatomist of language could be expected to take note of such a singularity. It is an unconscious idiom, and its frequent use indicates a mind fond of

compression and ellipsis. So peculiar, or as the Scots say so "kenspeckle," a mark is it that, if it had been found but once in "Hardy Knut," we should have acknowledged that as itself a weighty argument in support of Dr. Chambers's view. But as it does not occur once there, we regard its absence as an equally weighty argument on the other side.

The same may be said, with nearly as much force, of another peculiar construction which we have in "Sir Patrick Spence" but for which we shall look in vain in "Hardy Knut." This time it is not ellipsis but redundancy, and a redundancy which is common in the older ballads. It consists in the unnecessary use of a pronoun to mark an object or person already specified. This occurs several times in "Sir Patrick Spence" in such familiar forms as—

The King's daughter of Norway,
 'Tis thou maun bring *her* hame.

Now since these inward and more subtle peculiarities of the style of "Sir Patrick Spence" are totally absent from "Hardy Knut," the question occurs: May not the outward and merely verbal coincidences, on which so much stress is laid, be accounted for in another way? There is one line the same in both ballads—

Drinking the blude-red wine;

and a line very like this may be found in many other ballads. But is this a sufficient reason for assigning both ballads to the same author? Is it not far more probable that the author of "Hardy Knut" unconsciously appropriated the line from the other and older ballad? It must be acknowledged that Lady Wardlaw could not have written "Hardy Knut," even with all its imperfections, unless she had previously filled her mind with ballad lore. The very task she set herself in that case—to write a mock-antique ballad—required her to school herself in the peculiarities of ballad diction. It is far more probable, therefore, that "Hardy Knut" was modelled on the superior ballads with which it is compared, than that the superior ballads were also the work of the hand to which only one ballad has been clearly brought home. No amount of garnish, in the shape of antique spelling and Scottish forms, can conceal the modern flavour in the single well-authenticated case. How happens it that this flavour is so hard to

detect in the others? With all respect, therefore, for Robert Chambers's literary taste and honest scepticism, we must hold fast to the conviction that the great mass of our romantic ballads have had an undoubted traditional origin, and are as old at least as Shakespeare and the regular drama.

Perhaps it is natural, when we consider the strife and lawlessness and bloodshed which formed to so great an extent the education of the people, that tragic features should so generally abound in these romantic ballads. Many of them have rendered the peaceful valleys and pastoral slopes of the lowlands of Scotland classic ground, which bards of later times have trodden with reverent and loving steps. Such a region, for example, is the "Braes of Yarrow," in Selkirkshire, where

The swan on lone St. Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow.

Yarrow has its own special galaxy of song, and is rich in poetic memories. It inspired Hamilton of Bangour to write his exquisite verses on "The Braes of Yarrow." To Scott it was hallowed soil, making his eyes now gleam with fire, now glisten with moisture, as he recited the triumphs and the trials of his clansmen. Here the Etrick shepherd heard the skylark sing —

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea.

Wordsworth, too, delighted in a district which drew from his poetical enthusiasm some of the choicest of his natural lyrics, witness "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited," "Yarrow Revisited." But finest of all, we venture to think, is the original ballad that first consecrated the soil from which so much and so rich romantic fruit has sprung — "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," — a ballad which for dramatic power and heart-rending pathos has few equals in the whole range of traditional poetry.

It is interesting to observe the light which these old ballads throw, not only on the manners and customs of the people in bygone times, but also on their peculiar beliefs and feelings. Prominent among the superstitions which grow with wild luxuriance in this romantic soil, is the belief in the monitory power of dreams. On the eve of his fatal victory at Otterbourne, the Douglas saw in a dream a dead man win a field. It was a

dream that sent Robin Hood in search of Sir Guy of Gisborne. It was a dream that told "love Gregory" that "Annie of Lochroyan" had been turned from his door at midnight by his heartless mother, and that drew him to seek her by the wild sea-shore, where —

He caught her by the yellow hair,
And drew her to the strand;
But cold and stiff was every limb,
Before they reached the land.

And it was a dream that led "the Rose of Yarrow" in the Dowie Dens to wander forth in search of her murdered lord.

The nature of her dream points to another widely prevalent superstition. She dreamt that she "pu'd the birk" with her true love in Yarrow. The birch was believed to grow at the gate of Paradise; and to dream of it, therefore, was accepted as a forewarning of death. The birk was also the badge of the dead who revisited the earth; for the return of the dead was a universally accepted article in the Border faith. Without a twig of the birk it was believed that their souls could not be at rest, nor their bodies lie peacefully in their graves. Thus when the troubled spirit of "Clerk Saunders" returns to "May Margaret" he tells her to

Plait a wand of the bonnie birk,
And lay it on my breast;
And go you home, May Margaret,
And wish my soul good rest.

One fine and most touching ballad — "The Wife of Usher's Well" — is full of these superstitions. When the Wife's two stalwart sons, whom she sent "owre the sea" returned to her, "their hats were o' the birk": —

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair enough.

Then we have the cock-crowing as the signal for the ghosts to depart. The older says to the younger brother, —

The cock doth crow, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

The remonstrance of the younger brother is too fine to be omitted: —

Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin our mither miss us when she wakes,
She'll go mad ere it be day.

Another curious feature in the romantic ballads is the use they frequently

make of communication by birds. This was peculiarly an Eastern tradition. Interpretation of the language of birds was a department of science on which the Arabians especially piqued themselves; and it has been suggested that our poets and chroniclers may have obtained the idea from the crusading troubadours. But it is not necessary to have recourse to any such learned explanation, as this kind of personification has entered into the natural mythology of all countries.

The parrot of May Collean, [says Aytoun] was a fowl of shrewdness and discretion; but the "bonny bird," who, in the ballad of "Young Hunter," reveals the murder, was conscientious in the extreme, and moreover proof against temptation. Another warns the mother of Johnny of Braidislee that her son is lying wounded in the forest; whilst "the gay goss-hawk" shows itself superior to any page in the delivery of a message.*

The page also holds a prominent place among the *dramatis personæ* of the romantic ballads. The plot, such as it is, often turns on the manner in which he discharges his duty. Indeed he is sometimes a hero in disguise. The intrepid Willie of "Gil Morrice" may be taken as a type of the class; and not unfrequently, as in his case, the "bonnie boy" exhibits a sense of propriety and decency which puts the moral laxity of his master to shame.

The intermixture of the spiritual and material worlds in the "Romantic Ballads" has given rise in modern times to a distinct school of ballad poetry, which has found its best exponents among German poets. The first of the school was Gottfried Bürger, who died in 1794, and he was followed by Schiller, Goethe, and Uhland. The most striking feature in their ballads, apart from their free use of supernatural agency, is the introduction of dramatic dialogue, which is a modern demonstration of that close affinity between ballad and dramatic poetry on which we have already insisted. Yet this is merely a later development of our own native ballad literature, with which one and all of these German poets were intimately acquainted. Of Bürger it is expressly recorded that his study of Percy's "Reliques" had the greatest influence in determining the line of poetry which he ultimately adopted. But the debt was richly repaid; for Sir Walter Scott is reported to have said of the translation of Bürger's "Lenore" by William Taylor of

Norwich—"This was what made me a poet. I had several times attempted the more regular kinds of poetry without success, but here was something I thought I could do." Accordingly, Scott's translation of that fine ballad was one of his earliest poetical efforts; and in most of his larger poems he has availed himself freely of supernatural agency,—witness the tale of "The Elfin Warrior," and the apparitions at the city cross in "Marmion;" and the "Oracle of the Hide" in "The Lady of the Lake:" while "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" is expressly founded on a ghostly legend. Coleridge is a still more enthusiastic and thorough-going disciple of the same school. Indeed, no better example of this species of ballad, in which the natural and the supernatural elements are deftly interwoven, exists in any language, than his "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

Akin to this supernatural ingredient in the ballads is a fairy element, which enters into a considerable number of them, and which is evidently taken from the mythology of the northern nations. The Elf-land of the ballads is an underground region, peopled with daring spirits who make night-raids on the realms of humanity. There is an Elf-king (the "Elbrich" of the Germans, transformed into "Oberon" by the French romancists); but he is entirely subordinate to the Elf-Queen ("Titania,") who adds the charms of beauty to her sovereign rights. The king is allowed to lead an idle and luxurious life, so long as he does not interfere with his wife's prerogative. She and her elves were regarded with considerable favour in some districts; but there was a spice of malignity in some of their proceedings, which engendered a feeling of distrust and fear. This, however, was held to be more their misfortune than their fault. If they occasionally kidnapped a human being, they did it in self-defence. For they were bound, once in seven years, to yield up a soul as tribute, or "kane," to the master-fiend; and they naturally preferred to obtain a human being for this purpose, to sacrificing one of themselves.

The great hero of the "Fairy Legends" was Thomas the Rhymer, or True Thomas (more fully, Thomas Learmont, of Ercildoune, a village near Lauder, where the ruins of his tower are still pointed out), who flourished in the end of the thirteenth century. In his adventures, as recorded by himself, Christian and heathen elements are strangely intermingled. When

* "The Ballads of Scotland," Introduction, p. xlix.

the Elf-queen visits him, he salutes her as queen of heaven; and as a penalty of stealing a kiss from her, she carries him off as her milk-white steed, and makes him her slave for seven years. She takes him to a wide desert, and there shows him three "ferlies" or wonders. The first is a "broad way":—

That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

The second is the "narrow way"—

So thick beset with thorns and briars;
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

The third is also a "narrow road"—

That winds about the ferny brae;
That is the way to fair Elf-land,
Where you and I this night must gae.

As she carries him along the road, where there was neither sun nor moon to light their path, and all sounds were drowned by the weird "roaring of a sea," the queen tells him that he must not speak, else he shall never return to earth. The terrors through which he passed were enough to seal his lips and make his blood run cold:—

It was mirk, mirk nicht; there was nae stern-
light,

And they waded through red blud to the
knee;

For a the blud that's shed on earth
Rins thro' the springs o' that countrie.

After undergoing an education of seven years at the hands of the Elf-queen, True Thomas returns to upper air, endued with powers which gained for him the reputation of a wizard and prophet. To a late day, his sayings and predictions were household words amongst the credulous and superstitious in Scotland. But there is reason to suspect that, as in the case of Robin Hood and other popular heroes, he is credited with many exploits in which he had no concern.

A word, in conclusion, on modern ballads. At the outset we described a ballad as primarily and essentially a traditional poem. But if we adhere to our definition in its integrity, the strictly ballad epoch must have been extinguished by the invention of printing; and thereafter the production of a genuine ballad became almost, if not altogether, an impossibility. Certainly the age of traditional ballads is past and gone. But the history of the word *ballad* has shown us that the application of such terms must vary with the conditions under which

literature is produced. And we should do unpardonable injustice at once to the power of poetry and to the spirit of nationality and of humanity, if we denied that poems inspired by the ballad emotion could be produced in a literary age, or disseminated by the printing press. All that is necessary is that we should clearly recognize the essential difference between the natural ballad and the ballad of literary culture. The former bears the stamp of its age; the latter of the individual poet. They differ much as the wild and dew-fed violet of the meadows differs from the cultivated pansy of our gardens; as the *volks-epos* of the German critics—the popular epic—differs from the *kunst-epos*—the epic of literary culture; as Homer's "Iliad," for example, differs from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

Now, not only have we many modern poems answering to this description, but such poems form, in point of fact, one of the richest and most attractive departments of our modern literature. Some of these modern ballads indeed are simply old friends with new faces. Scott's "Young Lochinvar" tells the same story as the old ballad of "Katharine of Janfarie," "The Lass o' Lochryan," suggested Burns's song of "Lord Gregory." Tennyson's "Lord of Burleigh" is simply a modern version of the fine old ballad of "Donald of the Isles; or Lizzie Lindsay." The "Auld Robin Gray" of Lady Anne Lindsay is nearly a perfect example of a pathetic and homely ballad—a poem which will be remembered and loved long after more ambitious works are forgotten. For there is in the brevity and compactness of a ballad an element which gives it a far better chance of longevity than more elaborate productions. This is, no doubt, the great reason why the most widely popular poems—we do not say the greatest poems, but the poems which take the firmest grip of the sympathies and the memories of the great mass of the people; the poems with which, in the popular mind, the fame even of the greatest poets is most closely linked—are ballad poems. Is not "Tam o' Shanter" Burns's masterpiece? And "Tam o' Shanter" is an incomparable ballad, a powerful dramatic lyric. Or take a second famous ride; is not Cowper known and admired as the author of "John Gilpin" by thousands who never read "Expostulation," and have only dipped into "The Task"? And "John Gilpin" is essentially a ballad. Or take a third famous ride; how many, even in these days

of "light and sweetness," read, or reading understand "Sordello"? Yet who does not enjoy and enter heartily into the spirit of "Good News from Ghent"? Take, finally, the case of the Laureate. "In Memoriam" is undoubtedly a great poem, a poem which, of its kind, stands almost alone, and which, in the opinion of the best judges, is still, and is likely to remain, Tennyson's masterpiece. Yet for every one who reads and cherishes that poem — and they are not few — there are hundreds who know and appreciate Tennyson only as the author of such simple and heart-touching ballads as "The Lord of Burleigh" and "Lady Clare."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FAIR: THE JOURNEY: THE FIRE.

TWO months passed away. We are brought on to a day in February, on which was held the yearly statute or hiring fair in the town of Casterbridge.

At one end of the street stood from two to three hundred blithe and hearty labourers waiting upon Chance — all men of the stamp to whom labour suggests nothing worse than a wrestle with gravitation, and pleasure nothing better than a renunciation of the same. Among these, carters and waggoners were distinguished by having a piece of whip-cord twisted round their hats; thatchers wore a fragment of woven straw; shepherds held their sheep-crooks in their hands; and thus the situation required was known to the hirers at a glance.

In the crowd was an athletic young fellow of somewhat superior appearance to the rest — in fact, his superiority was marked enough to lead several ruddy peasants standing by to speak to him inquiringly, as to a farmer, and to use "Sir" as a terminational word. His answer always was, —

"I am looking for a place myself — a bailiff's. Do you know of anybody who wants one?"

Gabriel was paler now. His eyes were more meditative, and his expression was more sad. He had passed through an ordeal of wretchedness which had given him more than it had taken away. He had lost all he possessed of worldly property. He had sunk from his modest elevation down to a lower ditch than that

whence he had started; but there was left to him a dignified calm he had never before known, and that indifference to fate which, though it often makes a villain of a man, is the basis of his sublimity when it does not. And thus the abasement had been exaltation, and the loss gain.

In the morning a regiment of cavalry had left the town, and a sergeant and his party had been beating up for recruits through the four streets. As the end of the day drew on, and he found himself not hired, Gabriel almost wished that he had joined them, and gone off to serve his country. Weary of standing in the market-place, and not much minding the kind of work he turned his hand to, he decided to offer himself in some other capacity than that of bailiff.

All the farmers seemed to be wanting shepherds. Sheep-tending was Gabriel's speciality. Turning down an obscure street and entering an obscurer lane, he went up to a smith's shop.

"How long would it take you to make a shepherd's crook?"

"Twenty minutes."

"How much?"

"Two shillings."

He sat on a bench and the crook was made, a stem being given him into the bargain.

He then went to a ready-made clothes' shop, the owner of which had a large rural connection. As the crook had absorbed most of Gabriel's money, he attempted, and carried out, an exchange of his overcoat for a shepherd's regulation smock-frock.

This transaction having been completed, he again hurried off to the centre of the town, and stood on the kerb of the pavement, as a shepherd, crook in hand.

Now that Oak had turned himself into a shepherd, it seemed that bailiffs were most in demand. However, two or three farmers noticed him and drew near. Dialogues followed, more or less in the subjoined form:

"Where do you come from?"

"Norcombe."

"That's a long way."

"Twenty miles."

"Whose farm were you upon last?"

"My own."

This reply invariably operated like a rumour of cholera. The inquiring farmer would edge away and shake his head dubiously. Gabriel, like his dog, was too good to be trustworthy, and he

never made any advance beyond this point.

It is better to accept any chance that offers itself, and then extemporize a procedure to fit it, than to get a good plan matured, and wait for a chance of using it. Gabriel wished he had not nailed up his colours as a shepherd, but had instead laid himself out for anything in the whole cycle of labour that was required in the fair. It grew dusk. Some merry men were whistling and singing by the corn-exchange. Gabriel's hand, which had lain for some time idle in his smock-frock pocket, touched his flute, which he carried there. Here was an opportunity for putting his dearly bought wisdom into practice.

He drew out his flute and began to play "Jockey to the Fair" in the style of a man who had never known a moment's sorrow. Oak could pipe with Arcadian sweetness, and the sound of the well-known notes cheered his own heart as well as those of the loungers. He played on with spirit, and in half an hour had earned in pence what was a small fortune to a destitute man.

By making inquiries he learnt that there was another fair at Shottsford the next day.

"Where is Shottsford?"

"Eight miles t'other side of Weatherbury."

Weatherbury! It was where Bathsheba had gone two months before. This information was like coming from night into noon.

"How far is it to Weatherbury?"

"Five or six miles."

Bathsheba had probably left Weatherbury long before this time, but the place had enough interest attaching to it to lead Oak to choose Shottsford fair as his next field of inquiry, because it lay in the Weatherbury quarter. Moreover the Weatherbury folk were by no means uninteresting intrinsically. If report spoke truly they were as hardy, merry, thriving, wicked a set as any in the whole county. Oak resolved to sleep at Weatherbury that night on his way to Shottsford, and struck out at once into a footpath which had been recommended as a short cut to the village in question.

The path wended through water-meadows traversed by little brooks, whose quivering surfaces were braided along the centres, and folded into creases at the sides, or, where the flow was more rapid, the stream was pied with spots of white froth, which rode on in undisturbed se-

renity. On the high-road the dead and dry carcasses of leaves tapped the ground as they bowled along helter-skelter upon the shoulders of the wind, and little birds in the hedges were rustling their feathers and tucking themselves in comfortably for the night, retaining their places if Oak kept moving, but flying away if he stopped to look at them. He passed through a wood where the game-birds were rising to their roosts, and heard the crack-voiced cock-pheasants' "cu-uck, cuck," and the wheezy whistle of the hens.

By the time he had walked three or four miles, every shape on the landscape had assumed a uniform hue of blackness. He ascended a hill and could just discern ahead of him a waggon, drawn up under a great overhanging tree on the roadside.

On coming close, he found there were no horses attached to it, the spot being apparently quite deserted. The waggon, from its position, seemed to have been left there for the night, for beyond about half a truss of hay which was heaped in the bottom, it was quite empty. Gabriel sat down on the shafts of the vehicle and considered his position. He calculated that he had walked a very fair proportion of the journey; and having been on foot since daybreak, he felt tempted to lie down upon the hay in the waggon instead of pushing on to the village of Weatherbury, and having to pay for a lodging.

Eating his last slices of bread and ham, and drinking from the bottle of cider he had taken the precaution to bring with him, he got into the lonely waggon. Here he spread half of the hay as a bed, and, as well as he could in the darkness, pulled the other half over him by way of bed-clothes, covering himself entirely, and feeling, physically, as comfortable as ever he had been in his life. Inward melancholy it was impossible for a man like Oak, introspective far beyond his neighbours, to banish quite, whilst conning the present untoward page of his history. So, thinking of his misfortunes, amorous and pastoral, he fell asleep, shepherds enjoying, in common with sailors, the privilege of being able to summon the god instead of having to wait for him.

On somewhat suddenly awaking, after a sleep of whose length he had no idea, Oak found that the waggon was in motion. He was being carried along the road at a rate rather considerable for a vehicle without springs, and under circumstances of physical uneasiness, his

head being dandled up and down on the bed of the waggon like a kettledrumstick. He then distinguished voices in conversation, coming from the forepart of the waggon. His concern at this dilemma (which would have been alarm, had he been a thriving man; but misfortune is a fine opiate to personal terror) led him to peer cautiously from the hay, and the first sight he beheld were the stars above him. Charles's Wain was getting towards a right angle with the Pole Star, and Gabriel concluded that it must be about nine o'clock — in other words, that he had slept two hours. This small astronomical calculation was made without any positive effort, and whilst he was stealthily turning to discover, if possible, into whose hands he had fallen.

Two figures were dimly visible in front, sitting with their legs outside the waggon, one of whom was driving. Gabriel soon found that this was the waggoner, and it appeared they had come from Casterbridge fair, like himself.

A conversation was in progress, which continued thus:—

"Be as 'twill, she's a fine handsome body as far's looks be concerned. But that's only the skin of the woman, and these dandy cattle be as proud as a Lucifer in their insides."

"Ay—so 'a seem, Billy Smallbury—so 'a seem." This utterance was very shaky by nature, and more so by circumstance, the jolting of the waggon not being without its effect upon the speaker's larynx. It came from the man who held the reins.

"She's a very vain feymell—so 'tis said here and there."

"Ah, now. If so be 'tis like that, I can't look her in the face. Lord, no: not I—heh-heh-heh! Such a shy man as I be!"

"Yes—she's very vain. 'Tis said that every night at going to bed she looks in the glass to put on her nightcap properly."

"And not a married woman. Oh, the world!"

"And 'a can play the peanner, so 'tis said. Can play so clever that 'a can make a psalm tune sound as well as the merriest loose song a man can wish for."

"D'ye tell o't! A happy mercy for us, and I feel quite unspeakable! And how do she pay?"

"That I don't know, Master Poorgrass."

On hearing these and other similar remarks, a wild thought flashed into Gabriel's mind that they might be speaking

of Bathsheba. There were, however, no grounds for retaining such a supposition, for the waggon, though going in the direction of Weatherbury, might be going beyond it, and the woman alluded to seemed to be the mistress of some estate. They were now apparently close upon Weatherbury, and not to alarm the speakers unnecessarily, Gabriel slipped out of the waggon unseen.

He turned to an opening in the hedge, which he found to be a stile, and mounting thereon, he sat meditating whether to seek a cheap lodging in the village, or to ensure a cheaper one by lying under some hay or cornstack. The crunching jangle of the waggon died upon his ear. He was about to walk on, when he noticed on his left hand an unusual light—appearing about half a mile distant. Oak watched it, and the glow increased. Something was on fire.

Gabriel again mounted the stile, and, leaping down on the other side upon what he found to be ploughed soil, made across the field in the exact direction of the fire. The blaze, enlarging in a double ratio by his approach and its own increase, showed him as he drew nearer the outlines of ricks beside it, lighted up to great distinctness. A rickyard was the source of the fire. His weary face now began to be painted over with a rich orange glow, and the whole front of his smock-frock and gaiters was covered with a dancing shadow-pattern of thorn-twigs—the light reaching him through a leafless intervening hedge—and the metallic curve of his sheep-crook shone silver-bright in the same abounding rays. He came up to the boundary fence, and stood to regain breath. It seemed as if the spot was unoccupied by a living soul.

The fire was issuing from a long straw-stack, which was so far gone as to preclude a possibility of saving it. A rick burns differently from a house. As the wind blows the fire inwards, the portion in flames completely disappears like melting sugar, and the outline is lost to the eye. However, a hay or a wheat-rick, well put together, will resist combustion for a length of time, if it begins on the outside.

This before Gabriel's eyes was a rick of straw, loosely put together, and the flames darted into it with lightning swiftness. It glowed on the windward side, rising and falling in intensity, like the coal of a cigar. Then a superincumbent bundle rolled down, with a whisking noise, flames elongated, and bent them-

selves about, with a quiet roar, but no crackle. Banks of smoke went off horizontally at the back like passing clouds, and behind these burned hidden pyres, illuminating the semi-transparent sheet of smoke to a lustrous yellow uniformity. Individual straws in the foreground were consumed in a creeping movement of ruddy heat, as if they were knots of red worms, and above shone imaginary fiery faces, tongues hanging from lips, glaring eyes, and other impish forms, from which at intervals sparks flew in clusters like birds from a nest.

Oak suddenly ceased from being a mere spectator by discovering the case to be more serious than he had at first imagined. A scroll of smoke blew aside and revealed to him a wheat-rick in startling juxtaposition with the decaying one, and behind this a series of others, composing the main corn produce of the farm; so that instead of the straw-stack standing, as he had imagined, comparatively isolated, there was a regular connection between it and the remaining stacks of the group.

Gabriel leapt over the hedge, and saw that he was not alone. The first man he came to was running about in a great hurry, as if his thoughts were several yards in advance of his body, which they could never drag on fast enough.

"Oh, man — fire, fire! A good master and a bad servant is fire, fire! — I mane a bad servant and a good master. Oh, Mark Clark — come! And you, Billy Smallbury — and you, Maryann Money — and you, Joseph Poorgrass, and Matthew there, for his mercy endureth forever!" Other figures now appeared behind this shouting man and among the smoke, and Gabriel found that, far from being alone, he was in a great company — whose shadows danced merrily up and down, timed by the jiggling of the flames, and not at all by their owners' movements. The assemblage — belonging to that class of society which casts its thoughts into the form of feeling, and its feelings into the form of commotion — set to work with a remarkable confusion of purpose.

"Stop the draught under the wheat-rick!" cried Gabriel to those nearest to him. The corn stood on stone staddles, and between these, tongues of yellow hues from the burning straw licked and darted playfully. If the fire once got *under* this stack, all would be lost.

"Get a tarpaulin — quick!" said Gabriel.

A rick-cloth was brought, and they hung it like a curtain across the channel. The flames immediately ceased to go under the bottom of the corn-stack, and stood up vertical.

"Stand here with a bucket of water and keep the cloth wet," said Gabriel again.

The flames, now driven upwards, began to attack the angles of the huge roof covering the wheat-stack.

"A ladder," cried Gabriel.

"The ladder was against the straw-rick and is burnt to a cinder," said a spectre-like form in the smoke.

Oak seized the cut ends of the sheaves, as if he were going to engage in the operation of "reed-drawing," and digging in his feet, and occasionally sticking in the stem of his sheep-crook, he clambered up the beetling face. He at once sat astride the very apex, and began with his crook to beat off the fiery fragments which had lodged thereon, shouting to the others to get him a bough and a ladder, and some water.

Billy Smallbury — one of the men who had been on the waggon — by this time had found a ladder, which Mark Clark ascended, holding on beside Oak upon the thatch. The smoke at this corner was stifling, and Clark, a nimble fellow, having been handed a bucket of water, bathed Oak's face and sprinkled him generally, whilst Gabriel, now with a long beech-bough in one hand, in addition to his crook in the other, kept sweeping the stack and dislodging all fiery particles.

On the ground the groups of villagers were still occupied in doing all they could to keep down the conflagration, which was not much. They were all tinged orange, and backed up by shadows as tall as fir-trees. Round the corner of the largest stack, out of the direct rays of the fire, stood a pony, bearing a young woman on its back. By her side was another female on foot. These two seemed to keep at a distance from the fire, that the horse might not become restive.

"He's a shepherd," said the woman on foot. "Yes — he is. See how his crook shines as he beats the rick with it. And his smock-frock is burnt in two holes, I declare! A fine young shepherd he is too, ma'am."

"Whose shepherd is he?" said the equestrian in a clear voice.

"Don't know, ma'am."

"Don't any of the others know?"

"Nobody at all — I've asked 'em. Quite a stranger, they say."

The young woman on the pony rode out from the shade and looked anxiously around.

"Do you think the barn is safe?" she said.

"D'ye think the barn is safe, Jan Coggan?" said the second woman, passing on the question to the nearest man in that direction.

"Safe now — leastwise I think so. If this rick had gone the barn would have followed. 'Tis that bold shepherd up there that have done the most good — he sitting on the top o' rick, whizzing his great long arms about like a windmill."

"He does work hard," said the young woman on horseback, looking up at Gabriel through her thick woollen veil. "I wish he was shepherd here. Don't any of you know his name?"

"Never heard the man's name in my life, or seed his form afore."

The fire began to get worsted, and Gabriel's elevated position being no longer required of him, he made as if to descend.

"Maryann," said the girl on horseback, "go to him as he comes down, and say that the farmer wishes to thank him for the great service he has done."

Maryann stalked off towards the rick and met Oak at the foot of the ladder. She delivered her message.

"Where is your master the farmer?" asked Gabriel, kindling with the idea of getting employment that seemed to strike him now.

"Tisn't a master; 'tis a mistress, shepherd."

"A woman farmer?"

"Ay, 'a b'lieve, and a rich one too!" said a bystander. "Lately 'a come here from a distance. Took on her uncle's farm, who died suddenly. Used to measure his money in half-pint cups. They say now that she've business in every bank in Casterbridge, and thinks no more of playing pitch-and-toss-sovereign than you and I do pitch-halfpenny — not a bit in the world, shepherd."

"That's she back there upon the pony," said Maryann; "wi' her face a covered up in a cloth with holes in it."

Oak, his features black, grimy, and undiscoverable from the smoke and heat, his smock-frock burnt into holes, dripping with water, the ash-stem of his sheep-crook charred six inches shorter than it had been, advanced with the humility stern adversity had thrust upon

him up to the slight female form in the saddle. He lifted his hat with respect, and not without gallantry: stepping close to her hanging feet, he said in a hesitating voice —

"Do you happen to want a shepherd, ma'am?"

She lifted the Shetland veil tied round her face, and looked all astonishment. Gabriel and his cold-hearted darling, Bathsheba Everdene, were face to face.

Bathsheba did not speak, and he mechanically repeated in an abashed and sad voice,

"Do you want a shepherd, ma'am?"

CHAPTER VII.

RECOGNITION: A TIMID GIRL.

BATHSHEBA withdrew into the shade. She scarcely knew whether most to be amused at the singularity of the meeting, or to be concerned at its awkwardness. There was room for a little pity, also for a very little exultation; the former at his position, the latter at her own. Embarrassed she was not, and she remembered Gabriel's declaration of love to her at Norcombe only to think she had nearly forgotten it.

"Yes," she murmured, putting on an air of dignity, and turning again to him with a little warmth of cheek, "I do want a shepherd. But —"

"He's the very man, ma'am," said one of the villagers, quietly.

Conviction breeds conviction. "Ay, that 'a is," said a second, decisively.

"The man, truly!" said a third, with heartiness.

"He's all there!" said number four, fervidly.

"Then will you tell him to speak to the bailiff," said Bathsheba.

All was practical again now. A summer eve and loneliness would have been necessary to give the meeting its proper fullness of romance.

The bailiff was pointed out to Gabriel, who, checking the palpitation within his breast at discovering that this Ashtereth of strange report was only a modification of Venus the well-known and admired, retired with him to talk over the necessary preliminaries of hiring.

The fire before them wasted away. "Men," said Bathsheba, "you shall take a little refreshment after this extra work. Will you come to the house?"

"We could knock in a bit and a drop a good deal freer, Miss, if so be ye'd send

it to Warren's Malthouse," replied the spokesman.

Bathsheba then rode off into the darkness, and the men straggled on to the village in twos and threes — Oak and the bailiff being left by the rick alone.

"And now," said the bailiff, finally, "all is settled, I think, about yer coming, and I am going home-along. Good-night to ye, shepherd."

"Can you get me a lodging?" inquired Gabriel.

"That I can't, indeed," he said, moving past Oak as a Christian edges past an offertory-plate when he does not mean to contribute. "If you follow on the road till you come to Warren's Malthouse, where they are all gone to have their snap of victuals, I dare say some of 'em will tell you of a place. Good-night to ye, shepherd."

The bailiff, who showed this nervous dread of loving his neighbours as himself, went up the hill, and Oak walked on to the village, still astonished at the rencontre with Bathsheba, glad of his nearness to her, and perplexed at the rapidity with which the unpractised girl of Norcombe had developed into the supervising and cool woman here. But some women only require an emergency to make them fit for one.

Obliged, to some extent, to forego dreaming in order to find the way, he reached the churchyard, and passed round it under the wall where several old chestnuts grew. There was a wide margin of grass along here, and Gabriel's footsteps were deadened by its softness, even at this indurating period of the year. When abreast of a trunk which appeared to be the oldest of the old, he became aware that a figure was standing behind it on the other side. Gabriel did not pause in his walk, and in another moment he accidentally kicked a loose stone. The noise was enough to disturb the motionless stranger, who started and assumed a careless position.

It was a slim girl, rather thinly clad.

"Good-night to you," said Gabriel, heartily.

"Good-night," said the girl to Gabriel.

The voice was unexpectedly attractive; it was the low and dulcet note suggestive of romance; common in descriptions, rare in experience.

"I'll thank you to tell me if I'm in the way for Warren's Malthouse?" Gabriel resumed, primarily to gain the information, indirectly to get more of the music.

"Quite right. It's at the bottom of

the hill. And do you know —" The girl hesitated, and then went on again. "Do you know how late they keep open the 'Buck's Head Inn?'" She seemed to be won by Gabriel's heartiness, as Gabriel had been won by her modulations.

"I don't know where the 'Buck's Head' is, or anything about it. Do you think of going there to-night?"

"Yes —" The female again paused. There was no necessity for any continuance of speech, and the fact that she did add more seemed to proceed from an unconscious desire to show unconcern by making a remark, which is noticeable in the ingenuous when they are acting by stealth. "You are not a Weatherbury man?" she said, timidly.

"I am not. I am the new shepherd — just arrived."

"Only a shepherd — and you seem almost a farmer by your ways."

"Only a shepherd," Gabriel repeated, in a dull cadence of finality. His thoughts were directed to the past, his eyes to the feet of the girl, and for the first time he saw lying there a bundle of some sort. She may have perceived the direction of his face, for she said coaxingly:

"You won't say anything in the parish about having seen me here, will you — at least, not for a day or two?"

"I won't if you wish me not to," said Oak.

"Thank you, indeed," the other replied. "I am rather poor, and I don't want people to know anything about me." Then she was silent, and shivered.

"You ought to have a cloak on such a cold night," Gabriel observed. "I would advise you to get indoors."

"Oh, no! Would you mind going on and leaving me? I thank you much for what you have told me."

"I will go on," he said; adding hesitatingly — "Since you are not very well off, perhaps you would accept this trifle from me. It is only a shilling, but it is all I have to spare."

"Yes, I will take it," said the stranger, gratefully.

She extended her hand; Gabriel his. In feeling for each other's palms in the gloom before the money could be passed, a minute incident occurred which told much. Gabriel's fingers alighted on the young woman's wrist. It was beating with a throb of tragic intensity. He had frequently felt the same quick, hard beat in the femoral artery of his lambs when overdriven. It suggested a consumption

too great of a vitality which, to judge from her figure and stature, was already too little.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing."

"But there is?"

"No, no, no! Let your having seen me be a secret!"

"Very well; I will. Good-night, again."

"Good-night."

The young girl remained motionless by the tree and Gabriel descended into the village. He fancied that he had felt himself in the penumbra of a very deep sadness when touching that slight and fragile creature. But wisdom lies in moderating mere impressions, and Gabriel endeavoured to think little of this.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MALTHOUSE: THE CHAT: NEWS.

WARREN'S Malthouse was enclosed by an old wall unwrapped with ivy, and though not much of the exterior was visible at this hour, the character and purposes of the building were clearly enough shown by its outline upon the sky. From the walls an overhanging thatched roof sloped up to a point in the centre, upon which rose a small wooden lantern, fitted with louvre-boards on all the four sides, and from these openings a mist was dimly perceived to be escaping into the night air. There was no window in front; but a square hole in the door was glazed with a single pane, through which red comfortable rays now stretched out upon the ivied wall in front. Voices were to be heard inside.

Oak's hand skimmed the surface of the door with fingers extended to an Elymas-the-Sorcerer pattern, till he found a leathern strap, which he pulled. This lifted a wooden latch, and the door swung open.

The room inside was lighted only by the ruddy glow from the kiln mouth, which shone over the floor with the streaming horizontality of the setting sun, and threw upwards the shadows of all facial irregularities in those assembled around, with the effect of the footlights upon the features of her Majesty's servants when they approach too near the front. The stone-flag floor was worn into a path from the doorway to the kiln, and into undulations everywhere. A curved settle of unplanned oak stretched along one side, and in a remote corner was a small bed and bedstead, the owner

and frequent occupier of which was the maltster.

This aged man was now sitting opposite the fire, his frosty white hair and beard overgrowing his gnarled figure like the grey moss and lichen upon a leafless apple-tree. He wore breeches and the laced-up shoes called ankle-jacks; he kept his eyes fixed upon the fire.

Gabriel's nose was greeted by an atmosphere laden with the sweet smell of new malt. The conversation (which seemed to have been concerning the origin of the fire) immediately ceased, and every one ocularly criticised him to the degree expressed by contracting the flesh of their foreheads and looking at him with narrowed eyelids, as if he had been a light too strong for their sight. Several exclaimed meditatively, after this operation had been completed:

"Oh, 'tis the new shepherd, a' b'lieve."

"We thought we heard a hand pawing about the door for the bobbin, but weren't sure 'twere not a dead leaf blown across," said another. "Come in, shepherd; sure ye be welcome, though we don't know yer name."

"Gabriel Oak, that's my name, neighbours."

The ancient maltster sitting in the midst turned at this — his turning being as the turning of a rusty crane.

"That's never Gable Oak's grandson over at Norcombe — never!" he said, as a formula expressive of surprise, which nobody was supposed for a moment to take literally.

"My father and my grandfather were old men of the name of Gabriel," said the shepherd, placidly.

"Thought I knewed the man's face as I seed him on the rick! — thought I did! And where be ye trading o't to now, shepherd?"

"I'm thinking of biding here," said Mr. Oak.

"Knewed yer grandfather for years and years!" continued the maltster, the words coming forth of their own accord as if the momentum previously imparted had been sufficient.

"Ah — and did you!"

"Knewed yer grandmother."

"And her too!"

"Likewise knewed yer father when he was a child. Why, my boy Jacob there and your father were sworn brothers — that they were sure — weren't ye, Jacob?"

"Ay, sure," said his son, a young man about sixty-five, with a semi-bald head

and one tooth in the left centre of his upper jaw, which made much of itself by standing prominent, like a milestone in a bank. "But 'twas Joe had most to do with him. However, my son William must have known the very man afore us — didn't ye, Billy, afore ye left Norcombe?"

"No, 'twas Andrew," said Jacob's son Billy, a child of forty, or thereabouts, who manifested the peculiarity of possessing a cheerful soul in a gloomy body, and whose whiskers were assuming a chinchilla shade here and there.

"I remember Andrew," said Oak, "as being a man in the place when I was quite a child."

"Ay — the other day I and my youngest daughter Liddy were over at my grandson's christening," continued Billy. "We were talking about this very family, and 'twas only last Purification Day in this very world, when the use-money is gied away to the second-best poor folk, you know, shepherd, and I can mind the day because they all had to traypse up to the Vestry — yes, this very man's family."

"Come, shepherd, and drink. 'Tis gape and swaller with us — a drap of sommit, but not of much account," said the maltster, removing from the fire his eyes, which were vermilion-red and bleared by gazing into it for so many years. "Take up the God-forgive-me, Jacob. See if 'tis warm, Jacob."

Jacob stooped to the God-forgive-me, which was a two-handled tall mug standing in the ashes, cracked and charred with heat, rather furred with extraneous matter about the outside, especially in the crevices of the handles, the innermost curves of which may not have seen daylight for several years by reason of this encrustation thereon — formed of ashes accidentally wetted with cider and baked hard; but to the mind of any sensible drinker the cup was no worse for that, being incontestably clean on the inside and about the rim. It may be observed that such a class of mug is called a God-forgive-me in Weatherbury and its vicinity for uncertain reasons; probably because its size makes any given toper feel ashamed of himself when he sees its bottom in drinking it empty: this idea is, however, a mere guess.

Jacob, on receiving the order to see if the liquor was warm enough, placidly dipped his forefinger into it by way of thermometer, and having pronounced it nearly of the proper degree, raised the

cup and very civilly attempted to dust some of the ashes from the bottom with the skirt of his smock-frock, because Shepherd Oak was a stranger.

"A clane cup for the shepherd," said the maltster commandingly.

"No — not at all," said Gabriel, in a reproving tone of considerateness. "I never fuss about dirt in its natural state, and when I know what sort it is." Taking the mug he drank an inch or more from the depth of its contents, and duly passed it to the next man. "I wouldn't think of giving such trouble to neighbours in washing up when there's so much work to be done in the world already," continued Oak, in a moister tone, after recovering from the stoppage of breath ever occasioned by proper pulls at large mugs.

"A right sensible man," said Jacob.

"True, true, as the old woman said," observed a brisk young man — Mark Clark by name, a genial and pleasant gentleman, whom to meet anywhere in your travels was to know, to know was to drink with, and to drink with was, unfortunately, to pay for.

"And here's a mouthful of bread and bacon that mis'ess have sent, shepherd. The cider will go down better with a bit of victuals. Don't ye chaw quite close, shepherd, for I let the bacon fall in the road outside as I was bringing it along, and may be 'tis rather gritty. There, 'tis clane dirt; and we all know what that is as you say, and you bain't a particular man we see, shepherd."

"True, true — not at all," said the friendly Oak.

"Don't let yer teeth quite meet, and you won't feel the sandiness at all. Ah! 'tis wonderful what can be done by contrivance!"

"My own mind exactly, neighbour."

"Ah, he's his grandfer's own grandson! — his grandfer were just such a nice unparticular man!" said the maltster.

"Drink, Henry Fray — drink," magnanimously said Jan Coggan, a person who held Saint-Simonian notions of share and share alike where liquor was concerned, as the vessel showed signs of approaching him in its gradual revolution among them.

Having at this moment reached the end of a wistful gaze into mid-air, Henry did not refuse. He was a man of more than middle age, with eyebrows high up in his forehead, who laid it down that the law of the world was bad, with a long-suffering look through his listeners at the world alluded to, as it presented itself to

his imagination. He always signed his name "Henery" — strenuously insisting upon that spelling, and if any passing schoolmaster ventured to remark that the second "e" was superfluous and old-fashioned, he received the reply that "H-e-n-e-r-y" was the name he was christened and the name he would stick to — in the tone of one to whom orthographical differences were matters which had a great deal to do with personal character.

Mr. Jan Coggan, who had passed the cup to Henery, was a crimson man with a spacious countenance, and private glimmer in his eye, whose name had appeared on the marriage register of Weatherbury and neighbouring parishes as best man and chief witness in countless unions of the previous twenty years; he also very frequently filled the post of head godfather in baptisms of the subtly-jovial kind.

"Come, Mark Clark — come. Ther's plenty more in the barrel," said Jan.

"Ay — that I will, as the doctor said," replied Mr. Clark, who, twenty years younger than Jan Coggan, revolved in the same orbit. He secreted mirth on all occasions for special discharge at popular parties — his productions of this class being more noticeably advanced than Coggan's, inflicting a faint sense of reduplication and similitude upon the elder members of such companies.

"Why, Joseph Poorgrass, ye ha'n't had a drop!" said Mr. Coggan to a very shrinking man in the background, thrusting the cup towards him.

"Such a shy man as he is!" said Jacob Smallbury. "Why, ye've hardly had strength of eye enough to look in our young mis'ess's face, so I hear, Joseph?"

All looked at Joseph Poorgrass with pitying reproach.

"No — I've hardly looked at her at all," faltered Joseph, reducing his body smaller whilst talking, apparently from a meek sense of undue prominence. "And when I seed her, 'twas nothing but blushes with me!"

"Poor feller," said Mr. Clark.

"'Tis a curious nature for a man," said Jan Coggan.

"Yes," continued Joseph Poorgrass — his shyness, which was so painful as a defect, just beginning to fill him with a little complacency now that it was regarded in the light of an interesting study. "'Twere blush, blush, blush with me every minute of the time, when she was speaking to me."

"I believe ye, Joseph Poorgrass, for we all know ye to be a very bashful man."

"'Tis terrible bad for a man, poor soul," said the maltster. "And how long have ye suffered from it, Joseph?"

"Oh, ever since I was a boy. Yes — mother was concerned to her heart about it — yes. But 'twas all nought."

"Did ye ever take anything to try and stop it, Joseph Poorgrass?"

"Oh ay, tried all sorts. They took me to Greenhill Fair, and into a grate large jerry-go-nimble show, where there were women-folk riding round — standing upon horses, with hardly anything on but their smocks, but it didn't cure me a morsel — no, not a morsel. And then I was put errand-man at the Woman's Skittle Alley at the back of the 'Tailor's Arms' in Casterbridge. 'Twas a horrible gross situation, and altogether a very curious place for a good man. I had to stand and look wicked people in the face from morning till night; but 'twas no use — I was just as bad as ever after all. Blushes hev been in the family for generations. There, 'tis a happy providence that I be no worse, so to speak it — yes, a happy thing, and I feel my few poor gratitudes."

"True," said Jacob Smallbury, deepening his thoughts to a profounder view of the subject. "'Tis a thought to look at, that ye might have been worse, but even as you be, 'tis a very bad affliction for ye, Joseph. For ye see, shepherd, though 'tis very well for a woman, dang it all, 'tis awkward for a man like him, poor feller." He appealed to the shepherd by a heart-feeling glance.

"'Tis — 'tis," said Gabriel, recovering from a meditation as to whether the saving to a man's soul in the run of a twelve-month by saying "dang" instead of what it stood for, made it worth while to use the word. "Yes, very awkward for the man."

"Ay, and he's very timid, too," observed Jan Coggan. "Once he had been working late at Windleton, and had had a drap of drink, and lost his way as he was coming home-along through Yalbury Wood, didn't ye, Master Poorgrass?"

"No, no, no; not that story!" expostulated the modest man, forcing a laugh to bury his concern, and forcing out too much for the purpose — laughing over the greater part of his skin, round to his ears, and up among his hair, insomuch that Shepherd Oak, who was rather sensitive himself, was surfeited, and felt he would never adopt that plan for hiding trepidation any more.

“— And so ’a lost himself quite,” continued Mr. Coggan, with an impassive face, implying that a true narrative, like time and tide, must run its course and would wait for no man. “And as he was coming along in the middle of the night, much afeard, and not able to find his way out of the trees, nohow, ’a cried out, ‘Man-a-lost! man-a-lost!’ A owl in a tree happened to be crying ‘Whoo-who-who!’ as owls do you know, shepherd” (Gabriel nodded), “and Joseph, all in a tremble, said ‘Joseph Poorgrass, of Weatherbury, sir!’”

“No, no, now — that’s too much !” said the timid man, becoming a man of brazen courage all of a sudden. “I didn’t say *sir*. I’ll take my oath I didn’t say ‘Joseph Poorgrass o’ Weatherbury, *sir*.’ No, no; what’s right is right, and I never said *sir* to the bird, knowing very well that no person of a gentleman’s rank would be hollering there at that time o’ night. ‘Joseph Poorgrass of Weatherbury.’ — that’s every word I said, and I shouldn’t ha’ said that if ’t hadn’t been for Keeper Day’s metheglin. . . . There, ’twas a merciful thing it ended where it did, as I may say,” continued Joseph, swallowing his breath in content.

The question of which was right being tacitly waived by the company, Jan went on meditatively:

“And he’s the fearfulest man, bain’t ye, Joseph? Ay, another time you were lost by Lambing-Down Gate, weren’t ye, Joseph?”

“I was,” replied Poorgrass, as if there were some matters too serious even for modesty to remember itself under, and this was one.

“Yes; that were the middle of the night, too. The gate would not open, try how he would, and knowing there was the Devil’s hand in it, he kneeled down.”

“Ay,” said Joseph, acquiring confidence from the warmth of the fire, the cider, and a growing perception of the narrative capabilities of the experience alluded to. “My heart died within me, that time; but I kneeled down and said the Lord’s Prayer, and then the Belief right through, and then the Ten Commandments, in earnest prayer. But no, the gate wouldn’t open; and then I went on with Dearly Beloved Brethren, and, thinks I, this makes four, and ’tis all I know out of book, and if this don’t do it nothing will, and I’m a lost man. Well, when I got to Saying After Me, I rose from my knees and found the gate would

open — yes, neighbours, the gate opened the same as ever.”

A meditation on the obvious inference was indulged in by all, and during its continuance each directed his vision into the ashpit, which glowed like a desert in the tropics under a vertical sun, shaping their eyes long and liny, partly because of the light, partly from the depth of the subject discussed — each man severally drawing upon the tablet of his imagination a clear and correct picture of Joseph Poorgrass under the remarkable conditions he had related, and surveying the position in all its bearings with critical exactness.

Gabriel broke the silence. “What sort of a place is this to live at, and what sort of a mis’ess is she to work under?” Gabriel’s bosom thrilled gently as he thus slipped under the notice of the assembly the innermost subject of his heart.

“We d’ know little of her — nothing. She only showed herself a few days ago. Her uncle was took bad, and the doctor was called with his world-wide skill; but he couldn’t save the man. As I take it, she’s going to keep on the farm.”

“That’s about the shape o’t, ’a b’lieve,” said Jan Coggan. “Ay, ’tis a very good family. I’d as soon be under ’em as under one here and there. Her uncle was a very fair sort of man. Did ye know en, shepherd — a bachelor-man?”

“Not at all.”

The inquirer paused a moment, and then continued his relation, which, as did every remark he made, instead of being casual, seemed the result of a slow convergence of forces that had commenced their operation in times far remote.

“I used to go to his house a-courting my first wife, Charlotte, who was his dairymaid. Well, a very good-hearted man were Farmer Everdene, and I being a respectable young fellow was allowed to call and see her and drink as much ale as I liked, but not to carry away any — outside my skin I mane, of course.”

“Ay, ay, Jan Coggan; we know yer maning.”

“And so you see ’twas beautiful ale, and I wished to value his kindness as much as I could, and not to be so ill-mannered as to drink only a thimbleful, which would have been insulting the man’s generosity —”

“True, Master Coggan, ’twould so,” corroborated Mark Clark.

“— And so I used to eat a lot of salt afore going, and then by the time I got there I were as dry as a lime-basket — so

thorough dry that that ale would slip down — ah, 'twould slip down sweet! Happy times! heavenly times! Ay, 'twere like drinking blessedness itself. Pints and pints! Such lovely drunks as I used to have at that house. You can mind, Jacob? You used to go wi' me sometimes."

"I can — I can," said Jacob. "That one, too, that we had at 'Buck's Head.' on a White Monday was a pretty tippie — a very pretty tippie, indeed."

"'Twas. But for a drunk of really a noble class and on the highest principles, that brought you no nearer to the dark man than you were afore you begun, there was none like those in Farmer Everdene's kitchen. Not a single damn allowed; no, not a bare poor one, even at the most cheerful moment when all were blindest, though the good old word of sin thrown in here and there would have been a great relief to a merry soul."

"True," said the maltster. "Nature requires her swearing at the regular times, or she's not herself; and unholy exclamations is a necessity of life."

"But Charlotte," continued Coggan — "not a word of the sort would Charlotte allow, nor the smallest item of taking in vain. . . . Ay, poor Charlotte, I wonder if she had the good fortune to get into Heaven when 'a died! But 'a was never much in luck's way, and perhaps 'a went downwards after all, poor soul."

"And did any of you know Miss Everdene's father and mother?" inquired the shepherd, who found some difficulty in keeping the conversation in the desired channel.

"I knew them a little," said Jacob Smallbury; "but they were townfolk, and didn't live here. They've been dead for years. Father, what sort of people were mis'ess' father and mother?"

"Well," said the maltster, "he wasn't much to look at; but she was a lovely woman. He was fond enough of her as his sweetheart."

"Used to kiss her in scores and long-hundreds, so 'twas said here and there," observed Coggan.

"He was very proud of her, too, when they were married, as I've been told," said the maltster.

"Ay," said Coggan. "He admired his wife so much, that he used to light the candle three times every night to look at her."

"Boundless love; I shouldn't have supposed it in the world's universe!" murmured Joseph Poorgrass, who habitu-

ally spoke on a large scale in his moral reflections.

"Well, to be sure," said Gabriel.

"Oh, 'tis true enough. I knowed the man and woman both well. Levi Everdene — that was the man's name, sure enough. 'Man,' saith I in my hurry, but he were of a higher circle of life than that — 'a was a gentleman-tailor really, worth scores of pounds. And he became a very celebrated bankrupt two or three times."

"Oh, I thought he was quite a common man!" said Joseph.

"Oh, no, no! That man failed for heaps of money; hundreds in gold and silver."

The maltster being rather short of breath, Mr. Coggan, after absently scrutinizing a coal which had fallen among the ashes, took up the narrative, with a private twirl of his eye:

"Well, now, you'd hardly believe it, but that man — our Miss Everdene's father — was one of the ficklest husbands alive, after a while. Understand, 'a didn't want to be fickle, but he couldn't help it. The pore feller were faithful and true enough to her in his wish, but his heart would rove, do what he would. Ay, 'a spoke to me in real tribulation about it once. 'Coggan,' he said, 'I could never wish for a handsomer woman than I've got, but feeling she's ticketed as my lawful wife, I can't help my wicked heart wandering, do what I will.' But at last I believe he cured it by making her take off her wedding-ring and calling her by her maiden name as they sat together after the shop was shut, and so 'a would get to fancy she was only his sweetheart, and not married to him at all. And so as soon as he could thoroughly fancy he was doing wrong and committing the seventh, 'a got to like her as well as ever, and they lived on a perfect example of mutel love."

"Well, 'twas a most ungodly remedy," murmured Joseph Poorgrass, "but we ought to feel deep cheerfulness, as I may say, that a happy providence kept it from being any worse. You see, he might have gone the bad road and given his eyes to unlawfulness entirely — yes, gross unlawfulness, so to say it."

"You see," said Billy Smallbury, with testimonial emphasis, "the man's will was to do right, sure enough, but his heart didn't chime in."

"He got so much better, that he was quite religious in his later years, wasn't he, Jan?" said Joseph Poorgrass. "He got himself confirmed over again in a

more serious way, and took to saying, 'Amen' almost as loud as a clerk, and he liked to copy comforting verses from the tombstones. He used, too, to hold the holy money-plate at Let Your Light so Shine, and stand godfather to poor little come-by-chance children that had no father at all in the eye of matrimony, and he kept a missionary-box upon his table to nab folks unawares when they called; yes, and he would box the charity-boys' ears, if they laughed in church, till they could hardly stand upright, and do other deeds of piety common to the saintly inclined."

"Ay, at that time he thought of nothing but righteousness," added Billy Smallbury. "One day Parson Thirdly met him and said, 'Good-morning, Mister Everdene; 'tis a fine day!' 'Amen,' said Everdene, quite absent-like, thinking only of religion when he seed a parson. Yes, he was a very Christian man."

"His second-cousin, John, was the most religious of the family, however," said the old maltster. "None of the others were so pious as he, for they never went past us church people in their Christianity, but John's feelings growed as strong as a Chapel member's. 'A was a watch and clock maker by trade and thought of nothing but godliness, poor man. 'I judge every clock according to his works,' he used to say when he were in his holy frame of mind. Ay, he likewise was a very Christian man."

"Their daughter was not at all a pretty chiel at that time," said Henery Fray. "Never should have thought she'd have growed up such a handsome body as she is."

"'Tis to be hoped her temper is as good as her face."

"Well, yes; but the baily will have most to do with the business and ourselves. Ah!" Henery shook his head, gazed into the ashpit, and smiled volumes of ironical knowledge.

"A queer Christian, as the D—— said of the owl," volunteered Mark Clark.

"He is," said Henery, with a manner implying that irony must necessarily cease at a certain point. "Between we two, man and man, I believe that man would as soon tell a lie Sundays as working-days, that I do so."

"Good faith, you do talk," said Gabriel, with apprehension.

"True enough," said the man of bitter moods, looking round upon the company, with the antithetic laughter that comes from a keener appreciation of the untold

miseries of life than ordinary men are capable of. "Ah, there's people of one sort, and people of another, but that man — bless your souls!"

The company suspended consideration of whether they wanted their souls blessed that moment, as the shortest way to the end of the story.

"I believe that if so be that Baily Pennyways' heart were put inside a nut-shell, he'd rattle," continued Henery. "He'll strain for money as a salmon will strain for the river's head. 'Tis a thief and a robber, that's what 'tis."

Gabriel thought fit to change the subject. "You must be a very aged man, maltster, to have sons growed up so old and ancient," he remarked.

"Father's so old that 'a can't mind his age, can ye, father?" interposed Jacob. "And he's growed terrible crooked, too, lately," Jacob continued, surveying his father's figure, which was rather more bowed than his own. "Really, one may say that father there is three-double."

"Crooked folk will last a long while," said the maltster, grimly, and not in the best humour.

"Shepherd would like to hear the pedigree of yer life, father — wouldn't ye, shepherd?"

"Ay, that I should," said Gabriel, with the heartiness of a man who had longed to hear it for several months. "What may your age be, maltster?"

The maltster cleared his throat in an exaggerated form for emphasis, and elongating his gaze to the remotest point of the ashpit, said, in the slow speech justifiable when the importance of a subject is so generally felt that any mannerism must be tolerated in getting at it, "Well, I don't mind the year I were born in, but perhaps I can reckon up the places I've lived at, and so get it that way. I bode at Juddle Farm across there" (nodding to the north) "till I were eleven. I bode seven at Lower Twifford" (nodding to the east), "where I took to malting. I went therefrom to Norcombe, and malted there two-and-twenty years, and two-and-twenty years I was there turnip-hoeing and harvesting. Ah, I knowed that old place Norcombe years afore you were thought of, Master Oak" (Oak smiled a corroboration of the fact). "Then I malted at Snoodly-under-Drool four year, and four year turnip-hoeing; and I was fourteen times eleven months at Moreford St. Jude's" (nodding north-west-by north). "Old Twills wouldn't hire me for more than eleven months at a time,

to keep me from being chargeable to the parish if so be I was disabled. Then I was three year at Mellstock, and I've been here one-and-thirty year come Candlemas. How much is that ?”

“Hundred and seventeen,” chuckled another old gentleman, given to mental arithmetic and little conversation, who had hitherto sat unobserved in a corner.

“Well, then, that's my age,” said the maltster, emphatically.

“Oh, no, father !” Jacob remonstrated. “Your turnip-hoeing were in the summer and your malting in the winter of the same year, and ye don't ought to count both halves, father.”

“Chok' it all ! I lived through the summers, didn't I ? That's my question. I suppose ye'll say next I be no age at all to speak of ?”

“Sure we shan't,” said Gabriel, soothingly.

“Ye be a very old aged person, maltster,” attested Jan Coggan, also soothingly. “We all know that, and ye must have a wonderful talented constitution to be able to live so long, mustn't he, neighbours ?”

“True, true ; ye must, maltster, a wonderful talented constitution,” said the meeting, unanimously.

The maltster, being now pacified, was even generous enough to voluntarily disparage in a slight degree the virtue of having lived a great many years, by mentioning that the cup they were drinking out of was three years older than he.

While the cup was being examined, the end of Gabriel Oak's flute became visible over his smock-frock pocket, and Henery Fray exclaimed, “Surely, shepherd, I see you blowing into a grate flute by-now at Casterbridge ?”

“You did,” said Gabriel, blushing faintly. “I've been in great trouble, neighbours, and was driven to it. I used not to be so poor as I be now.”

“Never mind, heart !” said Mark Clark. “You should take it carelessly, shepherd, and your time will come. But we could thank ye for a tune, if ye bain't too tired ?”

“Neither drum nor trumpet have I heard this Christmas,” said Jan Coggan. “Come, raise a tune, Master Oak !”

“Ay, that I will,” said Gabriel readily, pulling out his flute and putting it togethery. “A poor tool, neighbours ; an everyday chap ; but such as I can do ye shall have and welcome.”

Oak then struck up “Jockey to the Fair,” and played that sparkling melody

three times through, accenting the notes in the third round in a most artistic and lively manner by bending his body in small jerks and tapping with his foot to beat time.

“He can blow the flute very well — that 'a can,” said a young married man, who having no individuality worth mentioning was known as “Susan Tall's husband.” He continued admiringly. “I'd as lief as not be able to blow into a flute as well as that.”

“He's a clever man, and 'tis a true comfort for us to have such a shepherd,” murmured Joseph Poorgrass, in a soft and complacent cadence. “We ought to feel real thanksgiving that he's not a player of loose songs instead of these merry tunes ; for 'twould have been just as easy for God to have made the shepherd a lewd low man — a man of iniquity, so to speak it — as what he is. Yes, for our wives' and daughters' sakes we should feel real thanksgiving.”

“True, true, as the old woman said,” dashed in Mark Clark conclusively, not feeling it to be of any consequence to his opinion that he had only heard about a word and three-quarters of what Joseph had said.

“Yes,” added Joseph, beginning to feel like a man in the Bible ; “for evil does thrive so in these times that ye may be as much deceived in the clanest shaved and whitest shirted man as in the raggedest tramp upon the turnpike, if I may term it so.”

“Ay, I can mind yer face now, shepherd,” said Henery Fray, criticising Gabriel with misty eyes as he entered upon his second tune. “Yes — now I see ye blowing into the flute I know ye to be the same man I see play at Casterbridge, for yer mouth were scrimped up and yer eyes a-staring out like a strangled man's — just as they be now.”

“'Tis a pity that playing the flute should make a man look such a scarecrow,” observed Mr. Mark Clark, with additional criticism of Gabriel's countenance, the latter person jerking out unconcernedly, with the ghastly grimace required by the instrument, the chorus of “Dame Durden :” —

'Twas Moll' and Bet', and Doll' and Kate'
And Dor'-othy Drag'-gle Tail.

“I hope you don't mind that young man Mark Clark's bad manners in naming your features ?” whispered Joseph to Gabriel privately.

“Not at all,” said Mr. Oak.

"For by nature ye be a very handsome man, shepherd," continued Joseph Poorgrass, with winning suavity.

"Ay, that ye be, shepherd," said the company.

"Thank you very much," said Oak, in the modest tone good manners demanded, privately thinking, however, that he would never let Bathsheba see him playing the flute; in this resolve showing a discretion equal to that related of its sagacious inventress, the divine Minerva herself.

"Ah, when I and my wife were married at Norcombe Church," said the old maltster, not pleased at finding himself left out of the subject, "we were called the handsomest couple in the neighbourhood — everybody said so."

"Danged if ye bain't altered now, maltster," said a voice, with the vigour natural to the enunciation of a remarkably evident truism. It came from the old man in the background, whose general offensiveness and spiteful ways were barely atoned for by the occasional chuckle he contributed to general laughs.

"Oh, no, no," said Gabriel.

"Don't ye play no more, shepherd," said Susan Tall's husband, the young married man who had spoken once before. "I must be moving, and when there's tunes going on I seem as if hung in wires. If I thought after I'd left that music was still playing and I not there, I should be quite melancholy-like."

"What's yer hurry then, Laban?" inquired Coggan. "You used to bide as late as the latest."

"Well, ye see, neighbours, I was lately married to a woman, and she's my vocation now, and so ye see. . . ." The young man halted lamely.

"New lords new laws, as the saying is, I suppose," remarked Coggan, with a very compressed countenance; that the frigidity implied by this arrangement of facial muscles was not the true mood of his soul being only discernible from a private glimmer in the outer corner of one of his eyes — the other eye being nearly closed, and the other half open.

"Ay, 'a b'lieve — ha, ha!" said Susan Tall's husband, in a tone intended to imply his habitual reception of jokes without minding them at all. The young man then wished them good-night and withdrew.

Henery Fray was the first to follow. Then Gabriel arose and went off with Jan Coggan, who had offered him a lodging. A few minutes later, when the re-

maining ones were on their legs and about to depart, Fray came back again in a hurry. Flourishing his finger ominously he threw a gaze teeming with tidings just where his glance alighted by accident, which happened to be in Joseph Poorgrass's eye.

"Oh — what's the matter, what's the matter, Henery?" said Joseph, starting back.

"What's a-brewing, Henery?" asked Jacob and Mark Clark.

"Baily Pennyways — Baily Pennyways — I said so; yes, I said so."

"What, found out stealing any thing?"

"Stealing it is. The news is, that after Miss Everdene got home she went out again to see all was safe, as she usually do, and coming in found Baily Pennyways creeping down the granary steps with half a bushel of barley. She flewed at him like a cat — never such a tom-boy as she is — of course I speak with closed doors?"

"You do — you do, Henery."

"She flewed at him, and, to cut a long story short, he owned to having carried off five sack altogether, upon her promising not to persecute him. Well, he's turned out neck and crop, and my question is, who's going to be baily now?"

The question was such a profound one that Henery was obliged to drink there and then from the large cup till the bottom was distinctly visible inside. Before he had replaced it on the table, in came the young man, Susan Tall's husband, in a still greater hurry.

"Have ye heard the news that's all over parish?"

"About Baily Pennyways?"

"Ah — but besides that?"

"No — not a morsel of it!" they all replied, looking into the very midst of Laban Tall, and as it were, advancing their intelligence to meet his words half way down his throat.

"What a night of horrors!" murmured Joseph Poorgrass, waving his hands spasmodically. "I've had the news-bell ringing in my left ear quite bad enough for a murder, and I've seed a magpie all alone!"

"Fanny Robin — Miss Everdene's youngest servant — can't be found. They've been wanting to lock up the door these two hours, but she isn't come in. And they don't know what to do about going to bed for fear of locking her out. They wouldn't be so concerned if she hadn't been noticed in such low spirits these last few days, and Maryann

d' think the beginning of a crowner's inquest has happened to the poor girl."

"Oh — 'tis burned — 'tis burned!" said Joseph Poorgrass with dry lips.

"No — 'tis drowned!" said Tall.

"Or 'tis her father's razor!" suggested Billy Smallbury, with a vivid sense of detail.

"Well — Miss Everdene wants to speak to one or two of us before we go to bed. What with this trouble about the baily, and now about the girl, mis'ess is almost wild."

They all hastened up the rise to the farm-house, excepting the old maltster, whom neither news, fire, rain, nor thunder could draw from his hole. There, as the others' footsteps died away, he sat down again, and continued gazing as usual into the furnace with his red bleared eyes.

From the bedroom window above their heads Bathsheba's head and shoulders, robed in mystic white, were dimly seen extended into the air.

"Are any of my men among you?" she said anxiously.

"Yes, ma'am, several," said Susan Tall's husband.

"To-morrow morning I wish two or three of you to make inquiries in the villages round if they have seen such a person as Fanny Robin. Do it quietly; there is no reason for alarm as yet. She must have left whilst we were all at the fire."

"I beg yer pardon, but had she any young man courting her in the parish, ma'am?" asked Jacob Smallbury.

"I don't know," said Bathsheba.

"I've never heard of any such thing, ma'am," said two or three.

"It is hardly likely, either," continued Bathsheba. "For any lover of hers might have come to the house if he had been a respectable lad. The most mysterious matter connected with her absence — indeed, the only thing which gives me serious alarm — is that she was seen to go out of the house by Maryann with only her indoor working gown on — not even a bonnet."

"And you mean, ma'am, excusing my words, that a young woman would hardly go to see her young man without dressing up," said Jacob, turning his mental vision upon past experiences. "That's true — she would not, ma'am."

"She had, I think, a bundle, though I couldn't see very well," said a female voice from another window, which seemed to belong to Maryann. "But she had no young man about here. Hers lives in Casterbidge, and I believe he's a soldier."

"Do you know his name?" Bathsheba said.

"No, mistress; she was very close about it."

"Perhaps I might be able to find out if I went to Casterbidge barracks," said William Smallbury.

"Very well; if she doesn't return to-morrow, mind you go there and try to discover which man it is, and see him. I feel more responsible than I should if she had had any friends or relations alive. I do hope she has come to no harm through a man of that kind. . . . And then there's this disgraceful affair of the bailiff — but I can't speak of him now."

Bathsheba had so many reasons for uneasiness that it seemed she did not think it worth while to dwell upon any particular one. "Do as I told you, then," she said in conclusion, closing the casement.

"Ay, ay, mistress; we will," they replied, and moved away.

That night at Coggan's Gabriel Oak, beneath the screen of closed eyelids, was busy with fancies, and full of movement, like a river flowing rapidly under its ice. Night had always been the time at which he saw Bathsheba most vividly, and through the slow hours of shadow he tenderly regarded her image now. It is rarely that the pleasures of the imagination will compensate for the pain of sleeplessness, but they possibly did with Oak to-night, for the delight of merely seeing effaced for the time his perception of the great difference between seeing and possessing.

He also thought of plans for fetching his few utensils and books from Norcombe. *The Young Man's Best Companion*, *The Farrier's Sure Guide*, *The Veterinary Surgeon*, *Paradise Lost*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Asli's Dictionary*, and *Walkingame's Arithmetic*, constituted his library; and though a limited series, it was one from which he had acquired more sound information by diligent perusal than many a man of opportunities has done from a furlong of laden shelves.

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SPANISH LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE
INTERIOR, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1873.

LETTER XI.

THE DECAY OF FAITH IN SPAIN.

"My religion has broken down." Such was the hopeless sentiment,—a sentiment rendered doubly mournful by the simplicity of the language, and the position of the speaker,—expressed to me a few nights since by a poor Spanish boatman. It was uttered in answer to my question why he was absent from his cathedral, the bells of which had just been clanging for evening service.

"My religion has broken down!"

The train of thought which these bitter words led to, urged me to throw together into a connected form the many observations I had already jotted down, as to the state of religious feeling in Spain; and I could not help reflecting, as I turned over page after page of my journal, and came upon the entries relating to this especial subject, with how much truth might both the educated and uneducated Spaniard of to-day say, with the poor boatman, "My religion has broken down."

This self-imposed task is a dispiriting one. For I cannot, to be candid, write of the vitality and living work of the Church in my present country, but rather of its lifelessness and stagnation; not of the growth and progress of faith, but alas! of its rapid and visible decay.

The Church of Spain—of Spain in 1873 (I write of what I have seen in the South and in the interior of Spain; in the north, I am told, ecclesiastical affairs wear a wholly different aspect), is an institution which has lost its hold on the masses, both educated and uneducated; they do not look to its shelter for the offering of prayers, nor to its pulpit for instruction, nor to its minister for support and comfort. In literature, in intercourse with strangers, in thought and education, all around has moved: the Church moves not; she is left behind in the onward march; too proud to ask, to follow, or to learn, she stands alone; too proud to acknowledge, or too much wrapped in sublime slumber and dreams of her past glory, to recognize for a moment the fact that she *is* alone.

She writes her commands still, but none are found to obey them: she proffers her advice, but her sons turn away unheeding. "We have heart and mind like you," they say; "we can think and act for ourselves. Away!" The picture

that rises upon one's mind when one sees the decrees of Mother Church slighted, ridiculed, or ignored, by her sons (though *not* by her pious daughters) is that of some aged officer, long ago suspended for his age—to whom the rules and implementations of modern strategy are wholly new and strange—suddenly aspiring to command on the field of modern warfare: he raises his hand with all his pristine dignity; he gives the word with all the precision of one accustomed to command. Too full of respect for his grey hairs, and his pristine courage, and his rank, those around him do not ridicule him, or tell him he is mistaken; they simply salute him courteously, and pass on ignoring his commands.

The decay of religious faith in Spain divides itself into three distinct heads. The first subject of inquiry will naturally be, *What is the precise state of religious feeling existing at the present moment?* The second will be, *To what causes is the present state of things due?* And lastly, *Whither is it tending; what will be the result in the future of the religious position of the present?*

To answer these questions fairly, fully, and without exaggeration, will be the object of this paper; what the writer will say will certainly be suggestive; it may, he trusts, be productive in England of much good. Anyhow, it cannot fail to be full of the deepest interest.

I. What is the precise state of religious feeling in Spain at the present day? Some few years ago it was the writer's privilege, when in London, to attend one or two of a set of lectures, very original and suggestive, given by the great Indian reformer, Cheshub Chunder Sen, lectures which ultimately fell into the writer's hand. Mr. Sen was, as the writer understood him, one who had advanced far beyond the creed of his countrymen—(Brahmees, if my remembrance serves me rightly, was the name by which he designated them)—one who, having become dissatisfied with the superstitions of the Brahmins, had gone hither and thither seeking for a creed. His words were very striking, full as they were of those Scriptures of which, as the writer believes, he had grasped a part—and but a part. "I," he said, in perfectly good English, "I was for many years a man without a creed; I and hundreds of my fellow-Brahmees could not accept or hold to our own religion, and I made trial first of other religious systems in India; but, thirsty as I was, I found none to

give me drink; I was hungry, and they gave me no food. At last I read for myself, and I read carefully, the New Testament which you English deify. I re-read it with prayers: I read it, before I embraced its teaching, on my knees. I rose up a different man. I believed in the One God, the true Father of all who trust in Him; One who requires no sacrifice, nothing but the love of a true heart and sincerity."

"I do not," he went on, "with yourselves, call my Saviour God, because He says, '*I am the way*'—the way, not the goal: thither I cannot follow you; but I look up to Him as the only perfect Son of God.

"Long time had I gone about seeking rest and finding none; at last I had found rest to my soul—rest for which I thank my God daily."

The words were evidently the utterance of a true, loyal, and religious soul and of an inquiring and lofty mind: as I understood them, the speaker's position was that of the Unitarian Church: he believed in one God, and in one perfect Son of God, sent by Him to be men's guide and pattern, and there he stopped. Whether or no he went further, with Arianism, I cannot fairly remember. But it struck me at the time, that for a soul so devout and earnest the whole truth would be revealed: the whole evangelical faith, in all its fulness and blessedness, would be, I felt sure, finally grasped by his heart and soul.

The lecturer then went on to say that he and several hundreds of his fellow-countrymen, chiefly Indian barristers, and men of the other learned professions, had formed a sort of religious confraternity, or club, on the religious foundation he had explained, called the Brahmo-Somaj, and that their tenets were fast gaining ground among the educated Brahmins; that they were gathering daily disciples "from the thousands" (I quote his own words) "who are now in India going about, *having cast off their old faith, seeking for some faith on which to stay their soul.*"

The parallel between the religious state of the "thousands" here referred to and the "thousands" of Spain, among educated men, the writer conceives to be a very close one. Not for one moment does he intend to imply that the branch of the Catholic Church established in Spain—a Church which has given to its sons and daughters a duly ordained ministry, and Christian rites, and reli-

gious instruction, and in whose sublime churches the thousands of its faithful have made their hearts' desire known to their God, aye, and still make it known—is not one in which men may find all things necessary to salvation; but, he says, and means, because the fact is one patent to him, and freely conversed of in street, drawing-room, plaza, and casino, by Spanish gentlemen, and others of the lower class (who are not too indifferent—alas! with most of these the thoughts soar not above the search for daily bread)—and it is simply this: that the case of the educated Spanish gentlemen, and especially of professional men, tradesmen, and literary men and artisans—the state of all, in a word, who travel, think, or read—is exactly analogous to the state of his fellow-countrymen described by Chesub Chunder Sen.

Like them, they have unobtrusively but certainly cast aside the faith in which they were brought up, and, having nothing sure, nothing established, nothing of a church, a public service, and the sympathy needed by mankind in its religious aspirations, which a church and assemblies foster—to which to cling, and on which to anchor their souls—they are simply going about, seeking some one to lead them by the hand, some one whose talents and character give him a claim to be trusted, to guide and direct their minds and souls; some one to help them to rise—as they do wish, and long, and pray to rise—above the dead level of indifference, and the weary meaningless round of daily life: daily work, or daily idleness; casino, politics, and cigarillo.

What, then, are the signs by which this state of religious feeling is betokened, and on what grounds is it justifiable to present so melancholy a view of religion?

I answer, one must be guided by four different signs of the times in forming an estimate: the tone of conversation in social circles; the statistics of church-going; the observation of various small facts in connection with this great subject, all of which are small, it is true, but, like the eddying straw of our trite English proverb, "serve to show the course of the stream;" and lastly, books, and literature.

(2) The decay of religious faith is shown by conversation in the social circles of Spain, especially among the more ardent of the Republicans.

There are three different names by which Republican Spain of the present

day, in the districts from which this article is dated, calls her sons, namely: *Ateos*; *Indiferentes*; and *libres pensadores*: that is, Atheists; those indifferent to religion at all, or undecided; and free-thinkers.

These are terms of daily use among us. A man, however, would never say of himself, "I am an *Ateo*," although he *might* (and very frequently *does*) apply that "word without hope" to his friend's state of mind. The "El Credo" of the *Ateo* is something of this nature—a credo, if it can be called a credo at all, which has come into this country with freedom of French literature. A man reads little, prays little, thinks a good deal and observes a good deal. He comes to the conclusion that to *sin* is according to nature (*muy natural*), and therefore, that He who has proclaimed that to sin is worthy of blame, and shall be punished, cannot be the Author of Nature; for he reasons: "Why did God make it natural to me to sin, and yet say, 'I will punish you if you sin'?" He goes further. He says: "I see Nature; I feel her power; I know in many things she is right. I do not see God; I do not feel His power. I see the poor oppressed; I see sin triumphant: I see the Church proclaim things in His name, as celibacy, clearly against Nature. Nature exists, as I can prove: I cannot prove that God exists: therefore, I believe that Nature is God; for Nature is stronger than anything." Such is the *Credo*, such the profession of hundreds of men of this belief, if it can be called a belief. They are sometimes known by the name of *Materialistas*, although this term implies something still more faithless. For instance, a *Materialista* would say, if his fellow-creature showed any deep penitence, any deep religious melancholy, "Oh! it is the work of Nature; bodily illness is diseasing his mind." Some of the coarser forms would go even further; but of these it is not needful to speak.

The position of the *Indiferente* is less defined, and more common. It is a state of heart and mind, this indifferentism, which, from many different causes, does not care at all for religion, or feel its power; and yet would, and does saunter into church on the proper days, and listen to the music, and to the sermon, if at all a striking one. Here is one reason, which incidentally I may be pardoned for introducing, why the clergy of Spain have so completely lost their hold on the

minds of *men*: their sermons never strike home, never fairly meet a doubt, seldom inculcate the moral teaching of Christ. An *Indiferente* often becomes indifferent from long continuance in sin, or prayerlessness; still more often, from utter indecision of character. He is a man who reads, cursorily, the religious literature of France, of what is here designated the French Liberal School. He commences with a book read by all the educated Spaniards—"Vie de Jésus, par Ernst Renan," or "Les Apôtres," by the same author. Doubts are instilled into his mind—a mind in all probability of very barren soil before; the weeds grow up and flourish. He has no one to advise him; he does not go deeply into the subject; he is too careless and too pusillanimous, and has too much love for his wife's feelings and respect for his Church, to throw off the mask and openly say, "I do not hold the old El Credo;" so he goes on, and is called, and truly, one of the *Indiferentes*. Thousands are in this state of mind; like the disciples of the Brahmo-Somaj, they are going about, seeking rest, and finding none.

The third class of unorthodox Spaniard is perhaps the most common—the man who does not hesitate to call himself one of *los libres pensadores*, "the free-thinkers." This term, in England, is usually applied to one who has cast off much, or all, of his faith in God. Here, however, the term has no such meaning. It simply means, one who chooses to think for himself, and embrace that creed which he believes best for his temporal and eternal welfare. Thousands of the educated sons of Republican Spain would think it no discredit to themselves or others to say, "I am a free-thinker," or "He belongs to the free-thinkers," because the term, in Spain, conveys no idea at all of disbelief in a personal God and Father of us all: it simply denotes what is called in England, Broad Churchism. And men say, truly enough, there is more religion where there is life, thought, inquiry, restlessness, than in the torpor of indifferentism, or the dead slumber of one who is too careless about religion to take any pains about it, and therefore gives a careless acquiescence to statements and doctrines about the truth of which he has taken no pains to enquire—the "belief" of one who has never *disbelieved*, simply because he has never really believed at all. This class of "*libres pensadores*" is composed chiefly of *educated Republi-*

cans. This freedom of religious thought—which came in with the Republic—a sort of fierce reaction after the tight curb of Roman Catholicism in the Queen's time—is the *typo*, or type, of the modern statesman, orator, literary man of Spain. Although none of the three classes here alluded to are, strictly speaking, confined to the Republican ranks, yet they chiefly exist among the Republicans.

Having sought, with all candour, to explain the religious status of the three great bodies of educated Spaniards known in social circles as Atheists, Indifferents, and Free-thinkers, the writer of this review of Spanish religious feeling continues his description of the first and most superficial of those signs of the times by which the state of that religious feeling may fairly be appreciated:—*Conversation in the educated circles of Spain.*

And here, for a moment, I would pause. Those in England into whose hands these pages may fall, will naturally complain, and with some apparent truth, "The writer of this article keeps on speaking about educated men, and Republicans: do not the masses of the poor enter into his account?" The question is a fair one, and shall be fairly answered. The answer is this. The population of Spain, by our last Government returns, was sixteen millions; and, by the same documents, twelve millions were returned as "unable either to read or to write." Surely one can only speak, when one speaks of the state of feeling in a nation on religious or political matters, of the opinions of those who can read or write at least a little. Were I to write of the state of religious feeling among the *uneducated*, in the town of the interior, in the fishing village of the coast, in the vineyard or the olive-press, I should merely sum it up in three words: superstition, carelessness, blind discontent. Before the end of this series, a few words shall be devoted to the uneducated masses; but, be it remembered, wherever there is an absence of education, there is present blind and palpable imitation of others; and the poor, rude, suffering fisherman or goat-herd has often said to me, when asked as to his religion, "I am an Evangelico;" and when pressed to explain, he would say merely the name of some Protestant church, or some popular leader of thought in his country, and add, with true Spanish pride, "He and I have common ground!"

Recurring to my subject—the state of religious feeling as indicated by the conversation current in social circles—let me say, that never have I heard, and never again would I wish to hear, such utterances of utter unrest, utter—I was going to say despair—as I daily and hourly hear now around me.

This state of unrest and disquietude, and fruitless quest of the good and the stable, perplexes and dismays the heart, and paralyzes the thought. One is fain to ask again and again the old question, "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" And again and again the self-same answer is given back, "Dark and stormy. Dark and stormy." And truly our night *is* dark and stormy. Well do I remember, in the days of youth, passing down one of the back streets of London's lowest quarters, and speaking to a poor old withered-up crone who sat on her lowly doorstep: before her, overshadowing her little house, were a Wesleyan chapel, a Mission chapel of the Established Church, and a Roman Catholic church. "To which of all those, mother," said I, "do you go to worship?" And the answer came back, quietly but firmly, from her trembling lips, "*I looks only to One above.*" And one cannot help feeling that only, and entirely, the help in which that poor woman trusted, *can* save and redeem Spain of to-day.

The attitude of the thinking mass of Spaniards reminds one daily of the question asked in Holy Story, "Lord, to whom shall we go?" but one listens in vain for the answer from the self-same lips, "Thou (and only Thou) hast the words of eternal life."

If you shall be conversing with a Spanish gentleman of Republican views, on the subject of religion, his words will be very few; but they will be *very* sad. The following conversation occurred a short time since between the writer of this review and a literary man in Spain, of real culture and refinement. He himself introduced the subject on which I write by saying to me, "I believe you are a Protestant?" After answering his question, I merely said, "You have now the advantage of me: are you not yourself a Roman Catholic?" "Yes," was the reply; "yes, I am a Roman Catholic—that is to say, I have not renounced that *credo*; it is more convenient not to have an open rupture. But," said he, "I believe really in nothing of the ceremonies or rites of my Church; I pray to

God at home ; I believe in Him, and in Jesus Christ. I consider myself exactly at the stand-point of your English Church. I despise the music, the processions, and the unintelligible tongue of my Church's services ; I hate to see money given for such things ; but I do feel the need of public worship without all this. Four bare walls, and a pure heart, are all that is needed to serve and love God." He added a few words to this effect : that no appeal to the senses should ever be made in a church — nothing touched, save a man's heart.

I did not press the subject further, for both his heart and my own were too full. Yet once again let me recur to a few words said to me by a Spanish student — words which, spoken but a few weeks since, have never left my memory. We were supping together, merely discussing the subject of art in this country ; and, as conversation (even in Spain!) *will* fall into the religious groove, at last we spoke of religion. He was a Roman Catholic, but, as he himself allowed, "Indiferente." He was speaking of public prayer, and I merely remarked that, as he never went to public prayer, I supposed he found an equal solace in private prayer. I then spoke of sermons, and added, "Do you find no help in the sermons of your clergy?"

This then was, word for word, to the best of the writer's recollection, the language of his reply : — "The English pray ; they try to act up to their religion, because they can believe it : we cannot, with modern literature at hand, swallow *our* religion at a gulp. You must give up one of the two. I hold to neither. As to us, as a rule, we do not pray to God. You ask about sermons : well, I went into a church, the other day, to listen to one who was said to be a good preacher. He did, truly, preach magnificently ; I never saw a man with such a flow of language ; he was an orator ! But" — (*pero*, the constant Spanish antithesis) — "with all his flow of language, I only remembered two things, as I left the church : he compared the exceeding purity of the Virgin to a cup of silver and a tower of ivory ; and there was no room at all for God or Jesus Christ. These clergy, who aspire to guide us to peace here, and in the next (*if there be a next*) world," continued he, "never preach about the *only two things worth preaching about, Virtue and the Almighty.*"

As usual, then, with the education of his order, this young fellow simply be-

lieved in and longed for tidings of the Christian moral code, and the Fatherhood of God. For *that* his soul thirsted ; for *that* he went to church ; he was a hungerer and thirster, I truly believe, after righteousness : a few simple words would have gone straight to his heart ; for those few simple words he looked and waited, and for them, alas ! he looked and waited in vain.

Another leading topic of conversation is (as I have already mentioned) the deification of Nature. In high Republican circles in Spain, it is constantly said, "We make war against all that is against Nature. It must be wrong."

I once asked of a Republican orator, "How can you justify your fellows' act in turning the nuns out of their convent?"

"We would turn out the priests too, if we could ; because we want all men not to be unnatural. Celibacy is unnatural."

"But is not *expulsion* a rough way of inculcating a moral lesson?"

"*Muy bien*," was his answer, "but we must use rough measures sometimes."

The ignorance of their clergy, again, is a constant theme of conversation among the Spanish Republicans. They will have it — I know not with what truth — that the priests know little besides the Lives of the Saints and Latin books. As to geography, say they, or modern history, they know nothing ; and modern literature they never read !

Many thoughts here force themselves upon me. Among others, fain am I to confess that some slight tribute is due to the worth of the priests. Where they *could* give to the poor, the writer of this review believes, they freely gave of what they had. But now, they are poor indeed, and rejected of men. Still their influence is great, and this for two reasons. *First*, because their hold on the women of a family is still great : the devout and simple-minded women of the family still give to their church and priest — still are regular at confession, prayers, and Mass.

The *second* reason of their influence is this : that so many of the clergy come from influential families, are, in fact, *bene nati*. In Galicia, and the North of Spain, the poor, and very oftentimes the uneducated, become clergymen. But in the interior, and in the South, as regards the town clergy, most, or at least many of them, are well-born ; and many a family puts its dullest member into the Church, as the *dernier ressort*, that he may have a

certain position and status in society. In the towns, however, the clergy are generally selected for the merits of their education and for their talents.

Gladly do I turn from this first part of the signs of the times, merely adding a trifling anecdote which I heard some few months since in the best-educated city in Spain — the only city where one-half of the population can read or write. A Spanish woman went into church a few minutes before service, to inquire who would be the evening preacher.

"*El chantre*," was the answer. This would be equivalent in English, I suppose, to the precentor.

"*Què lo oiga su abuela*" ("Let his grandmother hear it") was the answer, as the woman swept out of the church.

To a candid mind this little anecdote (a "good story") shows, surely, an irreverence for the Church which dismays one, on the one hand, but, at the same time, a real seeking and longing for that which, for so many hundred years, we have called, with truth, the good news of God.

How bitterly upon English ears would have fallen the words with which, a short time since, the streets of my town were ringing — "Our Castelar is the Saviour, the Christ of 1873!" One can only say, as one hears such words, that one's best hope is that He whom they crucify may pray — as we doubt not He does pray for them — "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they say." Alas! Castelar's reign over these people's hearts is short indeed; already are vague rumours of his unpopularity, and of "Pi y Margall and the Cantonal system," floating about among us, though perhaps Spain has known no more liberal, religious, or noble leader than Emilio Castelar!

(*b*) Among those signs by which the state of religious feeling may be known, I mentioned, in the second place, the statistics of church-going.

Very few men, as a rule, attend church. The old anecdote of Sydney Smith is constantly recalled to one's memory. He preached, we have heard, upon the text "O that *men* would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness," when, Sunday after Sunday, his quiet village church was denuded of *men*. And in Spain the emphasis might well, and with reason, be laid upon the same word — "O that *men* would praise the Lord!"

What *is* seen in the churches of Spain — and I have gone to her country parish churches and to her large cathedrals — is this: the bright array of lights, the

gaudy dresses of the saints, the black, white, and embroidered vestments of the priests, as in solemn silence they come forth to kneel and pray before the altar of our common God and Father. What is *not* seen is the bronzed face of the vine-dresser, the worn visage of the artisan, the pale face of the *littérateur*; the sailor, the soldier, the bookseller, the tailor. Where are they? They are not here!

What *is* heard in our Spanish churches is, the unintelligible prayers of the priests; the ringing, joyous, inspiriting clash of the music, oftentimes supplemented with the sweet carol of birds; the deep bass of the head singer. What is *not* heard is, the answer of *men's* voices; what is not heard is, the deep "Amen" to every prayer. "*No hay*." It is not here! There is no response from the men! They are away — at the Muséo, at "La Librería," at the Casino — but here, "*no hay*."

In Spanish churches you simply see and hear women — for the most part well-bred women — kneeling devoutly upon the rush-matting of the church, and praying to their God: I *must say* praying, to all appearances, most fervently, most earnestly. I have seen nothing in Spain of that looking round and back, so common with ladies in England, to scan every person who comes into the church.

It is said in England, that one out of every six of our *male* population goes to a place of worship. Here we have no places of worship save those of the Established Church, and I fear that not one in every twenty-five enters these to pray.

I mentioned as the two last signs of the decay of religious faith, the transactions, however small, which have lately taken place; and the bookstalls of Republican Spain.

Let me touch upon these briefly, and then enter upon the *causes* of this revolt against religion, and the speculation, Whither does it tend?

(*c*) If it has more than once been asserted, in the course of this review of the state of religious feeling in Spain, that the small occurrences of daily life, and the acts of the revolutionary party in the summer of 1873, have shown and are daily bearing witness to the decay of religious faith in Spain, these assertions, it shall now be demonstrated, are not made without sufficient grounds.

Enter many of the Government ("del Rey") hospitals in Spain, and ask

whether there is any religious service, any ministrations of clergy, in those towns where there has been a revolution — that is, where popular feeling obtained for a while the mastery — and you will find that they no longer exist. They were dismissed during the summer revolution, and the chapel of the hospital is closed; the priest — an institution as old as the hospital walls — no longer lives within them, or attends to the sick and dying among its inmates.

Among the Foundling Hospitals, the Christian rite of baptism is in many cases no longer administered; in smaller hospitals, or homes, you will find, on inquiry, "We had a chapel, but have none now; the clergy lived here, but now only the doctors are allowed to reside on the premises." Go to many of the churches of Spain, whose walls, once richly gilt with the paintings of her great sons, attracted many a strange traveller's footsteps, and mark if in many of these cases they are not taken away. In some cases they were carried to a place of safety until this tyranny be overpassed; in a still greater number they were rudely torn down (I have seen some literally *torn* in the operation) and carried off to the Public Library or the *Muséo*, and thither you must follow if you would behold them.

Sundays are fearfully desecrated. If it be true, as has often been asserted, that where, during the great French Revolution, Sundays were abolished, and every day of the seven was a working-day — if it be true that the abolishing of the prescribed day of rest, and the incessant strain of work caused by it, led to disease of mind, and in many cases lunacy, one can but tremble for this country, for it seems that Sunday is often wholly, and the Feast days partially ignored.

Again, the aspect of the Church herself is wholly stagnant. With her 42,000 clergy, whose charge are fearfully demoralized, and, in the interior, utterly ignorant, men who are joyless, religionless, mindless, one looks in vain for tidings of the newly-endowed home, the fresh school walls, the congress, or the midnight mission. These are not. The faded dresses, and in many cases the worn and sad countenances of the clergy, too, all point, not to life, but to a slow decay.

In the interior, the frequent interments without religious rites, the secular and profane so-called baptisms, known as the "Civil Funeral" and the "Civil Baptism"; the sight of the priests, often-

times forced, because their pecuniary support has been taken away, or at least is no longer paid at present by the Government of their country; the indecent behaviour of men, very often, who keep their hats on as the procession of the Host files by, — these, and such as these, are the signs of a deep-seated hatred to the religion of their forefathers, and of the reaction which has set in with the Republic against the Church established in this land.

Petty in some cases have been the means by which men of very ultra opinions have shown their contempt for the "Credo" in which they have been brought up. To change the name of a street because it bore a Saint's name; to mutilate a pillar because the figure of a Saint was sculptured upon it, — these were unworthy of Republican Spain, and were and would ever be repudiated by all her right-minded sons. But such things were.

(d) And if the general tone of conversation in educated Republican circles; if the statistics of church-going; if the daily events — trifling perhaps in themselves, but not trifling when viewed in connection with other things — all bespeak and bear witness to a growing dissatisfaction with their established religion, restlessness, and reaction; no less do the gaudy bookstalls of the cities of Spain show the same tendency to revolution.

For a few reals (a real = 2 r-2d) the mind may have its glut of materialism and blank unbelief. Every school of thought here known as liberal ("liberal" meaning any work on religion which is not distinctively Roman Catholic) is represented on these shelves. To enumerate these cheap works would be a long and fruitless task; it would simply be to recapitulate the titles of the works of all the modern writers, French, German, English, and Spanish, of the various schools of free thought, beginning, as I have said, with the works of E. Renan, which are *very* popular here, in Spanish translations, and ending with the countless little works of the modern Spanish thinkers — oftentimes mere imitations of the French authors and schools — bearing such high-sounding titles as "The New Religion for the People," or "The Teaching of Natural Religion!"

II. The writer thinks that enough has been already quoted on the *first* subject proposed for consideration, and passes on to consider very briefly the two other

subjects, or lines of thought, proposed at the commencement, in connection with the great subject of which he has merely endeavoured to present the picture as exhibited to the outsider.

He passes on therefore to ask, *To what causes is the present state of religious feeling due?*

The present state of religious feeling in Spain then is, he believes, simply a natural reaction from the excessively tight reins with which her sons were held during the reign of the late Queen, and, of course, long before the accession of that sovereign. We all know that the starting back of the bow is fierce, sudden, and often self-destructive, when the string is suddenly relaxed; and that in proportion as had been the tightness of the restraint, so will be the fierceness of the recoil. And so, now that men are suddenly freed, by enactments of the Republic, from the necessity of subscribing to the doctrines of the Established Church; now that liberty has been proclaimed after so many years of slavery, it is not at all, the writer thinks, matter for wonder, that their liberty should for a while be utter *license* (as it certainly is). The wonder would be if such were *not* the case.

And, *secondly*, the reaction of feeling against the Established Church—for we must still call it so—is due in great measure to the abuses and superstitions which have existed in that Church. When reasonable men are compelled to belong to a society whose members in authority proclaim as truths doctrines which they cannot accept in any sense as true; when they are compelled to acquiesce in what they believe to be gross superstitions, they *will*, and in patient, indifferent Spain they *have* for a while given a silent acquiescence; but now, men travel, men read; education, though very slowly, *is* spreading even here; floods of books come in from France, Germany, and England; all are now free to buy and read them; and men see that they have *been blinded*; that the whole truth has not been proclaimed to them; and they will not, in so vital a matter as religion, any longer be trifled with. With one voice, from the educated artisan to the Chief of her Republic, the educated sons of Spain say, "We will be free; we will serve God as our hearts tell us, and not submit the reason He has given us to the thralldom of Church decrees."

And, *thirdly*, the want of freedom and of a liberal and general education of the

clergy of this land has been one fruitful cause of discontent. Many are men of education and culture, but not by any means all; and, as a rule, they are too much bound down by subscription to *this* article, and *that* decree, to have any original thought or research for themselves; they do not meet the doubts and acknowledge the tendencies of the age in which it has pleased God to cast their lot, and so they cannot guide, shape, and direct into its proper channel modern thought.

And, *fourthly*, the Church of this nation has fallen in the esteem of her children because she has not, as other churches have, sought to *educate* the masses committed to her care; she has given them no fresh light of knowledge, and they cannot understand her services, these poor, uneducated masses; and so, receiving little, they—the most uneducated—though still afraid of, and full of awe for her power, do not *love* her in their heart of hearts, and, not loving, they cannot believe in her beauty or her wisdom.

And, *lastly*, the revolt against the religion of their land by her sons may be assigned to this fact: that nothing which is not based upon perfect truth can ever ultimately prosper. With all that is good in her, no thoughtful man can fail to see how much is withheld of Divine truth, how much is supplied of human invention to the doctrine and discipline of the Roman Church. No warping of the truth, no withholding of the whole message of God can prosper. Such is one moral of the decay of religious faith among the thousands of my country this day!

III. But it is time to draw to a close a paper which has cost the writer many months of research and observation, but in the compilation of which he has never left his daily path of duty to seek his materials. He has merely thrown together, into perhaps a somewhat crude, but, he trusts, intelligible form, the result of a long sojourn in the country from which he writes, and from whose sons, of every shade of religious opinion, he has received unmingled kindness. Our third line of thought was this: To what is all this unsettlement of religious belief tending?

The writer answers: *To good*. To the establishment of a purer, truer, more lightful religion in this land; a religion more Scriptural, more what the Spanish people call "*Evangelical*," i.e. Christian, in the broadest, deepest, widest acceptation of the word. Things, *as they are*, cannot long remain. Either the tight,

fierce rein must be again had recourse to — (that, the writer believes, never will, or can be) — or, as most educated men think and say, a wave of truer, simpler, broader religion, of which this surf is but the prelude, will sweep over and cleanse this land. As in nature, so in things divine, things religious: when the storm is fiercest, it must soon be over; when the night is darkest, dawn is ever nearest. Man's extremity is ever God's greatest opportunity. How often in the history of individuals and of nations has the truth of these trite sayings been realized! — the Renaissance in France, the Reformation in England, — how were these heralded in? And may the religious dawn of suffering, restless, aspiring Spain, be the dawn of that true religion and useful learning which kindles more and more into the perfect, peaceful, shining day.

A short comparison between the state of the Church of this land, and that of her Sister Church of England, shall, in conclusion, be offered.

The Churches of England and of Spain are, if the writer's recollection of the former serves him in good stead, both of them to be considered as sick men, and to be judged of accordingly. But there is a difference in sickness, and in the signs of it: a difference which, by practised eyes, is well understood.

In the sickness of the Church of England, I see all the signs of a sick man, fretful, and anxious, and dissatisfied, and restless, it is true — but, still, of a sick man waking up to life again from the long slumber that had promised, at one time, to end in nothing but death. In the Church of England I see life: life in her many Missions; *life* in her schools and churches, rising up in every desolate hamlet and every over-populated outskirts of her large towns; life in her overflowing Congresses; life in the keen interest with which all her proceedings are canvassed and criticised by the public press; life in the existence of unorthodox ministers within her fold; life in her many religious dissensions: and, where life is, there is *hope*.

In her Sister Church of Spain I see no signs of life. Her clergy preach, one and all, as they preached one hundred years ago. Her chief prayers are still offered in a tongue "not understood" of her sons and daughters — the self-same lack of independence and of originality of thought is, as of old, imposed upon her ministers. Her services are magnificent,

many of her churches and cathedrals sublime; but it is the sublimity of a grand architecture, it is the attraction of a gorgeous and sensual ritual; there is spirited music and flashing lights, and a grand appeal to the senses. There are, it is true, none unorthodox among *her* ministers; but it is all too possible, as the experience of past ages has taught us, "Solitudinem facere, pacem appellare."

As for the living souls outside her churches; as for those that hunger and thirst for Hope and Truth and Love and Faith, where are they? "*Aquí, no hay, señor. Aquí, no hay.*" ("Here they are not found — nay, not here.")

In conclusion, the writer would observe, it may be true that in the Church of England there is a vast deal of mental unrest, a certain amount of alienation of the masses from their Church's services; but, be it remembered, that in that country both clergy and statesmen and bishops are making gigantic efforts — by increased personal zeal, by increased manifestation of love for the masses, by the measures of educational improvement lately promulgated and acted upon; by the fixed determination of many of the most enlightened among the clergy not to tighten but to loosen the reins, not to make narrower but to make broader the terms of communion with their Church; by the increased education of the clergy, and their better acquaintance with *modern* and ancient literature — by all these means, the writer says, the Anglican Communion is making visible and gigantic efforts to recover its lost ground — ground won from it during the repose of centuries.

And in speaking of the Church in England in comparison with that of Spain, ever must it be borne in mind that the majority of those who do not enter the doors of the church, at least enter the doors of the chapel; and that those who are not within the fold of England's Established Church are, at any rate, able to find shelter within the fold of some one of the many of her Christian communities; whereas that in Spain the case is wholly different. Here, there is no communion, save with the ancient Church by Law Established. "Leave her," men say. "Yes! But what then?" It is the question of many an uneasy soul in these days, and in this country: "Lord, to whom shall I go?" Leave the Church's one fold, and you have left all: all the light, all the guide, and all the shelter, such as they are! Alone you pass out into the great darkness, yea, even into a darkness

that may be felt; alone must you wander upon the mountains, seeking some track to guide your weary footsteps; alone must you lie down, as the shades of your last long night draw on—confused, bewildered, baffled, deserted, and in pain. It is so. He who leaves the “one fold” in Spain has “no place to flee unto, and no man cares for his soul.” In his reading, in his thought, in his hope, in his prayer, in his belief, for him there is simple, sheer, utter loneliness: it is “*chacun pour soi*” in everything. That the finale of that proverb may also be true of the sons of Republican Spain—who have no anchor, sure and steadfast, of their souls—is the earnest hope, desire, and expectation of the writer of this review; that if, at present, it must be—and it must—“*chacun pour soi*,” it may also be “*et Dieu pour nous tous*.”

From The Graphic.

HARRY HEATHCOTE OF GANGOIL:

A TALE OF AUSTRALIAN BUSH LIFE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of “*Barchester Towers*,” “*The Eustace Diamonds*,” “*Phineas Redux*,” &c.

CHAPTER X.

HARRY HEATHCOTE RETURNS IN TRIUMPH.

WHEN the fight was quite over, and Heathcote's party had returned to their horses, Medlicot for a few minutes was faint and sick, but he revived after a while, and declared himself able to sit on his horse. There was a difficulty in getting him up, but when there, he made no further complaint. “This,” said he, as he settled himself in his saddle, “is my first Christmas day in Australia. I landed early in January, and last year I was on my way home to fetch my mother.”

“It is not much like an English Christmas,” said Harry.

“Nor yet as in Hanover,” said the German.

“It's Cork you should go to, or Galway, bedad, if you want to see Christmas kept after the ould fashion,” said Micky.

“I think we used to do it pretty well in Cumberland,” said Medlicot. “There are things which can't be transplanted. They may roast beef, and all that, but you should have cold weather to make you feel that it is Christmas indeed.”

“We do it as well as we can,” Harry pleaded. “I've seen a great pudding

come into the room all afire,—just to remind one of the old country,—when it has been so hot that one could hardly bear a shirt on one's shoulders. But yet there's something in it. One likes to think of the old place, though one is so far away. How do you feel now? Does the jolting hurt you much? If your horse is rough, change with me. This fellow goes as smooth as a lady.” Medlicot declared that the pain did not trouble him much. “They'd have ridden over us, only for you,” continued Harry.

“My word,—wouldn't they?” said Jacko, who was very proud of his own part in the battle. “I say, Mr. Medlicot, did you see Bos and his horse part company? You did, Mr. Harry. Didn't he fly like a bird, all in among the bushes! I owed Bos one; I did, my word! And now I've paid him.”

“I saw it,” said Harry. “He was riding at me as hard as he could come. I can't understand Boscobel. Nokes is a sly, bad, slinging fellow, whom I never liked. But I was always good to Bos; and when he cheated me, as he did, about his time, I never even threatened to stop his money.”

“You told him of it too plain,” said the German.

“I did tell him,—of course,—as I should you. It has come to that now that if a man robs you,—your own man,—you are not to dare to tell him of it! What would you think of me, Karl, if I were to find you out and was to be afraid of speaking to you, lest you should turn against me and burn my fences?” Karl Bender shrugged his shoulders, holding his reins up to his eyes. “I know what you ought to think! And I wish that every man about Gangoil should be sure that I will always say what I think right. I don't know that I ever was hard upon any man. I try not to be.”

“Thru for you, Mr. Harry,” said the Irishman.

“I'm not going to pick my words because men like Nokes and Boscobel have the power of injuring me. I'm not going to truckle to rascals because I'm afraid of them. I'd sooner be burned out of house and home, and go and work on the wharves in Brisbane than that.”

“My word! yes,” said Jacko, “and I too.”

“If the devil is to get ahead he must, but I won't hold a candle to him. You fellows may tell every man about the place what I say. As long as I'm master

of Gangoil I'll be master, and when I come across a swindle I'll tell the man who does it he's a swindler. I told Bos to his face;—but I didn't tell anybody else, and I shouldn't if he'd taken it right and mended his ways."

"They all understood him very well,—the German, the Irishman, Medicot's foreman, Medicot himself, and even Jacko; and though, no doubt, there was a feeling within the hearts of the men that Harry Heathcote was imperious, still they respected him,—and they believed him. "The mather should be the mather, no doubt," said the Irishman.

"A man that is a man vill not sell hisself body and soul," said the German, slowly.

"Do I want dominion over your soul, Karl Bender?" asked the squatter with energy. "You know I don't, nor over your body, except so far as it suits you to sell your services. What you sell you part with readily,—like a man; and it's not likely that you and I shall quarrel. But all this row about nothing can't be very pleasant to a man with a broken shoulder."

"I like to hear you," said Medicot. "I'm always a good listener when men have something really to say."

"Well, then,—I've something to say," cried Harry. "There never was a man came to my house whom I'd sooner see as a Christmas guest than yourself."

"Thankee, sir."

"It's more than I could have said yesterday with truth."

"It's more than you did say."

"Yes, by George! But you've beat me now. When you're hard pressed for hands down yonder, you send for me and see if I won't turn the mill for you,—or hoe canes either."

"So'll I; my word, yes.—Just for my rations."

They had by this time reached the Gangoil fence, having taken the directest route for the house. But Harry in doing this had not been unmindful of the fire. Had Medicot not been wounded he would have taken the party somewhat out of the way, down southwards, following the flames; but Medicot's condition had made him feel that he would not be justified in doing so. Now, however, it occurred to him, that he might as well ride a mile or two down the fence, and see what injury had been done. The escort of the men would be sufficient to take Medicot to the station, and he would reach the place as soon as they. If the

flames were still running ahead he knew that he could not now stop them, but he could at least learn how the matter stood with him. If the worst came to the worst he would not now lose more than three or four miles of fencing and the grass off a corner of his run. Nevertheless, tired as he was, he could not bear the idea of going home without knowing the whole story. So he made his proposal. Medicot, of course, made no objection. Each of the men offered to go with him, but he declined their services. "There is nothing to do," said he, "and nobody to catch; and if the fire is burning it must burn." So he went alone.

The words that he had uttered among his men had not been lightly spoken. He had begun to perceive that life would be very hard to him in his present position, or perhaps altogether impossible, as long as he was at enmity with all those around him. Old squatters whom he knew, respectable men who had been in the colony before he was born, had advised him to be on good terms with the Brownbies. "You needn't ask them to your house, or go to them,—but just soft-sawder them when you meet," an old gentleman had said to him. He certainly hadn't taken the old gentleman's advice,—thinking that to "soft-sawder" so great a reprobate as Jerry Brownbie would be holding a candle to the devil. But his own plan had hardly answered. Well,—he was sure at any rate of this;—that he could do no good now by endeavouring to be civil to the Brownbies. He soon came to the place where the fire had reached his fence, and found that it had burned its way through, and that the flames were still continuing their onward course. The fence to the north,—or rather to the north-westward, the point whence the wind was coming,—stood firm at the spot at which the fire had struck it. Dry as the wood was the flames had not travelled upwards against the wind. But to the south the fire was travelling down the fence. To stop this he rode a half mile along the burning barrier till he had headed the flames, and then he pulled the bushes down and rolled away the logs, so as to stop the destruction. As regarded his fence, there was less than a mile of it destroyed, and that he could now leave in security, as the wind was blowing away from it. As for his grass, that must now take its chance. He could see the dark light of the low running fire, but there was no longer a mighty blaze, and he knew that

the dew of the night was acting as his protector. The harm that had been as yet done was trifling, if only he could protect himself from further harm. After leaving the fire he had still a ride of seven or eight miles through the gloom of the forest,—all alone. Not only was he weary, but his horse was so tired that he could hardly get him to canter for a furlong. He regretted that he had not brought the boy with him, knowing well the service of companionship to a tired beast. He was used to such troubles, and could always tell himself that his back was broad enough to bear them; but his desolation among enemies oppressed him. Medlicot, however, was no longer an enemy. Then there came across his mind for the first time an idea that Medlicot might marry his sister-in-law, and become his fast friend. If he could have but one true friend he thought that he could bear the enmity of all the Brownbies. Hitherto he had been entirely alone in his anxiety. It was between three and four when he reached Gangoil, and he found that the party of horsemen had just entered the yard before him. The sugar-planter was so weak that he could hardly get off his horse.

The two ladies were still watching when the cavalcade arrived, though it was then between three and four in the morning. It was Harry's custom on such occasions to ride up to the little gate close to the verandah, and there to hang his bridle till some one should take his horse away; but on this occasion he and the others rode into the yard. Seeing this Mrs. Heathcote and her sister went through the house, and soon learned how things were. Mr. Medlicot from the mill had come with a bone broken, and it was their duty to nurse him till a doctor could be procured from Maryborough. Now Maryborough was thirty miles distant. Some one must be dispatched at once. Jacko volunteered, but in such a service Jacko was hardly to be trusted. He might fall asleep on his horse and continue his slumbers on the ground. Mickey and the German both offered;—but the men were so beaten by their work that Heathcote did not dare to take their offer. "I'll tell you what it is, Mary," he said to his wife, "there is nothing for it but for me to go for Jackson." Jackson was the doctor. "And I can see the police at the same time."

"You sha'n't go, Harry. You are so tired already you can hardly stand this moment."

"Get me some strong coffee,—at once. You don't know what that man has done for us. I'll tell you all another time. I owe him more than a ride into Maryborough. I'll make the men get Yorkie up,"—Yorkie was a favourite horse he had,—"while you make the coffee; and I'll lead Colonel;"—Colonel was another horse well esteemed at Gangoil; "Jackson will come quicker on him than on any animal he can get at Maryborough." And so it was arranged, in spite of the wife's tears and entreaties. Harry had his coffee and some food, and started with his two horses for the doctor.

Nature is so good to us that we are sometimes disposed to think we might have dispensed with art. In the bush, where doctors cannot be had, bones will set themselves; and when doctors do come, but come slowly, the broken bones suit themselves to such tardiness. Medlicot was brought in and put to bed. Let the reader not be shocked to hear that Kate Daly's room was given up to him, as being best suited for a sick man's comfort; and the two ladies took it in turn to watch him. Mrs. Heathcote was, of course, the first, and remained with him till dawn. Then Kate crept to the door and asked whether she should relieve her sister. Medlicot was asleep, and it was agreed that Kate should remain in the verandah and look in from time to time to see whether the wounded man required aught at her hands. She looked in very often, and then, at last, he was awake. "Miss Daly," he said, "I feel so ashamed of the trouble I'm giving."

"Don't speak of it. It is nothing. In the bush everybody, of course, does anything for everybody." When the words were spoken she felt that they were not as complimentary as she would have wished. "You were to have come to-day you know, but we did not think you'd come like this,—did we?"

"I don't know why I didn't go home instead of coming here."

"The doctor will reach Gangoil sooner than he could the Mill. You are better here, and we will send for Mrs. Medlicot as soon as the men have had a rest. How was it all, Mr. Medlicot? Harry says that there was a fight, and that you came in just at the nick of time, and that but for you all the run would have been burned."

"Not that at all."

"He said so; only he went off so quickly, and was so busy with things,

that we hardly understood him. Is it not dreadful that there should be such fighting? And then these horrid fires! You were in the middle of the fire, were you not?" It suited Kate's feelings that Medlicot should be the hero of this occasion.

"We were lighting them in front to put them out behind."

"And then, while you were at work, these men from Boolabong came upon you. Oh, Mr. Medlicot, we shall be so very, very wretched if you are much hurt. My sister is so unhappy about it."

"It's only my collar-bone, Miss Daly."

"But that is so dreadful." She was still thinking of the one word he had spoken when he had—well, he had not asked her for her love, but said that which between a young man and a young woman ought to mean the same thing. Perhaps it had meant nothing! She had heard that young men do say things which mean nothing. But to her, living in the solitude of Gangoil, the one word had been so much! Her heart had melted with absolute acknowledged love when the man had been brought through into the house with all the added attraction of a broken bone. While her sister had watched she had retired—to rest, as Mary had said, but in truth to think of the chance which had brought her in this guise into familiar contact with the man she loved. And then when she had crept up to take her place in watching him, she had almost felt that shame should restrain her. But it was her duty;—and of course a man with a collar-bone broken would not speak of love.

"It will make your Christmas so sad for you," he said.

"Oh, as for that, we mind nothing about it—for ourselves. We are never very gay here."

"But you are happy?"

"Oh, yes, quite happy—except when Harry is disturbed by these troubles. I don't think anybody has so many troubles as a squatter. It sometimes seems that all the world is against him."

"We shall be allies now, at any rate."

"Oh, I do so hope we shall," said Kate, putting her hands together in her energy, and then retreating from her energy with sad awkwardness when she remembered the personal application of her wish. "That is, I mean you and Harry," she added in a whisper.

"Why not I and others besides Harry?"

"It is so much to him to have a real friend. Things concern us, of course,

only just as they concern him. Women are never of very much account, I think. Harry has to do everything, and everything ought to be done for him."

"I think you spoil Harry among you."

"Don't you say so to Mary, or she will be fierce."

"I wonder whether I shall ever have a wife to stand up for me in that way?" Kate had no answer to make, but she thought that it would be his own fault if he did not have a wife to stand up for him thoroughly. "He has been very lucky in his wife."

"I think he has, Mr. Medlicot; but you are moving about, and you ought to lie still. There! I hear the horses; that's the doctor. I do so hope he won't say that anything very bad is the matter." She jumped up from her chair, which was close to his bed, and as she did so just touched his hand with hers. It was involuntary on her part, having come of instinct rather than will, and she withdrew herself instantly. The hand she had touched belonged to the arm that was not hurt, and he put it out after her, and caught her by the sleeve as she was retreating. "Oh, Mr. Medlicot, you must not do that; you will hurt yourself if you move in that way." And so she escaped, and left the room, and did not see him again till the doctor had gone from Gangoil.

The bone had been broken simply as other bones are broken; it was now set, and the sufferer was, of course, told that he must rest. He had suggested that he should be taken home, and the Heathcotes had concurred with the doctor in asserting that no proposition could be more absurd. He had intended to eat his Christmas dinner at Gangoil, and he must now pass his entire Christmas there. "The sugar can go on very well for ten days," Harry had said; "I'll go over myself and see about the men, and I'll fetch your mother over." To this, however, Mrs. Heathcote had demurred successfully. "You'll kill yourself, Harry, if you go on like this," she said. Bender, therefore, was sent in the buggy for the old lady, and at last Harry Heathcote consented to go to bed. "My belief is I shall sleep for a week," he said as he turned in. But he didn't begin his sleep quite at once. "I am very glad I went into Maryborough," he said to his wife, rising up from his pillow. "I've sworn an information against Nokes and two of the Brownbies, and the police will be after them this afternoon. They won't

catch Nokes, and they can't convict the other fellows. But it will be something to clear the country of such a fellow, and something also to let them know that detection is possible."

"Do sleep now, dear," she said.

"Yes, I will; I mean to. But look here, Mary; if any of the police should come here, mind you wake me at once. And Mary, look here; do you know I shouldn't be a bit surprised if that fellow was to be making up to Kate." Mrs. Heathcote, with some little inward chuckle at her husband's assumed quickness of apprehension, reminded herself that the same idea had occurred to her some time ago. Mrs. Heathcote gave her husband full credit for more than ordinary intelligence in reference to affairs appertaining to the breeding of sheep and the growing of wool, but she did not think highly of his discernment in such an affair as this. She herself had been much quicker. When she first saw Mr. Medlicot she had felt it a God-send that such a man, with the look of a gentleman, and unmarried, should come into the neighbourhood; and in so feeling her heart had been entirely with her sister. For herself it mattered nothing who came or did not come, or whether a man were a bachelor or possessed of a wife and a dozen children. All that a girl had a right to want was a good husband. She was quite satisfied with her own lot in that respect, but she was anxious enough on behalf of Kate. And when a young man did come, who might make matters so pleasant for them, Harry quarrelled with him because he was a free selector! "A free fiddlestick!" she had once said to Kate,—not, however, communicating to her innocent sister the ambition which was already filling her own bosom. "Harry does take things up so,—as though people weren't to live, some in one way and some in another! As far as I can see, Mr. Medlicot is a very nice fellow." Kate had remarked that he was "all very well," and nothing more had been said. But Mrs. Heathcote, in spite of Harry's aversion, had formed her little project—a project which, if then declared, would have filled Harry with dismay. And now the young aristocrat, as he turned himself in his bed, made the suggestion to his wife as though it were all his own! "I never like to think much of these things beforehand," she said innocently.

"I don't know about thinking," said Harry; "but a girl might do worse. If

it should come up, don't set yourself against it."

"Kate, of course, will please herself," said Mrs. Heathcote. "Now do lie down and rest yourself."

His rest, however, was not of long duration. As he had himself suggested, two policemen reached Gangoil at about three in the afternoon on their way from Maryborough to Boolabong, in order that they might take Mr. Medlicot's deposition. After Heathcote's departure it had occurred to Sergeant Forrest, of the police,—and the suggestion, having been transferred from the sergeant to the stipendiary magistrate, was now produced with magisterial sanction,—that after all there was no evidence against the Brownbies. They had simply interfered to prevent the burning of the grass on their own run, and who could say that they had committed any crime by doing so? If Medlicot had seen Nokes with a lighted branch in his hand, the matter might be different with him; and therefore Medlicot's deposition was taken. He had sworn that he had seen Nokes drag his lighted torch along the ground; he had also seen other horsemen,—two or three, as he thought,—but could not identify them. Jacko's deposition was also taken as to the man who had been heard and seen in the wool-shed at night. Jacko was ready to swear point blank that the man was Nokes. The policemen suggested that as the night was dark, Jacko might as well allow a shade of doubt to appear, thinking that the shade of doubt would add strength to the evidence. But Jacko was not going to be taught what sort of oath he should swear. "My word," he said. "Didn't I see his leg move? You go away."

Armed with these depositions, the two constables went on to Boolabong in search of Nokes and of Nokes only, much to the chagrin of Harry, who declared that the police would never really bestir themselves in a squatter's cause. "As for Nokes, he'll be out of Queensland by this time to-morrow."

CHAPTER XI.

SERGEANT FORREST.

THE Brownbie party returned, after their midnight raid, in great discomfiture to Boolabong. Their leader, Jerry, was burned about his hands and face in a disagreeable and unsightly manner. Joe had hardly made good that character for

"fighting it out to the end," for which he was apt to claim credit. Boscobel was altogether disconcerted by his fall. And Nokes, who had certainly shown no aptitude for the fray, was abused by them all as having caused their retreat by his cowardice; while Sing-Sing, the runaway cook, who knew that he had forfeited his wages at Gangoil, was forced to turn over in his heathenish mind the ill effects of joining the losing side. "You big fool, Bos," he said more than once to his friend the woodsman, who had lured him away from the comforts of Gangoil. "I'll punch your head, John, if you don't hold your row," Boscobel would reply. But Sing-Sing went on with his reproaches, and, before they had reached Boolabong, Boscobel had punched the Chinaman's head.

"You're not coming in here," Jerry said to Nokes, when they reached the yard gate.

"Who wants to come in? I suppose you're not going to send a fellow on without a bit of grub after such a night's work?"

"Give him some bread and meat, Jack, and let him go on. There'll be somebody here after him before long. He can't hurt us, but I don't want people to think that we are so fond of him that we can't do without harbouring him here. Georgie, you'll go too, if you take my advice. That young cur will send the police here as sure as my name is Brownie, and if they once get hold of you, they'll have a great many things to talk to you about." Georgie grumbled when he heard this, but he knew that the advice given him was good, and he did not attempt to enter the house. So Nokes and he vanished away into the bush together, — as such men do vanish, — wandering forth to live as the wild beasts live. It was still a dark night when they went, and the remainder of the party took themselves to their beds.

On the following afternoon they were lying about the house, sometimes sleeping and sometimes waking up to smoke, when the two policemen, who had already been at Gangoil, appeared in the yard. These men were dressed in flat caps, with short blue jackets, hunting breeches, and long black boots, — very unlike any policemen in the old country, and much more picturesque. They leisurely tied their horses up, as though they had been in the habit of making weekly visits to the place, and walked round to the verandah. "Well, Mr. Brownie, and how are

you?" said the sergeant to the old man. The head of the family was gracious, and declared himself to be pretty well, considering all things. He called the sergeant by his name, and asked the men whether they'd take a bit of something to eat. Joe also was courteous, and, after a little delay in getting a key from his brother, brought out the jar of spirits, — which, in the bush, is regarded as the best sign known of thorough good breeding. The sergeant said that he didn't mind if he did; and the other man, of course, followed his officer's example.

So far everything was comfortable, and the constables seemed in no hurry to allude to disagreeable subjects. They condescended to eat a bit of cold meat before they proceeded to business. And at last the matter to be discussed was first introduced by one of the Brownie family. "I suppose you've heard that there was a scrimmage here last night," said Joe. The Brownie party present consisted of the old man, Joe and Jack Brownie, and Boscobel, — Jerry keeping himself in the background because of his disfigurement. The sergeant, as he swallowed his food, acknowledged that he had heard something about it. "And that's what brings you here," continued Joe.

"There ain't nothing wrong here," said old Brownie.

"I hope not, Mr. Brownie," said the sergeant. "I hope not. We haven't got anything against you at any rate." Sergeant Forrest was a graduate of Oxford, the son of an English clergyman, who, having his way to make in the world, had thought that an early fortune would be found in the Colonies. He had come out, had failed, had suffered some very hard things, and now, at the age of thirty-five, enjoyed life thoroughly as a sergeant of the Colonial police.

"You haven't got anything against anybody here I should think?" said Joe.

"If you want to get them as begun it," said Jack, "and them as ought to be took up, you'll go to Gangoil."

"Hold your tongue, Jack," said his brother. "Sergeant Forrest knows where to go better than you can tell him." Then the sergeant asked a string of questions as to the nature of the fight; who had been hurt; and how badly had anybody been hurt; and what other harm had been done? The answers to all these questions were given with a fair amount of truth, — except that the little circumstance of the origin of the fire was

not explained. Both Boscobel and Joe had seen the torch put down, but it could hardly have been expected that they should have been explicit as to such a detail as that. Nor did they mention the names of either their brother George or Nokes.

"And who was there in the matter?" asked the sergeant.

"There was young Heathcote, and a boy he has got there, and the two chaps as he calls boundary-riders, — and Medlicot, the sugar fellow from the Mill, and a chap of Medlicot's I never set eyes on before. They must have expected something to be up, or Heathcote would not have been going about at night with a tribe of men like that."

"And who were your party?"

"Well, there were just ourselves, — four of us, for Georgie was here, and this fellow Boscobel. Georgie never stays long, and he wouldn't be welcome if he did. He turned up just by chance like, — and now he's off again."

"That was all, — eh?"

Of course, they all knew that the sergeant knew that Nokes had been with them. "Well, then, that wasn't all," said old Brownbie. "Bill Nokes was here, — whom Heathcote dismissed ever so long ago. And that Chinese cook of his. He dismissed him too, I suppose. And he dismissed Boscobel here."

"No one can live at Gangoil any time," said Jack. "Everybody knows that. He wants to be lord a'mighty over everything. But he ain't going to be lord a'mighty at Boolabong."

"And he ain't going to burn our grass either," said Joe. "It's like his impudence coming on to our run and burning everything before him. He calls hisself a magistrate, but he's not to do just as he pleases because he's a magistrate. I suppose we can swear against him for lighting our grass, sergeant? There isn't one of us that didn't see him do it."

"And where is Nokes?" asked the sergeant, paying no attention to the application made by Mr. Brownbie, junior, for redress to himself.

"Well," said Joe, "Nokes isn't anywhere about Boolabong."

"He's away with your brother George?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Joe.

"It's a serious matter lighting a fire, you know," said the sergeant. "A man would have to swing for it."

"Then why isn't young Heathcote to swing?" demanded Jack.

"There is such a thing as intent, you know. When Heathcote lighted the fire, where would the fire have gone if he hadn't kept putting it out as fast as he kept lighting it? On to his own run, — not to yours. And where would the other fire have gone which somebody lit, and which nobody put out, if he hadn't been there to stop it? The less you say against Heathcote the better. So Nokes is off. — is he?"

"He ain't here, anyways," said Joe. "When the row was over we wouldn't let him in. We didn't want him about here."

"I dare say not," said the sergeant. "Now let me go and see the spot where the fight was." So the two policemen, with the two young Brownbies, rode away, leaving Boscobel with the old man.

"He knows everything about it," said old Brownbie.

"If he do," said Boscobel, "it ain't no odds."

"Not a ha'porth of odds," said Jerry, coming out of his hiding place. "Who cares what he knows? A man may do what he pleases on his own run, I suppose."

"He mayn't light a fire as 'll spread," said the old man.

"Bother! Who's to prove what's in a man's mind? If I'd been Nokes I'd have stayed and seen it out. I'd never be driven about the Colony by such a fellow as Heathcote, with all the police in the world to back him."

Sergeant Forrest inspected the ground on which the fire had raged, and the spot on which the men had met; but nothing came of his inspection, and he had not expected that anything would come of it. He could see exactly where the fire had commenced, and could trace the efforts that had been made to stop it. He did not in the least doubt the way in which it had been lit. But he did very much doubt whether a jury could find Nokes guilty even if he could catch Nokes. Jacko's evidence was worth nothing, and Mr. Medlicot might be easily mistaken as to what he had seen at a distance in the middle of the night.

All this happened on Christmas Day. At about nine o'clock the same evening the two constables reappeared at Gangoil, and asked for hospitality for the night. This was a matter of course, and also the reproduction of the Christmas dinner. Mrs. Medlicot was now there, and her son, with his collar bone set, had been allowed to come out on to the verandah.

The house had already been supposed to be full, but room, as a matter of course, was made for Sergeant Forrest and his man. "It's a queer sort of Christmas we've all been having, Mr. Heathcote," said the sergeant, as the remnant of a real English plum-pudding was put between him and his man by Mrs. Growler.

"A little hotter than it is at home, eh?"

"Indeed it is. You must have had it hot last night, sir."

"Very hot, sergeant. We had to work uncommonly hard to do it as well as we did."

"It was not a nice Christmas game, sir, was it?"

"Eh, me!" said Mrs. Medlicot. "There's nae Christmas games or any games here at all, except just worrying and harring, like sae many dogs at each other's throats."

"And you think nothing more can be done?" Harry asked.

"I don't think we shall catch the men. When they get out backwards it's very hard to trace them. He's got a horse of his own with him, and he'll be beyond reach of the police by this time to-morrow. Indeed, he's beyond their reach now. However, you'll have got rid of him."

"But there are others as bad as he left behind. I wouldn't trust that fellow Bos-cobel a yard."

"He won't stir, sir. He belongs to this country, and does not want to leave it. And when a thing has been tried like that and has failed, the fellows don't try it again. They are cowed like by their own failure. I don't think you need fear fire from the Boolabong side again this summer."

After this the Sergeant and his man discreetly allowed themselves to be put to bed in the back cottage. For in truth when they arrived things had come to such a pass at Gangoil that the two additional visitors were hardly welcome. But hospitality in the bush can be stayed by no such considerations as that. Let their employments or enjoyments on hand be what they may, everything must yield to the entertainment of strangers. The two constables were in want of their Christmas dinner, and it was given to them with no grudging hand.

As to Nokes, we may say that he has never since appeared in the neighbourhood of Gangoil, and that none thereabouts ever knew what was his fate. Men, such as he, wander away from one colony

into the next, passing from one station to another, or sleeping on the ground, till they become as desolate and savage as solitary animals. And at last they die in the bush, creeping, we may suppose, into hidden nooks as the beasts do when the hour of death comes on them.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

THE constables had started from Gangoil on their way to Boolabong a little after four, and from that time till he was made to get out of bed for his dinner, Harry Heathcote was allowed to sleep. He had richly earned his rest by his work, and he lay motionless, without a sound, in the broad daylight, with his arm under his head, — dreaming, no doubt, of some happy squatting land, in which there were no free-selectors, no fires, no rebellious servants, no floods, no droughts, no wild dogs to worry the lambs, no grass seeds to get into the fleeces, and in which the price of wool stood steady at two shillings and sixpence a pound. His wife from time to time came into the room, shading the light from his eyes, protecting him from the flies, and administering in her soft way to what she thought might be his comforts. His sleep was of the kind which no light, — nor even flies, — can interrupt. Once or twice she stooped down and kissed his brow, but he was altogether unconscious of her caress.

During this time old Mrs. Medlicot arrived, but her coming did not awake the sleeper, though it was by no means made in silence. The old woman sobbed and cried over her son, at the same time expressing her thankfulness that he should have turned up in the forest so exactly at the proper moment, — evidently taking part in the conviction that her Giles had saved Gangoil, and all its sheep. And then there were all the necessary arrangements to be made for the night, in accordance with which almost everybody had to give up his or her bed and sleep somewhere else. But nothing disturbed Harry. For the present he was allowed to occupy his own room, and he enjoyed the privilege.

Kate Daly during this time was much disturbed in mind. The reader may remember, — Kate at any rate remembered well, — that just as the doctor had arrived to set his broken bone, Mr. Medlicot, disabled as he was, had attempted to take her by the arm. He had certainly chosen an odd time for a declaration of

love, just the moment in which he ought to have been preparing himself for the manipulation of his fractured limb, — but unless he had meant a declaration of love, surely he would not have seized her by the arm. It was a matter to her of great moment. Oh, — of what vital importance! The English girl living in a town, — or even in what we call the country, — has no need to think of any special man till some special man thinks of her. Men are fairly plentiful, and if one man does not come, another will. And there have probably been men coming and going in some sort since the girl left her schoolroom and became a young lady. But in the bush the thing is very different. It may be that there is no young man available within fifty miles, — no possible lover or future husband, unless Heaven should interfere almost with a miracle. To those to whom lovers are as plentiful as blackberries it may seem indelicate to surmise that the thought of such a want should ever enter a girl's head. I doubt whether the defined idea of any want had ever entered poor Kate's head. But now that the possible love was there, — not only possible but very probable, — and so eligible in many respects, living so close, with a house over his head and a good business; — and then so handsome and, as Kate thought, so complete a gentleman! Of course she turned it much in her mind. She was very happy with Harry Heathcote. There never was a brother-in-law so good! But after all what is a brother-in-law, though he be the very best? Kate had already begun to fancy that a house of her own and a husband of her own would be essential to her happiness. But then a man cannot be expected to make an offer with a broken collar-bone; — certainly cannot do so just when the doctor has arrived to set the bone.

Late on in the day, when the doctor had gone and Medlicot was according to instructions sitting out on the verandah, in an arm-chair, and his mother was with him, and while Harry was sleeping as though he never meant to be awake again, Kate managed to say a few words to her sister. It will be understood that the ladies' hands were by no means empty. The Christmas dinner was in course of preparation, and Sing-Sing, that villanous Chinese cook, had absconded. Mrs. Growler, no doubt, did her best; but Mrs. Growler was old and slow, and the house was full of guests. It was by no means an idle time, but still Kate found

an opportunity to say a word to her sister in the kitchen.

"What do you think of him, Mary?"

To the married sister "him" would naturally mean Harry Heathcote, of whom as he lay asleep the young wife thought that he was the very perfection of patriarchal pastoral manliness; but she knew enough of human nature to be aware that the "him" of the moment to her sister was no longer her own husband. "I think he has got his arm broken fighting for Harry, and that we are bound to do the best we can for him."

"Oh, yes; — that's of course. I'm sure Harry will feel that. He used, you know, to — to — that is, not just to like him because he is a free-selector."

"They'll drop all that now. Of course they could not be expected to know each other at the first starting. I shouldn't wonder if they became regular friends."

"That would be nice! After all though you may be so happy at home it is better to have something like a neighbour. Don't you think so?"

"It depends on who the neighbours are. I don't care much for the Brownbies."

"They are quite different, Mary."

"I like the Medlicots very much."

"I consider he's quite a gentleman," said Kate.

"Of course he's a gentleman. Look here, Kate. I shall be ready to welcome Mr. Medlicot as a brother-in-law if things should turn out that way."

"I don't mean that, Mary."

"Did you not? Well; — you can mean it if you please, as far as I am concerned. Has he said anything to you, dear?"

"No."

"Not a word?"

"I don't know what you call a word: — not a word of that kind."

"I thought, perhaps —"

"I think he meant it once, — this morning."

"I dare say he meant it. And if he meant it this morning, he won't have forgotten his meaning to-morrow."

"There's no reason why he should mean it, you know."

"None in the least, Kate; — is there?"

"Now you're laughing at me, Mary. I never used to laugh at you when Harry was coming. I was so glad, and I did everything I could."

"Yes, you went away and left us in the Botanical Gardens. I remember. But, you see, there are no Botanical Gardens

here; and the poor man couldn't walk about if there were."

"I wonder what Harry would say, if it were to be so."

"Of course he'd be glad; — for your sake."

"But he does so despise free-selectors! And then he used to think that Mr. Medicot was quite as bad as the Brownbies. I wouldn't marry any one to be despised by you and Harry."

"That's all gone by, my dear," said the wife, feeling that she had to apologize for her husband's prejudices. "Of course one has to find out what people are before one takes them to one's bosom. Mr. Medicot has acted in the most friendly way about these fires, and I'm sure Harry will never despise him any more."

"He couldn't have done more for a real brother than have his arm broken."

"But you must remember one thing, Kate. Mr. Medicot is very nice, and like a gentleman, and all that. But you never can be quite certain about any man till he speaks out, plainly. Don't set your heart upon him till you are quite sure that he has set his upon you."

"Oh, no," said Kate, — giving her maidenly assurance when it was so much too late! Just at this moment Mrs. Growler came into the kitchen, and Kate's promises, and her sister's cautions, were for the moment silenced.

"How we're to manage to get the dinner on the table, I for one don't know at all," said Mrs. Growler. "There's Mr. Bates 'll be here; that will be six of 'em; and that Mr. Medicot will want somebody to do everything for him, because he's been and got himself smashed. And there's the old lady has just come out from home and is as particular as anything. And Mr. Harry himself never thinks of things at all. One pair of hands, and them very old, can't do everything for everybody." All of which was very well understood to mean nothing at all.

Household deficiencies, — and, indeed, all deficiencies, — are considerable or insignificant in accordance with the aspirations of those concerned. When a man has a regiment of servants in his dining-room, with beautifully cut glass, a forest of flowers, and an iceberg in the middle of his table if the weather be hot, his guests will think themselves ill-used and badly fed if aught in the banquet be astray. There must not be a rose-leaf ruffled; a failure in the attendance, a falling-off in a dish, or a fault in the wine is a crime. But the same guests

shall be merry as the evening is long with a leg of mutton and whisky toddy, and will change their own plates, and clear their own table, and think nothing wrong, — if, from the beginning, such has been the intention of the giver of the feast. In spite of Mrs. Growler's prognostications, though the cook had absconded, and the chief guest of the occasion could not cut up his own meat, that Christmas dinner at Gangoil was eaten with great satisfaction.

Harry had been so far triumphant. He had stopped the fire that was intended to ruin him, he had beaten off his enemies on their own ground, and he was no longer oppressed by that sense of desolation which had almost overpowered him. "We'll give one toast, Mrs. Medicot," he said, when Mrs. Growler and Kate between them had taken away the relics of the plum-pudding. "Our friends at home!" The poor lady drank the toast with a sob — "That's vera weel for you, Mr. Heathcote. You're young and will win your way hame, and see auld freends again, nae doubt; but I'll never see any of them mair, except those I have here." Nevertheless the old lady ate her dinner, and drank her toddy, and made much of the occasion, going in and out to her son upon the verandah.

Soon after dinner, Heathcote, as was his wont, strayed out with his prime minister, Bates, to consult on the dangers which might be supposed still to threaten his kingdom, and Mrs. Heathcote, with her youngest boy in her lap, sat talking to Mrs. Medicot in the parlour. Such was not her custom in weather such as this. Kate had been sent out on to the verandah, with special commands to attend to the wants of the sufferer, and Mrs. Heathcote would have followed her had she not remembered her sister's appeal, "I did everything I could for you." In those happy days Kate had been very good, and certainly deserved requital for her services. And, therefore, when the men had gone out, Mrs. Heathcote with her guest remained in the warm room, and went so far as to suggest that at that period of the day the room was preferable to the verandah. Poor Mrs. Medicot was new to the ways of the bush, and fell into the trap; — and thus Kate Daly was left alone with her wounded hero.

When told to take him out his glass of wine, and when conscious that no one followed her, she felt herself to have been guilty of some great sin, and was almost

tempted to escape. She had asked her sister for help; — and this was the help that was forthcoming, help so palpable, so manifest, as to be almost indelicate! Would he think that plans were being made to catch him, — now that he was a captive and impotent? The thought that it was possible that such an idea might occur to him was terrible to her. She would rather lose him altogether than feel the stain of such a suggestion on her own conscience. She put the glass of wine down on the little table by his side, and then attempted to withdraw. "Stay a moment with me," he said. "Where are they all?"

"Mary and your mother are inside. Harry and Mr. Bates have gone across to look at the horses."

"I almost feel as though I could walk too."

"You must not think of it yet, Mr. Medlicot. It seems almost a wonder that you shouldn't have to be in bed, and you with your collar-bone broken only last night. I don't know how you can bear it as you do."

"I shall be so glad I broke it, if one thing will come about."

"What thing?" asked Kate, blushing.

"Kate, — may I call you Kate?"

"I don't know," she said.

"You know I love you, — do you not? You must know it. Dearest Kate, can you love me and be my wife?" His left arm was bound up, and was in a sling, but he put out his right hand to take hers, — if she would give it to him. Kate Daly had never had a lover before, and felt the occasion to be trying. She had no doubt about the matter. If it were only proper for her to declare herself, she could swear with a safe conscience that she loved him better than all the world. "Put your hand here, Kate," he said. As the request was not exactly for the gift of her hand, she placed it in his. "May I keep it now?" She could only whisper something which was quite inaudible, even to him. "I shall keep it and think that you are my all own. Stoop down, Kate, and kiss me if you love me." She hesitated for a moment, trying to collect her thoughts. She did love him and was his own; still to stoop and kiss a man, who, — if such a thing were to be allowed at all, — ought, certainly, to kiss her! She did not think she could do that. But then she was bound to protect him, wounded and broken as he was, from his own imprudence; and if she did not stoop to him, he would rise to her. She was still

in doubt, still standing with her hand in his, half bending over him, but yet half resisting as she bent, when, all suddenly, Harry Heathcote was on the verandah followed by the two policemen, who had just returned from Boolabong. She was sure that Harry had seen her, — and was by no means sure that she had been quick enough in escaping from her lover's hand to have been unnoticed by the policemen also. She fled away as though guilty, and could hardly recover herself sufficiently to assist Mrs. Growler in producing the additional dinner which was required.

The two men were quickly sent to their rest, as has been told before; and Harry, who had in truth seen how close to his friend his sister-in-law had been standing, would, had it been possible, have restored the lovers to their old positions; but they were all now on the verandah, and it was impossible. Kate hung back, half in and half out of the sitting-room, and old Mrs. Medlicot had seated herself close to her son. Harry was lying at full length on a rug, and his wife was sitting over him. Then Giles Medlicot, who was not quite contented with the present condition of affairs, made a little speech. "Mrs. Heathcote," he said, "I have asked your sister to marry me."

"Dearie me, Giles," said Mrs. Medlicot.

Kate remained no longer half in and half out of the parlor, but retreated altogether and hid herself. Harry turned himself over on the rug, and looked up at his wife, claiming infinite credit in that he had foreseen that such a thing might happen. "And what answer has she given you?" said Mrs. Heathcote.

"She hasn't given me any answer yet. I wonder what you and Heathcote would say about it."

"What Kate has to say is much more important," replied the discreet sister.

"I should like it of all things," said Harry, jumping up. "It's always best to be open about these things. When you first came here, I didn't like you. You took a bit of my river frontage, — not that it does me any great harm; and then I was angry about that scoundrel Nokes."

"I was wrong about Nokes," said Medlicot, "and have, therefore, had my collar-bone broken. As to the land you'll forgive my having it if Kate will come and live there."

"By George! I should think so. Kate, why don't you come out? Come along,

my girl. Medlicot has spoken out openly, and you should answer him in the same fashion." So saying he dragged her forth, and, I fear, as far as she was concerned, something of the sweetness of her courtship was lost by the publicity with which she was forced to confess her love. "Will you go, Kate, and make sugar down at the Mill? I have often thought how bad it would be for Mary and me when you were taken away; but we shan't mind it so much if we know that you are to be near us."

"Speak to him, Kate," said Mrs. Heathcote, with her arm round her sister's waist.

"I think she's minded to have him," said Mrs. Medlicot.

"Tell me, Kate,—shall it be so?" pleaded the lover.

She came up to him, and leaned over him, and whispered one word which nobody else heard. But they all knew what the word was. And before they separated for the night, she was left alone with him, and he got the kiss for which he was asking when the policemen interrupted them.

"That's what I call a happy Christmas," said Harry, as the party finally parted for the night.

From The Economist.

HOW FAR HAVE OUR WORKING CLASSES
BENEFITED BY THE INCREASE OF OUR
WEALTH?

IN the last *Fortnightly* Mr. Fawcett raised, perhaps, the most interesting economical question of the present day. He thinks that, notwithstanding the immense increase in our national wealth our labouring classes are little, if at all, better off than they were twenty years ago, or that, as he more accurately expresses it, "in this period the remuneration of labour has scarcely advanced at all." Professor Cairnes also has given an opinion in the *Daily News* that, whether or not the remuneration of labour has absolutely advanced, at any rate it has not advanced proportionately. Scarcely any similar question is more important than how far on this point these two eminent authorities are correct.

At the outset we should be inclined to reply by another question. We should be inclined to ask Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Cairnes if they think that the profits of capital have augmented during the same

period? They tell us that a working man does not now obtain more, or at any rate not much more, for a day's work than he did 20 years ago, and we should like to hear whether they think that the capitalist—taking one trade with another—receives more now for every 100% of capital than he did then? There is no evidence whatever that the capitalist receives more per cent. on the average than he used to do. On the contrary, we are rather inclined to think that he receives a little less. Is there in that case anything unreasonable or anything unfair in the labourer's receiving little if anything more? As far as we understand what has happened it is this:—an enormous saving has been made of late years in the country; that saving has been employed at nearly, though not perhaps quite the same per centage of profit as the previously existing capital; the aggregate income of the class of capitalists is far more than it used to be, because they own so much more capital. The increase of income is the consequence of their frugality as a class and the recompense of it. But the capitalist who has not been frugal, who has not accumulated, who possesses only the same capital which he had twenty years ago, receives no larger income now than then. Why then should a working man who has not been frugal, who has not accumulated—who has only his day's labour, just as he had twenty years ago—why should he receive anything more?

Whether the real wages of labour have increased or not is a very difficult question of fact. In order to determine it we ought to know with some approach to precision what were the money wages of the labouring classes twenty years ago, what they are now; what the money so received would purchase twenty years ago, and what the money similarly received will purchase now. Any doubt on any of these questions would be fatal to the certainty of an opinion, for the comparative comfort of the labourer at the two dates is the object of inquiry, and that comfort can only be ascertained by answering all four.

Unfortunately, no one of the four can be answered with much approach to accuracy. The easiest at first sight would seem to be the second—what are the money wages paid at present; but as we well know, it is very difficult, or rather it is impossible, to answer this question even by a rough approximation. In the statistical investigation of the prices of labour we cannot pursue the method

which is the easiest and best in the investigation of most prices. In dealing with most commodities we need only consider a comparatively small number of leading bargains. The quoted price say of cotton or woollen goods is the price of wholesale transactions—the price at which the manufacturer sells to the intermediate dealer, the Manchester warehouse keeper, as he is called, who in his turn sells to the retail shopkeeper in many small amounts what he himself bought in a single large one. In statistics we can discover, with some kind of accuracy, the wholesale price, and we assume that on the average the retail price bears a fixed proportion to it. But in the market for labour there are no wholesale bargains; it is only under slavery that intermediate dealers buy labour wholesale in order to resell it retail. Each bargain for labour is a bargain of the ultimate dealer; each capitalist has to purchase the labour which he requires, not from an intermediate distributor of labour, but from the labourer himself. In consequence there are no wholesale prices; there are no large bargains where it is easy to determine the price; there are only retail bargains which are infinite in number, and the prices of which it is impossible to set down in tables. In particular cases no doubt valuable statistics may be collected, but upon the whole the problem is the most difficult in statistics, and defies direct solution.

The prices of the commodities on which the labourers spend their wages, though less difficult, are also not at all easy to determine and compare. The finance of poor families is a difficult finance. A great number of articles, we know, are bought, and in small quantities. But it is difficult to learn the qualities or the precise amounts. We can, without much difficulty, learn the wholesale prices say of sugar or meat at particular times, and can compare the changes, but to infer the effect upon the family of a labourer is most difficult. We can scarcely learn the quantities of each which they consume, nor, when the variations in the price of the different sorts have been unequal, how much of the labourers' consumption is of the sort which has changed most, or of that which has changed least. We do not think therefore that any exact or certain opinion can be formed as to the comparative comfort of the labourer now and twenty years ago. All which can be done is to collect some facts which yield presumptive evidence.

First, the consumption of all the articles which the labourer buys, of which we have any certain knowledge, increases faster than the population increases. The following table shows this:—

CONSUMPTION OF Unermentioned Articles per head of population in 1852 and 1872, compared.

	1872.	1852.	Inc.	
			Amt.	Per Ct.
Cocoa . . lbs.	0'24	0'12	0'12	100'0
Imported spirits gals.	0'29	0'17	0'12	90'6
Sugar . . lbs.	47'37	29'11	18'26	62'9
Tea . . lbs.	4'01	1'98	2'03	102'5
Tobacco . . lbs.	1'37	1'02	0'35	34'3
Malt . . bush.	1'93	1'24*	0'69	55'6
British spirits gals.	0'86	0'79*	0'07	8'9
Coffee . . lbs.	0'98	1'26	0'28	22'2

Now the evidence of this table is certainly not conclusive. It may be that the rest of the population—the part above the labouring classes—consume much more of these articles than they did, and that this causes the rise per head over the whole. But this is most unlikely. These articles approximate to necessities; they are the most elementary sort of comforts, and almost indispensable. The labouring classes are almost always the principal consumers of them. If the income of the higher classes augments, they spend most of the increase on comforts less elementary; a large addition to the consumption of articles of which every one requires some amount, but of which no one wants very much, presumably shows that the most numerous class is augmenting in comfort.

It is, too, matter of common observation that one large class of labourers—domestic servants, male and female—have benefited of late years in two ways:—First, their wages are higher; this is a matter so much brought home to common persons that it may be accepted on the general testimony of society; secondly, what is even more certain and obvious, the provision made for them and the amount of personal comfort they enjoy have also augmented. And domestic servants are merely one part of the working classes, not more favourably situated than the rest; in one respect, indeed, they are less favourably situated, for they cannot combine to raise their wages. If, therefore, their wages and comforts have risen, presumably those of the rest of the working classes have risen too. If this were not so, if the condition of the rest of the working classes was improving less rapidly than

* In these cases the figures for 1855 are taken, the "Statistical Abstract" not containing data to show the consumption of malt and home spirits prior to that year.

that of domestic servants, the places of the latter would be at a premium, and there would be a large increase of applications for them. But it is well known that the very reverse is true, and that it is now not less but more difficult to get servants of fair quality than formerly.

We draw a similar inference from the state of the revenue. Not only are the branches of it which depend upon consumption increasing rapidly, but they are also becoming more stable. The many predictions which have been recently made—some of our own as well as others—that the prosperity of the revenue was precarious, and might be only temporary, have, in consequence, proved more or less false. That prosperity seems to rest on a broader basis than formerly. A greater number of persons consume the tax-paying articles, and a greater catastrophe is required to impair their consumption than that of the smaller number who consumed them formerly. The lesson of the many recent changes in our revenue is the same. We have heard it said that you may take what you like off the Customs, but they will always yield 21,000,000*l.* The consuming power of the country is divided among so many persons that a number of small additions to the consumption of each is enough to raise a vast sum.

These presumptive arguments seem to us to be exceedingly strong, and we should certainly rely upon them in preference to any fragmentary figures. If a complete account of the money wages could be obtained, and also a complete account of their expenditure, or even good approximations to them, the result would be far better than any presumptive arguments. But as such accounts cannot be obtained, nor anything like them, we must use the best substitutes; and very probable arguments from certain and general facts are much better than necessary inferences from scanty and dubious ones.

There are several other considerations which it is very important to remember, so complicated is the subject. First, that "labour" is an ambiguous expression—at least often a misleading one; the day's labour—even the unskilled labour—of one man is not as valuable, does not produce as much work, as the labour of another. Indeed, as we have before explained, it was found by Mr. Brassey, in his contracts for railway construction in various countries, that "cheap labour" and "dear labour" come much

to the same thing—that the man who worked cheapest did least, and that he who worked dearest did most, so that the final result of the labour of the two was almost identical. In the prices of agricultural labour at the present day it would be a great mistake to put down as equal the day's hire of a Dorsetshire labourer and that of a Lincolnshire one. It would be like having a general price for steam engines, not specifying the horse-power. The Lincolnshire man is far the more efficient animal of the two. In the same way, in contrasting the prices of labour at past periods with its price now, we must carefully bear in mind that the increase of its nominal price may arise from a corresponding increase in its efficiency, or it may not—it may either be an increased remuneration for doing more, or an increased remuneration for doing only the same. To the capitalist this distinction is vital. If he pays more for the same work he is so much the more out of pocket; but if he only pays the same for the same work he does not care whether it takes more men or less, more hours or fewer. It does not affect the money payment or the real equivalent.

Secondly, the profits in many trades, especially of the great manufacturing ones, rise and fall much oftener than the rate of wages; otherwise, indeed, the labourers in these trades would starve. In them there is often, for considerable periods, no profit at all, or next to none. If wages were to fall equally the labourer would have to work for nothing, or something near it. As we all know, this is impossible. The capitalist makes an advance of wages in times of adversity when he is making nothing, or very little, and he expects to be recouped in times of prosperity; in consequence, the rate of profit in such trades (and to a less extent in others) would vary very much more than that of wages, for wages in bad times never fall to zero, and the profits of good times include the compensation for paying wages when profits were actually at zero. Both the minimum and the maximum remuneration of the capitalist are therefore much more variable than that of the labourer.

For popular purposes this is very important, and very apt to be forgotten. From causes which we have often explained all trades and branches of commerce tend to be good and bad together. And therefore the profits of all capitalists are far more at some times than others. Every one knows this, and every one

sees it ; and it is natural to ask, has the other factor in production fared equally well — has the labourer been benefited as much as the capitalist? But, when we examine the matter, it would be most unfair that he should be equally benefited by the good times, because he did not bear an equal share of the evil of the bad times.

Thirdly, it must be remembered that an increase in the capital of a country by no means necessarily involves an increased demand for labour. This depends on the form in which the capital exists. If there is a million more in the farming trade, and a large part of it is devoted to the payment of wages, this will enhance the demand for labour, and will tend to increase the remuneration of the labourer. But a million's worth more of machines has no similar tendency. They simply co-operate with the labourer ; they do not increase his remuneration. Railways, in like manner, and other permanent works once made, do not increase the demand for labour—at least not largely, and only incidentally. They do not promote it as agriculture, say, promotes it, in which an annual labour produces an annual crop. They are simply locomotive machines of a particular kind ; they transfer the produce of labour from one place to another ; they are, in the technical sense, co-operative, not remunerative, capital. All the part, therefore, of the wealth of England which is fixed in railways, in canals, and in machines, only in a slight degree augments the demand for labour, and can in no degree be made to remunerate it. Mr. Fawcett indeed seems, on the other hand, to think that the employment of machinery has absolutely lessened the demand for English labour ; and if, on the whole, it had displaced labour such would have been the effect. But we do not believe that, on the whole, machinery of late years has displaced labour ; it has rendered labour vastly more efficient ; made the commodities to which it was applied infinitely cheaper ; it has caused fifty things to be made where only one was made before, but the number of people employed in all the principal industries is, we believe, greater *with* the new machinery than it was before it came into use, or than it would have been without it. The popular notion is still more false that every accumulation of capital benefits labour. On the contrary, it only benefits labour when it is used in purchasing and remunerating it.

Fourthly, it might seem at first sight, from what has just been said, that machinery must, after all, benefit labourers. It must make things that they want cheap ; although, it will be said, the money wages of labour may not be augmented by machinery, as of course they are not, yet the *real* wages of labour—the amount of the commodities which the labourer desires that he is able to obtain for the money he receives—must be greater. And so in some cases it is. The clothing of labourers, for example, has been vastly cheapened by machinery ; if all the other things they consume had been equally cheapened their condition would have been immensely benefited. But, unfortunately, this is not so ; in the production of most of the articles desired and consumed by labourers machinery works at a disadvantage ; its effect is much less than usual ; it cheapens them only a little ; it only prevents them from getting dear. In no trade has machinery been more applied of late years than in the corn trade ; the amount of capital employed in ships and railways that convey corn is augmenting with surpassing rapidity ; yet it does not correspondingly diminish the price. The corn that could be most easily brought to market was brought first ; that which remained is, as a rule, produced less easily—it comes from a greater distance or from a poorer soil. In such occupations machinery has a constantly augmenting difficulty with which to struggle ; it is much if it keeps the price steady, or if it lowers it only a little. To meat and butter, and other articles of food which the labourer would like to have, machinery can hardly be applied at all. And therefore, the result is, not only that capital employed in machinery does not benefit the labourer as it would have benefited him if it had been employed in buying his labour, which it is obvious it does not, but also that it does not benefit him as it would at first seem likely to do, or as it would do if nature had made him desire different articles. In fact, it only enables a larger population to have food at the same or at a slightly reduced cost ; it does not, as it does in clothing, enable that larger population to obtain what they want at a price constantly and steadily diminishing.

On the whole, therefore, when all these considerations are collected and weighed, the probable conclusion is that the rate of wages per diem has risen, so as to enable the working classes to have more per head of most things they want ; that

this is the more remarkable because, as far as we know, the rate of profit per cent. on capital has not increased; that the class of capitalists are immensely richer because there is so much more capital in the country; that the income naturally belongs to them because they saved it, and not to working men or others who did not save it; that this immense accumulation of their capital has not benefited the labourer by equally raising money wages, because it has taken largely the form of machinery, which has no such effect; and that it has not benefited them by cheapening all the articles they consume, because the most important of these articles have a natural tendency to augment in price, and machinery and capital are therefore impeded and counteracted. There is no reason why the labourer should be exceedingly benefited, even by the greatest increase of wealth, when that wealth was not saved by him, and only in a minor degree creates a demand for him.

From The Economist.

THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF BECOMING A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

DURING the last fortnight there has been more discussion about going into Parliament than about anything else, and there is a good deal of difference of opinion about it. On the one hand, the great majority, holding the traditional opinion, say that a seat in Parliament is the natural reward of ability, and the best thing that can happen to any Englishman; on the other hand, an intellectual minority, mainly though not wholly to be found in London, say that Parliament is mostly composed of dull, rich men, that it is fit for such and only such, that an intellectual man would only waste his mind there, that he should keep to his own pursuits — to literature, or science, or philosophy — and leave Parliament to others. Let us try and see what is the truth of this matter; what a man gains and what he loses.

There is no doubt that the traditional idea rests upon an abolished fact. It is thought that going into Parliament is a good way of making money. And it is true that sixty years ago, or still more a hundred, it was possible for a young man who started with very small means, but who had available brains, and who played

his game keenly, to arrive at considerable wealth. There were then many sinecure places of fair amount which could be combined together till they came to a very good income indeed, and which could be settled in remainder and reversion so as to make a comfortable provision for children. The chance of obtaining these places was always most uncertain, and the career was very precarious — it was never considered a reliable calling by sound people. Still there was such a career, and we could run over the names of those who made money in it. But now there is no longer any such career. The sinecure places upon which it was based have been abolished. If a man of ability wishes to make money he had better go anywhere else than into Parliament, for there is much more to be spent than made there.

The real gains at the present, as they affect most men, are three. First, a man gains far more social standing, as it is called, by going into Parliament than he can gain in any other way. "I wrote books," said a politician of the last generation, "and I was nobody; I made speeches and I was nobody; I got into Parliament and I was somebody." There is a foolish way of depreciating such feelings; they are called in literature "low and snobbish;" but they are very powerful and deep-seated notwithstanding. Mankind are not solitary theorists; they are practical and social beings, dependent for much of their happiness on the respect and goodwill of one another. The wish "to have worship from those with whom you sit at meat" is an inseparable part of our present human nature. It is possible to purify and elevate it; it is not possible to eradicate or annihilate it. As long as English society considers a seat in Parliament a great social prize, a seat there will, by the mass of Englishmen, be looked for and coveted as such. And it is very natural that it should be so regarded as such a prize — it is far more comprehensible to most people than eminence in science or literature. A common person who reads little, has but very little notion what the books of the day are about. He thinks but little of them, and does not much understand them when he does think. But no one can help thinking of Parliament; no one can help knowing, more or less, what is done there, and who are the famous men there. To take part in the government of the country — to be a member of the Assembly which rules the country — is a dis-

tion much more intelligible to most people than to have written a book or made a discovery in optics; and it is also a more indisputable distinction. There are often two opinions about science, and almost always two about literature. Discoveries are said to be not discoveries but mistakes; books not to be good writing, for which the author should be admired, but bad, for which he should be despised. But about Parliament there is no doubt at all; whether a man is or is not a member of the House of Commons is a plain matter of fact. It is an indisputable mark of comprehensible merit, while books and scientific theories are only disputable claims to an incomprehensible one.

The fact that the most influential part of the Cabinet — of the Board of National Directors, as we may call it — is taken from the House of Commons, raises the character of the whole. To be a member of that board is the greatest distinction among common Englishmen. Every one respects the few members of that small body which decides whether there shall be peace or war; what shall be and what shall not be our home policy. The House out of which they are chosen shares the distinction. A member of Parliament is, at any rate, eligible for the Cabinet, while no one else is eligible. And the Cabinet and the whole Government of England are still so closely connected with the House of Lords and the Crown, that even a distant connection with them — the merely being in Parliament — is fondly respected by simple people because it seems to imply a vicinity to the aristocracy and an approximation to the Throne.

Secondly, a member of Parliament has the means of acquiring much valuable knowledge which it is difficult to learn in other ways at all, and which can in no other way be learnt so easily and perfectly. The working of the great machine of Parliament can be far better investigated by persons in Parliament than by any one else; they have a first-hand knowledge of much which to others is only matter of report; they have a just confidence in the use of their knowledge which others have not; they can feel that it is complete, and that they know all about the matter; whereas those who have only second-hand knowledge feel, in this case as in all others, that there may be something of which they have never heard and of which they have no idea. Members of the House see the Parlia-

mentary machine itself; literary people only judge of it, as it were, by plates and description. On the actual working of the machine at any particular time this is particularly important; a careful observer can, by steady comparison, educe certain general rules for which he has solid reasons, and in which he has confidence; but in the application of those rules to a particular case he must always feel uncertainty. There is a vast mass of political knowledge which is at all times most important, and which no reading, no newspapers, can supply them with. Our newspapers are, and are proud that they are, distinguished by an absence of personality; they do not lift the veil of private life; they do not tell the inner weakness of public men or the details of their "habit as they live," and there can be no greater merit in the papers or blessing to the public. An incessant press dealing with real personalities would sicken its readers, and would drive sensitive men from public life. But, nevertheless, personality is a most important element in politics; political business, like all other, is not transacted by machines, but by living and breathing men, of various and generally strong characters, of various and often strong passions. Unless you know something of these passions and these characters you are continually at fault. The knowledge of public men, so freely given by newspapers, is a knowledge of masks rather than realities — of actors, as they seem on the stage, rather than of those actors as they really are. Something may be learned out of Parliament to remedy this, but an able and active member can see, with ease and certainty, five times as much as can be gathered in any way. And this personality, important as it is, is not the only appropriate knowledge of members of Parliament, perhaps not even the most valuable. If they are intelligent, they can tell what is really practicable far better than any one else, for they can better know the feeling of the House of Commons, which is the immediate authority, and of the constituencies, which is the ultimate authority. Each member can see by his own constituency what the ordinary British elector thinks of things, and he has before him daily what the ordinary member of Parliament thinks of them. No other persons can approach him in this, if he uses his advantages well. What *ought* to be done can often be sufficiently seen by persons not in Parliament, but

the final problem of practice, what *can* be done, is not often fully seen except by those who are there.

Lastly, members of Parliament have a certain amount of power; not indeed enough — indeed not of the sort to satisfy men of eager minds and despotic temperament — but still considerable. They can take part in the business of legislation; if they have any sort of real knowledge, and any kind of regular industry, they can easily find work which will be in itself valuable, and which they will be respected for doing by those around them. If they aspire to and obtain office, they have of course much more power. No doubt it is very rarely even then of the sort which the tyrannical disposition, the disposition which most longs for power, most likes. An English statesman can only in very rare cases impose on others original plans of his own. His work is either to co-operate in committee with other men, or to embody in legal form the ideas of other men. Even in administration he has to cope with many obstacles, and has to consult with and consider many other minds. Still this power, even so lessened and so defined, is a sufficient object of a wise ambition. To moderate people it is indeed more desirable than greater and more solitary power; such persons are rarely anxious to impose on others large schemes of their own, and they have usually more confidence in plans which have been assented to and, so to say, verified by several other minds, than those which are solely due to, and have only been considered by, themselves. There is much power to be obtained by an English statesman, and considerable power to be got by going into Parliament, though for the most part it is a power of co-operation and of adaptation, not of exclusive origination or sole despotism.

But these advantages are obtained by members of Parliament at a very high price — first in the lowest kind of price — for, a rare exception or two apart, they have to pay in money, in one way or another, a considerable sum. What with the cost of elections, the cost of making yourself popular in a constituency, the cost of living in London, and the cost of society, a considerable sum annually runs away. Except with men of peculiar gifts, or peculiar circumstances, those who endeavour to lead a Parliamentary life without paying this price in money will probably find that they have spent more than they wish without obtaining the life which they desire. They will have economized

enough to lose them their constituency, but not enough to prevent their having expended more than they meant, and, perhaps, more than they can afford. And besides the price in money, an active member of Parliament has to pay a much heavier one in time and labour. There is no occupation which absorbs men so much as politics — none at least in which there is so little money to be earned. Scarcely any one who has ever been in Parliament and who has lost his seat is happy till he gets back. But the time so spent and the fatigue so incurred are very great. Men disposed to idle can idle in Parliament as well as anywhere else; but then they might just as well be anywhere else. Men who wish to get something special out of Parliament — something which they would not have if they were not in it — will find that they are involved in a vortex of late hours, of long committees, of long listening to others, of long waitings to speak themselves without being able. Neither the instruction given by being in Parliament nor the power are to be obtained at less cost. Nor is this the worst. An influential member of Parliament has not only to pay much money to become such, and to give time and labour, he has also to sacrifice his mind too — at least all the characteristic part of it, that which is original and most his own. And this is in the nature of things. If you want to represent a constituency, you must not go down to them and say, "See, I have all these new ideas, of which you have no notion: these new plans, which you must learn and study — all this new knowledge, of which neither you nor your fathers ever heard." If you hint at anything like this you will be rejected at once. But, on the contrary, you must say what they think only perhaps a little better than they could say it; advocate the schemes they wish advocated; be zealous for the party's tradition which you and they have in common. The cleverer you can be in doing this, the more you can please them with their own thoughts and make them happy with their own inventions, the better they will like you. But (exceptions apart) you must not try to teach them. They want a representative, not a tutor; a man who will vote as they wish, not one who will teach them what they ought to wish for. This is the real cause of the deluge of commonplace that has lately filled the newspapers. In the million election speeches which have been made it may be doubted if there have been five original thoughts; even the best, as

a rule, have only been old tunes admirably played. There is plenty of originality in England if it would pay to be original. But at an election it does not; you would only puzzle your constituency by saying what they do not understand, and offend them by seeming to think that you are wiser than they are. "We never heard of such a thing in all our lives before," they will say, and will think it a sufficient objection to the truth of an idea or the sufficiency of a plan. A man who wants to represent others must be content to seem to be as they are, and it will be better for him if he is as they are. A man who tries

to enter Parliament must be content to utter common thoughts, and to bind himself to the formularies of common creeds, or he will not succeed in his candidature. And to some minds there is no necessity more vexing or more intolerable.

We have made at length this comparison of advantages and disadvantages, because it goes far to explain the composition of the new Parliament. It explains why so many people are so anxious to go into Parliament, and how much of sensible commonplace there appears to be in them, how little of anything higher.

A NEW ENEMY.—I wish to say a few words about an enemy which threatens to lay waste one of Europe's most valued esculents, the potato. For a long time North America has had to contend against two foes, which devoured the early shoots and leaves of the potato, and thus destroyed the hopes of the farmer and gardener. These were beetles belonging to the same family as the Blister-fly, and named *Lytta atrata* (or *vittata*) and *Cantharis viniaria*. They can be kept within bounds; but of late a third beetle has appeared among us which really threatens to drive the potato out of cultivation altogether. It bears the name of the Colorado Potato-beetle (*Doryphora decem-punctata*); and should it once reach the Atlantic coast, and be carried unobserved across the ocean, then—woe to the potato-grower of the old country! A man must witness the myriad legions of this insect, and the ravages of its never-tiring larvæ, in order to form an idea of the terrible danger with which Europe is threatened. For myself, judging from the tenacity of life exhibited both in its larval and perfect condition, I have not a doubt that it will soon overstep the bounds of North America, and make a home for itself in other lands. Its true domicile is in the Rocky Mountains, where it feeds on a species of wild potato, *Solanum rostratum* (or *Carolinianæ*). No sooner, however, had the edible potato (*Solanum tuberosum*) been planted by settlers at the foot of these mountains, than *Doryphora* attacked it greedily; the more largely its cultivation extended westward, the faster did its insect foe travel in an easterly direction, and scatter itself over the land. In the year 1859 it was located one hundred miles west of Omaha city, in Nebraska; in 1861 it showed itself in Iowa; in 1865, not only had it begun to devastate Missouri, but it had crossed the Mississippi in Illinois, everywhere leaving behind it flourishing colonies. In 1863 Indiana was visited; in 1870 Ohio and the confines of Canada were reached, also portions of Pennsylvania and New York; and its entrance into Massachu-

setts was notified. During the year 1871 a great army of these beetles covered the river Detroit in Michigan, crossed Lake Erie on floating leaves and similar convenient rafts, and in a very short time took possession of the country between St. Clair and Niagara rivers. Having got thus far, in spite of all efforts to stay their progress, there is every reason to believe that before long we shall hear of them as swarming in the streets of New York and Boston (as they already swarm in the city of St. Louis), and then their passage across the Atlantic is a mere matter of time. Moreover, the beetle in its different stages is so entirely unaffected by the extremes of heat and cold, of wet and dry, which it has met with here, that I have no doubt it will care as little for the changes of climate which occur in the temperate zone of Europe, and, once settled, will quickly become naturalized. The devastations of the Colorado-beetle are all the greater, from the fact of its propagating itself with extraordinary rapidity, several broods following each other in the course of the year. The first batch of infant larvæ appears towards the end of May, or, if the weather be mild, of April. In fact scarcely has the potato plant shown itself above the ground, before the insect, which has been hibernating during the winter, also wakes to life. The female loses no time in depositing from seven hundred to twelve hundred eggs, in clusters of twelve or thirteen, on the underside of a leaf. Within five or six days, according to the state of the weather, the larvæ escape from the egg, and begin their work of devastation, which goes on for some seventeen days, when the little creatures retire below the soil, in order to undergo the pupal condition. After a delay of ten or fourteen days, the perfect insect comes into being, and the business of egg-laying commences anew. In this way, according to recent observations, three broods follow each other; the last, as just stated, wintering below the surface of the ground. No description can do justice to the marvellous voracity of this insect, es-

pecially in its larval state. When once a field of potatoes has been attacked, all hope of a harvest must be given up; in a very few days it is changed into an arid waste—a mere mass of dried-up stalks. Hardwicke's Science Gossip.

SHERIFFS AND THEIR DUTIES IN THE OLDEN TIME.—The sheriffs of counties were generally, in ancient times, men of high rank and great power. They had the several counties committed to them respectively by the king at his pleasure, either in custody or at ferm certain. To them the king usually intrusted, together with the counties, his castles and manors lying within their bailiwick. They furnished these castles with ammunition and other necessaries, and stocked and improved the manors. They were also for a long period the most considerable accountants to the Crown, a great part of the land revenue passing through their hands. They accounted every year to the king, and their method of account was regular and exact. They were also charged with the performance of many special duties, and among these, a great number and variety of which are cited by Madox in his "History of the Exchequer," we mention the following as interesting perhaps to our readers. By a liberate roll of 36 Henry III., the sheriffs of London were commanded to supply fourpence "per diem" for the maintenance of the King's white bear and his keeper in the Tower of London. By a similar roll of the following year they were ordered to provide a muzzle and an iron chain, and a cord for the same ("unum Musellum et unam Catenam ferream, ad tenendum Ursum illum extra aquam, et unam longam et fortem cordam ad tenendum eundem Ursum piscantem in aqua Thamisiæ") the muzzle and chain for use on land, the cord to hold him when in the water. By another liberate roll of 39 Henry III., they were ordered to build a house in the Tower for the king's elephant, and by yet another of the 40th of the same reign, to provide necessaries for the elephant and his keeper. Another royal mandate, addressed to the same sheriffs, bid them disburse out of the ferm of their city, £40. 7s. 6d. for the maintenance of the king's leopard in the Tower and the wages of his keeper, at sixpence a day for the leopard, and three-halfpence a day for the keeper. The Sheriff of Gloucester, by a roll of 26 Henry III., was commanded to cause twenty salmons to be bought and made into pies against the approaching Christmas, and the sheriff of Sussex, the same year was directed to buy brawn and other provisions for the king's table ("X braones, cum capitibus, X pavones, L cuniculos, C perdices, et D gallinas"). Orders were issued in the 37th of the same reign to the sheriffs of Wiltshire and Sussex to buy each of them a thousand ells of fine linen

cloth ("mille ulnas Lineæ telæ pulchræ et delicatæ"), and to send it to the king's wardrobe before the next Whitsuntide. The sheriff of Southampton was ordered to cause the image of St. Christopher with our Saviour in his arms, and the image of St. Edward the King, to be painted in the Queen's Chapel at Winchester. The sheriff of Kent was ordered, under great pain and forfeiture, to buy one hundred shiploads of grey stone, and to convey the same to Westminster, for the king's works upon the church there ("Memor. 21 H. 3, Rot. 8 a"); and the sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk disbursed thirty be-sants to be offered at St. Edmund's shrine for the king and queen and their children.

Land and Water.

THE PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE.—The election of the Œcumenical Patriarch was held at Constantinople on the 5th inst. The Porte having returned to the Patriarchate the list of candidates for the office, without making use of its prerogative to accept any one of them, the Mixed Council met again on the day mentioned, at the Great Hall of the Patriarchate, and proceeded to select three from the list of twelve candidates, from which three the body of bishops chooses definitively, according to the existing regulations, the new Patriarch. The three candidates chosen were Monsignor Joachim, formerly Patriarch, by seventy-seven votes; the Bishop of Chalcedon by sixty-four votes; and the Bishop of Heraclia by fifty votes. This long process of voting—which occupied nearly three hours—being over, the body of twenty-three bishops descended to the church of the patriarchate (St. George's), and after the usual prayers of the occasion being read, elected unanimously Monsignor Joachim. The Assembly then returned to the great hall, and drew up the *procès verbal* and signed the Mazbata announcing the election for transmission to the Porte. They then chose a committee, which repaired to Monsignor Joachim's private dwelling, and "in a very touching address" informed the venerable prelate of his election. The unanimity and the brotherly feeling prevailing in the proceedings were, according to the *Levant Herald*, most noticeable; the election of a patriarch presenting generally great differences of opinion and feeling. When the new Patriarch has been received by the Sultan in solemn audience, his Holiness will take up his office and his residence at the patriarchate. In the meantime it speaks well for the Bishop of Chalcedon and the Bishop of Heraclia, who must have been disappointed at the result of the election, that they made no complaint. In fact, the proceedings seem to have been conducted in a manner most creditable to all concerned.

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ONE FLIGHT.

I WISHED for the wings of a bird to fly
Into the blue heights of the sky.

Sudden I sprang from the scented grass ;
I saw tall trees like flower-stalks pass.

The clouds above me greater grew
That had scarcely before obscured the blue.

Then lost I seemed in a great grey mist,
No sight to look to, no sound to list.

Up and up, till the wide, wide sky
Burst like an ocean on my eye.

I stayed my flying and hung a-poise ;
No echo reached me of earthly noise.

I hung o'er the head of the cloud below,
Soft as a hill-top heaped with snow.

I gazed on the blue heights over me,
And felt for a moment I was free.

I was free to fly where I would in space ;
My thoughts were free from the world's worn
face.

A moment the thought of freedom won
Thrilled me ; I turned to greet the sun.

Ah ! like a great red ball he lay
Hard at the henceward gates of day.

E'en as I gazed the portal ope'd,
And fainter and fainter the great rays sloped.

He was gone, and a fear came over me ;
I thought no more of the joy to be free.

But I thought of the night, of the dark and the
chill,
Of the long slow hours, the voiceless still.

Above was the desert sky unknown ;
Below cloud-seas ; here was I alone.

Lonely I felt, as when children wake
In the night, and cry for the terror's sake.

And I cared no more for the wings to be free,
So that the dear earth I might see.

Downward, downward, now closed the cloud,
Glimmering and chill as a dead man's shroud.

An hour or a moment? — Lo the earth lay bare,
In the white moon's rising radiance fair.

A world of shadows, with nothing clear ;
A world of darkness, but oh ! how dear !

Downward, downward ; the moon on the vane
Gleams bright, lo a light in a window-pane.

I touched the ground, its scent I knew ;
I kissed each grass — bent damp with dew.

My wings were gone, I was free no more ;
But gone were the vain wishes felt before.

And I knelt, while my thanks went up to God,
For the love that binds man to the sod.
Spectator. F. W. B.

LOVE.

LOVE is not made of kisses, or of sighs,
Of clinging hands, or of the sorceries
And subtle witchcrafts of alluring eyes.

Love is not made of broken whispers ; no !
Nor of the blushing cheek, whose answering
glow
Tells that the ear has heard the accents low.

Love is not made of tears, nor yet of smiles ;
Of quivering lips, or of enticing wiles :
Love is not tempted ; he himself beguiles.

This is Love's language, but this is not Love.

If we know aught of Love, how shall we dare
To say that this is Love, when well aware
That these are common things, and Love is
rare ?

As separate streams may, blending, ever roll
In course united, so, of soul to soul,
Love is the union into one sweet whole.

As molten metals mingle ; as a chord
Swells sweet in harmony ; when Love is lord,
Two hearts are one, as letters form a word.

One heart, one mind, one soul, and one desire,
A kindred fancy, and a sister fire
Of thought and passion ; these can Love in-
spire.

This makes a heaven of earth ; for this is Love.
Chambers' Journal.

From The British Quarterly Review.

HENRY THOREAU, THE POET-NATURALIST.*

MR. H. A. PAGE, in his little Memoir of Nathaniel Hawthorne, has made an incidental reference to Thoreau, which *might* be misleading. He is, of course, merely illustrating there the relations of his subject to the other men with whom he came in contact, and cannot be dealt with so severely as if he had left openings for his readers to receive wrong impressions as to his proper theme. Still, it is a vital error to lead in any way to the idea that Thoreau was a hermit, or that he permanently banished himself to Walden Wood to study trees, and beasts, and fishes, and to map out the land like a surveyor. He built a hut, it is true, with his own hands, and lived there for a time — fully two years it was — but the escape, as some would call it, of Walden, was never meant by Thoreau to be other than an interlude. And yet with us in England he is too much conceived of in this light, as a sort of semi-wild man of the woods, and, in our idea, is saved from being a wild man altogether only by a dash of finer *instinct*, which made him influential with the lower creatures, but divorced him totally from human society. Now, this is a wrong account of Thoreau altogether, and with a very acute and interesting volume in our hand, which is half biography and half criticism, from the pen of Dr. W. H. Channing, and of which we have been favoured with an early copy, we are fain to believe that we may be able to make various points respecting Thoreau somewhat plainer to English minds.

First of all, consider how singular it was that just as American character was getting a new impulse towards worldly acuteness, and the surrender of strictly personal and spiritual traits, with the remarkable extension of peopled territory that gave the acuteness a new sphere to exercise itself in, there should come a fresh and powerful wave of transcendentalism that sought to assert individuality, and build it on a true basis. Thoreau was

the representative of this on one side, just as Emerson and Hawthorne were representatives of it on other sides; and, instead of being divorced from the highest form of American development, he was, perhaps, its most faithful and consistent exponent. For the teeming wealth of a new and illimitable country must ever, in the outset, oppose itself to the assertion of the individual genius, and essay (if we may speak so) to break it down to its own level, as the trees, growing freely yet closely together in the forest, preserve and foster each other, but rise very much of one size and all alike in form. Society in such conditions lives by the very reaction it breeds, for it is quite impossible to calculate the benefit to American life of the inconsistent deference practically paid by its professed republican members to royalty and aristocracy in every form.

Hawthorne's works are, in essence, a protest against every kind of republican levelling down. He sought, in the Puritan sentiment which was supplied to American history, with its relations to old English life, for traditions that recalled the inherited mysteries and dooms of life — breeding distinctions — and from that root what a tree grew up in the atmosphere of his quaint genius! Emerson, again, found compensating forces in the solitude and the occupations possible only in a country which is new, and not yet pressed for breathing space; and Thoreau, perhaps, more than either in the testimony which a real retirement from society could render to the highest idea of individuality, as the foundation-stone of a truly cultured society. Goethe said that when he needed to recruit himself for serious thought, he must retire into solitude; and so it was with Thoreau. But it was the opposite idea to that of Rousseau, for instance, which led Thoreau to Walden. He went there not to escape men, but to prepare himself for them; not to brood, but to act — only to act in lines that would enable him to stand forever after — free, vigorous, independent. There is a strange, close-packed realism in his writing, thoroughly symptomatic of the man and his charac-

* *Henry Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist.* By W. H. CHANNING, D. D. Osgood and Co.

ter, as though he specially followed Nature in her economy of seed-packing; and it should be observed that you never get hint of the recluse, who speedily falls to dreaming and vain pitying of himself. There is no self-pity in Thoreau, rather a robust self-sufficiency that could claim the privilege of rendering manly help, though never seeking or accepting any, and that loves to administer readily what Emerson calls "shocks of effort." But there was in him nothing of the rebel proper; he delighted above all things to be at home, and to reverence, only you must allow him something of his own way. When he refused to pay taxes after Government followed him to the forest, it was out of no abstract opposition or dislike to society,—he was the last man to act from sentiments; he asserted that there was still a sphere where Government had no right to follow if a man could only find and fix it, and where it did despite to itself by the assertion of its power. Now, only in a country like America could such an idea be put fairly to the test, however much it may be opposed to the democratic idea in itself. A rapid glance at the leading facts of Thoreau's life will, perhaps, all the better enable us to bring this out.

Henry David Thoreau, who was born in 1817, was the youngest son of a French immigrant, who was by trade a lead-pencil maker, and had achieved such a measure of success in his adopted country as to enable him to aim at giving his sons a thoroughly good education. Henry was sent to Harvard University while still young, and graduated in 1837; but he achieved little or no distinction either at school or college. He had his own ways of looking at and doing things, and, as is not seldom the case with genius, he was somewhat slow at working his way to the end of a set problem, though once having done so, it was more than mastered. He would not fall into regular studies, and did not attract the masters, nor make friends of fellow-students, but lived a solitary life. On leaving college, he and an elder brother kept an academy at Concord for a year or two; and then he was

noticeable for his love of rambling abroad in his spare hours, collecting specimens of natural history. He was unlike the sentimentalist, especially in his capacity of attachment to locality, for at no place but Concord did he ever make a permanent home, however much he loved to wander. The most important event of this period was a journey to the White Mountains with his brother John, which seemed to awaken in him new capacities of knowledge and pleasure.

Of the school-teaching he at length got wearied, and then applied himself to his father's craft, obtaining certificates for having made a better pencil than any then in use; and there is a characteristic story told, that he and his father, to show the excellence of their work, resolved to make as good a pencil out of paste as those sawed from black-lead in London. The result was accomplished, and the certificate obtained; Thoreau himself claiming a good share of the success, as he found the means to cut the plates. But more characteristic than all, perhaps, is the fact that, when he was congratulated on fortune's door being thus thrown wide open to him, he declared that he would not make another pencil, as he did not wish to do again what he had done once. At this his friends were, of course, greatly disappointed; but he stood firm and adventured on other industries—making boats, building fences, and surveying, by which he made his own living—doing also a considerable amount of travel and observation during the next few years. His first book, written during this time, grew out of a voyage on the Concord and Merrimac rivers, which he made in 1839, with his brother John, who sympathized with him in many of his tastes, but who died early, and whose death Thoreau deeply lamented. Of his "Walk to Wachusett in 1843," he made interesting record in his article under that title in the "Boston Miscellany." But all his studies only drew him to seek opportunities to carry them out yet more consistently and steadily. So he took a great resolve, and in March of 1845 began the building of his hut at Walden Wood, which, as often

happens, because it has somewhat of an *outré* look, has occupied a wholly disproportionate place in the general notion of Thoreau. "By the middle of April it was framed and ready for raising," and by the 4th of July — not without significance either, being Independence Day — he went into occupation. He had purchased the boards of an Irishman's shanty, and exults as he looks on his finished work, that "there is some of the same fitness in a man's building his own house that there is in a bird's building its own nest."

And a right trim firm little abode it was, with its one cheerful window and detached offices, if we may at all credit the frontispiece of his first work, "Walden." He can exult in the fact that, by habit, men can do with but little shelter, and vastly admires the Penobscot Indians, who have nothing but a thin tent between them and the snow and do not suffer by it. Thus he finds that savage life attains in one primitive principle the equality which modern societies vainly yearn for — the poorest having as good a shelter as the highest! Yet his hatred of waste and shiftlessness was as notable as these other traits. He says, in one place: — "There is none so poor that he need sit on a pumpkin. That is shiftlessness. There are plenty of such chairs as I like best, to be had for the taking them away." And it is very odd to observe, amid his apparent indifference to wealth and self-interest, the really Yankee way in which he exults in being able to provide for himself with his own hands, so checkmating Nature as to have a balance over. His statement of accounts of the cost of the Walden hut is full of unconscious humour. He recalls, with natural complacency, that at Cambridge College the student pays for his room one dollar, eighty-seven and a-half cents each year more than his house had cost him, and has thereupon some quaint reflections on true education. He congratulates himself on the absence of all "baggage," — "traps," as, he says, the popular slang well calls it, and avows his conviction that "to maintain oneself on this earth is not a hardship, but a pastime, if we will

live simply and wisely," — as the pursuits of the "simple nations are still the sports of the artificial."

And now he set himself to the practical application of his own theories. Having no human companions, save occasional visitors — Emerson, one of his nearest neighbours amongst them — he honestly tried what the lower creatures could do for him. And soon he and they were on most intimate terms. The fishes came, as it seemed, into his hand if he but dipped it in the stream; the mice would come and playfully eat out of his fingers, and the very mole paid him friendly visits; sparrows alighted on his shoulder at his call; phœbes built in his shed; and the partridge with her brood came and fed quietly beneath his window as he sat and looked at them. And the more intimate he grows with his brute friends, the more his respect and love for them rises. He writes: — "If we take the age into account, may there not be a civilization going on among brutes as well as men? They seem to me to be rudimental, burrowing men, still standing on their defence, awaiting their transformation." His writings in "Walden" are like a discourse on the text, "The whole creation groaneth."

The fine sympathy of this man, his poetic life, deep love and yearning kinship met and drew forth the inmost and best in the brutes, and led them on to the transformation for which they were awaiting. Notice how different is Thoreau's feeling for the dumb creatures from that which animates the common pet-keeper, who almost seems to aim at destroying the true brute nature, and the dim rudimentary humanity along with it, in order to make them little else than "snobs." Thoreau, far from being in reactionary divorce from man, loves the animals because they are manlike, and seem to yearn towards human forms. And to him even inanimate nature looks manward in its constancies, if in nothing else. What a glimpse this passage from Dr. Channing gives us of the man: —

Thoreau named all the birds without a gun, a weapon he never used in mature years. He

neither killed nor imprisoned any animal, unless driven by acute needs. He brought home a flying squirrel, to study its mode of flight, but quickly carried it back to the wood. He possessed true instincts of topography, and could conceal choice things in the bush and find them again; unlike Gall, who commonly lost his locality and himself, as he tells us, when in the wood, master as he was in playing on the organ. If Thoreau needed a box in his walk, he would strip a piece of birch bark off the tree, fold it, when cut straightly, together, and put his tender lichen or brittle creature therein.

And, naturally, nothing afforded him more delight than to observe the graceful prudence of animals. The shifts to which he had often to put himself to achieve this knowledge without cruelty, perhaps did more than aught else to develop in him his wonderful, half-animal sagacities. Mr. Emerson tells us that when once at Walden he visited Thoreau.

The naturalist waded into the pool for the water plants, and his strong legs were no insignificant part of his armour. On this day he looked for the menyanthes and detected it across the wide pool; and, on examination of the floret, declared that it had been in flower five days. He drew out of his breast-pocket a diary, and read the names of all the plants that should bloom that day, whereof he kept account as a banker does when his notes are due. . . . He could pace rods more accurately than another man could measure them with rod and chain. He could find his way in the woods at night better by his feet than by his eyes. He knew every track in the snow and on the ground, and what creature had taken the path in the snow before him.

And Dr. Channing thus aptly supplements Mr. Emerson:—

Alpine and sea-plants he admired, besides those of his own village: of the latter, he mostly attended willows, golden-rods, asters, polygonums, sedges, and grasses; fungi and lichens he somewhat affected. He was accustomed to date the day of the month by the appearance of certain flowers, and thus visited special plants for a series of years, in order to form an average; as his whitethorn by Tarbell's Spring, "Good for to-morrow, if not for to-day." The bigness of noted trees, the number of rings, the degree of branching by which their age may be drawn; the larger forests, such as that princely "Inches Oak-Wood," in West Acton, or Wetherbee's patch, he paid attention to.

Thoreau's main purpose was to exhibit the points where animal instinct and resource meet human affection and virtue, and illustrate each other. The following is certainly well worth quoting in this light:—

Man conceitedly names the intelligence and industry of animals, instinct, and overlooks their wisdom and fitness of behaviour. I saw where the squirrels had carried off the ears of corn, more than twenty rods from the corn-field, to the woods. A little further on, beyond Hubbard's Brook, I saw a grey squirrel, with an ear of yellow corn, a foot long, sitting on the fence, fifteen rods from the field. He dropped the corn, but continued to sit on the rail, where I could hardly see him, it being of the same colour with himself, which I have no doubt he was well aware of. He next went to a red maple, where his policy was to conceal himself behind the stem, hanging perfectly still there till I passed, his fur being exactly the colour of the bark. When I struck the tree, and tried to frighten him, he knew better than to run to the next tree, there being no continuous row by which he might escape; but he merely fled higher up, and put so many leaves between us that it was difficult to discover him. When I threw up a stick to frighten him, he disappeared entirely, though I kept the best watch I could, and stood close to the foot of the tree.

They *are* wonderfully cunning!

Busy men and women—dwellers in cities, people of society, who make the lower creatures practically serviceable—do undoubtedly, in their passion for discipline and order in horses, dogs, and the rest, come to regard animal life as something so dependent on human character and effort as to deprive it of all real individual interest. Against this tendency Thoreau testified, just as he testified unremittingly to the sacredness of human individuality. Science itself—as generally understood—does not help us here, but rather comes in to confirm the artificial notion by absorbing the individual in the class—the species, the genus, the order. An over-pressed and over-cultivated social life, leaning on science, thus finally inflicts injury on itself by narrowing its sources of true interest; and owes gratitude to the men who honestly recall it to Nature—to the Wordsworths, the Bewicks, the Thoreaus, the Blackburns. A face to face and daily intercourse with her, in seeking traces of the dim human instincts which she seems to shroud so strangely even in her most worthless productions, is a supremely healthy occupation or pastime; since it develops sympathy, in enforcing the idea that some ordinances of nature that man deems harsh may, after all, have a reference to wise and beautiful races other than human. And this has the best concurrence of Scripture. "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His permission." With Thoreau animals were ru-

dimentary men ; and their human aspect was that pre-eminently in which their individuality stood revealed. On this ground it was that he based their rights to freedom, to toleration, and to a healthier regard in their domesticated condition. Very significant in this light is a noble passage on the horse—the reader will see that the whole soul of Thoreau speaks in it :—

I saw a man a few days since, working by the river, with a horse, carting dirt ; and the horse and his relations to him struck me as very remarkable. There was the horse, a mere animated machine, though his tail was brushing off the flies, his whole condition subordinated to the man's, with no tradition (perhaps no instinct) in him of a time when he was wild and free,—completely humanized. No contract had been made with him that he should have the Saturday afternoons, or the Sundays, or any holidays, his independence never being recognized ; it being now quite forgotten, both by man and horse, that the horse was ever free. For I am not aware that there are any wild horses known surely not to be descended from tame ones. He was assisting that man to pull down that bank, and spread it over the meadow, only keeping off the flies with his tail, and stamping, and catching a mouthful of grass or leaves from time to time on his own account ; all the rest for man. It seemed hardly worth while that he should be animated for this. *It was plain that the man was not educating the horse, not trying to develop his nature, but merely getting work out of him, —*

Extremes are counted worst of all.

That mass of animated matter seemed more completely the servant of man than any inanimate. For slaves have *their* holidays ; a heaven is conceded to them (such as it is) ; but to the horse, none. Now and forever, he is man's slave. *The more I considered, the more the man seemed akin to the horse, only his will was the stronger of the two ; for a little further on I saw an Irishman shovelling, who evidently was as much tamed as the horse. He had stipulated that a certain amount of his independence be recognized ; and yet he was really but a little more independent. What is a horse but an animal that has lost its liberty ; and has man got any more liberty for having robbed the horse ; or has he just lost as much of his own, and become more like the horse he has robbed ? Is not the other end of the bridle, too, coiled around his neck ? Hence stable-boys, jockeys, and all that class that are daily transported by fast horses. There he stood with his oblong, square figure (his tail mostly sawed off), seen against the water, brushing off the flies with his stump braced back, while the man was filling the cart.*

The ill that's wisely feared is half withstood,
He will redeem our dead, drooping state.

I regard the horse as a human being in a

humble state of existence. Virtue is not left to stand alone. He who practises it will have neighbours.

Never, perhaps, were the claims of the horse, and indirectly of all the domestic animals, more powerfully put ; and here we have disclosed to us clearly the point at which, with Thoreau, the mystery of animal life touched that of man and raised it up to nearly equal interest, only, however, to increase tenfold the meaning and wonder of that to which it was allied.

Some time after Thoreau's return from Walden his father died, and then, in spite of the protest he had made, he returned to the lead-pencil making, at the call of duty, devoting himself to it with wonderful assiduity. He had his own mill, and discovered remarkable punctuality and prudence. All his spare time was spent in following up his own bent in excursions here and there—the most notable of which was perhaps his great tour to Minnesota and the West, in 1860, when he exulted in finding the crab-apple, and in making friends with the Indians, who interested him vastly. In November of 1860 he took a severe cold, through exposing himself while counting the rings on trees, and when there was snow on the ground. He never got over the shock, though he lingered till the spring, and he died on the morning of the 8th of May, 1861.

Thoreau was a naturalist, because he was primarily a poet—and hence the fitness of Dr. Channing's title "Poet-naturalist." He held things by inner affinities, rather than by hard classification. Instincts and habits were ever of more account with him than the mere organs and functions, whose expressions he held that these were, and nothing more. Yet he was observant of these also, and was seldom out in a matter of fact or calculation. Correctness in details, surprising patience, and a will that nothing could defeat or embarrass, held in closest union with fine imagination, without sense of contradiction—this was his first characteristic. His grand quality was sympathy. He came to everything with the poet's feeling, the poet's heart, the poet's eye. To observe was his joy. What pictures he can draw of wholly uninteresting places and things ! What loving rapture he falls into over the commonest appearances ! What new metaphors he finds lurking in ordinary sylvan occurrences ! The common on-goings

of nature were to him a mighty parable, and he set some part of it to adequate music, to which we may listen with delight, and learn wisdom. And as he brought sympathy with him towards every person he met and every object he examined, so he demanded it in those he encountered, though he had an utter horror of false professions of it. Therefore, like a Scotchman in this, he was prone to hide it under brusqueness till you *knew* him. But, as flowers expand in the sun, his soul expanded in the glow of innocent delights, till even his senses seemed transfigured and benignantly endowed with special sensibilities and attractions. He was fond of children, and had unusual tact with them, as every one who ever attended any of his parties attest. "Hermit and stoic as he was," says Emerson, "he was really fond of sympathy, and threw himself heartily and childlike into the company of young people whom he loved, and whom he delighted to entertain, as he only could, with the varied and endless anecdotes of his experience in field and river. And he was always ready to lead a huckleberry party or a search for chestnuts and grapes." Yet he is always wonderfully self-restrained and self-respecting. He makes a poem out of the most ordinary object, event, or incident; but he will be the last to celebrate it as such; and, while some men seek a climax, he despised rhetoric and all conscious aims at effect. This passage on telegraph posts may be taken as a specimen of his finest vein, showing his keen interest in all that concerned human progress:—

What a recipe for preserving wood, to fill its pores with music! How this wild tree from the forest, stripped of its bark and set up here, rejoices to transmit this music. When no melody proceeds from the wire, I hear the hum within the entrails of the wood, the oracular tree, rejoicing, accumulating the prophetic fury. The resounding wood,—how much the ancients would have made of it! To have had a harp on so great a scale, girdling the very earth, and played on by the winds of every latitude and longitude, and that harp were (so to speak) the manifest blessing of heaven on a work of man's. Shall we not now add a tenth Muse to those immortal Nine, and consider that this invention was most divinely honoured and distinguished, upon which the Muse has thus condescended to smile,—this magic medium of communication to mankind? To read that the ancients stretched a wire round the earth, attaching it to trees of the forest, on which they sent messages by one named Electricity, father of

Lightning and Magnetism, swifter far than Mercury,—the stern commands of war and news of peace; and that the winds caused this wire to vibrate so that it emitted harp-like and Æolian music in all the lands through which it passed, as if to express the satisfaction of God in the invention! And this is fact, and yet we have attributed the instrument to no God. I hear the sound of the wood working terribly within. When I put my ear to it, anon it swells into a clear tone, which seems to concentrate in the core of the tree, for all the sound seems to proceed from the wood. It is as if you had entered some world-cathedral, resounding to some vast organ. The fibre of all things have their tension and are strained like the strings of a lyre. I feel the very ground tremble underneath my feet as I stand near the post. The wire vibrates with great force as if it would strain and rend the wood. What an awful and fateful music it must be to the worms in the wood! No better vermifuge were needed. As the wood of an old Cremona, its every fibre, perchance, harmoniously tempered, and educated to resound melody, has brought a great price; so, methinks, these telegraph posts should bear a great price with musical-instrument makers. It is prepared to be the material of harps for ages to come; *as it were, put a-soak, a-seasoning, in music.*

And again:—

As the woodchuck dines chiefly on crickets, he will not be at much expense in seats for his winter quarters. Since the anatomical discovery that the *thymoid* gland, whose use in man is *nihil*, is for the purpose of promoting digestion during the hibernating jollifications of the woodchuck, we sympathize less at the retreat. Darwin, who hibernates in science, cannot yet have heard of this use of the above gland, or he would have derived the human race from our woodchuck, instead of landing him flat on the *Simiade*, or monkey.

As a piece of elevated noble description, with lights of true poetry interfusing it, nothing could be finer than this description of a snowfall:—

Did you ever admire the steady, silent, windless fall of the snow, in some lead-coloured sky, silent save the little ticking of the flakes as they touched the twigs? It is chased silver, moulded over the pines and oak leaves. Soft shades hang like curtains along the closely-draped wood-paths. Frozen apples become little cider-vats. The old, crooked apple-trees, frozen stiff in the pale, shivering sunlight, that appears to be dying of consumption, gleam forth like the heroes of one of Dante's cold hells; we would mind any change in the mercury of the dream. The snow crunches under the feet; the chopper's axe rings funereally through the tragic air. At early morn the frost on button-bushes and willows was silvery, and every stem and minutest twig and filamentary weed came up

a silver thing, while the cottage smoke rose salmon-coloured into that oblique day. At the base of ditches were shooting crystals, like the blades of an ivory-handled penknife, and rosettes and favours fretted of silver on the flat ice. The little cascades in the brook were ornamented with transparent shields, and long candelabrams and spermaceti-coloured fools' caps and plated jellies and white globes, with the black water whirling along transparently underneath. The sun comes out, and all at a glance, rubies, sapphires, diamonds, and emeralds start into intense life on the angles of the snow crystals.

With Thoreau, in one word, everything is seen in relation to human sentiment and fitness. He is a reconciler. His great aim is to recommend Nature to Man — to prove her worthy of the recommendation, and so induce and enhance the idea of individuality — which, in midst of all her masses and mighty generalities, she everywhere faithfully celebrates. Thoreau went to Nature an individualist, and came back the prophet of society, as truly reconstructed, with liberty for its groundwork — but liberty which would give no quarter to licence of any kind. Sobriety, severity, and self-respect, foundation of all true sociality, are his motto. He himself says : —

I think I love society as much as most, and am ready enough to fasten myself like a blood-sucker for the time to any full-blooded man that comes in my way. *I am naturally no hermit*, but might possibly sit out the sturdiest frequenter of the bar-room if my business called me thither.

It was quite consistent with this that he should hate slavery — should speak nobly and unceasingly for the valiant John Brown, of Harper's Ferry. His heart beat true for human rights, though he was wont to speak depreciatingly of professed philanthropists, who were apt to ignore broad distinctions, where he maintained them — distinctions, too, which he held were essential to be recognized in view at once of social well-being and true individuality. In fact Thoreau was a man of high and ready public spirit, though he declined to be interested in the petty machinery of forced and over-heated local politics, just as Emerson tells us that he listened impatiently to news or *bon mots* gleaned from London circles ; and that though he tried to be civil, these anecdotes fatigued him. Wrapt up with his apparent disregard of elegancies, he had with him a marked air of elegance which could consist without accessories. "He was short of stature,

firmly built, of light complexion, serious blue eyes (right well opened), and a grave aspect." So says Emerson, and the portrait given at the opening of the "Excursions" justifies the words. The expression is at once so shrewd, so spiritual — the Yankee traits really there, yet refined away in earnest thought and wise foresight. The eyes so soft and thoughtful, yet so wondrously penetrating, so expressive of sharp mother-wit and kindness and generosity without stint ; the nose so full, and yet so sensitive in the nostril ; the mouth so expressive of resolution and self-respecting calmness ; and the forehead a round, rising arch, bespeaking fervid imagination. Such was Thoreau — one of the most vigorous, independent, and true-hearted of Americans, who would easily have been turned into a martyr, notwithstanding that he held so lightly by formulas. His cutting brusqueness, of which even his dearest friends sometimes made mention, arose out of the seriousness and severity of his nature, which abhorred all triviality and vain conversation, and which, combined with such keen imagination and fiery hatred of wrong as characterized him, is always a main ingredient in heroism. What could be finer than his own account of himself, when he was cast into the State prison, because of that quarrel over the taxes, which he would not pay : —

I saw that if there was a stone wall between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone of all my townsmen had paid my tax. They plainly did not know how to treat me, but behaved like persons who are underbred. In every threat and in every compliment there was a blunder, for they thought that my chief desire was to stand on the other side of that stone wall. I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations, which followed them out again without let or hindrance, and *they* were really all that was dangerous. As they could not reach me, they had resolved to punish my body ; just as boys, if they cannot come at any person at whom they have a grudge, will abuse his dog.

Never was the Puritan idea of freedom of soul better illustrated — unless perhaps by John Bunyan, in Bedford Jail. Thoreau, on a point of right, would have fought, and borne all indignity. In this case his friends came to his rescue, and he went free.

Probably it was this quality of self-suf-

ficiency, associated as it was with such wonderful clearness of aim and skill in finding easy means to attain the end in view, which made Mr. Emerson signalize his practical ability in this regretful strain :—

With his energy and practical ability he seemed born for a great enterprise and for command; and I so much regret the loss of his rare powers of action that I cannot help counting it a fault in him that he had no ambition. Wanting this, instead of engineering for all America, he was the captain of a huckleberry party. Pounding beans is good to the end of pounding empires one of these days; but if at the end of the years it is still one beans! . . .

Of fine sayings his books are full. No more dainty fancy, or power of exactly presenting the image of what lay in his own mind, has any recent writer possessed in greater measure. And a sudden humour, like summer lightning, plays over his pages. We could easily fill many pages; let these few sentences suffice :—

The keeping of bees is like the directing of sunbeams. (Paradise [to be] Regained.)

I say beware of all enterprises that require new clothes, and not rather a new wearer of clothes.

You must have stout legs to get noticed at all by Carlyle . . . He indicates a depth which he neglects to fathom.

In the essay on walking, he says :—

We are but faint-hearted crusaders; even the walkers nowadays undertake no persevering world's-end enterprises. Our expeditions are but tours, and come round again at evening to the old hearth-side from which we set out. Half of the walk is but retracing our steps. We should go forth on the shortest walks, perchance, in the spirit of stirring adventure, never to return,—prepared to send back our embalmed hearts only as relics to our desolate kingdoms. . . . If you have paid your debts, and made your will, and settled all your affairs, and are a free man, then you are ready for a walk.

And in his poems there is often a rarity and chastity of expression, and a quality such as we seldom meet with, as these few specimens will show :—

The little violet
Pencilled with purple on one snowy leaf.

The golden-rod and aster stain the scene
With hue of earth and sky.

The gossamer motionless hung from the spray,
Where the weight of the dewdrops had torn it
away;

And the seed of the thistle, that whisper could
swing,
Aloft on his wheel, as tho' borne on the wing,
When the yellow-bird severed it, dipping across
Its soft plumes unruffled fell down on the moss.

The last butterfly
Like a wing'd violet floating in the meek
Pink-coloured sunshine, sinks his velvet feet,
Within the pillared mulleins' delicate down.

We take leave of Thoreau with lingering regret, conscious that to have unfolded his character and aims fully would have required an abler pen than ours, and also far larger space than is allotted to us. His character was like those seaside flowers which smell the sweeter and grow the purer in that they are touched by the rough sea-salt.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

CHAPTER II. (CONTINUED.)

I DO not believe that a woman ever sullied by vice would have been capable of the moral impression to which this woman had been made subject. I think that the natural consciousness (rather than conscience) of the vicious, coincides curiously with common law in this respect,—giving, with a bitterness of natural scorn—to which conventional interpretations give the aspect of a privilege and advantage—no fatherhood to the vicious man, and but one parent to the child of shame. Purity alone recognizes the right on both sides; though law stops short with insolent opposition to nature, and robs the virtuous woman as it robs, justly, the vicious man. How long it was before it dawned upon the woman of whom I speak, in the confusion of her uninstructed thoughts, in the bewildered silence of her ignorant soul, that she had robbed the father of her children in taking both of them, I cannot tell; nor how long in her absolute solitude, with no one to counsel or even to understand what was in her mind, she fought against the idea; but at last it had become too strong for her. To my thinking there could be no such unanswerable argument to prove that she had remained an uncontaminated wife; and now the long-debated question had come to its hardest point, its most limited compass—which was she to give and which to keep, of the two who were all in all to her? Which was she to give away?

Poor soul! she had done much that was very foolish, and much that was wrong (but that because she knew no better) in her life. She had been a trouble to many better people than herself. She had spoiled one other existence as well as her own, and thrown a cloud upon several lives—all without knowing much what she was doing,—without meaning it—out of ignorance. Now here she sat, absolute arbitress of two lives more, able to determine their course almost as she pleased, yet as ignorant as ever—as little aware of the real character of her responsibility. If ever woman merited pity, this poor woman did—not only to give up one of her children, but to choose which to give up. Her brain, so dull, yet so keen as it was, became, as it were, suffused with a mist of pain; her head grew giddy, a film came before her eyes; a sense of the intolerable overwhelmed her—that terrible sensation which makes your very being reel like a drunken thing, that you cannot bear that which you know you must bear, whatever happens. She put down her throbbing head into her hands. To keep silent for that terrible moment—not to cry out and writhe, as this sword went through her heart, was all that she could do.

She was a tall young woman, with a fine, elastic, well-developed figure, looking about thirty, but not so old. Her features were very fine and regular: the great, restless, unquiet, dark eyes flashed out of deep caverns which seemed to have been hollowed out by pain or passion rather than by time. Any delicacy of complexion or youthful bloom which she had ever possessed must have been long gone, for her skin was burned to one uniform tint of reddish brown—the colour of exposure, of health and vigour, but of that vigour and health which are purchased by all the severities of an outdoor life. No one could see her once without looking again, without wondering over so much beauty accompanied by so little attractiveness. She had vagrant written in every line of her fine form and miserable dress. But notwithstanding this, there was that in her abstract look, always busy with something else than the thing immediately before her—in a certain careless calm of manner, and indifference to all surrounding her, which, I think, would have made the most abandoned of men hesitate ere he offered any rudeness to this strange vagrant. She had a wedding-ring on her finger—that

was no great matter, for it is easy to show to the world that ensign of respectability; but there was something more trustworthy in her look and presence, the passionless abstraction of her air. In her rough dress, with her outdoor look, her hard hands, her strange beauty scarcely on the wane, she was protected from every shadow of insult by the stony purity of her looks. Such a woman might be miserable enough, but wanton never.

There were dreary red curtains half drawn over the window, and the dingy blind was partially drawn down, leaving little light in the miserable room, even had the sky been bright; and it was now darkening towards night. It was the physical cold, I think—that discomfort which always makes itself doubly felt when the mind is weighed down with trouble—which roused her to the sense that what she had to do must be done quickly. She rose up and wandered, tottering, round and round the bed—first to one side, then to the other, asking herself that heart-rending question, Which? The children lay there in the pretty grace of childish *abandon*. One little fellow had kicked off unawares his muddy boot, which fell to the ground, and startled her so that she put her hands to her panting side, and did not recover the shock for some moments. He was the fair child of the two, and lay like a little white angel with his dimpled hands stretched above his head in the perfect grace of infant sleep. The other was almost as dark as his brother was fair; his black curly locks were ruffled up from his bold forehead, his little arms folded on his breast, his rose-mouth shut close with unconscious resoluteness—though it might be but the mother's sick fancy which saw this expression on the little face. They were beautiful children both, with a general resemblance to each other; yet very unlike,—one so blonde, and the other so dark, one so delicately gentle in his aspect, the other bold and handsome like a little gipsy prince. Poor soul! what words can I use to describe the agony of choice with which this unhappy woman hung over them? But she made no choice at all—how could she? Suddenly, in passionate quick decision of her fate and his, she snatched the dark child into her arms—not because she loved him best, nor because he was the eldest, nor for any other reasonable motive under heaven. Only because the other, God help her! had kicked off his

boot upon the floor. In such a terrible choice, what but the most fantastic chance, the wildest hazard, can tell upon a mind distraught? She caught him up to her with anxious care not to wake him, which contrasted strangely with the passion and misery in her face. Once having done it, nature itself demanded that no moment should be lost. She gathered him closely into her arms, wrapt her shawl round him, and leaving the other on the bed, went swiftly and silently down the dark stairs, and out into the night.

If any one had spoken to her or touched her, I believe the poor distracted creature would have gone mad or fallen into dead unconsciousness; for nature was strained in her almost to the furthest limit: but no one saw or interfered, or knew what was being done. She never looked at the boy again, but held him fast and hurried on. He was a child of seven years old, but small and light; in her vigorous arms — she was as strong as a man, as light and rapid as a savage — he was as a feather's weight. She went away with him unnoticed, wrapping her poor shawl round him to keep him from the rain, through the muddy roads, in the storm and dusky twilight. Merran Miller, the smith's wife, shutting her door in the darkening, when the rain began to blow in, saw the dark figure pass, and said to herself that Jean Macfarlane had sent the beggar-wife away; and oh! what a night it was to travel, even for the like of her! "But what's come o' the bairns?" she asked herself; then shut the door, and went in, and stirred her fire, and put on her kettle. The beggar-wife and her bairns were no concern of hers.

"The beggar-wife" went swiftly up by the dark Eskside beneath the trees, that waved overhead like spirits in pain. She was blinded with the rain, not with tears, for her eyes were dry and refused to shed more. Her limbs trembled under her, but her wild heart and purpose did not fail. After a time she came back again alone, without her burden. The dark branches still tossed against the pale sky, and kept on their passionate struggle against the elements; but the forlorn human creature who tottered along underneath, swift but unsteady, beaten about by the wind, drenched by the rain, too miserable to feel either, had lost all sense of struggle. The lassitude of soul which comes after a great act accomplished was in her. She went like a

ghost across the bridge, where no one now was visible, so much had the storm increased, and up the further end of the village street. Jean Macfarlane was sitting with her guests in the little room down-stairs, drinking with them, and filling the air with her loud excited voice and torrent of words. There was no one in the passage or stair to note the dark figure gliding back to the room which no one had cared to notice since she entered it. It was dark, but she required no light. The other child, he who remained her only one, lay still as she had left him. She put down her face upon his warm flushed cheek; she lifted him tenderly on her lap, and put on his little boot, and soothed him when he woke and cried in the dark, and clung to her. "Mother's here! — mother's here!" she murmured, crooning to him, poor wretched hopeless soul! with the voice of a dove in her nest. Then she took him too in her arms, and going down-stairs stopped the dirty maid who was Jean Macfarlane's whole staff of service, and paid for the poor refreshment she had had. "You're no going on sic a night?" said the girl; "and whaur's the other wee laddie?" "He has gone on before," said the mother. "We are going to meet the coach at Loanhead." "Then you'll have to be awfu' quick," cried the girl compassionate. "Poor wee man! what a night to be out in! Here's a piece to give them when you're in the coach; but oh, woman, tak' pity on the bairns, and bide till the morn. It's enough to give them their death."

"I cannot stay — good night," cried the stranger, passing out. The good-natured lass, though she was dirty, looked after her, shaking an unkempt head, and twisting up as she did so an elf-lock which had fallen out of the poor hold of her deficient hair-pins. "Eh, these tramps, what an awfu' life!" Jess said to herself, comparing her own position with that of the wanderer, with a thrill of superior comfort and well-being. She paused to fasten up the refractory lock before she followed to the door to look out after the departing guest; but by that time the darkness had swallowed her up, and nothing was visible except the wild sweeping rain, which came down in a sheet, visible across the blackness of the night, like the warp of a sable web. "Lord save us! sic a night to be out in! and oh thae pur weans!" cried Jess, with a grimy tear in the corner of her eye.

The stranger and her child got into the coach at Loanhead, but they did not reach Edinburgh in that respectable conveyance. Somewhere in the outskirts of the town they managed to drop out of the coach, leaving the money for their fare on the damp seat which their wet clothes had soaked. "A queer customer yon, but an awfu' honest woman!" the coachman said, with mingled wonder and admiration. It was still scarcely night, though so much had happened since it begun to grow dark. The vagrant found her way to some haunt of vagrants such as I do not know, and have no chance of being able to describe, and there passed the night safe from all search or possibility of pursuit, encompassed by securities and precautions which can only be made perfect by a class at war with society. She herself had done no crime so far as any one knew; but the instinctive suspicion of a race accustomed to shelter from the eye of justice kept her safe. Notwithstanding the hue and cry that was raised after her, she went on her way as secure as any woman could be, and got back to England with her boy, and disappeared among the mysterious fastnesses of her class, not to reappear or be heard of for years. Poor soul! she had left no traces behind her by which she could be recognized. Even in Jean Macfarlane's house the instinct of caste was roused to cover her retreat. "A woman with a wean? Am I to remark a' the women with weans that come and gang afore my door—there's ower mony o' them, far ower mony! I've something better to do than to glower at women," cried the mistress of the place. "There was but ane here—a real decent person, with twa bairns. She took them baith away with her, safe and sound, and got the coach at Loanhead," said Jess. "What like was she? How am I to tell that never saw her but in her bannet? A' that I can tell you was that she sighed sair, mair like a moan than a sigh. She was a real decent woman," cried good-hearted Jess. And this was all her history and description—all by which she could be identified among others. The prolonged investigations that were made disclosed nothing more.

CHAPTER III.

THE hall at Rossraig was large and long: there was a great fireplace in it, from which came a feeble gleam of fire-light. A large lamp swinging from the raftered roof, threw but a moderate light in-

to its great height and space; but upon a side-table a candle was flaring, its long waving flame blown about by the movement in the air, which had not yet subsided after the opening of the door. A group of servants who had been crowding round some unseen object in the corner dispersed hastily as Lady Eskside was seen descending the stair, but only to hang about behind-backs waiting the interpretation of the mystery. One person only, an old and confidential servant, kept her place near the door, round which there was a wide stain of wet made by the rain, which had burst in when it was opened. Lady Eskside went forward bewildered, not perceiving what it was she had been called to see; and it was not till a sick disappointment had begun to creep over her that the old lady found out the central object on which all eyes were turned. On the great skin mat which lay between the door and the wall stood something so small and dark as to be almost undistinguishable, till the light caught a glimmer and sparkle from a pair of eyes low down, gleaming out of a little pale and scared face. Lady Eskside went slowly forward, bracing herself for something, she knew not what. When she caught the gleam of those eyes, she stood still and uttered a sudden cry.

A child stood there, with its feet buried in the long skin of the mat, backing closely into the corner for support, half frightened, half defiant. Tears were standing in those great eyes, and hanging on the pale little cheek—the lip was ready to quiver at a moment's notice; but still he confronted the novel world in which he found himself with a certain defiance. The old lady, who felt all her dreams and hopes suddenly realized at the first glance, went nearer to him, with tremulous excitement, and stooped down over the child. Her whole frame was trembling—a mist obscured her eyes. "Who are you?—who are you?" she cried. "Oh, who are you?" then stopping short as the frightened look got the mastery on the child's face, and his lip began to quiver, she changed her tone with a wonderful effort, and dropped down upon her knees on the mat to bring herself on a level with him. Lady Eskside saw in the little face more than any one else could see, and knew him, as she said afterwards, at once. "My bonnie man!" she cried, "my poor little man, nobody will hurt you. What is your name, and who brought you here? You are safe—quite safe—and nobody will

harm you. Who are you, and who brought you here?"

The child made a pause — he was struggling proudly against his inclination to cry; and there was breathless silence in the hall as if some great revelation had been about to be made. Then a small whimpering voice, with tears in it, made itself audible, "I am — Val," it said.

Lady Eskside rose up as if by some force which she could not resist. She turned upon Mary Percival, and the group of servants beyond, with uplifted hands, calling their attention imperatively though for the moment she could not speak. Then her voice broke forth, choked and hoarse, "Val! Mary, you hear, you hear! Did not I know it? Val! Oh, at last, at last!"

Then all at once she grew quiet, and knelt down trembling upon the mat. "My bonnie little man!" she said, half weeping, "tell me again. Val — Val what? And, oh, who was it brought you here?"

"Nobody don't call me nothing but Val," said the child. "Mammy brought me. Not for no harm. She's gone back for Dick."

"Ah!" Lady Eskside's breath seemed to stop. She put out one hand behind her, and plucked blindly at Mary Percival's dress. "Your mammy has gone back — for — Dick?"

"He's down at the village," said the child, keeping his eyes fixed upon her with the watchfulness of terror. "He's asleep. I've got to wait for mammy. She put me in out of the rain. I'll be good till mammy comes. Oh, don't let him touch me! I ain't come for no harm."

Harding the butler had approached nearer, anxious to bring his superior cleverness to his mistress's aid; and it was this movement which made the little fellow back further into his corner, holding up one small arm before his face as if to ward off a blow. A precocious knowledge of danger and a precocious desperation of baby courage glimmered in his frightened but excited eyes. "I won't touch nobody if you'll let me alone," he cried.

"Stand back, Harding," cried Lady Eskside; and then she laid her soft old hand upon the child's raised arm, which yielded to her touch. "Nobody will harm you here, my poor little bonnie man. Oh, look at him! look at him, Mary! Is it my old een that deceive me? Is it from having always one idea

in my head? But you are not half-crazy like me. Mary, try to forget the name and everything else. Look at his face!"

Mary Percival stood close behind, as much moved in her way, though with feelings very different from those of her old friend. Instead of the love and yearning in Lady Eskside's heart, there was something which felt like half-hatred — a repugnance for which she detested herself — in the intense interest with which she had watched every look and movement of the little alien creature. Her voice was low and choked as she replied, as if the words were extracted from her, "I am looking at him. He is dark — not fair — like — his father. He has different eyes. Oh, Lady Eskside, what can I say? Everything else is Richard — everything; and I don't wish to think so like you."

I do not believe that Lady Eskside heard these last words, which were foreign to the passionate tenderness and joy in her own mind. She heard only so much as chimed in with her own thoughts. "Mary sees it too!" she said, with a low outcry of such emotion as cannot be put into words. She was still on her knees in the attitude of prayer. With one hand she held the child fast, and with the other she covered her face. Some low sounds, but they were not audible words, came from her as she knelt — sounds which no one around knew, yet all understood by the strange sentiment of mingled anguish and rapture there was in them. Then she rose up, shaken and agitated, yet all her vigorous self.

"Harding," she said, "you'll stay here and watch — till — she comes back. For God's sake take care what you do. You must not scare her, or send her away; or go out yourself down the avenue, and let your wife stay here. It's a matter of life and death. Marg'ret, you hear all I say." This was to the housekeeper, Harding's wife. "Keep the house quiet; no noise, no excitement; but watch and be ready. Let one of the women prepare the green rooms, and light fires; and Joseph can bring me wine and some milk for the children. Oh, thank God that I can say such a word! You'll show — *her* — every respect. Marg'ret, Marg'ret, you know what I mean —"

"Oh, yes, my lady — yes! I see it a'," cried the housekeeper; "but it will be too much for you."

"Joy's never hard to bear," said Lady Eskside, with a smile. "My bonnie boy!"

come with me—you are not afraid of me?”

The child looked at her with his great eyes, which fright and novelty and the paleness of his little face made twice their usual size. “Richard never had eyes like these,” Miss Percival said to herself; but it would have been cruel, indeed, to have said this aloud. He paused a moment irresolute, and then gave a wild glance at the door, as if the impulse of flight was the strongest; then he put his little cold hand, half-reluctantly, into the soft white hand held out for it. The old lady looked round upon them all with a glow of triumph indescribable; how her hand closed upon those little tremulous fingers! She marched to the door of the dining-room, which was nearest, her whole figure expanding like some Roman woman in a victor’s procession. What battle had she won? what enemy had she conquered? Mary, full of strange agitation, followed her, wondering, tremulous, excited, but always with a certain repugnance, into the warm room, all ruddy and cheerful with light from the fire.

And then a sudden change, strange to be seen, came upon this old Volumnia, this heroic matron in her triumph. She sat down by the fire, in the great chair where her old lord had been sitting over his wine half an hour before, and gathered up the child into her lap, and turned at once as by the touch of a wand into the old mother, the mere woman, all whose instincts culminated in simple maternity. Perhaps her delicate old hands had never touched anything so muddy and rough before; but she was totally unconscious of this as she set the shivering wet little figure upon her satin lap, and began to unlace and draw off his wet boots. Lady Eskside was a proud woman, fastidious in everything she approached or handled; but she undid the muddy leather laces, and pulled off the dirty little boots, and stained her worn and fine old hands, so delicately white and dainty, without hesitation, even without a thought. She held the child close to her, murmuring over him unconscious sounds of endearment, like a dove in her nest. “My little man! my bonnie little man! — Put out your poor wee feetie to the fire—how cold they are, the poor wee pilgrim feet—and how far they’ve wandered! but this is home, my darling, this is home!—And so they call you Val!—Oh, my bonnie boy, to be out in such a night—they call you Val? and your

brother is Dick—oh, may God keep my heart that I may not die of joy!”

The child sat on her knee with all the gravity of his age, and heard everything, but made no response. I think the weariness and the unusual comfort began alike to tell upon him; the cheerful light dazzled his eyes, the warmth crept into his baby limbs, and even the excitement and strange novelty of his position were not enough at seven years old to counteract these subduing influences. By-and-by his little eyes began to wink as he gazed into the fire and felt the drowsy spell of the genial warmth. When Joseph brought the tray, he took the piece of cake which was put into his hand, and ate it slowly, gazing and winking at the fire. Then his head began to droop against Lady Eskside’s breast. With an effort he opened his eyes at intervals, fixing them severely as if they could never close again, upon the fire, then gradually subdued by the warmth shut them altogether, and half turning towards her, nestled his head upon the old lady’s shoulder. As his curls fell finally into this resting place, Lady Eskside turned to Mary with an unspeakable look: “He knows them that belong to him,” she said in a whisper. Her arms encircled him with that delight of protecting maternity which goes through all the levels of creation. It was but the hen gathering her chickens under her wing—yet God himself can find no tenderer simile. All expression, save that last supreme beatitude which borders upon vacuity, went out of her face. She forgot every thing around her—the past, the future, her duties of the present. Everything in the world had become suddenly concentrated to her in this action, which was no more elevated than that of a bird in her nest, this watch which secured warmth, slumber, and safety to the child.

Miss Percival sat on the other side of the great dining-table and gazed at her old friend with that mixture of irritation, wonder, and reluctant sympathy which provokes and tantalizes a friendly soul when watching some novel exhibition of human weakness. She could not understand Lady Eskside’s instant adoption into her very heart of the strange little unknown creature, dropped from the skies or by the winds, unseen and unknown until this moment, and which might be a little demon in human form for aught that any one knew. And yet she did understand in a way which made her irritation

rather greater than less. Mary was not very clever, not very remarkable in any way; but she was herself — thinking and feeling according to her own nature and principles, and not according to any conventional model. She did not possess that sugary sweetness of disposition or those very ethereal Christian sentiments which put aside all personal consciousness of wrong and seem to prefer injury. Richard Ross had been, if not her lover, at least so indicated by every family prepossession, so prepared by training and association to be her eventual husband, that his sudden and strange marriage had given a shock to her nerves and moral nature from which she had never recovered. I cannot tell if she had ever been what people call “in love” with him. If she had, her love had never taken full shape and form, but had lingered insidiously about her heart, prepared, by every indication of her young life, and every probability of the future, to come into being at a touch. This touch was given in another way when Richard disappeared into the nameless obscurity and shame that surrounded his marriage. Her whole being received the shock, and received it without warning or preparation. It changed the aspect of all mankind to her, more perhaps than it changed her feeling towards Richard. He it was who had inflicted the wound, but its effects were not confined to him. She was the gentlest creature in existence, but her pride was roused against the whole world, in which outward appearances seem ever to gain the day, and the still and unpretending are held of no account. Instead of making the more (after these reflections) of the simple beauty she possessed, which was of a very attractive kind, though moderate in degree, or taking the good of her real advantages, Mary had done what many proud gentlewomen do — she had retired doubly into herself after the shock she received. She had withdrawn from society, and society, heedless, had gone on its way and paid little attention to the withdrawal: so that the penalties fell not at all upon it, but upon herself. She was still young, between six and seven and twenty; but something of the aspect which that same mocking and careless world calls that of an old maid, was stealing imperceptibly upon her. Her pride, though so natural, thus told doubly against her — for people who were incapable of understanding the shock she had received or the revulsion of her proud and delicate heart, called her, with light

laughter, a disappointed woman, foiled in her attempt to secure a husband. Many of us who ought to know much better use such words in thoughtless levity every day. I need not enter into the circumstances which, on this night of all others, had brought Mary to Rosscraig, and recalled to her mind, through Lady Eskside’s story, many sharp and painful memories which she had partially succeeded in banishing from her thoughts. I do not think that this rush of recollection had the effect of moving her to any enthusiasm for Richard’s child. The strange bitterness of scorn with which she learned what kind of woman that was who had been preferred to herself, moved not the best part of her nature; for Mary, as I have said, was not sweetness and gentleness personified, but a genuine human creature, not all good. Perhaps the very strength of her antagonistic feelings, and the absence of any general maudlin sympathy with everything pitiful presented to her, made her all the more certain that the child was Richard’s child, the child of the tramp whom Richard had admired and loved more than herself; an interest which was half repugnance attracted her eyes and her thoughts to this little creature, who was assuredly no stranger, no impostor, but the very flesh and blood which might have been her own. Yes, he might have been her child — and the blood ran tingling with shame, anger, pride, and dislike to Mary’s very finger-tips, as this thought flashed through her mind. She sat and watched him, falling asleep on Lady Eskside’s knee, with the strangest aching mixture of irritation and interest. She was half envious, half impatient of the strange beatitude and absorption with which her old friend held the boy, throwing her own very being into him — the child who had been stolen away from all lawful life and protection, who had lived among outcasts, a beggar, a baby-adventurer, the child of a tramp! How could that proud old woman take him out of hands so stained, and take him to her pure and honourable breast? Poor Mary was not quite responsible for the hot anger, the unjust condemnation of this thought; these angry feelings surged up-permost as the worst of us always does, to the surface of her agitated soul.

The lamp had been placed in a corner, so as not to disturb the child’s sleep, and the room formed a dark background to that group, which was relieved against the dusky glow of the fire. Silence was in

the house, sometimes interrupted by a stealthy suggestive creaking of the great door, as Mrs. Harding from time to time looked out into the night. The winds still raged without, and the rain swept against the window, filling the air with a continuous sound. Soon that stealthy noise outside, which betrayed the watchers who were on the outlook for the mother's return with the other child, affected Mary with a sympathetic suspense. Her imagination rushed out to meet the new-comer, to realize her appearance. Richard's wife! She could not sit still and think of this new figure on the scene. If the woman came Mary felt that she must withdraw; she would not meet her — she could not! and this feeling made her eagerly anxious for the appearance of the stranger who excited such wild yet causeless antagonism in her own mind. She went to the window and drew aside the curtain and gazed out — that she might see her approach, she said to herself, and escape out of the way. Time went on, and Lady Eskside, worn out with emotion, and hushed by happiness, dozed too, I think, in the easy-chair with the sleeping child on her lap, while Miss Percival stood, with every sense awake, watching the dark avenue through the window. And I do not know how long it was before, all at once, another conviction took possession of her — which was the true one — that Richard's wife had no intention of coming back. This thought came to Mary in a moment, as if some one had said it in her ear. Had some one said it? Was it a mysterious communication made to her somehow, from one soul to another through the darkness of that night which hid the speaker, which had fallen upon the child's mother like a veil? Miss Percival sank, almost fell, down upon the chair, on which she had been kneeling in her eagerness to look out. She was startled and shaken, yet calmed, with sensations incomprehensible to her. She sat still and listened, but without any further expectation. A strange dim realization of the unknown creature of whom she had been thinking hard thoughts came into her mind. Was she too, then, an independent being, with a heart which could be wrung, and a mind capable of suffering? — not merely Mary's rival, Mary's antagonist, a type of lower nature and coarser impulse. The wind abated, the rain cleared off, the silent minutes crept on, but no one came to the house where all except the old lord were listening and watching. Mary, roused at

length, stirred up in all her own energies by this conviction, felt that doubt was no longer possible. The unknown mother had given this remorseful tribute to the house she had despoiled, but had kept her share and would appear no more.

"Dear Lady Eskside," she said, laying her hand on her old friend's shoulder. "Don't you think it would be better to let Mrs. Harding put him to bed?"

"Eh? Is it you, Mary? What were you saying? I do not feel sure," said Lady Eskside, looking up with a smile, "that I was not dozing myself upon the bairn's head. Put him to his bed? it would perhaps be the best thing, as you say; but I cannot give him over to Harding, I will carry him upstairs myself."

"Rather give him to me," said Mary; "he is too heavy for you. I will take him to the old nursery —"

"Where his father and you have played many a day," said Lady Eskside, with a smile which was weak with happiness. "Oh, my dear, my dear! but how different our thoughts were then!" Here she saw a contraction upon Mary's face which gave her a note of warning. "Call the women, Mary," she added, hurriedly. "I have lost count of time. *She* should have been here by now with the other one. Oh! but I can never love him like this one, that has slept on my bosom like a child of my own, and crept into my heart."

"She has not come. She does not mean to come," said Mary; but she spoke low, and Lady Eskside did not mark what she said. Her own mind was filled to overflowing with her new possession, and no real anxiety about the other one or about the mother existed for the moment in her mind. "Jean, take this darling in your arms — softly, softly," she said to the maid. "You are a strong, good girl, and you will carry him kindly. Don't waken my bonnie boy. I'll go with you up-stairs and see him put to bed."

And, absorbed in this new occupation, she hurried upstairs after Jean, giving a hundred warnings — to lay his head comfortably — to hold him faster — to throw her apron about his little feet — like a foolish old mother, half beside herself with love and happiness. She could think of nothing but the lost treasure restored; and I might spend pages on the description before I could tell you with what renewal of all old and dead joys she watched the maid's anxious but vain attempts to prepare the child for bed without awakening him, and to soothe him when he stirred and pushed them away with his

rosy feet, and murmured whimpering childish objections to everything that was being done for him. In this unlooked for fulness of joy, she forgot everything else in the world.

CHAPTER IV.

LORD ESKSIDE was a homely representative of Scotch aristocracy. He was as proud as Lucifer in his own way, but that way was quaint and unsuspected by strangers; and his outward appearance and manners, and the principles he professed, were even humorously homely and almost demerical. Pretension of any kind moved him to an exaggeration of this natural homeliness; though when his dignity was really touched nobody could be more decided in his treatment of the vulgar, whom on ordinary occasions he seemed to incline towards, and to whom, so long as they made no fictitious claims to importance, he was whimsically friendly and indulgent. He had many other paradoxical sentiments about him. Being a high Tory by tradition and born belief, it happened to him now and then to take up a trenchant Radical theory, which he clung to with the obstinacy of his race, and would carry out in the most uncompromising manner. He was keenly intelligent when he chose; but when he did not choose, no lout in the village could be more thickheaded than the old lord, nor show greater need to have everything "summered and wintered" to him, as Lady Eskside often impatiently said. He had strong feelings, but they lay very deep, and were seldom exhibited to the common eye, his own consciousness of their existence showing itself chiefly in a hasty determination to avoid all means of moving them, which gave many ignorant persons the impression that our old lord was an ill-tempered man. He was impatient, I allow, and resented all long and slow explanations, except when it happened to be his caprice to put on the air of requiring them. He was a little man, with lively hazel eyes gleaming out from overhanging grizzled eyebrows, and many people were afraid of his sharp retorts and ruthless questions; not a man with whom, you may be sure, sentimental considerations would weigh much — or at least who would permit it to be seen how much they weighed.

He was very much startled when he heard what had happened — so much startled that he received the tale in comparative silence, half stupefied by the

strange incident; and allowed himself to be led by his wife to the side of the bed where the child slept profoundly, almost without a word of remark. He stood and gazed at it, his keen eyes twinkling from beneath their heavy eyebrows, and his under lip working, as it habitually did when he was moved by any feeling which he did not choose to show. But he uttered nothing more than an unintelligible "humph!" and instead of sympathizing with Lady Eskside's excitement, her tearful enthusiasm, and the tumult of agitation in which she was, turned away almost without response, and went off to his study, where he had been painfully busy with calculations and cogitations over the "Journal of Agriculture;" for he was a great farmer, and just then deeply occupied with the question of manures, a study of thrilling and delicate interest. He tried to resume these studies, but for this his philosophy did not suffice. He sat down, however, by his table as before, and, with his periodical open before him — working his under lip, which projected slightly, and bending his brows — gave his mind to this new problem, which was more astounding than anything in agriculture. After a while he rose and rang the bell. It was answered by Harding, the English butler, who had been in Lord Eskside's service for thirty years, and knew all about the family as an old servant knows — that is, rather more than there is to know. The fact, however, that Harding was English, gave a certain peculiarity to the connection between himself and his old master, who was equally ready to hold him up to admiration as "a good solid Englishman, not troubling himself about whimsies," or to denounce him as "a doited English body, never understanding the one-half of what you said to him." Lord Eskside had a mingled trust in Harding and contempt for him, which I do not think he could have entertained for a countryman of his own. "Harding," he said, "come in and shut the door. I suppose you know all that's happened in the house to-night. You should have called me. Haven't I always told you to call me when anything out of the way occurred?"

"My lord," said Harding, not without agitation, "there has never nothing happened much out of the way before. When I did call your lordship the night of the fire in the laundry, your lordship said I was a doited old fool — and how was I to know —?"

"That will do," said Lord Eskside;

"you needn't recriminate. The thing I want to know is about this child. How did it come? who brought it? My lady has told me something, but I want your account. Now take your time, and begin at the beginning. — Who brought the boy here?"

"My lord, if I were to die this moment," Harding began —

"Idiot! what would you die for this moment?" cried the old lord; "and if you did die, what information would I get from that? Begin at the beginning, I tell you: what happened? none of your adjurations. What do you *know*?"

"If your lordship will let me speak," said Harding, aggrieved. "I don't know from Adam who brought him. It was close upon dark, and the storm raging. I thought it was nothing but the wind that swept in, and a blast of rain that came full in my face. There hasn't been such a wind that I recollect since the year Mr. Richard went first to college — when there was a awful storm, as your lordship may remember —"

"Never mind the storm," said Lord Eskside, with an effort of patience, "think a little. — When did this occur? Fix upon the hour. Now — that's something definite. We'll get on from that."

"*That* there can be no doubt about, my lord," said Harding, promptly. "The bell was ringing for the servants' hall supper — which made it a little hard at first to hear the door-bell. We has our supper sharp at nine —"

"Trust him to mind his times of eating!" ejaculated Lord Eskside: "an Englishman never forgets that.")

"— And just then the door-bell rang. Not expecting nobody, I was a little scared-like. I said to myself, 'Who's this a-coming at this time of the night?' and I called to Mrs. 'Arding —"

"Lordsake, man, never mind your thoughts or your Mrs. Harding! get on."

"I called to Mrs. 'Arding, my lord," said the butler, solemnly, "to wait and see who it was afore they went in to supper. It might have been visitors unexpected, as I've known to arrive all in a 'eap and never a room ready. It might have been Mr. Richard, as is always particular. Beg your lordship's pardon, that was what passed through my 'ead. Then them as was outside rang again. I'm a bit confused with all that's 'appened. It was that loud that it sounded like the day of judgment —"

"There are to be no bells that ever I

heard of at the day of judgment," said his master; "leave metaphors, man, and give me facts — that's all I want."

"Then they got to knocking on the door, my lord — not using the knocker like people as knows. I ain't superstitious, though I've heard tales enough to make your hair stand up on your head since I've been in the north — warnings and that sort. But I did say to myself, if so be it's for his lordship or my lady — spirits being in the family, so to speak — Was it something else your lordship was pleased to want?"

"Send for your wife," growled Lord Eskside, who had rung the bell violently, and now stood impatient on the hearth with his back to the fire, working his projecting lip and shaggy eyebrows. This was so very common an interruption of the more important interviews between master and man, that Mrs. Harding came without further call, not sorry of the opportunity of getting rid of a little of her own excitement, and very anxious to know, in a matter of so much moment, "what my lord would say."

"Look here," said her master. "What did he see? Not a word can I get out of him but havers. What did the man see? I suppose you were there too, like all the rest of the house — like everybody, in short, except myself. What did he see?"

"He saw naething, my lord, that I can make out," said the housekeeper; "just the door dung open in his face with the wind and a good push from the outside. It's been a wild night, and the sounds of the storm were awfu' confusing even to the like of me. So far as I can discover, there was just something thrown inside, and a blast of weet, and the big door snatched out of his hand and clashed to, and all in a moment before he could say a word. That's a' that I can make out. I was in the servant's passage myself listening and wondering, and a' in a tremble with the thoughts of visitors or waur. He didna say a word but gaed a kind of skreigh, and I kent something had happened. When I ran into the hall, and a' the women after me — for ye ken the story of the Eskside warning, my lord, as well as me — there was the wean standing up in the corner against the wa', and him there glow'ring at it as if the bonnie bit laddie was a ghaist."

"And that's all?"

"That's all, my lord, as far as I can find cut — he says he saw a figure, but what kind of a figure —"

"It was a woman wrapped in* a cloak," said Harding, somewhat sullenly — "I was coming to that; a tall figure of a woman, not like nobody I know — a sort of a beggar — a tramp."

"Would you know her again, if you saw her?" asked Lord Eskside.

"As for that, my lord — I see as she had black hair hanging down, and something red twisted round her neck,— a roughish sort of a woman. She caught hold of the door and shut it in my face," said Harding, roused to energy, "though she was the one as was outside and me in —"

"And said nothing — you are sure she said nothing?"

"Not a word, my lord. I called out to her, 'Hollo! 'old 'ard!'" said Harding; "but she didn't pay no attention. She took hold of the door, and dragged it out of my hand. It's true as I was taken by surprise and didn't put out my strength."

"A muckle strong randy of a woman," said Mrs. Harding. "I think I maun have seen her the other day down by the lodge, with a bairn tied on her back in a shawl;" then suddenly perceiving her mistake, she added, "no that such a quean could have anything to do with — with our wee gentleman, if my lady's right; and she's aye right," the housekeeper continued, in a lower tone, with keen eyes fixed on the old lord. Mrs. Harding knew her master and mistress, and flattered herself that she had no small influence with them; but part of her power, like that of many other popular oracles, consisted in her vivid perception of the variations in the minds of her employers, whom she often seemed to lead by means of prompt and instantaneous following. She was herself very much excited, very doubtful and uncertain about this strange event; and she watched her master with a sharpness of observation which proved the urgency of the case. As for Lord Eskside, he stood knitting his brow, and forgetting, or at least ignoring, the pair who stood, one sharply, and one dully, attentive, awaiting his next observation. When he spoke, his utterance was sharp and sudden — the abrupt issue of a long deliberation.

"Have you any reason to suppose that this — person — this woman — has been haunting the place? You say you saw her down at the lodge?"

"I saw a — beggar-wife," said the housekeeper, subdued; "but on second thoughts, my lord —"

"D — second thoughts!" cried her

master, impatiently; then turning to her husband, — "and you, Harding, had you ever seen her before?"

Harding paused; he balanced himself first on one leg and then on the other; he scratched his puzzled head, fixing his old master with his eyes, in the hope that this precaution would guard him against an outburst. "Seen her before, your lordship?" Harding said, finally, with caution; "I've seen — a many like her —"

"Fool! can't you answer a plain question?" cried his master, furious. "Had you seen *her* before? could you recognize *her* again?"

"My lord, I'm no wanting to interfere out of a woman's sphere," said the housekeeper. "You ken better than me, both your lordship and *him*; but if you'll just consider — He saw her one moment, nae mair. He was sair taken by surprise; it was dark, and the wind blowing wild, and the rain in his face. You should see the hall a' weet where it came in — and just one moment, my lord! If it had been myself he would scarce have kent me. And his een are no so shairp as they once were, your lordship well knows."

"Oh ay, Marg'ret, I know; you take his part whatever happens —"

"And wha but me should take his part, when he's my man?" said the housekeeper triumphantly. As soon as she had brought that reluctant impatient smile momentarily to her master's face, she was safe, she knew. Lord Eskside stood lost in his own thoughts for some time before he dismissed them, forgetting their existence, though to them he was the centre of the earth, and could not be forgotten. When at last, coming to himself abruptly, he waved his hand and muttered something about the night being too far spent for further action, the pair left the room with very different sentiments. Harding, who had not yet recovered the discomfort of his watch in the wet avenue, was too thankful to be spared further trouble to disturb himself with any questions; but his wife, more interested, partly from her deeper concern in all that affected the family, and partly, perhaps, from mere feminine pre-occupation with the mystery, was by no means satisfied. "Is my lady right?" she kept saying to herself; and put the evidence together with that strange ability and clear-headedness which family servants, whose entire intelligence is absorbed in the facts of a family history, so often show. My lady was generally

right — at least her opinions were generally approved and adopted by the household, which comes to much the same thing; but there was a huge gulf of doubt before her, which Mrs. Harding contemplated with a disquieted mind. How could this beggar's brat be the heir of Eskside? He was like the Rosses; he was called by their favourite name — “a daftlike name, no doubt, and out of the common,” the housekeeper acknowledged to herself; but yet the difficulties overbalanced the probabilities in the judgment of this keen though homely observer. She drove her husband nearly frantic by dwelling upon the subject all the night long. “It ain't none of our business,” said Harding; “trust my lord and my lady to mind themselves; it ain't got nothing to say to us.” He was very glad to get rid of so troublesome a question, and to mind his work, as he said; for a better servant, as both his master and mistress often declared, was not to be found in Scotland. His wife had her faults; but she lay awake half the night pondering this strange incident while he slept the sleep of the just, unburdened by any anxieties. But he was more exact than she was (with her disturbed mind) about the comfort of the household next morning. On the whole, it is difficult to say which kind of service is the best.

Lord Eskside remained for some time longer in his study, and then he went upstairs to the drawing-room, to join the ladies. Lady Eskside, however, was not to be found there, and a certain look of agitation was over the place of which she was the natural soul. She had gone up to “the nursery,” — long disused and unaccustomed words! — to sit by the child's bedside and brood over his slumbers. Mary Percival was sitting by the fire alone, with a book upon her lap, which she did not even pretend to read. The fire was low, the lamp was low, the room was less bright than usual, and everything told of some occurrence which had broken up the ordinary calm. Mary put her book aside and took up some knitting which lay on the table, when the old lord entered and took his position on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire as usual; but her knitting was a mere pretence as her reading had been — the pretence of a pretence, for she only held it vaguely in her hand. For some little time nothing was said except a few commonplaces consequent on Lord Eskside's curt impatient remarks. How bad the

lights were! it was the lamp that had run down, Mary said; and went and screwed it up again, with a hand that trembled. Where was my lady? — She had gone upstairs; Mary did not know if she meant to come down again; perhaps, having been a good deal shaken, she had gone to bed. Humph! Lord Eskside said, working his under lip, and bending his shaggy brows. Mary felt pained and embarrassed, like a stranger involved in a family quarrel, and obliged to explain the conduct of one member of a household to another; and she felt the silence almost intolerable as she sat down again, and took her knitting in her hand. At last the old lord rushed abruptly into the all-absorbing subject, as was his way.

“What do you think of all this, Mary? You're a sensible girl. Is my lady out of her mind? or what's to be done about this — child?”

“Oh, Lord Eskside,” said Mary, with tremulous agitation, “how could she be wrong on such a point? It is Richard's child.”

“How should she not be wrong? how is any one to know? a nameless brat, without sign or surety; probably some gipsy's spawn or other. Right! It could be but a guess at the best.”

“You did not see him,” said Mary, faltering. “He is like — his father.”

“Like his father!” cried Lord Eskside; and he began to pace up and down the long, large, partially-lighted room, a moving atom in it, yet supreme in his disturbed and disturbing humanity; “like his father! — very probably — but how can we tell who is his father? I think my lady, poor soul, has gone out of her mind.”

“But you have not seen him,” said Mary, softly, not knowing what to say.

“I have seen the creature, a little dark toad. Dick was always fair and feeble like my mother's family, a fusionless being. We must write for him, and have his opinion. God bless me, Mary! if they both hold to it, mother and son, and this foundling grows up as heir to the property, how is he ever to establish his title? We'll have Sandy Pringle down upon us with all the Scots law at his finger-ends — and what am I, a reasonable man, to do?”

“Oh, Lord Eskside, that is a long way off,” cried Mary, laying hold of the first argument that occurred to her.

“Things are none the easier for being a long way off,” said the old lord; and then he fell silent, pacing up and down

the room, and finally returned to his place on the hearth-rug, where he stood pondering and waiting for his wife, whose hasty conclusions he so much objected to, yet whose presence and energy bore him up. Had she been there to argue with him, the strange thing that had occurred would have looked real. But in her absence what could Lord Eskside do but fret and fume? Mary and her gentle arguments were unsubstantial to him as any of the other shadows that filled the silent and deserted room.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE FRENCH PRESS.

III. THIRD PERIOD.

THE REIGN OF LOUIS XVI.

IN a previous notice on the Press of France, during the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV.* it was stated that the accession of Louis XVI. inaugurated the third era in French journalism. During the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century, newspapers had been engrossed by the disputes between Churchmen and Philosophers, and by the wrangles of the Philosophers with one another; at the death of Louis XV. the problems that began to engage and impassion men's minds were wholly political. This third era is by far the most important that has ever been passed through by the newspaper history of a people. At no time and in no country has journalism wielded such influence as in France during Louis XVI.'s reign; and the period merits close attention, as showing how a nation prepared itself for the greatest revolution which the world has seen, and also from what causes that revolution fell short of its main object.

Louis XVI. came to the throne in 1774, just a century ago, and his accession was hailed with the wildest outburst of national joy. Succeeding to a king who had brought France to the lowest point of degradation, and whose reign had been, in fact, in its latter years, an unbroken tale of corruption at home and disgrace abroad, he was exactly the prince to take a strong hold of popular affections. He was no more than twenty, and had none of the vices or even weaknesses of youth. Affable in manner, pure in his private life, fonder of lock-making than of court

ceremonies, of reading than of sport, addicted to the companionship of learned and sensible men, he was known, moreover, to feel a deep sympathy for the miserable condition of the peasant classes, and to be resolved on doing his utmost to reduce taxation, alleviate pauperism, encourage trade, science, and education, and to reform abuses in Government. He began nobly by refusing the *don de joyeux avènement*, which was a gift of 5,000,000 francs made to kings on their accession; he abolished torture, suppressed the savage customs and feudal rights that still existed on the crown lands, issued a decree against press-gangs, recalled the Parliaments dissolved by Chancellor Maupeou in 1771: and — small matter as it may appear now, though it was a grim affair then — paid a visit to the main sewer of Paris, which had been steadily poisoning people for the last fifty years, and ordered it to be roofed in at his own expense. At the same time he exiled from court the late King's mistress, the Milliner-Marchioness du Barry, and dismissed Louis XV.'s last minister, the ferocious and half-lunatic Duke d'Aiguillon, Chancellor Maupeou above-said, who had sold justice and judicial appointments till he had amassed a plethoric fortune, and the execrated finance-minister, l'Abbé Terray, who had compared the people to an orange which must be squeezed. At the head of his new cabinet he placed the aged Count de Maurepas, who was much liked from having written an epigram against Mdm^e. de Pompadour, in 1749, and having incurred a fine and twenty years' exile in consequence. This Count was a frivolous old Frenchman, who made bad puns at the council table, but the new King had no means of suspecting this infirmity, for when M. de Maurepas had held office in his younger days he had greatly distinguished himself. At the age of twenty-four he had been appointed Secretary of State for the Navy and for the Royal Household, which included the administration of the city of Paris, and during the twenty years that his tenure of place lasted, he had done more good than any minister since the time of Colbert. Thus he had embellished Paris, shut up gambling-hells, repaved and re-lighted the streets, tried to cope with the same sewer which afterwards depressed Louis XVI.; and out of the navy funds had equipped several valuable scientific and geographical expeditions, amongst others those of La Condamine, Sévin,

* THE FRENCH PRESS, First and Second Periods, *Living Age*, Nos. 1520 and 1536.

and Jussieu. To these achievements the Count added a grace of demeanour and a dashing kind of personal generosity, which had made him the pet of society when he was young, and sat well on him even in his old age, so that he seemed eminently fitted for the premiership, which Louis XVI. too guilelessly conferred on him. The two most important offices in the cabinet were at this juncture the Foreign Affairs and Finance departments, and M. de Maurepas filled up both posts well. The Foreign seals he gave to Count de Vergennes, a middle-aged diplomatist of consummate ability, and those of the Finance office to Count d'Ormesson, a square-headed nobleman of shining virtue. Writing to this colleague, under the King's dictation, Maurepas said: "Your appointment is a tribute which his Majesty pays to your great piety. . . ." but, when he reached this word, the incorrigible Premier could not resist being facetious: he looked up and cried: "Ah, sire, this letter would never do for a circular." Now Louis XVI., who was desperately in earnest about his new cabinet, seemed puzzled at this joke. He had tried that all the fresh ministers should be square-headed; indeed this was the first cabinet on record that contained no member under forty — and he answered Maurepas with surprise. However, the virtuous Count d'Ormesson only kept the Exchequer long enough to wish himself well out of it. At the end of four weeks he handed over the embarrassed ledgers of the kingdom to Baron Turgot, a man as virtuous as himself, and renowned for his many works on political economy.

The newspapers of Paris read at this time like a chorus of hymns. It was so new to the French to have a king and ministers busying themselves about the people, from other motives than to saddle them with more taxes, that journalists appeared to gasp for superlatives enthusiastic enough to paint the state of their feelings. The terms "idolized monarch," "son of St. Louis," "father of the nation," were constantly cropping up, and the young sovereign was compared to those too few good beings whom antiquity and legendry have furnished, for it was a lettered age strong in its classics and mythology. The venerable Voltaire wrote from Ferney that Sesostris had come back to earth again; sulky J. J. Rousseau, lately returned to Paris from his foreign rambles, admitted that there was some hope of cure for dis-

eased France under the altered state of things, and even at that stronghold of literary philistinism, the Café Procope, authors became loyal for a season. It had been the custom under Louis XV. for the frequenters of this café to use a slang dialect of their own for fear of police spies. Talking of religion, they would say *Favotte*, and of Government, *Feannelon* (from Jeanne du Barry); they also had a stock joke which consisted in sneezing when the King's name was pronounced, a way of implying that they could find nothing better to say of so worthy a prince. All these precautions and pleasantries ceased now, and young M. de Beaumarchais could chalk up boldly, as he did, over the stove of the café: "*No dogs or police-spies allowed here. The Ex-Minister Terray may be brought in led by a string.*"*

There were then twenty-eight well established journals in the capital, and it may help to give a better idea of the means which public opinion had for expressing itself, if we subjoin a list of them with their yearly subscription prices. It will be noticed that these prices are, for the most part, much lower than those of London papers at the same date, because of the absence of stamp duty. Stamps were imposed on English papers so early as the reign of Queen Anne, and in 1774, when the duty stood at one penny for every copy, the average price of a London journal was three-pence. In 1775, Lord North raised the duty to three-half-pence, and in 1789 another halfpenny was added, which brought the ordinary price to fourpence. In 1797, a new addition of 1 1-2d. occurred, and papers then attained what, to a French public, would have seemed the prohibitive cost of 6d. Newspapers in France were not taxed till the Consulate in 1799, and up to that time plenty of journals were started, and sold well at one sou the copy.

Those flourishing in 1774 were: —

Gazette de France, official, published, twice a week, with occasional extra supplements, 12 frs. annually; *Journal des Savants*, non-political, 14 numbers a year, 16 frs.; *Merçure*, political and literary, fortnightly 24 frs.; *Petites Affiches*, a weekly journal of advertisements

* It is fair to note that there were one or two dissentients, who refused to share the general exhilaration at the new king's coming. Louis XVI. did not like music, and being at the opera soon after his accession, had the hardihood to go out during a violin quartet. "Ah, grand Dieu!" cried one French fiddler turning to another, "*quel règne se prépare!*"

with a literary supplement, containing amongst other things mock advertisements of a satirical kind, 48 frs.; *Année Littéraire*, *Catalogue Hebdomadaire*, *Courrier d'Avignon*, *Journal de Politique et de Littérature*, *Journal Français*, *Journal de Lecture*, *Gazette Parisienne*, *Journal Historique*, *Courrier Général*, and *Gazette de Monsieur*, all weekly, political, and literary papers, ranging in price from 9 to 18 frs. a year; * *Nouvelles de Cour*, *Année Littéraire*, *Espagne Littéraire*, *Journal de Verdun*, political, polemical, and satirical, all four published twice a week, with frequent supplements, 18 or 20 frs. a year; *Causeur de Paris* and *Spéctateur Français*, fortnightly reviews, which did not give news, 24 frs.; *Journal des Théâtres*, *Gazette des Tribunaux*, *Journal des Causes Célèbres*, *Journal des Dames*, *Journal de Santé*, *Journal de Médecine et de Physique*, *Journal Ecclésiastique*, *Journal des Beaux Arts*, scientific, professional, or artistic periodicals, published monthly at prices varying from 9 to 24 frs. The *Journal des Dames* was extremely frivolous, and even improper, but much bought. The medical papers were both excellent, and the two law papers began in 1774 to criticise, as well as report, the important decisions of judges, a thing which would have been punished as contempt of Court under Louis XV.

In addition to these journals, there were about twenty others published abroad for circulation in France. They mostly appeared twice a week for the yearly price of 48 frs., and being bolder than those of Paris, found a much larger sale. Louis XVI. decreed that they should have free access to the kingdom, and instead of being read in holes and corners they forthwith appeared in the cafés, on the Augustine's Quay, which was a book-mart and a place of airing for literary folk, and round the Innocents' Churchyard where journalists congregated. As to the cafés, most of them made it their business to take in specially the papers published in one or other foreign country; and thus the now famous *Café Anglais* owed its name to the fact that the principal London periodicals were to be found there, and also a Parisian *Journal Anglais*, which gave garbled translations from the British press, and

first taught the French to spell *my* lord with an i.

Here are some extracts which will give a key-note to the tone of the French press during the opening period of Louis XVI.'s reign. The first is from the *Mercur*, November, 1774:—

Our well-beloved king refused the *don de joyeux avènement* which, God knows, would never have better deserved its name than if his Majesty had deigned to accept it; our Queen, whose generous heart reflects all the virtues of her Royal Consort, has likewise declined to accept the customary gift called Queen's Girdle (*Ceinture de la Reine*). It was an old, reverent, and touching usage, that of offering girdle money to a new queen, but her Majesty, having learned that the custom (which took its rise some centuries ago in spontaneous contributions) had degenerated into a tax weighing on the poorest classes of the kingdom, her Majesty said: "I wish for no other girdle than the love of the king's subjects." Cornelia did not speak more nobly when she showed her children, and exclaimed, "Those are my jewels;" and M. le Comte de Coutourelle has appropriately expressed the national gratitude in the following lines, which he tendered to the Queen at Sunday's levee:

Vous renoncez, charmante Souveraine,
Aux plus beaux revenus:
A quel vous servirait la "Ceinture de la Reine?"
Vous avez celle de Vénus.

The *Journal des Dames* of a month later describes a visit paid by Marie Antoinette to the Mint. A medal is shown her with the Virgin's image on one side and her own portrait on the other:

"But there is no inscription!" remarked her Majesty to the Duke of Nivernais. "There was no need of one, Madame," answered the Duke; "People will naturally exclaim at seeing the Virgin, '*Ave Maria*,' and when they turn to your Majesty's likeness, '*gratiâ plena*.'"

In the *Gazette de France*, January, 1775, we have this tit-bit under the heading of Foreign Intelligence.

Lisbon, December.—King Joseph I. of Portugal has an equal regard for wit and for the maxims of absolute despotism, so that the former passion sometimes tempers the excesses of the latter. The other night the Marquis of Pontealema was discussing with his Majesty the delicate question of Royal prerogative, and he contended that there should be limits to a king's power; his Majesty asserted that there should be none; "I only mean, sire, such limits as reason itself would suggest," protested the Marquis respectfully. "There should be no limits, and reason has nothing to do with it," replied the King; "if I were to order you to fling yourself into the sea you ought to do it instantly." The Marquis bowed, and turned to leave the room. "Where are you going?" asked the King, astonished. "I am going to

* The weekly papers did not all appear on the same days. The favourite publishing day was Sunday, but a paper of some sort was issued every day of the week, so that Paris really boasted a daily press, though the first regular daily journal was only started in 1777.

take swimming lessons, Sire," rejoined M. de Ponteina, which made the King laugh, and put an end to a debate which had its perils. This reminds one of Peter the Great visiting Frederick IV. of Denmark, and being led by him to the summit of the Round Tower at Copenhagen. "Shall I give you an example of my absolute authority," said Peter, and turning to a Cossack in his suite, he pointed to the abyss below the tower and cried "Jump." The Cossack saluted his master, and jumped without a word. "There," said the Czar quietly, "has your Majesty any subjects like that?" "Happily not," answered Frederick IV., with a shudder; and we can imagine a similar horror filling the breast of our own Louis XVI. at the recital of such abuses in power. Thrice blessed the people whose king enforces no other laws than those of sense and justice! Thrice blessed the monarch who knows that there is a King who sits above earthly kings and judges their acts!

The papers were much taken up at this time with details about reforms introduced at Court. Louis XVI. objected to dress and undress in the presence of a crowd of noblemen, and he thought there was no need of a duke to hand him his bedgown, or of an equally illustrious peer of France to tie the string of his nightcap. He ordered that the courtiers should only be admitted to pay him their respects after he had left his dressing-room. Again, there was a body of pages, who were brought to Court young, and passed their lives in ante-chambers, and in the boudoirs of ladies-in-waiting, and maids-of-honour, where they picked up all the vices, and no qualities worth mentioning. To the disgust of these young gentlemen, the King directed that their education should be attended to, and that when not actually on duty they should be forbidden to hang about the palace apartments. What led to this distasteful measure was the following incident, drolly narrated in the *Journal de Verdun*:—

On New Year's Day (1775) the High Court of the Parliament of Paris proceeded to Versailles to pay their respects to his Majesty, and were shown into the Galerie des Glaces, where they sat down waiting till the King should enter. A page who stood behind M. le Premier President, thought the opportunity a good one for displaying his talents, so tied a string to the President's wig, the other end being fastened to a chandelier. On the entrance of his Majesty the Court rose, and the President stepped forward, but his wig remaining suspended in mid-air he stood revealed in all his baldness, to the amusement of her Majesty's ladies, who, despite the King's seriousness, could not refrain from smiling.

When the Parliament had retired the King called up the page and commanded him to go and apologize to the President; but here began a new freak, for the page, instead of starting off on the spot, delayed the business till midnight. He arrived, galloping on horseback, and escorted by two other pages and by his servants to the street where the President lived, and the whole thoroughfare was startled out of sleep by the noise of the horses, and by the furious knocking at the door. When the President's servants hurried to answer the summons the page alighted, and said proudly "Special order of the King!" whereupon the President was roused from his bed, and dressed himself hastily in his robes of ceremony, wondering what could be the matter. He descended to his drawing-room, which the servants had meanwhile lighted as if for a festival, and found the small page, who said demurely, "Monsieur, I have come by his Majesty's orders to beg pardon for having strung up your wig." It was a good joke, but his Majesty's reflection on it was that his pages had too much spare time on their hands, and that is why they are for the future to be taught Latin and mathematics.

The King, in his honest zeal for improvements, tried to diminish the head-dresses of ladies, which, under the Queen's auspices, had begun towering to a fabulous height. At the first carnival ball of 1775 Marie Antoinette's hair was piled up in a fabric two feet high; but nothing could be more chivalrous than Louis XVI.'s rebuke of the extravagance. On the morrow he sent his wife a splendid egret of diamonds, telling her it would please him better to see her wear "this simple adornment, though if she could but see herself as others saw her she would recognize that art was not needed to make her beautiful." The papers were mightily pleased at this, for they had been attacking the fashionable headdresses, with some warmth; but it is scarcely necessary to observe that the King only succeeded in checking the upward growth of ladies' hair for three months or so. Marie Antoinette accepted the egret, but she added it to the high fabric which it had been intended to suppress, and so the fashion was rendered doubly expensive. Louis XVI. was more successful in battling with one of those snug little abuses which one must always remember lovingly in thinking of the good old times. Let us listen to what *Mercur*e says, February, 1775:—

M. de Turgot, the Controller of Finances, came three weeks ago to the King and said he had discovered in the household expenses an item of 40,000fr. (1,600*l.*) annually for the

Clerk of the Red Room Bottle. He said no one could explain to him on what pretext this money was drawn. Inquiries were set afoot, and it was discovered that in 1677 Louis XIV. had assigned the Red Room on the third story, at the angle of the Cour de Neptune at Versailles, to the officer of the guard on duty, and directed that a bottle of wine should be placed there every evening to refresh him. The king had said one bottle — the groom of the cellar put down two in his accounts, and entered the charge at 10fr. a day. Presently up rose a clerk, who contended that as this item was not set down in the ordinary columns of the Civil List it must be registered with a special fee. He and the groom managed it between them; down went four bottles a day, and the clerk and his friend each continued to draw their 3,650fr. a year very regularly till they grew old and sold their places for the capital value of the income. By this time new arrangements had been made for the officers of the guard, and the Red Room was given up to a bed-chamber lady, who drank no wine. Nevertheless, the bottle, which was no longer supplied, got to be charged 30,000fr. annually, for the prices of commodities were rising. Cardinal Dubois, who was ever of an economic turn of mind, investigated this abuse and wisely suppressed one of the recipients of the bottle-money, but as the other recipient was loyal to him, he raised his salary to 20,000fr. Forty years later the Abbé Terray followed in the same wake, and appointed Count de Kerday Clerk of the Red Room Bottle at a fixed salary of 2,000 louis. Now M. de Kerday is twenty-five years old, and Colonel of the Regiment Royal Lorraine. He has receipts to prove that he paid Controller Terray 500,000fr. for the post; but it is hoped that in consideration of his having drawn his 40,000fr. for now four years he may be induced to resign on repayment of the 500,000fr., with another 100,000 thrown in for good luck. The King's Secretary has written to him about it.

In the same number, which shows up this little affair, we have it announced that the king desires to reform the management of prisons. Prisoners are to have their straw changed at least once a week, and are to be classed as much as possible according to their offences, murderers being kept aloof from apprentices who have simply broken a street lamp, and women of evil reputation from little girls who have been arrested because they have no homes. Then follows advice from the Lieutenant of Police cautioning newspaper vendors against going into the pits of playhouses to hawk their journals, "not that the King would throw any impediments in the way of newspaper sale, but because the hawkers too often forget the respect they owe to the spectators, and fight with one another." To this the

Mercur's editor adds, pathetically, "One of our hawkers got his head punched at the Comédie Française the other night by a crier of the *Journal de Verdun*. If the man wanted a heavy weapon he would have done better to ply a copy of the paper he was endeavouring so ineffectually to sell; but does the *Journal de Verdun* want to persuade us that its literature is strong because its criers are hard-fisted? If so it should advertise: 'Articles, puns, and pleasantries by the man with the flat nose — the same who assaults the *Mercur*'s servants and gets kicked now and then for a change.'" The number winds up with a squib, which well sums up the contentment of a time when the confidence in the new king was universal, and when no graver matter disturbed the public peace than the budding quarrel between the partisans of the composer Gluck and those of his rival Piccini: —

Somebody was twitting the Curé of the Church of St. Gèneviève, who during the late King's illness had offered up noisy prayers on his behalf. "What do you mean by calling the prayers useless?" asked this holy man. "Didn't the King die?"

II.

ALL this was very well for a beginning, but the hey-day did not last long. One's object in dwelling on the early portion of Louis XVI.'s reign is to record the strange contrast between that period and the events which followed. No king ever commenced better than Louis XVI., but a sterner man than he was needed to face the difficulties that were looming ahead in serried numbers. First and foremost was the financial difficulty. The King had said, on calling Turgot to office, "We must see how we can possibly reduce our debts;" to which Turgot had pithily replied, "The present question is not how we may reduce the national debt, sire, but how we may increase it," and this was just true, for there was a dead lock in money matters. On one side were the trading and working classes, who were overtaxed, and on the other the nobility and clergy, who possessed two-thirds of the land in France, and yet were not taxed at all. Turgot proposed several small measures to stave off pressing wants, and then applied himself to the elaboration of a complete scheme of financial reform. But priests and nobles got wind of his intentions, and it may be said that from that moment the train of the Revolution was laid, for

they resolved to oppose him at every step, to harass, discredit, and overthrow him. After all they were but acting as privileged classes ever will when they have not an iron hand to deal with them. Turgot was honest, able, and resolute, but he was weak, for he worked under the orders of a Prime Minister, who had no notion of tilting against the whole nobility, and under a king who had not nerve enough to dismiss Maurepas and back up Turgot as Louis XIV. had backed up Colbert and Louis XIII. Richelieu. If Turgot had been as unscrupulous as he was clever, he might have got rid of Maurepas by intrigue, and rendered glorious service to both king and country. But he ignored the tricks of statecraft — tricks so useful at times — and instead of overawing or finessing with the obstructive prelates and peers, he was simple enough to appeal to their patriotism and their good sense, so that they laughed in his face, and what is more, took heart to resist him without flinching. The Red Room Bottle Man was but one of a class whose name was legion, and all his brother sinecurists had quaked when his particular case was being examined. There was jobbery, corruption, and extortion high and low on all branches of the administrative tree. Every office in the state had been sold under the late reign, and the titulants naturally tried to re-coup themselves for their outlay by systematic plunder. The commonest formalities of civilized life, commercial exchanges, sales, the hiring of a shop, the purchase of a field, the inheriting of a legacy, were each and all fenced in with fees and restrictions so formidable that Beaumarchais remarked that he doubted whether he could stand on his head in the middle of a road without having to bribe the Provost of Paris, fee the police, corrupt the parish beadle, and then enter into a compromise with three or four of the bystanders in order to avoid a law-suit. To crown all, the taxes, customs, excise, and post-office were farmed out to shameless gangs of speculators, who blocked up every avenue to progress, and were constantly wrestling new monopolies from the embarrassed Government, or rather from the dozen or so of loose women who virtually ruled the land. The state of things was such that towards the close of his reign Louis XV. had been utterly unable to dispose of a single salaried appointment. Hearing one day that one of the sub-masters of the Royal hounds was making it

a practice to remove the best head of deer from the Crown chases to stock his own forests, he asked his favourite huntsman to pick up irrefutable evidence of the fact, in order that the submaster might be disgraced. The huntsman answered bluffly that if he did this he should lose his place. "Oh, but I will see to that," answered the King, nettled, and the unlucky man, rather out of obedience than from confidence in the royal word, denounced the sub-master and was dismissed from his place the same day. "I did not know the man was so strong, my poor fellow," said Louis XV. shyly to the huntsman, "but it seems there will be no money whatsoever for our hunting if he is displeased. His people farm all my woods and rivers, and he has half-a-dozen duchesses behind him." The huntsman submitted that it was sad to be beggared for doing his duty, and the King assenting, signed him an appointment to a place in the Customs, but three weeks later the man returned again, saying his commission was worth so much waste paper. "I'll tell you how to manage," exclaimed the King, impatiently, and doing violence for once to his natural stinginess, he unlocked a drawer and drew out a roll of fifty louis. "You make a present of this to Madame Desparbés's maid. Madame Desparbés is the mistress of the chief clerk in the Customs, and if you bribe the maid, the mistress will see that the clerk obeys my orders." This roundabout method of exerting the royal prerogative succeeded.

Now when affairs have lapsed into this condition the accession of a new king, however well-intentioned, does not put them straightway to rights. At first the sinecurists, monopolists, hectoring clerks and others hid their heads like frightened rats; but as soon as the first gust of change had blown by they came out of their holes, and Turgot found them swarm up everywhere as triumphant as ever to his hindrance and confusion. He could make no way because of them; whichever side he turned he saw his passage barred by a cluster of vested interests. The Court being at Fontainebleau in 1775 the Prince de Ligne asked Marie Antoinette, one night, if she would play at cards. "I have only six *louis*," answered the queen, "and shall have no more till the end of the week, so I must economize." The next day the prince accosted Marie Antoinette joyfully and said he supposed she had procured money sooner than she expected, for he had just

seen a van marked *Queen's Treasury* start for Paris with four horses, two postilions, six outriders, a troop of cavalry, and two clerks, all of which would have been superfluous for the conveyance of 120 francs. "Yet there was no more in the van," replied Marie Antoinette, ruefully. "The Queen's Treasury always travels so since the time of Marie Leczinska and you know what storms the least talk of retrenchment excites." Honest Turgot was present when this answer was made, and he took the occasion of drawing aside the Prince of Rohan Guemenée — the same who in 1783 became bankrupt for the trifle of 33,000,000 francs — and said: "It will cost about five thousand francs to convey those six *louis* to Paris. I ask you, my lord, what will become of France if you and your brother-landowners do not help me to extricate us from this mess?" "Tut, tut," chirruped the prince, flipping some snuff off his frill. "Crack your head with figures if you like, my dear Baron, but don't interfere with us or the clergy. We're all poor as mice; my estates are mortgaged a foot thick, and I don't know of a bishop who hasn't put his crozier in pawn. The only people who can afford taxes are the trade-folk and labourers;" and perceiving that Turgot still persisted in wishing to haul his country out of the pit, this Prince de Guemenée and others mocked at him, and instructed their salaried newspapers to mock him as a visionary and a simpleton. The nobility and clergy had of course many ways of raising a press-outcry against an objectionable politician. Not counting the journals which were actually their own, there were plenty of others ever ready to sell themselves for pecuniary or social favours; and behind these came the ruck of papers whose conductors were too ignorant to understand a man of Turgot's stamp. Turgot was no charlatan, and hated clap-trap. If he had begun at once with sensational measures and made a great noise about them he might have been comprehended of the people; but as his plans were deep, steady, searching reforms, which would have operated slowly, though surely, his enemies had no difficulty in persuading the masses that he had no ideas of reform at all. After two years of ceaseless, struggling disappointment and humiliation Turgot resigned in 1776, and his place was taken by the Swiss banker and economist Necker.

Then it was that matters first began to

assume a serious aspect. The people were glad to see Turgot fall, but they were not so blind as to ignore that the nobility had banded together to oppose all innovations whatever; and perhaps one of their reasons for despising Turgot was that he had not the spirit to override the nobles and put his measures, if he had any, forcibly to the test. Necker was a popular man, and the public showed unmistakable signs that they expected firmness of him. Insensibly one can note a diminution in the respect of newspapers towards constituted authorities from this time. The papers do not attack the king and queen, but they adopt a free tone as regards the farmers-general of taxes, the judges and bishops, and they speak in very plain terms about the bigger abuses of government. One must not look for exhaustive leading articles, but the papers are full of those short, crisp paragraphs which Frenchmen pen so well, and which turn disagreeable things and persons into ridicule. Day after day the press teemed with column upon column of these pithy epigrams, and anecdotes, many of them untrue no doubt, but all funny, and spiteful enough to make the most thick-skinned victim wince. It was like a fine spray of salt water splashed at people in power, and when the spray had drenched minor placemen it began to wet the courtiers and ministers, and principally M. de Maurepas. That venerable premier was surprised at this. He had been punning serenely all this time, and could not understand the altered spirit that had come over the country. Much like an English Whig in feeling, M. de Maurepas meant well, but thought the nation had all it needed, once he was in office. Those twenty years he had passed successfully as a minister in the prime of life had been the spoiling of him. If a minister rules well from twenty to forty it seems to be admitted that he can begin again as if he were the same man and as if the world were the same five and twenty years afterwards; and M. de Maurepas was not the first, nor has he been the last politician who fancied that age had wrought no difference in him nor in the rest of mankind. When the Press assailed him he concluded that journalism was being stricken with a passing madness, and he resolved to doctor it with the specifics familiar to him in his youth. He submitted to the king a decree for the appointment of seventy censors, who were to revise all books and periodicals

before they were published; and to lay an embargo on foreign journals when they exceeded the liberty allowed to native prints.

Louis XVI. signed this decree without reluctance. He, too, having blown off his first whiff of reform zeal and being anxious for some rest, felt uneasy and shocked by the clamour of the newspapers. He was much in the mood of a man who exclaims: "I gave that beggar a penny two years ago, and he is not yet satisfied!" It seemed to him unreasonable that men should be so eager to move on whilst he desired to sit still a while; and his courtiers were repeating to him so profusely that he had done more for his people than any king before him, that he believed this to be true, not being able to remember a historical precedent to the contrary. So the press decree was launched to kennel journalists, as it were, until the time should come when they might with more propriety give tongue again; but never was decree so ill-obeyed nor so derisively greeted. It excited an Homeric laugh from one end of Paris to the other, and the circumstance should have warned the Court that it was no longer a tame multitude that peopled the capital. To begin with, ministers found it impossible to get seventy presentable censors. There had been censors under Louis XV., but the press was inclined to be obedient then; in the new temper of the public mind the office was thought to be ignominious, and the "Six Dozen minus Two," as the board got to be called, were poor literary hacks on whom newspaper editors proceeded forthwith to play every variety of practical jokes. The *Journal de Verdun* and three other periodicals, which were allotted one censor between them, made him disgracefully drunk on the first day of his functions and constrained him to sign a solemn statement that he was a fool — which declaration was printed in conspicuous type on the front page of all four papers. The *Mercure* got a censor who stammered, and reports of his conversations were faithfully given from week to week as pronounced; but at the end of the month he effected an exchange and became censor to the two medical papers, "the which," remarked the *Mercure*, "will thus have an opportunity of combining benevolence with amusement, by first listening to the poor devil and then curing him." These pleasantries were not all allowed to pass off unpunished; but another ominous symptom of the times

was that the Parliament of Paris refused to inflict any heavier penalty than fines upon press delinquents. M. de Maurepas had recourse to the Bastille in a few instances; but the insubordination was growing too general and too defiant for this to be of much avail. The quarrel between the Gluckists and the Piccinists added much to the perplexities of government. Under pretence of praising Piccini's music, journalists of the popular party made furious onslaughts on all the admirers of Gluck, who was the Court favourite; and, however transparent the allusions might be, it was difficult to punish such squibs as the following, which appeared in the *Journal Politique* for May 1776: —

Very dull music Monsieur Gluck's, perhaps dangerous music too. They say good music inspires noble resolutions; bad music, then, may do the contrary. Supposing a Farmer-General after listening to an act of *Zenobia* (by Piccini) were to find tears in his eyes, stand up in his box and shout to a delighted pit: "I am a rogue, but I'll make restitution?" The supposition is preposterous we know, but this is spring time and we can afford to be imaginative. Supposing then a robber — we beg pardon, a Farmer-General — did this, who would doubt the power of harmony? But Farmers-General prefer Gluck. They listen to *Iphigénie en Aulide*, and dream of new taxes. The screeching and squalling of those German notes reminds them pleasurably of some unfortunate family of peasants yelling and tearing their hair whilst the collector is walking off with their last cow. No music could be sweeter to a Farmer-General, but why is M. de Maurepas so fond of Gluck?

Marie Antoinette was fond of Gluck too; but the papers continued to respect her, it being apparently their object to dissociate the Royal Family from the Court nobility, and to make the nation believe that the King was being prevented by his advisers from doing all the good he wished. In one or two of the foreign papers, however, some ill-natured comments might be read on the Queen's extravagance and the King's vacillating disposition, and this gave the "Six Dozen minus Two" an occasional opportunity of retrieving their character with the native press. The Parisian papers bore no love towards the more outspoken French journals, published abroad for home circulation, for these prints interfered considerably with their profits, and the only fault found with the Censors was that they frequently gave their visa to foreign matter, more subversive than would have been sanctioned at home. The journal-

ist* Mercier explained this by saying that Censors could only read Paris print.

We now reach the middle of the year 1776, when two highly important events occurred, which had a strong indirect influence in preparing the Revolution. The one was the establishment of the *Courrier de l'Europe* in London; the other a violent collision between the Ministry and the most distinguished journalist of the day, Simon Nicolas Linguet.

III.

NICOLAS LINGUET as he was commonly called, was born in 1736. He was a man of energetic character, bold, clever, but without a particle of conscience. His inward vocation prompted him towards literature even when he was a school-boy; but finding how shabbily paid were most votaries of the pen, he entered the Bar, for, as he said to the Prince of Beauvau, who took an interest in him: "The great point is to become rich, my lord; I don't see any other object in life, and I don't suppose you do." His forensic success was rapid and most startling, for instead of employing the stilted and pompous forms of oratory then in vogue, he spoke as men do now-a-days, but with a fiery brazen eloquence all his own. As the inaugurator of the modern style of French rhetoric, he was the actual precursor of Mirabeau; and other barristers were soon obliged to copy his language, though the old ones protested in disgust, and even sought to check him at first, urging that his colloquial phraseology was not decent. Linguet had not his equal for "getting up" a case, and surrounding it with such dramatic accessories as were most likely to tell on the minds of French judges. A beautiful lady, Madame de Bethune, having brought an action about some land against the Marshal Duke de Broglie (great grandfather of the present Duke), Linguet was retained for the plaintiff. But on seeing his client, he said: "You are so lovely, Madame, that your face is worth a speech in itself. What I'll do is this: I will write you a speech, and you shall learn it by heart, and rehearse it to me, dressed in a light-blue silk gown, the colour best suited to your style of beauty. If you deliver it correctly, as I

direct you, I defy any bench of Frenchmen to find for the defendant."

This was accordingly done. Madame de Bethune's speech took seven hours in delivery, and caused a most theatrical sensation. The lady had an excellent memory. She had learned her part well, and her demeanour, voice, and gestures were all such as a first-rate actress might have envied. It was so evident that she had won the hearts of the judges, that when the court adjourned for dinner, midway in the speech, the irascible Marshal de Broglie sought out Linguet in the Pleaders' Hall, and, shaking a cane in his face, said: "Just you make your client speak her own words, and not yours, Master Linguet, or it will be the worse for you—do you hear?"

Linguet's reply was at once the most delicate compliment to his opponent's renowned valour and the proudest personal retort. He made a low bow, and answered: "My lord, you have taught Frenchmen never to fear their enemies; and I mean to remember the lesson."

So long as Linguet confined himself to exploits of this sort, he had only to contend against the professional jealousies which beset every man who shoots ahead of his colleagues. But he was a person who could not be happy unless he was up to his neck in quarrels. He ferretted out a number of abuses at the Bar, and began to expose them; not because he disliked abuses, but because it pleased him to wreak his malice on some of the big-wigs who had affronted him at starting. The results of this bit of bravado were deplorable. In no time Linguet found all his brother barristers arrayed against him. He had no friends, for, looking at the Bar as a mere stepping stone to higher honours, he adopted an insufferably arrogant line with all his gowned brethren, and missed no occasion of expressing his contempt for them. He was an exquisite, who wore silk breeches, cambric ruffles, and diamond buckles to his shoes; and it was well known that numerous noble ladies whom he had served professionally protected and petted him. Linguet was cautioned that if he did not keep a watch over his tongue, he would be sent to Coventry. He shrugged his shoulders, broke out into denunciations more violent than before, and was disbarred.

Then his name filled everybody's mouth, for it was justly felt that the Bar had lost its most brilliant member. The French for disbarred is *rayé*, which also

* The term "journalist" must now be understood to mean any writer employed on the press. The term "gazetteer" fell out of use in Louis XVI.'s reign, for the old *journals*, which had been forbidden to treat of politics under Louis XV., became political with the new reign, and stood on the same footing as the *gazettes*.

as applied to stuffs means *striped*; and all the shop windows blossomed out with *rayé* goods, handkerchiefs, shawls, coats, head-dresses, &c., à la *Linguet*. The *furor* which Henri Rochefort excited in France five years ago, recalls the Linguet mania, and indeed there are many points of resemblance between Linguet's career and Rochefort's. The publisher, Panckoucke, who was trying to secure a newspaper monopoly by buying up all the journals with a good circulation, instantly enlisted the disbarred advocate, and seeing that Linguet would not consent to write under editorial supervision, founded a special paper for him—the *Journal de Bruxelles*—which, according to the prevalent custom, was supposed to be published abroad. Linguet was disbarred in 1774; the *Journal de Bruxelles* was launched in January, 1775, and for eighteen months was by far the most popular paper in Paris, but a wild, spiteful, inconsistent paper. Linguet was no liberal. He preached what Grimm called "Asiatic despotism," and covered the King and Queen—especially the Queen—with flowery compliments, which sometimes broke out in rhyme. On the other hand, starting from the notion that abuses in Government reflect discredit on the Sovereign, and are consequently proofs of disloyalty and treason in those who commit them, he assailed, in the King's name, every placeman and institution in the State. This it was that made the success of his paper. The people could not follow him in its abstruse political theories, but they relished his hard-hitting, and cheered him joyfully whenever he appeared in public. Linguet was foremost among those who reviled Turgot for an incapable dunce, and there was no end to the irony which he lavished upon the crowd of political quacks who started up every day with plans for universal reform. "I know but of one plan of universal reform," he wrote in November, 1775, "and that would consist in braining twenty monopolists, unfrocking two cart-loads of bishops, and hanging all the Farmers-General with their heads downwards round the Place de Grève. When I had done that, I would take the forty members of the Academy, reduce their servile writings to pulp, and make them swallow the trash with a spoon." Now this style of writing was not calculated to make Linguet beloved in respectable quarters. His blow at the Academy was owing to the fact that he had petitioned to enter that body, but had been rejected in favour

of La Harpe, whom, as a representative of humdrum literature—"that tasteless prose which sticks in the mouth like paste"—he peculiarly abhorred. Panckoucke, Linguet's proprietor, entreated him to spare the Academy because he (Panckoucke) was much beholden to divers of its members, and Marie Antoinette, who secretly enjoyed the paper which spoke so kindly of herself, sent privately to beg the bubbling editor not to get into scrapes from which it would be impossible to extricate him. But Linguet, though flattered by the Queen's solicitude, paid no heed to it, and as to Panckoucke, he disposed of him in these terms: "I am not your servant, Monsieur Panckoucke, and if you happen to forget the fact, I'll settle my account with you in the Bois de Boulogne." The publisher was no craven, but his *Journal de Bruxelles* was selling remarkably well, and business profits were of course a consideration. However, in July, 1776, Linguet poured out such a very flood of vitriolic invective over La Harpe, the Academy, and all authors, journalists, and men generally who had any respect for that body, that the Academicians appealed in a body to the High Chancellor, Miromesnil, for justice. The Chancellor was only too glad of a pretext for extinguishing Linguet on a seemingly non-political offence. The Queen pleaded for the intemperate journalist, and had half-disposed the King to be merciful, but Miromesnil came and remonstrated, exclaiming, "He has distributed his kicks among us all like a wild jackass let loose;" and Louis XVI. on reading the incriminated article declared that it was an outrage on truth and honesty. So the measure of Linguet's iniquities was full; and Panckoucke was ordered to dismiss him, and Linguet, to avoid the Bastille, fled to London. It was generally considered a graceless act on Panckoucke's part that he should have handed over the vacant editorship of Linguet's paper to La Harpe, who had been the cause of all this hubbub, and was Linguet's worst enemy.

It was a blunder on the part of Government to banish Linguet. He was so irrational and unscrupulous a writer that his popularity must have quickly worn itself out, had he been suffered to live unmolested. Persecution set him on a pedestal, and when he began to issue from his London lodging, in the Strand, a weekly pamphlet called *Annales*, not all the watchfulness of the Customs' officers could prevent it from finding its way to Paris and being ravenously devoured

there. It is not necessary to follow Linguet's career step by step from this time, for the adventures of political victims are alike in all countries, and form an old story. Wiled back to France by a false friend, who was paid by Government to betray him, he was thrown into the Bastille, and remained there two years, employing his angry leisure in preparing materials for those famous *Memoires de la Bastille*, which came as the first blow of the pickaxe on the old state prison. On his release, in 1780, Linguet went abroad again, and once more plunged into newspaper war. Storm clouds were gathering ominously then, and every shot fired by the spleenful writer against the tottering upholders of misrule told heavily. For all this, when the Revolution actually broke out, Linguet declared himself against it, and returning to France was guillotined for his royalist zeal in 1794. There was something incongruous and almost grotesque in this climax; for it was Linguet's pen that had put the people's grievances into words; and when the Revolutionary Committee sentenced him to death they did so quoting one of his own writings: "L'ami des Tyrans est l'ennemi du genre humain."

IV.

AT the time of Linguet's first exile from France, the *Courrier de l'Europe*, already mentioned, was being founded in London under curiously humble circumstances, considering the great part which it was destined to play in French journalism. A Gascon, named Serre de Latour, who, as a married man with children, had thought it good to elope with a friend's wife, had taken refuge in London, where, money failing him, he entered into relations with one Swinton, and proposed to start a paper of a new sort. The American War of Independence had just broken out, and Frenchmen were much interested in the struggle of the British colonies for freedom; they also took a lively interest in things British generally, for animosity was strong between the two countries, which were forever coming to loggerheads. Latour suggested that a great service might be rendered the French Government and people by laying bare before them the weaknesses of Great Britain — her parliamentary wrangles, administrative corruption, the defects in her army, and so forth, all of which things would be novel, and might, by dint of racy style and anecdotes, be made entertaining. Swinton, though an Englishman, ap-

proved the scheme. This rascal could have hunted in couples with that Duke of Lauderdale, who, being taunted with having sold his country, said he thanked God he had a country to sell, or with that Dutchman, who, being reviled for having sold gunpowder to the French who were besieging his city, replied feelingly that he would have sold the city itself to the devil if suitable terms had been offered. Swinton provided the capital, and Latour the talent, and between them both they launched the *Courrier de l'Europe*, having previously taken care to address a prospectus to the Foreign Minister, Count de Vergennes, who answered that if the *Courrier* were loyally conducted he should favour its sale to the best of his power.

But Count de Vergennes never suspected that a paper designed for the purpose of spying on England, and turning its institutions into ridicule, would redound to the glorification of that country; and yet this is what happened. Latour was relatively an honest writer; that is, he stated facts as they were, without seeking to exaggerate them. He never lost sight of his purpose, which was to depict England faithfully to French eyes; but in pursuance of this object he showed up the good side of British customs along with the bad. Now, when everything had been said against England, that kingdom towered hundreds of cubits above France. There was no Bastille in London, no *lettres de cachet*, and no Farmers-General. The disputes in Parliament might be paltry, but it was a great point to have a Parliament at all; and then there was Trial by Jury, a comparatively free press — e.g. the *Junius Letters* still fresh in men's thoughts — and free municipalities. All these things seemed good and grand to the French, and thoughtful men began to brood about them. Count de Vergennes and his brother ministers were too far removed from the people to think in harmony with the public mind; and they saw only the anti-English form of the *Courrier de l'Europe's* articles, without calculating the hidden moral they bore. To them this foreign sheet really brought news. French politicians are fairly ignorant now, but they were hopelessly so then; and England, in its home-life — *en deshabille*, to use the native term — was as much an unknown land to them as that barbarously named Massachusetts, where a certain George Washington was beginning to distinguish himself. There

did not make the time any less tedious. I had to hear no end about Schindler and his writings and refutations, and it was not amusing. I dined at ———, and that also recalled bygone times. Rietz is for the moment recovered, but looks so dreadfully ill and worried, and is so overworked by the musical set at Düsseldorf, and so ill-treated by others, that it made my heart ache to see him. We had rain on the steamer as far as Rotterdam; Schirmer came on here with us, and then went by steamer to Havre, and after that to Paris — but, oh! I wish I were at the “Pfarreisen!” — for all the real bother began here. S. got cross, and found everything too dear, and we couldn't get a lodging or a carriage, and the Dutch did not understand German, though S. boldly addressed them all in it; and his boy was naughty, and there was no end of bother. We have got a lodging at the Hague now, and drive out to Scheveningen every morning at eight, and take our bath, and are all in good working order. However, nothing can destroy the effect of the sea out at Scheveningen, and the straight green line is as mysterious and unfathomable as ever, and the fish and shells which the tide washes up on to the shore are delightful. But still the sea here is as prosaic as it can possibly be anywhere; the sand-hills look dreary and hopeless, and one sees hardly any reflection in the water, because the level of the coast is so low; half the sea is just the colour of the shore, because it is very shallow at first, and only begins to be deep far out. There are no big ships, only middling-sized fishing-boats; so I don't feel cheerful, though a Dutchman caught hold of me to-day as I was running along the shore and said, “Hier solle se nu majestuosische Idee sammele.” I thought to myself, “It's a pity you are not in the land where the pepper grows and I in the wine-country.” One can't even be really alone, for here too there are musical people, and they take offence if you snub them. There are actually some Leipsic ladies, who bathe at Scheveningen and go about afterwards with their hair all down their backs, which looks disgusting, and yet you're expected to be civil to them. My only consolation is Herr von ———, which shows how far gone I am; but he also is bored to death, and that is why we harmonize. He keeps looking at the sea as if he could have it tapped to-morrow if he chose; but that does not matter, and I like better walking with him than with the Leipsic ladies with their long hair. Lastly, I have to teach S.'s boy, help him with his Latin construing from Cornelius Nepos, mend his pens, cut his bread and butter, and make tea for him every morning and evening, and to-day I had to coax him into the water, because he always screamed so with his father and was so frightened — and this is how I live at the Hague, and I wish I were at the “Pfarreisen.”

But do write soon and tell me all about it, and comfort me a little. . . . That was a good time we had in Frankfort, and as I seldom talk of such things, I must tell you now how

heartily thankful I am to you for it. Those walks at night by the Main, and many an hour at your house, and the afternoons when I lay on your sofa, and you were so frightfully bored and I not at all — I shall never forget them. It really is a great pity that we meet so seldom and for such short times; it would be such a pleasure to us both if it could be otherwise. Or do you think we should end by quarrelling? I don't believe it.

Have you ever, since I went away, thought of our Leipsic overture which I am so fond of? Do let me find it finished when I come back; it will only take you a couple of afternoons now, and hardly anything but copying. And my pianoforte piece, how about that? I have not thought of music here yet, but I have been drawing and painting a good deal, and I may also perhaps bring back some music. What is the Cæcilia Society doing? Is it alive still, or sleeping and snoring? Many things belonging to our Frankfort time are over. . . . — told me to day that H. is engaged to be married: is it true? Then you too must marry soon. I propose Madame M. Have you seen her again, and the Darmstadt lady? Write to me all about Frankfort. Tell Mdlle. J. that there is only one engraving hanging in my room here, but it represents *la ville de Toulon*, and so I always have to think of her as a Touloness. And mind you remember me to your mother most particularly, and write to me very very soon. If my patience is not exhausted, I shall stay here till the 24th or 26th of August, and then travel by land or by water back to the free-town of Frankfort. Oh that I were there now! If you show this letter to anybody I wish you may be roasted, and anyhow I should be hanged; so lock it up or burn it, but write to me at once, *poste restante à la Haye*. Farewell, and think nicely of me and write soon.

Your F. M. B.

It will easily be conceived that I did not burn this letter, and I shall hardly be blamed for not keeping it locked up any longer. A few days after I received it I met with a little accident. Jumping into the swimming-bath in the Main at low water I trod on a sharp piece of glass, and must have cut a small vein, for when, with a good deal of pain, I got to land, a little fountain of blood sprang from the wound. I was more amused than frightened at the sight, but towards evening I had a kind of nervous attack, which made me feel very weak and ill. A few days later the doctor recommended change of air, and sent me to Homburg, at that time a most retired and idyllic little spot. There was one small house near the mineral spring, in which my mother and I established ourselves: the whole bathing-population consisted only of some two dozen Frankforters. From there I

sent Mendelssohn a report of myself, and received the following answer :—

THE HAGUE, 18th August, 1836.

DEAR FERDINAND, — This is very bad news which your letter gives me, and the whole tone of it is so low-spirited that it shows what a tiresome and serious illness you have gone through. I hope you are getting on better now, and that these lines will find you in quite a different frame of mind to the one you wrote to me in; but as you had to be sent to the country, the thing must have been rather obstinate, and if with your strong constitution you had nervous attacks, and suffered from exhaustion, it must really have been serious, and you must have needed much patience, poor fellow! I only hope that it is all over now, and that I shall find you in Frankfort again quite strong and well. It is curious that I also should have hurt my foot bathing, about eight or ten days ago (much less seriously than you, of course, only sprained), and since that time I limp about laboriously, which certainly creates a sort of sympathy between us, but only makes the stay here more tiresome; for if one can't give full play to one's body (in a twofold sense) in a bathing-place like this, one really has nothing else to do. In fact, if you expect this to be a cheerful letter I am afraid you must take the will for the deed, for I am much too full of whims now that I am obliged to limp, and am no good as a comforter. Besides this, S. took himself off a few days ago, and has left me here alone amongst the people "who speak a strange tongue." Now I have to swallow all the *ennui* by myself — we used at least to be able to swear in company. The bathing seemed to exhaust him too much, and he was afraid of getting seriously ill, so I could hardly press him to stay, and he is probably already sitting comfortably and quietly at Düsseldorf, whilst I have our whole apartment to myself, and can sleep in three beds if I like. Twenty-one baths make up what they call the small cure, the minimum that can do one any good, and when I have finished these I shall be off in a couple of hours, and I look forward to Emmerich and the Prussian frontier as if it were Naples or something equally beautiful. Next Monday I shall take this long-expected twenty-first bath, and my plan is to go up the Rhine by steamer, as unfortunately there is no quicker way. I must stop a day at Horchheim, at my uncle's, for on the way here I hardly stopped at all; and I hope to goodness on Sunday evening, the 28th August, I may celebrate Goethe's birthday at Frankfort in Rhine wine; and as I write this you can't imagine how I long for the time. Shall we be able to spend the evening together directly? I am always afraid you will stop too long at your Homburg, and who knows whether I should be able to go and see you there? Whereabouts is this Homburg? Is it Homburg vor der Höhe, or Hessen-Homburg where the Prince comes from, or which? Just now it seems to me as

if I had also heard of one in the Taunus; if so, and that be yours, could not we meet somewhere between Frankfort and Mainz on the 28th? That would be splendid, and we would come along together past the watchtower into Frankfort, and have such a fine talk all the evening. Please write me a few lines about this, and about how you are — you would be doing me a great kindness; only say how and when I am to meet you, and give me good news of yourself and your belongings. I can plainly see from your letter that it was an effort to you, and I thank you all the more for having written it, and you must please make another good effort, even if it is only a few lines, and address it to Herr Mendelssohn, Coblenz, and then I shall get it quick and sure. I am drawing a great deal, but composing little; but I wish I were at the "Pfarreisen." Forgive this stupid letter; farewell, and may we have a happy meeting on the Main, in good health.

Always your F. M. B.

In consequence of this letter I must have offered to meet Mendelssohn at Höchst, which I could easily reach from Homburg. Nothing came of it, however, as may be seen from the following note :—

COBLENZ, 27th August, 1836.

DEAR OLD DRAMA,*—I got your letter yesterday at Cologne, and could only answer it to-day from here in great haste, for it is better to tell you the rest. I shall not be able to say exactly when I go from Mainz to Frankfort, and come to Höchst. I have to have leeches on my stupid foot to-day, *par ordre de mouffi (chirurgien)*, and so must stay here to-morrow, and keep quiet; it would be too horrible if I came to Frankfort and had to stay in. I hope to be able to come on Monday evening, but I may still perhaps start to-morrow morning, and in any case I am too uncertain to be able to give you a *rendezvous*. I must obey the leeches; but anyhow I could not have gone to Homburg with you; I feel myself far too much drawn to the old Free-town, and you know how I long to be there. Do come back there soon, and let me find a line from you, *poste restante*, Frankfort, to say how and when you will come, so that I may meet you. Remember me to your people, and keep well and happy, in major, and 6-4 chords of all sorts.

Your F. M. B.

Mendelssohn's engagement took place while I was at Homburg — a great event, and much spoken of. He called on us one afternoon with his *fiancée* and her

* I had given my first Concert Overture in D minor, which I have mentioned once or twice, the title of "Overture to the Old Drama of Fernando;" this brought about the often-repeated expression of "Old Drama," and so on. When it was published I omitted this title, as it referred to a drama which is only now beginning by degrees to be an old one.

sister, but as he had only a very short time to be with her, one could not make any demands on so happy a bridegroom. Towards the end of September, if not sooner, he was obliged to return to Leipzig duties, and could not even remain for a great rural festivity given at the "Sandhof" by the grandparents of Cécile, to celebrate the engagement. He went off, with post-horses, in an old carriage which my mother lent him. I had put off my journey to Italy, so as to undertake the direction of the Cæcilia Society, and shortly afterwards received the following letter:—

LEIPSIK, 29th October, 1836.

MY DEAR FERDINAND,—Cécile says you are angry with me,—but I say, don't be so, at least not very, for my long silence really may be forgiven. You cannot have any idea of the heap of work that is put upon me; they really drive it too far with music here, and the people never can get enough. I have rehearsals almost every day, sometimes two, or rehearsal and concert the same day, and when I am tired and done up with talking and beating time, I don't like then to sit down and write to you. If you had been a really nice fellow you would long ago have sent me a few lines, and have thought, "As he does not write first, he probably can't, so I will," and certainly you are not as driven and worried as I am; and then you often see Cécile, and you might have written to me about her, and you don't do it a bit, and yet you expect to be called noble-minded! But I won't complain if you will make up for it directly, and write and describe everything which has happened to you since the 19th of September at midnight.

About myself there is really nothing to say. I conduct the Subscription Concerts and divers others, and I wish with all my heart I were at the "Fahrthor." You have plenty to write about—how you are living, how your people are, whether you have time and inclination for composing, how my pianoforte piece is getting on, and the Cæcilia Society; how my bride is looking, how you behave in their house; about Schelble, about the fat P., about all Frankfort (where I would so gladly be, and you perhaps in Leipzig), all this you must write about, and do it very soon, dear Ferdinand.

After all I have something to tell you about, and that is our second Subscription Concert and your Overture in E, with which you gave me and all of us real and heartfelt pleasure. It sounded extremely fresh and beautiful with the orchestra, and was played with real liking; some parts, from which on the piano I had not expected so much, came out admirably in the orchestra, especially one where it goes down *fortissimo* in whole notes (your favourite passage, very broad and strong) and sounds splendid, and my wind instruments went at it so heartily that it was quite a treat. David made

the strings do it all with the down bow—you should have heard it; and then the softness of the wind instruments, and the return to E major *pianissimo*! The whole composition gave me more pleasure than ever, and I liked it better than any of the new ones that I know. The so-called public were less delighted than I had expected and wished, because it is just the kind of thing that they can and ought to understand; but I think it comes from their not yet having seen your name on any instrumental composition, which always makes them chary of their enthusiasm in Germany. So it's lucky that the Director of the theatre sent the very next day to ask for the Overture for a concert which is to be given in the theatre in a week or two, and I promised it him. (I hope you don't mind.) On the 8th of January we do the one in D minor, and towards the end of the winter I shall probably repeat both. I don't know what the reviews have said about it, for I did not read them; Finck said to me that it was "beautiful writing," and Sch. . . was going to write at length about it—God grant it may be something good. But what does it matter? The generality of musicians here were very much pleased with it, and that is the chief thing. But when is my pianoforte piece coming?

You had better not boast so much about your Cæcilia Society; we Leipzigers are getting up a performance of "Israel in Egypt" which will be something quite perfect; more than 200 singers, with orchestra and organ, in the church;—I look forward to it immensely; we shall come out with it in about a week, and that is also one of the things which makes my head in a whirl just now, for these rehearsals, with all the amateurs, ladies and gentlemen, singing and screaming away all at once, and never keeping quiet, are no easy matter. You are better off at the Cæcilia Society, where they have been well drilled into obedience,—but then they criticise among themselves, and that isn't nice either. In fact—and so on! I wish I were at the "Fahrthor"—and also at the "Pfarreisen," you may believe me or not. Stamaty is staying here, and I have got to teach him counterpoint—I declare I really don't know much about it myself. He says, however, that that is only my modesty. And the carriage! How am I ever to thank you enough for it now? . . .

Are you a Freemason? People declare that there are some four-part songs for men's voices in the lodge here, which no one but a Freemason could have composed. Do you still mean to keep to your Italian journey in the spring? Pray, dear Ferdinand, write soon and long, and forgive my silence, and don't punish me for my small paper with the same. My best remembrances to your mother, and write soon and keep well and happy.

Your FELIX M. B.

And a few weeks later this one:—

LEIPSIK, 26th November, 1836.

DEAR FERDINAND,—Here is your Over-

ture (if you object to my having kept the autograph I will bring it you at Christmas and exchange) and the copies of your songs which you wanted, and which I went and got from Hofmeister. Many thanks for your delightful long letter, but now that I hope, please God, to be in Frankfort this day three weeks, I hardly feel in the mood to answer it properly. It is so much nicer and pleasanter to do it oneself in person. I should have sent you the Overture long ago, if the copyist had not kept me waiting such a shameful time; the one in E will have to be repeated at one of the next concerts, and now I am curious to see what they will say to the D minor. As to the carriage, I am thinking of bringing it back myself at Christmas. I am having it repaired a little, and the smith declares it will then be perfect. I owe your mother many thanks for having lent it me. Stamaty will be at Frankfort in a few days, on his way back to Paris—I maintain that he has got *de l'Allemagne* and *du contrepoint double par dessus les oreilles*—and in three weeks, please God, I myself come to Frankfort. O that I were at the "Pfarreisen!" I should first come and say good evening to you and then turn to the right. Today I can only say, *auf Wiedersehen!* Remember me to your mother.

Your FELIX M. B.

I have very little to tell about the short visit which he paid his *fiancée* at Christmas, excepting that I saw him oftener than I could have expected under the circumstances. He interested himself much in my work at the Cæcilia Society, where they had begun studying "St. Paul" under my direction. Our performance of it was the first after the Leipsic one, which Mendelssohn himself had conducted—though in reality the third, counting that of the Düsseldorf Festival, while the work was still in manuscript.

Shortly after his return to Leipsic I received the following letters:—

LEIPSIK, 10th January, 1837.

DEAR FERDINAND ("OLD DRAMA")—First let me thank you for the *nervous rerum* which you lent me, and which I now return; they were of the greatest service, for I had very little left when I got here. Still I don't think that that was the chief reason why I felt so dreadfully low when I came into my room again on the evening of my return—so low, that even you with your flinty heart would have pitied me; I sat quite quiet for full two hours, doing nothing but curse the Subscription Concerts to myself. And with this old strain I come back to Hafz, and wish I were at the "Pfarreisen." I am always happy there. Tell me yourself, what pleasure *can* I take in the remaining nine concerts, in the Symphony by H. and the Symphony by S.? The day after to-morrow we have Moliq's symphony, and that is why I am writing to

you, because we had to put off your Overture till the next concert, when we shall also have [Sterndale] Bennett's pianoforte concerto, the sacrifice scene from "Idomeneo," and Beethoven's B flat symphony. I meant not to write before next Friday, but as that would put it off for a week, and I want to save my reputation as a man of business, I will write again then. So you had better look out and answer me before that, or I shall abuse your Overture, or rather, make it go badly, and intrigue against it, *secundum ordinem Melchisedek*, etc. . . . You once praised me for making friends of all the German composers, but this winter it's the very reverse—I shall be in hot water with them all. I have got six new symphonies lying here; what they are like, God only knows, I would rather not; not one of them would please, and nobody has to bear the blame but me, because I never let any composers but myself have a chance, especially in symphonies. Good heavens! Ought not the Capelmeisters to be ashamed of themselves, and smite their breasts? But they spoil everything with their cursed artistic consciousness and the wretched divine spark which they are always reading about.

When am I to have my pianoforte piece, "Drama"?

I have sent my six Preludes and Fugues to the printer to-day; they will not be much played, I fear; still I should very much like you to look them through some time, and tell me if anything pleased you in them, and also anything to the contrary. The Organ Fugues are to be printed next month; *me voilà ferruque!* I wish to goodness that some rattling good pianoforte passage would come into my head, to do away with the bad impression. Oh dear! I only really care about one thing, and that is the calendar. Easter falls early—I wish it would fall now. However, I have informed my Directors that I must leave directly after the last concert (17th of March), and cannot conduct any oratorio, either my own or the Angel Gabriel's, because of family affairs. They understand this, and think it quite fair. If only I had not to wait so long. How many times must it thaw, and freeze, and rain, and must I be shaved, and drink my coffee in the morning, and conduct symphonies, and take walks, before March comes. Schumann, David, and Schleinitz (though he does not know you) wish to be remembered to you. I must leave off and go to dinner; in the afternoon we rehearse Moliq, in the evening there is a fête for the newly-married couple (the Davids); his wife is really here, and is a Russian, and he is married to her, and is a brother-in-law of Prince Lieven, and our "Concertmeister." It is needless to say more. Many remembrances and good wishes to your dear mother, and many compliments de Mlle J. And so farewell, and do not forget you

FELIX M. B.

LEIPSIK, 24th January, 1837.

MY DEAR FERDINAND,—I have to give you

can be no doubt either that the *Courrier de l'Europe* did do England a great deal of harm, by emboldening the French Government to send help to the American rebels. The young Marquis de Lafayette, driven thereto by his mistress, Madame de Simiane, sailed across the Atlantic with a troop of Knight-errants. The *Courrier* continued to repeat that all was distraction and disorganization in the English army, and eventually the French gathered pluck, declared war, and shipped to America those six thousand men which turned the scale of the war against us. It is a great pity that the state of our law did not admit of Lord North's Government seizing the man Swinton and wringing his neck a little; for assuredly men have swung at Tyburn and Newgate for villainies less than his. But Lord Mansfield, who was consulted about this French paper, declared that there was no weapon in our arsenal of Parliament Acts which could reach a man who published treason in a foreign tongue; and it was not till 1782 that the happy device was hit upon of confiscating the *Courrier* at the British Customs as "goods liable to duty." As the duty which the Customs proposed to levy was on the same scale as if each copy of the paper were a folio volume, this obliged Swinton to get the *Courrier* printed in Boulogne. At the same time, having quarrelled with Latour, he chose a new editor, in the person of J. Pierre Brissot, the future Girondist. The change in the printing locality did not abate the anti-British speech of the *Courrier*; but had it done so, it would have been too late, for in 1783 the Independence of the United States had been definitely won.

And now, between the excitement of the American War on the one hand, the articles of the *Courrier*, those of Linguet, and the increasing confusion of home finances on the other, matters were speeding towards a crisis; and the Press of Paris reflected the universal thirst of reform at any cost. The newspapers could no longer be kept in bounds; fresh ones exploded every day; and if a journalist was marched off to the Bastille, twenty others seemed to spring up from under ground to take his place, and shout for his release. Necker, after trying to put money matters into shape, had been sacrificed by the nobility, as Turgot had been before him; and a succession of aristocratic and blundering financiers followed—Joly de Fleury, Calonne, Brienne—all three of them un-

did what little good their predecessors had been able to effect. Then it was found necessary to call Necker back again. This was in 1788; and meanwhile the miserable scandal* of the Necklace had compromised Marie Antoinette in the eyes of the malicious Parisian populace, and turned the clamour for reform into a roaring, not only against the Court, but against the Royal Family. The days were past when the papers only spoke with reverence of the Queen; journalists of the popular party now seemed to vie with each other in launching the most vicious invectives. When it was at last decided in Cabinet Council that nothing could save the country but the Convocation of the States General, Louis XVI. asked despondingly of the Duke de Nivernais: "How about the Press—the audacity of newspapers is surpassing belief?" "*Laissons les braillier, Sire,*" answered the Duke. "*Nous pourrons les museler quand les bavards auront fini leur besogne.*" By the "chat-terboxes" the Duke meant the deputies of the States General; but how their "besogne" ended, and what part the press played in their labours, form a new period of the French Press, the treatment of which must be reserved for another paper.

* Cardinal Louis de Rohan being enamoured of the Queen, was hoaxed by an adventuress (Mdlle. La Mothe), who bore some likeness to Marie Antoinette, and who cajoled the Cardinal into sending her a necklace worth 60,000*l.*, under the impression that he was giving it to the Queen. As the Cardinal was in embarrassed circumstances he had bought the necklace on credit; but the jewellers, unable to get their money, complained to the King, and the whole trickery was exposed. Louis XVI., instead of hushing up the matter, unwisely had the adventuress tried by the Parliament of Paris, and publicly disgraced the Cardinal.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MENDELSSOHN.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

CHAPTER IV.

FRANKFORT (SUMMER OF 1836).

MY dear mother had given up living in Paris, so as to leave me free for a journey to Italy, which I had long wished to undertake. We returned to Frankfort in the spring of 1836, and immediately after our arrival I hurried off to Düsseldorf. The Lower Rhenish Musical Festival was to take place there that year under Mendelssohn's direction, and "St. Paul" was to be performed for the first time. The

room in the Becker-garden (now the so-called "Rittersaal" belonging to the town music-hall) was too small for the large audience and orchestra, and in the "Sleepers wake" chorus, the blast of the trumpets and trombones down from the gallery into the low hall was quite overpowering. I had arrived too late for rehearsal, and, sitting there all alone, listening to an entirely new work, in a frightfully hot and close room, was naturally not so deeply impressed as I expected to be. But the audience, who had already heard it three or four times, were delighted; and the performers were thoroughly inspired; and on the third day, when, among other things, the chorus "Rise up, arise" was repeated, I listened with very different ears, and was as enthusiastic as anybody. The oratorio afterwards grew on me more and more, especially the first part, which I now consider one of the noblest and finest of Mendelssohn's works.

Mendelssohn was in every way the centre-point of the Festival, not only as composer, director, and pianist, but also as a lively and agreeable host, introducing people to each other, and bringing the right people together, with a kind word for everybody. There I saw Sterndale Bennett for the first time, renewed my boyish friendship with Ferdinand David, and greatly enjoyed meeting the young painters of Schadow's school, many of them already famous. The only musical part of the Festival which I remember, besides "St. Paul," was Mendelssohn's and David's performance of the Kreuzer Sonata, which they played with extraordinary spirit and absolute unity.

A few days after my return, Felix followed me to Frankfort. The first thing which he encountered there was a report of the Festival (the first that he had seen), in which "St. Paul" was spoken of in that lofty, patronizing, damaging tone so often adopted by critics towards artists who stand high above them. It was some time before he could get over the fact that the first criticism of his beloved work should be so offensive — so that the writer had gained his object. Our excellent friend Schelble had been obliged, by illness, to retire to his home at Hüfingen, in Baden, and Mendelssohn had promised meanwhile to undertake the direction of the "Cæcilia" Society for him. He took it only for six weeks, but during that short time his influence was most inspiring. He made them sing Handel and Bach, especially the wonderfully beautiful can-

tata by the latter, "Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit." He knew how to communicate his own enthusiasm to the chorus, and completely electrified them. At the same time he won all hearts by his invariable good-nature and kindness in every act and word.

Mendelssohn was living in a fine house belonging to Schelble, which stood at the corner of the Schöne Aussicht," with a splendid view up and down the river. It was a pleasant place, and he enjoyed receiving his friends there, and loved an occasional interruption even in the morning by sympathetic visitors.

Our house, at the "Pfarreisen," was not far off, and we saw a great deal of each other. My dear mother, who in spite of her intense love for me could easily be enthusiastic about talents which surpassed my own, was in raptures with Mendelssohn, and ready to do anything for him that lay in her power. She soon discovered his favourite dishes, and knew how to indulge him in so many little ways, that he felt quite at home with us. She would often secretly order a carriage for us, so that we might make excursions in the beautiful environs of Frankfort. On one of these expeditions I had the opportunity of seeing my friend in rather a passion. It was near the village of Bergen. The coachman did or said some stupidity or other, upon which Mendelssohn jumped out of the carriage in a towering rage, and after pouring a torrent of abuse upon the man, declared that nothing should make him get into the carriage again. The punishment was on our side, and my mother was quite frightened when we arrived late in the evening, hot and exhausted, having had to walk the whole way home. At supper, Felix himself could not help laughing, though still stoutly maintaining that he was right.

I remember once, directly after dinner, Mendelssohn's taking up my Studies, which lay on the piano, sitting down, and playing off the whole four-and-twenty one after the other in the most splendid style. My mother was in ecstasy. "He is a real man, that Felix," she said to me, beaming with delight. He, meanwhile, was in the greatest spirits at having given us pleasure, but so hot and excited that he went off directly to my room, to the leathern sofa on which he was so fond of rolling about.

We had many pleasant and interesting visitors at that time, amongst others the famous Swedish song-writer Lindblad, whose northern accent added a peculiar

charm to his liveliness and gaiety. His visit was short, but we saw a great deal of him. One morning, after Mendelssohn had played his overture to "Melusine," he said, "That music actually listens to itself!" Perhaps it does — and it must be delighted with what it hears.

A special interest was given to that spring by Rossini's visit to Frankfort, and his almost daily meetings with Mendelssohn at our house. This most renowned of all Maestros had come to Frankfort with the Baroness James Rothschild, for the wedding of one of the younger members of the family — in the Baroness's mind no doubt to swell the glory of the feast by his presence. She was a highly cultivated lady, and knew Rossini's best side, having had plenty of opportunity, during their long journey, of observing his deep appreciation of whatever was beautiful, and his delight in art and nature. Rossini, since his "William Tell," had reached the highest pinnacle of his fame, and was at that time also at the height of his personality, if I may so express myself. He had lost the enormous corpulence of former years: his figure was full, but not disproportioned, and his splendid countenance, in which the power of the thinker and the wit of the humourist were united, beamed with health and happiness. He spoke French quite as well as Italian, and in a most melodious voice: his long residence in Paris, and intercourse with the best people there, had transformed him from a haughty young Italian into a man of the world — dignified, graceful, and charming, and enchanting everybody by his irresistible amiability. He had called on us one morning, to our great delight, and was describing his journey through Belgium, and all that had struck him there, when I heard the door-bell, and feeling certain that it was Mendelssohn, ran out to open the door of the corridor. It was Felix, and with him Julius Rietz, who had just arrived. I told them that Rossini was there, and Mendelssohn was delighted; but in spite of all our persuasions, Rietz would not come in, and went off. When Felix appeared, Rossini received him with marked respect, and yet so pleasantly, that in a few minutes the conversation resumed its flow and became quite animated. He entreated Mendelssohn to play to him, and though the latter was somewhat disinclined, they arranged to meet at our house again next morning, and these meetings were often repeated in the course of the next few

days. It was quite charming to see how Felix, though inwardly resisting, was each time afresh obliged to yield to the overwhelming amiability of the Maestro, as he stood at the piano listening with the utmost interest, and expressing his satisfaction with more or less delight. I cannot deny the fact — and indeed it was perfectly natural — but Felix, with his juvenile demeanour, playing his compositions to a composer whose melodies just then ruled the whole world of song, was, in a certain measure, acting an inferior part; as must always be the case when one artist introduces himself to another without any corresponding return. Mendelssohn soon began to rebel a little. "If your Rossini," said he to me one morning when we met in the stream of the Main, "goes on muttering such things as he did yesterday, I won't play him anything more." "What did he mutter?" I asked; "I did not hear anything." "But I did: when I was playing my F sharp minor Caprice, he muttered between his teeth, '*Ca sent la sonate de Scarlatti.*'" "Well, that's nothing so very dreadful." "Ah — bah!" However, on the following day he played to him again. I must add that even in his later years Rossini looked back upon this meeting with Mendelssohn with heartfelt pleasure, and expressed the strongest admiration for his talent.

The impression that Rossini made on the whole colony of Frankfort musicians was really tremendous. As early as the second day after his arrival I had to drive about with him to all the artists of importance, and with many of them to act the part of interpreter. Some were ready to faint with fear and surprise when he appeared. Afterwards my mother invited all these gentlemen, and one or two foreign artists who happened to be staying in Frankfort, to meet him at a *soirée*; and it was almost comic to see how each did his best to shine before the great leader of the light Italian school. Capellmeister Guhr played a sonata of his own, Ferdinand Ries the Study with which he had first made a sensation in London, Aloys Schmitt a Rondo, and some one else a Notturmo. Mendelssohn was intensely amused at the whole thing. Rossini was more stately that evening than I ever remember to have seen him: very polite, very amiable, and very complimentary — in fact *too* complimentary. But next day his sly humour came out. A grand dinner had been arranged in his honour at the "Mainlust," and as many

celebrities of all kinds as there were room for took part in it, Mendelssohn among the rest. When the dinner was over, the hero of the day began walking up and down the garden and talking in his usual way; meanwhile the place had become crowded with people who wanted to see the great man, and who pushed and squeezed and peered about to get a peep at him, he all the time pretending to ignore them utterly. I have never witnessed such a personal ovation to a composer in the open air — except, perhaps, on his way to the grave!

The year 1836 was one of the most important of Mendelssohn's life, for it was that in which he first met his future wife. Madame Jeanrenaud was the widow of a clergyman of the French Reformed Church in Frankfort. Her husband had died in the prime of life, and she was living with her children at the house of her parents, the Souchays, people of much distinction in Frankfort. Felix had been introduced to them, and soon felt himself irresistibly attracted by the beauty and grace of the eldest daughter, Cécile. His visits became more and more frequent, but he always behaved with such reserve towards his chosen one, that, as she once laughingly told me in her husband's presence, for several weeks she did not imagine herself to be the cause of Mendelssohn's visits, but thought he came for the sake of her mother, who, indeed, with her youthful vivacity, cleverness, and refinement, chattering away in the purest Frankfort dialect, was extremely attractive. But though during this early time Felix spoke but little to Cécile, when away from her he talked of her all the more. Lying on the sofa in my room after dinner, or taking long walks in the mild summer nights with Dr. S. and myself, he would rave about her charm, her grace, and her beauty. There was nothing overstrained in him, either in his life or in his art: he would pour out his heart about her in the most charmingly frank and artless way, often full of fun and gaiety; then again, with deep feeling, but never with any exaggerated sentimentality or uncontrolled passion. It was easy to see what a serious thing it was, for one could hardly get him to talk of anything which did not touch upon her more or less. At that time I did not know Cécile, and therefore could only act the sympathetic listener. How thankless the part of confidant is, we learn from French tragedies; but I had not even the satisfaction of be-

ing sole confidant, for S. was often present during Felix's outpourings; but, then, again, we could talk over these revelations, and our affection for Mendelssohn made it easy for us to forgive the monotony which must always pervade a lover's confidences. Mendelssohn's courtship was no secret, and was watched with much curiosity and interest by the whole of Frankfort society; and many remarks which I heard showed me that in certain circles, to possess genius, culture, fame, amiability, and fortune, and belong to a family of much consideration as well as celebrity, is hardly enough to entitle a man to raise his eyes to a girl of patrician birth. But I do not think that anything of this sort ever came to Mendelssohn's ears.

In the beginning of August he went to the seaside for the benefit of his health, and also, as Devrient tells us, on good authority, to test his love by distance. Soon after he left, I got the following letter from the Hague; and his humorous irritation shows even more plainly than his pathetic complaints, how hard he found it to bear the few weeks' separation.

's GRAVENHAGE, 7th August, 1836.

DEAR HILLER, — How I wish I were at the "Pfarreisen" with you, telling you about Holland, instead of writing to you about it. I think it is impossible in Frankfort to have any idea how dull it is at the Hague.

If you don't answer this letter directly, and write me at least eight pages about Frankfort and the "Fahrthor,"* and about you and your belongings, and music, and all the living world, I shall probably turn cheese-monger here and never come back again. Not one sensible thought has come into my head since I drove out of the Hôtel de Russie; now I am beginning by degrees to accustom myself to it a little, and have given up hoping for any sensible ideas, and only count the days till I go back, and rejoice that I have already taken my sixth bath to-day, about a quarter of the whole dose. If you were me, you would already have packed up ten times, turned your back on the cheese-country, said a few incomprehensible words to your travelling companion, and gone home again; I should be glad enough to do so, but a certain Philistinism that I am known to possess holds me back. I had to stay three days instead of two at Düsseldorf, because it was impossible to get S. away, and I think those few days did a good deal towards making me melancholy. There was such an air of the past about everything, and fatal remembrance — for whom you know I care but little — would play its part again. The Festival is said to have been fine, but that

* The Jeanrenauds lived close to the "Fahrthor."

bottom there are two tunnels communicating with the shore, and through them the sea rushes when the tide flows. No power on earth could save any one who was caught there at such a time. The spray is tossed up almost to the surface when the wind is high, and we can hardly conceive a more frightful sight than to watch the water boiling and roaring in the black crater. Instead of the fury of fire, there is the fury of water; and instead of jets of flame, white foam and spray. It is not very easy to understand how it has been formed, but most probably there has been some sinking at the surface, and the sea breaking in through the tunnels below, has gradually undermined the earth, and at last swept it away, leaving only the rocky sides that enclosed it.

On the west side of the island, facing Guernsey, there is some grand scenery, or rather we should say that the whole of it is grand. There is the little island of Brechou or *Isle des Marchands*, separated from the *main* land of Sark by a narrow strait about eighty yards wide, called *les Gouliots*, where the tide runs furiously. The beetling rocks on each side frown upon each other, and at a little distance seem to close, and yet an English frigate in the French Revolutionary War, once when chased by two French ships of superior strength, passed safely through it. Her yards are said to have grazed the rocks on each side. The captain had got hold of a fisherman, and told him he would drown him if he did not pilot the vessel through. Here also a large East-Indiaman was dashed to pieces some years ago; but indeed the name *Isle des Marchands* is supposed to have been given to the rock from the number of merchantmen that have been wrecked there. Opposite to it are the Gouliot caves, consisting of two vaulted chambers, out of which a number of fissures open: through these the sea flows when the tide rises, and they can be only visited at low water. In one cave where we took shelter from the rain the walls were covered with sea-anemones, black, green, and blue; they cling to the rock with wonderful tenacity, soft and pulpy to the touch, and were just like half-marbles or breast-pins studding the sides of the cave in countless profusion. We never before were in such a perfect abode of the Nereids, and for aught we know those sea-nymphs use the anemones as jewels for their hair.

To the south of these caves is the

lovely Havre de Gosselin, a deeply indented cove, with no semblance of a beach, where the fishermen dry their nets and place their lobster baskets on the rocks. To get down to it is not difficult nor dangerous by means of a zig-zag path, and the exquisite view well repays the trouble of the descent and the fatigue of the ascent. On the heights above stands an obelisk of granite which commemorates a sad catastrophe. One evening in October 1868 a party, consisting of Mr. Jeremiah Pilcher, two brothers named Giffard, and Dr. Gatehouse, accompanied by a boatman named Renouf, set off in an open boat to cross to Guernsey. They were warned that it was too late to start, and the sea was dangerous, but they determined to venture. None of them were afterwards seen alive, nor was it known for some days that they had perished, for it was supposed that they had reached Guernsey in safety. The boat was found on the coast of France, and the body of Mr. Pilcher at the Isle of Wight; another body was cast ashore at Herm, but the three others were never found. The obelisk was erected by the widow of Mr. Pilcher, and it bears a touching inscription, with the names of the sufferers. In March 1839, the then Seigneur of Sark, Mr. Le Pellèy, a Jurat of the Court of Guernsey, was drowned, with his boat's crew, in sight of the inhabitants off the shore, just after he had embarked for Guernsey, being caught by a gale of wind. The present clergyman of the island witnessed the catastrophe, and we were assured that he has never ventured on the water since.

A little to the north of the Havre de Gosselin is the Moie de Mouton, boldly jutting out into the sea, and separated from the mainland by a narrow fissure, cleft as it were by a hatchet. The remains of a wall on each side of the abyss show that this mass of rock once formed part of the island, but by some convulsion of nature it has been torn off, and the sea rages between. There is a cave in it which is only accessible by a boat, and we did not visit it. On this rock, as there is some scanty herbage at the top, a few sheep are landed, and when the owner wants mutton he goes out in a boat and fires at one of the sheep, which if killed, rolls down the cliff into the sea and is picked up by the boat. Still farther to the north stand *les Autelets*, the Altars, two grand fantastic rocks, fit shrines for the worship of Neptune or Æolus, or whoever may be the King of

Storms. A guide-book assures us that "at their base in chaotic confusion lie gigantic blocks of every shape and hue, their surface rounded by the action of the waves; and between them are pools tinged with red, green, and purple algæ, and alive with mollusca and crustacea." They are the favourite haunts of the sea-gulls, more so than the "sea-gull chapel," on the east coast, which has the exact appearance of a low gable roof. It is hollow and can be visited at low water, but when the tide rises the water fills its dark recess, and no tourist or traveller can pay his orisons there.

We are now going to speak of *les Boutiques*, of which, as we carefully explored them, we shall give a more detailed description. Our party consisted of five — ourselves, Mr. and Mrs. B., their youthful son, and a capital guide named De Cartèret, an historical name in the Channel Islands, and a man whom we can most conscientiously recommend to any one who wants a *cicerone* in Sark. The caves called the Boutiques lie at the extreme north-west point of the island, and to get to them, to say nothing of getting through them, is a work of no small difficulty. After walking over a barren upland at the top of the cliffs we came suddenly to a turn on the left, where we were told we must descend. But where and how? All we could see before us was an almost perpendicular descent with the sea at the bottom. However, there *was* the sign of a path, but the weather had been wet and the stones were slippery, and altogether it seemed to be a very *mauvais pas*. When half-way down, Mrs. B., although one of the most dauntless climbers we ever knew, had enough of it and declined to go further; we therefore left her to await our return, and carefully picking our way, at last reached the bottom with the sea at our feet and lofty cliffs rising perpendicularly above us on each side. It seemed to be a complete trap, — and where were the caves? On looking up towards the right we saw some twenty feet above us a large dark hole, and this was the entrance. To scramble up was no easy task, and when we reached the mouth we looked down into a dark abyss, in which were

Crags, rocks, and knolls confusedly hurled,
Like fragments of an earlier world.

To get up, we have said, was no easy task, but it was almost as difficult to get down. And then we had to pick our way amongst the rocks and boulders in a

state of twilight darkness, until we came to a mere fissure, which our guide told us led to the cave! So that we were only in the vestibule of the rock-hewn temple which we had come to visit. We ought to mention that in addition to ourselves we had with us a dog from the inn — half spaniel, half retriever, who answered to the name of Coie, and who obviously had never entered such an infernal place before, and by his howls and perplexity caused us considerable amusement. On we went, blundering through the dark fissure until we came to a cross tunnel communicating on the left hand with the sea, and by means of this we gained a little more light. Right before us yawned a lofty cavern, which is fully more than a hundred yards long, and at the extremity we could see the glimmering of day. This was the cavern — the veritable shop which gives *les Boutiques* their name, and if the pun may be excused we never intend to go "shopping" there again. Our guide struck a light, and held a tallow candle in his hand; but the wind soon extinguished it, and we had to prowl forward in the darkness. Huge stones, or rather rocks, constantly blocked the road, and round or over these we were obliged to grope our way, sometimes splashing into water left by the tide over shoe tops, or half way up to the knees, and expecting every moment to fall headlong into some deep pool or nasty hole. In the meantime Coie was howling piteously in our rear, and more than once our guide had to go back to lift the poor brute over some opposing obstacle which he had vainly endeavoured to climb. At last we reached the extremity of the tunnel through which we had been floundering, and had the open sea before us, with apparently no possible means of climbing up from the mouth of our prison, for the cliffs rose almost vertically on each side, and the distance between them was only a few feet. Here was a dilemma! If we waited for the rising of the tide we should infallibly be drowned, for the sea rushes like a race-horse through the cave we had just traversed, and we had no inclination to turn back and encounter the same difficulties again. Our guide told us that we *could* get up the cliff, and he went forward to try and find the least perilous ascent, comforting us with the assurance that if we did fall, in the way he was about to show us, we should be not so much injured as if we tried to climb by what seemed to be a shorter scramble. He disappeared for a short time behind a

rock, and then called upon us to follow him. We then began to cling to ledges of rock, and put our feet on projecting knobs, and sometimes lying flat on the shelving surface, wriggled forward like toads in a slanting direction upwards, until with infinite difficulty we clambered to some sloping ground which led gradually to the summit. We think a cat might have been proud of the feat, and poor Coie would certainly have failed if he had not been pulled and hauled and shoved, piteously howling all the while. We shall never forget how, as we emerged from the cave, and he came following us, his eyes glared like demon lights in the darkness, as if they belonged to the Evil One himself.

A very different scene is the Seigneurie in the middle of the Island, the residence of the Rev. Mr. Collings, the Lord of Sark. We walked through the grounds on our way from the Gouliot caves, and were charmed with their beauty. It is quite a little Paradise, lying like an oasis amidst flowers and plants and trees, which grow there in luxuriant profusion. The house is substantially built of stone in the Tudor style and covered with creepers. We never saw lovelier nor better kept gardens. The walls were loaded with fruit, peaches and nectarines and plums, and the parterres were blazing with geraniums and myrtles and fuchsias. There is an old fish-pond which once belonged to an ancient monastery, and shady walks lead down to the coast on the west. On the lawn near the house there is a miniature battery of guns, and amongst them a small brass cannon which bears the inscription *Don de la Roynne Elizabeth au Seigneur de Sercq, A.D. 1573*. Certainly, whoever wished for a retreat from the world's noise and turmoil, could not choose a more delightful spot. We heard that it may be bought, together with the whole island, but cannot vouch for the truth of this.

Although we landed at the Eperqueries, which means "Harvest of dried fish," this is not the place where the excursion steamer disembarks her passengers. That is at a fairy little harbour which has recently been constructed farther south, and is called the Creux. To get to it from the land side you have the choice of two tunnels through the rock, one of which is as old as the seventeenth century, but the other was made a few years ago to give a more convenient access to the pier. In the tiny basin, completely sheltered from the wind, lie the boats which take off the

passengers to and from the steamer, that is fastened to a buoy outside. Were it not for the tunnels it would be impossible to pass from the shore into the interior, as the lofty cliffs completely enclose the bay on all sides. Sark in fact is only accessible at one or two points, and it may be said of her as truly as of Britannia that she

. . . needs no bulwark,
She wants no guarded steep :

for Nature has thrown around her an impregnable barrier of rocks. A few years ago the Lords of the Admiralty intending to visit Sark were unable to find the landing-place, and actually sailed past it, without seeing the tunnel—then only one—which indicated the passage from the shore.

We do not profess to be naturalists nor versed in marine zoölogy; but even a traveller ignorant like ourselves of such matters must be struck with the wealth of life—half vegetable and half animal—which he finds in the caves and fissures roofed with luxuriant ferns. There are sea-anemones, and madrepores, and limpets, and carbuncles, and barnacles in profusion, and such seaweed as for size and beauty we never saw before. The colour of the sea is of the loveliest blue, now and then shading into green. As we waded through the pools of water in the dark recesses of *les Boutiques* we had an uncomfortable feeling that our leg might be seized by an Octopus or Devil-fish, such as is described by Victor Hugo in his *Tollers of the Sea*; but no such adventure happened, and we cannot honestly say that we have ever seen an octopus anywhere except in the Aquarium at the Crystal Palace.

Opposite the east side the coast of France is plainly visible, and on a clear day you can see the tops of houses and the towers of Coutances Cathedral. Between lies the long low ridge of black rocks called the Paternosters, in which there are two fishermen's huts—a dreary storm-toil abode. The navigation of the Channel is so dangerous that few vessels attempt it unless driven there by stress of weather.

The Channel Islands are said to owe the introduction of the Christian religion to a holy man named Maglorius, afterwards known as St. Magloire, who took up his abode in Sark, and first preached the Gospel to the Pagan inhabitants.

One peculiarity in Sark, and indeed all the Channel Islands, is, that there are no

field-paths. But this is easily explained. There are no large proprietors, and the lands are held in small lots by a great variety of owners. This, of course, is fatal to a right of way; for if leave were given to cross one field, the traveller would be stopped at the next by a different owner, and the law against trespass is severe. While we were in Sark, an amusing illustration of this occurred. A party of tourists, four gentlemen, and two young ladies, the daughters of a Church dignitary, unwittingly crossed a hedge, and each was called upon by a bailiff in the evening and asked to pay a fine of three *livres tournois*, — equal, we believe, to fourpence. This polite request was disregarded, and the parties were cited to appear next day in the school-house before the court. The court consisted of three farmers, one of whom was the very man who owned the field where the trespass had been committed! and who thus sat as judge in his own cause. The proceedings were in Norman-French, and commenced with a prayer, after which the court was declared to be constituted. One of the accused took a legal exception to the jurisdiction, but a blue document called an *azar* (we believe the summons) was read, and the plea was overruled. The two young ladies, being under age, were let off, and the bailiff was censured for summoning minors for trespass, but the rest were fined in some small sum each, which they never paid, threatening to appeal to the Royal Court of Guernsey; and one of them crossed from Sark afterwards in the same steamer as ourselves, a fugitive from justice.

The Court of Sark consists of the Seneschal or his deputy, the *prévot*, and the *greffier*, who are all appointed by the Seigneur, and sworn in before the Royal Court of Guernsey. But besides this, there is another court, called the Court of Chefs Plaids, which makes ordinances for roads, rates, and police; and it is composed of the same officers as the Court of Sark, together with the holders of the forty tenements into which the island has been immemorially divided. We saw more than one painted board on which it was stated that "the constables of Sark gave notice, that any person damaging *la Coupee*, or any of the walls of Sark, will be liable to pay a penalty of 2*l.*"

The language of the Sarkois is a *patois*, but more than half of the inhabitants speak English, and all of them understand French. In Little Sark we were obliged to

speaking French. The men are better looking than the women, and are really a handsome race. There is one church, one Wesleyan chapel, and one windmill in the island.

The Sunday is very strictly observed, and no one is allowed even to fish on that day under pain of a fine. We believe that there is such a thing as a prison, but it is so seldom used that when it was last wanted to lock up an offender, it was necessary to send for a blacksmith to break open the lock, as the key could not be found.

O! fortunati nimium sua si bona norint.

In conclusion we will quote one or two passages from a letter in the *Harleian Miscellany*, written in April 1673, "from a gentleman inhabiting the Isle of Serke, to his friend and kinsman in London," and cited in *Tupper's History*. He says of Sark: —

Yet Nature, as if she had here stored up some extraordinary treasure, seems to have been very solicitous to render it impregnable; being on every side surrounded with vast rocks and mighty cliffs, whose craggy tops, braving the clouds with their stupendous height, bid defiance to all that shall dream of forcing an entrance. Two only ascents or passages there are into it; the first, where all goods and commodities are received, called La Soguien . . . the other is La Fricherée (Eperqueries), where only passengers can land, climbing up a rock by certain steps or stairs cut therein, to a vast height, and somewhat dangerously; nor is it possible for above one person to come up at once. . . . For belly timber our three staple commodities are fish, fowl, and rabbits. . . . If all this rich fare will not content you, we have a most excellent pottage made of milk, bacon, coleworts, mackerel, and gooseberries! boiled together all to pieces, which our mode is to eat, not with the ceremony of a spoon, but the more beastly way of a great piece of bread furiously plying between your mouth and the kettle. Both sexes on festivals wear large ruffs, and the women, instead of hats or hoods, truss up their hair, the more genteel sort in a kind of cabbage-net [anticipation of the *chignon*?]; those of meaner fortunes in a piece of linen, perhaps an old dishcloth turned out of service, or the fag-end of a table-cloth that has escaped the persecution of washing ever since the Reformation. . . . All this, though you read it not till Michaelmas, was told you at Serke, this first day of April, O. S., 1673.

We will only add that when we left Sark and crossed over to Guernsey, we met floating on the waves the dead body of a seaman or fisherman with the head downwards; and it was suggestive of

my report of the performance of your D minor Overture,* which took place last Thursday evening. It went very well; we had rehearsed it very carefully several times, and many parts of it greatly surpassed my expectations; the most beautiful of all is the A minor *piano* passage in the wind, and the melody that follows it—it sounds capital; then also, at the beginning of the so-called working-out, the *forte* in G minor, with the *piano* after it (your own favourite passage), and then the drums and wind instruments *piano* in D major right at the end. The winding-up sounds far better in the orchestra than I had expected. But I must tell you that after the first rehearsal, relying on the good understanding between us, I could not resist changing the basses to the melody in A—and also where it comes back in F and in D—from *staccato* to sustained notes; you can't think how restless they made it sound, so I hope you won't be annoyed at my taking such a liberty; I am convinced you would have done the same, for it did not sound at all as you wanted it to.

But now, there is still something on my mind which I want to say. The Overture, even at the performance, did not take hold of the musicians as I had wished, but left us all a little cold. This would have been of no consequence at all, but it was remarkable that all the musicians whom I spoke to, said the same—they had all been extremely pleased with the first subject and the whole of the opening, and the melodies in A minor and major, and so far had felt quite worked up by it, but from that point their liking began to decrease, till by the end, the good and striking impression of the subject was forgotten, and they felt no more interest in the music. This seems to me important, for it touches again upon a matter about which we have had such endless discussions, and the want of interest with which it is possible for you at any time to regard your art, must at last be felt by others also. I would not like to say this to you if I were not so perfectly convinced that the point is just one at which every man is left to *himself*, and where neither nature, nor talent, nor even the very greatest, can help him, but only his own will. I dislike nothing more than finding fault with a man's nature or talent; it only depresses and worries and does no good; one cannot add a cubit to one's stature, all striving and struggling are useless there, so one has to be silent about it, and let the responsibility rest with God. But when it is a case like the present with your work, where all the themes, everything which is talent or inspiration (call it what you will) is good and beautiful and impressive, and the development alone not good, then I think it may not be passed over;—there, I think that blame can never be misplaced,—that is the point where one can improve oneself and one's work,—and as I believe that a man with splendid capacities

is under an obligation to become something great, and that it may justly be called his own fault if he does not develop himself exactly in proportion to the means given him—I also believe it ought to be the same with a piece of music. Don't tell me, it is so, and therefore it must be so; I know perfectly well that no musician can make his thoughts or his talents otherwise than what Heaven has given them to him; but I also know that if Heaven has given him good ones, he must also be able to develop them properly. And don't go and tell me that we are all mistaken, and that your treatment is always as good as your invention; I don't think it is. I do think that as far as regards your talents you are equal to *any* musician of the day, but I know hardly any piece of yours which is satisfactorily worked out. The two Overtures are certainly your best things, but the more clearly you express yourself, the more one feels what is wanting, and what in my opinion you ought to remedy.

Don't ask me, how; for you know that best yourself; after all it is only the affair of a walk, or a moment—in short, of a thought. If you laugh at me for all this long story, you will perhaps be doing very right; but certainly not, if you are angry, or bear me a grudge for it,—it is foolish of me even to think of such a thing; but how many musicians are there who would put up with it from another? And as you must see from every word how I love and admire your talent, I may also say that you are not perfect—and that would offend most musicians. But not you, for you know how I take the matter to heart.

As for that passage in Bach, I don't happen to have the score, and I should not be able to find it here at once, but I never considered it a misprint, though the edition generally swarms with them. Your version seems to me therefore incorrect. I should have thought the A flat quite necessary at "Thou smotest them"—and peculiarly Bach-ish. Kind regards.

Your F. M.

This letter, in which Mendelssohn lectures me so affectionately, appears in the second volume of his published letters, but I felt that I could not omit it here; and I must add a few words, with regard to "the matter about which we had had such endless discussions," as Felix says,—a matter in which to this day I believe myself to be right, though I do not therefore by any means wish to set myself up against his criticism of my compositions at that time.

That a composer must be *born*—that unless there is a natural power working in him with all the force of instinct, he will produce nothing of paramount greatness—there can be as little doubt as that he must learn and study all that is to be learned, as much and more than he would do for mere technical purposes. But the question now arises, Where does

* Afterwards published by Breitkopf and Härtel, with many alterations, under the title of "First Concert Overture in D minor, Op. 32."

the inborn power end, and the power of workmanship begin? According to Mendelssohn's opinion, as expressed above, all that comes within the range of invention of melody belongs to the first power, and the development to the second, in which the strong will, coupled with the presupposed amount of ability and dexterity, deals like a master with the material in hand. This view of his, no doubt shared by many, arose from the twofold source of his harmonious nature and his perfectly matured artistic education. The general spontaneity of melodious thought cannot be denied; and though with the acceptance or rejection of the *first inspiration* criticism already comes into play, the choice in that case is not so *infinite* as it becomes in the *working out* of the leading ideas — and choice is always distracting. But in spite of this, it seems to me a mistake to consider the final development as less dependent on original genius than the first discovery; for if this development rests only on what has been learned and studied — if the qualities of poetical creation do not come into play in the same degree in both cases — if it is not fresh, living, and original, it cannot make any impression; the cleverness and learning of a musician will always meet with due recognition, but will not make him pass for an inspired composer. One might even assert, that in the union of musical thought and speculation with the vivid power of the imagination, a still higher degree of productive genius is called out than in the formation of the simple melodious idea; if indeed this latter, as soon as it passes beyond the most elementary forms, does not at once need the strongest chisel and the finest file. I find the proofs of this opinion in the masterpieces which adorn our art. In the best works of the five great masters, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, it is impossible to point out any separation between invention and treatment; as soon as such a separation becomes possible, they no longer stand at their greatest height. In fact, there are not a few cases where just the whole force of their genius shows itself in works which have developed from comparatively unimportant germs; as, on the other hand, with inferior composers, the weakness of the working out and the poverty of invention are much on the same level. If there are some composers of great genius, in whose works "form" (a word often used and generally

mis-used) goes for less than the material which has been given to them, this is a want which certainly lies more in their natural gifts than in their education. For assuredly we are attributing far too much to artistic education and development if we can see nothing in natural gifts, so far as they hold any high position, beyond the mere power of inventing melodies. Amongst the countless gifts with which Nature must endow the man whom she designs for a great composer, one of the most essential is a firm will to absorb himself in his own ideas. It may sound hopeless to say that this also, in art, is inborn; it is still more hopeless to see many possessing it without the material on which they might worthily employ it.

Mendelssohn, who was endowed with *all* these gifts, only in less measure than the *very* greatest of his predecessors, possessed also in a very prominent degree that indefatigableness which made him devote the minutest care, as well as the whole force of his energy, to attaining his ideal. He could not conceive that anything else was possible. And yet after all, towards the close of the letter just quoted, he himself admits that the best must always be the half-unconscious; for what else — to use his own words — can be said to be "the matter of a walk, or a moment — in short, of a thought?"

I need hardly add, that I have no wish to deny the necessity of the most uninterrupted, strenuous, and pains-taking work.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THREE DAYS IN SARK.

BY WILLIAM FORSYTH, Q.C., LL.D.

AMONGST the Channel Islands by far the most interesting to our mind is Sark. No one who looks from the sea on its rock-bound coast, and sees before him only a lofty and apparently a desolate platform, with a solitary windmill on the highest point of the island, can form any idea of its hidden beauties, its retired dells, its exquisite coves and bays, its caves, its tunnels, and its *creux*. A flying visit in an excursion steamer, with a crowd of tourists, when the traveller goes and returns on the same day, and devotes part of it to the necessary demands of lunch or dinner, is *not* the way to see

Sark. She conceals her charms like a coy beauty, and reveals them only to those who will take the trouble to explore them. We had often heard of the wonders of her caves, and the treasures of marine zoölogy to be found in their deep recesses; and being at Guernsey we determined to avail ourselves of the opportunity of quietly and leisurely devoting two or three days to a ramble over the little islet.

Sark lies opposite to St. Peter's Port, the capital of Guernsey, due east, and is distant about six miles. Midway between them are the two islands of Herm and Jethou, divided by a dangerous channel, which it is only safe to take in fine weather and with a flowing tide. Herm is a mile and a half in length, and half a mile in breadth, abounding in rabbits, and famous for its beach of shells on the north side, which might rival the shelly shore of Ascension Island in the Atlantic. We saw before we left London an advertisement that Herm was to be sold by public auction, but we believe that it was bought in, and has since been disposed of by private contract. The owner will have a good house there, and live the lord of a population amounting to twenty or thirty souls. Jethou is still smaller—a mere molehill of an island—in which we think there is only one house; and there is neither pier nor harbour, so that landing is always difficult, and sometimes dangerous. Like Herm, Jethou swarms with rabbits. A boatman told us that last year he made a contract with the owner of Herm for rabbits at 10*s.* each, and took 7,000 over to Guernsey, where he sold them for 11*s.* a piece, so that he cleared about 30*l.* by the bargain.

We crossed from Guernsey to Sark in an open two-masted boat, belonging to William Purday, whose name we gladly recommend as that of an excellent seaman and thoroughly good fellow. We had a fair breeze, but hardly enough of it, and taking the channel between Herm and Jethou made the passage to Sark in an hour and a half. We had to give a wide berth to the ugly rocks that guard the north end of the island, opposite those wonderful caves called Les Boutiques, of which we shall say more by-and-by. We landed at a place called Eperqueries, on the north-east side, having to get into a cockle-shell of a boat, for our two-masted lugger was too large to venture amongst the hidden rocks. Here a rough path leads winding up the cliff, and we reached the heathy summit, which re-

minded us of many parts of the west coast of Scotland, and then struck into the main road, which runs in a straight line on the top from north to south, the length of the whole island being little more than three miles, and the average breadth about a mile. There is not much to attract the eye on the surface. The fields and hedges and trees are very like those in Guernsey or Jersey, and there are the same peculiarities, namely, that the fields have no gates, but only trunks of trees or logs of wood to bar the passage; and the cattle are always tethered by a rope fastened to a wooden or iron pin which is driven into the ground by a mallet, and forms quite an occupation for some of the maidens of the island. We may mention in passing that the breed of cows is the same in Alderney and Jersey, and they are invariably distinguished from those of Guernsey by their black noses, while those of Guernsey are white. There is a penalty of 500*l.* for bringing any foreign breed into Jersey, and we suppose the same prohibition exists in Alderney; but we did not visit that island, which it is not very easy to get away from if the weather becomes rough. We followed the Sark road, and went past the church and gate of the Seigneurie, of which we will speak hereafter. We then turned to the left and descended into a wooded dell, where lies snugly ensconced amongst the trees the most comfortable little inn, called by the more ambitious name of "Gavey's Dixcart Hotel." There we took up our quarters and lived in clean rooms and on excellent fare. The charges were very moderate, including bed, breakfast, luncheon, and a *table d'hôte* dinner at 6 o'clock. There is one other inn in the island, called Bel Air, kept by Vaudin, which looked very clean, and is well spoken of, but it is not so prettily situated as the Dixcart Hotel. A post office lugger-boat sails every morning early for Guernsey, and brings the letters in the afternoon, together with supplies of provisions, so that there is always plenty to be had; and we need not say that there is abundance of fish. We saw amongst the books on the table in the sitting-room a Greek *Odyssey*, with an English prose translation, from which we correctly inferred that some collegians had chosen this place for their vacation reading-party to study in. There is a charming walk down Baker's Valley to Dixcart Bay, with its stony beach walled in by lofty rocks. A large rock jutting into the sea, at high water shuts

out the view on the right; but through this rock there is a tunnel formed by nature, and passing through it we come to another little cove, which is quite inaccessible from above, as the cliffs tower up almost perpendicularly. We have sat on the pebbly beach of Dixcart Bay by moonlight, and had we been poetical, we know no scene more likely to have inspired our muse. Happily, however, the only *afflatus* we felt was the soft breeze from the sea, and we were almost lulled to sleep by the sound of the waves rolling lazily along the shore —

Raking the rounded flints which ages past
Rolled by their rage, and shall for ages last.

Sark is divided into two parts, Great and Little Sark, and the connecting link between them is one of the wonders of the island. It is called *La Coupée*, and is a curious freak of nature. The sea on the eastern and western sides has here eaten into the land, so as to leave only a mere wall of earth and rock between the two divisions of the island, and this wall, which is broader at the base, narrows towards the top until there is left a space to walk upon which is just broad enough to admit a country cart, with no wall or balustrade to protect the traveller; and on each side there is a precipitous descent of rock for more than 100 feet, with the sea roaring like a hungry tiger for its prey. Not long ago the passage was still narrower, and not more than three or four feet broad but the top has either been cut down or has crumbled away, so as to leave the width we have mentioned. Even now we should not like to cross it in a gale of wind; and a traveller we met at Sark told us that when he did so he crawled on his hands and knees. It is about 450 feet long. A story is told of a man who lived in Little Sark, and used, when he visited his friends in the northern or larger division of the island, to indulge in drinking until his legs became rather shaky. Knowing that he must pass along the *Coupée*, and fearful of his equilibrium, he was in the habit of trying first the experiment of walking backwards and forwards along a rusty old cannon which lay on the ground, and if he found himself steady enough to accomplish this feat without falling, he ventured to set off on his passage across the *Coupée*. Not very long ago another man, who was carrying a load of straw over it on a windy night, was blown away, and of course dashed to pieces. Even with its present increased breadth,

we think it requires some little nerve to cross this natural bridge, where there is no parapet, and hear the sea thundering below. In Little Sark, at the southern extremity, on a declivity sloping down to the rocky shore, are *les Mines*, the monument of a mining failure some years ago. A vein of silver had been discovered in the rocks by a man shooting rabbits, and a company was formed to work it; but what with the difficulty of drainage and other causes, the speculation was abandoned after a gallery had been driven three hundred feet under the sea, and "Sark's Hope" has since been considered hopeless. It was melancholy to see the roofless huts and ruined walls that had sheltered the miners, and one shuddered to look down a great yawning chasm which we suppose had been a shaft, although it was almost too irregular in shape to be the work of man. Not far off there is a curious shaft of Nature's own forming called *le Pôt*, which is by no means easy of access. You come to the side of the cliff and see what by courtesy is called a path, descending in zig-zag windings through heath and bracken and brushwood until it dwindles to a mere thread, where a slip would be fatal. But the worst is to follow. The path suddenly becomes exceedingly steep, and we had some difficulty in getting down until we came to a vast round hole, separated from the shore by walls of rock, at the bottom of which is an arched tunnel, through which the sea rushes at high water, and fills a great part of the hole. When a storm is raging, it must be a grand sight to see the water seething and boiling in this gigantic pot. At low water it is possible to scramble down to the bottom; but we did not venture, for we thought we had sufficiently risked life and limb in getting to the edge and looking down. But this is nothing of a pot compared with another called *Le Creux Terrible*, which seems to be rightly named; but we believe its proper appellation is *Le Creux Derrible* — *derrible* being an old French word for a fallen mass of rock, which has very naturally been corrupted into *terrible*. This *creux* is in a field on the east side of Sark, close to the shore, and absolutely without any kind of fence or barrier. It is a huge natural shaft or chimney, of immense size, and perfectly round, opening out on a sloping declivity, with sides of vertical naked rock, and from the most elevated part of the rim fully 150 feet deep. It made one feel giddy to look down. At the

the perils of the navigation amidst those rocks, and tides, and currents, which guard Sark in its lonely solitude upon the deep.

From Temple Bar.

RECOLLECTIONS OF VISITS TO ASHISTIEL
AND ABBOTSFORD.

BY SUSAN EDMONSTONE FERRIER,

AUTHOR OF "MARRIAGE," "INHERITANCE,"
ETC.

I HAVE never kept either note-book or journal, and as my memory is not a retentive one I have allowed much to escape which I should now vainly attempt to recall. Some things must, however, have made a vivid and durable impression on my mind, as fragments remain, after the lapse of years, far more distinct than occurrences of much more recent date; such, amongst others, are my recollections of my visits to Ashistiel and Abbotsford.

The first took place in the autumn of 1811, in consequence of repeated and pressing invitations from Mr. Scott to my father, in which I was included. Nothing could be kinder than our welcome, or more gratifying than the attentions we received during our stay; but the weather was too broken and stormy to admit of our enjoying any of the pleasant excursions our more weather-proof host had intended for us. My father and I could therefore only take short drives with Mrs. Scott, while the bard (about one o'clock) mounted his pony, and accompanied by Mr. Terry the comedian, his own son Walter, and our young relative George Kinloch, sallied forth for a long morning's ride in spite of wind and rain. In the evening Mr. Terry commonly read some scenes from a play, to which Mr. Scott listened with delight, though every word must have been quite familiar to him, as he occasionally took a part in the dialogue impromptu; at other times he recited old and awesome ballads from memory, the very names of which I have forgot. The night preceding our departure had blown a perfect hurricane; we were to leave immediately after breakfast, and while the carriage was preparing Mr. Scott stepped to a writing-table and wrote a few hurried lines in the course of a very few minutes; these he put into my hand as he led me to the carriage; they were in allusion to the storm, coupled with

a friendly adieu, and are to be found in my autograph album.

The mountain winds are up, and proud
O'er heath and hill carcering loud;
The groaning forest to its power
Yields all that formed our summer bower.
The summons wakes the anxious swain,
Whose tardy sleepers still load the plain,
And bids the sleepless merchant weep,
Whose richer hazard loads the deep.
For me the blast, or low or high,
Blows nought of wealth or poverty;
It can but whirl in whimsies vain
The windmill of a restless brain,
And bid me tell in slipshod verse
What honest prose might best rehearse;
How much we forest-dwellers grieve
Our valued friends our cot should leave,
Unseen each beauty that we boast,
The little wonders of our coast,
That still the pile of Melrose grey,
For you must rise in minstrel's lay,
And Yarrow's birch immortal long
For you but bloom in rural song.
Yet hope, who still in present sorrow,
Whispers the promise of to-morrow,
Tells us of future days to come,
When you shall glad our rustic home;
When this wild whirlwind shall be still
And summer sleep on glen and hill,
And Tweed, unvexed by storm, shall guide
In silvery maze his stately tide,
Doubling in mirror every rank
Of oak and alder on his bank;
And our kind guests such welcome prove
As most we wish to those we love.*

Ashistiel, October 13, 1811.

The invitation had been often repeated, but my dear father's increasing infirmities made him averse to leave home, and when, in compliance with Sir Walter's urgent request, I visited Abbotsford in the autumn of 1829, I went alone. I was met at the outer gate by Sir Walter, who welcomed me in the kindest manner and most flattering terms, indeed nothing could surpass the courtesy of his address on such occasions. On our way to the house he stopped and called his two little grandchildren, Walter and Charlotte Lockhart, who were chasing each other like butterflies among the flowers—the boy was quite a Cupid, though not an *al fresco* one; for he wore a Tartan cloak, whose sundry extras fluttered in the breeze as he ran to obey the summons, and gave occasion to his grandfather to present him to me as "Major Waddell"; † the pretty little fairy-looking girl he next

* Lines written by Walter Scott while the carriage was waiting to convey my father and me from Ashistiel.—S. E. F.

† One of Miss Ferrier's characters in her novel of "The Inheritance."

introduced as "Whipperstowrie," and then (aware of my love for fairy lore) he related the tale, in his own inimitable manner, as he walked slowly and stopped frequently in our approach to the house. As soon as I could look round I was struck with the singular and picturesque appearance of the mansion and its *environs*. Yet I must own there was more of *strangeness* than of admiration in my feelings; too many objects seemed crowded together in a small space, and there was a "felt want" of breadth and repose for the eye. On entering the house I was however charmed with the rich imposing beauty of the hall, and admired the handsome antique appearance of the dining-room with its interesting pictures. After luncheon Sir Walter was at pains to point them out to my notice and related the histories of each and all; he then conducted me through the apartments, and showed me so much and told me so many anecdotes illustrative of the various objects of interest and curiosity they contained, that I retain a very confused and imperfect recollection of what I saw and heard. It was a strong proof of his good-nature that in showing the many works of art and relics of antiquity he had continued to accumulate and arrange with so much taste and skill, he should have been at such pains to point out the merits and relate the history of most of them to one so incapable of appreciating their value. But he never allowed one to feel their own deficiencies, for he never appeared to be aware of them himself.

It was in the quiet of a small domestic circle I had again an opportunity of enjoying the society of Sir Walter Scott, and of witnessing, during the ten days I remained, the unbroken serenity of his temper, the unflagging cheerfulness of his spirits, and the unceasing courtesy of his manners. I had been promised a quiet time, else I should not have gone, and indeed the state of the family was a sufficient guarantee against all festivities. Mrs. Lockhart was confined to bed by severe indisposition, while Mr. Lockhart was detained in London by the alarming illness of their eldest boy, and both Captain Scott and his brother were absent. The party, therefore, consisted only of Sir Walter and Miss Scott, Miss Macdonald Buchanan (who was almost one of the family), and myself. Being the only stranger, I consequently came in for a larger share of my amiable hosts' time and attention than I should otherwise have been entitled to expect. Many

a pleasant tale and amusing anecdote I might have had to relate had I written down half of what I daily heard; but I had always an invincible repugnance to playing the *reporter* and taking down people's words under their own roof. Every day Sir Walter was ready by one o'clock to accompany us either in driving or walking, often in both, and in either there was the same inexhaustible flow of legendary lore, romantic incident, apt quotation, curious or diverting story; and sometimes old ballads were recited, commemorative of some of the localities through which he passed. Those who had seen him only amidst the ordinary avocations of life, or even doing the honours of his own table, could scarcely have conceived the fire and animation of his countenance at such times, when his eyes seemed literally to kindle, and even (as some one has remarked) to change their colour and become a sort of deep sapphire blue; but, perhaps from being close to him and in the open air, I was more struck with this peculiarity than those whose better sight enabled them to mark his varying expression at other times. Yet I must confess this was an enthusiasm I found as little infectious as that of his antiquarianism. On the contrary, I often wished his noble faculties had been exercised on loftier themes than those which seemed to stir his very soul.

The evenings were passed either in Mrs. Lockhart's bedroom or in chatting quietly by the fireside below, but wherever we were he was always the same kind, unostentatious, amusing, and *amusable* companion.

The day before I was to depart Sir David Wilkie and his sister arrived, and the Fergusons and one or two friends were invited to meet him. Mrs. Lockhart was so desirous of meeting this old friend and distinguished person, that though unable to put her foot to the ground, she caused herself to be dressed and carried down to the drawing-room while the company were at dinner. Great was her father's surprise and delight on his entrance to find her seated (looking well and in high spirits) with her harp before her, ready to sing his favourite ballads. This raised his spirits above their usual quiet pitch, and towards the end of the evening he proposed to wind up the whole by all present standing in a circle with hands joined, singing,

Weel may we a' be!
Ill may we never see!

Mrs. Lockhart was of course unable to join the festive band. Sir David Wilkie was languid and dispirited from bad health, and my feelings were not such as to enable me to join in what seemed to me little else than a mockery of human life; but rather than "displace the mirth," I *tried* but could not long remain a passive spectator; the glee seemed forced and unnatural. It touched no sympathetic chord; it only jarred the feelings; it was the last attempt at gaiety I witnessed within the walls of Abbotsford.

Although I had intended to confine my slight reminiscence of Sir Walter Scott to the time I had passed with him under his own roof in the country, yet I cannot refrain from noticing the great kindness I received from him during the following winter in town.

I had, when at Abbotsford in the autumn, spoken to him for the *first* time of my authorship and of the work on which I was then engaged. He entered into the subject with much warmth and earnestness, shook his head at hearing how matters had hitherto been transacted, and said unless I could make a better bargain in this instance I must leave to him the disposal of "Destiny." I did so, and from the much more liberal terms he made with Mr. Cadell I felt, when too late, I had acted unwisely in not having sooner consulted him or some one versant in these matters. But *secrecy* at that time was all I was anxious about, and so I paid the penalty of trusting entirely to the good faith of the publishers.

I saw Sir Walter frequently during the winter, and occasionally dined *en famille* with Miss Scott and him, or with one or two friends, as I did not go into parties, neither indeed did he give any, but on account of the state of his affairs lived as retiredly as he possibly could.

In the month of February he sustained a paralytic shock; as soon as I heard of this I went to Miss Scott, from whom I learned the particulars. She had seen her father in his study a short time before, apparently in his usual health. She had returned to the drawing-room when Sir Walter opened the door, came in, but stood looking at her with a most peculiar and *dreadful* expression of countenance. It immediately struck her he had come to communicate some very distressing intelligence, and she exclaimed, "Oh papa! is Johnnie gone?" He made no reply, but still continued standing still and regarding her with the same fearful

expression. She then cried, "Oh papa! speak! Tell me, is it Sophia herself?" Still he remained immovable. Almost frantic, she then screamed, "It is Walter! it is Walter! I know it is." Upon which Sir Walter fell senseless on the floor. Medical assistance was speedily procured. After being bled he recovered his speech, and his first words were, "It was very strange! very horrible." He afterwards told her he had all at once felt very queer, and as if unable to articulate; he then went upstairs in hopes of getting rid of the sensation by movement; but it would not do, he felt perfectly tongue-tied, or rather *chained*, till overcome by witnessing her distress. This took place, I think, on the 15th, and on the 18th I was invited to dine with him, and found him without any trace of illness, but as cheerful and animated as usual.

Not being very correct as to dates, I should scarcely have ventured to name the day had not a trifling circumstance served to mark it. After dinner he proposed that instead of going to the drawing-room we should remain with him and have tea in the dining-room. In the interval the post letters were brought, and amongst others there was one from a sister of Sir Thomas Lawrence (Mrs. Bloxam), enclosing a letter of her brother's, having heard that Sir Walter had expressed a wish to have some memorial of him, "rather of his pencil than his pen," said he, as he handed the letters to me, who as a collector of autographs, would probably value them more than he did, and on referring to Mrs. Bloxam's letter I find the Edinburgh post-mark February the 18th.

I received repeated invitations to Abbotsford, and had fixed to go on the 17th of April, when, the day before, Mrs. Skene called upon me with the sad tidings of another paralytic stroke, which not only put a stop to my visit for the present, but rendered it very doubtful whether I should ever see him again. But the worst fears of his friends were not yet to be realized.

Early in May the invitation was renewed in a note from himself, which I availed myself of, too well assured it was a privilege I should enjoy for the last time. On reaching Abbotsford I found some morning visitors (Mr. and Mrs. James, &c.), in the drawing-room, but as soon as they were gone Sir Walter sent for me to his study. I found him seated in his armchair, but with his habitual po-

liteness he insisted upon rising to receive me, though he did so with such extreme difficulty I would gladly have dispensed with this mark of courtesy. His welcome was not less cordial than usual, but he spoke in a slow and somewhat indistinct manner, and as I sat close by him I could perceive but too plainly the change which had taken place since we last met. His figure was unwieldy, but not so much from increased bulk as from diminished life and energy; his face was swollen and puffy, his complexion mottled and discoloured, his eyes heavy and dim; his head had been shaved, and he wore a small black silk cap, which was extremely unbecoming. Altogether, the change was no less striking than painful to behold. The impression, however, soon wore off on finding, (as I believed) that his mind was unimpaired and his warm kindly feelings unchanged.

There was no company, and the dinner party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, Miss Scott, and myself. Sir Walter did not join us till the dessert, when he entered, assisted by his servant, and took his place at the foot of the table. His grandchildren were then brought in, and his favourite, Johnnie Lockhart, was seated by his side. I must have forgöt most things before I can cease to recall that most striking and impressive spectacle, each day repeated, as it seemed, with deepening gloom. The first transient glow of cheerfulness which had welcomed my arrival had passed away, and been succeeded by an air of languor and dejection which sank to deepest sadness when his eye rested for a moment on his once darling grandson, the child of so much pride and promise, now, alas! how changed. It was most touching to look upon one whose morning of life had been so bright and beautiful, and, still in the sunny days of childhood, transformed into an image of decrepitude and decay. The fair blooming cheek and finely chiselled features were now shrunk and stiffened into the wan and rigid inflexibility of old age; while the black bandages which swathed the little pale sad countenance, gave additional gloom and harshness to the profound melancholy which clouded its most intellectual expression. Disease and death were stamped upon the grandsire and the boy as they sat side by side with averted eyes, each as if in the bitterness of his own heart refusing to comfort or be comforted. The two who had been wont to regard each other so fondly and so proud-

ly, now seemed averse to hold communion together, while their appearance and style of dress, the black cap of the one and the black bandages of the other, denoted a sympathy in suffering if in nothing else. The picture would have been a most affecting and impressive one viewed under any circumstances, but was rendered doubly so by the contrast which everywhere presented itself.

The month was May, but the weather had all the warmth of summer with the freshness and sweetness of spring. The windows of the dining-room were open to admit the soft balmy air which "came and went like the warbling of music," but whose reviving influence seemed unfelt by the sufferers. The trees, and shrubs, and flowers were putting forth their tender leaves and fragrant blossoms as if to charm *his* senses, who used to watch their progress with almost paternal interest, and the little birds were singing in sweet chorus as if to cheer *him* who was wont to listen to their evening song with such placid delight. All around were the dear familiar objects which had hitherto ministered to his enjoyment, but now, alas! miserable comforters were they all! It was impossible to look upon such a picture without beholding in it the realization of those solemn and affecting passages of Holy Writ which speak to us of the ephemeral nature of all earthly pleasures and of the mournful insignificance of human life, even in its most palmy state, when its views and actions, its hopes and desires, are confined to this sublunary sphere: "Whence then cometh any wisdom, and where is the place of understanding?" "Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord."

From Nature.

THE ACOUSTIC TRANSPARENCY AND
OPACITY OF THE ATMOSPHERE.*

THE cloud produced by the puff of a locomotive can obliterate the noonday sun; it is not therefore surprising that in dense fogs our most powerful coast lights, including even the electric light, become useless to the mariner.

* Royal Institution, Friday evening Discourse by Prof. Tyndall, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S. Jan. 16.

A disastrous loss of life and property is the consequence. During the last ten years, for example, the number of total wrecks on the coasts of the United Kingdom, which were reported to have been caused by fog and thick weather, amounted, I am informed, to 273 vessels.

Of late years various efforts have been made, both on our own coasts and on the American seaboard, where trade is more eager and fogs more frequent than they are here, to furnish warning and guidance to ships by means of sound signals of great power established along the coast. Regarding the performance of such signals, the most conflicting evidence exists; and no investigation has been hitherto instituted sufficiently exhaustive to remove the uncertainty.

The problem has occupied for some time the attention of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House; and soon after my return from America they requested me, as their official adviser in scientific matters, to superintend an investigation of the entire subject. They had appointed a committee under whose auspices two stations had been established at the South Foreland. I entered upon the inquiry with such ardour as I could derive from a sense of duty, rather than from the pleasure of hope, for I knew it would be long and difficult, and that I was at the mercy of a medium, the earth's atmosphere, which could not be put into the witness-box and cross-examined scientifically. The experimenter can usually impose his own conditions upon Nature, and force her to reply. In the present case we were forced to accept the conditions which Nature imposed.

Nevertheless, if the student only holds on faithfully to any natural problem, intending his mind upon it, and not falling into hasty despair, he is sure to be rewarded in the end; and after a time results, important not only in a practical but in a purely scientific point of view, appeared to grow out of the investigation. I mentioned this to the Deputy Master of the Trinity House, saying that I thought such results might, without impropriety, be communicated to the Royal Society and the Royal Institution. His response was prompt and cordial, and he was seconded by his colleagues in this response. They gave not only the requested permission (which on various pleas they might have withheld), but they have aided me in every way in the preparation of this discourse.

I would add that the Elder Brethren

themselves have had a large share in the executive portion of this investigation, and whatever success has attended the inquiry is in a great measure due to the cheerful promptness and thoroughness with which my wishes and suggestions were carried out by the gentlemen with whom I had the honour to act. It is not necessary to mention names when all have been so sympathetic and so helpful, but I should like to refer to a few gentlemen on the working staff of the Trinity House, who have aided me with all assiduity and all zeal. They are the able Trinity House engineer, Mr. Douglass, his assistant engineer, Mr. Ayers, and Mr. Price Edwards, the private secretary of the Deputy Master of the Trinity House.

On Monday, May 19, the experiments began. The instruments employed had been previously mounted at the top and bottom of the South Foreland Cliff. They were two brass trumpets, or horns, 11 ft. 2 in. long, 2 in. in diameter at the mouth-piece, opening out at the other end to a diameter of 22 in. They were provided with vibrating steel reeds, 9 in. long, 2 in. wide, and 1-4 in. thick, and were sounded by air of 18 lbs. pressure. They were mounted vertically on the reservoir of compressed air; but within about 2 ft. of their extremities they were bent at a right angle, so as to present their mouths to the sea. These horns were constructed by Mr. Holmes. There were also two whistles shaped like those in use on locomotives, one 6 in. in diameter, sounded by air of 18 lbs. pressure; the other constructed by Mr. Bailly of Manchester, 12 in. in diameter and sounded by steam of 64 lbs. pressure.

We embarked on the steamer *Irene*, and placed ourselves abreast of the signal-station, halting at a distance of half a mile from it. The wind was strong, the sea rough. The superiority of the trumpets to the whistles was very marked, and I may say continued marked throughout. Their sound was exceedingly fine and powerful. At one mile's distance their sound was clear and strong; at 2 miles they were heard distinctly, though not loudly. The whistles were also heard, but as fog-signals they had become useless. At 3 miles the horns became also useless. It required great attention to hear them distinctly. At a distance of 4 miles, with the paddles stopped, we listened long and attentively, but heard nothing.

On May 20, at 3 miles' distance, the

steam whistle was not at all heard, the horns but faintly. At 4 miles' distance, the air being very light, the sea calm, and the circumstances generally to all appearances highly favourable, we halted and listened. The horns were so heard as to render it unmistakable that a sound was there. At 4.8 miles the sounds were faintly heard; at five miles an occasional murmur reached us. At 6 miles the faint hum of a horn was wafted to us at intervals. A little farther out, though local noises were absent, and though we listened with stretched attention, we heard nothing.

This position, clearly beyond the range of whistles and trumpets, was chosen with the view of making a decisive comparative experiment between horns and guns as instruments for fog-signalling. Through the courtesy of General Sir A. Horsford we were enabled to carry out this comparison. At 12.30 precisely the puff of an 18-pounder, with a 3-lb. charge, was seen at Dover Castle, which was about a mile farther off than the South Foreland. Thirty-six seconds afterwards the loud report of the gun was heard, its complete superiority over the trumpets being thus to all appearance demonstrated.

We clinched this observation by steaming out to a distance of 8 1-2 miles, where the report of a second gun was well heard. At 10 miles the report of the gun was heard by some and not by others. At 9.7 miles a fourth report was heard by all observers.

There was nothing, so far as I am aware of, in our knowledge of the transmission of sound through the atmosphere, to invalidate the founding upon these experiments of the general conclusion that, as a fog-signal, the gun possessed a clear mastery over the horns. No observation, to my knowledge, had ever been made to show that a sound once predominant would not always be predominant; or that the atmosphere on different days would show preferences to different sounds. A complete reversal of the foregoing conclusion was therefore not to be anticipated; still, on many subsequent occasions, it was completely reversed.

On June 2 the maximum range, at first only 3 miles, afterwards ran up to about 6 miles.

Optically June 3 was not at all a promising day; the clouds were dark and threatening; and the air filled with a faint haze, nevertheless the horns were fairly audible at 9 miles. An exceedingly

heavy rain-shower approached us at a galloping speed. The sounds were not sensibly impaired during the continuance of the rain. This state of the atmosphere, according to hitherto expressed opinions, should have deadened the sound. It rather aided the sound, and this added to my perplexity.

On June 10 the maximum range was 9 miles. An extraordinary sinking of the sound was, however, noticed on the Dover side of the Foreland. At a mile's distance from the station the sounds rapidly fell. Surprised at the suddenness of the effect, and thinking it might be due to some peculiarity of the horns, at 2 miles' distance I signalled for the guns. With a 3 lb. charge not one of them was heard.

On June 11 we steamed towards the South Sound Head light-ship. At the distance of 2 3-4 miles, and even at two miles and less from the station, the sounds were not so strong as at 3 3-4 miles. We steamed abreast of the station and on to the line joining the South Foreland to the end of the Admiralty Pier. At three-quarters of a mile from the station the sound fell, and a little farther on was scarcely audible. This weakening of the sound between the pier and the Foreland was invariable. This needs a word of explanation. The fall of the sound is not caused directly by an acoustic shadow, for it occurs when the instruments are in view, but the limit of an acoustic shadow is close at hand. A little within the line joining the Foreland and the pier end, the instruments are cut off by a projection of the cliff near the station; all the sea space between this limit and the cliff under Dover Castle is in the shadow. Into this, however, the direct waves diverge, and lose intensity by their divergence, the portion of the wave nearest the shadow suffering most. To this must be added the effect of interference.

On June 25 the range was 5 1-2 miles. On June 26 the range was 10 miles. The former day the wind was in the direction of the sound; on the latter the wind was opposed. Plainly there must be something besides the wind which determines the sound-range. This something was now the object of search.

Is it the clearness of the atmosphere? All previous writers have extolled a clear atmosphere as best for sound; but on July 18 we steamed out to a distance of 10 miles and heard sounds, the white cliffs of the Foreland being at the same time entirely hidden in thick haze. Nay, more: we spoke the *Triton* tender on its

way from the *Varne* lightship, and took the master of the *Varne* on board. He reported that the sounds had been heard at the lightship, though it is 12 3-4 miles from the Foreland. It was, moreover, dead to windward of the Foreland, so that both haze and wind were then in opposition; still the sound ranged at least twice as far as it had done on days when neither haze nor wind was there to interfere with the sound.

On July 2, a sudden acoustic darkness, if I may use the term, settled upon the atmosphere. The range was only 4 miles. The magnitude of the fluctuations, from 3 1-2 to 12 3-4 miles, observed up to this date, was striking; but I was unable to fix upon any meteorological element that could be held accountable for them. The wind, the clearness of the air, the barometer, the thermometer, the hygrometer, gave me no help. All was perplexity. I longed for light, but saw little prospect of obtaining it.

July 3 was a lovely morning: the sky was of a stainless blue, the air calm, and the sea smooth. I thought we should be able to hear a long way off. We steamed beyond the pier end and listened. The steam clouds were there, showing the whistles to be active; the smoke puffs were there, attesting the activity of the guns. Nothing was heard. We went nearer; but at two miles horns and whistles and guns were equally inaudible. This however being near the limit of the sound shadow, I thought that might have something to do with the effect, so we steamed right in front of the station, and halted at 3 3-4 miles from it. Not a ripple nor a breath of air disturbed the stillness on board, but we heard nothing. There were the steam-puffs from the whistles, and we knew that between every two puffs the horn sounds were embraced, but we heard nothing. We signalled for the guns: there were the smoke-puffs apparently close at hand, but not the slightest sound. It was mere dumb show on the Foreland. We steamed in to three miles, halted, and listened with all attention. Neither the horns nor the whistles sent us the slightest hint of a sound. The guns were again signalled for; five of them were fired, some elevated, some fired point blank at us. Not one of them was heard. We steamed in to two miles, and had the guns again fired: the howitzer and mortar with 3 lb. charges yielded the faintest thud; and the 18-pounder was quite unheard.

In the presence of these facts I stood

amazed and confounded, for it had been assumed and affirmed by distinguished men who had given special attention to this subject, that a clear, calm atmosphere was the best vehicle of sound: optical clearness and acoustic clearness were supposed to go hand in hand: indeed, it had been proposed to make the one a measure of the other. But here was a day perfectly optically clear, proving itself to be a day of acoustic darkness almost impenetrable. I was driven slowly to the conclusion that all I had read upon this subject was wrong, and that for 165 years, namely since 1708, when Dr. Derham published his celebrated paper on this subject, succeeding generations of scientific men had gone on repeating the same errors. This knowledge, however, did not help me much. The problem was still there challenging solution.

I ventured, two or three years ago, to say something regarding the function of the Imagination in Science, and notwithstanding the care that I took to define and illustrate its real province, many persons, amongst whom were one or two able men, deemed me loose and illogical; in fact, merely poetic, when I referred to the imagination. The history of science, however, numbers many men of strong poetic temperament, who, in the presence of a scientific problem, became as cold and clear as the light of stars. Look at these two pieces of polished steel. Have you a sense, or the rudiment of a sense, to distinguish the inner condition of the one from that of the other? And yet they differ materially, for one is a magnet, the other not. What enabled that noble philosopher, and pure and elevated character, Ampère, to surround the atoms of such a magnet with channels in which electric currents ceaselessly run, and to deduce from these pictured currents all the phenomena of ordinary magnetism? What enabled Faraday to visualize his lines of force, to follow them through magnets and through space until his mental picture became a guide to discoveries which have rendered this place immortal? What but imagination? I have reason to know but too well the fantastic, and even scandalous use that is made of the faculty when it is divorced from the disciplined understanding and handed over to the undisciplined passions and emotions. But this is not the scientific use of the imagination.

And now to return. Figure yourself on the deck of the *Irene*, with the invisible air stretching between you and the

South Foreland, knowing that it contained something which stifled the sound, but not knowing what that something is. Your senses are not of the least use to you; you are unable to see, or hear, or feel, or taste, or smell the object of your search; nor could all the philosophical instruments in the world, as it now is, render you the least assistance. You cannot take a single step towards the solution without the formation of a mental image, in other words, without the exercise of the imagination. Let me unfold my own exact course of thought and action.

Sulphur in homogeneous crystals is exceedingly transparent to radiant heat, whereas the ordinary brimstone of commerce is highly impervious to it. Why? Because the brimstone of commerce does not possess the molecular continuity of the crystal, but is a mere aggregate of minute grains not in perfect optical contact with each other. When this is the case, a portion of the heat is always reflected on entering and quitting a grain. Hence when the grains are minute and numerous, this reflection is so often repeated that the heat is entirely wasted before it can plunge to any depth in the substance. A snowball is opaque to light for the same reason. It is not optically continuous ice, but an aggregate of grains of ice, and the light which falls upon the snow being reflected at the limiting surfaces of the snow granules, fails to penetrate the snow to any depth. Thus by the mixture of air and ice, two transparent substances, we produce a substance as impervious to light as a really opaque one. The same remark applies to foam, to clouds, to common salt, indeed to all transparent substances in powder. They are all impervious to light, not through the real absorption or extinction of the light, but through internal reflection.

Humboldt, in his observations at the Falls of the Orinoco, is known to have applied these principles. He found the noise of the Falls three times louder by night than by day, though in that region the night, through beasts and insects, is far noisier than the day. The plain between him and the Falls consisted of spaces of grass and rock intermingled. In the heat of the day he found the temperature of the rock to be 30° higher than that of the grass. Over every heated rock, he concluded, rose a column of air rarefied by the heat, and he ascribed the deadening of the sound to the

reflections which endured at the limiting surfaces of the rarer and denser air. This philosophical explanation made it generally known that a non-homogeneous atmosphere is unfavourable to the transmission of sound.

But what on July 3, over a calm sea, where neither rocks nor grass existed, could so destroy the homogeneity of the atmosphere as to enable it to quench, in so short a distance, so vast a body of sound? As I stood upon the deck of the *Irene*, pondering this question, I became conscious of the exceeding power of the sun beating against my back and heating the objects near me. Beams of equal power were falling on the sea, and must have produced copious evaporation. That the vapour generated should so rise and mingle with the air as to form an absolutely homogeneous mixture, I considered in the highest degree improbable. It would be sure, I thought, to streak and mottle the atmosphere with spaces, in which the air would be in different degrees saturated, or it might be displaced, by the vapour. At the limiting surfaces of these spaces, though invisible, we should have the conditions necessary to the production of partial echoes, and the consequent waste of sound.

Curiously enough, the conditions necessary for the testing of this explanation immediately set in. At 3.15 P.M. a cloud threw itself athwart the sun, and shaded the entire space between us and the South Foreland. The production of vapour was checked by the interposition of this screen, that already in the air being at the same time allowed to mix with it more perfectly; hence the probability of improved transmission. To test this inference the steamer was turned and urged back to our last position of inaudibility. The sounds, as I expected were distinctly though faintly heard. This was at 3 miles' distance. At 3-4 miles we had the guns fired, both point blank and elevated. The faintest thud was all that we heard, but we did hear a thud, whereas we had previously heard nothing, either here or three-quarters of a mile nearer. We steamed out to 4 1-4 miles, when the sounds were for a moment faintly heard, but they fell away as we waited; and though the greatest quietness reigned on board, and though the sea was without a ripple, we could hear nothing. We could plainly see the steam-puffs which announced the beginning and the end of a series of trumpet-blasts, but the blasts themselves were quite inaudible.

It was now 4 P.M., and my intention at first was to halt at this distance, which was beyond the sound range, but not far beyond it, and see whether the lowering of the sun would not restore the power of the atmosphere to transmit the sound. But after waiting a little, the anchoring of a boat was suggested; and though loth to lose the anticipated revival of the sounds myself, I agreed to this arrangement. Two men were placed in the boat, and requested to give all attention so as to hear the sound if possible. With perfect stillness around them, they heard nothing. They were then instructed to hoist a signal if they should hear the sounds, and to keep it hoisted as long as the sounds continued.

At 4.45 we quitted them and steamed towards the South Sand Head lightship. Precisely fifteen minutes after we had separated from them the flag was hoisted. The sound, as anticipated, had at length succeeded in piercing the body of air between the boat and the shore.

On returning to our anchored boat we learned that when the flag was hoisted the horn sounds were heard, that they were succeeded after a little time by the whistle sounds, and that both increased in intensity as the evening advanced. On our arrival of course we heard the sounds ourselves.

The conjectured explanation of the stoppage of the sounds appeared to be thus reduced to demonstration, but we pushed the proof still further by steaming farther out. At 5 3-4 miles we halted and heard the sounds. At 6 miles we heard them distinctly, but so feebly, that we thought we had reached the limit of the sound range. But while we waited the sound rose in power. We steamed to the Varne buoy, which is 7 3-4 miles from the signal station, and heard the sounds there better than at 6 miles' distance.

Steaming on to the Varne lightship, which is situated at the other end of the Varne shoal, we hailed the master, and were informed by him that up to 5 P.M. nothing had been heard. At that hour the sounds began to be audible. He described one of them as "very gross, resembling the bellowing of a bull," which very accurately characterizes the sound of the large American steam whistle. At the Varne lightship, therefore, the sounds had been heard towards the close of the day, though it is 12 3-4 miles from the signal station.

What is the full meaning of this result?

Image a man in an anchored boat at 2 P.M. at a distance of 2 miles from the Foreland, and suppose him possessed of instruments which would enable him to measure the growing intensity of the sound. Applying the law of inverse squares, to carry the sound to six times the distance, its intensity at 2 miles would have to be augmented 36 times. But the Varne lightship is more than 6 times 2 miles from the Foreland. Supposing no absorption or partial reflection to occur, the observer would have found that by the lowering of the sun the sound at his position had at 6 P.M. risen to more than forty-fold the intensity which it possessed at 2 P.M. In reality the augmentation was still greater.

From Saint Pauls.

A GOLD COAST TRAGEDY.

IF, as many counsel, we are to abandon altogether our settlements on the Gold Coast after the infliction on Coffee Calcalli of exemplary punishment for the insult he has put upon the British flag, the abandonment will hardly entail the wrench of many pleasant associations or memories. If the impending campaign prove a success, in that success there will be but little triumph; and the past history of our occupation of the Gold Coast is a long dreary vista of innumerable deaths; of miserable defeats interspersed with trumpery victories and temporizing negotiations with truculent barbarians; of vain attempts to civilize the old Adam out of the mean, skulking, and double-faced coast tribes; and of British mercantile cupidity overriding the dictates not of patriotism alone, but of common honesty. A solitary literary and feminine association is linked with the pestilential coast, and that association shares the common attribute of being a mournful one. On one of the stones that pave the court-yard of Cape Coast Castle are the initials "L. E. L.," and under that stone sleeps the hapless gifted poetess, Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

There were veritable poets in the land in those days, when William Jerdan printed in his *Literary Gazette* a few short poems with the initials "L. E. L." affixed — poets in the blaze of whose fame poetasters withered up. But L. E. L., was no poetaster, and the verses in the *Literary Gazette* attracted comment and commendation. Longer poems soon

followed; and the reading and inquisitive public came to know that she, of whose name the letters L. E. L. were the initials, was a girl not yet twenty, who, born in 1802 in a London suburb, had spent many years of her youth in beautiful rustic scenery in Hertfordshire, and who, her father having died poor while she was yet a child, was maintaining herself and her brothers and sisters by the literary work which William Jerdan gave her the opportunity of doing. By-and-by the young poetess became more and more famous, and as its manner is, the reading and inquisitive public became the scandal-mongering public, with the result of causing the keenest anguish to the sensitive and innocent woman. But she continued to work, and lived down the baseless calumnies that had so wounded her. Her earliest volume (published in 1821) was "The Fate of Adelaide;" but the poem by which she is best known to the present generation of poetry-readers is "The Improvisatrice." This work, like most of L. E. L.'s poetry, is characterized by richness of fancy and romantic melancholy of sentiment. The sadness of tone which marked her poems was purely imaginative; for Miss Landon was cheerful and even buoyant in disposition, and is described as possessing many charms of form and manner. Blunt Jamie Hogg, in his sincere uncouth fashion, owned to the spell. He had severely — indeed coarsely — criticised the lady's poetry, and obviously had no intention of liking the authoress any better than her work. But when he met her for the first time he did homage in the quaint exclamation, "I didna think ye had been sae bonny," and the pair straightway became friends.

Gifted and beautiful as she was, L. E. L. was still a single woman at the age of thirty-five. She had indeed, not long before, been engaged to be married, but with the rumour of the intended marriage, the croak of slander had recommenced, and although the investigation of friends had proved that "the falsehood was as vile as its fabrication was obscure," the high-spirited woman chose to break off the engagement, at the cost to herself of months of mental agony and bodily suffering.

She had recovered her health, at least partly her mental tone, and in the early summer of the year 1838 was residing at Hampstead, on a visit to the house of Mr. Forster, late member for Berwick. One morning after breakfast that gentleman

came into the library with a bundle of papers in his hand, and, holding them out to her, said: "If you are not better engaged, you will perhaps find some amusement in reading these. They may serve as an introduction to the gentleman who wrote them, and who dines here to-day." The "gentleman who dines here to-day" was Mr. George Maclean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, an able and gallant Scottish gentleman, who, with very inadequate means, had for years successfully maintained British supremacy in the turbulent district over which he held sway, and was now at home on leave, after having brought to a satisfactory end an expedition which it had been necessary for him to undertake against a recalcitrant native tribe. The papers contained a narrative of Mr. Maclean's expedition against these Apollonians, and the fair reader, as she afterwards told a friend, was as much struck with the beauty of the narration as interested in the extraordinary scenes described. She amused her fancy in picturing to herself the appearance of the hero of these exploits, and had satisfactorily arranged it in her own mind, that he must be some grey-haired officer, with a mixture of sternness and benevolence in his countenance. But Mr. Maclean turned out to be, in the lady's own words, "a very fine and fashionable-looking man in the prime of life;" and the acquaintance thus began, ripened into a marriage, which took place in June of the same year. This marriage, it has been said, is explicable "only by a yearning on the part of the slandered lady to go, no matter whither, from England." That this construction is unjust and unkind there seems abundant evidence to show; and there is every reason to believe that the marriage was one of true and self-sacrificing affection.

Mr. and Mrs. Maclean sailed for Cape Coast early in July. Cheerful and hopeful letters, written by the lady, were received by her friends in England, and during the voyage were written also two poems, the "Polar Star" and "Night at Sea," which are among her happiest productions. After her arrival at Cape Coast, her friends heard but seldom from her; but her letters "are, as of old, amusing, with regrets for the past, nervousness for the present, and hope for the future. In addition, they contain some anxious remarks about pecuniary matters; things which she required from England, "must not be bought unless

cheap; and Mr. Ackermann must pay the five pounds."

Before the year was out, a thrill ran through England at the news that L. E. L. had been found lying dead on the floor of one of the rooms in the Cape Coast Castle Government House, grasping in her hand an empty phial that had contained prussic acid. All sorts of outrageous reports immediately came into circulation, and were eagerly believed. It ran from mouth to mouth that there was a dark secluded portion of the castle into which Mrs. Maclean was never admitted, and that there the Governor kept, some said an African mistress, others a harem of black women. Some openly accused Governor Maclean of having murdered his wife, others, a shade less unscrupulous, laid it down that Mrs. Maclean had been driven to commit suicide by the cruelty and infidelity of her husband. It was said that letters which had been written to intimate friends by Mrs. Maclean just before her death contained complaints of her husband's unkindness. The coroner's inquest on the spot found that Mrs. Maclean's death had been caused by an overdose of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid, taken inadvertently. But quidnuncs significantly pointed out that there had been no *post-mortem* examination, asked what evidence there was that the phial had contained prussic acid, except that it was so labelled, and wagged their heads, and knitted their brows. Then Mrs. Bailey, who, in the capacity of her maid, had accompanied Mrs. Maclean to Cape Coast, came back to England with a budgetful of ugly stories. In all England at that time, and, indeed, for years after, there was no better abused man than Governor Maclean.

The little circle of British residents on the Gold Coast were well aware that in all this their chief was grossly maligned, but they could do little to sway public opinion at home, and, indeed, they seem to have been not agreed among themselves whether the unfortunate lady died from the effects of prussic acid, or of some sudden spasm of the heart. There could have been no discrepancy of opinion on this score, if a *post-mortem* examination had been made, and for every reason the omission to make this investigation was unfortunate. Governor Maclean returned to Europe for a short visit, about seven years after the death of his wife, to find his character beset with hints and rumours too intangible for him

to grapple with. He went back very soon to his distant African home, and died there in 1847. The stone that covers her husband's body lies by the side of that other stone of which we have spoken, as having graven on it the initials L. E. L. Husband and wife "now sleep side by side on that lone shore, insensible alike to the praise and the censure of the world."

It was not until 1853 that the facts of this sad story were told in print by one who could not but know them better than any one else. Mr. Brodie Cruikshank was an official of position on the Gold Coast when Governor Maclean brought thither his bride. He was on terms of close intimacy with the couple during the period between their arrival and the sudden end of Mrs. Maclean; he spent with them the evening before that sad event; and he was among the first summoned to the chamber in which lay the lifeless form of poor L. E. L. It will be conceded that he was entitled to give his testimony with some authority on the subject, and further that no reason can be adduced why that testimony should be warped or other than impartial. In his volume, "Eighteen years on the Gold Coast," Mr. Cruikshank devoted a chapter to the episode, the substance of which we proceed to condense.

Mr. and Mrs. Maclean landed at Cape Coast on the 15th August, 1838. Mr. Cruikshank, who was at the time Governor of the Fort of Anamaboe, had been ill, and was unable to be at headquarters to receive his chief. He, however, wrote to Mr. Maclean to congratulate him on his arrival; and some days afterwards, the governor being very unwell, he had the pleasure to receive an answer from Mrs. Maclean, in which that lady said that she could not write to him as a stranger, as she felt already to have made his acquaintance through her husband's report. The letter concluded with an invitation to Mr. Cruikshank to pay a visit to Cape Coast Castle for change of air, with which he complied three weeks later. He found that Governor Maclean was confined to bed by serious illness, but was hurried away to his bedroom by Mrs. Maclean with the remark, "You are a privileged person, Mr. Cruikshank, for I can assure you it is not every one that is admitted here." Cruikshank took a seat beside the governor's bed, upon which Mrs. Maclean sat down, arranging the clothes about her husband in the most affectionate manner, and the three chatted

together for some hours, Mrs. Maclean laughingly recounting her experiences of roughing it in Africa, and commenting with the greatest frankness and good humour on what struck her as the oddities in her new state of society; she pointed to a temporary bed which had been made for her on the floor, and said that Mr. Maclean's sufferings had been so great for some nights, that the little sleep she had got had been taken there. Cruikshank's visit lasted for a week, during which time he spent many agreeable hours in Mrs. Maclean's sitting-room, where he was entertained with the most lively conversation. Mrs. Maclean's greatest delight seemed to be to talk of her friends in England. She often spoke of those who had befriended her, or even done her an ordinary courtesy, with a warmth of feeling which bespoke a heart overflowing with natural kindness. It appeared to give her great pleasure to talk of her husband, and it was a source of pure delight to her to perceive how highly he was estimated as a governor.

Mr. Cruikshank was about to proceed to England, and having to make his preparations went back to Anamaboe, returning to Cape Coast only to spend the last week of his stay in the settlement. He found Mrs. Maclean already greatly acclimatized to her new manner of life. She was the only European lady in the place, and had quite enchanted the little coterie. Her husband had recovered sufficiently to accept an invitation to a dinner given to the gentleman who had fulfilled the functions of governor during his absence, and Mrs. Maclean had accompanied her husband to the entertainment, and been made very happy, as she told Mr. Cruikshank, to hear her husband's services so fully recognized as they had been in the various speeches. She confessed that she had been very agreeably surprised to find, in such an out-of-the-way corner of the world, a society composed of so many agreeable and well-educated men; and the kindness and attentions with which she had been received had been very flattering and gratifying. The state of Mr. Maclean's health was alone delaying a round of invitations from the merchants to welcome her to the country. She had also had a ride in a carriage drawn by the natives, and had been equally amused by their good humour, and delighted with the beauty of the scenery. Every morning was bringing her some new mark of attention, now some fruit, now some

flowers, now some engravings. Indeed, she was afraid that so much kindness would spoil her.

The domestic arrangements afforded illimitable scope for fun. Her perplexities about housekeeping, the difficulty of getting anything to eat, and the blunders of the servants, were all the subjects of her amusing comments. But the greatest bugbear of all appeared to be the governor's study, the "cockloft" as it was called. Here he had collected all his books, chronometers, telescopes, artificial horizons, sextants, &c. His letters and papers were all littered on a table in such confusion that no one but himself knew where to find anything; he had as great a horror of the "womankind" meddling with this mass of confusion as the Antiquary himself, and Mrs. Maclean could never enter the room without the dread of overturning something. Mr. Cruikshank has the idea that the "story of the dark secluded portion of the castle," may have been built upon some fanciful picture of this "dreadful cockloft," which Mrs. Maclean may have given in some of her letters to her friends. A landing only three feet wide divided this apartment from her own dressing-room.

Mr. Cruikshank was to sail on the 16th of October, and he dined and spent the evening of the 15th with the governor and his wife. It was, says he, a night in every respect to be remembered. Mrs. Maclean appeared to dwell with much pleasure on the idea that he would so soon see her friends in England and be able to give them a report of her welfare. As she spoke of them a shade of sadness overspread her expressive countenance, but it was soon chased away by some bright thought. Her parting words were, "You will tell Mr. F. that I am not tired yet. He told me I should return by the ship that brought me out; but I knew he was mistaken."

Next morning Mr. Cruikshank was breakfasting with a friend, when a servant burst into the room, and exclaimed,—

"You are wanted in the fort. Mr. Maclean is dead!"

Hurrying to the castle with the friend, they found at the gate that it was Mrs. Maclean, who had been in perfect health when Cruikshank had parted with her over night, that was dead. They entered the room, where all that was mortal of poor L. E. L. was stretched on the bed. Dr. Cobbold rose up from close examination of the face, and told them she was in very truth dead. Cruikshank could

not at first realize the tidings. "My heart," he says, "would not believe it. It seemed impossible that she, from whom I had parted not many hours before, so full of life and energy, could be so suddenly struck down. I seized her hand, and gazed upon her face. The expression was calm and meaningless. Her eyes were open, fixed, and protruding. The chill of death was upon her. For some time my thoughts could not take any shape or form. A dead weight seemed to press with a numbing power on all my senses."

When he and the others had somewhat recovered from the shock, it was determined that a coroner's inquest should immediately be held. Cruikshank went to announce this to Governor Maclean, who was in a state of crushed, half-unconscious prostration. "Yes," said he, "for God's sake, yes, do everything that can throw any light on this awful visitation."

The evidence elicited little. The poor lady had risen and left her husband's bedroom about seven, and gone to her own dressing-room. Before proceeding to dress she had occupied herself for an hour and a half in writing letters, she then called her servant Mrs. Bailey, and sent her to a store-room to fetch some pomatum. When Mrs. Bailey returned, having been absent only a few minutes, she found difficulty in opening the door on account of a weight which appeared to be pressing against it. She pushed open the door and found that the obstruction was the senseless body of her mistress. She immediately called Mr. Maclean, and Dr. Cobbold was sent for, but from the first moment of the discovery of the body on the floor there had not appeared any symptom of life. Mrs. Bailey further asserted that she had found in her mistress's hand a small phial, which she removed and placed on the toilet-table. Mrs. Maclean had appeared well when Mrs. Bailey had left to fetch the pomatum, and she had observed in her mistress no appearance of unhappiness.

Governor Maclean stated that his wife had left him about seven in the morning, and that he had never seen her again in life. When called to her dressing-room he had observed a small phial on the toilet-table, and had asked Mrs. Bailey where it had come from, when she told him that she had found it in Mrs. Maclean's hand. This phial had contained Scheele's preparation of prussic acid, which his wife had been in the habit of

making use of for severe fits of spasms to which she was subject. She had made use of it once to his knowledge on the passage from England. He was greatly averse to her using so dangerous a medicine, and had wished to throw it overboard, when she entreated him not to do so, as she must die without it. There had been no unkindness or quarrel between him and his wife.

Dr. Cobbold had not felt it necessary to make a *post-mortem* examination, as he had been requested to do, since he felt persuaded that Mrs. Maclean had died by prussic acid. He was led to this conclusion from the appearance of the eyes of the deceased, and he believed that he could detect the smell of the prussic acid about her person. Mr. Cruikshank testified that when he had left at a very late hour on the preceding evening Mr. and Mrs. Maclean appeared on the happiest terms with each other. On the lady's writing-desk lay a letter, not yet folded, which she had written on the fatal morning, and the end of which was scarcely dry at the time of the discovery of her death. This letter, which was read at the inquest, was to a lady in England on whom she had expressed a wish that Mr. Cruikshank should call. It was written in a cheerful spirit, and gave no indication of unhappiness. In the postscript—the last words she ever wrote—she recommended Mr. Cruikshank to the kind attentions of her friend.

With the evidence before them it was impossible for the jury to entertain for an instant the idea that the unfortunate lady had wilfully destroyed herself. On the other hand, considering the evidence respecting the phial, her habit of making use of this dangerous medicine, and the decided opinion of the doctor that her death was caused by it, it seemed equally clear that they must attribute her death to this cause. Their verdict, therefore, was that Mrs. Maclean died from an overdose of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid taken inadvertently.

Mr. Cruikshank concurred in this verdict at the time, but subsequently, from reasons which seem not over convincing, became imbued with the belief that the unfortunate lady died in a fit, and that Mrs. Bailey lied when she said she found the phial in her mistress's hand. The point is one of no great importance, while the death of L. E. L. stands accounted for to the exclusion of the idea either of suicide or foul play.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

From The Spectator.

MR. GLADSTONE AS A FORCE.

IN spite of the misrepresentations of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—misrepresentations so quietly and persistently made as to promise to become in due time intellectual curiosities—this journal, as all who read it well know, has not ranked itself among Mr. Gladstone's special following. His entire indifference to foreign politics, or rather his mistaken estimate of their comparative importance—an estimate arising, we suspect, from ignorance of the dangers certain turns in foreign politics might involve—his distinct leaning towards the South in the American Civil War, and his sentimental horror of war generally—as if a shell hurt you as much as a cancer, or indeed half as much, or as if every just war did not repay itself in the new and vigorous national life that it evokes—have always been more or less, and generally more, repugnant to our minds. So have also been his occasional habit of confusing legal right with moral right, as in the Collier case, and his confirmed habit of embarrassing a lofty, and in its way quite unique, political morality, with a variety of petty scruples, which are really valueless, and suggestive rather of his Scotch descent than of his thoroughly English training and width of mind. He cannot see even now that he had no moral right, under the Statute, to seat Sir R. Collier; while though he unhesitatingly punishes an invasion by the King of Ashantee, he cannot help calling that act of self-defence an "unhappy war," and sanctioning terms of peace which scarcely meet expectation. There are sides of his many-faceted mind in which flaws are perceptible, and he has undoubtedly of late years been tempted to forget that England is a veiled Republic, governed not by a Premier, but a Committee of Parliament, among whom there is no formal inequality. But nevertheless we lack patience to see the country throwing away as it will do, whether it returns a Tory majority or a mean majority on either side, so unique an instrument or leader as it possesses in the present Premier. On one point at least this is not denied. The main strength of our country, the one fighting power in which it exceeds all countries, is Finance, and for finance of the modern and complicated kind Britain has never before found such a leader. He is not merely a financier, but a man with a distinct genius for finance, as separate and

as incommunicable as the genius of Shelley or of Raphael. To say that he has accomplished his feats merely because he has recognized the growing wealth of England, or that he has injured the State by relaxations of the public burden, is utterly untrue. We doubt extremely, with Lord Derby, whether England is so immoderately rich, whether America and France are not much richer, whether we could have made, under similar circumstances—that is, under circumstances crippling all industry but agriculture—anything approaching to the same pecuniary efforts as they have recently done. The special power of Mr. Gladstone has been shown in relieving us of that dependence on the soil, in seeing that we could obtain, mainly by art, the wealth which Providence has poured on France, by releasing industry from every fetter, by so adjusting taxation, and by so persuading the people that he could adjust it, that whenever the time comes for an effort the Treasury, without creating deficits, without strangling industry, without crushing out the poor, could suddenly obtain immense resources. With less wealth than France or America, we could, we believe, in an emergency like theirs borrow in three years three hundred millions, and never advance the rate upwards beyond four per cent. There is power in that single fact that is unrivalled, and it is a power which Mr. Gladstone has stored up for us,—first, by his policy; secondly, by that faculty of expounding finance which made his policy so acceptable. No other human being but himself could have convinced the nation of the advantages to be derived from some of his *coups*, or could have uttered that speech on the taxation of Charities, a measure he had given up, which made his enemies acknowledge that if it had been uttered as prelude to a Bill resistance would have been impossible. But he is so meanly economical? Grant that he feels demands on the Treasury as other men feel demands on their own cheque-books, and what then? Thrift may be bad, but it is strength, not weakness; it is the very virtue which every Hohenzollern save one has displayed, and which, now that the result has appeared, has made Englishmen think Hohenzollerns almost too strong for the safety of mankind. Thrift is the vice or virtue not of the feeble, but of the strong,—of Scotchmen and Prussians, not of Poles and South-Americans.

That is one power which the country

is about to throw away, and there is another as valuable as that. Of all the heavy difficulties of an English Premier, there is none so difficult as this, — that he must do his work with a steam-roller, and not with any inferior and less weighty means of getting obstacles away. There exists nothing in the world in the way of an authority so complete, so resistless, so utterly despotic as the English Parliament. Statesmen who have recognized that fact are half afraid to put it in motion, so irresistible do they feel that with steam up its potency will be. Imagine the fuss there would be in a Continental monarchy if any portion of its dominions were in the state some Irish countries were when the Coercion Bill was carried. It would be as bad as a war, — troops would be in motion, and all manner of chancelleries hoping, fearing, and reporting; but the British Parliament, with a turn, as it were, of its hand, brought to bear a pressure so calm, but so persistent and so crushing, that the very idea of open resistance died away. This engine Mr. Gladstone can, whenever an adequate object appears before his mind, compel to put out its full powers. People say he cannot “lead” like Lord Palmerston, — that he is hasty, impatient, unpolite, and all that; but what rubbish it all is! We will admit it all, and much more for the sake of argument, and what on earth does it matter, if he can make the colossal and cumbersome engine do an adequate task? To talk of Lord Palmerston’s genius for leadership and Mr. Gladstone’s when work is to be done, is to compare the Brighton coach, with its paint and prettiness, and flavour of fast aristocracy, with a railway-engine; or a dandy in the Mall with George Stephenson. Drive? Why, Palmerston, with all his hold on the Houses, and all his real strength besides, could no more have driven the Irish Land Bill through, than he could have mastered its details, and he could not for the life of him have done either. There is not a lawyer or a politician in all England who does not know that to pass a law really enfranchising the land, both as to ownership and tenure, will require a power of exposition, a mastery of detail, and a steady driving force which we have got in Mr. Gladstone alone, for Mr. Forster, who could do the work, could not, by the mere magic of a golden mouth, make every resisting class perceive that its wealth would be increased even more than that of the tenants and the nation.

You do not want the change? Good. That is a reason for rejecting Mr. Gladstone, but it is not a reason for declaring, while you are howling with fear of the pace at which he drives, that he cannot drive at all. But suppose that the nation does wish it, does it know anywhere of another man before whom the opposing forces will so reel, and stagger, and give way? Every “interest has been harassed.” We deny it; but grant it, and whenever before had we a Premier who dared in the interest of the nation harass every interest? We talk a great deal about Bismarck, but let him just try his hand at resisting the Ultramontanes, radically changing the Army, in the teeth of its own fear — not realized — that it was to be democratized, and alter county taxation, all at the same time, and with no better aid than a Parliament which it takes half his life to persuade. Mr. Gladstone has dared and done those things, from which even Bismarck would have shrunk. But this is tyranny? Stuff about tyranny, when a man who does them all can be dismissed in a night, when a single real rush of the representatives of the people can drive him into outer darkness, or worse still, crush him into the sort of corner in which he sat, humiliated and angry, but powerless, when the Agricultural interest declared that the nation should pay for its ill-luck in business, — unusual and severe ill-luck, no doubt, but hardly worse than fell upon the whole propertied class in the week succeeding the Black Friday. We do not want to discuss who was right or wrong on the Cattle Plague, but merely to point to the undoubted fact that the Premier was just as powerless to resist the Representatives as one of his own clerks. They went over him like a herd on the stampee over a sick horse. He domineers over the House of Lords? That House has to be domineered over sometimes, and we wish it had a Wellington within it to do it from within; but it is better that Mr. Gladstone should do it than that an angry mob should, and at all events, it is nonsense to talk of Mr. Gladstone’s power to domineer over the second strongest institution in the country — for though both will long out-last our time, the Throne is weaker than the aristocracy — and talk in the same breath of his incapacity to govern. Admit the adversaries’ case, admit it to the full, admit it till even the *Standard* cries “Hold, enough!” and still there remains the patent fact that the Liberals of the Three

Kingdoms have in Mr. Gladstone a force so potent that their opponents stand aghast with fear lest he should again bid the machine move on. If they do not want to win, if they want to rest, *cadit questio*, let them furl the flag till they are in spirits again; but let them at least recognize what they are doing, what sort of Commander-in-Chief they are sending to his tent, the quantity as well as quality of the force they condemn not merely to remain idle, but, as we greatly fear, to betake itself to other tasks than that of governing a nation,—which we

do not accuse of ingratitude, for nations can seldom be grateful, but of downright stupidity in not seeing what is thrown away. The nation would not have been ungrateful for banishing Stephenson lest his “‘kittle o’ steam’ should go about maazing and haazin the blessid fields,” they would simply have been stupid, and so it is now. And of all the varieties of that stupidity, the worst is that which thinks it “genteel” to reject the engine because, forsooth! the whistle does not play opera-airs.

M. DUPUY DE LOME has recently exhibited, at the Academy of Sciences, Paris, an invention for sending a plan or topographical sketch by telegraph. Over the plan or map is placed a semi-circular plate of glass graduated. On the centre is a radial arm, also graduated, which carries on a slide a piece of mica with a blade point. A fixed eye-piece is adjusted, and, looking through this, the mica point is carried successively over all the points of the plan to be reproduced, and the polar co-ordinates of each noted. The numbers thus obtained are transmitted by telegraph, and they are laid down by the receiver, who uses a similar arrangement to that which we have briefly described.

Athènesum.

THE LONDON FOG.—The unusually high readings of the barometer (over 30.50 in.) which prevailed from the 6th to the 13th Dec. were accompanied by a fog in the metropolis from the 9th to the 13th, which was at times excessively dense. In the Cattle Show the horned cattle suffered severely from difficulty of breathing, but the sheep and pigs were less affected. Persons in good health who were living in the fog suffered much bodily discomfort, and smarting of the conjunctivæ was frequently accompanied by severe frontal headache. To invalids, however, and especially to those suffering from disease of the lungs, the atmosphere was most distressing.

THE Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News* describes the interesting collection of books and pictures illustrative of the late war which has recently been exhibited for charitable purposes in that city. The printed matter is very complete, consisting not only of the larger and graver works, but also of all the journals of Europe and America to the end of the

second siege, including the tiny sheets which poured out in such numbers during the existence of the Commune. The collection of caricatures, nine-tenths of them French, is said to be quite complete. The pictures are chiefly photographs, but there is a large set of coloured lithographs, and a few etchings. The lithographs have enjoyed a wide popularity in Germany.

At the Séance of December 15, P. Pasteur read before the Académie des Sciences a note in reply to M. Trécul concerning the transformation of the spores of *Penicillium glaucum* in yeast, which was the subject of a communication from M. A. Trécul on December 8. M. Pasteau states that he has repeated the experiments, taking the necessary precautions, and that the transformation has not been produced.

IRELAND is profiting by the large increase in the price of coal in England. The island is known to contain many rich coal fields, which have been hitherto worked on a very small scale. Capitalists are now beginning to look to these as profitable investments, and preparations are being made to work the coal on a large scale.

M. TANY, in a communication to the Académie des Sciences, objects to vanes as indicators of the wind, since they indicate a direction when there is no wind, and they do not indicate the force or velocity of the wind. He would substitute a little flag suspended by a cord from a metallic ring pulleyed on a vertical rod. This is worthy of consideration.

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DAWNLIGHT ON THE SEA.

WHEN I kneel down the dawn is only breaking;
 Sleep fetters still the brown wings of the lark;
 The wind blows pure and cold, for day is waking,
 But stars are scattered still about the dark.

With open lattice, looking out and praying,
 Ere yet the toil and trouble must be faced,
 I see a silvery glimmer straying, straying,
 To where the faint grey sky-line can be traced.

I see it slowly deepen, broaden, brighten,
 With soft snow-fringes sweeping to the land,—
 The sheeny distance clear and gleam and whiten—
 The cool cliff-shadows sharpen on the sand.

Some other sea the sunlight is adorning,
 But mine is fair 'neath waning stars and moon.
 O friendly face!—O smile that comes at morning,
 To shine through all the frowns that come at noon!

A beautiful wet opal—pale tints filling
 A thousand shifting shallows—day at length.
 The sweet, salt breeze, like richest wine, is thrilling
 My drowsy heart and brain with life and strength.

I hear the voice of waters—strong waves dashing
 Their white crests on the brown weed-sprinkled sod;
 I hear the soft, continuous, measured plashing—
 The pulse that vibrates from the heart of God;—

The long wash of the tide upon the shingle,
 The rippling ebb of breakers on the shore,
 Wherewith my prayers are fain to blend and mingle—
 Whereto I set my dreams for evermore.

I hear the lap and swirl, I hear the thunder
 In the dark grotto where the children play,—
 Where walls to keep the sea and cave asunder,
 And frail shell towers, were reared but yesterday.

The flood has filled my soul, and it is sweeping
My foolish stones and pebbles out to sea.
 And floating in strange riches for my keeping,—
 O friend—O God—I owe my best to thee!

The best of every day, its peace and beauty,
 From thy mysterious treasure-house is drawn;
 Thou teachest me the grace of life and duty
 When we two talk together in the dawn.
 Sunday Magazine. ADA CAMBRIDGE.

DEAD DAYS.

I CANNOT let lost life with lost years go—
 I must look back to what I used to know,
 And looking weep;
 I must remember that my double life
 Of happiness is now a single strife,
 And that you sleep
 All through the longest days of summer glow,
 And through the longest nights of winter snow.

Love played with us in childhood, and it came
 Along with us in after days the same,
 With joy and rest;
 The pleasant months grew into changing
 years,
 And changing pleasures chided little fears
 From our sweet nest:
 I must remember that my whole life grew
 In fairer, purer ways, because of you.

I cannot help my heart, my tears must flow,
 And though the sun is on me, I must know
 A day that died;
 The frightened clock ran down—oh, bitter
 spite!—
 From twelve at noon to twelve o'clock at
 night;
 And fever-eyed,
 I live in body, but my heart is dead,
 Like a dry leaf upon a spider's thread.

My Dorothy, the days shall dawn again,
 And purity shall come because of pain—
 The hours shall rise:
 Old tears shall be prophetic of the true,
 And clouds of white shall float beneath the
 blue;
 And your brown eyes
 Shall open on me for our long love's sake,
 And under your sweet gaze I shall awake.
 Cassell's Magazine. GUY ROSLYN.

From The Quarterly Review.
WINCKELMANN.*

THE book at the head of this article will well repay perusal. Though Winckelmann exercised an electrical influence in his day, and attained an European celebrity, inspiring contemporaries with a new conception of Art, and kindling their imaginations by a flashing revelation of the Antique, these volumes first give us a real life of him. Full justice has been done to the virgin subject thus taken in hand. Dr. Justi has performed his part with discriminating love and an exhaustive research which has made his composition more than a mere biography: it is an encyclopædic history of whatever can in any way bear upon or illustrate the influence of Winckelmann's individual action. We tender our warm acknowledgments for the indefatigable industry which has cleared every speck of haze from the memorable and dramatic career of an extraordinary man—a career bespeaking interest on many scores; at its outset painful, at its close deeply tragical, at various points marked by curious psychological features, and from first to last pre-eminently distinguished by indelible vigour in one particular pursuit.

In the sandy plain known as the Old March, which stretches with dreary flatness from Magdeburg to Hamburg, lies the dilapidated town of Stendal, with grass-grown streets and tumble-down houses, an image of desolation, though once a stately stronghold of those indomitable German colonists, who won this tract for their race from the Slaves, and monuments of whose vigour are yet visible in massive gate-towers and lofty church-steeple, rising like solemn ghosts of the past over the surrounding solitude and decay—monuments of striking character, but as removed from the forms of Classical architecture as is the monotonous landscape from the type of Greek scenery. In this grim phantom of rugged Mediæval existence John Joachim Winckelmann was born, December 9,

* *Winckelmann, sein Leben, seine Werke und seine Zeitgenossen.* Von Carl Justi. 3 Volumes, Leipsic, 1866-72.

1711, and passed those earlier years during which the mind is apt to receive from surrounding objects the impressions that permanently influence after life. Nothing could be well humbler than the conditions of fortune which attended his birth. His father was a cobbler, of such scanty means, that the family dwelling consisted of a thatched hovel, with only one room for all domestic purposes. Poverty, in the full sense of the term, was the lot of Winckelmann's infancy, as dilapidation was the marked feature of all which the boy looked upon. Notwithstanding such eminently unfavourable conditions for development of intellectual ambition, he manifested an early desire to seek higher culture. The father had reckoned on his helping in the cobbling business, but the lad besought to be allowed to attend the town school, a foundation due to the liberality of former ages, where Latin was professedly taught. It was not a flourishing institution. The general decay pervading all Stendal life was also on this school; still, such as it was, a course of Latin and kindred subjects was given, and the young Winckelmann eagerly desired to have the benefit of admission thereto. His request was acceded to, and it is recorded how the parents, simple-minded and devout adherents of the reformed faith, comforted themselves with the thought that such learning could not fail to make their son a stout preacher of the Bible. Trifling as were the school expenses, they were yet more than the family means could afford, and the boy was therefore enrolled amongst the recognized charity scholars—they were called *Currendeschüler*—who received a few pence as choristers at funerals and church services, while as wandering minstrels they sought to pick up from charitably disposed townsmen some trifling additional alms wherewith to defray indispensable payments. This practice was not peculiar to Stendal. The *Currendeschüler* was a standing institution in Germany. Not a few distinguished men began life as such; and it is noteworthy that, besides Winckelmann, two other conspicuous promoters of classical studies

— Gessner and Heyne — owed their first instruction in Latin letters to doles they earned as wandering minstrels. Winckelmann attained such proficiency that he became præpostor of the band; but his progress was still more remarkable in other branches, notably in classics. The only lessons at which he showed inattention were those of divinity. "It was no uncommon occurrence," Rector Paalzwow writes many years after, "for Herr Winckelmann during such lessons to occupy himself surreptitiously with making extracts from some ancient writer," a proceeding vainly visited "with due severity," for the orthodox old pedant adds with an almost audible groan, "that for all this there was no changing him therein:" and the fact had better be acknowledged at once, that by all instincts and sympathies of his nature Winckelmann was, and ever remained, a pagan in sentiment — one to whom associations connected with Olympus and Parnassus were more familiar than those connected with Sinai and Calvary.

In this manner, however, the boy contrived to acquire a quite amazing amount of knowledge, when the very elementary character of the teaching is considered. It is noteworthy how at this early period we find foreshadowed qualities eminently distinctive of the man. Already at school he was called the "Little Librarian," who carried in his head all the literature garnishing the Rector's shelves, while out of inconceivable economies he would contrive to scrape together money wherewith to buy himself some books. Throughout life his indefatigable faculty for accumulating knowledge was only equalled by his wonderful knack for saving out of miserably stinted means enough wherewith to purchase coveted volumes. A youth of such temperament needed a higher class of instruction, a fact recognized by the Rector, a worthy man, who generously assisted his promising pupil by introduction to a comparatively superior gymnasium in the neighbouring town of Salzwedel. Here Winckelmann pursued his studies under guidance of one who was a thorough specimen of the dry pedagogue. In return for board and

lodging, Winckelmann gave private instruction, and so contrived to continue his schooling until his nineteenth year, when definite plans for life became urgent. Winckelmann was painfully conscious of never having yet done more than knock at the outer gates of classical lore. To penetrate into the inner sanctum would need an University course, and in the way of obtaining this there were grave obstacles. In the first place, Winckelmann was divided in his mind as to the faculty he should enter. He knew that those he revered expected him to embrace theology, and the thought brought little comfort to his mind. He himself inclined at this period towards medicine, as the most likely study to prove remunerative; but the sense of dutifulness towards his parents, at all times strong in Winckelmann, got the upper hand, and he matriculated as a student of divinity at Halle, which, under the spirit of criticism originally quickened by Thomasius, was then the most renowned school in Germany for Protestant theology and kindred branches of learning. But this influence, while elevating, also narrowed the spirit of this University, confining excellence to particular subjects not the most congenial to Winckelmann's tastes, while his cherished classics were but poorly cultivated. Winckelmann perceived that he would not gain in the lecture-halls that flood of light he was in quest of. He soon ceased to be regular at lectures — those of divinity he was indeed compelled to attend, but it was with a wandering mind — and he sought to slake his thirst for classical reading by private study in the public libraries, pursued with a passionate ardour which made him an object of observation. Notices by contemporaries of Winckelmann during his two years' University attendance, show his life to have been still of the same penury as previously. From a pauper schoolboy he had become a pauper student, the only difference being that whereas he had been a *Currendeschüler* he now was a *Famulus*, the recognized German University fag, who did themes and exercises for wealthier and idler students in return for

book-loans and occasional free tickets to students' messes.

It deserves to be noted that notwithstanding his insatiable love of study, Winckelmann had nothing of the prig about him. The man whose whole nature brightened joyously at contemplation of the beauty in classical form, and who revelled with keen enjoyment in the glowing charms of southern landscape, necessarily entertained a genuine relish for social pleasures and sprightly conversation. He possessed eminent powers of animated talk. His numerous letters attest at once his urgent need for active intercourse and the copious flow of his thoughts. They are genial, and animated, and chatty, full of matter that wells forth unaffectedly like a gushing stream, charming and spontaneous effusions of a teeming mind and of a soul brimming over with buoyant sentiment. The enduring proneness through life to contract and keep up ardent, even passionate, friendships was also a characteristic feature in him. What love is to some, a passion irresistibly awakened by contact with a graceful woman, that male friendship was to Winckelmann. His correspondence is couched in tones of exuberant affection — of a soul that hangs dotingly on the bosom of a confidant and rejoices in the sense of unreserved effusion, without yet becoming sentimental in expression. There was indeed no shred of sentimentalism about him, and the natural accent of his epistolary outpourings is in striking contrast to the unreal tone of a certain school of letter writers then considerably in vogue. This point stands in close relation to the essence of his mind and tastes. Warm at heart, and susceptible of keen pleasure, his nature was yet cast in a severe and an abstemious type. Throughout his system there ran an antique fibre — a fibre of antique thought and antique sentiment that partook in several respects of the Stoic element. Abounding in male friends, ecstatic and enduring in his attachment to them, Winckelmann never entertained for any woman a passion which laid hold of him. There is no trace of a real love passage in his life, though,

from some allusions in letters from Rome, it may be inferred that while living in the free society of artists, and amidst varied objects of beauty, as well in the flesh as of marble, he may occasionally have shown himself for moments not quite insensible to the physical charms of some persons of the other sex. But a genuine fit of healthy passionate fondness for, or even confirmed flirtation with, a woman, unless exception be made for his relations towards the wife of Raphael Mengs, to which we shall allude hereafter — such a fit as will for a while control and make a man the slave of fascination — does not occur in the life of Winckelmann. It is essential to understand this peculiarity of temperament in the otherwise inflammable nature of this warm-hearted man. The Damon and Pythias' vein, the conception of Platonic intimacy, was prominent in his nature, even unto becoming a *cultus*. He said himself that the friendship of his conceptions was not "that which Christians were told to practice, but the one revealed only in some few everlasting examples of the antique world," a friendship involving "absolute repudiation of all selfishness." On another occasion he repeats this idea yet more clearly, making it a specific charge that "private friendship, far from having temporal and eternal rewards set on it, is not even once mentioned by name in the New Testament." These utterances date indeed from a later period, but they are not out of place here, for they express a sentiment springing from the inner essence which moulded his personal relations throughout life.

Such then was Winckelmann the student, a pleasant messmate and cheerful companion, who often appeared at the ordinary with Aristophanes or Cicero under his arm, and yet, in his frugal fashion, contributed to the mirth of the gathering, and keenly enjoyed conversation, particularly if it turned on travel into foreign parts. Two circumstances are recorded of this period which deserve to be noticed as very characteristic. The one is Winckelmann's singular self-denial. There is no record of his having ever at any period of his life fallen into debt, not-

withstanding the often painful penury of his circumstances. The other is the marked longing shown by him for travel into a foreign world in which existed those objects on which his imagination ran. On two occasions Winckelmann did impatiently set out on journeys, in the character of a begging student, with his letters of matriculation as vouchers in his appeals to the charitably disposed for a night's lodging and board: once to Hamburg, under the irresistible desire at least to look at, and in some sense handle, a celebrated collection of classical books advertised for public auction; and another time to Dresden, under the then Elector a capital of splendid pageantry and renowned art-treasures, the yearning to gaze on which he could not withstand. Zealous as Winckelmann had been in his own way, that way had not been in the prescribed academical groove, and at the end of his two years' term he received the merest pass certificate. He neither ventured on the customary public disputations nor did he graduate; and his sole University diploma, which he kept to the end of his life as a curiosity, was a testimonial from the Theological Faculty, attesting that Winckelmann had attended lectures, and expressing a hope "that he may have reaped some fruit from them," though, it was significantly remarked, that it had not been possible to "learn anything conclusive as to the actual condition of his mind." But though thus arrived at the close of his academical career with but a poor testimonial of qualification, Winckelmann had contrived to establish a reputation which now did him service. The Chancellor of the University, Ludwig, was owner of a considerable library, which was in disorder, and he engaged to catalogue it the ardent though desultory student, of whose insatiable voracity for reading he had heard. Winckelmann afterwards spoke of the six months spent in this service as wasted time, but it would seem that the Chancellor's recommendation helped him to get a place as private tutor, whereby he was enabled to visit the University of Jena, and qualify himself for a course of life certainly more in accordance with his natural disposition than the duties of the pulpit.

After a stay at Jena, which on the score of diplomas was as little productive of results as the Halle residence, and a course of tuition in a family, resulting in a violent affection for his pupil, Winckelmann obtained, in 1743, the place of *Con-*

rector or second master at the grammar-school in the town of Seehausen, in the Old March. His salary was only 120 thalers (about 20*l.*). During five wearisome years he continued helplessly tied down to the thankless drudgery of having to din some elementary instruction into the brains of a few Seehausen lads. The reader has been told what kind of place Stendal was. Seehausen was a second Stendal, a forlorn and dilapidated hamlet, with some not unpicturesque vestiges of former stateliness, but then shrunk into the dimensions of a mere village with only two hundred and fifty inhabited dwellings, the inmates of which were sturdy Low German yeomen, whose minds were engrossed with thoughts about crops and the farmyard. A more thoroughly disheartening residence it is impossible to conceive for an ardent lover of Greek letters. The tone of the Seehausen notabilities in religious matters was that of undoubting Protestant orthodoxy. Winckelmann had shown himself most ready to conform to all observances, "taking the communion with his colleagues as often as he was asked to do so," but still he had not succeeded in escaping grave suspicion. The frightful discovery had been made that on Sundays he carried into church a Homer instead of the Lutheran prayer-book, for which grievous offence he was reprimanded "with all spiritual fervour." This Winckelmann would have borne meekly, but his very soul was exasperated that the Rector ventured to carry his religious indignation so far as to cast doubts, not merely on his orthodoxy, but even on the correctness of his Latin. Winckelmann could not brook this insinuation, and it whetted his eager desire for finding perforce some means of escape from an intolerable slavery. To this end he strove now to intensify his economy, and subjected himself to a course of asceticism worthy of a Trappist. Bound during the day to drill his classes, Winckelmann devoted the night to the reading of his favourite authors. It is recorded that for one whole winter he never gave himself more than four hours' rest in an arm-chair before his writing-table and without even a fire, his only protection against cold being an old fur cloak. At four he would light again his lamp to study till six, when he had to repair to the schoolhouse. It was not merely the love of study which induced Winckelmann to adopt this severe system; he was actuated also with the idea that to harden his body was indispensa-

ble for emancipation from his present circumstances. His mind was afire with plans for realizing his ardent desire to look on the actual configuration of the southern world; and while chained to a Seehausen class-room his imagination ran on wanderings to the Pyramids with a body trained to extreme abstemiousness, an oaken staff, and a Herodotus as the whole outfit for the expedition. The very irritation at his circumstances gave a morbid stimulant to his fancies, for his letters at this period exhibit a hardly intelligible feverishness of wild scheming. It is also extraordinary to note how varied and well-nigh omnivorous was his study at this time. There is preserved a number of scrap-books filled with extracts, and nothing can convey a livelier sense of Winckelmann's enormous diligence in the acquisition of knowledge than the laborious transcripts in these note-books. We find sections of early German history written out in careful detail, followed by pages from French and English authors, with numerous extracts from the Leipzig "Learned Transactions," then the chief organ for literary announcements. Winckelmann devoted no ordinary labour to the acquisition of foreign languages, especially of English and Italian; whereas French literature had little attraction for him.

Schemes of distant travel were, however, only the dreams of fevered moments, and what he really had to hope for was a transfer to some less distasteful locality. In vain he offered himself for every vacancy he could hear of; it was only to encounter failure, aggravated at times by humiliation. Family grief came in addition to these repeated disappointments. In March 1747 he lost his aged mother, to whom he was dotingly attached, and so between aggravated official worries, sadness of heart at bereavement, and general despondency at failure in every effort to procure some improvement in his position, things had got to a plight which drove him to exclaim in a confidential letter, "I am now resolved as soon as possible to decamp from here." At this conjuncture, just as he was ready to rush into some reckless, and possibly irretrievable, resolution, a beam of comforting light shot most unexpectedly through the black bank of clouds that seemed to be closing with impenetrable denseness around the horizon of his existence.

In the summer of 1748, Winckelmann met by accident a young graduate, who

had just given up the post of amanuensis to Count Bünau, owner of a private library that had no parallel in Germany. Winckelmann listened intently to the young man's account of the life he had just quitted, and was seized with longing to become his successor. Under the impulse of "desperation," as he afterwards acknowledged, Winckelmann sat down, and, without introduction or testimonial, wrote to Count Bünau offering his services. "Oh employ me in whatever manner it may please you," are the terms of entreaty in which he presented his petition. "Most readily will I devote myself absolutely to your Excellency's service; only place me in a corner of your library to copy out curious anecdotes." Henry, Count Bünau, to whom the appeal was addressed, was a remarkable man, in many respects. He was a scion of an old noble family of Saxony, and had himself acquired eminence as a statesman in the political fortunes of his country. Eclipsed in the favour of his frivolous sovereign by the more supple and less scrupulous Brühl, he had withdrawn to the retreat of his ancestral château, at Nöthenitz, where he became engrossed in literary pursuits and the composition of an exhaustive "History of the German Empire." He was no superficial student. At a period when historians were wont to look seldom below the surface of things, and to take readily their material at secondhand, Count Bünau made it the special object of his conscientious research to marshal original sources and sift the substance of original authorities. He had in his mind a conception, that has become familiar to the present age, of the indispensable necessity to have as a foundation for true history a critical collection of records. What has since been done in Germany, under the direction of Pertz, floated already before Bünau's mind — namely, a careful edition of early chronicles and documentary evidence. To this purpose he devoted an amount of industry which justly elicited the admiration of contemporaries (Lessing said that he only needed the one faculty of being able to extend time indefinitely), and he collected at Nöthenitz a library of such extent, that he kept actively employed three assistants in copying the materials out of which he was to compile his great publication. To this stern student and great nobleman — bearer of an historical name enhanced by personal distinction, a magnate of high lineage, and a renowned statesman

who had withdrawn from the giddy eddies of court intrigue to the proud seclusion of his splendid domain and self-made library—the son of the Stendal cobbler addressed himself point-blank in the terms of impetuous supplication we have seen. He fervently told the whole story of his life—his yearning from childhood for literature, his strenuous efforts resulting only in reiterated disappointments and a wretched position—and then, after a painful recapitulation of baffled hopes, unconsciously burst into words (which can hardly have failed to strike so observant a judge as Büнау), characterized with that indelible self-confidence inherent in superior minds. “Still I could become of use to the future of the world,” he exclaimed, “if only I were somehow dragged out of my obscurity, and could find employment in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.” In his reply Büнау expressed himself not absolutely disinclined to entertain the application, as he had enough work to occupy an additional amanuensis; but he asked for testimonials, and then considerably warned Winckelmann of the risk incurred by the exchange of a permanent appointment, however humble, for one which must be dependent on another’s life. On receipt of this letter Winckelmann was beside himself with joy. Entirely overlooking the fact that it contained no pledge, that all it conveyed was a demand for testimonials, with characteristic impulsiveness he considered himself assured of nomination, and actually resigned off-hand his teacher’s place. Happily these sanguine anticipations were not falsified. After a short interval Büнау wrote expressing readiness to receive him at Nöthenitz, on trial for a year; and in September 1748, Winckelmann proceeded thither to continue for six years a member of the Count’s household.

The entry into Büнау’s service constitutes an epoch in Winckelmann’s life. He was now upwards of thirty years of age. Till then he had vegetated in a soil every fibre of which was uncongenial to his nature, and it is a marvel that the elasticity of his intellectual constitution had not been crushed out. At last he was transplanted into a world such as he had been longing for—a world of high culture and intellectual atmosphere, combined with the presence of objects to gratify the taste for art. In considering the moral effect on Winckelmann’s mind of this removal, it is necessary to have a clear idea of how marked was at that

time the contrast between the public aspect of things in Prussia and Saxony. The latter was pervaded by a conspicuous spirit of lavish splendour, manifested in gorgeous Court revels and costly displays, and combined with a general geniality of temperament; while throughout Prussia there prevailed a positively relentless spirit of parsimony, and an administrative system that was one sheet of rigid compulsion, enforced by the switch of the drill-sergeant. To get out of Prussia into Saxony was for Winckelmann what for many has been the getting out of Russia—escape from a land of tyranny and serfage. Though born and bred in Prussia, Winckelmann’s detestation of it amounted to frenzy. He called it “the land of despotism.” “My skin shivers from head to foot,” he writes once from Rome, “when I think of Prussian depotism, and of that flayer of mankind, who will continue to be an object of universal detestation, and to blast with an eternal curse the country already blighted by nature, covered with a Libyan sand. *Meglio farsi Turco circonciso che Prussiano.*” And on another occasion he says, “My country is Saxony; I recognize no other, and there is not one drop of Prussian blood in me.”

This rabid repudiation of his own specific place of birth is the more curious, as coming from one who in a remarkable degree felt the patriotic sentiment. It has been often noticed that earlier German classics evince a want of national feeling. Winckelmann is most certainly not open to the reproach. While his tastes and studies were in the direction of objects far removed from the interests of the age he lived in, we find Winckelmann always giving expression to a strong German feeling. Over and over again the word “*patriot*” recurs emphatically in his correspondence in reference to pending political events, and it is never applied otherwise than in a decidedly national sense. There is, indeed, one circumstance narrated, quite touching in its indication of the strong love of olden home-associations, which to the last kept its hold on Winckelmann. When domiciled in his self-chosen Roman country, a voluntary alien to the land and the faith of his birth—himself become an Abate—clothed in rustling robes of silk, the domestic familiar of a Prince Cardinal, amidst the soft warblings of southern notes, and the luxurious enjoyment of all the pleasures his heart most delighted in, Winckelmann would

in the early summer morning solace himself on the terraced roof of the joyous Albani Villa with reading — not in Aristophanes, nor in Cicero, nor yet in light Italian verse — but in the well-thumbed copy of the old Lutheran hymn-book, out of which, as a Currendeschüler, he sang in Stendal. The fact is one well to remember, if we would know what sort of a man this Winckelmann really was; for there is something inexpressibly affecting in this echo of Teutonic sentiment vibrating poignantly to the heart of the expatriated cobbler's son, athwart the folds of sybaritic existence, in the melody of a rugged hymn that breathed overpowering sweetness, because associated with the recollection of having first heard it when rocked far away on his parents' knees in the sand plains of the Old March. The man who under such peculiar circumstances of life could retain such genuine affection for the associations of his early and dreary existence, however he might profess to be an apostate, never could become a renegade to his kith and kin. This strong German vein manifested itself in a not less characteristic sentiment of instinctive dislike of the French. "Amidst other things I praise God for, is also this, that I am a German and not a Frenchman," he writes from Rome. He detected the literary conceit which disfigured the genius of that nation, and it is quite remarkable to what a degree he carried his antipathy. This sentiment, no doubt, had much to do with a milder view he took in later years of Frederick the Great. During the occupation of Saxony and the catastrophe of its Royal House, Winckelmann's indignation at the success of "the flayer of nations" grew to white-heat. But when peace saw his patrons back again in Dresden, and subsequently the Prussian freebooter came out in the character of a commander, who thrashed foreign armies gloriously, and notably the legions of swaggering France, Winckelmann's heart could not restrain the quick beats of delight at the tidings of great national victories. Indeed he became so appeased that for a time he seriously entertained a proposal that would have made him exchange as his permanent residence Rome for Berlin. It is of no substantive importance what Winckelmann's political feelings were; his fame for posterity rests intertwined with antiquarian labours. But psychologically for comprehension of what he was in the flesh — of the wide and lively sympathies embodied in his nature — it is

well to note how little antiquarian studies warped away his sympathies from contemporary occurrences, and how, in this fact, resides, no doubt, in great degree the secret of that fascinating influence which Winckelmann's conversation is acknowledged to have exercised on those with whom he came into personal contact.

Nöthenitz was not above an hour's walk from Dresden, offering every facility for enjoying the many advantages of that city, while proximity to the capital brought thither a continued flow of visitors. The notices of Winckelmann's life during the first years of his stay are meagre, but there are enough traces of his activity as a copyist to show that he had no idle time of it. He was set to compile a division of the Count's library catalogue, and as if an evil fortune would pursue him, the division assigned him was that of books connected with Church History, and particularly the lives of saints and martyrs. That was not however his whole occupation. Note-books made at this period show with what assiduous industry he sought to profit by the varied stores in this great library. Subjects the most foreign to his favourite classics, as for instance, early German chroniclers, and the origin of Feudal and Imperial rights, occupied his attention, while he besides made copious extracts from an astounding number of English and Italian writers. We find him studying Burnet, Clarendon, and Shaftesbury, — the latter was evidently a favourite, — while one volume is wholly filled with manuscript transcripts from English poets. This volume really constitutes an anthology from writers of the Restoration and Queen Anne period. Milton (whom Winckelmann admired greatly), Butler, Pope, Waller, Cowley, Congreve, Addison, and Thomson, are all laid under contribution. Nor is Shakespeare omitted, though Dr. Justi has observed that the extracts could all have been found in quotations, so that the evidence is faulty as to his ever having read the text. This wide range of study, branching out into fields the most remote from classical associations, is particularly curious as having been pursued at the very period that immediately preceded his taking a capital step, to which he was solely actuated by the irrepressible determination to secure access — no matter through what means — into the longed-for Elysian fields situate for him on the other side of the Alps.

The chief interest of this Nöthenitz

period concentrates itself in the circumstances that led Winckelmann to determine on making a profession of the Romish faith. On this head much mystery prevailed at the time, resulting in not a few incorrect statements. Contemporaries at a loss for precise data had recourse to guesses. A prevalent story was, that having been employed by Bünau to buy books in Italy, Winckelmann had fallen under the influence of Italian blandishments, according to some, or had become affected by the reading of Greek Fathers, according to others. Goethe was nearer the truth in his indication of personal agencies that had been at work, though he was wrong in charging Bünau with having shown selfish indifference to Winckelmann's wants. There is no foundation for the assumption that Bünau's conduct had anything to do with Winckelmann's resolution. The whole process of his conversion is now unrolled before us in uncomfortable detail. Never was a change of religion made with so absolute an absence of religious fervour. Henry IV., when he ventured on what he called his perilous leap, was a paragon of fervour in comparison with Winckelmann. Desperate impulsiveness prompted the step which landed him in the Bünau circle: but the step which removed him out of it was exclusively the result of deliberate calculation. He had come to the conclusion that to attain the cardinal object of his life—a protracted visit to the land teeming with classical associations and the choicest specimens of ancient art—it was indispensable, in his pecuniary position, to secure the assistance and abiding favour of certain powerful interests; and these he had satisfied himself he could not insure more certainly than by making a profession of the Roman Catholic belief.

Already during the second year of his residence at Nöthenitz, Winckelmann showed signs of inward restlessness, and revolved how to make his present situation a stepping-stone towards the goal upon which his eyes were ever intently fixed. There was much in the atmosphere of Dresden life to inflame a mind already disposed to ruminate on Italy. The tone of society resembled that which prevailed in this country under James II., one of frivolity combined with religious professions. The country was Protestant, but the dynasty was Catholic; and its gay members readily compounded for a career of dissipation by promoting the stealthy operations of proselytism.

Italians were special favourites at Court, for they were at once skilled in the arts of diversion and adepts in the service of the true Church. An individual of very high influence was the Court physician, Bianconi; so was likewise the Elector's Jesuit confessor, Leo Rauch, by birth a German, but an Italian by education; and particularly the Papal Nuncio, Count Archinto, who seems to have been admirably qualified to play the courtier, the diplomatist, and the churchman; a man of pleasure, who kept a mistress, and yet a priest who was a first-rate hand at angling for converts. It was this wily Roman ecclesiastic who performed the chief part in the drama of Winckelmann's change of faith. On the occasion of a visit to Nöthenitz, the Nuncio is related to have been shown over the library by Winckelmann. The shrewd Italian noticed the intelligence of his *cicerone*, and an acquaintance sprang up that was not allowed to drop. In a letter of March 1752, Winckelmann hints at some negotiations with the Nuncio, which promise to secure him an improved position. But the Nuncio, though always most affable, never would enter into specific engagements, confining himself to merely vague though encouraging declarations. Suddenly it reached Winckelmann's ears that a report of his intended apostasy was abroad; and he was seized with terror lest Bünau should hear of it. He accordingly sat down and wrote a truly painful letter to the young Count's tutor, one Berendis, who was one of his confidential intimates. He authorized Berendis to contradict the report emphatically, and yet with the inconsistency of a flurried mind virtually admitted that he was hanging back only because he would insist on satisfactory preliminary conditions. In reply, Berendis tendered truly friendly advice; he urged that whatever Winckelmann might resolve to do, he should act openly towards Bünau. The advice so given was followed, though the effort cost much pain, for Winckelmann nervously dreaded the manner in which his patron would receive the communication. He announced that he had entered upon negotiations with the view of becoming for a year or two librarian to Cardinal Passionei, as great a book-collector as Bünau, and a man of European reputation, for whom even Voltaire expressed his high respect. Bünau was a strong Protestant, and, as an historian he showed decided bias against the Roman hierarchy. He bluntly stigmatized apostasy as

an act which branded a mark of shame into conscience. But uncompromising though his principles were, Büнау on this occasion again displayed the considerateness that is inspired by knowledge of the world. Disregarding the little *suppressio veri* in the omission of all reference to the fundamental condition to profess Romanism, Büнау went straight to the point. The shrewd diplomatist at once laid his finger on the pith of the bargain. He warned Winckelmann not to act lightly, without having previously secured the *quid pro quo*. There can be little doubt that the statesman's caution made impression on the hovering neophyte. The decisive step was again adjoined several times, although the day had been fixed. Nor was Winckelmann satisfied when at last the Nuncio was induced to come to particulars. Pushed into a corner, the latter showed a paper containing an offer from Passionei to assign Winckelmann lodging and the paltry salary of 36 ducats a year. This disclosure operated like a shower-bath on his religious fervour; and a rupture seemed imminent, when the Jesuit confessor stepped forward with the assurance of an annual allowance of a hundred florins. It deserves to be recorded that this priest proved a true friend. Whatever motives may have actuated him, he never failed to be as good as his word to Winckelmann. Nevertheless, the decisive resolution still hung fire on various grounds. He was to have been received on June 1st, but once again he contrived "to evade the fatal step."

It is as if Winckelmann had been torn inwardly with distracted feelings, and that the final resolution was taken under the spur of a chance impulse. There is a story, resting on the authority of a statement purporting to have come from Winckelmann himself, that what determined him was the fact of his happening to hear himself pointedly alluded to from a Protestant pulpit "as a stray sheep," to be held up to reprobation. An account of his actual reception into the Church is given in a letter to his dear friend Berendis, written immediately after the event. It furnishes so vivid a narrative of the painful struggles he went through, and the circumstances connected with his resolution, and is so curious from the ingenuousness of its admissions, that, though it travels over ground already trodden, we here subjoin a long extract. Let the reader especially bear

in mind that this letter was written very few days after the solemnity:—

UNIQUE FRIEND AND BROTHER, — "When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long," Psalm xxxiii. 3. Brother mine, I have, alas! made the fatal step I avoided with difficulty a year ago. Oh, friend, hear me and weigh my grounds. My health is not to be helped but by change. Here all mental recreation fails me, and loneliness becomes bearable but through uninterrupted work. . . . No happiness is before me (think well on this), no retreat is any more open. I sought to drag on the matter. After Easter I went to the Nuncio, as he was reported to be on the point of departure, to take leave and recommend myself to his good recollections. It was more than a year since I had seen him. He overcame me with his unexpected affability; he almost embraced me, and I am at a loss whence he got of me so high an opinion, as I could not expect from the Father Confessor. "My dear Winckelmann," said he, while continually squeezing my hand, "follow me; come with me; you shall see I am an honest man who does more than he promises. I will make your fortune in a way you have no conception of." All this made no impression. I said I had a friend I could not leave. . . . A whole month elapsed, during which I revolved within myself in indescribable disquietude. . . . When, at last, I saw that there was nothing for me to hope in the future, then I took my resolution, and, through the Confessor, informed the Nuncio that I was ready to make my profession secretly into the Nuncio's hands, but not to go away before having completed my work here. The joy of the Nuncio at this first conquest during his Nuntiature, perhaps in his life, was intense, and the act was performed in his chapel, where he appeared *in Pontificalibus* with two of his priests, and with the assistance of the Confessor. I afterwards entered his closet with the Confessor, where the Nuncio reiterated his assurances, with the declaration "I shall inform their Majesties the King and Queen, and you Reverend Father will ask of the King the money for his journey when he is able to come. You are personally known to the Electoral Prince," he said to me, "and can reckon on the protection and help of the Royal Family. I will again strongly recommend you, and, as I have to depart, you Reverend Father must look after his health." . . . That Father was desirous to administer to me the Sacrament, but was prevented by his having to leave next morning, and so this was done *privatim* on the 8th. . . . *Alea jacta est*; nothing more can now be done.

And then comes a postscript, with this astounding ejaculation from a neophyte, but which is painfully illustrative, in the unveiled crudity of its expression, as to the inner workings of the mind:—

By our sacred and everlasting friendship, brother mine, I here solemnly affirm, that if only I knew of some other way I now still would take it. For what do I care for the Court, and these scoundrelly (hundsföttische) Priests?

These words, as written at that particular moment, may well shock. Yet in their coarseness, they are the forcible expression of such a paroxysm of inward uprising as momentarily overcomes control. At no time did Winckelmann trade in hypocritical masquerade, but his nature was too refined to indulge habitually in coarseness. There is another utterance of his from a later date which, in the withering simplicity of its confession, has something overwhelmingly tragical: — "At no time have I let the word expire on my lip; truth has ever been in all matters my device;" and then, with the low hushed tone of conscience speaking to itself, he added, "*except in one point — Religion.*"

The immediate consequence of Winckelmann's profession was a change of residence to Dresden. The final parting from Büнау was painful, though it did not involve a rupture. Büнау's feelings were those of commiseration, while Winckelmann retained grateful affection for the "protector, benefactor, and friend, who, on my own application, plucked me out of darkness without having any knowledge of me." He used to write to him from Rome, and mourned Büнау's premature death with heartfelt grief. It was due to no failure on the part of his Catholic friends that Winckelmann's departure for Rome was postponed for a year. He was desirous of completing in Dresden the publication of a book on which he was engaged, and which, as his first literary effort, constitutes a singular instance of late development notwithstanding precocious genius and great mental activity. The "Thoughts on the Imitation of Greek Works" were inspired by a feeling of the inferiority of modern art. It was a protest against the principles of the Rococo style, at that period generally in fashion, and nowhere more so than at Dresden. In this respect the treatise was calculated to wound personal susceptibilities. But, in addition, it already contained the germ of Winckelmann's subsequent teachings, and the expression of his cardinal doctrine in *Æsthetics*, that the distinctive feature constituting the superlative excellence of Greek Art consisted in "the dignified and calm grandeur of attitude" in which its

works were moulded. Here already Winckelmann waged war against the contortions and distortions of the Bernini school, then so much in vogue. Notwithstanding the pronounced taste of the Court for the bagwig style of Art, this book was received with marked favour, and produced considerable sensation. The Father Confessor took it under his especial countenance, and obtained the Sovereign's permission to have it dedicated to him. "This fish shall get to swim in his proper water," was the King's gracious expression, and Winckelmann saw himself a popular author, and a man publicly countenanced by high protection.

It was September 24th, 1755, that Winckelmann at last set out on the pilgrimage he had so long yearned to be able to perform. His stay in Rome was to be of two years' duration, for which term he had assurance of an allowance out of the King's privy purse. Ultimately, the grant was extended over six years, though at a reduced scale, for during the last three years it amounted to only 100 instead of 200 Thalers. The distresses of a disastrous war then weighed heavily on the Saxon Court, or the interest of his ever staunch friend, the King's Confessor, would certainly have secured him an ampler provision. The fatherly care of this watchful Jesuit visibly hovered around Winckelmann throughout his progress towards the Holy City. We find him travelling in company with priests, and at various stages hospitably lodged at Jesuit houses. The road taken was through the Tyrol, by Verona, Venice, Bologna, and Ancona — the same Winckelmann travelled again on his last and fatal journey; and it is noteworthy how different were his feelings on the two occasions in regard to every object that met his eye. The votary who, after years of hope deferred, is now at last entering the garden of his soul's yearning, actually manifests no sensation of pleasure as he advances into Italy: on the contrary, all his expressions of delight are expended on the beauties of the northern world which he is leaving. The loveliness of Tyrolese scenery, the grandeur of its Alpine landscape, are the objects of his ecstasy. "On the whole journey the passage through Tyrol has been to me the most charming portion." . . . "I felt happier in a village at the bottom of a hollow, surrounded by snow-clad mountains, than ever in Italy." He inwardly vowed on his return to make a halt here

“to enjoy moments of delight.” As he passed near Trent into an Italian population, he was disagreeably affected by the immediate appearance of “poverty and dirt.” Even Venice could not fascinate. “The first glimpse,” he admitted, “took by surprise, but admiration vanished very soon.” The weather was raw, and he hastened away, without even having visited the Library of St. Mark. With Bologna he was somewhat better pleased, which was due to the kindly reception he encountered from the brother of the Dresden Court physician, Bianconi. But during the remainder of his journey he felt much out of humour at the dirt in the wayside inns, and the first view of the Roman Campagna produced only the depressing impression of “a veritable desert.” In this anything but cheerful frame of mind Winckelmann entered the Eternal City through the Porta del Popolo on November 18th, and took up his quarters in one of the many lodging-houses frequented by strangers in the Pincian region. Even Rome seems for some time not to have been able to awaken a cheerful temper. In his first letters he grumbles at countless discomforts — eating is very dear, and of “swinish quality;” the noise in the streets at night so intense as to prevent sleep. (It is well to remind the reader that at this time the Piazza di Spagna and neighbourhood constituted a sanctuary under the ex-territorial privileges of the Spanish Embassy, an Alsatia swarming with bad characters, who defied with impunity the Pope’s Sbirri on the watch in the adjoining streets.) But after some weeks Winckelmann’s tone shows symptoms of acclimatization. In May already he gives expression to the hackneyed sentiment that “the longer one knows Rome the more one grows to like it.” He now recognizes the delightful fact of his having got into the atmosphere of a congenial existence — of his actually moving in a world of Art, where, free from the social conventionalities to which he had hitherto been tied, he could indulge in the character of an Artist, and live in unrestricted intercourse with men wholly given up to either the study or the practice of Art.

The foremost intimacy struck up by Winckelmann in Rome was with Raphael Mengs, then only twenty-seven years of age, but already an artist of European reputation, on whom exceptional honours had been conferred, the Academy of St. Luke having elected him one of its body. The circumstances which led to Mengs’

presence in Rome illustrate well the singular estimation in which he was held. Having as a mere lad attracted the notice of King Augustus III., he had been named Court painter, and when the Catholic Court Chapel in Dresden was being constructed, he received an order to paint the altar-piece. This Mengs affirmed he could do only at his leisure in Rome, where, accordingly, he was allowed to take up his residence for many years. He had an artist’s fondness for display and magnificence, and was fortunate enough to be able to indulge these likings. He was a petted favourite with Royal personages and the recognized prince of contemporary painters, maintaining an ample establishment, and living upon a footing of equality with the magnates of society. The pride of art — the punctilious sense of what was due to the intellectual excellence of his calling — was strong in Mengs, even to arrogance, and he keenly resented the slightest fancied disrespect to his claims. At the same time, he was not a mere conceited worldling, who valued the relations of life solely by the standard of selfish advantage. In the streets of Rome his eye was caught by the beauty of a young girl at a time when he was engaged in sketching the head of a Virgin. “Ecco la Madonna che tanto cerco!” was his exclamation; and, attended by her mother, the girl sat to him. Her name was Margherita Guazzi, a beauty of the people, such as are not unfrequently met with in Rome, and furnish models for painters — splendid types of animal beauty and passionate natures in the rough. There is little culture in these creatures, and Margherita was no exception, for she never learned to read or write. Nevertheless, the fashionable artist not only made her his wife (which was nothing out of the way, for similar ties have repeatedly been contracted by the most fastidious men), but the painter of His Spanish Majesty, who had a ship of war assigned for his transport when he travelled, who was lodged in the palace, and lived as a member of the Royal Household, compelled the stubborn rigidity of Spanish etiquette to recognize this unlettered Roman model as the legitimate partner of the King’s Painter, and to admit her to all the privileges of his court rank. There is no instance of a more thorough bending of the knee by conventional grandeur in homage to talent than this triumph of Mengs over the pride of Spanish ceremonial.

At the time of Winckelmann's arrival, Mengs was still engaged on the interminable altar-piece for the Dresden Court Chapel. It might have been thought unlikely that these two men could have contracted a violent friendship for each other. Winckelmann was boiling over with enthusiasm and passion; while the fastidiously methodical and punctiliously haughty Mengs was a lump of frigidity. The one was ever animated with the volcanic fire of intuitive genius; while the coldly eclectic nature of the other was in its intellectual actions solely moved by the impassioned mechanism of studied calculations. Yet one bond of affinity existed, which instinctively knit together these souls spun in so many different fibres. Each in his own method, and with widely different powers, had made the attainment of the same goal the object of his lifetime — namely, the understanding of the principles of classical Art. Mengs' pictures have long ceased to have attractions. The want of all individual character, the thinness and methodical frigidity of both composition and execution, have made them distasteful to our generation. But this type of academical lifelessness resulted from the artist's absorbing devotion to the strict imitation of classical prototypes. Winckelmann therefore found in Mengs the very complement he stood most in need of, namely, that acquaintance with the technical manipulations and exercises, without which no work of Art can be actually produced. In Mengs he met with one who with unrelaxing assiduity sought, in antagonism to the licence of the Rococo school, to revive the grave correctness of classical form in reproductions worked out with elaborate care. To us the result achieved seems indeed painfully meagre, the feeblest possible imitation of the mere externals of classical composition, colourless copyings of high-Art designs bearing stamped on their faces the marks of constitutional impotency in execution. To Winckelmann, however, the works of this imperfect imitator appeared as the productions of one who was the reviver of genuine Art principles. He calls him "a Phœnix rising out of the ashes of the first Raphael to teach the world what beauty in Art signifies;" and again he ventures ecstatically to affirm that the "essence of all recorded beauties in the *figures* of the ancients is to be found in the immortal works of Anton Raphael Mengs, court painter to the Kings of Spain and Poland, the greatest

artist of this and possibly of all times." It is true that Winckelmann's taste in painting was in many respects open to challenge. Nevertheless, his sense for beautiful forms always appreciated the excellence of Raphael; and already in Dresden he emphatically expressed intense admiration for the San Sisto Madonna, when the pre-eminent qualities of this painting were by no means generally admitted by critics.

Under these circumstances, an enthusiastic friendship was established between the two. "This acquaintance," writes Winckelmann, "is my greatest bliss," and he became all but an actual member of Mengs' establishment; the daily welcome guest at his well-appointed table, and his inseparable companion in peregrinations through galleries. "Many are the hours we spend together; he nourishes me with his knowledge, and, when he is tired, then I begin to expound my ideas." The correspondence soon affords evidence of the practical fruits of this perpetual exchange of mutual outpourings. Hardly more than a month after his coming to Rome, we find Winckelmann alluding to an important work on the anvil, much of which was already sketched, and for the execution whereof he greatly relied on the advantage of Mengs' counsel. Shortly after we hear that this great work is to be a treatise on the taste of Greek artists, and that the beginning had been made by a description of the statues in the Vatican Belvedere. "This labour absorbs me to such a degree, that I think of it wherever I go and wherever I am." But as day after day the marbles in this gallery were inquiringly scrutinized and discussed between Winckelmann and his "sole critic" Mengs, the scope of the work enlarged in his eager mind, until what originally had been conceived as a mere descriptive catalogue, an improvement on Richardson's "Guide to Roman Collections," ripened into the grand idea of a *History of Art*. Once conceived, the plan was strenuously pursued, and from this time almost every letter written by Winckelmann contains some allusion to the great task in which his heart and mind were henceforth engrossed. The true vein had been struck, and instantly recognized with the keenness of intuitive genius; nor did Winckelmann's mind ever allow itself to be seriously diverted from the vast field it had alighted upon. For a season he did indeed contemplate publication of a critical essay

on Modern Restorations of Antique Fragments, but after having completed the manuscript, he threw it aside as calculated to interfere with his great work. The spirit of this treatise may be gathered from the following characteristic reference to it in a letter :

I am vexed that from regard for some modern artists I should have conceded to them certain superiorities. The Moderns are donkeys by the side of the Ancients, whose finest works we have not got ; and Bernini is the greatest of modern donkeys, barring Frenchmen, to whom the palm in this manner has to be allotted. I tell thee *never admire the work of a modern sculptor*. It would be a subject of surprise to compare the choicest pieces of *Modernità*, which undoubtedly exist in Rome, with the middling works of the Ancients.

But what had become of Winckelmann's ecclesiastical patrons, Archinto and the Father Confessor's allies, the men who had encouraged hopes and held out dazzling prospects? It cannot be said that during the first year of his residence Winckelmann met in these quarters with the reception that he might have reasonably anticipated. His first visit to Archinto, now Governor of Rome and promoted to the purple, proved decidedly disappointing. The courtly Prelate welcomed his neophyte with nothing more substantial than glib expressions of general good-will, and Winckelmann left the Cardinal's palace with the resolution not again to darken the oblivious dignitary's threshold with his shadow, and to be content "to live and die a free man" on his slender pension. During upwards of a year he steadily eschewed contact with Roman circles. But in the course of 1756 events occurred which suddenly obliged Winckelmann to bestir himself. In rapid and alarming succession came tidings how the Prussians had advanced victoriously, how Dresden had been taken, and how the whole Saxon army had been made prisoners of war. The fortunes of the Royal House of Saxony appeared to be wholly blotted out, and in this apparently absolute ruin Winckelmann had reason for apprehending that the King's purse would be unable to defray even the paltry pension which was his whole sustenance. The sharp edge of necessity now drove him perforce to look around with the view of seeking from Roman sources that indispensable support, with the imminent loss of which he saw himself menaced. It will be remembered how in Dresden a

prospect had been held out of becoming Cardinal Passionei's librarian, and that even positive offers had been made to him. Such, however, had been Winckelmann's mortification at Archinto's behaviour, that he had never even waited on this distinguished Prince of the Church and lover of letters. His tardy introduction was now due to the intervention of an acquaintance picked up in Mengs' society, who himself deserves notice as an example of the eccentric characters to be found in Rome beneath the sable domino of the ecclesiastical garb. Monsignor Giacomelli was domestic chaplain to the Holy Father, Prebendary of St. Peter's and subsequently Secretary of Briefs, about the only appointment in the Court of Rome that, as a rule, has remained outside the area of mere favouritism, in consequence of the special knowledge of Canon Law and Latinity demanded for its duties. In this capacity Giacomelli, under the next Pope, evinced himself a pungent organ of extreme anti-Jansenist sentiments, and his name is connected in Church history with composition of the most vehement Apostolical utterances that fanned into an unquenchable blaze the embers of this theological controversy. But this bitter Churchman no sooner got within the precincts of his private study and shuffled on his dingy dressing-gown than he became a transformed being. In that innermost closet, accessible only to the most intimate associates, the folios of Canon Law and Dogmatic Doctrine were absolutely banished from the shelves around the wall to make room for choice volumes, the repositories of sparkling wit and unbridled humour. Giacomelli has the reputation of having been the best Greek scholar of Italy in his day, and his delight was to read Aristophanes with the regularity a priest should expend upon his Breviary, shaking his sides with convulsive laughter at the jokes of the Attic comedian. Closely guarded from the scrutiny of puritanical censors, in a locked desk, lay the pet production of Giacomelli's literary activity, a manuscript version into Italian of Aristophanes' plays, without expurgation. He had laid down for himself a course of humorous reading, appointed for the seasons of the year, like the lessons in the Breviary, which always finished with a story of Boccaccio, to be perused before going to bed. This quaint light of the Church instinctively recognized in Winckelmann a brother in classical sympathies, and took him to his

bosom. He made him known to Roman litterati, and, despite Winckelmann's reluctance, insisted on carrying him to his friend, Passionei.

The Cardinal was, perhaps, even a greater original than the Pope's domestic chaplain. The Romans had nicknamed him Cardinal Scanderbeg and Pasha of Fossombrone (his native place), from his notoriously passionate, despotic, and bearish humour. His growl was, however, often worse than his bite. Though Passionei would exhibit himself as the veriest bear to casual strangers, he showed himself the most cordial of hosts to persons of real merit, notwithstanding an often perplexing affectation of whimsicality. He received, for instance, the President de Brosses stretched at full length on a couch with wig and red cap lying in different corners of the room; and when the latter, somewhat disconcerted, showed signs of withdrawing from fear that he had inadvertently intruded on the Cardinal's repose, the latter arrested him by unceremoniously jumping up and pulling the President down on the sofa by the collar of his coat. Passionei was not merely an eccentric. He was a man of genuine learning, the devoted patron of literary merit in every quarter. He it was who presented to Benedict XIV. a poem by Voltaire, with whom he corresponded, as indeed he did with the most eminent spirits of Europe. His library, which he was indefatigable in enlarging, constituted the darling object of his existence. He called it jokingly his wife, though he was no jealous husband, for he rejoiced in freely admitting scholars to the enjoyment of its contents. Passionei was also, in a marked degree, what is called in Rome an Opposition Cardinal. His independent humour took pleasure in uttering sarcasms on men and things. He neither respected persons, nor did his pungent tongue practise reserve. "I laugh," he said on one occasion, "at the ignorance, the grimacing, and the petty scheming of my colleagues." He entertained an undisguised aversion to the Society of Jesus, and it was mainly due to his determined protest that Bellarmine's canonization was defeated in Congregation. He took a wicked pleasure in professing Jansenism at Rome, where that doctrine was looked upon as something yet more infernal than Lutherism, or, as Dr. Justi observes, even than Atheism. It is affirmed that Benedict XIV., who was a wag, played upon the Cardinal's well-known antipathy to the Jesuits :

he caused the "Medulla Theologica," of Busenbaum, a great luminary of the Society, to be slyly introduced amongst the books which, every morning, Passionei's servant laid on his master's table as the literary novelties of the day. The story goes that his Holiness nearly died with laughter when, from an adjoining window in the Quirinal Palace, he espied the Cardinal, purple with rage, rush impetuously to the casement and throw the hateful handbook vehemently into the street. To the presence of this whimsical Prince of the Church Winckelmann was now conducted, and was welcomed by him "with extraordinary civility." The Cardinal not only opened his library without reserve, but admitted Winckelmann within the circle of choice spirits he loved to congregate in his delightful retreat on the Alban Hills, where, divested of every shred of ceremony, wearing a flowery dressing gown and high riding boots, a huge coarse straw hat on his head, and a big cane in his hand (so he is depicted in a drawing by Ghezzi), he would ramble about his beautifully laid out pleasure grounds, given up to the undisturbed enjoyment of his humours and the society of friends. The most complete Italian freedom from constraint prevailed in the villa of this high dignitary. "One is with him," writes Winckelmann, "on a footing of freedom which has no parallel. At table one appears in jacket and slippers (if I did as he likes it I should come in shirt sleeves), and the conversation in the evening is like the din of a Jews' school, for it requires the lungs of a preacher to outscreeam the Cardinal." But it was not all mere Epicureism and diversion in this delightful sojourn. Study was not forgotten amidst the charms of nature and of art. The mornings were devoted to serious readings, and while the Cardinal, seated before a portrait of Arnould which decorated his own special sanctum, would read his daily portion of the "Lettres Provinciales," Winckelmann sought his daily edification in the pages of Plato.

Winckelmann discovered before long that it would not be prudent to frequent much this delightful retreat. Passionei was not a Cardinal who could help to obtain what he was urgently in need of — a provision; on the contrary the favour of this caustic prelate was only too likely to alienate the powers on whose good-will depended preferment. A circumstance had besides occurred which might secure unexpected advantages. Archinto had

been promoted to the Secretaryship of State, the fountain head of all patronage. On this occasion again the supple Giacomelli offered to act as intermediary, and again he did so with the dexterity of an old hand in the ways of Rome. Conscious of Winckelmann's qualifications, and glad of an opportunity to entice away from Passionei so distinguished a follower, Archinto met him with offers of a more substantial kind than on former occasions; and in the beginning of the year 1757 Winckelmann took up his residence in the Cancellaria Palace (Bramante's well-known masterpiece in Campo di Fiori) as his Eminence's Librarian. The post was virtually a sinecure, but the emoluments were also little more than nominal, only free lodging and occasional gratuities; but the change wrought in Winckelmann's social position was immense. By becoming a member of the Cardinal's household he acquired that which in Rome is as invaluable as it is difficult to obtain, the recognition of citizenship. Until then he had been an outsider, one of that swarm of birds of passage who periodically visit Rome but are hardly ever admitted to penetrate beyond the mere shell of Roman society. By virtue of admission into Archinto's household Winckelmann had received, so to say, letters of full naturalization, and become as one that had passed the rites of esoteric initiation, an accepted member of the august College of Augurs, to whom the carefully guarded doors of Roman interiors and the close circles of Roman conversazioni are open without reserve. Many a man has spent half his life in this most jealous region without ever succeeding in stepping across the magic line of demarcation which separates the Roman world into an outer and an inner area. Conversion to the faith is a powerful lever in Rome, and yet of itself it hardly secures the warrant for unrestricted admission into the penetralia of the Roman world. To attain to this privilege it is well-nigh indispensable to go through the semblance of some more specific profession, to wear, at least as a badge of enrolment, an ecclesiastical robe. Stringent vows are not indeed incumbent; but as a Court dress is exacted at levées, so for a stranger from beyond the Alps to be enabled to be really at home in the Roman world, it has ever been a tacit condition that he should don an uniform of priestly fashion. Accordingly we now find our friend going about in a black velvet robe with silken mantle and

white neckbands, for henceforth he is styled the Signor *Abate* Winckelmann.

When Winckelmann set out for Italy, Rome did not constitute the only point of attraction. There was yet another spot in the Peninsula, which glittered before his longing eyes with the mysterious fascination of a magnetic attraction. Wonderful rumours were current as to the discoveries made in the Herculean excavations, their nature being matter for eager speculation, as the objects found were jealously kept from the gaze of all but the few employed, under stringent pledges of secrecy, in the slow compilation of an illustrated publication, which the King of Naples fondly fancied would constitute an imperishable monument to his royal fame. Any scrap of authentic information about, much more a glimpse at, the objects found, were prized by scholars as the most precious boon. Winckelmann had not been a month in Rome when we find him impatiently revolving an expedition to Naples in conjunction with his inseparable companion Mengs. As often as twelve times the date was fixed, only to be postponed because the dilatory Court painter neither would finish his altar-piece nor go away leaving it unfinished on his easel. The disappointment was the greater, as Winckelmann inwardly flattered himself that he could get access to privileges rigorously denied to other *savants*. The Queen was a Saxon princess, to whom Winckelmann was specially recommended by her brother, the Electoral Prince, in an autograph letter; while the ever faithful Father Rauch had written strongly in his behalf to his fellow Confessor at the Neapolitan Court. In addition, Roman friends of influence provided him with other letters; so that when on Ash Wednesday, 1758, Winckelmann at last started by himself in the public coach, he seemed fully equipped with the certain means of forcing the bolts and bars of Neapolitan jealousy. "On this journey a great part of my future fortune must depend, for it is the most important step I have ventured on in my life," Winckelmann writes on the eve of departure. "I pray God for intelligence to turn to good account this journey, which may prove a providential step for me." These words indicate his secret hopes. When Charles III. mounted the Neapolitan throne, he had brought from Tuscany various men of letters, whom he made members of an Academy, to which were entrusted the guard of the Herculean discoveries.

Would admission into this favoured body be impossible for a stranger, with the advantage of special recommendation to the Queen whose ascendancy over her husband was notorious? This was the ambitious hope which floated before his mind. But despite so many favourable auspices, Winckelmann not merely failed in this object, but for a while seemed doomed not to obtain a whit more than lay within the reach of any chance visitor. The enviousness of Neapolitan cliques was intensified at the flourish of trumpets which heralded Winckelmann's eminence. His first rebuff came from a quarter he most reckoned upon for support, the Royal Confessor. "This priest, by birth a German, was in the plot against me, and told me to give up all hope of being admitted to see the Queen." It was not until he had solemnly assured the priest that he would certainly not presume to make a petition of any kind, that he was allowed to present himself before the Queen. The Court habitually resided at Portici, where in the palace were deposited the shrouded treasures of Herculaneum. Here Winckelmann had a short and formal audience of the Queen, after which, true to his pledge and to a line of policy he had now laid down to himself, he cautiously abstained from again approaching the royal presence, as if wholly indifferent to court interest. There was, however, one powerful man in Naples who could dispose of most things as he liked. This was the Minister Tanucci, originally a Pisan lawyer, who came to Naples with Charles III., a statesman of high capacity and vigorous intelligence, the chief actor in the subsequent expulsion of the Jesuits, who had captivated in equal degree the favour of both royal spouses. Through Count Firmian, the Austrian ambassador, Winckelmann was introduced to Tanucci, on whom he quickly exercised the fascination which his lively conversation hardly ever failed to produce. The powerful Minister invited him to his table and conversed with him freely, asking particularly for his opinion on some antique frescoes recently brought to light. The French Envoy who was present, echoed fawningly the ideas of the Premier in regard to them, but Winckelmann expressed himself with perfect frankness, differing entirely from the opinions expressed by Tanucci and repeated by the obsequious diplomatist. The result produced by this exhibition of independence was a permission to visit the precious

collections of Portici. He had indeed to sign a pledge "to make no drawing nor any touch of a brush" of any object contained in them, but otherwise he was allowed to inspect as often and as long as he liked the much prized articles within the closely guarded Museum.

Winckelmann lost no time in availing himself of the precious concession, and to that end took up his residence for several weeks in Portici itself. The Head Director of the Museum was Camillo Paderni, a broken-down Roman painter, who had contrived to captivate the King's favour, but who possessed no one quality for his duties. He was ignorant, envious, and stupidly impatient of advice. Yet to this illiterate impostor, and moreover not immaculate custodian, was confided not merely the Keepership, but also the arrangement and critical explanation of articles dug up, as likewise the very delicate operations of excavation. No spade or pickaxe could be put into the ground except by his direction, and the opinion of Paderni was oracularly absolute in regard to every discovery made and every proceeding to be undertaken. It was natural that an inflated impostor of this water should be bent on not letting competent eyes look upon the daily exhibitions of his own incompetency. But Winckelmann had already lived long enough among Roman ecclesiastics to acquire the art of wearing a mask with ease. Without the goodwill of Paderni even the Minister's permission would have been a mere piece of waste paper, and therefore Winckelmann laid himself out to disarm the ignorant Keeper's envious suspicions. "I act the part of a simpleton," he writes on April 26, "towards the Head Inspector of the Museum, the Queen's confidant, a big cheat and arrant ignoramus, who already before my coming concocted plots against me." The stratagem proved quite successful, and Winckelmann could afterwards say, "Paderni's friendship had procured him ample opportunity to observe everything at ease, and to be in the Museum as if it were his own domain." In these inspections Winckelmann had the advantage of the society and experience of the one meritorious individual connected with the Museum, with whom he took up his quarters as a guest during his stay in Portici. This was Father Antonio Piaggi, a Genoese by birth, and as different from Paderni in the unostentatiousness of his bearing as he was by the solidity of his labours.

In 1750 a library of Papyri rolls had been brought to light in Herculaneum. At first their nature was not understood, and not a few rolls were destroyed as worthless logs of calcined wood. When their character came to be recognized, the intensest interest was excited in the world of letters, only to be followed soon by as intense disappointment. Device after device, each more absurd than the other, was tried by the wise men of the Herculanean Academy, with the same want of success, to unfold the charred manuscripts. One sage suggested the application of a hemlock wash as an infallible dissolvent, while a second recommended saturation with mercury; then the bright idea was entertained of undoing the stiffening effects of volcanic heat by the action of the sun's softening rays through the lens of a burning glass, until a transcendent wisacre crowned all this tissue of folly by a free use of boiling water, only to become bewildered at the very natural consequence of having reduced the objects under experiment into a mess of nasty black paste. Then, in 1754, Paderni pompously affirmed the conclusive tests of science to have established the impossibility of ever unrolling these calcined manuscripts, so that he considered it better to leave them in the excavations, with the view of saving the space of the Museum from the mere accumulation of rubbish; and this opinion was generally, though regretfully, concurred in. The idea of recovering the lost decades of Livy and other treasures was therefore discarded as an exploded delusion, until the proceedings of Piaggi again unexpectedly revived hope. One day King Charles happened to give vent to his regret at these confirmed failures to Asseman, the celebrated librarian of the Vatican, when the latter observed that he thought he knew one individual to whose skill it might still be worth while to have resort. This individual was our Friar, then a subordinate copyist in the Vatican Library. The King's curiosity became awakened, and Piaggi was summoned to Naples. Carefully and deliberately did he examine the black rolls that had baffled so many efforts, and with the imperturbable phlegm of an immovable patience, he maturely designed and slowly completed a method of procedure. After some months the delighted Monarch beheld in operation that ingenious machine which every traveller to Naples cannot fail to have watched with keen interest, as it is still at work slowly un-

winding the gummed leaves, which during forty years Piaggi himself never tired day after day in trying to unroll. This triumph of patient skill was rewarded by a permanent appointment in the Museum and a free apartment, in which he entertained the German scholar, whose merit he heartily appreciated. But Naples was no soil where foreign merit could thrive in peace, especially when it had succeeded where Neapolitan ignorance had ignominiously failed. Notwithstanding the favour of the King, Piaggi had to suffer much from the malignity of his colleagues, especially from the spiteful Paderni; and many were the stories about the gross blunders and the duplicity of this "dishonest custodian" which, over bottles of good Lacrima, he confided to the bosom of his guest, as, after the day's labours in the Museum, they sat together on the balcony overlooking the loveliness of the Bay in the balmy atmosphere of a Neapolitan spring season. For more than four weeks Winckelmann resided in this most enjoyable abode, dividing his whole time between the genial society of his host and the Museum, the objects in which he scrutinized with lynx-eyed assiduousness, so as to be able from memory to make those records which a narrow-minded jealousy forbade his delineating with more satisfactory precision.

Ardent as were his occupations at Portici, they did yet not so engross Winckelmann as to make him insensible to the many other objects of interest in and around Naples, to which he found in Count Firmian a willing and most intelligent guide. To him it was due that Winckelmann visited the then almost unknown remains of Pæstum. The effect on his imagination was prodigious at the sight of these majestic monuments, rising in the severe grandeur of Doric simplicity over the solemn surroundings of the weird landscape, on which they frown in impressive loneliness. In these massive temples of pure Greek masonry, the first he ever set eyes upon, there flashed on him a revelation of style in architecture, while he fondly beheld in them an earnest of many more such remains along the southern seaboard. His mind became fired with the ambition of bringing to light hidden marvels of Hellenic art. His letters are full of plans and schemes for this enterprise. He had heard a tale of whole temples standing at Velia, Zeno's birthplace, and he confidently trusted "that many remains still existed along the desert and forsaken coast where stood

the great cities of Magna Græcia." A journey to Tarentum was on the point of being undertaken. With enthusiasm he writes: "I must procure myself the satisfaction to look on things never beheld by any German. I have put by a little money, and want nothing but a pilgrim's smock-frock. I cannot expect any one to accompany me on so laborious a journey, but this will not detain me, for I shall be rewarded by the pleasure of seeing things on which no other being has ever set eyes."

In the midst of these eager preparations Winckelmann was arrested by tidings which recalled him to the realities of life. Benedict XIV. had breathed his last, and amongst those believed to have the best chances of elevation figured Cardinal Archinto. Winckelmann felt how much might depend on his being close to his protector at the moment of accession, and, as fast as he could travel, he hurried back to Rome. As he entered the city by the Lateran Gate he heard the big bell of the Capitol tolling the funeral knell, which ushers in the Conclave: The hopes built on Archinto's success were, however, doomed to disappointment. After two months' immurement the Conscrip Fathers of the Church proclaimed Cardinal Rezzonico Pope. Winckelmann was profoundly vexed at an issue which seemed to close all prospect of his being put in a position to indulge the longings quickened by Neapolitan experiences. Between the irritating sensations of cramping impecuniosity, impatience at the servitude in which he stood towards Archinto, and the dazzling visions kindled by reminiscences of Portici and Pæstum, Winckelmann fretted painfully. At length in September 1758, he suddenly quitted Rome. Florence was the goal of his flight, and its cause an urgent call to perform a literary task. His absence lasted more than nine months, and this visit to Florence constituted an episode little less important than his journey to Naples.

Readers of Horace Walpole may remember occasional mention of a Baron Stosch as a great connoisseur in articles of virtue, with some references to his character not exactly complimentary. The individual in question was one of those mysterious personages compounded of the adventurer, the courtier, and the man of letters that figure in Memoirs of the last century. By birth Stosch was a Prussian, from Cüstrin; his father had been a medical man, but the son appears

early to have practised the supple faculties by which he contrived, without having any patrimony, to pass his days in luxury at the expense of princes, whose plans and purposes he lent his peculiar talents to promote in the guise of a secret agent. He was, in short, a diplomatic spy of rare dexterity, possessed of all the qualities which facilitate familiarity with the most varied circles and enable a man to get on an intimate footing with the most exclusive society. For nearly forty years he resided in Italy, first in Rome and then in Florence, being in the secret pay of the English Government to watch the Pretender, while to the world, he was known only as an indefatigable collector of works of art who outbade all competitors, and a connoisseur whose eye was of unerring acuteness. It was quite in character that the agreeable, pleasant, charming man of the world, a sybarite in his domestic arrangements and a wit in his intercourse, hail fellow well met with Cardinals and diplomatists, with savants and with artists (a sketch is preserved of him by Ghezzi, with the subscription *veramente Barone anzi Baronissimo*), should have exhibited a fondness for pretty knick-knacks. But Stosch was much more than a mere dilettante; he was gifted with that superior instinct for the exquisite in Art which frequently characterizes the refined man of the world—the instinct by which, as a rule, he is a first-rate judge of wine and cookery, able instantly to detect an adulteration and falsification by the instinctive keenness of a natural sense. Stosch had made it his especial object to collect antique gems and intaglios. These were then much sought after, and the Stosch Collection ranked as the choicest in the world. "He has drained Italy," wrote Barthelemy, and the opinion entertained by contemporaries of the excellence of Stosch's collection has not been reversed by posterity.*

This unrivalled collection of antique intaglios had long been an object of special attraction to Winckelmann, who ardently desired the benefit of the unparalleled experience acquired by so pre-eminent a master in connoisseurship. "I have as intense a desire to look on that man's countenance," he wrote, "as I have to look on anything in this world." That desire was not, however, destined to be fulfilled, though Winckelmann lived to

* The collection was ultimately bought after Stosch's death by Frederick the Great for 30,000 ducats, for those times a stupendous price.

receive much kindness at the Baron's hands. Being at a loss for an intermediary, soon after his arrival in Rome, he had ventured on introducing himself by a letter accompanying the presentation of a copy of his Dresden publication. Stosch replied in most gratifying terms; and, unreservedly opening the stores of his own knowledge, he also recommended Winckelmann to friends of a congenial spirit in Rome. It was through Stosch he was first brought into contact with his future patron and benefactor, Cardinal Albani. An active correspondence ensued between the two, and Stosch, who felt himself growing old, pressed Winckelmann to visit him, and, with the benefit of his own assistance, employ the powers of his pen and the resources of his classical reading in the composition of a catalogue of his intaglios, with a critical elucidation of their subjects. The execution of this project was deferred in consequence of the journey to Naples. In the interval the old Baron died, leaving as heir of the considerable fortune he had contrived to amass a nephew, a man of the world, like himself, fond of good living, of diversions, and of adventure, but who wished to convert into money collections which absorbed a considerable dead capital. He urged Winckelmann to carry out at leisure his uncle's desire for a descriptive catalogue, preparatory to the intended sale of the collection. The invitation was responded to, and this was the cause of Winckelmann's abrupt departure from Rome.

The first impression produced by Florence was one of intense delight. "It is the loveliest spot I have seen in my life, and much to be preferred to Naples," is Winckelmann's enthusiastic exclamation. His introduction to Florence happened, indeed, under exceptionally favourable auspices. The younger Stosch welcomed him with the warmth of a devoted friend, who sought to divine every wish in his mind, and was indefatigable in contributing to every conceivable pleasure. He made Winckelmann known to the best society; notably to Sir Horace Mann, whose house was the centre for whatever was agreeable in Florence; and soon Winckelmann spoke of the English Envoy as "his special friend and patron." Notwithstanding this accumulation of attention and diversion (it would even seem that he entertained a passing admiration for a lovely ballet girl), Florence before long ceased to have attraction, and for reasons eminently charac-

teristic of Winckelmann's turn of mind. This city abounds in splendid works of art, in noble monuments of architecture, in a perfect galaxy of masterpieces in painting; but all these glories so inseparably intertwined with its name are the outgrowth of Modern, as distinguished from Antique Italy. Unlike Rome and Naples, it is the distinctive feature of Florence to be emphatically the city of Catholic, Mediæval, and Renaissance Italy. Nowhere is the spirit of Classicism visible on the face of this city, which bears the indelible impress of the great Mediæval times, presenting at all points mighty monuments and glorious associations that group themselves around such typical memories as those of Dante and Giotto, of Brunelleschi and Michel Angelo. Stirring as are these names for most persons, beautiful and majestic as are the creations with which they stand particularly identified in Florence, it is yet the fact that both the world out of which these masters drew their inspirations, and the style and form in which they gave shape to them, were of an order indifferent, and, in some material respects, even distasteful to Winckelmann's nature. It has been seen how varied had been his reading, how many-sided the sympathies manifested in the copious selections made for his private use. To bring against Winckelmann's mind the charge that it was capable of taking in but one angular conception, and one specific expression of beauty, would be manifestly incorrect. If, then, though able to appreciate what in form was so little classical as Shakespeare and Milton, the Idylls of Gessner, and the Hymns of Luther, Winckelmann still persistently showed dislike for the grandeur of Dante and the beauties of the Italian masters, the cause must be sought in the circumstance that whereas the former stand identified only with creations in the vaguer forms of verse, the latter are indissolubly connected with concrete Art-forms and Art-representations, which offended pointedly against what, in his opinion, were fundamental canons of Greek Art. *A priori*, it was not in Winckelmann's nature to warm spontaneously to the cycle of religious subjects constituting the groundwork for Italian Art — Madonnas and Angels, Annunciations and Nativities. The quarter to which he would instinctively turn for congenial subjects of artistic design would have been the world of Antique Mythology, the world of Olympian Gods

and Goddesses, of Homeric legendary lore. Still this disposition would of itself hardly have made Winckelmann absolutely ignore the very pronounced beauties in Italian Art, had it not been for a special circumstance which grievously wounded his most cherished principle in Æsthetics. In presence of Raphael's most perfect creation as a mere work of Beauty, the San Sisto Madonna, Winckelmann eagerly acknowledged its consummate Art-feeling as embodied in emancipation from any directly visible influences outside the range of pure Æsthetics. This freedom was, however, very decidedly not a characteristic of the general run of Italian works of Art.

The Italian schools bore conspicuous impress of being animated by specific inspirations, that overlay, with the weight of an impelling and a controlling sentiment, the free force of self-contained Art-feeling and spontaneous sense of Beauty which constitute the incomparable freshness and fulness of symmetry embodied in works of Greek Art. Nor was this all. Throughout Italian sculpture (and it was sculpture which Winckelmann looked on as the form of true Art) there was a marked absence in composition of that severe tranquillity in outline, of that principle of repose, which Winckelmann preached to be the cardinal canon of Greek Art, the corner-stone on which rested the true system of Beauty in Art. The skill of workmanship, the vigour of expression, the boldness of execution, so strikingly discernible in many statues by Italian masters, were for him but so many aggravated sins against the essence of Æsthetics, most reprehensible aberrations from the true doctrine which, in precise proportion to the skill displayed in execution, proved dangerously mischievous to sound taste. Hence was it that, though Winckelmann appreciated the exquisite charm of outline and surpassing sense of Beauty in Raphael, he never would recognize in Michel Angelo, the Artist as distinguished from the Poet, more than a mischievous genius, who, by force of powerful example and stupendous skill, had done an enormous amount of evil in furthering a depraved taste for what was contorted and exaggerated in form.

Michel Angelo occupied himself with contemplation of the highest beauty; his poems are full of it. But his imagination was too vehement for tender emotion and the charms of grace. His soaring mind and immense

knowledge disdained to be confined to imitations of the Antique. . . . Thus the tender sentiment of beauty became hardened in him. He is wonderful in big-limbed figures, but in his female and youthful figures he has made creatures of another world. . . . His recumbent statues on the Medici tombs are in so forced an attitude as in life could have been maintained only by a strain, and by this mannerized attitude he has erred against the fitness of Nature and of the locality for which he was working.

Winckelmann ventured to affirm not only "that Michel Angelo had laid the foundations and constructed the bridges leading to vitiated taste in sculpture," but he even dared to couple his name with Bernini's as the two chief perverters of taste, making, however, this notable distinction, that "the path, along which Michel Angelo went to impassable regions and inaccessible heights, only served to lead Bernini into swamps and puddles." We have given these opinions as written from Florence, for they thoroughly define what quickened in Winckelmann an enduring dislike, at first sight perplexing, to the works of Tuscan masters in general, and of Michel Angelo in particular, though he fully recognized the latter's powerful genius.

The task undertaken for Stosch proved far more laborious than Winckelmann had any conception of at the outset. Instead of two months, as he had calculated, sufficing to accomplish it, it was not till February 1760, that the volume was actually published. High as his expectations had been as to the choiceness of Stosch's collection, it exceeded anticipation, and the sight of its treasures instantly fired Winckelmann's mind with ideas which expanded into a manual of art what had been meant to be but an attractive catalogue. "The Cabinet du Roi cannot compete with this collection," Winckelmann writes from Florence. Exclusive of cameos, it comprised upwards of 3000 engraved stones, many of them with inscriptions. In presence of this vast amount of intaglios, offering unique opportunities for comparison, Winckelmann was not content with merely elucidating the subjects from classical authors and trying to identify the heads engraved, but was led to attempt classifications, according to intrinsic marks of style and date, a critical labour in which he had no precursor. No wonder that he found himself involved "in an ocean of research." The more his eyes dwelt on the objects before him, the more his

mind was overcome with the fascination of its occupation, and the magnitude of the task that suggested itself. "My labour, big enough to crush an ass's back, is not to be overlooked," he writes from Florence, "and I do not know whether I shall ever finish it." When he eventually carried his manuscripts and whole boxes of paste impressions to Rome, with the view of there obtaining in various collections the assistance he felt in need of, the burden of his song was still the same. "I study, read, and work, like a very devil," he exclaims in October 1760, in reply to Stosch, who began to be impatient at a procrastination apparently interminable, every week's post bringing sheets of manuscript corrections, not seldom in entire substitution for what was already in type. Remonstrances at last obliged Winckelmann to curtail investigations so discursive that he had hoped to make the volume into "an inventory of all the best works of Art, so that whoever cared to see Rome with benefit, would necessarily find it to be indispensable." It was not without a degree of nervous excitement almost morbid that Winckelmann saw the issue of the book. This was his first essay in the avowed character of a classical critic, venturing to lay down canons and expound obscurities by the light of his learning. "My fame and my disgrace are at stake; may Heaven grant a happy issue," he exclaimed. The issue was decidedly happy. The volume met with a favourable reception, and enhanced Winckelmann's reputation in the world of letters. The two most approved scientific periodicals in France, Mariette's "Journal Etranger" and the "Mémoires de Trevoux," warmly acknowledged the merits of this publication. The author was eulogized as "cet amateur doué d'une heureuse sensibilité que les impressions du beau élèvent jusqu'à l'enthousiasme, et d'un génie qui pénètre dans la poésie des artistes." Viewed from the vantage ground of modern criticism, the volume will not be considered a safe guide in the connoisseurship of ancient engraved stones. We apprehend it would weigh little with the present experienced Keepers of the British Museum collection, in reference to the genuineness of an intaglio and the identification of an engraved head, that Winckelmann should have warranted the one and affixed to the other the name of an ancient worthy. On these heads he was without the indispensable aid of that accumulated experience which can be ac-

quired only by a converging process of close investigation through successive generations of connoisseurship. Nevertheless this catalogue was marked with the intuitive divination which characterizes genius alone, and deserves to be remembered as a publication marking an important stride in archæological science. In it are found the first hints of Winckelmann's capital discovery of different types in character and style that distinguish the Art of various ancient peoples, and again divide Greek Art into distinct periods and schools. Moreover, making two remarkable intaglios of archaic style serve as specimens of a particular school, he was the first to draw attention to the fact that there was an Etruscan Art distinct from Greek, with a character and a style of its own. Whatever the hand of Winckelmann grappled, though the result might prove imperfect, always showed the touch of superior power; but in none of his productions is the vivifying force of genius more apparent than in this composition of what had been originally meant for a mere advertisement — the puffing inventory of a valuable collection to be put up for sale.

Winckelmann's return to Rome was accelerated by an event which was attended by enduring consequences. He had been scarcely two months in Florence when Cardinal Archinto died suddenly of apoplexy, and he saw himself cut adrift with the temporary hospitality of Stosch and his small Saxon pension as his whole fortune. "Perdidi fructum longi obsequii" was his exclamation at this apparent extinction of prospects, and his thoughts began to turn away from Rome as a quarter in which he was destined not to prosper. But before long a letter from his old friend and perpetual go-between Giacomelli brought an offer which wrought a complete change in his feelings and his position. Cardinal Albani, "the chief of all connoisseurs in the Antique, and a man who deligets in kindness without caring to take out its full equivalent in return," offered Winckelmann free quarters and maintenance in his palace, in return for the duties of a Librarianship, which consisted in the unrestricted enjoyment of a collection, amongst the contents of which were numerous portfolios and volumes, with drawings and precious engravings. The appointment in name was the same he had held with little satisfaction in Archinto's household; but Albani was a totally different personage, and Winckelmann "without hesitation"

accepted the proffered call, which he never for an instant had subsequent occasion to regret, continuing for the rest of his days not merely an inmate but the intimate companion and bosom friend of this munificent and Art-loving Prince of the Church.

Alessandro Albani, even if he had not stood in such close connection with our hero, would deserve the attention of the reader. He was the last specimen of the type of *Cardinal Grand Seigneurs*, those purple-clad Prelates, who reared the stately palaces which are masterpieces of architecture, and had the refined tastes which gathered the glorious collections that as heirlooms have rendered familiar in every country the names of certain great Italian houses. There have been subsequently promoted to the Purple scions of Italian aristocracy, but we cannot recall to mind one who showed traces of the openhandedness, the lavish fondness for beautiful things, and the grand style of life which has surrounded Cardinal Albani's memory with a halo of splendour, and combined to make him rear to himself an enduring monument in that Roman villa of his construction, still peopled by a host of marbles of his own collection, and which, though it has passed into the hands of strangers, yet bears his name — a mansion that is the very embodiment of what Goethe's fancy has pictured in the verses: —

Kennst du das Haus? auf Säulen ruht sein
Dach;
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn dich an.

In his youth the Cardinal had been no rigorist, though at this time, having attained his sixty-seventh year, he had finished sowing wild oats. He was the younger nephew of Clement XI., by whom he was early entrusted to the care of a Bolognese pedagogue, a personal friend of Stosch, and himself an antiquarian, who inoculated his pupil with his tastes. While the elder nephew was made to enter the Church, and ultimately became likewise a Cardinal who played a prominent part in several conclaves, Alessandro was destined to a worldly career, being named Colonel of Pontifical Dragoons and Grand Prior of Armenia before he had attained his twentieth year; but on his uncle's promotion to the Papacy he adopted the dress of an Abate, and was installed in the Quirinal. The spirit of the dashing cavalry officer was, however, not quelled in his breast, and manifested

itself in diversions in which ladies and dice constituted a conspicuous element. To relieve his favourite scapegrace from embarrassment, the Pope sent him as Nuncio to Vienna, but here again he plunged vehemently into the dissipations of that gay city to an extent involving scandals, which caused his uncle profound sorrow at the end of his days. It is affirmed that he even meditated at one time extricating himself from debt by a marriage. His astute brother happily came to his relief by contriving to obtain from Innocent XIII., in return for special services, the Cardinal's hat for Alessandro, who, when only just twenty-nine, had the distinction of being promoted to this high ecclesiastical dignity on the same day with Dubois. Thanks to his birth, he now managed to accumulate various highly-salaried appointments, which gave him a large income, no whit too great, however, for his lavish expenditure. Already, in 1717, we hear of his having carried on simultaneously excavations at Tivoli, Civita Lavigna, and Nettuno, while it was notorious that he readily purchased every antique article of value brought to him. The consequence was that he found himself before long deeply in debt, and was driven to have recourse to two sales of marbles, one to the Elector of Saxony, and the other, which formed the nucleus of the Capitol Museum, to the Pope, to be soon followed by that of his valuable collection of coins. No sooner had he thus relieved himself than, unable to endure the privation of being without works of art, he again began to collect with unabated passion, instituting afresh various diggings. The story is recounted how the Cardinal in person carried off in his state coach, from the spot where it was found on the Aventine, the bronze Apollo Sauroctonos, still to be seen in his Villa, for fear of losing it. In addition, he now embarked in building a house for the decorative arrangement of his beautiful collections. No expense and no labour were spared in getting together precious stones and rare columns. "He builds as if he were certain of living twenty years longer. The man gets deeper and deeper involved therein, and can set no limit to his Villa. He is a thorough Cartesian in building, for he will not tolerate an empty space." The inevitable consequence ensued that one day the Cardinal's steward had to announce with a long face that the exchequer was utterly drained; and then the spendthrift Prelate perforce had again to make up his mind to part for money

with a portion of his treasures ; the sacrifice on this occasion consisting in a choice series of sketches by great masters, which were purchased for England. When Winckelmann joined the Cardinal, the Villa was not yet completed ; and those artistic arrangements of choice marbles and beautiful ornamentations, which we still look upon with admiration, were in great degree the result of his tasteful suggestions. To him also was it especially due that the fresco of Parnassus on the ceiling of the large saloon was entrusted to Mengs, to whom, with his family, the Cardinal gave quarters in the Villa, that he might paint at ease ; his Margherita being put in requisition to serve as model for a Muse.

It is the last eight years of his life, spent under the hospitable roof of Cardinal Albani, which constitute the really sunny period of Winckelmann's existence. Until now he never had been in a position really to enjoy. Paroxysms of pleasure had alternated with paroxysms of disappointment. The element of ease — of assured and cheerful stability — had been wholly wanting in the snatches of enjoyment he had been able to cull. Forever had precariousness and uncertainty dogged his steps, casting the sensation of a chilling shadow over the brightness of happy instants. But from the hour Winckelmann entered the Cardinal's household, all the cloud was dispelled, and he henceforth basked in the undimmed sunniness of genial intercourse, and experienced the fostering kindness of unabated protection and uninterrupted goodwill. "Every morning," he writes in 1764, "I raise my hands in thankfulness to Him who let me escape shipwreck, and brought me into this land, where I enjoy peace and my own self, and can live and act according to my desires." Never indeed did any patron bear himself towards a *protégé* with a more absolute divestment of all air of superiority. In the fullest sense of the term he was a friend, not a master. "We are such intimate friends," writes Winckelmann, some months after having entered the Albani household, "that I sit of a morning on the Cardinal's bed chatting with him." . . . "I open to him the most secret corners of my heart, and I enjoy the like confidence from him. He is to me friend, companion, and all in one." After four years' experience he again expresses himself thus : "I firmly believe that I have obtained the happiest lot I could possibly have fallen upon in Rome, for I have in

the same person master and friend, and no confidence could possibly be greater. Had I been made to select a friend, I would have sought out a heart such as the Cardinal possesses." The Prince-Prelate from Urbino, and the cobbler's son from the North German March became, in short, bosom friends with one heart and one thought. Doubtless the construction and arrangement of the Villa proved a cementing bond to knit together the tasteful Cardinal and the artistically-minded Antiquarian. It formed the incessant pre-occupation of every hour how to perfect this fancy creation, and the Cardinal in no degree lagged behind his friend in the energy of his enthusiasm. No day was spent inactively, excursions were made all over the Campagna, while "Sunday was set apart for poking about in all the corners of Rome with the view of ferreting out antiquities." Nor had the Cardinal lost the tradition of the princely hospitality which used to grace the state of noble Italian houses. His palace was the habitual resort of whatever was distinguished in Rome, whether of native or foreign blood. The conversazioni during the winter season in the vast saloons of the Palazzo Albani at Quattro Fontane constituted the centre of attraction for foreign visitors, who there beheld the grace and beauty of Roman society, while admitted to the privilege of meeting its choicest talents, and enjoying the exquisite vocal performances of Pompeo Battoni's two lovely daughters, of whom Dr. Burney said, "that the perfection of their performance divested it of all semblance of Art." It was in the Villa, however, that the sumptuousness of the Cardinal's style of living was fully displayed. At the approach of spring he used to remove to it, and then this spot of delight "became quite the Court of Rome." The Pope himself "generally paid a visit every year, while in the evenings there would be music and dancing, to which foreigners were in the habit of resorting."

Though travelling in those days was a cumbersome undertaking, Rome was yet already a much frequented point of annual pilgrimage, and many are the names occurring in the biography of distinguished individuals from all countries, with whom Winckelmann established relations in the Cardinal's saloon. Of our own countrymen, then as now furnishing the most numerous contingent of tourists, ("believe me, the English are the only people who know what they

want," exclaims Winckelmann; "what poor creatures are our German travellers!" we will only enumerate Wilkes, with whose society Winckelmann was so much taken that, notwithstanding the company of a notorious lady, he was ready to have gone with him to Naples; Wortley Montagu, at whose excellent German he was astounded, and whose invitation to accompany him to the East, Winckelmann seriously thought for a while to accept; the mad Lord Baltimore, "one of those bestial and unhappy Englishmen, who are tired of everything in the world; he saw the collection in the Borghese Villa in half a quarter of an hour!"—and Jenkins, the dealer in antiquities, often mentioned by Goethe, a man so fond of works of Art that to part with one, at no matter what price, always cost him a severe struggle. The Cardinal's doors were hospitably open to all who brought letters of introduction:—

To have a conception of the life in the Villa, let it suffice to tell you [wrote Winckelmann, to his friend Volkmann, in May 1764], that often as many as sixty remained of late for supper. My Lord Cardinal was nearly a fortnight unwell and in bed, notwithstanding which the gormandizing, dancing, card-playing, and singing went on just as before and since, until finally the Pope interposed to check these excesses. . . . But as for myself I am in the midst of all this turmoil, exactly as I would be. I live always in the same way, so that I never fail to be already before the sun on the flat roof of the palace and contemplate the first rays of dawn.

Little ecclesiastical as was this style of dissipation, there had been a time when the Cardinal's mode of life would have afforded still more serious cause for the Pope's censorial remonstrance. The days were gone by when he furnished topic for scandal by the unblushing manner with which he would entertain, in his box at the Teatro delle Dame, ladies distinguished for beauty and wit, though not for immaculate virtue. At the time we write of, the numbing effects of age had perforce confined his attentions to the fair sex to two visits every fore and afternoon (Winckelmann had to accompany him in his coach) to the Countess Cheroffini, an old flame and once celebrated beauty. For whoever is acquainted with the dense domino of outward decorum, under which it is now the studied care in Rome to muffle from public gaze the frailties that members of the ecclesiastical body may be guilty of, nothing can be more typical

of the change wrought in the tone of society than the public recognition of the intimacy between the Cardinal and this lady, testified to by almost all writers of travels to Rome, who concur in paying tribute to the Countess's charms and to her position as a Queen of fashion. The aristocratic Count Lynar (a man not to demean himself by mingling with second-rate company) speaks in his diary of her social ascendancy, the still striking vestiges of her singular beauty, the delightfulness of her entertainments, and the loveliness of two accomplished daughters, of whom the eldest (as to whose paternity gossip had much to say) afterwards brought against her husband in the Roman courts a suit for divorce, that is remembered as an extraordinary *cause célèbre*. However innocent on the score of morality may have been these daily visits of ceremony paid from old habit by a worn-out *roué* to his quondam love, they did not prove so harmless to the purse of the infatuated admirer. Countess Cheroffini had acquired the costly tastes of her friend, and the Cardinal was ever distinguished for lavish generosity. She too affected to indulge in the prevailing passion for antique intaglios; while it was a point of honour with her to make her concerts and entertainments superior in attraction to any in Rome. The Cardinal happening to find himself in one of his periodical money straits, his confidential agent, Marcus Agrippa, drily advised him to burn down the Cheroffini palace with all its contents, live and dead, as the removal of so engulfing a drain for ready money would amply compensate for any pain which he might temporarily sustain.

It was in the Cheroffini *salon* that the notorious Casanova made acquaintance with Winckelmann, as is recounted in his profligate memoirs. He had been brought thither by his brother the painter, and fancying a slight to be put on him, which he ascribed to the comparatively humble position of his introducer, Casanova resented this with characteristic impudence. "Hearing it remarked one evening, 'There is Casanova's brother,' I turned sharply round, saying, 'That expression is incorrect; it should be said Casanova is *my* brother.'—'That is six of the one and half-a-dozen of the other?'—'By no means, Signor Abate.' The tone in which I spoke these words made effect, and another Abate observed, 'The gentleman is right; it is *not* the same thing.' The other held his tongue. He who had

taken my side, and with whom I immediately struck up a friendship, happened to be the celebrated Winckelmann." The following day Casanova was conducted by his new friend over the Villa Albani, an attention Winckelmann was chary of showing, where he made the acquaintance of Mengs, and was invited to remain a guest for dinner, at which wine was drunk so freely that the whole company became very merry, and Winckelmann finished with cutting summersaults with Mengs's children. Casanova, who was a shrewd observer, remarks, "Ce savant philosophe n'avait rien du pédant, il aimait l'enfance et la jeunesse, et son esprit jovial lui faisait trouver du charme dans les plaisirs."

Let not the reader, however, assume that under the anodyne of pleasure and dissipation, Winckelmann allowed his mind to be enervated. During all this period, not only had he sedulously laboured to accomplish the History of Art which he had sketched in his mind, but he had besides thrown off minor compositions. Of these productions, one alone must be glanced at for a moment, a "Letter to Count Brühl" descriptive of the explorations in Herculaneum. For Winckelmann, the interest of these was supreme. A few hours spent in the Portici Museum were of greater avail for insight into the spirit of the Antique than months of arduous study over Greek and Latin texts. Twice, in 1762 and 1764, Winckelmann seized opportunities for adding to his knowledge by flying visits to the cherished spot. In the interval since his first visit much had been brought to light. Excavation was no longer confined to the dark and underground vestiges of Herculaneum. Pompeii was being uncovered, and here explorations had been attended with a success that filled the minds of antiquaries with rapture. Again after twenty years of impenetrable mystery, the long expected first volume of "Le Pitture di Ercolano" had at last been issued, lifting, in some though very inadequate degree, the dense curtain which hitherto had jealousy veiled everything appertaining to these interesting discoveries.

Either oblivious of the intensity of Neapolitan jealousy, or else presuming that indiscretions perpetrated in the German tongue must necessarily be beyond detection by Neapolitan *savants*, Winckelmann was so imprudent as to indite an account of what he had observed. In accordance with the letter of his pledge, no

stroke of the pencil illustrated his pages: but something infinitely worse gave them a particular zest. His sarcasm was unable to resist the temptation of showing up the ludicrous ignorance with which things were managed in Naples. The satire on would-be erudition and inflated conceit, to be scathing, needed but a statement of the dry truth, and this Winckelmann was malicious enough to give with a diabolical simplicity of narrative. He escaped notice for a considerable time. So utterly was German literature a blank to Neapolitan erudition, that he could venture with impunity on his third trip after this publication, nor would its knowledge in all probability ever have reached these regions but for a French translation. Count Caylus, beyond challenge the greatest living connoisseur of ancient art next to Winckelmann, had fretted for many years in angry impatience at the dilatoriness of the arrogant dunces in charge of the Portici mysteries. In vain had he sought to obtain access; it was only to experience the surly rebuff of insuperable illwill and the malevolence of crass ignorance. The exposure in Winckelmann's pages of these wretched impostors gratified the Count's spleen, and he caused a French translation to be published, which, thanks to his position and Winckelmann's reputation, attracted at once very great attention in Paris. Intense were the rage and fury of the Neapolitan clique when this pamphlet from the pen of a "Gothic barbarian, who by dint of routine has sought to screw himself up into an antiquary like our *ciceroni* at Pozzuoli," fell like a bombshell; and the united talent of its members was put in requisition to compose a reply to this lashing castigation. This pasquinade, compounded of scurrilous abuse and uncontrollable frenzy, did not make Winckelmann wince, but what he did feel was that all necessity was at an end for delaying the completion of his History in regard to any lights that might be derived from further studies at Portici. "This publication has shut me out of the Museum, which relieves me from any more journeys to Naples."

The great work, which has surrounded his memory with an imperishable lustre, saw the light of day early in 1764, just eight years after he had first set hand to it. "How many times have I not transcribed my 'History of Art,' and what piles of draft copies have I not heaped up!" Already, in 1756, Winckelmann

had sent to his publisher, at Dresden, the manuscript of the first portion, which he subsequently cancelled. His alterations and re-compositions were interminable, nor did they cease even after publication. He had only just received the volumes from the press when he insisted on a remodelled edition, incorporating the results of new experience and fresh discoveries; and as the publisher not unnaturally demurred, he made a supplementary volume of this additional matter. The success of the book was complete. A French translation followed immediately; an English one was announced; a Dutch bookseller pirated the history, and, to checkmate both the latter and his own original publisher, whom he found too little enterprising, Winckelmann undertook a second and entirely re-written version, that was to appear in the French tongue in Berlin. To give here a detailed survey of this bulky composition is quite impossible. It would require an article by itself to enter into a critical disquisition of all the characteristic points in Winckelmann's arguments. We would here only emphasize the fact that the importance of the book, and the deep impression produced by it, were due not so much to the correctness of its detail, as to the comprehensiveness of its conception and the vigorous freshness of its vivid insight into the essence of Art. What Niebuhr did for the comprehension of Roman History, the same did Winckelmann for that of Antique Art. On special points the views of both have been shaken by subsequent criticism, itself due to their initiative; but all subsequent criticism has confirmed the intuitive accuracy of the leading observations attained to, and promulgated by, these great pioneers—the wonderful correctness with which, by the insight of individual genius, they recognized and fixed the main outlines of things as it were through the flashes of divination. In some respects Winckelmann was the more astonishing of the two, for he had no forerunner as Beaufort or Vico might be considered to have partly been, in that specific field of critical investigation to which Niebuhr devoted himself. The History of Art, viewed as a living organism, with its epochs, its schools, and its sign-marks, was an absolute blank, the book of Art-Æsthetics was a farrago of mere empirical common-places and vapid formulas, when Winckelmann ushered in his volumes with this high-sounding introduction: "The History of Ancient

Art which I have undertaken to write is no mere narrative of its chronology and contemporary modifications, but I take the word *History* in the wider sense borne by it in Greek, and my intention is to *attempt the structure of a system.*" "A History of Art should teach its origin, growth, modification, and decay, along with the differences in style between peoples, periods, and artists—proving all this as far as possible from the surviving works of Antiquity." This was not a vain and pretentious boast. Winckelmann did lay down positive and valuable canons for the solution of these high problems, and to the vigour and precision of his efforts in this direction is due the enduring effect wrought by his compositions. It is true that he has laid himself open to the charge of having evoked a school of strained Idealism and mannerized Classicism. This charge, however, holds truer against those who sought to tread in his steps—pale satellites of a mighty luminary—than against himself. The pith of Winckelmann's teaching is to be found in the division of his book that treats of the "*Essential in Art,*" where, from specimens of antique sculpture, he illustrates what in these works is indicative of elevated conception. These criticisms, so fresh, so vivid, so incisive, establish the keenness of his insight into what constitutes artistic excellence, and conclusively confute the notion that his taste was the matter of a mere string of canons learnt by heart.

"No modern," says Rumohr, a most acute Art critic, whose fondness for the mediæval Italy which Winckelmann depreciated makes his favourable opinion the more noteworthy, "has ever felt the Beautiful and the Grand in natural forms with such antique sentiment, and has guessed at their true relation to Art with such keenness."

Still, in the first edition of this History, Winckelmann committed the most glaring slip in connoisseurship into which he ever fell; and that slip was attended by cruel circumstances, which broke up one of the capital intimacies of his life. Some years earlier a painting had turned up in Rome, which was surrounded with extraordinary mystery. Only with "the greatest difficulty" could Winckelmann get a sight of it, and its origin could only be guessed at. It represented Ganymede embraced by Jupiter, and suspicion was made to point tolerably plainly to Hercules as the spot whence the painting might be surmised to have been brought

surreptitiously — a circumstance of itself to justify the studied secrecy with which it was surrounded. "If all works of art in Germany were not destined to be demolished," wrote Winckelmann, with the exaggerated reports in his mind as to the destruction wrought in Dresden during the siege, "no one could be worthier of this prize than the King of Prussia. . . . Beyond doubt it is the finest thing in the whole world, and as I am one of the three or four who alone knew about it, I might have treated for it." This superlative praise was repeated and stereotyped in the History, when the confounding fact became revealed that the painting was a work of Mengs' (then already in Spain), who had deliberately made it with the view of trying his powers of mystifying connoisseurs of the Antique. A more heartless act on the part of one who stood in such intimate relations as Mengs did to Winckelmann cannot be conceived. The rupture between the two was absolute, and extended also to an intimacy with Mengs' wife, which has been too much dwelt on by all writers who have touched upon Winckelmann, to allow us to pass it over in silence. As the only passage in his life approaching to the resemblance of an attachment to a woman, it is marked by circumstances that will shock the delicacy of finer feelings, but are eminently characteristic of both the man and the eighteenth-century morality.

At the time of Winckelmann's visit to Florence, we find him writing in Italian to Margherita a letter of no special import, but which incidentally is mentioned as the first he had ever written to a woman. There is evidence that the presence of this young and handsome woman in the family circle constituted from the first an object of attraction to Winckelmann. In 1763, Margherita returned unannounced from Spain on the plea of bad health, and at her husband's request she put herself in all things under the guidance of Winckelmann. The peasant girl, who was admitted to the King of Spain's Palace, never acquired the art of writing, and Winckelmann acted as her amanuensis — the confidant of all her thoughts and wishes — so that here we have the old story often told of a handsome young woman and a fascinating man thrown together under circumstances calculated directly to foster intimacy, and allowing themselves to be imperceptibly drawn into it. How far was the intimacy in this case carried? If Winckelmann was as most men, then certainly

circumstances would seem to point to the assumption of extreme lengths. We find him continually in her society, accompanying her into the country, living in the same house, taking his siesta on the same couch. There are allusions in his letters which would warrant the gravest conclusions, were they not connected with such naïve utterances as seem quite incompatible with guilt. At last this intercourse was suspended by the lady's return to her husband. From that moment Winckelmann never failed to write every post day to Margherita a letter full of exuberant sentiment; and this correspondence, so far from exciting the husband's jealousy, stimulated him to one of those acts of unintelligible sentimentalism, which occasionally distinguished the unhealthy generation that cherished Rousseau as the prophet of a superior moral revelation. "With my Mengs the olden friendship has not only revived," says Winckelmann, "but it has attained the transcendental degree of intimacy that he is willing to share with me his *most cherished possession*." The revolting construction, that these words imply a readiness on the part of the husband to share his wife with a friend, would appear impossible of rejection. Unless words are deliberately used in a non-natural sense, it seems as clear as anything can be made so by words that Mengs in his delight at Margherita's restored health and spirits — in the morbid desire to promote her physical well-being — distinctly proposed a tripartite arrangement that would have made her the common wife of both friends. It is not necessary to establish the positive existence of this repulsive combination by repulsive quotations from the correspondence. It may well perplex to understand how a man, so haughtily proud and exactly punctilious as Mengs, could stoop to an aberration so flagrantly in violation of the most indelible sentiments of human dignity, unless, indeed, the solution of the enigma should be found in a cynical conviction that the licence conceded to Winckelmann must needs prove forever a dead letter. Be that as it may, it stands, written in terms admitting of no misapprehension, that formal articles for this monstrous arrangement were drawn, and actually signed by Margherita, while Winckelmann bound himself faithfully to reject every offer that might take him away into Germany, when the discovery of the Ganymede fabrication abruptly put an end to all intercourse between the

parties, without the slightest trace of heartache in the supposed lover at his separation from Margherita. Nay, a short time after he incidentally made the following admission in a letter to a friend totally unconnected with this affair, which is worth noting: "As many passions manifest their force by silence, and this might possibly be the case with love, of which I never have had knowledge, as one without experience therein, I am ready to infer its strength from your brevity."

Winckelmann had now attained the pinnacle of fame and the meridian of prosperity. He was not merely a man appreciated in select circles of the erudite world, but he had become a European celebrity, whom it was considered a privilege to approach, and whose society princes and sovereigns on visiting the Eternal City made it a special point to seek, as of the greatest living sage in Archæology and Art. The long flight of stairs leading up to the top floor of the Albani Palace was trodden by not a few German Serene Highnesses — as, for instance, those of Dessau and Brunswick — in pilgrimage to the modest rooms of the Stendal cobbler's son, of which this description is given. "Homer, Euripides, and some Greek authors constituted his collection of books, for he had at his disposal the Albani Library. His whole wardrobe comprised two black suits and a big fur cloak brought with him from Germany, which he wore in winter against the cold, for he lit fire only to make his chocolate. No one waited on him, and his furniture was in character, the only article of price being a Faun's head, which afterwards stood in the Cardinal's bedroom." A spirit of happiness and of joyous contentment pervaded the closing years of Winckelmann's life, making his days thoroughly bright and sunny. "After much toil," he writes, "I have here found the peace in which one of the Seven Sages made the highest good to consist, and as my desires always were very moderate, I find myself in that rare condition, which is the case with very few, of being able to boast that there is nothing which I can still wish for." Again he exclaims, "All things are indifferent to me in comparison with friendship! I have no cares about heirs, and as we must needs be serious during the infinite duration of Eternity, I have no mind to act the Sage during this life, which possibly is the reason why I do not appear to be growing aged." This sensation of enjoyment — of exultation

at his existence and at the world that surrounded him — did not, however, divert Winckelmann from incessant intellectual activity. It was not in his nature to be rocked into indolence in the lap of soft delight. Independent of his indefatigable labours to make his History worthy of its name (he not only rewrote, but actually enlarged it to double the original size) he published a "Treatise on Allegories," and three very costly illustrated volumes on "Ancient Monuments," with the text in Italian. His pecuniary position had much improved, so that with his singularly frugal habits, he was at this time in quite comfortable circumstances. Besides his salary as the Cardinal's Librarian he had an office given to him in the Vatican Library, to which was subsequently added the appointment of Archæologist to the Apostolical Chamber. This post was one of high honour. The occupant was Director-in-Chief of all Papal collections, and had absolute control over everything relating to Antiquities in the Pope's dominions. Every object of antique origin brought to light within the Papal States had to be submitted to this officer's inspection, without whose sanction it could not be exported, and his authority was supreme in all matters falling within the department of Art.

Notwithstanding all these good things a certain impatience was visible in him at times. It proceeded from the intensity of his mind as it worked in its old and natural direction. The more he studied the Antique the more did he become aware that even Rome did not contain all which he needed to scrutinize, and the more keenly did he feel a longing to proceed to those places where he might behold other remains of Art. Naples was such a locality, and near at hand, but that he had closed to himself by his own indiscretion. There were, however, beyond it Sicily and the shores of Greece, to which his thoughts became feverishly directed. Amongst the friends of later years whom he had made was Baron Riedesel, a German nobleman of fortune and classical tastes, the author of several books of travel which are still in repute, particularly one through "Magna Græcia." He then contemplated an expedition to Greece with the view of excavating the site of Olympia, and Winckelmann seriously thought of accompanying him. Riedesel ultimately sailed alone, because Winckelmann found it impossible to extricate himself from his Roman

ties, and also because very unexpectedly the door was opened which, of all others, he had believed hopelessly closed against him. Sir William Hamilton, then already our Minister in Naples, was engaged in the composition of the splendid volumes he subsequently published illustrative of his precious collection of Vases. His critical eye had long appreciated Winckelmann's merits, and an interchange of letters had established personal relations between these distinguished connoisseurs.

Sir William now exerted with success his powerful interest at Court to remove the prohibition against Winckelmann's return to Naples. An unknown Abate might be snubbed with impunity, but to proscribe from the precincts of the Museum the author of "The History of Art," the acknowledged greatest judge in Europe of the Antique, would be to heap irretrievable ridicule on Neapolitan science. Tanucci was far too intelligent not to be sensible of the fact, and availed himself of the opportunity offered by a presentation copy of "The History of Art" to address a markedly gracious letter to Winckelmann. Accordingly, in September, 1767, he proceeded to Naples, where for some months he was hospitably entertained by Sir William, and even graciously received at Court, though his movements were so jealously dogged that in the Museum his very strides were watched lest he should be taking measurements. According to his own testimony this visit was, however, the most thoroughly delightful of all he paid to Naples. Every circumstance concurred to fill to the brim the measure of enjoyment to be derived from Hamilton's society and stores of knowledge, and to make absolutely complete the possible series of memorable sights; for Vesuvius contributed the spectacle of one of the most tremendous eruptions on record. In the company of Hamilton, as diligent and scientific an observer of the Volcano as of Antique Vases, Winckelmann, not without some serious danger, spent four nights on the mountain amidst the terrific scenes. This was the closing incident of his last Neapolitan excursion. He went away with the firm purpose of returning the following year for a lengthened visit to Sir William Hamilton, but, before the year had run round, death had violently overtaken him in the vigour of life.

It is noteworthy how Winckelmann's genuine friendships (if we except that for Cardinal Albani, towards whom he en-

tertained the affection inspired by gratitude) were confined to countrymen. He never contracted with Italians more than comparative acquaintances, mere efflorescences of a superficial intercourse. Those passionate ties of the soul, so distinctively characteristic of his nature, occurred only with Germans. Throughout his lengthened stay in Italy correspondence with old friends in Germany never slackened, and never showed abated warmth of enthusiasm. The reader has seen how, amidst the dissipations of the Villa Albani, Winckelmann would take pleasure in reading in the old German hymn-books in which he had learnt his early lessons as a child. These Teutonic reminiscences and associations retained an indelible hold on his mind, and though facts ultimately proved his system to have become too thoroughly acclimatized to the softer atmosphere of Italian life to support the roughness of northern zones, his imagination at this period had become morbidly home-sick. Directly after his return from Naples the yearning to revisit the haunts of youth — to look on the face of the cherished friends of his soul — became fanned into one of those paroxysms of white heat into which it was in the nature of Winckelmann's imaginative passions to get inflamed. This sentiment overcame him momentarily with such ungovernable vehemence in the presence of obstacles which seemed to stand imperatively in the way of his desires, that he actually meditated breaking violently with his Roman ties. It is impossible not to recognize symptoms of morbidness in these recurring manifestations of mental restlessness — the signs of a disturbed nervous system. The difficulties to be overcome were twofold: there was the consideration for the Cardinal, whom, at his advanced age, he felt concerned to leave; and then there was the question of obtaining from the Court of Rome the leave which would enable him to go away without forfeiting his appointment. It is an interesting fact that Winckelmann proposed as a substitute during his absence in the office of Commissioner of Antiquities a then quite unknown Abate, who, on his death, succeeded in his place, and that this Abate was the first of the Viscontis who, through successive generations, have succeeded each other in the same office with a distinction that has become European. The present Commendatore Visconti, the distinguished representative of an illustrious chain of eminent Archæologists,

preserves as the title-deed of his family distinction the pencilled scrawl with which Winckelmann the night before his departure hastily informed his ancestor that he had at the last moment got the Cardinal Camerlengo's approval of Visconti acting as his deputy during his absence in Germany.

The fatal journey on which Winckelmann thus set out with feverish impatience has often been narrated. It was the 23rd March, 1768, that he obtained his official leave; and on the 10th April he left Rome with the sculptor, Cavaceppi, who accompanied him out of friendship. The plan was to visit Berlin (where he longed to see Frederick the Great and Stosch), Brunswick and Dessau, in both of which places he had friends, and then Dresden. The tidings of Winckelmann's coming were trumpeted forth in Germany as an event, and Goethe, then a student at Leipzig, recounts how he and others projected an excursion merely to catch a sight of the great man on his passage. But Winckelmann never got so far. Up to Verona he seems to have enjoyed himself thoroughly. Scarcely, however, had he proceeded an hour on the road northwards than Cavaceppi (who has left a detailed narrative of what occurred as long as they remained together) observed an extraordinary change in the expression of Winckelmann's countenance. He seemed to be overcome with a perfect spasm of horror as that Alpine world opened before him, which, when last he had looked on it, he had admired with so much enthusiasm. Suddenly he exclaimed that he would then turn back at once, and although his companion succeeded in combating this resolution, he continued during the journey to Munich to exhibit so unaccountably strange a temper of mind, that Cavaceppi at moments suspected a temporary derangement of the brain. In Munich Winckelmann positively declared his irrevocable determination to return to Rome, and all Cavaceppi could obtain was that he would accompany him as far as Vienna, where they separated. It is evident that Winckelmann was sick both in body and mind, being overcome with a nervous prostration, accompanied by low fever, which kept him for some days to his bed. In Vienna he experienced an earnest of the honours that awaited him in Germany. Maria Theresa sent for him, and extracted a promise that he would return the following year to arrange her collection of antiquities, and

the haughty statesman Prince Kaunitz condescended to remonstrate with Winckelmann against his flight back to Rome. But all was in vain, and on June 1 he reached Trieste with the intention of engaging a passage to Venice, and took up quarters in the still existing Locanda Grande in the Piazza di San Pietro. He occupied room No. 10, and in room No. 9, on the same floor, there lived a person whose acquaintance Winckelmann made at the public table. This man had come two days before from Venice by sea, and on hearing Winckelmann inquire for a ship to that port, he recommended the skipper that had brought him. A bargain was concluded for the passage, but as the cargo was not full, Winckelmann was detained unwillingly for a week at Trieste, during which he spent much of his time in the society of this chance neighbour and acquaintance, who was a professional adventurer and rogue. His name was Francesco Arcangeli. He was by birth a Tuscan, and had been a cook. In Vienna he had been condemned to three years' irons for theft, and after having finished this term of confinement, he had resided in Venice in partnership with a woman on the town. What had brought him to Trieste at that moment does not appear; but manifestly he was an individual on the look-out for any stroke of business that offered. Winckelmann was so imprudent as not only to consort with a stranger, but also to hold language directly calculated to excite the curiosity of a man of whose antecedents he knew nothing. He studiously surrounded himself with a mysterious incognito, mentioned his audience with Maria Theresa, and showed some valuable gold coins that whetted the cupidity of an ignorant individual out at elbows and restrained from crime by no sense of morality.

The desire to rob this mysterious stranger of his fancied treasures seized Arcangeli, and on the 7th June, the eve of the day fixed for the ship to sail, he provided himself with the instruments to carry out his intention — a knife and the rope for a noose, with which he entered Winckelmann's room on the following morning. Winckelmann was seated in his shirt-sleeves, writing notices to his printer for the new edition of his History, when the murderer came in. The maid-servants subsequently deposed to having heard a friendly conversation between the two. Arcangeli asked Winckelmann to show him, as he had promised, some

gold coins, which the latter excused himself from doing, and, with his back turned to Arcangeli, continued writing his notes for the printer. As he was in the act of writing (*There shall . . .*) the noose was flung from behind around his neck, and then a terrific death struggle ensued. Winckelmann closed with desperate strength with the murderer, trying to wrench out of his grasp the knife, and already he had succeeded in getting near the door when both fell, Winckelmann undermost. The waiter below hearing the heavy thump of the fall rushed upstairs, when, horror-struck, he beheld Arcangeli with his knees on his victim's breast, into which he repeatedly plunged his knife, but at sight of the waiter darted past into the street. The subsequent details are harrowing. Winckelmann could still speak, but the wit-bereft waiter, not observing that he was being throttled by the noose, left him to fetch a surgeon, while an equally terrified maid ran for a priest. With convulsive effort the writhing victim crawled into the public room, where the sight of his bleeding person only served to scare the persons sitting round the table, who took to flight, and Winckelmann lay there until the arrival of the surgeon, who at once pronounced his case as hopeless. A Leghorn gentleman, the Cavaliere Vannucci, now happily turned up, and, sending for the police officer, he lost no time in gathering from the lips of the dying man the principal circumstances of the tragedy. Winckelmann had still strength to give lucid answers, and then to dictate, though not to sign, a will naming Cardinal Albani his universal heir, with the exception of a legacy of 350 ducats to the engraver Mogalli, and of 100 ducats to the Abate Piranesi. Amongst his luggage were found a few articles of value, including a gold watch and some coins, and a travelling library, which comprised Homer, Plautus, and Martial, and an interleaved copy of his History. His agony lasted for six hours. A Capuchin friar administered the last sacraments of the Church to the writhing man as he lay stretched on a mattress put upon the floor. There were five wounds in his breast and two in his stomach. To questions as to his identification Winckelmann had given no distinct answer, probably because he was too exhausted. "Lasciatemi, non posso più parlare," he said, "dal passoporto lo rileverete." Whether it was that this document did not afford sufficient clue to

his station in life or for some other reason his obsequies were of the most humble kind. His remains were deposited without ceremony in a common fosse, and his ashes were mixed with those of pauper corpses. The only tribute paid to his memory in Trieste at the time, consisted in the punishment inflicted on the wretch to whose hand was due his untimely end. Having been quickly seized in the street by the pursuing myrmidons of the city bailiff, Arcangeli was drawn on the wheel July 20th, the same day of the week on which the murder had been perpetrated, upon the Piazza di San Pietro, immediately in front of the inn which had been the scene of the bloody deed.

Such was the tragical catastrophe that prematurely brought to a close the wonderful career of the pauper son of a pauper cobbler from the bleak region of the Old March, just as under the uncontrollable impulse of an overpowering sentiment he was hurrying back to his sunny domicile in the marble halls of the sumptuous Palace of Art, reared for his fastidious enjoyment by the refined taste of a princely and munificent Roman Cardinal. The claims of Winckelmann to a prominent place in the Temple of Fame cannot be disputed. Much in his writings has become obsolete, but all are tipped with that superior fire which genius alone can give forth, the glow that has the faculty of a brightness not fading by time. This faculty of twinkling brightly on through ages with the lustre of a mysterious brilliancy is a property appertaining only to the memories of those who have displayed, while living, that highest quality in man's nature — the force of creativeness. Winckelmann displayed that force in an eminent degree. All he did and left behind him was spontaneous, the natural and gushing outflow of individual consciousness. He was emphatically a poet — a seer — and his utterances were characterized by the indefinable flash of that power of divination, the vivid essence whereof baffles analysis, but the directness of which instantaneously strikes, and leaves behind it a mark forever. Those who after him have trodden with the sole guide of his genius, in the direction of the intellectual fields he explored, have partly been led to modify some views he entertained, and have partly been enabled to push investigation beyond the limits at which he stopped. But every candid Art-critic will readily acknowledge that

Winckelmann first brought light into what had been up to his time a chaotic mass of desultory ideas and confused theories. He found the study of Art a string of disconnected, fanciful, and haphazard notions; he left it crystallized into a system, the theorems of which, as evolved by himself, have in all essentials stood the test of experience, and have been confirmed by the touchstone of progressive criticism.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE TWO SPERANSKY.

A PAGE OF RUSSIAN OFFICIAL LIFE.

PART I. — MICHAEL.

WHEN the present generation of readers was young the French books put into its hands were naturally few. We can remember during our own tender years having had our choice between *Telemachus*, with his island-goddess, Paul and Virginia, with their palmetto-groves, and Elizabeth, in the snows of her Siberian exile. As we followed her footsteps along the weary *versts* that separated her from St. Petersburg and from the presence-chamber of the Tzar, we wept over her sorrows; and when we thought of the hunger and cold, the wolves and the snowdrifts, it was only the more harrowing to be told that the tale of the "Siberian Exile" was founded on fact. It was during the reign of Paul that the incident occurred which Madame Cottin has made immortal. A young girl, Prascovia Lopouloff by name, obtained leave from her parents to start for St. Petersburg on foot. She believed that she could thus obtain the pardon of a father who had been for sixteen years a Siberian exile. After innumerable dangers, and after an exposure to cold at Christmas so intense that at Ekaterinenburg she was found motionless in the bottom of a sledge, she found a protector in Madame Millin. Her new friends detained her with them till spring returned, and then sent her on her way to the capital. She was presented to the Empress-Mother, and the pardon she sought was granted. Madame Cottin, at this part of the story, introduces a hero and a love match. The "ower true" tale is a much sadder one. Prascovia's health broke down from the excessive hardships of her journey, and after entering a convent at Nijni, she died of consumption in 1809 — ignorant,

no doubt, of the celebrity which her filial piety was to obtain under the disguise of "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia."

Another Elizabeth was in the first quarter of this century curiously connected with Siberia. When Madame Speransky-Bagréeff the novelist was seven years old, her father, M. Michael Speransky, Secretary of State to Emperor Alexander, was exiled to Perm, and in 1818, she was again separated from him when he was sent as Governor-General to Siberia. Unlike Prascovia Lopouloff, the real prototype of Madame Cottin's heroine, this young girl never lived in the country, for her health was so delicate that M. Speransky would not allow her either to share his banishment, or to accompany him in his honourable mission. But Siberia was associated with all her joys and sorrows; she was sent to St. Petersburg, with the petition which was to procure a pardon, or at least an inquiry into her father's case, and we shall see that these Siberian associations left their marks on Elizabeth's genius, and gave a very original colouring to her best works.

Elizabeth Michailovna Speransky was the Minister's only child, by an English wife, a Miss Stevens, whom he had married when his foot had already mounted some steps of the ladder of success, and whom he lost only too soon. Madame Speransky died almost immediately after the birth of her child. Elizabeth was reared by her maternal grandmother, but through all the vicissitudes of his career, the statesman's first thought was ever for his little girl.

These vicissitudes make up a page of Russian history, new probably to some of our readers, but a page not the less illustrative of Russian political life at the time of the peace of Tilsit, and very typical of the reign of the Tzar, Alexander, surnamed the Blessed.*

Michael Gramatine was born in 1771, at Vladimir, in the government of Podolia, and was the son of a priest.

The families of the white or secular clergy of Russia form a large body in society, and are almost, so to speak, its Levitical class. The son of a *pope* or priest generally becomes a priest in his turn, and it is as likely as not that he will also select the wife, who is essential to his taking orders, out of another priestly house. But the young Michael, in his seminary at Vladimir, had aspirations reaching far beyond the post of a village

* Blagoslavenii.

pastor. That he had ever ambitious hopes is evident from the surname which he adopted, *Speransky* being but a Russianized form of the Italian word *Speranza*, or hope. For the monastic life he had no vocation, even should bishoprics loom in the distance for a servant of S. Basil; but after filling the chairs of Mathematics and Physics, in the Newsky Academy of St. Petersburg, he became Secretary to Prince Alexis Kouriakine. Thanks to the good offices of this eccentric patron, he found himself in 1801, a Secretary of State, and thus, at the age of thirty, able to put in execution some of the plans formed in his ambitious youth and boyhood.

This was in 1801; and Speransky, as Assistant Minister of Justice, as Governor of Finland, as Privy Councillor, and as Secretary of State, continued in office and in favour till 1812. His master was his junior by six years. Alexander Pavlovitch had also begun life with aspirations and projects, perhaps it should be said with dreams. Among European sovereigns even at that momentous epoch — the close of the eighteenth century — Alexander was a man of mark. Among Muscovite Tzars he was as novel as a phoenix. He possessed taste, virtue, generosity, and ability. He saw that a great inheritance had fallen to him — not only great in a material sense, as representing the eighth part of the habitable globe, but great in a moral and political point of view. The sceptre just wrested from the crazed hands of Paul had been intended by Peter the Great to be that of no mere barbarous empire. It is true that its boundaries had been enlarged since then by conquest and treaties, and that Catherine II. had kept up its prestige; but the eccentricities of Peter III. and of Paul I. had threatened to obliterate the Tzars of Russia from the list of the great Western potentates. Of these princes, the second, like the first, had just lost his life at the hands of a band of noble conspirators; and Alexander Pavlovitch had to face the nobility of his kingdom in all the attitudes of turbulence or of intrigue. The prestige of Alexander's crown abroad and at home was at stake, and the result must depend on his own firmness, and perhaps even more on his choice of friends.

To friendship the heart of this Tzar was singularly inclined — and he found friends not unworthy of himself. History remembers his devotion to Prince Adam Czartorisky, and the mystical inti-

macy that sprang up later between himself and Madame de Krüdener. Other ties again were formed with foreigners. There was La Harpe, his former tutor, Sir Alexander Crichton, Sir James Wylie, and Dr. Leighton, Scotch physicians, placed by him respectively at the heads of civil, military, and naval departments. Of Russians there were Count Stroganoff, a brave and honest soldier; Admiral Mordvinoff, a Minister whose clemency many an accused had reason to bless; Novossiltzoff, a commissioner long remembered in Poland; and Michael Speransky, who perhaps more than any others shared the philanthropic plans of the Tzar.

Paul, in the earlier part of his reign, had made some not unsalutary reforms, measures which had had their rise assuredly not in philanthropy, but more likely in a spirit of contradiction to the policy of his mother. Alexander determined to do far greater things for the country, and as one of his first steps he adopted a determination to have ministers for the different branches of administration.

The officers so created were eleven in number, and Alexander honestly wished to give them the responsibility which he declared them to possess. Unfortunately, responsible ministers are compatible only with representative governments, and are incompatible with an autocracy; but the Tzar was perhaps the only person, who, enamoured with this new idea and this novel creation, failed to see a want of logic in a responsible (?) Cabinet, which is liable at any hour to the intervention of an imperial *ukaze*. An *ukaze* would override all decisions and statutes, and could not require the signatures of the Ministers. Once before in Russian history had Empress Catherine II. attempted a similar travesty of liberal institutions. She once convoked at Moscow a meeting of deputies, and there she invited them to compose a constitution called "the fundamental legislation." A Tartar hearing the fame of these new orders, naïvely inquired whether, when the new constitution began to work, *ukazes* would still be in force should they continue to appear? He was told that they would, and he then expressed as his opinion that it was much the same thing to him whether the "fundamental legislation" was made or let alone. For Alexander, in quest of the best of governments, and believing firmly in his new Cabinet, Michael Speransky was a fitting Minister. His own policy, if a Russian statesman may be said to have a

policy, was tentative and progressive. His mind, naturally inquisitive and speculative, was not bounded by a purely Russian horizon, and he possessed along with these more imaginative qualities a genuine power of organization.

It is impossible in this place to enter on any detailed account of the projects which he formed for altering at once the spirit, the mechanism, and the details of government. It would interest none but his countrymen, and of Russians only those who have studied the subject enough to be able to compare Speransky's proposals with Speransky's actions, and the measure of reform as planned by him prior to 1812, with the measure since granted to the country by another Alexander. It is enough to say of it that it was intended to comprise a national assembly of representatives, and that he paid great attention to the department of finance, which he proposed to subdivide into four *bureaux*, those of Finance proper, the Treasury, the Control, and the Civil List. Much of this constitution has remained an absolute dream, and some of it, though existing on paper, has unfortunately become as good as a dead letter.

Speransky's ecclesiastical reforms gave the greatest offence. Not that he was singular in them; for Basil Drosdov, so celebrated as Philarète, the eloquent Metropolitan of Moscow, was, in 1812, one of the most influential members of the committee for the reform of religious schools. Like Speransky, Philarète was a priest's son, like Speransky, a member of the Bible Society, and engaged in pressing out of the old Slavonic into the vulgar tongue. But, unlike the Secretary, Philarète was not an envied Minister, nor did he offer the same points of attack to bigoted cavillers. For example, Speransky's wife had been a Protestant, his child was being brought up by a Swiss grandmother, and his own extensive circle of friends already included Quakers, like Wheeler the engineer, Scoichmen, Calvinists, renegades, Lutherans, and foreigners of markedly rationalistic tendencies.

His financial operations had been, however, very much to the point, and they were also successful.

They were works of no common difficulty. After the peace of Tilsit, it was to M. Speransky that the task was intrusted of meeting the financial difficulties of the country at the close of her war with France. We see then that no small de-

mands must have been made upon his ingenuity and upon her resources. The budget of 1810 had presented a deficit of no less than 105,000,000 roubles; but, thanks to the novel methods of taxation indicated by this Minister, the receipts of 1812, (the year of his disgrace!) showed an increase of 175,000,000 roubles, by which the kingdom was saved from bankruptcy. The plan of Speransky had been submitted by the Tzar to a special committee, meeting at the house of the Finance Minister, and both there and in the Council it had been carried through by a powerful majority.

All this might have led the ingenious statesman to look for the gratitude of the Emperor and of the empire. But envy was more powerful than gratitude or public spirit at the Court of Alexander, and secret denunciations were already preparing the way for a catastrophe.

Meanwhile the cabinet of M. Speransky continued to be crowded with applicants, clients, and flatterers, and in his cabinet a little girl was generally to be found playing.

Elizabeth adored her father, and she followed him about as Geraldine Necker had followed hers; only when a visitor was announced this shy little child would often retreat, and hide herself behind a pair of globes at the further end of the room.

One morning in March, 1812, Elizabeth was suddenly awakened by a servant, and a pencilled note was put into her hands. "I am exiled," it began, "and I have only half an hour in which to prepare for my departure. I have been twice to thy door, but finding thee always sleeping, I did not care to awaken thee. I bless thee from afar; and I bid thee join me, with thy grandmother, at Nijni-Novgorod, as soon as everything can be arranged in the house. — Thy father."

The banishment of an officer of State, or of a favourite, was no novelty in Russia; and sudden dismissal from the capital is always a feature of such a fall from favour. Speransky, as he travelled away to Nijni, may have remembered more than one such precedent. Compared with the fate of Count Golovkin, who was banished by Empress Elizabeth Petrovna to Nijni Kolymensk, or with that of the first Menschikoff, in his distant grave at Berezov, his own case presented, however, some hopeful features. He was told that "when the situation of public affairs was less critical, the Tzar would take a year or two to examine the data

collected with regard to him ;” and at Nijni he was received with considerate kindness by all the best families of the province. Elizabeth soon joined him ; the climate suited her, and her studies were resumed. In short, father and daughter might have had a great deal of happiness in each other’s society, had not an order been sent out to the effect that M. Speransky’s banishment was to be prolonged, and that its place was to be Perm, on the very confines of Siberia.

An enemy had done this,—or rather it was the work of the *clique* of which Armfeld and Balachëff were the leaders, representing, as they did, the whole reactionary party, and one which Speransky could never hope to please.

His birth alone was obnoxious to their exclusiveness. His financial operations, his intimacy with Fessler, and with the *Illuminati*, and his Protestant marriage, were all so many rocks of offence to them. His policy was contrary to the system which they understood, and which they still regretted. What Speransky called “the chaos of *ukazes*” was not incongruous with their notions of government, but all innovations were ; for them banks, Lancastrian schools, Bible societies, and reforms in communes and courts of justice, had no charms. They had been accustomed to intrigues for place, to great profits when in place ; so they praised the old Russian or “Moscow” system, while they deprecated the more progressive or “Petersburg” policy, with its ideas borrowed from Western countries. Of course there were honourable exceptions to such a way of thinking ; for example, the *lycées* of Prince Bézborodko at Nijni, and of Prince Demidoff at Yaroslav, date from the reign of Alexander : but not the less did the educational measures of 1802 disgust many, and Speransky’s enemies identified him with this inauspicious march of intellect.

When they represented Speransky as a traitor to the country, as an associate of “secret societies,” it must, however, not be forgotten that secret societies *did* exist, and that alongside of the imperial theories and practice of progress in Russia, there already ran a stream of ultra-liberalism, which gave some grounds for the alarms expressed by the old country, or Moscow, party. Such secret associations they believed to possess the sympathy of Alexander’s Secretary of State. Conspiracies with which they were more familiar had pre-engaged their own ; and

the fact that M. Speransky had in 1807, bestowed a bishopric on Fessler, the renegade Capuchin, while it allowed them to suspect his orthodoxy, furnished them with a new ground of complaint.

It was time for Speransky, when he saw himself thus pursued by the ill wishes of Armfeld and of his party, to put in a word in his own defence, and to plead for a mitigation of a sentence now become so severe. Perm is on the western frontier of Siberia ; the latitude of 70° was sure to be fatal to Elizabeth’s health, whose chest had always been delicate, for there dreary marshes and great expanses of snow anticipated all the features of Siberian life. Moreover, the Secretary of State was ruined. His private fortune was originally *nil*, his income had ceased, and the strictest economy had now become necessary. In this way Elizabeth made her first, but by no means her last, experience of the penury which in Russia is too apt to follow on the collapse of an official fortune.

It was now the moment for her to emulate the example of Prascovia Lopouloff, and to come to her father’s help.

The young girl returned to St. Petersburg, the bearer of a letter, and of a memorial to the Czar.

M. Speransky recapitulated the accusations made against him, his pretended *liaisons* with France, his intimacy with the Martinists and *Illuminati*, his “*carrière désorganitrice*” (*sic*), his introduction of novelties into the departments of finance and of jurisprudence, his delays in the discussion and editing of the civil code (*Swod*), his enigmatical conduct, his want of orthodoxy, of patriotism, and of devotion to the Tzar. He concluded by asking as a solace for all the bitterness that could come to him, as a recompense for all the labours undertaken by the command of the Emperor, for the glory of the Tzar and the welfare of the State, as the price of the integrity of his own conduct, only one favour,—viz., that he might be allowed to end his days with his family, on a small estate which he possessed, and there, in liberty and oblivion, to close a life which, to say the truth, had been already too full of labours and of sorrow.

This petition was successful ; but the success of Elizabeth’s mission is really only another episode in the traditions of despotism. Untried and unacquitted, M. Speransky, whether innocent or guilty, now obtained leave to return to Nijni and to his daughter’s society ; and there

had a small pension conferred on him. These measures, which were agreeable, could only have appeared explicable to persons already acquainted with the peculiar notions of justice that prevail under an autocracy. A further acquaintance with the whole system of rewards and punishments as understood in Russia, perhaps also prepared M. Speransky for the next steps of his master. He was, in 1818, made civil governor of Penza, and was finally created Governor-General of Siberia, with a request that he would reorganize the whole civil administration of that province.

To our ideas, if these be traits of autocratic caprice, it is also a trait of suppleness in M. Speransky that we find him submitting to such indirect forms of compensation and rehabilitation, for his guilt or his innocence were still all as unproved as they had been on the morning when he had feared to awake his little sleeping Elizabeth with the news of his sudden exile. But, cultivated and virtuous as he might be, M. Speransky could not afford to stand on his dignity. Then all things in Russia go by comparison; and if tempted to complain, he might perhaps remember that the first Menschikoff had been untried, and had died in exile; while Volynsky, Cabinet Minister to Empress Anne, and disgraced through an intrigue of the Duke of Biron, had suffered a terrible death, the same sentence also condemning his children to perpetual exile. Michael Gramatine, the Pope's son, Secretary of State in 1801, exile in 1812, and Governor-General in 1819, was too emphatically the creation of an arbitrary system, not to be sometimes its creature.

In the mean time the reactionary party, with Armfeld the Swede at their head, and Rosenkampf as their mouthpiece, might still breathe freely. They could not precisely rejoice, for Speransky was again favoured; but the most distant province of the empire was to be the theatre of his future experiments, and if its misrule had not hitherto affected their spirits, it might be hoped that his improvements would be too remote to hurt either their feelings or their interests. Lancastrian schools and Bible societies in the latitude of Tobolsk would not for example prepare the way for serf emancipation as surely as the education of the home-grown *moujik* must do.

This new Governor of Siberia was in no common way fitted for the task allotted to him. To begin with, he was

humane; a quality which he had certainly not acquired by contact with his first master, Prince Alexis Kouriakine. That nobleman had belonged emphatically to the old school. When the humane Lapoukhine had once reported to him the filthy and unwholesome state of the prisons where some political criminals were rotting, and suggested an improvement in them, Kouriakine replied with a strong negative, and gave as his reason that "then they would be no longer *prisons!*" Speransky, to whose tender mercies some thousands of exiles were now committed, had more clemency; and as he also disagreed with another axiom of the Prince's, that "*everything is forbidden* for which express permission has not been obtained," he was not likely to harass his new subjects needlessly.

He was sent to reorganize the civil administration, study the capabilities, and redress the grievances of a country which suffered from many forms of oppression. Now, if Perm had once been his own "*città dolente*," it had also been his school. Possibly Alexander knew his Secretary of State well enough to be sure that this had been the case. During months of solitary exile, studies had been made which had formed the future Governor-General of a province where the skies were even more joyless, and which still more emphatically proved the worth of the popular Russian saying, "God is in heaven, and the Tzar is a long way off."

The information so collected at Perm had been, what information collected by or for an official very seldom is, authentic. No one could have imagined that the exile of those days would be the Governor-General of the future, so no one had had any interest in deceiving. Data thus gathered were available now, and M. Speransky had observation, sagacity, and charity enough to turn them to the best account.

The demon of misrule in Siberia was hydra-headed, it is true, but he had patience if he had not hope, and he had an unlimited power of application to business. Thus he went, his daughter says, "a new Jermak, to make for the second time the conquest of the country." With what sentiments he really entered on his duties is best learnt from his letters to that daughter. It was impossible, from the state of her health, that Elizabeth should accompany him; he placed her in the family of a trusted physician of St. Petersburg, and began his rule with a heart tried by their pangs of parting.

These letters, besides being a picture of manners little known to Europeans, give us a just estimate of the tie which existed between the Governor and his only child. More than that, they assist us to form an opinion of a man whom many have undervalued, and whom others are disposed to blame, partly on account of failures for which he is not responsible, and partly because of the excessive praise lavished on him by others. One virtue he lacked — courage; one vice he lacked — pride; and the boyards of Russia, haughty *frondeurs*, and often revengeful as they were, called him a hypocrite, because the priest's son tried to conciliate them before they had injured him, and did not avenge himself after they had. Cancrine, Finance Minister to Nicholas, does not scruple to style Speransky a hypocrite; but the letters to Elizabeth show us a man whose temper was mild, whose ambitions were not purely selfish, and who, perhaps because he could see both sides of a question, was at once claimed and blamed by both parties.

The first letter is dated from Tobolsk, 30th May 1819.*

I.

Tobolsk, 30th May 1819.

I have found here, my dearest Elizabeth, the same skies, the same beneficial sunlight, the same men (a mixture of good and evil), the same fatherly Providence embracing all space, and bringing us together across all distances, strengthening my heart, and filling it with hopeful confidence.

I arrived here on the 24th of May (O.S.) on the eve of Trinity Sunday. Notwithstanding the flooded rivers which we had so frequently to cross, we reached Tobolsk in eight days, a distance of 1500 *verssts* from Kagan — such are the roads and the horses of eastern Russia. The fearless fairy of the Siberian legends could not have flown into my arms with greater rapidity, and all the way we were both well and cheerful. The weather was so favourable that we had hardly a drop of rain from Penza to Tobolsk.

You may easily imagine how we were received; one might say that it was with almost universal rapture. Even those who feared my coming here as a stern judge, having wearied themselves out by

their anticipations, seemed glad to get the dreaded ordeal over.

The day before yesterday the post brought me your letter of the 9th of May. I conclude that the courier takes sometimes nineteen days to reach this place, sometimes fifteen. At least I will learn every fortnight that my Elizabeth is well. I do not know as yet how long I may remain in this place; it will be for a month at least; and then I will wander to the uttermost ends of the inhabited globe.

II.

. . . Do not listen to the tales current about this country. Siberia *is* Siberia, and like nothing else; and one must possess an imagination which is only not excitable but positively extravagant to see in it another India. Till now, I at least have not discerned any majesty in its natural features or any excellences in its people. The Oural Mountains may be called the Riffean Range, but none the less are they a range of dull, monotonous, mean, and endlessly wearisome hills, occupying a space of 400 *verssts*. While crossing them you do not come on a single point that could attract the eye, and not a single valley from which you could perceive a peak worth noticing. There are not even any "beautiful horrors," for the Urals are more monotonous than dangerous, and are not even that. You will observe that we crossed them at the most favourable season, and that I am a passionate admirer of all that is lovely and grandiose. The same must be said of the people. At present I have failed to discover *what* it is that constitutes the "Siberian." I see the same vices, the same follies, the same patience in the poor, the same egotism in the rich. The only real difference is that life has a wider range here than in general, that there is a fertile soil, and in consequence we have fewer poor. As yet I can only see that as far as Tobolsk, and in Tobolsk itself, Siberia *is* Siberia, *i.e.*, a very good place for exiles, profitable also for certain trades, and not only an interesting but a rich mine for mineralogists. This is what it is; but it is not a place for living under the conditions of the highest social civilization — *viz.*, of the stable organization of property, founded on agriculture, manufactures, and internal trade. Living in Tobolsk itself is, however, cheap; there is an excellent fish-market, which is well stocked; but this is only a local advantage, and it means nothing whatever for the country round it, since, from the difficulties of

* [EDITOR'S NOTE.]—These letters have been translated expressly for the Magazine by a gifted countryman of Madame Speransky-Bagréeff.

communication, owing to the absence of roads, one may die of hunger, and be in want within 200 *versts* of all this abundance.

The southern part of this government is fairly productive; but one degree further north, one step beyond the highroad, and you are in the desert, in the midst of impassable bogs, where the savage Ostiak hunts all through the winter the ice-fox and the bear, and in summer (which means two months out of the twelve) he lives on fish.

You will think I am giving you lessons in statistics: I merely want to preserve you from the fashionable errors about Siberia. The people who have found out an "Indian empire" here, may pride themselves on having discovered something very important, but which is to me at least unknown.

III.

June 25.

It is hot even in Tobolsk — 36° Reaumur in the shade. Nature will assert herself. My next letter will be from Tomsk.

Study the map of Siberia, in order to follow me on my travels.

IV.

June 25.

In two days, my dear Elizabeth, I shall be on the southern frontier of Russia, at Omsk, a fortress on the borders of a government formed out of the land inhabited by the half-savage Kirghisses. Our imagination is forever seeking in Siberia something wonderful and peculiar, and it finds nothing. What a pity that a dull and monotonous reality always destroys the romantic flights of fancy! This flat material world never satisfies our imaginations or our minds. But the mind of man is a Titan, finding all space too narrow for it; habit destroys even the phantom of distance. We talk nowadays of 1000 *versts* as if it were of an ordinary walk. The other day the general commandant of Omsk, with his whole staff, paid me a morning visit. They came a distance of 600 *versts*; they dined and slept at my house one night, and they returned home next day.

V.

Tomsk, July 10.

We left Tobolsk, my dearest Elizabeth, on the 20th June, and rolled down to this place in the very heart of Siberia, along a plain which is one unbroken slope 1000

versts in length. We hailed the first hillock we saw with joyous exclamations, for the monotony of these steppes is wearisome. Here nature begins to be animated. The vegetation is indeed luxuriant; it would be difficult to imagine fields more fertile or flowers more gaily varied, and were it not that they are 4500 *versts* from you, one might enjoy them; but my heart is heavy.

At Omsk we were at the outposts of European civilization. The wild Kirghisses squatted all around in their *yourts*,* and they gave me a feast, that is, we assisted at their meal, and saw them devour uncooked mutton, and drink fermented mare's milk, which they call "*Koumiss*." We also had some races, and saw all the young men ride and pursue a cantering girl, the fairest bride of the tribe, who escaped, by defending herself with a lash. Nothing is so disgusting as nature savage and primitive; if, indeed, it be man's primitive nature, and is not rather humanity grown wild.

VI.

Tomsk, July 17.

Your letter, my own Elizabeth, of the 8th June, did not reach me till the 14th of July. What a dreadful distance! and in two weeks I shall be still further from you: is it possible not to crave and seek after that eternity which will unite us all? While here on earth everything separates us. Think with your pen in your hand: it is the only way to moderate and regulate the flights of one's fancy. Feeling, in its true sense, is that faculty which enables man to understand and to enjoy the beautiful in man and in nature, and in the material world. The lower faculties of feeling are given to all thinking beings, the higher to very few. The Ostiak derives some enjoyment from his beads and his wild music; but the higher enjoyments depend on the harmony of our faculties, and on the perfection of one's moral culture; and above all, in the fullness and abundance of our spiritual life. There is a popular saying among us, such a one "has much spirit," — that is, much character. Sentiment, however, is not feeling: no more are nervous tears. You say that you are growing older. For God's sake, Elizabeth, do not allow yourself to do that. Do not lose your rosy thoughts. Do not fill your heart with useless fears. Are we not always and everywhere in His hand? The past must

* Nomad tents.

be always to you a guarantee for the present and for the future.

The government of Tomsk, by its riches and the moderate climate of its southern division, might vie with the best governments of great Russia, but the bad administration of the last years has turned it into a den of thieves. These discrepancies between what is and what might be, break my spirit, and my hopes of a change are very faint as yet.

VII.

TOMSK, *Aug. 1.*

Your letter, dear Elizabeth, was like a sonata of Haydn's amid the din of complaints and the discord of passions which surround me here. From all you tell me about your school children, I begin to think that you are going to be another Miss Edgeworth! In winter I shall drive as far as Khiakta, and make my obeisance, at a respectful distance, to the Emperor of China.

VIII.

IRKUTSK, *Sept. 6.*

Yesterday we had a ball and a dinner in the Commercial Hall of Irkutsk. A ball! but who dances? There were twenty-four couples in the *Ecosaise*: thus does our beloved country progress towards its civilization! I have arranged that there should be weekly assemblies, because I want to form a social circle. I want to do away with the effects of the grim administration that obtained here. The inhabitants have, however, some difficulty in believing that I have inaugurated in reality a new order of things; but with a certain amount of liberty in their social intercourse they will begin to breathe freely again.

About our assemblies — I begin the ball by a polonaise with an old lady in a cloth-of-silver dress, who wears a silk kerchief on her head. The women are all merchants' wives or daughters. Everything is cheerful and decorous, and till I came here they never led such pleasant lives. Irkutsk was another Spain. We have also a charitable society, of which the funds already amount to 8000 roubles, for these people are rich and generous. We have opened a Lancastrian school, to which my books have given the necessary impetus, and we are going to organize a Bible society; and thus, once everything gets into working order, our winter will pass cheerfully. Do not wish yourself a boy for my sake. You were born to be

my own Elizabeth, and a change of sex would not help your journey to Siberia, for which the only thing needful is a good carriage, and thirty days of patience, whatever be your sex. How enormous this Russian empire is! and yet we find here the same men, the same populace, the same customs, morals, and manners. This uniformity in unity is hardly credible, there is so much more variety in other kingdoms. I believe the reason of our uniformity is that this country has been peopled by settlers from all parts of the empire, who have, however, amalgamated in a wonderful way. Do not think that Siberia has been peopled merely by exiles and convicts — there is no greater mistake. The numbers of exiles and convicts are like a drop in the ocean, and we are hardly aware of their existence or presence, except when they are employed for public works. It is incredible how few they really are. The average number is about 2000 persons a-year deported to Siberia, and in that number there are hardly any women. To you these details will appear strange, but you must try to get correct notions about your own country. I mean before long to publish some statistical tables; and it will astonish you, and all Europe, when you learn that there is hardly one exile or convict in 20,000 inhabitants. Until I came here I was ignorant myself of this, and I did not believe it; and I consider it a great discovery, and an important fact among the phenomena of the moral world. . . .

I congratulate you on having become a teacher; it is good to teach little children, for in teaching one teaches one's self, and in time you will become quite a Maria Edgeworth.

Speransky was right, for if we were asked to say who and what Madame Speransky Bagréeff was, we should answer directly, the Russian Miss Edgeworth; with this difference, that her Slavonic blood and the griefs of her checkered life quickened in the Governor's daughter what was absent in Maria's character — strong and personal religious feeling.

Her works, of which we shall have something to say later, have a great likeness to Miss Edgeworth's, and her pursuits had the same bearing on the comfort and progress of her fellow-creatures. Already in this correspondence we hear of schools and efforts made to relieve the suffering. A little later we have a notice of one of the celebrated men with whom Elizabeth Speransky formed friendships,

and in whose society her taste was formed.

M. Speransky writes playfully : " Your interview with Zoukovsky is indeed an event, as geniuses, they say, seldom meet. The thing cannot have happened since Goethe and Schiller embraced ; and since Zoukovsky be as you say a Schiiler, why it follows, and we cannot be mistaken about it, that you are the Goethe ! "

Zoukovsky was a poet, a man of great cultivation and gentleness of manner, a charming letter-writer, as his published correspondence both with Empress Alexandra Feodorovna, and with her maid of honour, Madame Smirnoff *née* Rossetti, show : but he is more likely to be remembered as the founder of the romantic school of poetry in Russia. He led the way for the still more ideal talent of Pouchkine, another ornament of the society which surrounded Mademoiselle Speransky at that time. Her father continued to help and advise her thus : —

Aug. 1, (O.S.) 1819.

I think this essay of yours better than the former one. Do not write about events to me. . . . Do not ask me if you will ever be in Siberia, — the very thought of it pains me ; as a private individual I might even here find it possible to lead a bearable life, but *not* as an official. I have too much responsibility before God and my fellow-creatures, and my strength is unequal to it.

Christ be with *thee*, my darling ! . . . I merely write from this small dirty town to let you know that I have not been eaten up by bears or wolves on the Irkutsk road, where I ought to have been long ago, had I not been stopped here by bitter complaints and wrongs. I find here the real Siberia, and I feel here that an ever-just Providence has not sent me in vain. I was needed to lessen sufferings, to revive hopes, which had nearly perished, to renew an almost exhausted patience. . . .

I am quite tired out by my nomad life. . . . All the events of our life are like pearls strung by the hand of our faithful heavenly Father. . . .

I have not yet been in the regions of the Lake Baikal. From thence I shall go on to Khiakta (Chinese Maimatchân), which is 600 *versts* to the south. There is little snow there, even at this time of year. Two English missionaries visited me lately. They are to settle at Sellingsk, in E. Siberia. They speak no Russian, and no European tongues either. I

asked them to dine with me. When the door opened, it admitted a tall, elongated, dried-up elderly female. She is a Scotch-woman and a *piétiste*, wife of one of the missionaries, and is the first visitor of the feminine gender that has crossed my threshold since I have been here. Luckily she was so silent that I found it unnecessary to unfold all the secret treasures of English speech which I possess. One of the missionaries is a very handsome youth of twenty-three or twenty-five years of age, with an open countenance and an angelically pure and innocent face. The recording angel preserve us from fancying that these people have any other object than that of evangelization in coming here.

KHIAKTA, Feb. 18.

I arrived here, dearest Elizabeth, three days ago, and assisted yesterday at a Chinese *fête* at Maimatchân. What a curious *bizarrure* was there, like a delirious dream ! An indescribable mixture of colours and trifles, with comforts and neatness, and a most confused *tout ensemble*. I leave to-day for Nertschinsk. The winter has been steady here — a rare occurrence, and the roads are good, as there is deep snow. I am the first governor or official who has ever visited Nertschinsk. It lies 700 *versts* distant, but we hope to get there unhindered by the elements. It is not that my vanity or my ambition is flattered by thus being the first to visit, but I really hope to do good, and that my journey will be beneficial. Nertschinsk is the place where criminals in exile work in the mines. Who knows what the seed now sown there may bring forth ? It is difficult to come so far twice in a lifetime, even where, as in Siberia, distance is made but small account of ; so I must try to do all the good I can at one visit. To-morrow I start for Nertschinsk. In three or four days I shall be able to write to you again from there, so that my letter can reach you at Easter. I congratulate and wish you joy already then of the resurrection of the Lord. Across 6000 *versts* I embrace you in the spirit, and repeat " Christ is risen ! " His resurrection in our spirits cannot be hindered by time, or space, or habitation.

NERTSCHINSK, Feb. 20.

" Christ is risen ! " dearest Elizabeth. I returned yesterday from the depths ; for I visited the mines, which lie at an enormous depth underground. I saw *the last depth* of human suffering and human

patience, that of the prisoners. [There being no capital punishment in Russia, criminals are condemned to work the Government mines of the empire. Some political prisoners have also been sentenced to them; but they generally get their sentence commuted after six months' labour. Most of the crimes committed in Siberia are by escaped convicts, or *ticket-of-leave* men from these mines.] We have hardly any snow now.

In these private letters one cannot but notice the extreme caution shown by the Governor of Siberia. The only names given are those of insignificant persons, and no particulars are supplied of the many abuses, excesses, crimes, cruelties, and speculations which he had been sent to cut short or reform. The reason is obvious. The letters might be, nay probably would be opened, and it was not necessary for Speransky to make any more enemies for himself or for his child.

In one letter Speransky allows, however, a cry to escape from him, which tells how much he had felt the ingratitude and harshness of the Tzar. "All love must be reciprocal. One may admire or praise without reciprocity, but it is impossible to love: there must be at least some hope of return. Do not blame the imaginary characters of your book; they are quite ready to love their country, *but they are not loved.*"

Other remarks show with what careful tenderness M. Speransky acted the part of critic to Elizabeth's early efforts. His own pen had not been idle, and the name of his subject strikes a strange note among the rivalries, chicaneries, crimes, and reverses of Russian official life.

"I received (Dec. 10th, 1819,) the proof-sheets of the 'Imitation.' M. Alexandre Ivanovitch Tourguéneff wrote to tell me that he had sent you a copy. I had wished to publish this anonymously, because a work of this kind, like charity, ought not to be trumpeted to the world. Fate, however, has decided differently.* During my unpopularity, or rather *défauteur* at Court, among other absurdities I was accused of atheism and deism. To justify myself I was obliged to enumerate this translation as existing among my other papers (when seized). I began it in 1805, and have worked at it ever since and daily. This is the history of my translation."

* M. A. I. Tourguéneff had also taken part in the translation of the "Imitation" of Thomas à Kempis.

The reader will say that so many letters from Siberia without mention of snow are really a deception. The following extract must satisfy them:—

"I wish you joy of the coming Day of the Birth of Christ, and I pray that, being born of the Spirit, He may always abide with your spirit. Our cold is intense and cruel—30° and 36° below freezing-point (Reaumur); but I have always been able to get out for a walk till yesterday. I have never been ill or even felt ill here (Irkutsk). Of course I live by rule and take all precautions; but I must go out. The worst is already over. . . . The cattle wander about the fields, and the Mongols, the former lords of the soil, live there with their enormous flocks. One of their princes presented the Government with 1000 horses for the use of the settlers: this is quite a trifle among Mongols. I am sorry that you have not seen these patriarchs of the eastern steppes. Figure to yourself deacons in cloth-of-gold, with golden belts and sabres, then add to this beaver trimmings, and long hair plaited into one *queue*, and you have a *Taischà*."

We know after what reverses M. Speransky was raised to the dignity of Governor-General of this wintry kingdom. How lightly he sat on his official throne, and how insecure he felt any official position to be, will be seen from an extract, the last that we shall make from the three volumes of his descriptive letters to Elizabeth:—

"Our friends judge of me by public matters, and thereby of my situation, which is, however, truly unbearable. You judge me by the state of my mind, and also judge me correctly: only my patience and my hopes live on. I hope that all this will end soon, and that this may be my last achievement. This hope gives me strength and fortitude. Did I write with tears instead of ink I should not be believed; were I perfectly happy I know that men would not cease to be envious and suspicious. Everything depends on the party in power, and directing opinions."

The Russians have a proverb which says that "life, like the ice, breaks just at the place where you least expect it." So the Governor of Siberia found it. He wrote these letters to his daughter descriptive of strange tribes, of official intrigues, of difficulties to be overcome, and duties to be fulfilled; but it was in none of these quarters that the ice broke, and again plunged him into a sea of dis-

truss and perplexity. Count Michael, the Governor of Siberia, was summoned back to St. Petersburg, not by order of his Tzar, or by intrigues of his enemies, but by what is called an unfortunate attachment formed by his only child.

The hero of this romance was an officer in the army, but M. Speransky saw insuperable objections to the match, and he forbade it. Elizabeth was broken-hearted. There must have been some strong reason for such a decision, for her father had once said to her, "You must not give me any place in your future plans, those who love me suffer more or less: no truly happy people ever cared for me, and here my truest friends are the poor and lowly criminals and prisoners." However, he was resolute now, and the girl, always delicate, fell into bad health, pined, and, it is said, attempted suicide. "I ask you," he says to her, "if it is not possible for you to find another who could lead and comfort you? . . . I can live without any joy or comfort, if thou art happy, my child."

M. Speransky felt his own endurance at an end, and Siberia was forgotten. "At last," he cries — "at last, the long-wished-for, long-expected last letter from Siberia. On Wednesday I reach Russia. I am in the same part of the globe with thee; in Europe. Thoughts crowd into my disordered brain, which I can neither express nor analyze. I want your prayers more than ever, that I may not exaggerate my hopes, nor by their presumption offend a Providence which is merciful to all. . . .

"He can give me fortitude enough even to see thee unhappy, and not to murmur, if it be necessary for thy eternal welfare; if it be His will. Pray, oh pray, my child."

The Governor of Siberia must have been well received at Court, for it was immediately opened to welcome his daughter. Middle Speransky was named maid of honour to Empress Elizabeth, and under the almost motherly care of Princess Kotchubey, was taken into society, where it was hoped that her lost love would soon find a successor.

Aspirants for her hand at least appeared quickly. Among them there was a nephew of the Princess, a M. Bagréeff, then Governor of Tschernigov, and said to have come up to St. Petersburg in search of a wife, who lost no time in proposing for Elizaveta Michailovna, then twenty-two years of age. The lovelorn Elizabeth was first reluctant, and then

passive; but after a delay of some months she allowed herself to be talked into it, and then bestowed herself on a man who was ill-suited to her in every respect, and with whose nature her own never assimilated. Not long after its conclusion M. Speransky had also reason for regretting this marriage from a financial point of view; but we must not anticipate.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

CHAPTER V.

RICHARD ROSS had not visited his parents for years. He had scarcely been at home at all since the miserable catastrophe which had so fatally enlightened the world as to the folly of his marriage; and perhaps the certainty that he must come now contributed something to his mother's rapture in the recovery of his child; for the instinct of nature overcomes all its unlikeness; and Richard, though a man whom she would have laughed at and scorned had he not been her son, was, being her son, dearer than all the world to Lady Ekskide. The new event which had happened was important enough, and his mother's appeal was still more urgent and imperative; but I doubt if it would be true to say that there was any excitement of feeling, any happiness of anticipation in Richard's mind as he travelled home in obedience to the call. Nearly seven years had elapsed since his children were taken from him, and they had been too young to leave any permanent impression on his mind. That they were his children was all that could be said; and in Richard's mind, as time went on and he began to regard his misfortunes with a kind of hopeless apathy, they had come to be more like shadows of their mother than independent beings possessing rights and claims of their own. The first effect of the news was to rouse him to a painful sense of his own dismal shipwreck and hopeless failure in life, rather than to any excitement of a more tender kind. Those great personal misfortunes which change the complexion of our lives may fall into the background, they may cease to render us actively and always wretched; but they lie in wait, keeping, as it were, ever within reach, to wake into hot recollection at a touch. Most of us prefer to avoid that touch when we can, and Richard had done this

more persistently and with greater success than most people; but yet they lay there ready, the shame and the pain, wanting nothing but a jog to bring them out in full force. I would not go the length of saying that he was touched by no feeling of thankfulness that his child was restored; but his pleasure was infinitely less than the suffering he went through by means of this revival of all that was most painful in his life. He had long outgrown the boyish passion which led to his strange marriage; and as he had nothing to look back upon in connection with that marriage that was not miserable and humiliating, it is not wonderful that shame and self-disgust were his most lively sensations when it was recalled to him. He could not understand how he could have been guilty of folly so supreme and so intense; how he could have bartered his credit, his comfort, all the better part of life, not to speak of that hot love of youth, which in calmer years often looks so much like folly, even when it is happy and fortunate—for what? Nothing. He had not even, so far as he knew, touched the heart of the woman for whom he had made so extraordinary a sacrifice. At best she had but accepted and submitted to his love; she had never loved him; his influence had not wrought any change in her. He had not even affected her being so much as to induce her to give up the habits of her former life, or show any inclination to learn the habits of his. She had humiliated him in every way, and in no way so much as by allowing him to perceive his own impotence in regard to herself. This gave the last sting of bitterness to his recollections. A man can bear the outward disagreeables which result from a foolish marriage; he can put up, patiently or otherwise, with much that would revolt him in any other less close and binding connection; but when, in addition to these, he is made to feel that he himself is nothing and less than nothing to the creature for whom he has made these sacrifices, it is inevitable, or almost inevitable, that the early infatuation should change into a very different feeling. Sometimes, it is true, the victim of passion, notwithstanding all enlightenment, continues in his subjection, and goes on adoring even when he despises; but such cases are rare, and Richard's was not one of them. I cannot understand any more than his mother could, how "a son of hers" could have ever made so extraordinary a mistake in life; but now that his existence was per-

manently ruined and devastated by this great blunder, Richard had felt that his best policy was to ignore it utterly. He had lived a celibate and blameless life during all those years of enforced widowhood. Society knew vaguely that he had been married, though most people thought him a widower; but though much in the world, he had lived so as to avoid all disagreeable inquiries into the actual facts of the case. He had never betrayed even to his friends the blight which had stopped all progress in life for him. According to all precedent of fiction, some other woman ought to have stepped across his path and learned this secret, as Mr. Thackeray's Laura does by George Warrington. But Richard Ross had indulged in no Laura. He had friends enough and to spare, but never any close enough or dear enough to warrant scandal. Instead of Platonic affections he had taken to china, a safer weakness; and it was to this tranquil gentleman in the midst of his collections that the mother's letter came, thrusting back upon his recollection the dismal and humiliating melodrama of which he had been the hero. It is not difficult to imagine in the circumstances with what bitter annoyance he bore this revival of all his miseries, and girded himself up to answer the summons, and for the first time appear at home.

He arrived on a spring night as mild as the former one I have described had been boisterous. The sun had just set, and the rosy clouds hung above the trees of Rosscraig, and over the hillside, just tinged here and there with the bursting of the spring buds, but still for the most part brown and leafless, which sloped to the brawling Esk. I do not know a fairer scene anywhere. Some old turrets of the older part of the house, belonging to that style of domestic architecture which is common to France and to Scotland, peeped forth above the lofty slope of the bank. Had winter been coming, the brown, unclothed trees might have conveyed an impression of sadness; but as spring was coming they were all hopeful, specially where the green breaks of new foliage, big chestnut buds, and new green leaves still creased and folded, threw a wash of delicate colour upon the landscape. Richard's heart was somewhat touched by the feeling that he was approaching home; but the more his heart was touched the less he was inclined to show it; for had not he himself injured the perfection of that home, which was sur-

sounded by people *who knew*, and who could not but comment and criticise? He heaved an impatient sigh, even while his heart was melting to the dear familiar place, and wished himself away again among people who knew nothing about him, even though he felt the many charms of home steal into his heart. He was a year or two over thirty—a young man, though he did not feel young—tall and fair, with a placid temper and the gentlest manners; a man to all appearance as free from passion and as prone to every virtuous and gentle affection as man could be. His aspect, indeed, was that of a very model of goodness and English domestic perfection—a man who would be the discreetest of guides to his household, the best of fathers, an example to all surrounding him. This was what he ought to have been. Had he married Mary Percival this is what he would have been; though I think it very likely that Mary would have wearied of him without knowing why, and found life—had she had him—a somewhat languid performance. But, unfortunately, she was quite unconscious of what would have happened had the might have been ever come to pass, and did not know that she missed some evil as well as some good. On the contrary, her heart beat far more than she would have wished it to beat when the roll of the carriage-wheels which conveyed Richard was heard in the avenue. She stole out by the conservatory-door to be out of the way, and hid herself in the woods which sloped downward to Eskside. She scarcely heard the brawl of Esk, so loud was her heart beating. Poor Mary! it was not Richard alone who had come back and had to be met with tranquilly, as one stranger meets another—but her youth and all her fancies, and those anticipations long past which were so different from the reality. Mary stayed under the budding trees till almost the last ray of daylight had faded, and the bell from the house, calling all stragglers, tinkled from the height among the evening echoes. This bell of itself was a sign that something had happened: Lord and Lady Eskside were homely in their ways, and it was never rung when they were alone.

Lady Eskside received her son with the child by her side, going forward to meet him with little Val clinging to her hand; but when she forgot Val and threw her arms round her own boy whom she had not seen for so long, the child, bewildered, shifted its grasp to her gown,

which he held fast, somewhat appalled as well as jealous at the appearance of this new-comer. It was not until after Richard had received his father's less effusive greeting that even Lady Eskside bethought herself of the occasion of the visit—the little silent spectator, who, half buried in the folds of her gown, watched everything with keen eyes. "Ah!" she cried; then with a self-reproach for her own carelessness, "I think of my boy first, without minding that you are thinking of yours. Come, Val, and speak to your papa. Oh, Richard! oh, my dear! here is the child——"

"Oh! this is the child, is it?" said Richard, with a momentary faintness coming over him. He did not snatch the little fellow into his arms, as his mother thought he would. He did something very different, for the poor man was short-sighted, a thing which none of us can help. He took up nervously that double eyeglass which the French call a *pince-nez*, and put it on his nose. He could not have seen otherwise had his heart been ever so tender; but it would be impossible to describe the shock, the chill, which this simple proceeding brought upon Lady Eskside. Was there, then, no paternal instinct in her son's heart—none of the feeling which had made her own expand and glow towards the boy? Was her impulse of nature wrong, or his deadened? The old lord looked on curiously too, but with less vehement feeling, for Lady Eskside had a deeper stake in the matter. She felt that to find herself mistaken, and to have to give up the child whom she had adopted into her warmest affections, would be her death-blow.

"Richard! you don't think—your father and I—have been wrong?" she cried.

It was on Lord Eskside's lip to say that this rash adoption was none of his doing, and thus give up his wife to her fate; but he was sorry for her, and held his tongue, watching the man and the child as they stared at each other with gradually growing interest. The boy stood, holding by Lady Eskside's gown, with a baby scowl upon his soft little forehead, half raising one arm with instinctive suspicion, as he had done on the night of his arrival to ward off an imaginary blow. Richard sat opposite and gazed at him intently through his *pince-nez*. Something pathetic, tragic, terrible, yet ludicrous, was in the scene.

"Richard," faltered Lady Eskside,

“don't keep me in this suspense. Do you suppose — do you think — it is not him?”

“What is your name?” said Richard, looking at his son. “Val? — you are sure you are Val and not the other? Yes. I suppose, then, he's the eldest,” he said hurriedly, getting up and walking away to the window at the other end of the room. The old couple were too much surprised to say anything. They gave a wondering glance at each other, and Lord Eskside, putting up his hand, stopped the crowd of wondering questions which was coming from his wife's lips. Richard stood perhaps two minutes (it seemed an hour), with his back to them, looking out from the window. When he returned, his voice was husky and his face paler. “You have done quite right, mother, to take him in,” he said, in low tones, “so far as I can judge.” Then, with a suddenly heightened colour, “He is like — his mother. No one who has ever seen *her* could fail to recognize *him*.”

“Richard! oh, take him in your arms and give your child a kiss!” cried Lady Eskside, with tears in her eyes. “Oh, take your own mother's word, it is you the darling is like — you, and none but you!”

“Is that like me?” said Richard, touching his son's dark hair, with a harsh laugh; “or could we be mixed up, we two, in anything, even a child's face? No; the eldest was hers — all hers. Don't you recollect, mother? I was pleased then, like an idiot as I was. The other,” he added, with a softened voice, “was like me.”

And then there was silence again. He had not touched the child or spoken to him, except that unfriendly touch; and little Val stood by his grandmother's knee, still clutching her dress, looking on with a bewildered sense of something adverse to himself which was going on over his head, but which he did not understand. Richard threw himself into a chair, his fair, amiable face flushed with unusual emotion; he swung back in his seat, with an uneasy smile on his face, and an expression of assumed carelessness and real excitement totally unlike his usual aspect. As for Lady Eskside, she was struck dumb; she put her arms round the child, petting and consoling him. “My little man!” she said, pressing him close to her side, comforting the little creature, who was nothing more than perplexed in his baby mind — as if

he had shared the distinct pain in her own.

“Enough of this, Richard,” said Lord Eskside, coming to the rescue. “Whatever has happened, it is not the boy's fault. Your mother and I have the property to think of, and the succession. It is necessary that you should give an opinion one way or another —”

“Father, I beg your pardon,” said Richard, rising to his feet with a sudden flush of shame. “I allowed my feelings to get the better of me. I acknowledge the child. He is too like to be denied. Valentine was the eldest, and had dark hair, like — I have no doubt on the subject. If my mother chooses to use her eyes, she can see the resemblance —”

“To you, Richard! Oh, do not be bitter against the bairn; he is like you!”

Richard smiled — a painful smile, which sat ill on a countenance of which very nature demanded gentleness. “You may bring him up, sir, as your heir; I acknowledge him. There, mother, what do you want more of me? I can't be a hypocrite, even for you.”

“You should remember that you are his father,” said the old lady, half indignant, half weeping; “whatever may have happened, as your father says, the child is not to blame.”

“No,” said the young man. “Do you mean me to go, now that I have done what you wanted? Am I to be dismissed, my business being over —”

“What do you mean, sir?” said Lord Eskside, hotly; “do you forget that you are speaking to your mother —”

“My mother has not a word nor a look for me!” cried Richard. “She wants me for nothing but this gipsy brat, that I may own him, and advance him to my own place. I say it is hard on a man. I come back here, after years; and the first words that are said to me are — not to welcome me home — but to upbraid me that I do not grow maudlin all in a moment over this child.”

“Richard!” cried the old lady, with a sharp tone of pain in her voice; “do you want me to think that though I have got your son I have lost mine?”

“That must be as you will, mother: you seem to prefer him,” said Richard, in high offence. It was the first quarrel they had ever had in their lives; for through all his youthful errors she had stood by him always. I do not know what demon of perversity, vexation, and

personal annoyance worked in him; but I do know the intense and silent disappointment with which his mother's heart closed its open doors — wide open always to him — and she turned away, all her joy changed into bitterness. When she came to think of it she blamed herself, saying to herself that she had been injudicious in thrusting the strange little new-comer upon him the very moment of his arrival; but then she had judged him by herself — what can mortal do more? — and had believed that the boy would be his first thought.

In this way a cloud fell on the house from the very moment of Richard's return. His was not the prodigal's return, notwithstanding his long banishment and his great error. He had done more harm to his father's house than many a profligate son could have done; yet he was not wicked, but virtuous, and could not be received as a prodigal. And he, for his part, was warmly conscious of personal blamelessness, though his position, so far as other people knew, was that of one to whom much had been forgiven — a complication which was very productive of irritating feelings. I do not mean to say that the cloud lasted, or that Richard went to his room that night unreconciled with his mother. On the contrary, when Lady Eskside followed him there, with a woman's yearning, to wipe out every trace of the misunderstanding, her boy fell upon her neck as when he had been really a boy, and kissed her, and did all but lift up his voice and weep, according to the pathetic language of Scripture. But even after the recollection of his petulance was thus effaced, the shock she had received tingled through his mother's heart, and even through her physical frame, which was beginning to be more sensitive by reason of age, vigorous woman though she was. Even without any painful occurrences in the interval, a visit like this, paid after years of separation, is often a painful experiment. The son of Lord Eskside, a homely Scots lord, with few interests which were not national, or even local, was a very different person from the Hon. Richard Ross, *attaché* of the British Legation at Florence, whose life had fallen into grooves entirely different from those of home. Though he returned to all the soft kindness of his natural manner, the keen observation of the two women who were watching him (for Mary was little less interested than Lady Eskside) soon made out that

Richard took little interest in his father's talk, and was quickly fatigued by his mother's questions. He did not care for the parties of country neighbours who were asked to meet him. "Of course, my dear mother, whoever you please, he would say, with a faint little contraction in his smooth forehead; but then probably that was because those country neighbours knew all about him, and understood that they were invited to eat the fattened calf, and celebrate a prodigal's return.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER this first experience of his feeling on the subject, Lady Eskside, though with a painful effort, wisely resolved to avoid further embarrassment by letting things fall into their natural course, and making no effort to thrust his child upon Richard's notice. The little fellow, already familiar with the house, and fully reconciled, with a child's ease and *insouciance*, to the change in his lot, ran about everywhere, making the great hall resound by times, and beginning to reign over Harding and the rest of the servants, as the spoiled darling, the heir of the race, is apt to do, especially in the house of its grandparents. The only person Val was shy of was his father, who took little or no notice of him, but after his first introduction expressed no active feeling towards the child one way or another. Perhaps, indeed, Richard was slightly ashamed of that uncalled-for demonstration of his feelings. Valentine was his son, whether he liked it or not, and must be his heir and representative as well as his father's; and though it never occurred to him to contemplate the moment when he himself should reign in his father's stead, he felt it wise to make up his mind that his boy should do so, and to give his parents the benefit of his own experience as to Val's education. "You must be prepared for an ungovernable temper and utter unreasonableness," he said to his mother, making a decided and visible effort to open the subject.

"My dear, there is nothing of the kind," cried Lady Eskside, eagerly; "the bairn is but a bairn, and thoughtless — but nothing of the kind can I see —"

"He is seven years old, and he is fooled to the top of his bent — everybody gives in to him," said Richard. "Mark my words, mother, — this is what you will have to str've against. Self-control is unknown to that development of character. So long as they don't care very much

for anything, all may go well; but the moment that he takes a fancy into his head——”

Mary was present at this interview, and it was not in human nature to refrain from a glance at his mother to see how she received this lofty delineation of a character which Richard evidently thought the antipodes of his own. Lady Eskside saw the glance, and understood it, and faltered in her reply.

“Many do that, my dear,” she said, meekly, “that are gentle enough in appearance. I will remember all the hints you give me. But Val, though he is very high-spirited, is a good child. I think I shall be able to manage him.”

“Send him to school,” said Richard — “that is the best way; let him find his level at school. Send him to Eton, if you like, when he is old enough, but in the mean time, if my advice is worth anything, put him under some strict master who will keep him well in hand, at once. My dear mother, you are too good, you will spoil him. With the blood he has in his veins he wants a firmer hand.”

“My hand is getting old, no doubt,” said Lady Eskside, with a little glow of rising colour.

“I do not mean that; you are not old — you will never be old,” said her son, with that flattery which mothers love. This put the disagreeable parts of his previous speech out of her mind. She smiled at her boy, and said, “Nonsense, Richard,” with fond pleasure. To be sure it was nonsense; but then nonsense is often so much better than the sagest things which wisdom itself can say.

As for the meeting with Mary Percival, that was got over more easily than she herself could have expected. There were so many other things in Richard’s mind that he took her presence there the first evening as a matter of course; and though that too had its sting, she was so great a comfort and help to them all in the excitement and embarrassment involved in the first meeting, that Mary was made into a person of the first importance — a position which always sheds balm upon the mind of one who has been, or thinks she has been, slighted. This state of comfort was somewhat endangered next morning, when Richard thought it proper to express his sense of her great kindness in coming to meet him. “It was very good of you,” he said — “like yourself; you were always much kinder to me than I deserved.” Now this is not a kind of acknowledgment which sensitive women

are generally much delighted to receive, from men of their own age at least.

“Was I?” said Mary, trying to laugh; “but in this case at least I had no intention of being kind. I was here before there was any question of your coming; and I do not know that I should have stayed — for when she has you, Lady Eskside wants no other companion — but that I was very anxious to know about Val.”

“I ought to be grateful to Val,” said Richard; “he seems to have supplanted me with all my friends — even my mother is more interested, a great deal, in Val’s digestion, than she is in my tastes, nowadays. I have to fall back upon the consolation of all whose day is over. It was not always so.”

There was the slightest touch of bitterness in this, which partially conciliated Mary, though it would be difficult to tell why.

“I suppose that is a consolation,” she said. “I feel it too; but in your case there is no occasion. They worship the child because he is your son.”

“Yes, it is a consolation,” said Richard, “so far as anything can console one for the loss of opportunities, the change of circumstances. I find it safer to say nothing on such subjects, and to live among people who know nothing; but now that I am forced to stand here again, to recollect all that might have been——”

It was a still afternoon, the sun shining with lavish warmth and force, the grass growing, the leaves opening, so that you could almost see their silent haste of progress. They were standing on the terrace outside the windows, looking down over the brown woods all basking in the sunshine, to Esk, which showed here and there in a wider eddy of foam round some great boulder which interrupted his course. It was too early for the twitter of swallows; but some of those hardy birds that dwell all the year at home were interchanging their genial babble, deep among the multitudinous branches, and a few daring insects hummed in the air which was so full of sunshine. Floods of golden crocus had come out on all the borders. It was not the moment for recollection; but these words raised a swell and expansion of feeling in Mary’s heart which it was not safe to indulge. Soft moisture came to her eyes. Happily that rush of sensation was not strong enough to make her wretched, but it confused her so much that she could not reply.

"All the same," said Richard, quickly, "I do not agree with Browning in his rapture over an English spring. You should see Italy at this season: everything here is pale, a mere shadow of the radiance yonder. From Bellosguardo, for instance, looking down upon Florence; you have never been in Italy, Mary? — a sky to which this is darkness, air all lambent with light and warmth, such towers, such roofs rising up into it, and the Val-d'Arno stretching away in delicious distance, like the sea, as ignorant people say — as if the sea could ever be so full of grace and interest! It is, I suppose, the junction of art with exquisite nature which gives such a landscape its great charm. Here we have nature, to be sure, pretty enough in its way, but everything that man touches is monstrous. Those square horrible houses! Happily we don't see them here."

The soft flow of feeling which had risen in Mary's mind, and had filled her eyes with moisture, suddenly turned into gall. "No," she said, "I have never been in Italy. I don't know that I want to go. I prefer to think my own country the most beautiful in the world."

"Well," said Richard, "perhaps if you are obliged to live in it all your life it is the most philosophical way."

How little Mary was thinking of philosophy at that moment! It was well for her that his mother came out from the open window, ready to walk down to the village, which she had made her son promise somewhat unwillingly to do. "Mary will go with us," Lady Eskside had said as an inducement to Richard, not perhaps taking Mary's inclinations much into account; for, of course (she reckoned securely), Mary would put her own feelings in her pocket rather than take away a motive from Richard to do his duty; and there could be no doubt that it was his duty to visit the old people who remembered him, and who would be wounded if he took no notice of them. "We must go to our old Merran's, your nurse that used to be. She is married to the smith, you remember, Richard? and doing well, I believe, though always a great gossip, as she was when she was a young woman. Her son has come to be under-gamekeeper, and your father thinks he will give him one of the lodges if he turns out well, for he is going to be married," said Lady Eskside, walking briskly down the winding path through the wood, which was shorter than the avenue, — and full of a country lady's satisfaction

in that sway over her humble neighbours and full knowledge of their concerns which is so good for both parties. Richard went dutifully by her side, and listened at least; while Mary came behind with little Valentine in wonderful new fine clothes, velvet and lace, the strangest contrast to his former appearance. He had been a beautiful child in his poor garments; he was like a little prince now, with aristocrat (a stranger would have said) written in every fine line of those features, upon which the noble father and the vagrant mother had both impressed their image. The mother not being by, the child was universally wondered over for his resemblance to his father; but to that father's eyes Val had nothing that had not come to him from the other — that other who had once been Richard's idol, and now was his enemy and his shame.

Merran Miller, you may be sure, had heard every word of the story, and more, and knew exactly how the beautiful boy, in his fantastic, costly dress, had been brought to Rossraig, and remembered how she had herself seen him make his entry into his future possessions, muddy and crying, "a beggar-wean" by the side of the mother who went to lodge at Jean Macfarlane's. She knew it all, but this did not lessen the warmth of her enthusiasm for Mr. Richard's boy, the bonnie wee gentleman who was so like his papaw. "Eh, bless him, he's like a prince! I wish the queen herself might have the like!" she cried, with all the loyalty of an old retainer, and wiped her eyes with her apron at thought of the kindness of Mr. Richard coming so far to see "the like of me!" Richard, after he had said all that was civil to his old nurse, fell back, while his mother inquired into her domestic affairs, and informed her of Lord Eskside's intended favour to the young gamekeeper who was about to be married. "We cannot forget that you were a good nurse to our boy," said the old lady, gracious in her happiness; "and as Providence has been good to us, giving us back our grandchild, who is the heir, and his father at the same time, my lord and myself take a pleasure in seeing other folk happy too." "Eh, my lady, but you're kind and good! and what can I say to you for my Willie — for such a grand start in life!" cried Merran, once more applying her apron to her eyes. Richard strayed aside, and would have fallen back upon Mary, not feeling much

interest in this conversation, had not Mary, still affronted, eluded his address. But as he looked round the cottage, something which interested him still more attracted his eye. It was the "aumurie" or oak press in which Merran and her mother before her had kept their "napery" for ages. The connoisseur rushed at it, and examined every line of its old carving; he opened the doors and looked over all the drawers and intricacies inside. "Here is something as fine as any piece of furniture in your house. Ask her if she will part with it," he said rapidly to his mother in French. His blue eyes sparkled with pleasant excitement, and his colour rose. Since he came back, nothing—not his unknown child, not his parents, not Mary, nor the associations of home—had given him so warm a glow of pleasurable feeling. He was in his natural element once more.

It became still more apparent, however, and in a more agreeable way, how much Richard was changed when the first dinner-party convoked in his honour assembled at Rossraig. The best people in the county were there, straining a point to show the dear old Esksides (as the Dowager-Duchess herself said) that for their sake their son's misdoings would be overlooked, and himself received again as if nothing had happened. They all came prepared to be kind to him, to forget the disgrace he had brought upon himself and his family, and to condone all past offences on condition of future good conduct. But lo! Richard was civil to the people who had intended to be good to *him*—he received them with the quiet self-assured air of a man of the world, which is ever so far removed from that of the conscious offender against social laws whom they had come to meet. He spoke with a certain gentle authority as a man much better acquainted with the great world and the highest levels of life than were his critics—giving them pieces of information about political matters, and deciding which was the real version of fashionable scandals in a way which struck the neighbours dumb. "My dears, we are all under a delusion," said the same Dowager-Duchess whom we have already quoted, addressing a little group in the corner of the drawing-room to which they had retired to compare notes, and make their astonished comments on leaving the dinner-table. "Depend upon it it's no tramp he has married, but some foreign princess. He's

no more ashamed of himself than I am." And, indeed, a rumour to this effect ran through all Mid-Lothian. In the dining-room all the gentlemen were equally impressed. Before they rose from table, Sir John Gifford, the greatest landowner in the district, and son-in-law to the Marquess of Tranent, asked Richard's opinion as to what the Ministry would do about the then existing crisis (I do not remember what it was) in foreign politics; and they all listened to what he said about the state of feeling in Italy, and the condition of the smaller courts, as if it had been gospel. "That son of Eskside's, whatever he may have done to compromise himself in his youth, is a rising man, you may take my word for it," Sir John said solemnly at the next assembly of the county. "And the less we inquire into most men's youth the better, my dear Sir John," said the Dowager-Duchess, of whose tongue most people stood in awe; and Sir John coloured, and felt more and more sympathetic with Dick Ross; for he, too, had known the drawbacks of a *jeunesse orangeuse*.

This revolution was made not gradually, but in a single evening. The first dinner-party at Rossraig was intended more or less to represent that entertainment at which the fatted calf was eaten; but in the curious change of sentiment that ensued, there was no more thought of fatted calves. The indulgent reception intended to be given to the exile, almost the outlaw, of whom every one had spoken for years with bated breath, turned imperceptibly into the welcome accorded to a distinguished guest. Richard's manners were allowed to be perfect; he had all the *savoir vivre*, the easy grace, the perfect self-possession of a man of the world. He knew every body, he had seen everything, he was learned in art of every description, from the old masters in painting to lace and china; and every lady in the county who possessed either was proud of his approbation. Perhaps he was not quite so great out of doors, where neither agriculture nor sport were in his way; but men forgive much to a political authority, as women do to a connoisseur, and Richard's visit was an event in the neighbourhood. Lady Eskside's feelings on witnessing this revolution were of the strongest. She watched it with a certain consternation, half frightened, half triumphant; the poor boy's humiliation and sufferings were all being repaid to him; yet Lady Eskside was a just woman, and

I do not think she was quite sure that Richard deserved to be thus received with an ovation. But where was there ever a mother who did not glow with pride and happiness to see her son the observed of all observers, the hero of her world? Mary Percival, who stood by and looked on closely, a spectator less prejudiced in Richard's favour, yet full of the keenest interest, wondered still more, judging him differently in her heart. Mary's feelings were of a kind which would not bear analyzing. She could not keep from watching him, she heard everything that was said of him, she noted his words and actions with a keen and never-failing concern; but her wonder, and a partial amusement which pained herself, yet would not be altogether subdued, were not sympathy. She seemed to herself to be behind the scenes, and to see more than the rest did; and by this means it came about that the rush of blood to her heart, and the thrill through all her frame with which Mary had acknowledged Richard's approach in spite of herself, died away and left her quite calm as all the world awoke to his merits. This second and less important revolution Lady Eskside perceived dimly, but did not understand.

However, Richard's sudden popularity was the most fortunate incident possible for his child. Many people, after the first eager interest with which they had received the romantic story of little Val's first appearance at Rossraig, began to doubt it because it was so romantic, and pointed out to each other the much more likely and sensible way of accounting for it. "The beggar-wife is all a myth, depend upon it," said the Dowager-Duchess,— "a myth founded upon the popular conviction that Dick Ross was unfortunate in his marriage. Most of us are unfortunate in our marriages; but it seldom comes to that sort of thing. No, no; depend upon it, the child came with his father, as was natural and proper. What better explanation would you have?" There can be no doubt that this method of introducing a child who is heir to a peerage is a much more comprehensible and reasonable one than a wild tale by which he was represented as having been thrust in at the hall-door on a stormy night. There had been much excitement caused by the story; but that very excitement was a proof to many sober people that it was ridiculous. Why search further? they said. His father had come home on a visit, a very rising

young man, and extremely agreeable and he had brought the child with him. Valentine's appearance confirmed the district in this sensible view of the question. In his velvet tunic and collar of falling lace, he was utterly unlike anything but a dainty little dandy born to luxury and bred with every care, whose cheek the winds had never been allowed to touch rudely. To look at the child was quite enough, said many. He to have been wandering about the country with a tramp!—the idea was preposterous. He was a little aristocrat all over—from his dark curls to the buckles on his dainty shoes. And when the gentry of the country inquired, as they almost all did individually, into the origin of the other absurd story, it was universally traced to the servants' hall. My Lady Gifford's maid had got it from Joseph the footman at Rossraig, and the Dowager-Duchess had heard it from an under-gardener who kept the lodge, and with whom she did not disdain an occasional gossip. There is no limit to the imagination of persons in that class of life, many people said; and it became a mark of fashion on Eskside by which you could decide whether any individual really belonged to the cream of society or not. Belief in the common-sense theory that (of course) Richard had brought his son to his mother's care, was for a long time the shibboleth of the county. Those who had faith in the romantic part of the story were given over to a reprobate imagination, and stamped themselves vulgar at once by adopting a theory so ridiculous. Nothing could have been more fortunate for the young heir. Lady Eskside awoke to the importance of maintaining this "sensible" view before she had been tempted to utter the true occasion of her joy to any dear friend. Nobody knew the real facts of the case except Mary and the servants. Mary was safe as Lady Eskside herself, and as careful of the honour of the family; and as for the servants, with their well-known love of the marvellous, how could any one pin his faith on them? Thus circumstances arranged themselves for little Val a hundred times better than the most sanguine imagination could have believed.

But the story lingered on the lower levels of society, where nobody was deceived. Merran Miller herself, though she had been Richard's nurse, and felt herself a partisan of the family, paused to give an elaborate description of the child and his finery to her friends, when,

throwing her apron over her cap, she rushed out to proclaim her Willie's good fortune to all the world: "I wish I was at the boddom o't," cried Merran; "it's an awfu' queer story. I'm real glad now that it came into my head to give the weans a piece, and that I was civil to the woman. But to see yon bairn decked up like a cheeny image! and his gaun greeting with a beggar-wife nae later than Wednesday at e'en —!"

From Fraser's Magazine.

A CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

ALL the world has had its laugh at the persistency of English people in carrying their ways and customs into every quarter of the globe however uncongenial. Amid French vineyards and a cuisine of resonant titles and delicate contrivance, they demand their beef and their beer, and under a tropical sun they cling tenaciously to broad-cloth suits and chimney-pot hats. It were not to be expected in their grand Eastern dependency, where every Briton is thrice the man he would be elsewhere, that any especially time-honoured custom would lose its authority. Accordingly in India her European masters, like the Marchioness over wine of orange peel and water, "make believe very much" to keep Christmas in the old traditional style. It may well be supposed that this fond endeavour is not without difficulties and incongruities. With the thermometer at 84° Old Father Christmas cannot come with icicles on his beard and mantle powdered with snow. He finds no blazing fires in bungalows without hearths or chimneys. The trees are thick with foliage, the fields are heavy with grain. He looks vainly for his ancient accompaniments, and seems like to droop and disappear. But the stout Briton bids him take heart and behold how his festival can be honoured amongst alien surroundings. First there is holiday throughout the land. All public offices are closed for ten days, so that friends scattered far apart in solitary up-country stations may have an opportunity of meeting again. Holly there is none, but the red berries and glossy leaves of the *Ixora* bush, there an abundant wayside shrub, make a tolerable though thornless substitute. Beef, good beef, is rare, as in the oxless Grecian Isles, but a piece is forthcoming, and though hard and dry as if cut from the

flanks of Io after a year's frenzied flight before the gad-fly, suffices to keep up appearances, and every one conscientiously struggles through three mouthfuls. Neither will the feast be baffled of plum-pudding and mince pie. All the way from England they come in carefully closed tins, and bilious men and women on that occasion eat of them valiantly, and defy their livers. And there is laughter and friendly merriment. Past Christmases and distant friends are recalled; and the old Genius of the day lifts up his head and feels more in his proper atmosphere, though no curtains be drawn and no fire be blazing, though doors and windows stand wide, and overhead a thing strange to his sight and notions, a broad punkah, sweeps backwards and forwards to arouse the breezes he would elsewhere shut out; and the only ice he sees is produced through chemical magic by the agency of a fire and furnace. But even in India there are spots where Christmas can better assert his dominion. Under the snows of the gigantic Himalaya the fire-lit windows of Simla or Nynce Tal shine through icicle fringes on a winter as white as Lapland. Turning, however, at present from those palaces of eternal snow to the burning plains of South India, the philosophy which recognizes a beneficent prevision in the neighbouring growth of cork trees and vineyards, may haply see a preparation for a race of northern conquerors in the lofty ranges scattered over those plains on whose bracing heights the strangers might recruit in the temperature of their own clime. Bombay has its Mahabuleswar Hills, Madras its Neilgherries, Pulney Hills, and Bangalore. It is to these mountain retreats, when within reach, that Christmas holiday makers commonly resort, and all down the far-stretching line of the Western Ghats there are elevations, locally known, where the officials of the district can occasionally seek refreshment. At varying distances from the sea that mountain line runs down the western coast, and at a point nearly midway between Bombay and Cape Comorin recedes more inland, and rises abruptly into a lofty crest, overlooking a vast expanse of level country, traversed by two broad rivers, which, turning towards one another as they approach the sea, join in one mouth, whereon stands the chief town of the district. Hot, steamy, and oppressive, is that coast region. From June to September it is deluged with the heaviest torrents of

the south-west monsoon: one hundred and fifty inches — twelve feet of water descending on the soil — is no unusual annual amount; seldom, indeed, much less. Towards the end of the year the clouds have drawn off, the thick watery atmosphere has cleared, and the European dwellers on the coast turn longing eyes towards the towering range of steel-blue mountains, that, previously invisible, now stands up sharp and distinct on the horizon.

As Christmas approaches a party is formed, and at the holiday all start, some on horseback, some in palanquins, to traverse the forty and odd miles that lie between the sea and the foot of the hills. The palanquin journey is easiest, though not the most agreeable; the dry road is deep in dust, which the feet of the bearers shuffle up in a continual cloud that fills the nose and eyes of the occupant; who is moreover incessantly dazzled by the torches borne by runners in front. Starting at sunset, the traveller is carried all night long through sleeping villages whose silent streets are lit up transiently by the passing torch-light gleaming on the low-browed verandahs under which lie slumbering figures shrouded, like mummies, from head to foot in white cloths — past way-side temples in whose cavernous depths a glimpse is caught of a light burning faintly before the god — under the inky darkness of avenues of banyan trees, whose huge arms meet and cross above the road, the grotesque twisted trunks gleaming out and disappearing in quick succession as the torch goes by. For the last ten miles the road passes through dense jungle, sometimes amongst whispering bamboos, sometimes across openings on which dead trees and withered stumps assume for the moment wild spectral shapes; but presently a faint glow appears in the east, the jungle-cocks begin to crow, and with the first dawn the traveller arrives at the bottom of the mountain. In an open space surrounded by trees a large shed has been erected, camp-fires are burning round, and about them are gathered a numerous following of native servants, coolies, and shikaries. People array themselves for the ascent; coffee is quickly made, horses and ponies are brought from their pickets; baggage, infinitely subdivided, is lifted upon an infinite number of heads, and with the dawn still widening a long, motley, straggling train begins the ascent.

For the first four miles the road, zigzag over zigzag, climbs up a huge forest-clad

spur, emerging at last into a long lateral valley that stretches upward into the heart of the mountain-land, bounded on the farther side by precipitous ramparts and towering spires of bare granite. Still upward slants the track, now through belts of woodland, now crossing grassy opens. By this time the sun has risen high: nowhere is his heat so overpowering as in the lower valleys of Indian hills; the breathless, burning atmosphere seems to oppress and weigh upon one like a thick cloak. Still the track mounts wearily onward, rounding slope after slope that descends precipitously down the side of the valley. Presently a narrow belt of trees is entered, a halt called, and the "First Water" hailed; a slender runnel of cool, clear water, the first encountered on the ascent, comes trickling down through the trees over rocks and stones, drawn from the heart of the rough hill above. Limpid First Water — *splendidior vitro* — unreachable by fiercest sun; how often have the gush and babble of thy waters seemed worthy of offerings of flowers and wine! Half an hour's rest, and then onward: the valley narrows upward to a grassy *col*; surmounting this, another higher valley opens to the view, closed at the end by mighty mountain sides rising abruptly, and crowned with deep, dark forest. The path that must be trodden can be discerned far on before climbing up a formidably steep flank; high up on that lofty summit, beside those cloud-swept woods, lies the bourne of the journey. The long valley is threaded, the toilsome ladder-like ascent beyond slowly won. Every step now rises into a cooler air; at length the deep woodland shades are gained, and the climate of an English spring. The trees stand thick, their close round tops covering the slopes and hollows with a canopy of many-tinted green, dashed here and there with red. A wide path cut through them leads to a spacious rustic bungalow or cottage, roughly but solidly built, with a high pitched roof, gabled in front, and thatched with the strong jungle grass kept down by long bamboos laid across. Highest of all dwellings near and far stands that solitary Cottage, nearly 6,000 feet above the sea-level; on all the mountain range there is no other habitation. It was built by subscription, and all the material, save timber, carried piecemeal to the spot up the steep twelve-mile ascent. It stands at the edge of an immense forest that, far as eye can follow, clothes the receding summits of the Ghauts; beneath, the moun-

tain sides, seamed with ravines, run downward to lower, though still lofty, valleys ; and before it lies an enclosed garden, blooming with roses, red, crimson, and yellow ; fuchsias, blue hydrangeas, and the ivory trumpets of the datura — flowers that would perish in an hour on the plain below.

By mid-day the party has arrived in detachments, and soon after the coolies come up with the baggage, and after receiving their hire, without rest or pause hasten down again out of the to them hateful coolness. Let us survey awhile this mountain-eyrie — this hanging garden of nature lifted so high amid the clouds. For some hundreds of miles the Ghauts have run down the coast in a long line of "hills with peaky tops engrailed," but are here arrested, and wide valleys and expanses of level country intervene between the rugged slopes of the Mysore frontier and the wild highlands of Coorg, whence they resume their march southwards to the Cape. But at the point where it is stayed, the line, instead of sloping gradually down to the plain, ends in a towering ridge, rising haughtily, like a dragon's crest, for a thousand feet above all other summits in sight. This final ridge, barely a mile in length and two score yards wide at top, falls on its seaward side to the plain below for 6,000 feet in a grand sweeping precipitous descent, ribbed at intervals by rocky buttresses, spined and jagged like the backs of sea-monsters. Its interior face slopes down to meet the hilly Mysore plateau, and for a thousand feet downward is mantled with primeval forest, at the border of which stands the solitary Cottage. The wavy outline of the crest swells highest in the centre and at each end ; the eastern rising into a blunt horn, from the tip of which a stupendous precipice sinks sheer and straight for 800 feet to the roots of the ridge. In this sublime feature the stately succession of mountains fitly terminates. There may be other declivities of equal or greater depth, but hardly elsewhere so towering, so stern and lonely a precipice, lifted up so high in middle air. Its sharply defined profile is conspicuous over all the broad regions below, and a landmark to mariners far out at sea. The dwellers on the plains fancy they discern in its outline the profile of a horse's face reined up to the chest, and call it "Kudray Mookh," or Horse's Face, by which name, generally shortened into Mookh, the whole ridge is familiarly known. From the summit the

eye ranges over a far-stretching country chequered with bright green rice tracts and villages whence lines of smoke slant for wondrous distances before the wind, closed up at the far east by wild irregular mountains, and veined by shining curves and reaches of rivers that wander on to the Western Sea. The walk along the narrow, round-backed ridge can have few rivals. East and south extends the vast prospect just described. Westward the Ghauts run back like a giant rampart, with precipitous sea-ward face, top turreted with peaks and domes, some dark from head to foot with forest, some green and open, and inward flanks stretching downward to the Mysore table-land, which extends north in a confused crowd of countless rounded slopes and summits — a wrinkled wilderness of hills, intricately huddled, like the seamed bubbly surface of a foam-bank on a flood.

Over all this varied scene the Mookh Ridge rises pre-eminent, and the solitary beholder feels "the power of hills" grow over him as he gazes round. No tree could stand there, for nothing is interposed between it and the sea, whence the vast south-west monsoon at the appointed season sweeps with its legion of hurricanes, and age after age hurls them on the haughty bulwark which first breaks its rush. Strange must be the contrast between those months of endless storm and cloud and the present days of peaceful sunshine. But now back to the Mookh Cottage. It is Christmas morning : all is bustle and merriment. What an elixir is the mountain air ! how have low-country langour and depression vanished ! There is no holly or mistletoe ; but there is what England could not supply, out of doors at least, at this season — a profusion of crimson and yellow roses, such as the Mookh garden alone produces ; with these and other flowers and green branches wreaths are woven, and the rough walls of the Cottage are soon gay and odorous. And then to breakfast — a breakfast befitting the Olympus whereon we sit. What curries and fricassees ; what a ham and tongue, drawn forth from tin coffins ; what patés and delicate confections, in small, exquisite vases and pots ! and what appetites to confront all these ! appetites that three days before would have quailed at an egg. After this, the day being gloriously fine, Englishmen of course must go and kill something. Nor now altogether wantonly ; for a fat deer would be highly acceptable to the troop of servants and

shikarries who have accompanied the party: so they disperse into the deep wooded valley, dotted with open glades, from the borders of which the tall deer steal warily out to graze, and the gleaming form of a tiger sometimes glides swiftly by.

From the Cottage two or three paths lead upwards through the forest to the Mookh Crest — faint tracks, scarcely visible on the hard soil underfoot, but traceable in advance winding through the trees. They might easily be lost in that sylvan solitude: there is no grass or undergrowth, but the innumerable trunks rise from the bare ground in solemn multitudes, sustaining a continuous leafy canopy, through which flecks of sunshine chequer the ground with carmine reflections. Passing on, long brown vistas open and close in shifting succession. All is hushed, save when a wood-pigeon suddenly flies from the boughs above, or a rustle tells of a startled deer. It seems aloof from the common world, like a "wild wood of Broceliande," in which it were nothing strange to meet a troop of Faery ladies or catch a glimpse of Merlin with vast and shaggy beard musing on a fallen trunk. Issuing at length from the shade where the close verge of the forest runs under the shelter of the inward side of the crest, it is possible to descend by a steep and difficult track over rocky faces and ledges, through thick grass and bushes, to the Stone Chair, a point on a ridge beneath, whence at two-thirds of its depth and a hundred yards in its front the whole gigantic Mookh Precipice may be contemplated from top to bottom. It is an overwhelming object — the gaunt, awful cliff — soaring five hundred feet above, sinking three hundred feet below. Grey hawks wheel out from its crevices. A black eagle circles round on wide, steady wings. Flights of swifts and swallows dart by with a rush and whistle as of bullets. Every evening they come in myriads, probably from hundreds of miles around, to roost in the rifts and crannies of that securest of watch-towers. Evening approaches; it is time to seek the Cottage. The sportsmen return, bringing a deer skilfully "broken," the flesh and quarters placed in a bag made of the hide, slung to a pole and carried on two men's shoulders. There is great rejoicing amongst the natives, for the venison is not much esteemed by Europeans, and, except a few steaks, the tongue, and feet and shins, which make incomparable jelly, the whole

is given to them, so that they as well as their masters may make good cheer. Of the Christmas dinner, it is enough to say that it was worthy of a festival held so high above every-day earth and life; but many in lower regions and many in far-away lands were well remembered, and as the mountain wind rose without, and a thick white cloud rolled in ghostly volumes up to the uncurtained windows, logs were heaped on the wide fire-place, and India seemed infinitely remote.

Anglo-Indians rise early. Only at the hours of sunrise and sunset can they enjoy pleasurable exercise, and none recognize so fully as they the force of Faust's precept:

Would'st thou know how to disabuse
The heart that's dead, the eye that's dim?
Then rise when first the sun renews
His course above the ocean's brim,
And bathe thy breast in ruddy dews,
That drip from off his mighty rim.

But on the mountains the necessity is not so strong, and in the morning before sunrise only one of the party issued forth on the platform before the Cottage. The air was keen, and Titania's complaint that

hoary-headed frosts
Fall on the fresh lap of the crimson rose,

was verified all round, the rose-bushes being powdered and laced with rime, which on Indian hills seems to touch, but not injure, the flowers. Far beneath in the foreground the lowermost valleys were filled with white, fleecy, level cloud, like lakes of snow, in which the winding valley-sides ran in and out like bays and promontories. Beyond lay the rugged hill-country, crossed by long ridges, undistinguishable during the day, but now thrown out in dark relief by the pale morning light, six being traceable one beyond the other. And now unexpectedly it fell to the lot of the watcher of the dawn to behold one of those "gawds" which Charles Lamb ungrudgingly grants a gentleman may sometimes see only for getting up. The heavens were clear all round, save that a single cloud hung over the mountains between the Mookh and the eastern gate — some five or six acres, as it seemed, of well-defined dark vapour, projecting two arms westward. Presently all its surface began to kindle with a red glow, rapidly deepening; then a brilliant golden fringe ran round it, and soon the whole cloud was lit up with intense red, scarlet, and golden splendours, flecked with sable curls, and hung in mid-air like

a celestial island of glorious jewelly radiance. A clear sea-green distance extended between it and the east; overhead the sky was faint blue; beneath, the lower hills and mountain skirts still lay in shadow. But the magnificent pageant could not last. The sun was hastening up: his rim appeared behind the far-distant peaks, throwing them up in black relief, and the splendid vision began to fade, and by the time he had risen clear the whole cloud had turned dull and pale, and presently began to dislimn and pass away in threads of grey vapour. Seldom in a lifetime may such a vision be seen. Morning and evening skies widely aflame with fiery fleeces and golden illumination are not so rare, but seldom such a spectacle of concentrated resplendency. How prodigal is Nature of her pomps and grandeurs, and how regardless of sympathy with them! Probably no other eyes marked the wondrous glory just departed. And age after age all round the globe sublime and beautiful displays go on unheeded. Gorgeous sunsets over desert seas, lovely scenery in savage lands, auroras of unearthly radiance round the untrodden Pole; and in the incalculable epochs of geology,

Or ever the wild Time coined itself
Into calendar months and days,

when earth, sea, and elements were more mingled, and the atmosphere otherwise compounded, what unimaginable visions, seen only by eyes of saurian or pterodactyle! Nature ever emphatically intimates how unnecessary to her is Man!

When the aërial pomp had vanished, the watcher turned his steps to a deep narrow ravine below the Cottage garden. Through it runs a clear stream drawn from the heart of the Mookh Forest above — the farthermost spring of the Toongabuddhra River, that, rising in sight of the Western Sea, traverses the Peninsula to the Bay of Bengal. The ravine falls steeply down the mountain flanks, its precipitous sides clothed with thickest forest, and from its depths the sound of a waterfall comes up to the Cottage. None had hitherto explored it; but after a difficult scramble down slippery rocks and dripping ledges, through dense brakes of thorny bamboo and brushes laced together with long trailing cords of the rattan beset with sharp hooked thorns, the bottom was reached, whence the noise of waters ascended. It was but a rocky wall some forty feet high thrown across the bed of the stream, which

gushed at a dozen points over its brow, and came gliding down its almost perpendicular front in veils of water, broken in their descent by cornices and ragged ledges that scattered showers of bright water-drops into a little pool at the foot. During the first hours of the morning the sun's rays darted into the deep ravine and lighted up a broken sun-bow in the spray-mist — an irregular coloured cloudlet, now expanding, now contracting, as the wind ceased or blew aside the spray. It was a spot of deep seclusion; a troop of large silvery-grey monkeys, with faces encircled with white hair, gravely watched the first intruder on their haunts from the arms of a huge tree, and then silently glided away through the branches. The intruder, according to Mookh custom, asserted a discoverer's privilege of giving a name to a new feature; and on a tiny islet that gave root to two or three trees close to the fall and the sun-tinged mist, he engraved the name "Alice's Waterfall," after one who had often listened to its sound from the Cottage above. That morning full of life and grace, a few weeks later she was sleeping in an English cemetery. Few will care to attempt that rough descent, and mortal eyes seldom rest on the inscription; but still to loving fancy the lispings lapse of the water shall continue to syllable the name, and each morning sun brighten the spray-cloud over the graven letters.

The days pass, and on New Year's Eve it was determined to kindle a mighty bonfire upon the Mookh-head. All that day many men laboured to bring fuel to the lonely height from the forest beneath: there was abundance in the ancient wood; dried limbs and fragments of fallen trees, decayed trunks, skeletons of forest giants. A huge stake was planted on the top of the peak above the mighty precipice, and an enormous pile carefully built round it more than twenty feet high, the interstices crammed with the dry moss that hung in streamers from boughs throughout the wood. At evening all were gathered on the spot.

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark;

and when the last gleam of daylight had faded, and all beneath and around was swallowed up in inky shadow, the pile was kindled. It caught rapidly and blazed up: there was just wind enough to fan it well; and soon a vast roaring sheet of wavering flame streamed high into the night air, with fiery whirls continually

breaking from it and vanishing away. The immense blaze shone fitfully over the jagged mountain ridge and rugged slopes that seemed plunging downward into a gulf of immeasurable gloom, and threw strange lights over the close-set multitudes of tree-tops and dark border of the forest, where uncouth shapes seemed lurking. But no sound came from wood or mountain; their denizens, however startled, uttered no cry; though in many a village over scores of miles beneath the people may have looked up in wonder, and thought perchance the gods had descended and were holding festival on the towering height, so familiar, but dreaded in their eyes. The flames began to sink; the burning pile, still retaining its shape, glowed fiercely, and was a wild and striking sight, but presently began to crumble, and soon sank into a heap of embers; and the spectators, with lanterns and lighted splinters, picked their way down to the Cottage along the rough woodland path. Next day the party dispersed, and the Christmas holiday ended.

Pleasant old Mookh! Two Christmas Days have passed since the writer, leaving for the last time and treading the downward path, paused at the last point whence the Cottage and garden, the forest-mantled ridge, the grim brow of the Mookh-head, and all the familiar features could be seen, looked long and regretfully, and then went on, knowing that eyes of his would rest upon them again never more. M. J. W.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S BABY.

I HAD been considering for about a year whether I should marry Winifred Hanway, when I heard that she was engaged to the Philosopher. Why did she accept him? It is true that he is both imaginative and critical; but faculties exercised in the formation of psychological hypotheses and the laborious destruction of those of one's neighbour, do not usually rouse the sympathy of a bright and beautiful girl, who is more fit to live than to think about life. He is certainly handsome, but as certainly his clothes are barbarous. His trousers cannot keep their shape for a day, and his hats are never new. If he notices the rain, he opens an umbrella which might have served as an ineffectual protection at the time of the Deluge; if he find out

that it is cold, he assumes a garment which might have been the every-day coat of Methuselah. His manners are as strange as his appearance. He may often be seen walking in the Park at the fashionable hour with a far-off look in his eyes, and his hat thrust back as if to lessen the external pressure on his active brain; more rarely you may hear him bursting into enthusiasm in Piccadilly, though Piccadilly is the last place in which a man should allow himself to be enthusiastic. In short, though he is a true friend, he is an uncomfortable acquaintance; and his volcanic utterances, after long periods of calm contemplation, cause such shocks to one's nerves as would be conveyed to the Sunday citizen by the eruption of Primrose Hill. But if it was odd that the beautiful Winifred Hanway should marry my friend, it was yet more odd that he should marry any one. There were no topics more certain to excite an explosion in the philosopher than the excessive population of the country, and the wholesome solitude of the Thinker. "How," he would fiercely ask, "can a man think effectually on fundamental subjects, who is compelled by the despicable circumstances of his life to exhaust his analytical faculty in considering how to pay his butcher and when to buy his coals? I tell you, sir, it's better to starve with cold and hunger than to debase one's noblest part to a game of skill with a grasping grocer." Again and again I had heard him declaim in this preposterous fashion; and after all, he was going to the altar like any other victim, and would doubtless take a house upon his back with the docility of a snail.

I could not solve the problem; I would not give it up. So, full of the determination to drag Diogenes out of his tub, and the secret out of Diogenes, I stepped round the corner to offer my congratulations. My friend was in his study apparently writing, really eating a quill pen. He rose at me with a rush, wrung my hand till it ached, and blushed rather uncomfortably. Congratulations are the curse of the Briton. Whether he is offering them or receiving them, he is generally obliged to take refuge in intermittent hand-shaking, and most of his sentences tail off into grunts and groans. But on this occasion it was evident that the philosopher had something ready to say, and was nervously anxious to say it. Indeed I had hardly said more than "My dear fellow, I don't know when . . . I

really am so awfully glad, I . . . it's in every way so, such a satisfactory, you know . . . I really do wish all possible, and all that sort of thing, you know" — when he burst in with a speech so fluently delivered, that I knew I was not his earliest visitor that morning. "Of course it's taken you by surprise," he said, "as I knew it would; but the truth is, that I have been thinking of it for a long time, and I am sure I am right." Here I tried to get in an expression of wonder at his new notion of duty, but he was bent on being rid of the matter, and hurried on to his reasons. "In the first place," said he, "I am sure that, instead of increasing my domestic worries, my marriage will transfer them in a body to my wife; and secondly, when I consider the vast number of fools who are every day born into the world, I am terrified by the picture of what the next generation will be, if the thinkers of this are to be without successors." Having discharged his reasons in this wise, the orator stood blinking at me as if he feared dissent, but I was too astounded by his magnificent audacity to reply. Slowly a look of peace stole back into his face, a pleasant light dawned in his eyes, and the promise of a smile at the corner of his mouth. His remarkable fluency was gone, and indeed his voice sounded quite choky when he said, "Johnny, you don't know what an angel she is." A light broke in upon me. "Philosopher," I said, "I believe you are going to be married because you fell in love?" "Perhaps you are right," said the philosopher.

After the wedding, the philosopher and his wife went abroad for an indefinite period, and their friends heard but little of them. He wrote to nobody, and she did not write to me. Yet there were occasional rumours. Now they were breathing the keen air of the Engadine, now sinking to the chestnuts and vines of Chiavenna; now he was lashing himself to frenzy over the treasures of Rome; now she was gazing with sweet northern eyes across the glowing splendour of the Bay of Naples. Then they were in Germany, and about to settle for life in a university town; but anon had fled from it in haste after a long night's dispute, in the course of which my learned friend had well-nigh come to blows with the university's most celebrated professor.

At last I heard that they were again in London, and, full of enthusiasm, darted

round the corner to welcome them home. Nobody was with them but Mrs. Hanway, Winifred's mother. I would enter unannounced, and surprise the philosopher. I entered unannounced, and was surprised myself. Was this the effect of matrimony or of foreign travel? Each occupant of the room was engaged in an exercise wholly unconnected, as it seemed, with those of the rest. My friend's wife, the lady whom I had almost loved, queen of all grace and comeliness, was appearing and disappearing like a flash behind the day's "Times," showing at the moments of disclosure a face flushed with excitement, and lustrous coils of hair tumbled into the wildest disorder, while she accompanied the whole performance with strange and inarticulate sounds. Her mother, the same Mrs. Hanway who was so perfect a model of dress and carriage that many of her lady friends were wont to lament among themselves that she gave herself such airs, was seated on the floor dressed for walking but without her bonnet. Yes, she was certainly drumming on an inverted tea-tray with the wrong end of the poker. And the philosopher? It was perplexing, after three years' separation, to meet him thus. The philosopher was cantering round the room on all-fours, wearing on his head his own waste-paper basket. Briskly he cantered round, ever and anon frisking like a lamb in spring-time, until he reached my feet, which were rooted to the spot with astonishment. He glanced up sideways, rose with a cry to the normal attitude of man, and grasped me by the hand. At the sound of his voice, his wife dropping the paper from her hands raised them quickly to her hair; and his mother-in-law, with as much dignity as the effort would allow, scrambled on to her feet. Then in an instant the cause of their eccentric conduct was made clear. Throned upon the hearthrug, and showing by a gracious smile a few of the newest teeth, sat a fine baby of some fifteen months. In one dimpled fist was tightly clenched the brush, which had so neatly arranged the mother's braids; while the other was engaged in pounding the grandmother's best bonnet into a shapeless mass.

We were all somewhat embarrassed except the baby. The ladies knew that they were untidy, and I that I was an intruder. As for the learned father, he stood now on one leg and now on the other, while he shifted the waste-paper basket from hand to hand, and contin-

ued to smile almost as perseveringly as his amiable offspring. Yet it was he who at last put an end to our awkward position by expressing a wild desire to have my opinion of the new curtains in his study. Rather sheepishly I said good-bye to the lady of the house, trying to express by my eyes that I would never call again unannounced. I knew that Mrs. Hanway had not forgiven me, as I humbly took the two fingers which she offered; and I felt like a brute, as the most important member of the family condescended to leave a damp spot by the edge of my left whisker.

When, however, I had been swept down-stairs by my impulsive friend, and was alone with him in his den, my courage returned, and with it some indignation. I confronted him, and sternly asked why I had not been told that he was a father. "Not been told?" echoed he; "do you mean to say that you did not know about the Baby?" "Not so much as that it was," I replied, gloomily. He was overwhelmed: of course he had supposed that every one knew it from the Queen downwards. Of course fifty people ought to have told me, who of course had told me everything else. At last my curiosity got the better of my indignation, and I cut short his apologies by beginning my questions—"Does the shape of its head content you?" I asked. "The shape of whose what?" cried the philosopher, apparently too surprised for grammar. "Of the baby's head, of course," I replied, tartly; "I merely wish to know if the child is likely to be as intellectual as you hoped." "Isn't the hair lovely?" he asked, inconsequently. This was too much, and assuming my severest manner I delivered myself in this wise—"I thought, though no doubt I was wrong, that the use of a baby to you would be partly to furnish you with raw material for a philosopher, partly to enable you by constant observation to gain further evidence bearing on such vexed questions as, whether the infant gains its ideas of space by feeling about, whether it is conscious of itself, &c." "Well," he said, laughing, "I don't expect much help from my infant in those matters, unless I can get inside her and think her thoughts." "Her thoughts?" cried I, in amazement; "you don't mean to say it's a girl? Good gracious! you are not going to educate a female philosopher?" He looked rather vexed. "Of course it's a girl," he said. "The father of a

female philosopher!" I gasped. "Dear me!" said he, somewhat testily; "isn't it enough to be father of a noble woman?"

Now I have often put up with a great deal from my learned friend, and am quite aware that I have been spoken of as "Bozzy" behind my back. But there is a turning-point even for the worm, and nobody will sit forever at the feet which are constantly kicking him. I had been snubbed more than enough by this illogical parent, and assuming my most sarcastic manner, I inquired, with an appearance of deference—"Is it not rather early to speak of your daughter as a noble woman?"

"Not at all," said the philosopher.

I had kept aloof from the philosopher for some weeks, nursing my wrath, like Achilles I said to myself—cross as a bear, I overheard my landlady say in the passage—when I received a hasty note begging me to come to him at once. I fancied myself summoned to a council of chiefs; so, having donned my shining armour, I left my tent with fitting dignity, and descended with a clang into the plain. Yet I could not but be aware of my landlady's eye piercing me through the crack of the parlour-door purposely left ajar, and of the hasty flapping of loose slippers which told the startled slavey's flight into the abyss below.

An unusual silence held my friend's house that morning. The door was opened, before I had time to ring, by a melancholy footman, who, walking before me with the elaborate delicacy of an Agag, noiselessly ushered me into the study. It was my lot to be again rooted to the spot with amazement. By the book-case, in a shaded corner of the room, with his head bowed low upon his hands, knelt the philosopher. Here was a long step from the siege of Troy, from the simple wrath of a childlike hero to the most complex embarrassment of an heir of all the ages. What should I do? The dismal mental had fled to the shades, without a word, without even a glance into the room. If I retreated, I left my friend unaided, and remained ignorant of the cause of his strange conduct. If I advanced, I was again the intruder on a scene not prepared for my inspection. In an agony of hesitation I fell to brushing my hat with my elbow; but not finding the expected relief in the occupation, I was about to desist, when my hat decided what my head could not, by falling with a crack on

the floor. The effect was electrical. Without one glance at the intruder, the philosopher made a grab at the nearest bookshelf, dragged out a volume which had not been touched for half a century, and hunted for nothing in its pages with frantic eagerness. He was still at it, when I stood over him and noted without wonder that he held the book upside down; then with the poorest imitation of surprise which I have ever seen, he rose and grasped my hand. "You found me on the track of something," he said; "I was looking it out in — in —"

Here it occurred to him that he did not know the name of the venerable tome which he had so rudely disturbed; and with a heightened colour and a sudden change of manner he turned quickly to me and said, "My child is ill." I felt positively guilty. I had been angry with that baby for making my wise friend foolish, for not being a boy, for being called "a noble woman." Was it not shameful that a great hulking brute should sneer at a weak thing that could not even answer with a taunt? Were not my clumsy sarcasms enough to crush so delicate a plant? The poor little "noble woman" was in danger, and I could do nothing to help her. There were tears in the eyes which were looking into mine for comfort; but I had nothing ready to say.

"I could not stand being alone," he muttered, after a short silence; "the doctor is with her now, and in a moment I may hear that my little daughter must — in fact may hear the worst."

While he was speaking, I seemed to have fifty consoling remarks to offer; but when he stopped, no one sentence would disengage itself from the rest. What I blurted out at last seems almost ridiculous as I look back on it.

"You must hope for the best," I said; "you know she has youth on her side."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when I heard a measured step upon the stairs; presently the door was opened by the noiseless footman, and the most famous of London doctors entered the room. My friend leaned heavily on my arm, but looked at the man of science with seeming calm.

"I am happy to say," said the physician, cheerily, "that our little friend is going on as well as possible."

"And she is out of danger?"

"She never was in it."

"Never in danger?" cried I, almost disappointed.

"She has nothing the matter with her," he replied, "but a slight feverish cold. I have seldom seen a finer or more healthy child. Good morning."

I never was more annoyed. Here was a waste of my finest feelings. Here was I stirred to the depth, well nigh moved to tears, by a baby's feverish cold. Of course I was very glad that it was no worse; but my friend was too absurd, and I would not spare him.

"Won't you resume your studies?" I asked, sarcastically, pointing to the disturbed book, which was lying on the ground at our feet. His humility might have disarmed me: "I am afraid I've been a fool," he said; "but if you had seen her all flushed and breathing hard; and then she is so small and fragile."

"Yes, for a noble woman." I remarked; he received the dart meekly. "Philosopher," said I, suddenly, determined to rouse him at any cost, "when I entered this room, you were engaged in prayer." His colour certainly deepened. "May I ask," I inquired with an appearance of deference, "whether you were addressing yourself to the Personal First Cause, or to the Unknowable — but perhaps you were merely bowing to the rational order of the Universe?"

He made a gesture of impatience, but answered still with studied moderation, "I was alone and in trouble."

"And the efficacy of prayer?" I asked.

"For heaven's sake," cried he, bursting into excitement, "stop your jargon! Nothing shows such ignorance of a subject as having all its cant phrases on the tip of your tongue. Can't I speak to God without expecting to be paid for it?"

This was turning the tables. If he was going to take to questions, I knew I should end by admitting myself a fool. So to avoid a Socratic dialogue I put my hand on my friend's shoulder and said: "You are a good man, philosopher; may you and the 'noble woman' live a thousand years."

"Thank you," he said, simply; "and now you must let me go and sing a pæan with the nobler woman, my patient Penelope, my sweet wife."

So he went with long strides over the asphodel meadow, and I betook myself to my tent full of pleasant thoughts.

From The Economist.
MR. GLADSTONE'S MINISTRY.

MR. GLADSTONE'S Ministry still exists, but in a very short time it must cease to do so. It has become a provisional Government; its successor is already designated. There is nothing premature in endeavouring to estimate it, for its history is, in substance, ended.

On such a matter it is not possible to be impartial; the coolest bystanders are part of their age, and their judgment is perturbed by the atmosphere of sentiment in which they live. But being as impartial as we can, our judgment is that the Ministry of Mr. Gladstone has had a better combination of great Ministers than any Ministry since the first Reform Act. Some administrations have surpassed it in this or that particular, but, upon the whole, it has done the most and been the best.

Most Governments since 1832 have been deficient in the essence of a government — power. They have not been backed by a sufficient majority to enable them to do what they liked; sometimes they have not had a majority at all; generally they have had only a "working majority," as it is called — a majority, that is, enough to enable them to transact the common work of Parliament, but not enough to enable them to enact their own ideas or to propose large reforms adverse to great interests. There have, indeed, been only two Governments of immense power since 1832. The first is the Whig Government which followed the Reform Act of that time; and that was no doubt a Government which achieved much, and which has a great name in history. But Mr. Disraeli long ago pointed out its defect: it was not "presided over by a guiding and original mind." Lord Grey belonged to a past period; he represented a great tradition, but he was not a great reality. When he passed the Reform Act his special work was almost done. Lord Althorp was a country gentleman of strong character, but he had no great abilities, and had no taste for office, and wished, as he said, that he was "back among his pheasants and his fowling-piece." The influence of Lord Russell, defective as it was, did not begin to predominate till the omnipotence of the Whigs was passed; before he ruled, the Conservative reaction of those years had begun. In consequence the efforts of the Whig Cabinet of 1832 wanted effect and unity; they were often most excellent, but they were never so

impressive as they ought to have been, and they are now most insufficiently borne in mind because they did not emanate from, and were not associated with, a single mind of vast vigour and ability. The commanding element in life and history is a great person. One Napoleon is worth fifty common generals; he can do far more, and what he does will be infinitely better remembered. No Cabinet can effectually rule this country if it is a Cabinet only — if it is not itself ruled by a great Prime Minister. The element of greatness nobody will deny to Mr. Gladstone's Government. Any time this five years it has been easy to hear almost every kind of criticism on Mr. Gladstone; it is particularly easy now when everybody is finding out that they have always been Conservatives. But no one ever hinted that on a great subject, and when his mind was made up, he did not carry his Cabinet before him, and penetrate their whole policy with his peculiar personality.

The only other Government of similar power since 1832 is that of Sir Robert Peel, which succeeded the election of 1841. This Government was followed by a great majority, and ruled by a great Prime Minister; but it was utterly weak in another way — it had no characteristic measures, and is now known by uncharacteristic measures. It was elected to maintain Protection, and it abolished Protection; to maintain the Corn Laws, and it abolished the Corn Laws. Except the Bank Act of 1844, which is an outlying matter, the Government of Sir Robert Peel is known only by its recantations. A first-rate Government embodies in acts and laws the principle of a pre-conceived policy, but Sir Robert Peel's Government abandoned its own previous policy and adopted that of its adversaries.

In this respect the Government of Mr. Gladstone is indisputably superior. It has, as everybody admits, been faithful to the principles which it announced. A single mistake in the Education Act is the sole exception which can even be fancied. The Government entered office with a list of congenial measures, and it passed these and others.

The result of our comparison therefore is that the administration of Mr. Gladstone is much superior to all others since 1832, save two, in force and power; and that to one of these two it is superior in possessing a suitable great man, and to the other in having passed suitable great

measures. When posterity compares the two, it will probably say that Mr. Gladstone is not by several degrees so great an administrator as Sir R. Peel, but that he is by at least as many degrees a greater orator. To equal or rival Mr. Gladstone's Budget speeches we must go farther back, to those of Pitt, and the remains of Pitt's speeches are too fragmentary to enable us to say what was their merit in comparison. Neither Sir Robert Peel nor Mr. Gladstone can of course be put in the first order of statesmen; both their careers have one fatal fault: they were converted assailants — they ended by enacting what they began by opposing. But Mr. Gladstone has been far more fortunate. Sir Robert Peel, by changes of opinion, twice destroyed his party and Government; but Mr. Gladstone has never destroyed either, and lived to enact his truest and best ideas with the approbation of our strongest recent party and the aid of our strongest recent Government. But in another respect Sir Robert Peel was far happier. He left a school of able and attached political pupils; but, whether from difference of time or character, Mr. Gladstone will leave none. When he retires there will be no Gladstonite, though there were Peelites for so many years.

Of the other members of the Government we have so often said so much that we need now say very little. The world, we believe, has been unjust to Mr. Lowe. He was not a great Chancellor of the Exchequer, neither his previous studies nor his former life had prepared him for a Finance Minister, and he suffered from physical defects great enough to be a serious obstacle to a highly trained mind. But he showed, as he always shows, strong character and great abilities, and the so-called scandals, amid which he left the Exchequer, were at the worst slight errors, of which all Ministers commit many. But no Minister equals Mr. Lowe in the art of advertising his blunders, and of irritating those who can take advantage of them. Mr. Goschen and Mr. Cardwell, though at first sight no one would think them much fit to administer the army and navy, have in fact administered them so well that it will puzzle the Conservatives excessively to find for them suitable successors. We own that of late Mr. Forster has disappointed us; he has shown an obstinacy in adhering to the *ipsissima verba* of the Education Act which the principles of religious education did not require, and which

now gives Mr. Disraeli a great advantage that he has begun to use. But notwithstanding all this, Mr. Forster has passed by far the most efficacious Education Act we have ever seen in England, and his massive common sense has made a deep impression through the country. As for the enterprising foreign policy with which we are threatened, we should be much frightened if we thought that we should ever see it. But we do not think so. If Lord Derby is the next Foreign Secretary, he will act much as Lord Granville has acted. He will not probably have so fine a tact, but he will decide from the same anxiety to be sound and the same dislike to be showy, which have made Lord Granville successful. Our foreign policy will go on in its recent path, and we do not believe that it is possible at present to find a better one.

But, it will be asked, if Mr. Gladstone's is so good a Government, why does not the country wish to keep it? We answer that, though a good Government, it has not the particular species of goodness which the public for the moment want. It is in its nature an active and innovating Government, and the country just now wishes a passive and non-innovating Government. There is no great change for which the country is now prepared, and therefore it fears a Government which will propose changes, and desires a Government which will oppose them. Mr. Gladstone's Government fails, notwithstanding its merits, because those merits are unsuited to its place and time.

In this respect, and in this respect almost alone, Mr. Gladstone has been much less fortunate than Sir Robert Peel. He has left on the country the impression that he was the minister of a party. There are many persons who imagine that he has a settled desire to keep the Liberals in office at any price and any hazard. They believe that he will accept any measure which the extreme Liberals require as the price of their support, and will impose it on the rest of the Liberals and on the country. How false this idea is can be best learned by talking to the extreme Liberals. They, on the other hand, say that Mr. Gladstone "has lost their confidence; that he believes all manner of superstition; that he is the worst of Conservatives — a Conservative in disguise." But the world has incurably received the contrary impression; it thinks that Mr. Gladstone is ready for any changes, however violent — nay, that he prefers them even when they are most

violent. This is probably the price which an eager orator must pay for his fire and vivacity. He sweeps away a hundred obstacles by his intensity and his eloquence, but he imparts inevitably the notion that he is incapable of calm and moderation. This first impression is clearly wrong; many vehement orators have been very deficient in decision and determination.

But it has been Mr. Gladstone's misfortune to spread it through England; and it is one of the most powerful causes that have contributed to his fall. Time passes on and brings a thousand changes; but unless past experience is a bad guide, it will be many years before we see a ministry of so much power and so much mind again.

MR. J. F. GARDNER, geographer to Prof. Hayden's survey, in giving a short sketch of the method adopted by him to determine the altitude of the various points occupied by the party in the Rocky Mountains, states that the experience of the surveys of California and of the fortieth parallel show that in the determination of the altitude of any point a mercurial barometer is liable to an error varying from 150 to 300 feet, even when the base barometer is at the foot of the peak, and only 3000 feet below the summit. In connection with Professor Whitney (chief of the California Survey), the following plan was adopted for correcting the errors of barometrical work. Four points were chosen at successive levels of from one to 14,000 feet. These stations were carefully connected by levellings with a spirit level, and were occupied as permanent meteorological stations. The observations taken by field parties are classified according to their heights, and each class is referred to the base station which is nearest its own elevation; the lower station being Denver, the fourth the summit of Mount Lincoln (14,000 feet), where are a number of silver mines worked by Captain Breese. The central position of this peak admirably fits it for the base of reference. Besides the barometric determination of heights, two connected systems of trigonometric levelling have been carried over the whole area surveyed, and the check observations are so arranged that the probable error can be easily determined, and it is hoped that the system will prove accurate enough to throw some light on the amount of refraction at great elevations. By these methods the altitudes of many high points have been determined, from which to construct a map in contours 200 vertical feet apart, on a scale of two miles to one inch.

THE Naples correspondent of the *Times*, writing on Jan. 25, states that Prof. Palmieri has just published the following letter in an-

swer to the numerous applications sent to him for information:—"The activity of Vesuvius continues to increase in the crater towards the N. E. Frequent globes of smoke issue from the bottom of it, with a kind of hissing sound, accompanied by an unpleasant odour of chloridic and sulphuric acids. Not far from it, at the commencement of the grand fissure of 1872, alkaline sublimates make their appearance. Meanwhile the fire does not yet show greater activity at the bottom of the crater, where it will probably manifest itself, unless some eccentric eruption should occur before the internal resistance of this crater is overcome. The great subterranean energy now at work does, indeed, appear to be making an attempt at an outlet in various parts. On the 21st inst. a slight undulatory shock of earthquake was felt at Casamicciola, in the island of Ischia, and during the last week many have heard the low continuous mutterings of the mountain at a distance of 15 miles. As I write, however, the sismograph, which has been very agitated for some days, is more quiet." He also reports the melancholy death at Casamicciola of Mr. Moggridge, who having bathed in the open sea, died on his road to the hotel.

UTILIZATION OF THE TIDES.—Mr. C. R. Huxley, writing to the *Globe* with reference to utilization of the tides as a motive power for machinery, says a plan is about to be submitted to the Government which illustrates the availability of water as a motive power for all standing machinery, whether for dockyards, arsenals, rivers—in fact, wherever water is within reach. It is calculated that this invention will save the Government £200,000 in fuel alone, and throw into the market, for domestic use, coal in such quantity as to reduce the price of this costly luxury to one half its present figure, and cheapen considerably most articles of manufacture.

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SPRING.

THOU of the sunny head,
 With lilies garlanded,
 And bosom fairer than the blown sea foam ;
 O Spring, in what waste desert dost thou stay
 Whilst leaves await thy presence to unfold ?
 The branches of the lime with frost are gray,
 And all imprisoned is the crocus' gold.
 Come, sweet Enchantress, come !

Though, in the sombre west,
 Thy star hath lit its crest —
 Pale Phosphor, fronting full the withered
 moon —

Thy violets are sepultered in snow,
 Thy daisies twinkle never in the sun,
 Rude winds throughout the ruined forests
 blow,
 And silent is the dove's melodious moan ;
 Enchantress, hasten soon.

White are the country ways,
 And white and tangled maze,
 Loved of the oxlip and the creeping thyme ;
 Bare shakes the poplar on the sullen ridge,
 Cold glooms the spectral mill above the
 flood ;
 Hoarse torrents stream beneath the ivied
 bridge,
 And lightnings strike the darkness of the
 wood :
 Enchantress, bless our clime.

No bloom of dewy morn,
 No freshly-blossomed thorn,
 Gladdens the importunings of sad eyes ;
 The day wastes drearily, through cloud and
 sleet ;
 Over the watered meadows and stark vales
 The night comes down impetuous and fleet,
 And ships and cities shiver in the gales ;
 O fair Enchantress, rise.

Arise, and bring with thee
 The rathe bud for the tree,
 The healing sunshine for the trampled grass ;
 Loose tendrils for the boughs which bless
 the eaves,
 And shield the swallows in the rainy hours,
 The pendent flames which the laburnum
 heaves,
 And faint scents for the wind-stirred lilac
 flowers.
 Enchantress, breathe and pass.

Men knew, and kissed, of old,
 Thy garment's glittering fold —
 Thy radiant footprint on the mead or waste ;
 Earth kindled at thine advent — altars
 burned,
 And ringing cymbals bade the hearths be
 gay ;
 But now, in sunless solitude inurned,
 Thou leav'st the world unto reluctant day.
 O haste, Enchantress, haste !

The lark shall sing again,
 Between the sun and rain,
 The brown bee through the flowered pastures
 roam.

There shall be music in the frozen woods,
 A gurgling carol in the rushing brook,
 An odour in the half-unbosomed bud,
 And dancing foxgloves in each forest
 nook ;
 Then, come, Enchantress, come !

Chambers' Journal.

SONNET.

ALAS ! sweet Life, that thou must fly so fast !
 Is there no breathing-space for thee and me ?
 So much we have to say, and learn, and see,
 So late it seems since spring's glad moments
 past, —
 And now the leaves change colour at the blast,
 And the chill mists come creeping up the lea,
 While one by one friends pass me silently
 To the strange rest that ends this coil at last.
 With them depart the splendour and the glow,
 The fervour caught from meadow, mount, and
 river,
 The lovely light, purer than unstained snow,
 That filled dear eyes and made the pulses
 quiver ;
 Ah ! let me, then, call back the word I said, —
 'Tis better life should fly, since friends have
 fled.

Spectator.

JOHN DENNIS.

TWO ROBBERS.

WHEN Death from some fair face
 Is stealing life away,
 All weep, save she, the grace
 That earth shall lose to-day.

When Time from some fair face
 Steals beauty year by year,
 For her slow fading grace
 Who sheds, save she, a tear ?

And Death not often dares
 So wake the World's distress ;
 While Time, the cunning, mars
 Surely all loveliness.

Yet though by breath and breath
 Fades all our fairest prime,
 Men shrink from cruel Death,
 But honour crafty Time.

Spectator.

F. W. B.

From The Quarterly Review.
JOHN STUART MILL'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

WHATEVER may be the duration and influence of Mr. Mill's two great contributions to science, this book is likely to survive long the slop-pail deluge of contemporary publications, at any rate as a curiosity of literature. The style indeed is rather wanting in variety and sweetness. Traces of carelessness occur; † but it has the exquisite and admirable lucidity which almost uniformly characterizes the writer, and rises often, if hardly to eloquence or passion, yet to a certain fervent dignity, not unlike that of the dialogue on Oratory ascribed to the historian Tacitus. It is the style of a philosopher, to whom a consciousness, legitimate if not wholly graceful, of his own superiority to the crowd around him, of his imagined freedom contrasted with their unsuspected servitude, has given, not pleasurable exultation, but a tone of compassionate melancholy, combined with that peculiarly exclusive *hauteur* which is the privilege of "advanced thinkers." It is, however, not the whole book so much as the earlier part of the story here told which has impressed men much, and will probably impress them long. No one, in whom the mind is at all awake, can read without an intense interest how a child, born in this ease-loving century, was submitted to an education of intellectual rigidity not less severe than the asceticism of the Spartan youth; how a father of unusual ability, by the unwearied compression of this iron discipline, liquefied (as it were) the mind of his more gifted son, and then forced it violently into the mould which he had prepared for that son's whole moral and mental material, predestinating him to certain forms of thought for life; how, lastly, this child, at the age of spelling-books and pinafores, had read with intelligence books, and pursued with intelligence sciences, which few have mastered equally well at five-and-twenty. ‡

Much was given here, much was also destroyed. Yet, however we may judge the man and the work, no candid judge will deny that the mature results of this unique education, if not proportionate to it, were at least not unworthy of the labour which had been only too assiduously bestowed on preparing the boy to produce them.

We propose to give here but a brief account of Mr. Mill's life, as set forth in the book, of which it may be presumed that few readers who will care to glance at these pages will be ignorant; but to dwell at greater length upon points of critical value in the development of the writer's mind, illustrating them occasionally by reference to the works produced at the different stages of his career. To review Mill as a logician and political economist, or even as a politician or essayist, would be of course beyond our aim. But this species of reference to his writings (to which the autobiography itself invites us) has not yet, so far as we know, been attempted, although without it, the autobiography, in its later portion, is little more than an index or outline.

Let us add that if, in our notice, the characters or abilities of some lately dead, or still living, are touched on in a spirit of fearless, but (we trust) fair criticism, this is inevitable in reviewing a book of this nature, and is indeed the last thing which the author himself would have deprecated. The feelings with which we regard Mr. Mill we hope will be made clear as we advance. To begin with professions of respect, or eulogy, in case of a man of his calibre, would savour of assumption and impertinence.

Born in May, 1806, John Stuart Mill, whether within the nursery we do not hear, was initiated into the Greek language at three years old—a fact which, if it recalls involuntarily a lively couplet of "Hudibras," may remind us, more worthily, that perhaps no European baby has enjoyed the similar advantage of ac-

* *Autobiography*. By John Stuart Mill. London, 1873.

† "The patience of all was exhausted except me and Roebuck." "This did very well for several years," and the like.

‡ We suppose that this is the meaning of the words,

"I started with an advantage of a *quarter of a century* over my contemporaries" (p. 30):—one of the few phrases not perfectly clear in expression which the book contains.

quaintance with the most beautiful of all languages for some fourteen centuries, at least, in its ancient grace and purity. Latin was deferred till the child was seven. By that time he had read, and read thoroughly, if not always, or perhaps often, with real comprehension, Æsop, the "Anabasis," all Herodotus, the "Cyræpædia," the "Memorabilia," parts of Diogenes, of Lucian (selection was certainly desirable here), and of Isocrates, ending with six dialogues of Plato, on one of which Mill candidly remarks that "it was totally impossible that I should understand it." To add to the difficulty, in these and the later studies, it must be remembered that in 1810 a Greek lexicon was a ponderous thing, weighing nearly as much as the little student, and intellectually also requiring "a robust genius to grapple with," as the renderings never fell below the dignity of Latin. Hence Mr. James Mill, the son's only teacher, and "one of the most impatient of men," had constantly to supply the English equivalents—a task which, when one thinks of all Herodotus only, must have rivalled his simultaneous labour upon the history of British India.

This, however, represents only a part of the child's work before his eighth birthday. In history he read, noted, and analyzed by memory Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, Watson, Hooke, Langhorne's "Plutarch," Burnet, the "Annual Register," Millar, and Mosheim. Biography and travels were represented (always between the ages of three and eight) by the life of Knox, the histories of the Quakers, Beaver's "Africa," Collins's "New South Wales," Anson's and Hawkesworth's voyages. Nor were "children's books" wholly absent, though "allowed very sparingly;" and indeed "Robinson Crusoe," the "Arabian Nights," and even the tales of Miss Edgeworth herself, must have hardly felt themselves entitled to recognition in the society of such advanced competitors.

The next stage lasts till fourteen—an age at which most of us can recall our own acquirements with perfect ease, and count them on our fingers. But Pico of Mirandola, that early and still remem-

bered Florentine paragon of precocity, could hardly have shown a more appalling catalogue, whether in bulk or difficulty, than is here printed. Virgil, Horace, Phædrus, Livy, Sallust, the "Metamorphoses," Terence, Cicero, Homer, Thucydides, the "Hellenicæ," Demosthenes, Æschines, Lysias, Theocritus, Anacreon, Aristotle's "Rhetoric"—we omit books read only in selections—were mainly worked through "from my eighth to my twelfth year;" Euclid, Algebra, the higher mathematics, Joyce's "Scientific Dialogues," and various treatises on Chemistry, coming in by the way; whilst the list of English books, prose and poetry, read for private study would go far towards forming the nucleus of a respectable lending library. A boy to whom books, in Wordsworth's phrase, were such a "substantial world," could not resist the impulse to add to the number, and Mill "successively composed a Roman History, an Abridgment of Universal History, a History of Holland, and a History of the Roman Government." Meanwhile the boy was assiduously practised in English verse, to which a less modest man might have assigned with more confidence his rare mastery over prose. But in Greek he never wrote at all, and but little in Latin—not (as some might expect) through theories on the subject which have often been agitated since, mainly amongst persons of half-cultivation—but "because there was really no time"—a confession which will not surprise the reader.

The last two years of regular training lay not in "the aids and appliances of thought, but the thoughts themselves." Logic was first studied in Aristotle's "Organon" and "Analytics," Hobbes, and some scholastic writers: Political Economy in Ricardo and Adam Smith: Plato, Tacitus, Quintilian, and other ancient writers being also mastered; whilst, besides these fertile sources of thought, Mill's filial gratitude assigns much to the "History of India," which he read through "for the press" to his father.

Mill now pauses in his narration, which has carried him to the age at which boys

in general are just entering on their public school. Let us pause also, and look back on the pupil and the teacher.

Human nature claims the relief of a smile at a glance over the vast catalogue which we have imperfectly transcribed. Only a mature man, of unusually finished education, can even fully appreciate the range and the difficulty of the task accomplished by this boy of thirteen.

Non equidem invidéo, — *miror magis* :

will be the comment of many sensible readers. Prig! Pedant! and Poor fellow! will resound from other quarters. And even though Mill assures us that this system "was not such as to prevent him from having a happy childhood," more than a little which we cannot but pity is presented by the picture. But we pity more those whose scorn is aroused by it. For, after all, and all deductions in reason made (nor will it be seen that we hold these deductions slight), it is no small thing to have lived the life or done the work of John Stuart Mill. And though no one is likely to accept his humble estimate of his own natural capacities,* yet these results must, in a more than common degree, be assigned to his education.

Some faults in his father's instruction he candidly admits; some intellectual requirements were too severe; some physical advantages and practical readi- nesses were sacrificed. In regard to one danger, obvious in case of a young boy thus informed, conceit, the tone of his works and speeches (even without recourse to the corroboration of our personal experience), makes us fully and heartily accept his own verdict. "My state of mind was not humility, but neither was it arrogance. I neither estimated myself highly nor lowly: I did not estimate myself at all." This statement may naturally be disputed, even by those who are qualified to dispute it. But Mill is here obviously speaking of arrogance in a personal sense. What has been mistaken for it is the tone of egotistic dogmatism common to all who, having been trained in rigidly demonstrative

methods (logical or scientific), are hence under a constant conviction that they must be arguing consistently and logically. Arrogance in this sense, and from these sources, it cannot be denied, is increasing, and likely to increase, in the modern world. But in Mill's case the tone was enhanced by another element in modern life, of which more anon.

In regard to another obvious risk, that so much study could be only crammed, not digested, he gives satisfactory proof that this danger, by his father's wise and patient care, was averted:—and here, again, the son's writings form a sufficient proof. In fact, the heaviest criticism which we have to make against Mill's early education is, that it was too successful. Whether he was correct in having "always a humble opinion of my own powers as an original thinker" (p. 242), or whether originality may have been stifled by his training, it is remarkable how closely his aims and opinions, to the end, kept the forms of the mould into which (as we have observed) his youth was poured by his father. Within those limits he moved a little, as indeed a less able and observant man who lived on into the century must have moved; but (with one exception) we cannot find that he seriously outgrew them. In Logic, in Political Economy, in Politics, in Ethics, in Religion, in hatred of priestly and aristocratic systems, in preference for a life of more rigid and injurious exclusiveness than any fashionable "exclusive" ever dreamed of, in contempt for the common ways of Englishmen, James Mill is substantially reproduced in John Stuart. Even his developments, we shall see, are in general not so much vigorous shoots from the original trunk, as those abnormal and morbidly active growths which are found when abundant vital energies, long exposed to restricted light and strong pressure, are stimulated, not by "the common sun, the air, the skies," but by the artificial and unwholesome atmosphere of the closest of all conceivable coteries.

Beside the positive elements which we have now briefly sketched, James Mill's educational system had a restrictive side, the effects of which were through life

* See p. 30.

burnt in upon his son. To the injurious results of one negative element he became soon awake, and his efforts to supply what are wanting colour his later life with almost the only tint in which it deviated seriously from the father's pattern. It was often charged against Benthamism, while Benthamism appeared to be a living thing, that it waged war against all the charm of life, despised art and poetry, and treated feeling as an infirmity: and Benthamists were not slow in repudiating these charges. Yet the terrible downrightness of Mill's autobiography establishes them against his father, so far as they could be true of any able and intelligent man. It was not that James Mill was wholly dead to poetry: he cared for a few of our poets, reserving "his highest admiration" for Milton; a judgment which surprises us more than to learn that he did not appreciate Shakespeare. But "for passionate emotions of all sorts, and for everything which has been said or written in exaltation of them, he professed the greatest contempt" (p. 49). It is hardly possible to avoid the inference, that what he valued in poetry could not have been its poetical side, or that it could not penetrate the dour nature of the grim ex-Calvinist. At any rate, when the too docile pupil came forth complete in Benthamism, he confesses, with the fearless candour which, to many readers and through many years, will throw a singular and indescribable charm over the "Autobiography" and the Autobiographer, that he was, for a considerable time, more or less blind to the claims of this side of humanity. "From this neglect both in theory and in practice of the cultivation of feeling, naturally resulted an underrating of poetry, and of imagination generally, as an element of human nature." He did not dislike poetry, but "was theoretically indifferent to it. And I was wholly blind to its place in human culture, as a means of educating the feelings" (p. 112).

Mill was really, as we have known him, a man of high, of even over-wrought sensitiveness and passionate impulse: and when he reached full manhood, Nature avenged herself strangely and sadly on a training which had all the inhuman harshness of asceticism without its hopes and horizons. The reaction against Puritanism, which had guided the father to complete religious disbelief, guided the son into an emotionalism which was ever ready to pass into extravagance: singular testimonies to the stubborn power of a

system apparently so antagonistic to natural human feeling! Sentiment, in the intensity of this reaction, asserted its rights with revolutionary violence; but the balance between heart and head could not thus be reached. Science tells us of two modes in which elements combine, the chemical and the mechanical; the chemical being a true and vital fusion between atoms, the other a simple bond of close juxtaposition. Mill unhappily lacked during the plastic period of childhood the simultaneous training of reason and sentiment which is received every day by thousands of children who will never hear of Plato or Bentham; and, lacking this, the union between sentiment and reason in his nature remained to the end mechanical. This we regard as the true key to his life. If he was too finely organized, too fearless and honest, to allow the head and heart consciously to contradict each other, their conclusions were sometimes not homogeneous; the framework is austere and logical, the contents are heated and sentimental.

Of this judgment (and it is one formed from his writings, long before the "Autobiography" almost overtly revealed the case), we shall offer further proofs presently. Meanwhile, to complete Mill's relations to art, let us add that (so far as the evidence goes) though he no doubt gained much from Poetry, and loved her well, he never penetrated into her real spirit. We may say at once, before entering on our first illustrative notice from his works, that there is hardly a page in which — whether learning or dissenting, — we do not feel that we are in the presence of a master. The "Thoughts on Poetry," however, (1833: "Dissertations,") are among the least complete of his essays; they betray throughout a hand inexperienced in the craft: they are like the music of one who begins his instrument after youth.

The first part attempts to define Poetry and its main divisions. Here an ingenious analysis, leading us gradually to the somewhat trite definition of poetry as "man's thoughts tinged by his feelings," which Mill considers true, except that it fails "to discriminate between poetry and eloquence," tries to complete that definition by the phrase that "eloquence is *heard*, poetry is *overheard*;" eloquence courting the sympathy of others, whilst "all poetry is of the nature of soliloquy." This is nearly all, the same idea being then briefly applied to painting; * that

* Here we find: "Who would not prefer one Virgin

which really differentiates poetry from every other art — its peculiar rhythmical structure — being not only disregarded, but the reference to it as the definition of art, treated as utter vulgarity. Yet it needs little thought to perceive that not only must the technical “*proprium*” or speciality of every art necessarily enter, as the ground-idea, into its definition; but that in poetry the intimate and exquisite union between metrical structure and sense is the very mark and highest achievement of the greatest poets. Even the notion of “*soliloquy*,” though curious and valuable, does not carry us far — applicable to Sappho, or Petrarch, or Shelley, it fails wholly when applied to Homer, to Pindar, to Horace, to Milton. But the narrowness of the theory is illustrated sufficiently by the second part of the paper, which mainly dwells on the difference between those who are born poets, and those who make themselves poets. Here the once famous “*Association*” theory of our thoughts and emotions is employed to establish and explain the distinction. That theory, to which Mill adhered through life, we should describe in the words which he applies to the once not less famous theory of Condillac, as a philosophy which consists “solely of a set of verbal generalizations, explaining nothing, distinguishing nothing, leading to nothing,”* except so far as it exemplifies the familiar force of habit, or expresses strictly physical phenomena. Naturally, we find a result which, with some obvious truth, puts that truth in so pedantic and distorted a form as almost to deprive it of value. Wordsworth is treated as the type of the “*poetry of culture* ;” Shelley, of the born “*poetic temperament*.” In Wordsworth “*the poetry is almost always the mere setting of a thought*. There is an air of calm deliberateness, which is not characteristic of the poetic temperament. He never seems *possessed* by any feeling.” Culture, on the other hand, “*is precisely what was wanting to Shelley*.” There is so far truth here, that Shelley is the more exuberant and impulsive, and that emotional vividness is stronger in him than in Wordsworth. But what is called the latter’s “*mere setting of a thought*,” is just the reverse of what we should say of Wordsworth in his

most characteristic pieces. A hundred of them may be named, in which a sentiment is the true theme: what the poet has done is, rarely to give the sentiment without giving also the thought to which it is most nearly allied. He adds the reason to the passion — an alliance which Mill presently sets forth as the ideal of poetry. So with the next criticism; — Calmness is precisely what we should claim for the highest poetic temperament. Its very triumph is to govern the ecstasy which at first ruled it. Is not this what, by common consent, marks Sophocles and Shakespeare, Milton and Goethe? Nor is the description of Shelley, though superficially plausible, nearer truth. His life, during its unhappily brief day, shows us a poet inferior to none in diligence of culture. He studied many more books before nine-and-twenty than Wordsworth during his long life. What Shelley wanted, or had not reached, was central power to control and concentrate the “*extravagant and erring spirit*” of his marvellous imagination.

With so shallow and feeble a grasp of the facts, and so inadequate an idea of poetry, it is not surprising to find Mill announcing presently that “*the genius of Wordsworth is essentially unlyrical* ;” or that “*a poet may always, by culture, make himself a philosopher*.” We do not doubt that, really gifted as Mill was with both penetration and feeling, he had the potential capacity for a far truer appreciation. But he came, in Plato’s phrase, too late “*to the gate of the Muses* ;” and they refused him access to “*the inmost enchanted fountains*” of poetry. It is to make the reader feel this result of Mill’s education that we have dwelt so long upon the subject. It neglected Sentiment and Poetry; but the mastery which he never gained over poetry, sentiment gained over him.

There is yet one more result of that education, which we cannot evade, but which we approach with the sincerest diffidence and the sincerest reluctance. Before, however, we touch upon this, let us survey for a moment the figure of the teacher. James Mill’s “*Essay on Government*” was, indeed, demolished once and forever by Macaulay’s review,* with

* This review (which we strongly commend to the notice of readers who desire to learn the actual feelings of fifty years since on “*Benthamism*,” as contrasted with the pale reflex given by John Mill when he had cast aside that “*sectarianism*”), suppressed by Macaulay with his usual generosity to a worthy opponent, has been (with equal propriety) restored to its place among his “*Miscellaneous Writings*.” Our space only admits of this reference.

and Child of Raphael, to all the pictures which Rubens, with his fat, frowzy, Dutch Venuses, ever painted? Surely this is the babyhood of criticism. But, if pardonable at twenty-six, it should not have reappeared without the notes of correction which Mill has elsewhere supplied, in all its curious crudity, in 1859.

* “*Dissertations*,” vol. i. p. 410.

the most brilliant and exquisite severity. His "History of British India," a work of other value, has barely managed to find an English public. No success has attended the filial generosity which tried to galvanize the "Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind" into a life of which it was never capable. Yet that figure, despotic over the whole career of his far more gifted son, is one well deserving our study. A born Scot, with all implied by this, and trained for the Scottish church ministry, with all which that, also, implies, he had early in life rejected, "not only the belief in revelation, but the foundations of what is commonly called Natural Religion." But the "dominant chords" had been too strongly struck; the iron had entered into his soul. It was with definite purpose that we spoke of him as *predestinating* his son to certain forms of thought for life. For, throughout his own, he was possessed by the despairing gloom, the austere fanaticism, the moral power, of his first — say, rather, his only — creed. That creed has, indeed, more than one noteworthy follower whom it has driven into reaction; but we know none who presents with equal completeness the type of the ex-Calvinist. The Christianity which James Mill rejected appears never to have overpassed the rigid but powerful dogmatism with which Calvinism is popularly associated. Omnipotence and hell, each taken in its crudest sense, as if the terms referred to things tangible and visible, were all the elements that he read in the Christian scheme. This scarecrow skeleton of dogma, from which (to put one point alone) the idea of God as Love was wholly absent, and which, as a true expression of their creed, Augustine and Calvin would have put aside with compassionate contempt, seems again (if we rightly interpret the scanty notice given) to have been all of Christianity that he found in Butler's "Analogy," to the amazing force of which he bore witness. Feeling, however, with a sensitiveness which sprang from the best side of his nature, the often "unfelt oppressions of the world," the wrong and misery under the sun, James Mill concluded with a leap that, as he could not reconcile to himself the contemporaneous existence of God, all-knowing and all-powerful, and of Evil, his sole refuge was the denial that any solution could be found; as if, by "gaining resolution from despair," and deepening the gloom which all the most devout believers have recognized, from the

days of St. Paul, as fully as he, some strange tonic could be discovered, enabling him better to do his part in relieving it. As a superstition, he repudiated, also, the idea which "attributes a pretended perfection to the order of nature and the universe." Thus thinking, he repudiated all inquiry into the causation and origin of the world, all questions of the "whence and whither," as hopeless and inscrutable, accepting "Agnosticism"* (as we have heard it called) as his only possible creed; too honest to think the existence of God deniable; at once disbelieving and trembling at the sight of the evil around him. The deplorable historical ignorance which he "a hundred times" displayed in defence of that "aversion to religion" which must always accompany consistent Nihilism, and the baby argument with which he thought he clenched his reasoning, may be read in his son's relentless chronicle (pp. 40-43). They are both such as might have been heard, any day, from the lips of a mechanic of that period, caricaturing Paine's "Age of Reason" on an alehouse bench.

Men may undoubtedly play, like children, on the edge of the volcano, Death, and, shutting their eyes, like ostriches, to all but the immediate, live gaily with the "beyond this, nothing" of Sardanapalus. Such an existence, common amongst the lowest stamp of humanity at all times, has been occasionally reduced to a theory, as by the club of those "going to die together," established when Greece was decadent, or by a few of the *litterati* of the later Renaissance.† But to a man of feeling and intellect this kind of life is impossible: he cannot, like the priests of Cybele, consent thus to divest himself of manhood. By his son's account, James Mill was in the mournful position of one who found himself surrounded by evil

* This "Agnosticism" differed, it will be seen, from that avowed in our own day, which seems to have its origin partly in a spirit of apathetic or supercilious indolence, partly in the unphilosophical notion that nothing can be proved or believed to which the special methods of physical science (which is assumed by the Agnostic to contain no hypothetical or ontological elements) are inapplicable. Mill's attitude, on the contrary, even by those who judge it begotten between Calvinism narrowly construed and the overwrought sensitiveness of a recluse, is of a noble stamp, and may justly command the respectful pity of those who, fortunate in a wider faith and a deeper philosophy, reject it with the utmost security of conviction suited to, and attainable by, human creatures.

† An attempt to revive this theory, on the side of Art (which decorates its nakedness a little), has been made in some recent volumes of verse and criticism, saturated too often with a spirit of subtle affectation and nauseous effeminacy.

and suffering, for which he could see neither cause nor compensation, neither origin nor ending. The world, in his eyes, was a battle-field in darkness, where aristocrats and priests, "enemies of the human race," were contending with the utilitarian and association philosophies, the forlorn hopes for possible light and happiness (pp. 40, 41, 106-8). The Calvinist *Inferno*, from which he revolted, was hardly a more dismal spectacle than this, and Manichæism itself, could he have accepted it, would have been a cheerful creed in comparison. Spurning what he held to be the idle subtleties of Christianity, he entertained no doubt that by such scepticism he had at least cured himself of an injurious superstition: —

Sad cure ! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity ?

Plato and Tacitus, in some terrible phrases, have laid bare and painted the soul of a tyrant. But this spectacle is hardly more repulsive, though from very different causes, than the picture which is now presented to us, in the pages of a deeply-admiring biographer. James Mill here appears as a man suffering perpetual eclipse, living in a "land of darkness, where the light was as darkness ;" the darkness, not of intellect, but of despair, and as one lying under the shadow of Ahri-man. "He thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of *unsatisfied curiosity* had gone by" — the noble and enduring interest in physical, historical, or intellectual investigation, which in itself has animated so many lives, being, apparently, nothing in his eyes but boyish curiosity. "This was a topic on which he did not often speak ; but when he did it was with an air of settled and profound conviction. He would sometimes say, that if life were made what it might be by good government and education, it would be worth having ; but he never spoke with anything like enthusiasm even of that possibility." Temperament and views of this kind made James Mill naturally look to the philosophy of Greece, or, rather, to the recorded sayings of her philosophers, as an ethical code ; they became the gospel of what, in geological phrase, we should describe as a "metamorphic" Puritanism. The son curiously describes him as "partaking of the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Cynic." There is something almost pathetic in John Mill's attempt to dignify with these great names

his father's crude ex-Calvinism. But it is impossible for others to regard with seriousness an eclecticism which presented a Stoic without his belief in Providence, and an Epicurean without his belief in pleasure.

It is not wonderful that a general sternness should have marked this singular man in relation to his fellow-creatures. His creed itself, if we can call it such, was obviously the child, not of reason, but of sentiment ; it reflected the gloom of his nature, whilst deepening it : though denying Deity, it was itself a subtle form of "anthropomorphism." His wife's name, wholly absent from the book like the image of Brutus from the funeral procession, to adopt the phrase of Tacitus, *eo ipso præfulget*. "The element which was chiefly deficient in his moral relation to his children was that of tenderness." John Mill, piously unwilling to admit so great a defect, argues that the father really possessed "much greater capacities for feeling than were ever developed." This may have been ; but the reason to which he ascribes the want of development is of little force. It was simply one part of the theory which James Mill's metamorphic Puritanism (as we have called it) had embraced. Such was his severity, that the son never loved him tenderly ; and such his despotic attitude towards opinions differing from his own, that long after, that son (then in the maturity of his powers) was unable "to speak out his whole mind on the subject" of his philosophy, in regard to points on which he dissented from the father.

This, truly, is an uninviting and unlovely spectacle, this ex-Calvinism without God, without confidence, even in a thing so shadowy as the "indefinite perfectibility" of mankind, without even the filial affection of the noble-natured son for whom he had laboured so strenuously ; unknown powers of evil all around, this life barely worth having, and the horizon a total blank : —

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
(Said then the lost Archangel,) "this the seat
That we must change for heaven ? this mourn-
ful gloom
For that celestial light ?"

Yet it would be unjust to James Mill were this our final word, or that we should use any phrase which might seem to express anything but commiseration for a creed which, due at first to reaction from a narrow and uninformed view of Christianity narrowly interpreted, was then, as

it were (as we read of rifled cannon) nailed down over him and shrunk upon him by an iron logic, heated white-hot in the fires of overwrought sensibility. A larger knowledge — we will venture to say it both of him and of his son — would have brought a sweeter faith. Yet, self-mutilated as he was by the narrowest scepticism ever accepted by an intelligent man, his ideal of virtue, within its limits, was high, his passion for the good of others strong, his love of what he held to be justice intense; and, so far as the book before us is evidence, he lived consistently for years in the spirit of his creed. We have been unsparing on its weak points. Let us do the heartier honour to that portion, both of his belief and his practice, in which latent Puritanism, imperfectly combined with Greek philosophy, in some degree saved him from himself.

Returning now to the main subject of our Paper, "I am one of the very few examples in this country," John Stuart Mill says, "of one who has not thrown off religious belief, but never had it:" the reason of this being that "it would have been wholly inconsistent with my father's idea of duty, to allow me to acquire impressions contrary to his convictions and feelings respecting religion." Now we shall not contend, that, in acting thus, the father exceeded a parent's just rights. We shall not contend that, even on his own (or his son's) principles as a lover of freedom,* he directly infringed upon due liberty. But, arguing *à priori*, we do contend that by such a system, carried out with the rigidity of his ineradicable Puritanism, he did put the most effectual bar on the son's ever reaching a position whence he could make a fair, a philosophical, inquiry into this great subject. There are branches of human research in regard to which a child might be trained in absolute scepticism, yet which, in later life, he might be able to examine unfetteredly, whether for rejection or acceptance. Pure mathematics are an example. But this is, firstly, because the ground-principles here lie within a very small compass; and, secondly, because they lie also wholly beyond the bounds of the emotional side of our nature. Where the

conditions are reversed, no one upon whom throughout his whole period of growth and education the entire nothingness, indeed the entire wickedness, of any system of knowledge and practice had been enforced and reiterated, could have the slightest chance of effectually escaping from such early prepossessions, provided the pupil (through the rigour and ability of this system) could never emancipate himself from its general tenour. Had John Mill been trained to disbelieve and hate poetry, for example, would he have reached even the stunted growth of appreciation to which his father's comparative indifference to poetry, as we have shown, limited him? Yet how far simpler is the subject here! how far less involved with those sentiments and ideas which (intuitive or not) yet from first childhood necessarily invest any religion, and Christianity beyond any other!

We hold therefore that, on all points wherein opinions upon religion enter into the formation of opinions upon other subjects, John Mill was, by his father's action, predestinated to permanent and involuntary adherence to his father's views. It must be remembered, also, that at fourteen he was at least as much advanced in education as others at twenty-two. That in the course of years he more or less studied this subject may be true; but, living always in a narrow circle of sympathizers, and dyed from childhood in the tints of ex-Calvinism, he never had one moment for free and independent investigation. Physiologists have pointed out that there is one portion of the eye which does not see, but of the existence of which we are, normally, wholly unconscious. Religion appears to us to have been the "blind spot" on the mind's retina of John Mill. There is no point upon which the despotic dominance of father, wife, and coterie left less free play to his individuality. His conclusions on this subject, — with all that large area of speculation which is coloured by a man's religious ideas, whether positive or negative, — are hence also deprived of their natural value: — an immense chasm in philosophy!

Those who agree with us that, in thus educating his son, James Mill might plead his convictions and his parental rights, will, however, probably not be disposed to extend the same indulgence to the silence which he enjoined on the son in regard to this part of his education, or to understand how such a reserve could be brought into consistency with his views,

* This point, however, which is one of those at which the deeper difficulties of the doctrines of "Liberty and Individuality" begin, with other points of a similar kind, is passed almost silently in the Essay. That eloquent book, for reasons presently to be noticed, has many pages in which sentiment, coloured by logic, is substituted for reasoned argument. Hence its popularity.

whether as Stoic, Epicurean, Cynic, or Utilitarian. In fact, Jesuitism, as commonly understood, is the only ethical code to which we can look for a similar doctrine. Leaving it to the conclusions to which it is open (which we may the more, because John Mill attempts only a partial justification), we may remark that his own reticence probably subserved considerably the father's earnest aim, that the son should follow him in the entire rejection of all religion. The son was silent on the point among devout and rational Christians, and could speak out only within the petty set who already agreed with him. John Mill (who seems to have been partially aware of the moral harm done by this "doctrine of reserve") argues that it would be much better if the avowal of scepticism were openly made. And it must indeed be a serious moral evil if, (as his contemptuous seclusion from his fellow-creatures led him to imagine,) a large "proportion of the world's highest ornaments, of those most distinguished for wisdom and virtue," are Jesuits without knowing it. But the results which he anticipates would follow from such an avowal exhibit only the credulity natural to a man almost monastic in his ignorance of mankind, and bred from the cradle to think his exquisitely narrow circle the "salt of the world," and the "representative men," of humanity. And it is only these circumstances, or the treacherous wish that is "father to the thought," which can palliate the curious extravagance of the statements on pp. 45, 46.

This *coterie* existence was one of the two determinant influences which (with his education) moulded John Mill for the rest of his life. The results of it show themselves curiously in the account of a residence in France, which followed the close of his regular home training in 1820. Almost the only foreign experience he has noted was the free and genial atmosphere, the elevated sentiment, the culture of the understanding through the feelings, of what he rather laxly terms Continental life (although his experience was limited to a few months' visit to an English family in the South of France, and a short stay in Paris), compared with "the low moral tone of what, in England, is called society." Of this he confesses that he was then ignorant, as indeed the career which we have sketched sufficiently proves. The inevitable inference is that it was the unconscious recollection of his own home which really provoked the con-

trast between the frank sociability and amiability of French personal intercourse, and the English mode of existence, "in which every body acts as if everybody else (with few or no exceptions) was either an enemy or a bore." A man must, at least, be very querulous or very ignorant who finds a true picture of the world around him in this acrid caricature, which is followed by a general attack on Englishmen as selfish, intellectually undeveloped beings, creatures reduced to a mere "negative existence," and the like. Whatever accents are audible here, assuredly are not those of philosophy.

As we shall not pursue Mill's life in detail, we may now notice that until his Parliamentary work, for a time, brought him a little "out of his shell," he persistently lived with a few — often a very few — sympathetic friends, dropping throughout all, so far as we can judge from the lists given, who dissented from his views; a process which, from the great change which occurred in them, involved proportionally liberal elimination. There is an element of strength in so doing; a man saves time, and his ideas become more concentrated, especially during youth; a *coterie* atmosphere has thus sometimes a tonic effect. But this atmosphere, in after life, breeds so many sources of weakness and narrowness that the popular opinion, which treats *coterie* existence as an equivalent to a "mutual admiration society," and essentially ruinous in its ultimate effects, has been rarely disproved. It was a very sad thing that at no time does it appear ever to have occurred to Mill, or to his father, that they were not really sitting "on a hill retired," or "mount of speculation," whence they could "survey mankind" with dispassionate and philosophical clearness, but only moving in a very narrow world of their own, where little of the real thoughts and ways of the profane vulgar (especially the aristocrat and the priest) could reach them, except through the highly rarefied medium of "analysis." Mill's views upon the life and the characteristics of his countrymen, betray throughout that they have been "generated in his inner consciousness." They are essentially identical with those which have often proceeded from monastic seclusion; they are, in part, the persistent leaven of a sour Puritanism; in part, the reflex of the social position which Mill chose to take up. Hence, when we read (as, indeed we have often read before in third-class novels) that

“general society, as now carried on in England, is so insipid an affair, even to the persons who make it what it is, that it is kept up for any reason rather than the pleasure it affords,” &c. (p. 227); whilst it cannot be denied that such exceptions may occur, the substantial feeling aroused by this and similar diatribes against “society” is that the Mills were never, so far as we learn, in the least degree in it. This, however, is no impediment to the workings of the “inner consciousness,” and the fatal results of being in society are copiously set forth in the style which may be leniently described as “limpid exaggeration,” and with just the degree of accuracy which might be expected. Then follows a solemn announcement: “A person of high intellect should never go into unintellectual society” (that is, as just defined, society in general) “unless he can enter it as an apostle; yet he is the only person with high objects who can safely enter it at all.”

O weakness of the great! O folly of the wise!

These are the accents of that bilious exclusiveness by which, more than anything else, Bentham and his early friends prevented the world from doing justice to their merits. But gratitude to Mill for intellectual service, and consideration of the circumstances of his life, may exempt the passage from comments which can, indeed, be safely left to any reader of average ability, and average knowledge of mankind.

It is wisdom in those who are honestly ready to confess national faults, to show where we may learn to correct them. And we may justly allow a stronger sensitiveness upon the point to a philosophic thinker. But depreciation of this character, expressing itself rather in bland sneering than in reasoned criticism, is generally accompanied by a one-sided and declamatory counter-eulogy of things foreign, than which there can be no surer sign of a weak place in the intellect. Accordingly, Mill's earlier writings (for in the latter an impartial uniformity of dissatisfaction is perceptible) lose no chance of reading Englishmen lessons in that tone which, unfortunately, is the least adapted to make them listen to their own advantage. Thus, in his paper on Alfred de Vigny (1838), whilst dwelling on the brilliant outburst of literature which marked France for some years (now, as we see, only too brief) after 1825, he half misses the true historical significance of

that movement, in order to cry, “worldly advancement, or religion, are an Englishman's real interests” (p. 290), whilst from the following paragraphs we are to infer that Politics, as “the pursuit of social well-being,” with the “love of beauty and of imaginative emotion,” are the counter-characteristics of the Continent. What perilous assumption there is in these half-truths! How sadly they read when we think of French literature (for France here stands with Mill for “the Continent”) during the last fifteen years! Even M. de Vigny's creditable novel, “Cinq-Mars,” he cannot praise without an idle sneer at Scott, the creator of the “historical school” in romance, who had “no object but to please,” and therefore, we may add, wrote masterpieces where M. de Vigny and other able Frenchmen wrote only meritorious attempts at romance. Again, in the sketch of Armand Carrel (1837), whilst praising justly, though not always discriminately, the great historical writers whom France was then producing, he concludes:—

We may notice here, as an example of the superiority of French historical literature to ours, that, of the most interesting period in the English annals, the period of the Stuarts, France has produced, within a very few years too, the best, the second-best, and the third-best history. The best is this of Carrel; the second-best is the unfinished work of M. Guizot. (P. 239.)

This tone of arrogant and imperfect generalization might be good as journalism, but is equally bad as criticism. Compare the terms in which a real master of the subject describes the same fact:—

I cannot refrain from bearing testimony to the work of a distinguished foreigner, M. Guizot, “Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre.” I am much disposed to believe that if the rest of his present undertaking shall be completed in as satisfactory a manner as the first volume, he will be entitled to the preference above any one, perhaps, of our native writers, as a guide through the great period of the seventeenth century.*

The leading feature in Mill's life, as portrayed by himself, is that the eloquent apostle of Liberty and Individuality was

* Preface to Hallam's “Constitutional History.” This was published in 1827, and the book had reached at least three editions before 1836. But Hallam (with the other writers, who, contemporaneously with the French, introduced larger methods into the investigation of English history), is never to our remembrance, named by Mill. “The dog was a Whig,”—the pet aversion of Benthamites. Such is the natural result when a man of naturally wide mind consents to imprison himself in a narrow circle.

as completely and persistently moulded by others as ever woman was by priest. Enough has been said for the present on his education and his *coterie* existence. We shall now trace the third influence (also one of the external order)—his early practice as a journalist; whilst at the same time we may continue the review of his general career, which, owing to his education and his natural gifts (it must be remembered always), began at an age which to his coevals was mere boyhood. The years up to twenty or thereabouts he defines as the “last stage of education, and first of self-education,” speaking of them also as the period of his “sectarianism.” This may, we think, be correctly described as rigorous adherence to Bentham, or “Utilitarianism,” a name which Mill claims to have brought into use. Living wholly with those who pretty nearly conformed to this banner, fortifying and developing his views by friendly debate (a method of intellectual advance which he justly valued much), it was now natural that he should begin authorship himself. From sixteen to two-and-twenty, he accordingly wrote copiously in newspapers and reviews; an employment for which his official post in the India House, obtained in 1823, left him sufficient leisure. From his work there he became “practically conversant with the necessities of compromise:” he learned to be pleased when he could have the smallest part of his own way; even “to bear with complete equanimity the being overruled altogether.” And all this—although many will perhaps dispute it—was very largely true of the man: to the speculative writer, of course, he would not himself have applied it. But the other influence was, we think, by far the most powerful. What is the ideal of the journalist? Not, to see the good of all sides, but to see all good on one: not, to convince the mistaken, but to deepen the convictions of the convinced: not, to give reason and emotion their due, but carefully distinguished, places in argument, but to impassion reason, and to dress feeling in the forms of logic: not to produce lasting belief by exhaustive marshalling of facts, but by massing together leading facts, to give the electric shock of a moment. On the other hand, so far as he can compass it, the first duty of the philosopher or historian is to be absolutely fair—to be wholly accurate. One exception omitted, one incorrectness allowed, may vitiate his case. In a brilliant leading article, if nine-tenths be

true, editor and readers may be justly satisfied. The one-tenth less true will be a flaw in a general argument, an awkward fact for the other side—a something, in short, which must be passed for the sake of the first and last thing in journalism, the interests of your party. We admit these evils gladly, as it is generally accepted that they are far outweighed by the benefits of independent journalism, the very theory of which, indeed, renders them inevitable. But it is clear that this temper, these methods, are not only different from those which should mark the philosophic writer, but antagonistic to them.

Now when we add to this that the journalizing habit is, of all literary habits, the one which most deeply enters into a writer, and that Mill began journalism at sixteen, it will, perhaps, be generally admitted that we should be justified in expecting to find the traces of that habit stamped deeply on his literary work. It will be least seen in his “Logic;” but it will enter his “Political Economy,” and will be, more or less, a constantly pervasive element in those essays and occasional tracts which, in their form and substance, approach journalism. And we have the strongest conviction that this will be found so. Reverting to the characteristics of journalism—sentiment in logical guise dictated the chapter in the “Political Economy” on peasant property. The premise that all truth is on his side secretly underlies the reviews of Sedgwick and Whewell; they are not consciously unfair—a thing, we judge, thoroughly alien from John Mill’s nature; they are patently and ably one-sided. When the journalistic impulse was partly spent, another influence, distorting in other ways, came in; and the essay on “Liberty” contains some pages of sublime caricature, and some arguments in which sentiment plays the part of reason.

The long cry for originality of life and character, though doubtless in part representing the unconscious yearnings experienced by a very able man, who felt that he was deficient in original power, surely goes beyond reasonable bounds in its passionate iteration: the main elements of modern advance are successively arraigned in a spirit which, in other writers, would be held reactionary; and even the People, the watchword of earlier Benthamism, appear now under the disagreeable *alias* of “that miscellaneous collection of a few wise and many foolish individuals, called the public” (p. 40). In short, as

we hold that the element of poetry, deficient in Mill's education, although supplied later to the best of his ability, yet never became truly homogeneous with his nature, so it seems that the over-stress laid, when young, upon logic and "analysis," and felt by his natural sensitiveness to require supplement, was also imperfectly supplied by the journalistic habit of thought and writing. In contrast to the rigorous theory of Benthamism,* there is a strong declamatory vein throughout his work; and the declamation and sentiment are often not fused with his logic, but, as it were, suspended in it mechanically. We do not know whether the experience of other readers will support ours, that his writings generally promise more completeness, more coherency, than they possess. But, if this be acknowledged, it may probably be referred to the causes just specified.

After some account of the foundation of the "Westminster Review" (wherein the feeling of repulsion, excited by association with Sir John Bowring, is the most amusing feature), the narrative tells of a crisis, probably as much physical as mental, through which the writer now (1826) passed. Briefly it may be described as a fit of scepticism on the genuineness of his own love of excellence and humanity; a sense, in Pascal's phrase, "that it is the battle which delights man, not the victory." Much might be said on this crisis in relation to Mill's education; but we hold it neither wise nor delicate to attempt to interpret the inward struggles of a man so largely gifted, and so narrowly trained. Whatever may have been the cause, the self-confidence of early Utilitarianism, the tone of the anticipated triumph of philosophy, disappeared. It ended in Mill's adopting a new theory of life, wherein the "indirect aim" at personal happiness was to be substituted for the direct, as astronomers look askance at any small star they wish to see; the one serious hope on the mind's horizon, amid the general gloom and "dissatisfaction with life and the world," from which Mill was never free, being that anticipation of "the perennial sources of happiness, when all the greater evils of life shall have been removed" (p. 148) — that unproved and unprovable dream of human advance and perfectibility, to which he clung with the fond and touch-

ing confidence which, in our time, has led some to predict the day of approaching millennium. A well-known French sceptic, wise in his generation, said once, "If there be no God, we must invent one." And so Mill could not quite dispense with a future, even though it were but the mocking mirage created by his own "desiring fantasy:" — that pet hallucination of those who have advanced beyond any other Hereafter. Here, too, much might be said: let us rather turn our eyes from so poor and narrow a foundation for life with thankfulness to the compensations which human nature finds for men of the nobler stamp, against their own best theories and convictions. In his intellectual pursuits, in his unceasing struggles to benefit others in the only ways open to him, Mill found some of these compensations. Yet the tenour of the life, thus unflinchingly revealed, must be pronounced starved and gloomy, even by those whose life is also horizonless; how much more by others! But whilst they have no feeling but the profoundest pity for one who, when he might have been rich, was half "predestinated" to poverty, half elected it, they will remember that few, comparatively, are the lives, if revealed with equal unflinchingsness, in which this portion of the soul's existence would not be overshadowed. *Humanum passus est.*

It was at this time that the meaning of poetry first, as we have before noticed, awoke in Mill's mind, and Wordsworth exerted over him the sanative influence which it was that great poet's hope that his work would exercise. Mill expresses his gratitude for this, and seems to think that he had not only gained much from Wordsworth, but had sympathetically comprehended him. On this point we have already touched, and it is enough to remark that the criticism which follows is fatal to Mill's pretensions. When he pronounces Wordsworth "the poet of unpoetical natures," it is only his own (enforced) want of insight into poetry which he reveals. Here, as elsewhere, what he finds wanting in others is only the unconscious reflection of his own mental limitations.

Mill's admiration for Wordsworth was, however, sufficiently deep to occasion a split between him and a friend whose name we are certainly not accustomed to associate with philosophical ideas — Mr. Roebuck. In fact, Mill (as we have observed) successively dropped all friends, as a rule, who diverged from his own

* "I conceive that the description so often given of a Benthamite as a mere reasoning machine . . . was during two or three years of my life not altogether untrue of me." — *Autobiography*, p. 109.

views. Like the father, "his aversion to many intellectual errors partook, in a certain sense, of the character of a moral feeling" (p. 50). This *coterie* habit of mind of course prevented an acquaintance with Mr. Frederick Maurice, now formed, from becoming friendship. Of that excellent and able man Mill draws a character which, unintentionally, approaches caricature more than anything else of the kind in the volume. Maurice, in truth, exposed him to a painful dilemma. Rating his intellectual power as above Coleridge's Mill can only explain the singular problem of Maurice's devout adherence to Christianity by ascribing it to "timidity of conscience." We can hardly imagine any charge further, we might say notoriously further, from the fact; but the praise which Mill presently gives to the "moral courage" of Mr. Sterling, Maurice's brilliant and flashy contemporary, throws some light on the ground of this misconception. A more elaborate picture of Carlyle follows. In drawing this, Mill — with that truthful personal modesty which, contrasting with the *impersonal* assumption of infallibilist dogmatic elevation, gives the book so singular a charm — uses the phrase, "I felt that he was a poet, and that I was not; that he was a man of intuition, which I was not." And, without entering further into the subject, we think that the gallery of characters which he has here given amply confirms the latter assertion.

It remains now to recount briefly the changes in Mill's philosophy which mark his later life. Emancipation from the father's general method and programme was not, indeed, desired, even had it been possible. That iron had entered too deeply into his soul. Had John Mill been a great thinker in the strict sense of the term, creative and original, like Plato or Locke, these changes might have been far deeper, far more fruitful. Such a thinker, by his own avowal (p. 242), he was not; yet the changes revealed by the "Autobiography," as was inevitable to a mind so gifted and so well stored, were great — greater, perhaps, than most readers had imagined. Cramped by the father, stimulated into morbid growth by the wife, dried up and enervated by the vitiated air of the *coterie*, the tree must have had much primary vigour to yield the fruits which it nevertheless succeeded in producing.

It is remarkable how small a part German thought and research play in Mill's development. True to the law which, in

his case, eminently made the child "father to the man" (that inversion of natural order), he received from France his first great transitional impulse. Justly dissatisfied with the narrow logical scheme set forth in his father's "Essay on Government," instead of searching for a scheme wider in its premises and more truly logical in its method, he was allured by the contemporary outburst of political theory in France into the direction of sentimental speculation. These theories, eminently characteristic of the French mind at once in its strength and its weakness, have now proved to be, what sane thinkers from the first held them, valuable as suggestions, as "*aperçus*," valueless as consistent systems of philosophy.* But, in 1830, it was natural that the "St. Simonian school," with Auguste Comte in his first stage, should exercise over Mill, being such a man as we have seen, a fascination which, he afterwards saw, was discredited by their own later developments: although the "evil seed" of sentimentalism, disguised under "humanitarian" forms, was never henceforth eradicated from his own mind.

More than most men (it has been noted) Mill was formed by circumstances, including, under the word, external pressure from books and from persons. This fact, which his records of himself more than once, was due, doubtless, as he seems to have felt, to his want of predominant originality, combined with a powerful and highly active mind. We have seen how much the three great external influences, — his education, his newspaper writing, and his *coterie* life, moulded him. Why, it may then be asked, do not we assign a separate and superior place to the influence which Mill himself held immeasurably the deepest and the most valuable, — that of the lady, whom, after many years of friendship, he married on her first husband's death? Partly, because we have included it under *coterie* influence, as in fact, whilst this union lasted, and especially during the latter years of it, Mill lived in a narrower circle than ever: partly because we find it impossible to accept the inspiring, controlling, and strengthening position which, in regard to himself, Mill ascribes to her.

* St. Simonianism, having given birth to Socialism, as a system, we apprehend, is wholly dead. M. Littré remains the one man of ability who represents Comte. We shall not care if this assertion is contradicted on the part of Anglo-Comtism — its pretensions considered, the most imbecile of those imbecile sects, political, moral, and aesthetic, which the corruption of France has, during late years, generated in England.

He has drawn her picture here and elsewhere, at great length, with little felicity of phrase, but with a warmth and plenitude of eulogy such as many husbands would, indeed, readily give to the memory of a perfect wife, but which is generally withheld from the world in accordance with a rule, the wisdom of which is not likely to be diminished in the eyes of those who read this "Autobiography."

Respect and tenderness to the dead render us reluctant to dwell on this whole phase of Mill's life; * but he has made the friend and wife so prominent a feature in the history of what he believed to be his own mental growth under her auspices, that a few words must be added. We excuse the transports with which a lover paints his mistress in a lyric:—

Then to Silvia let us sing
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling!

But "weakness," the French apophthegm says, "begins with exaggeration," and it is impossible not to feel the presence of both, when we find, not poetry with her license, but plain prose assigning every contrasted gift and grace, every moral and intellectual eminence, and all in the most eminent degree, even to one so fondly loved, and deplored so profoundly. Here, again, we are compelled to trace that uneven balance between the functions of head and heart which was the result of Mill's education, and of the scheme of life which grew from it. It is the Nemesis of the Affections, long enthralled by a cold philosophy and a horizonless creed. Man must "love that much which he must lose," and that without hope, "ere long." And the bow, overstrained in youth, well nigh breaks in the inevitable reaction.

No reasonable person will doubt that there was something,—some will think that there was much,—which answered to Mill's eulogy. This we can partly test by the Essay on the Enfranchisement of Women, reprinted in the "Dissertations" with a preface, assigning its authorship to this lady.

* A protest, however, must be made against the doctrine enunciated on p. 229, that "we did not consider the ordinances of society binding on a subject so entirely personal," as "our relation to each other," before Mr. Taylor's death. Admitting that the phrase may have been left unguarded through oversight or conciseness, we must acknowledge that the doctrine, as stated, might logically be pleaded as a justification for breaches of public law which we should regret to think that Mill justified, and for vicious excesses, which we are sure that he would have energetically condemned.

So elevated was the general level of her faculties, that the highest poetry, philosophy, oratory, or art seemed trivial by the side of her, and equal only to expressing some small part of her mind. And there is no one of these modes of manifestation in which she could not easily have taken the highest rank. . . . I venture to prophesy that, if mankind continue to improve, their spiritual history for ages to come will be the progressive working out of her thoughts and realization of her conceptions.

Having read this, and put it out of his mind, let the reader turn to the essay; and even if he should approve its general tenour, we are satisfied that he will find it at once the most instructive and the most ironical comment upon the preface imaginable. The most that can be said, is that it is a respectable parody of Mill's worst style. Feebler arguments and more pompous words have rarely come together.

Meanwhile the French revolution of 1830, and the Reform movement in England, drew Mill for a while more into politics, and for some years he wrote frequently in the newspapers. But his hope that a strong party of "philosophic Radicals" would now be formed was disappointed; neither the men nor the season were forthcoming. He modestly tells the only practical successes which he could claim: the advocacy of Lord Durham, which contributed to the establishment of the doctrine of colonial self-government; and the popularization of Mr. Carlyle's "French Revolution"—a book which, by its picturesqueness of style and total want of historical idea, has more than any other been an obstacle in England towards a true understanding of the events which it professes to narrate.

Withdrawing hence even more from his fellow-creatures (p. 229), and set free—the phrase is not too strong—by his father's death (1836) to say what he thought, the influence of his highly-honoured companion, he tells us, became more dominant; his early Benthamism now seemed "sectarian" in his eyes, and the "heretical" side of his opinions, (it is his own word,) decidedly took the lead.

A democrat throughout, in the "sectarian" period he had been satisfied to mitigate social inequality "by getting rid of primogeniture and entails." To go further "I then reckoned chimerical, and only hoped that by universal education, leading to voluntary restraint on population, the portion of the poor might be made more tolerable." But in the "heretical" period these ideas advanced in a

manner which, during the life of James Mill, the "*vultus instantis tyranni*" would have rigorously silenced. "Our idea of ultimate improvement went far beyond democracy, and would class us decidedly under the general designation of Socialists." And Mill then proceeds, in some pages which are in every way interesting and instructive, to paint that mirage of indefinite human perfectibility which was the sole and ever-receding horizon on the desert which life presented. Selfishness, it may perhaps be summarized, is to be cast out by self. Human nature is to achieve its own perfection.

It is natural to ask by what means this millennium of the philosopher will be reached? Where is the leverage with which Mr. and Mrs. Mill proposed that the world should be moved? In early days, Mill's answer, if not convincing, would have been clear. Advance and perfection would then have depended upon the exact proportion in which the truths of Utilitarianism and the Association Philosophy had possessed mankind. But we must confess, with regret, that the later solution, as presented in the pages before us (231-4), is by no means so definite. The argument, like many of those written under the female influence to which Mill accorded so much, with the greatest air of scientific clearness and logical accuracy, contains nothing more than the identical proposition which it seemingly undertook to demonstrate. That men may be trained to prefer public good to private; that they may learn to love their neighbours better than themselves; that, in short, selfishness (as we have said) may be cast out by self, when mankind is willing to perform this great act of renunciation, is all that we can here find presented to us. The one and only hope which the Mills had reserved for the future, the sole spot which brightened on their cheerless horizon, is no more than this! To no more definite or practical issue came at last the most advanced thoughts of one whom the cruel folly of partisanship numbers among the world's most advanced thinkers! Injurious and limited in many ways, as we hold Mill's philosophy to have been, these pages show that we confess our gratitude to him for much of high value. But this recognition binds us, at the same time, to lay bare without remorse the barren places in the system. If partisans resent the exposure, they should have committed to the flames the suicidal pages of the "Autobiography."

If then to the influence which governed Mill's later life, as his father's had governed the earlier, we correctly trace those lines of thought and sentiment which we think all but a very small party of thinkers, "advanced" beyond the reach of thought itself, would hold to be the points where he is weakest, that elevation of aim in which he rarely fails, (and if he does fail, unconsciously and under impulse for good,) may be also, in part, ascribed to the same influence. But the pages which precede and follow those just mentioned (227-9, 238-9), are in the worst manner of what we have called the journalistic spirit. We have here the tirade against "society" (already quoted), and which, we now can see, probably is in a degree the unconscious reflection of that isolated state in which he had placed himself—with contemptuous diatribes against the English public, and assumptions in regard to "the philosophic minds of the world," in a style which would be as effective in a leading article as it is antagonistic to scientific thought. And even when describing the production of his two great works, the "Logic" (1839) and the "Political Economy" (1847), it is the polemical side upon which Mill here dwells. He speaks with admirable modesty of the value of his "Logic" as a treatise. But what interests him in the retrospect is, that it is a protest in favour of the "Experience" theory, to the antagonist of which he ascribes endless moral evils. Similarly, his rapid advance towards Socialistic doctrines is prominent in his notice of the "Political Economy." But his emancipation from "sectarianism" is not complete before the date of his essays on "Liberty" and the "Subjection of Women."

It is in these works that the logical framework is most strongly contrasted with the journalistic tone and the emotional character of the materials. We do not mean that they are devoid of much forcible argument, to which the writer's passionate impulse lends additional force. But there is also much wherein the opposing tendencies are confused and antagonistic; where exaggerated feeling disguises itself as fact, where the forms of argument veil the weak places in the reasoning, or the loud declamation of logic drowns the cry of natural instinct. Reason and emotion, like water and oil, are powerfully frothed together, not amalgamated; the ineradicable one-sidedness of Mill's education is not really supplemented by the efforts of his later reaction.

He changes one "sectarianism" for another: and we know no writer to whom opinions, which in truth reflect his own personal and private sentiments, have so uniformly presented themselves as founded upon general principles.

These phenomena, which the "Autobiography" now displays and justifies, raise a grave question (which may be diffidently suggested) as to the probable duration and effect of Mill's writings. We have only attempted, here, to view them in relation to his life. But this analysis seems to furnish some remarkable presumptions against the vitality of books which, more or less, and with full acknowledgment of their conspicuous ability, might be defined as too emotional for the scientific reader, and too severe for the sentimental.*

A very few words remain for summary. Our aim in this paper has been to judge Mill by himself, with the least possible criticism, in cases where we dissent, based upon premises which, however secure, we are unable here to exhibit. This method of judging relieves us also, in some degree, from the diffidence with which any attempt to examine the life and the mind before us must be accompanied. Adequately to value the "Logic," the "Political Economy," the "Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy," may require a mind equal to their author's in intellectual stature. We have here been concerned only with the picture which he has himself drawn, and with his works so far as they illustrate it. If that picture shows a man far less governed by "pure reason," far more impelled by sentiment passing into morbid excess from its own intensity than many will have expected; if the mind emancipated from early logical narrowness revels too freely in a realm of vague possibilities and speculative tendencies, exultingly glorifying Liberty and Individuality rather as ends than as means; if the gray tone of the life suggests that Mill's philosophy threw away more happiness than it insured; — if, in short, we see "the engineer" sometimes "hoist with his own petard;" — the author's unflinching honesty, whilst rejecting them for himself, would allow us to draw conclusions which we hold to be strictly contained in the evidence.

Genius generally implies sensitiveness accompanying originality. Mill, compara-

tively deficient in originality, was swayed the more by sensitiveness. He speaks of his mind as one "which was always pressing forward, equally ready to learn and to unlearn either from its own thoughts or those of others." But it is the immensely preponderant impulse of others with which the "Autobiography" most impresses us. That rigidity, that dogmatic habit, which have struck many as characteristic of Mill, we are convinced came from no natural bias, but were the result of the father's "mandat impératif." He has probably overrated the value of the wife's influence; of its dominance there can be no doubt. From his father he held that Hellenized Puritanism which formed his first ethical creed; from the wife that sentimentalism, often noble, but often one-sided and over-ruling, which impairs his ultimate power over us as philosopher, while it brings him nearer to us as man. But he remains to the close a type of consistent inconsistency. The wisdom of love never becomes one with the love of wisdom.

External influences, such as these, may bring opposite and mutually-supplementary tendencies into mechanical juxtaposition within the soul; they can never supply that vital fusion, that chemical interpenetration which comes only from the spontaneous work of the soul itself. The struggle, energetic yet ineffectual, to render his opinions homogeneous, to attain unity, is the feature which, finally, most strikes us in Mill. The latter part of the life is a kind of protest against the former, from which, however, he can never essentially free himself. The spell of the ruinous *coterie* life, of contempt for the common ways of men, and especially of Englishmen, which characterized the dour ex-Calvinist, hung over his son to the end. He approached new problems and new ideas from the old narrow standing-ground. He is like a traveller who, pressing bravely on, and nobly ambitious to master the glorious heights which unfold themselves by glimpses before him, is yet never able to lift himself from the deep and iron-bound valley within which his journey began.

What a singular picture is this! What contrasts in a life externally so uniform! How "antithetically mix'd" is the nature before us! The passionate lover of Freedom and Individuality, — yet, more than any man we know of similar power, the creature of external circumstance: — vibrating simultaneously, like a sensitive flame, to the impulses of scepticism

* If these considerations be true, Mill's writings are eminently unsuitable for use as University text-books. From nineteen to three-and-twenty is precisely the age at which passion does not require the additional force gained from its presentation under the disguise of logic.

and credulity, of liberality and intolerance:—from the first day to the last, labouring for, sympathizing with, yet rancorously despising and alienating himself from, his fellow-countrymen:—a something dishuman in the very heart of his humanity, and a something anarchic in the sternness of his morality:—truly lovable, yet almost without the charm of love:—at the same time an iconoclast and an idolater:—modest beneath the tones of dogmatic arrogance, rigid in form and pliable in material:—at once a warning to his friends and an example to his antagonists!

Such are some of the paradoxes of heart and head which this remarkable book presents. The “process of the suns,” the causes already indicated, the development of the sciences to which Mill devoted his greatest works, may perhaps efface them at no distant period. But the character partially revealed in the pages of the “Autobiography,” as a problem and a lesson, will long retain its hold upon the students of human nature.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

MRS. GASKELL AND HER NOVELS.

BETWEEN Aphra Behn and Mrs. Gaskell there is a great gulf fixed: indeed the two names are only mentioned in juxtaposition for the purpose of illustrating the very remarkable point that in the inception and culmination of the modern novel, woman has borne even a more prominent part than man. Objectionable as are the pictures of life which the first-mentioned author has left us, it is significant that her writing stands out sharp and clear from the mass of contemporary compositions. That peculiar truthfulness, or *vraisemblableness*, which the female intellect seems to be most successful in producing, belonged to her. And though her novels and those of her immediate successor and imitator are largely of that class in which “the male characters are in the highest degree licentious, and the females as impassioned as the Saracen princesses in the Spanish romances of chivalry,” there is still sufficient individuality about them to earn for Mrs. Behn the position of the first writer of modern fiction of any note. From her age to the present the tide of imaginative writing has rapidly progressed, gathering strength with all the movements of practical science, which have not been with-

out influence or moulding power upon it. It would form a curious, if almost impossible, speculation whether on the whole the rapid growth of the novel has been to the service or to the detriment of humanity. Undoubtedly, that liberty of uncensored printing, for which Milton earnestly wrought, has been of essential benefit when looked at in its broadest effects; but when we come to consider the rills of impurity which have flowed from the mighty stream, we see that the blessing has been far from unalloyed. How much there has been, nay, is there now, in this nineteenth century, which might well be spared! Fortunately, Lethe is a good deep river, and we can drink in its waters forgetfulness and oblivion to all that is unworthy in literature, if we cannot entirely blot it out of existence for the benefit of succeeding generations.

It may be assumed as a position from which none will desire to force us, that the novel will always retain its place, and that one of considerable importance, as long as literature itself lasts. The newspaper may eventually prove a formidable competitor with it amongst certain classes of the community, if changes which have apparently been impending in its construction recently are matured, but it can never entirely supersede the charm of fiction. The novel, having for its basis allegorical representation, which has from the earliest ages been the greatest teacher in the universe, will have assured to it an influence beyond the possibility of decay. Subject to modification in accordance with the taste and demands of successive epochs, we may expect it to be; it might even merge again into some form of the drama, from which it originally sprang; but, as a fact, it will remain, and one to be considered in any estimate and acknowledgment of the intellectual and moral forces of the time. At the present day the novel stands higher in purity than it ever did; as regards quality, too, the most illustrious names which are to be found in its annals are those which have shed splendour over the past fifty years. Ease of reproduction, of course, has let in aspirants whose work is of inferior mark; but with the greater good in this matter, as in all others, we must be content to endure the lesser evil. And here arises the value of the critic—viz. in the development of the faculty of election, which he is called upon to exercise, by virtue of his office, for the benefit of mankind. With the spread of a healthier and sounder criticism we may ex-

pect a substantial improvement in the manifestation of the art of fiction.

The career of Mrs. Gaskell, whose works, in the course of their issue, probably delighted as numerous a body of readers as have fallen to the lot of any modern author (with one or two well-known exceptions), was diversified by little incident of a striking character. Indeed, were it not for a few facts which we are privileged to make known, her biography in all its essential features could be written in a few sentences. Her life was one of those which furnish the best evidence that woman is frequently fitted to accomplish greater work than that which is usually assigned to her sex; whilst at the same time Mrs. Gaskell lacked none of those virtues which make home "the earthly paradise." We have had several illustrious examples of women who never allowed their literary work to trench upon their domestic duties, conspicuous amongst these being the late Mrs. Somerville, and to the number must be added Mrs. Gaskell. No matter how eager she was to complete ventures which she had in hand, and which, as literary offspring always are, were exceedingly dear to her, it is interesting to know that she was much prouder of ruling her household well, which she did in the most admirable manner, than of all that she did in those writings which have made her name so justly popular. It is said that she had a peculiar tact in training her servants — a matter which baffles too many of our directors of households, and in which the practical advice of such a woman would have been of the most eminent service. But even a cursory perusal of her works will show that Mrs. Gaskell must have deeply studied most of the questions affecting her sex, that of female labour being perhaps the most paramount. Her sympathies were quick and ready; and from the peculiar position in which she was placed and the persons amongst whom she moved, she had every opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the toiling, suffering operatives of the North of England. Scene after scene in her novels demonstrate that it was no superficial knowledge she gained, or was content to make use of, in her study of operative and other life. The keenest anguish such a nature as hers could feel would arise from the fact that she could do so little in the way of actual amelioration of the condition of the factory girls she saw dying around her. Except by

the aid of personal observation, no adequate idea could be formed of the disastrous nature of the daily life of what are called "mill hands" in the North of England, at the commencement of the present century, and through many of its earlier years. It is, of course, quite possible to believe that men are far from having done all that lies in their power yet to make the condition of the operatives what it should be; but it cannot be doubted that, owing to the earnest efforts of Mrs. Gaskell and others imbued with the same spirit, a very great and praiseworthy reform has been accomplished. In addition, also, to this physical improvement, which after all is only one branch of a great question, there has been a greater *rapprochement* between employers and employed than was formerly the case. To this end the mental labours of the author of *Mary Barton* must have largely conduced in an indirect manner. She was able to write somewhat authoritatively from the conviction that she had conscientiously studied both sides of the question. The sorrows of the poor workpeople she knew; the too often arrogant bearing of the masters she had ample opportunities for studying; and the knowledge acquired in both ways she was most successful in turning to account. If, occasionally, her sympathies seem to lean to one side, we can on the other hand never charge her with unfairness in omitting to state the arguments on the other. While alive with sympathy, her books are at the same time models of candour and judgment.

Mrs. Gaskell was born in 1822, and died in 1865, having in her short life accomplished a great amount of work, most of which is calculated to stand successfully the test of time. Her father was Mr. William Stevenson, who is spoken of in the *Annual Biography and Obituary* for 1830 as "a man remarkable for the stores of knowledge which he possessed, and for the modesty and simplicity by which his rare attainments were concealed." These excellent qualities descended, in a very marked degree, to his daughter. But it was not alone on the father's side that intellect was exhibited, for Mrs. Gaskell's mother was a Miss Holland, of Sandlebridge, Cheshire — an aunt of the late Sir Henry Holland. Amongst other characteristics of the novelist was this, that she was remarkably sensitive to blame, caring comparatively little for praise. She generally

went abroad when a new work of hers was about to appear, in order that she might be out of the way of the criticisms which should be passed upon it. Her first appearance as an author was in William Howitt's *Visits to Remarkable Places*. It appears that on seeing an announcement of the original production of that work, she wrote an account of Clopton Hall, which immediately attracted considerable attention, and was spoken of as a graphic paper, exhibiting great powers of description; the reception this article met with gave an impetus to her desire for literary work, and from that time forward her pen was never idle. The beautiful lines written by Walter Savage Landor, "To the Author of *Mary Barton*," will not be forgotten. They appear in his *Last Fruit off an Old Tree*, and are a genuine tribute from one worker in literature to another. Mrs. Gaskell was married to a kindred and sympathetic spirit, a Unitarian minister, of literary attainments, still resident in the great centre of business activity in which she spent so many years of her life.

In attempting to form a judgment upon the works of Mrs. Gaskell, it will be only just to her powers to take up those novels which mark off certain epochs in her literary career — no author having yet written whose work did not exhibit at various stages the influence of personal experience. As years pass by, those things which seemed of moment to a writer when in the flush of youth fall into comparative insignificance, whilst those for which a carelessness, or even mild contempt, was cherished come to the front, and are seen to be invested with an importance which at one time would have been inconceivable. Take the work of any man of first-rate genius. That of the early stage will be remarkable for redundancy of colour, that is, the flower of talent; look at the later, and whilst it shall not have lost the old fire and passion, it will be powerfully quiet. Genius will have matured, and its culminating beauty will be perceived in rich ripe fruit. It is interesting to watch such growth and such fruition, and we are not of those who are discontented with the first stage when we have reached the second. With infinite tenderness we can sometimes turn back to the early wealth of genius which we have admired, and can find more satisfaction in the comparison and enjoyment of the two styles than we should ever have enjoyed had there been the same level field of excellence always offered to

us. The charge of crudity we can condone when the gifts of the writer are undoubted. We know that when he has time to mature, he will emerge from the defective condition in which he lies; his wings will become stronger gradually, and we shall not be disappointed in the expectations which we have cherished. Sad, indeed, should we be to lose the first works of those brilliant authors whose genius has illumined again and again the dark periods of our national literature.

The several stages of our author's career may be said to be marked by three of her works, though the lines of demarcation in her case are not so apparent as in most writers; for she appears in her first widely-known work to have attained a power of expression very rarely witnessed in the maturest efforts of those of her order. Still, were we expected to define clearly the various stages of progress which she has attained — or rather to note the influence of time in ripening her gifts — we should direct attention to the first, the middle, and the final stage of her genius — into each of which divisions we should be able, we imagine, to classify her work. The novel which first fixed public attention, and which belongs to the first stage, was *Mary Barton*; that which marks the second is *Sylvia's Lovers*; and that illustrative of the third is *Wives and Daughters*. Each of these works presents considerable points of difference, while they are all at the same time stamped by the genuine impress of genius. Several others could be cited, which for particular qualities may even be superior to those named; but they do not so decisively show Mrs. Gaskell at her best, or her pen animated by the varied charms which these books individually and indisputably discover. The charge has been made that Mrs. Gaskell was but a member of "that school of novelists which her friend Charlotte Brontë inaugurated;" but after a careful study, and possessing a somewhat intimate acquaintance with all that the two have accomplished, we are bound to say that the charge appears to us to have no foundation. In fact, there is a considerable difference in method, as there was a considerable difference in gifts, between the two. The only grounds for the comparison which has been made are these — that the two have successfully dealt with certain phases of Northern English life, and that both, perhaps, have been most successful in their delineation

of female character. These are the ostensible grounds assigned. But note the differences. Charlotte Brontë, while possessing, undoubtedly we think, the greater genius, exhibited a much narrower range than Mrs. Gaskell. Such characters as have established the fame of the former are but few in number, though they stand out from the canvas with a Rembrandt-like effect, compelling one to own that we are conversing with real flesh and blood—heroes and heroines drawn because of the circulation of their own blood, and not for the “circulation” of the libraries alone. This is the quality which made the slight, pale country girl famous almost against her will. Again: her men are as powerful as her women—at least in most cases this is so; so that is not just to assert that she is principally distinguished for her portraiture of her own sex. But that quality which chiefly marks her off from Mrs. Gaskell is her intensity, and any one reading her various enthralling books will acknowledge that this is unmistakable. Mrs. Gaskell, too, is realistic and intense to a great degree; but this quality, which seems reserved for almost the very highest kinds of genius in its fullest manifestation, is veiled in her by a general excellence which the other did not possess. The modes of life pursued by the two may have had some influence on the development of their talent. The author of *Jane Eyre*, far away on those melancholy Yorkshire moors, asked for nothing but solitude, save that dozen or score of characters with whom she acquired close fellowship, and whom she has rendered immortal. She individualized even the very stones and the trees about her. Mrs. Gaskell, on the other hand, possessed a much wider vision. Having, indubitably, by nature a great faculty of reading human character, her canvas was necessarily more crowded than that of her friend, and frequently, she was unable to arrest herself and complete her individual sketches with the same minuteness. In individualization, she was confessedly Charlotte Brontë’s inferior, as she also was George Eliot’s, and for that reason a higher position must be accorded to those writers; but in grouping she was inferior to neither, and there are sketches of life in her books which for fulness and variety of detail are almost unrivalled.

Turning to the works themselves, let us take up for a little while *Mary Barton*, the volume by which our author first be-

came distinguished. It is a picture of Manchester life, as its title page states, and never, in the whole range of novels founded so closely upon fact as this, has the story been made more realizable to the reader. One would think that it was well nigh impossible for the grinders of the poor to read the opening chapters of this story, and still go on heaping up their gains, while they cared little whether those who were instrumental in their accumulation perished by the roadside. The workman’s side of the labour question was never more forcibly depicted than in the following passages, which during the last fifty years have now and again been the inarticulate cry of thousands who lacked the power of uttering definite and appropriate language: “At all times it is a bewildering thing to the poor weaver to see his employer removing from house to house, each one grander than the last, till he ends in building one more magnificent than all, or withdrawing his money from the concern, or sell his mill, to buy an estate in the country, while all the time the weaver, who thinks he and his fellows are the real makers of this wealth, are struggling on for bread for his children, through the vicissitudes of lowered wages, short hours, fewer hands employed, &c. And when he knows trade is bad, and could understand (at least partially) that there are not buyers enough in the market to purchase the goods already made, and consequently that there is no demand for more; when he would bear and endure much without complaining, could he also see that his employers were bearing their share; he is, I say, bewildered, and (to use his own word), aggravated, to see that all goes on just as usual with the mill-owners. Large houses are still occupied, while spinners’ and weavers’ cottages stand empty, because the families which once filled them are obliged to live in rooms or cellars. Carriages still roll along the streets, concerts are still crowded by subscribers, the shops for expensive luxuries still find daily customers, while the workman loiters away his unemployed time in watching these things, and thinking of the pale, uncomplaining wife at home, and the wailing children asking in vain for enough of food—of the sinking health, of the dying life of those near and dear to him. The contrast is too great.” Of course, while there is much truth in this presentment of the case of the workman, Mrs. Gaskell is too conscientious to hide the fact that

the other side might be somewhat less harshly stated. But the arguments she employed were those felt by John Barton; and can we wonder at his querulousness when we follow the story, and learn that his mother died from absolute want of the necessaries of life, and that his only son, the apple of his eye, who could only be kept alive by the very best nourishment, also became a corpse through starvation? It is the position of Barton, and such as he towards the upper classes, their employers, which Mrs. Gaskell set herself to place before the world in this story to which we are referring. Every page teems with evidence of the close knowledge the author had acquired of her topic; and the tragic history related is almost sufficient to blind us to the merit of the book, when regarded as a purely literary effort. From page to page of the narrative we are hurried on, now getting glimpses of a poverty-stricken hovel, and now being introduced to the mansions of the millionaires; again being treated to a glowing description of a mill on fire. The story is too sad a one to write, except by a noble, large-hearted woman — one in whom the fire of benevolence has been kindled by the Divine. Such a being it is who has penned it, and thereby testified forever her love for suffering, toiling humanity. And after all that she must have seen of the degradation and loathsomeness attaching to many of those whose life-stories she must have probed, it is cheering to hear her say as she does of those who are frequently termed the “dregs” of society: — “There was faith such as the rich can never imagine on earth; there was love strong as death; and self-denial among rude, coarse men, akin to that of Sir Philip Sidney’s most glorious deed. The vices of the poor sometimes astound us here; but when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known, their virtues will astound us in far greater degree.” We should not be loth to dwell long amid the lights (of which, however, there are few) and the shadows of this book, which was fraught with an interest rarely paralleled in fiction. The poor have here their interpreter. She stands and pours forth the tale of their sufferings into the ear of the rich. That ear, which had hitherto been almost closed to the story, must perforce open now when one appeals to it who has power to deliver the message with which she is charged. It may be painful to read the record, but it should be done. We must follow John Barton in all his

wanderings. How graphically are his experiences in London told, and what a genuine piece of art that is where the author describes him as calling at a cottage with his baby, asking for food, as it is nearly “clemmed,” and being afraid that his request will be refused! But the woman was tender, and as she hung down her head and unlocked a drawer in the dresser Barton had evidence why she could not fail to be kind to the child. “I were sorry to be prying,” he says, “but I could na’ help seeing in that drawer some little child’s clothes all strewed wi’ lavender, and lying by ’em a little whip an’ a broken rattle. I began to have an insight into that woman’s heart then.” The character of Mary Barton is well drawn. She is never insipid, sometimes wayward and impulsive, but always lovable, even when she is half drawn away by Mr. Carson, while another is loving her deeply and tenderly. The manufacturer, too, is typical, in his semi-gentility and coldness. Passion, except as regards the feeling he appears to cherish for Mary Barton, is foreign to his nature. Things went from bad to worse with Barton, till he became a Chartist, a Communist, “and all that is commonly called wild and visionary.” Then arose combination on both sides — masters and men — and each began to take measures of their own, instead of trying to approximate their views to those of their opponents, thereby having some chance of an amicable arrangement of their differences. The book deals with exactly similar circumstances to those which we have again and again seen reported recently in connection with various trade strikes. The result, however, in this case was one the like of which we trust to see no repetition, even as we would labour to banish the differences between masters and men altogether from our shores. For what is it but a reflection on human nature when commercial matters are allowed to breed strife, and finally — though very rarely we are glad to think — bloodshed? Surely the intelligence of which we boast should be sufficient to adjust relations, whenever they become strained, between various classes of men.

In the instance which Mrs. Gaskell has recorded, no understanding could be arrived at, and the consequence was, the commission of a crime which, together with its surroundings and concomitant incidents, gives to the narrative its thrilling character. The men bound themselves by a terrible oath; a number of

pieces of paper, one of which was marked, was put into a hat and shuffled together. The gas was extinguished, and each drew out a paper. The one which John Barton drew committed him to the lot of the assassin! Those who have read the story will never forget the impression produced by the chapters devoted to this tragedy; and those who have not read it should do so at once. We get here some insight also into the sufferings of the rich, when we behold old Mr. Carson standing over the murdered remains of his only son. We gather, too, what the strength of revenge is when the manufacturer, reminding the officer of justice that he is very rich, says, "Well, sir, half, nay, if necessary, the whole of my fortune, I will give to have the murderer brought to the gallows." He will know no rest while the assassin lives. Truly, the story seems surcharged with misery, and the mind is agonized during its perusal to its utmost tension. There is little in English novels surpassing in force the trial scene of Mary Barton's lover for the murder of which he was innocent. The author here has risen to the true dramatic height in her delineation. We are made to feel almost as though we were actual spectators of the trial, and witnesses of the anguish of Mary as she comes forward to give evidence; and of whom it is said, "that her look, and indeed her whole face, was more like the well-known engraving from Guido's picture of 'Beatrice Cenci' than anything else" which could be given for a comparison. One who saw it says, "that her countenance haunted him, like the remembrance of some wild sad melody heard in childhood; that it would perpetually recur with its mute imploring agony." The whole picture seems to us superior in its realism to that wherein another gifted female novelist has narrated the trial of Hetty Sorrel for the murder of her child. What a grand character does this poor country girl become after her baptism of fire! Compare the vapid sentimentalities which are flung about the lives of heroines in the generality of novels with the career of this long-tried Mary Barton, and note how they miserably fail as representations of human nature, with all its heritage of passion and suffering. But, besides the character of Mary, there are several psychological studies of the deepest interest in the volume; notably, that of Mr. Carson, senior, whom we have seen thirsting for the blood of his son's murderer. Mrs.

Gaskell has here wielded a masterly pencil, and we follow the mill-owner's career in most artistic gradations till we see him, not only ultimately saved from his intense anger, but recovered to be of great service to the classes whom he had before oppressed. It is a little singular that there is scarcely any joyousness in the book till we come to the last chapter; and as the story opens with children at its very commencement, so it introduces us to them at its very close. In the one case, however, they are in the gloom of adversity, whilst in the other we obtain the last glimpse of Mary as an emigrant living in the American forests with her husband and son. The sublimation of her spirit had been a long task — at one time it appeared as though it could never be attained; but it is the Almighty who says that light shall succeed to darkness, and it is He alone who has the power to accomplish the change.

Such is the novel by which Mrs. Gaskell first largely gained the public ear; and whilst from the barest outline of the plot we have no difficulty in apprehending why it should have secured general popularity, so, on a study of the book itself, we shall not be astonished that it has almost passed into a classic. In regarding it as an example of Mrs. Gaskell's first stage, we should say that it exhibits, first, force; secondly, truthfulness; and thirdly, concentrateness. Yet let it not be understood that these qualities are absent from any other work of the author; the fact being simply that, though they may not be so apparent individually in the later novels, it is because they are attended by other graces of composition. The examples we have already cited from *Mary Barton* will demonstrate the first quality, that of force or power; as regards the second, in her construction of the work the author has not suffered herself to be bound by the canons then in vogue as to the writing of novels. She has dared to throw off the trammels, and challenged the reading world with a story which in the hands of a tyro would have been blurred in many of its incidents, tampered with in some of its characters, and probably made altogether to result in a complete fiasco. Perfection is found neither with the rich or the poor to the exclusion of the other; but wrong is never suffered to appear under false colours. About its true designation, aspect, and final arraignment we are allowed to make no mistake. The way of the world in conniving so that "offence's gilded hand

may shove by justice" meets with no approval from her; nor, on the other hand, are the poor allowed to suppose that their poverty or wrongs are to absolve them from the exhibition of those virtues which should be common to humanity. Yet, rigid moralist as she is, the woman's heart of sympathy for aught that is unfortunate or miserable throbs through all the words she has penned. And probably this is another reason why the book cannot be easily laid aside, by any who are interested in the psychological dissection of their species. The quality of concentrativeness we have mentioned, though apparently trenching on that of force, is really a different quality altogether when speaking of Mrs. Gaskell as a writer. The force refers more to the qualities of the author herself in the expression of her thoughts; the concentrativeness refers to the absolute imprisonment of emotion in a few pages. In very few writers is there less diffusiveness in this respect than in the author of *Mary Barton*. We read page after page, come upon scene after scene, which excites the emotional nature to a very high degree. What appears to be a laborious effort with many in regard to the enlistment of feeling is a work of comparative ease with her.

But to pass from a consideration of these points for the time being, let us devote a few words to another matter. It was said by some critics in effect—"Yes, undoubtedly a new writer has arisen who is worth listening to. We admit her talent, but—" (and there is always supposed to be great virtue in a *but*) "there is something lacking. She has no *humour*." At one time, of course, there seemed to be some ground for the charge. But even the shallow critic should have remembered that Mrs. Gaskell might have had good grounds for not relieving the sombre gloom of her tale of Manchester life by too many flashes of humour. It was strictly a serious aspect of human nature which she had to present; and that under special circumstances, and with special intentions on the part of the writer. It had not been designed that she should write a novel simply with the view of giving phases of life alone, though in that respect her representations were true to the letter; a second purpose ran through the story, at which we have already hinted, and to be true to her object of endeavouring to aid in procuring an agreement between two great classes of society hitherto antagonistic, was what she chiefly desired. Op-

portunity, however, was afforded by subsequent labours to any critic who was desirous of being further convinced as to her possession of the faculty of humour. Let any one take up *Cranford*, and see whether he does not find as rich and charming a vein of humour running through it as he will in the writings of any novelist. It is delicious. The style is calm and yet flowing; ease and humour—a humour worthy of the best of our female writers—are the distinguishing characteristics of the book. From the very first page, where we find the village of Cranford in the possession of the Amazons, to the last, all is delightful.

The novel teems with excellent touches of character. There is Mr. Hoggins, the village doctor, whose name, as might be expected, was voted coarse by the ladies of Cranford; but he defied their scrupulosity, and after all, as Miss Jenkyns said, "if he changed it to Piggins it would not be much better." They had "hoped to discover a relationship between him and that Marchioness of Exeter whose name was Molly Hoggins; but the man, careless of his own interests, utterly ignored and denied any such relationship." Then, too, there is Mrs. Forrester, who was one of those Cranfordians continually put to all kinds of shifts to conceal their poverty. When she gave "a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world; and talked on about household forms and ceremonies, as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with housekeeper and steward, instead of the one little charity-school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray up-stairs, if she had not been assisted in private by her mistress, who now sate in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes." And so on—the whole novel being relieved by such touches of geniality. Every one will remember the disastrous failure of Captain Brown to introduce Mr. Dickens's works into Cranford. Having purchased *The Pickwick Papers*, which were then publishing in parts, the Captain read aloud to a party of ladies the account of the

“swarry” which Sam Weller gave at Bath. Miss Jenkyns, who had a mania for Dr. Johnson, capped this by reading pompously a portion of *Rasselas*. She considered it vulgar and degrading to literature to publish a work in parts (blissfully ignorant of the method in which *The Rambler* was given to the world), and turning to the Captain said — “Dr. Johnson’s style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters,—I have formed my own style upon it; I recommend it to your favourite.” On behalf of Dickens, Captain Brown depreciated old Sam Johnson; but, being goaded still further by Miss Jenkyns, he transgressed propriety, and vented an oath on the great lexicographer. Yet *Cranford* is not altogether given up to this lighter element. There are passages of pathos in it which will fully sustain comparison with most others of the author; whilst some of the dear old antediluvian Cranfordians themselves are brimming over with the milk of human kindness. Whenever a good deed requires to be done they hasten to do it, and the spirit of a heroic self-sacrifice exists amongst them in a very eminent degree. The sketch is a true picture; and if the ladies are crotchety, we pardon them everything for the real nobleness of their hearts.

Amongst the somewhat voluminous works of the author there is one which deserves singling out, for merits which it possesses in a more striking degree than the rest. The memory of the pleasure we received on first reading it is upon us while we write, and cannot be obliterated. It remains as a pleasant dream, or as a sweet-smelling odour. *Cousin Phillis*, the story in question, is an idyll in prose. There is as much poetry in its descriptions of persons and scenery as in any book of its length that we remember. The farm life of England was never drawn in sweeter, clearer colours. We can almost scent the hay-fields, and see the sun shedding its golden light upon their broad bosom, and upon the gardens and hedges. As we read, the melody of the birds passes almost from a description into a reality, whilst the spirit which breathes through everything takes the willing senses captive, and fills them with an answering delight.

For a representation which is almost perfect of pastoral beauty we can refer the reader to a scene in the harvest-field, where Mr. Holman gives out a hymn at the close of the day, and his daughter

and the labourers join in the tune. The spectator of it describing the circumstance, says — “There we five stood, bareheaded, excepting Phillis, in the tawny stubble-field, from which all the shocks of corn had not yet been carried — a dark wood on one side, where the wood-pigeons were cooing; blue distance seen through the ash-trees on the other. Somehow, I think that if I had known the words, and could have sung, my throat would have been choked up by the feeling of the unaccustomed scene.” Very regretfully we tear ourselves away from such attractive and soothing incidents as these; but we must reluctantly say good-bye to *Cousin Phillis*, and turn to material of a sterner character. What a revulsion of feeling we endure when we come to the book called *A Dark Night’s Work*, a piece of as sterling realism as has ever been attempted, and told with striking power! Unmeasured misery and woe are made to turn upon the commission of one dreadful deed; but beyond the thrilling character of the narrative, which holds one as if in chains until it is finished, there is little in the novel to recommend it. The style is inferior, and lacks the grace of most of Mrs. Gaskell’s writing. The book is, in fact, neither better nor worse than many which Miss Braddon is in the habit of issuing, except for that one single thread of sincerity which runs through it. The author, even with an unpleasant subject, is always the conscientious, painstaking artist, and never writes for the simple purpose of sensation. It is unnecessary to refer at length to the various short stories which Mrs. Gaskell has written, in order to obtain an estimate of her genius. They are all imbued with the same spirit: but there is one fact noticeable about them, and that is, how nearly all are given up to the presentation of painful episodes in human life. There is scarcely one which we remember which is not deeply tinged with sadness and suffering. It is the peculiarity of this writer, indeed, that such subjects attract her far more than joyous ones. Even her long stories have as much of misery in them as happiness, if not more. The sad aspects of humanity are drawn again and again, till occasionally our cry is for light in the midst of great and oppressive darkness. Hers must have been a brooding nature; one which often reviewed the moral mysteries of the universe; and which, on stepping forth into the world, was of a most impressionable character, mirroring upon

itself the sorrows of those with whom she came into contact.

Ruth, a story which has generally been one of the chief favourites with readers, is remarkable for the manner in which it deals with a question that requires the utmost delicacy of treatment. We have seen the subject repeatedly treated in the most objectionable and unsatisfactory manner, notably by a popular writer just recently. In enlisting the sympathy of the public with the unfortunate heroine of his story, he purposely threw a false halo round her character. The one who had sinned was not only made to triumph over others who had not fallen, but she was held up to admiration, whilst others whose characters were spotless were made subject only to contempt. Let it be remembered, also, that she who had sinned had not so far repented of her sin as to confess it amply and strive after a high morality, for we find her practising the vice of hypocrisy, and taking a position to which she was not entitled by assuming a false character. Such is the method in which morals are sometimes dealt with; and we mention this instance particularly with a view of correcting what is too common an error. Vice is continually represented by certain novelists in the most glowing colours; or, rather, if the vice itself is not always absolutely so treated, the utmost attractiveness is accorded to the vicious. Their errors are mentioned in a half-apologetic way, and the writers hurry on to enlist the sympathy of the reader for their Anonymas and their Lotharios, who are generally described as the handsomest of God's creatures, whilst those in whom virtue is predominant are supposed to be weak, silly, or ugly. It is astonishing that such a treatment of things should be persisted in; but we put it to our readers themselves to vouch for the truth of this remark. In too many cases, it is to be feared, it is the insidious spice of wrong which gives a flip to the circulation of the books to which we have referred. If it were possible to get these writers of fiction to study works of a high moral character with a view to profiting thereby, we might recommend them a course of the greatest masters in their art. As our lady writers are mostly the prominent offenders in this respect, we have all the more confidence in commending to their attention this novel of *Ruth* by one of their own sex, as an example of what true and yet fearless handling can accomplish with a delicate subject. Ruth

Hilton is drawn so beautifully and tenderly, that we are left no option but to admire her greatly, and unfeignedly sympathize with her; but the artist who has given us the portrait has not scrupled to put in the shadows boldly when required. Pure in her inmost soul as she is, Ruth is not allowed to conquer that social ostracism which is the ban of all who sin. Mrs. Gaskell has drawn a *good* character who has sinned, and even the wretched being herself feels that humility and obscurity are the only lot in future for her. There is none of the brazen flaunting before the world which inferior artists frequently assign to similar characters, and which demonstrates that there is a deeper depth even than the one great sin which they have committed. Wherever she went Ruth Hilton was deeply beloved in spite of herself, but in all the stages of her existence the shadow was upon her. She had been stricken, and drooped like the flower withered by the blast. The story of the poor dressmaker is well known. It opens in a city in the Eastern counties. Ruth is working those long hours day by day which are even yet in some of our fashionable quarters in London a disgrace to all concerned. There is little light in her life; a word of kindness from some who are like slaves with herself, and a short walk into the beautiful country on a Sunday, and that is about all. By-and-by the great circumstance of life comes—she loves; and like all women under the influence of love, she cannot reason, she can only idolize. The end of it all is known; the poor girl becomes an outcast, but the betrayer, as usual, goes on his way safely—rich, and not lacking the esteem of the world. He is not altogether dead to feeling, however, till his mother steps in and teaches him how to become a fiend. Then come the wanderings of Ruth, and her reception into that little home in North Wales, where we make the acquaintance of as noble a hero as breathes in literature in the person of Thurstan Benson. The book deserves to live if for this character alone. But there are others in whom the light of the Divinity burns brightly. Good Faith Benson, Thurstan's sister, is for the moment sorely tried, because her brother, who is a minister, jeopardizes his character by taking into his house an outcast, whose touch would be considered contamination by the world. Yet his pure and childlike nature conquers her; and search where men will, it would be diffi-

cult to find acts which breathe the truest spirit of benevolence more than do these of the unsophisticated Welsh couple. The story progresses, till suddenly in the midst of its burden of sorrow we come upon a piece of writing which might have been penned by Dickens, and seems in its way as admirable a touch of comedy as need be. It is where Sally, the brawny, buxom servant at Mr. Benson's, tells the story of her sweethearts. She shall rehearse part of it here. It concerns one Dixon, a Methodist, who called upon her unexpectedly one day while she was cleaning her kitchen. She squatted down to her work, thinking with regard to the amorous Dixon, "I shall be on my knees all ready if he puts up a prayer, for I knew he was a Methodee by bringing up, and had only lately turned to master's way of thinking; and them Methodees are terrible hands at unexpected prayers when one least looks for 'em." Dixon's prayer was of another kind, however. Sally *loquitur* : —

At last he says, says he, "Sally, will you oblige me with your han'l?" So I thought it were, maybe, Methodee fashion to pray hand-in-hand; and I'll not deny but I wished I'd washed it better after blackleading the kitchen fire. I thought I'd better tell him it were not so clean as I could wish, so says I, "Master Dixon, you shall have it and welcome, if I may just go and wash 'em first." "But," says he, "my dear Sally, dirty or clean, it's all the same to me, seeing I'm only speaking in a figuring way. What I'm asking on my bended knees is, that you'd please to be so kind as to be my wedded wife; week after next will suit me if it's agreeable to you." My word, I were up on my feet in an instant! — "Master Dixon, I'm obleeged to you for the compliment, and thank ye all the same, but I think I'd prefer a single life." . . . Says he, "Think again, my dear Sally. I have a four-roomed house and furniture conformable, and eighty pound a year. You may never have such a chance again." . . . "As for that, neither you nor I can tell, Master Dixon. You're not the first chap as I've had down on his knees afore me, axing me to marry him, and maybe you'll not be the last. Anyhow, I've no wish to change my condition just now." "I'll wait till Christmas," says he. "I've a pig as will be ready for killing then, so I must get married before that." Well, now, would you believe it? the pig were a temptation. I'd a receipt for curing hams, as Miss Faith would never let me try, saying the old way were good enough. However, I resisted. Says I, very stern, because I felt I'd been wavering, "Master Dixon, once for all, pig or no pig, I'll not marry you. And if you'll take my advice, you'll get up off your knees. The flags is but damp as yet, and it

would be an awkward thing to have rheumatiz just before winter."

The notion of matrimony being a temptation because it would afford scope for trying a new plan of curing hams, is very charming, but it is evidently a touch of nature. The character of this servant altogether is a very admirable piece of work from the novelist's point of view. The least shade of her identity is never once lost during the whole of the story. Some of the other characters are not sufficiently individualized to make the entire book remarkable as a study of human nature; but the emotional element of the novel is very strong. Before we part with it, let us beg the reader to notice that scene where Ruth has an interview with her son, and for the first time breaks to him the news of her humiliation and her sorrow. The most obdurate must be penetrated by its simple but terrible pathos. It is almost unique for its pathetic force. Who cannot realize the grief of that woman's heart as her relation culminates with the passionate exclamation, "Would to God I had died!" And then, turning from herself, to give her last thoughts to her son, she says — "Remember that, when the time of trial comes — and it seems a hard and cruel thing that you should be called reproachful names by men, and all for what was no fault of yours — remember God's pity and God's justice; and though my sin shall have made you an outcast in the world — oh, my child, my child! — remember, darling of my heart, it is only your own sin that can make you an outcast from God." Soon afterwards the end approaches, for the devoted being contracts a mortal malady, in nursing the man who has brought her misery; the gloom is dispelled, and she passes away with sweet song. Thus out of tribulation the noblest ends are wrought.

The question of the unequal distribution of pain and pleasure — a question which has agitated every thinking mind at some period of its history since Time began — is dealt with in *Sylvia's Lovers*. But to all questioning and deep searching we are left at the close to say with Tennyson, "Behind the veil, behind the veil!" The confession is once more forced, that none ever meet exactly with their due share of either joy or sorrow. The lots are changed, and the deserving are very frequently apportioned the "severer discipline." Mrs. Gaskell, however, be her beliefs right or wrong,

has this advantage, that she is unwavering in her inculcation of the highest principles. Yet again she almost over-weights her work with the tragic element. Look at the life of Sylvia Robson, and see what is set against the one great charm of personal beauty which she possesses. Her heart is incessantly probed to its very depths by trouble, and when at last she is represented as almost purified from the dross of mortality, it is only by the loss of all which she had at one period imagined to be necessary for her happiness. Hope springs out of the death of the lower pleasures, the pleasures which delight, but do not really touch the depth of the soul's need. A remarkable contrast is witnessed in this respect between Mrs. Gaskell's treatment of the deepest moral and spiritual questions and that of many other writers. One would think, to read scores of works of fiction which issue from the press, that to eat, drink, and be well clothed and housed were the chief and almost only ends of existence. We generally find, at least, that material riches and a coarse kind of happiness are heaped upon the heroes and heroines who are presented to us. And thus, for the most part, in being robbed of their truth to mortal destiny, these lives present no points of sympathy wherein we can be at one. The only result of the novels themselves is to please the fancy, and give a spice of enjoyment to what is by no means the higher part of our nature. In *Sylvia's Lovers* Mrs. Gaskell has been true to humanity as it has been brought before her. She is perfectly just. Sylvia is no imaginary portrait. How vividly her life realizes the anguish which rends the heart behind many an exterior which seems to be fair! Her character is beautiful, but it is not perfect—we had almost said it was so beautiful because it was *not* perfect. The idea is that it is not impossible; the touches of human weakness at once make Sylvia a part and parcel of that common race to which we all belong. She is not exalted by a fancied perfection up to a sphere into which so many heroines are translated, but which none of the living women ever attain. Philip, too, her husband, has had his imperfections; and when, after far journeyings, he returns home at last, it is to die. The two, in their moment of understanding each other, are separated by the icy hand of Death. To the question, "What hope of answer or redress?" there is only, we

once more remark, the answer of the Poet Laureate.

We mentioned this story as illustrative of the second stage of Mrs. Gaskell's literary career; and for this reason, that it indicates a superior finish to many of her previous novels. It is evident that the author's powers were maturing. There is a greater grasp not only of character but of actual expression, though, as we have said, all her writings are singular for their strength. Life on the North-eastern coast is delineated with perfect skill, the separate studies of Monkshaven fishermen and others being marked with great *verve* and completeness. The story of the press-gang, that institution flourishing in good King George's time, by which his Majesty's subjects were liable to be seized and carried away to the wars by main force, is graphically told, and the horrors which attend it, if history and recollection are to be relied upon, are drawn without the slightest exaggeration. For touches of pathos, the account of the sailor's funeral, and the proceedings subsequent to the arrest of Sylvia's father, Daniel Robson, for the attack on the King's representatives, leave nothing to be desired, whilst the whole scene between the dying Philip and Sylvia is strikingly emotional. Then there is the disappointment of Hester, who loves Philip Hepburn with an intensity rarely witnessed in women, whilst he, on the contrary, is devoted heart and soul to Sylvia, whose affections have long been centered on the handsome Kinraid, a character which is likewise finished in the author's best style.

Another novel which attained considerable popularity at the time of its issue in a serial form was *North and South*. It seems to be more unequal in merit than most of Mrs. Gaskell's stories, the latter part especially bearing some traces of hasty composition. The author partly explains this herself by stating that she was obliged to conform to the conditions imposed by the requirements of a weekly publication, and likewise to confine the story within certain advertised limits. There can be little doubt that under some circumstances this would greatly interfere with a writer, who should be perfectly unchecked, and left to suspend or resume work at pleasure, halting here and pushing ahead there. But if any one wishes to test Mrs. Gaskell's power of drawing life, let him turn to this novel and study the characters of Margaret

Hale and her father, the poor country clergyman. Touches of infinite sympathy reveal how clearly and how completely the author had apprehended her *dramatis personæ*. Margaret is one of the most charming personages in fiction, and when she was carried off by Mr. Thornton, the mill-owner and manufacturer, we were not quite satisfied. A feeling of disappointment affected us; we did not think him good enough — and yet he is anything but a contemptible character, only we wanted goods marked “extra-superfine” in this case. The story is less sad than the previous ones, though there are several occasions on which the heart-strings are touched. Poor Bessy Higgins and her dying conversations with Margaret form a melancholy narrative. The mills at Milton had been too much for her. She had worked in a carding-room and contracted consumption there by taking in upon her lungs the “fluff,” or fine white bits, as they flew off the cotton in process of carding. As Bessy said, and we will note the “humanity” prevalent at that period in the North, “There’s many a one as works in a carding-room that falls into a waste (consumption), coughing and spitting blood, because they’re just poisoned by the fluff. Some folk have a great wheel at one end o’ their carding-rooms to make a draught, and carry off the dust; but that wheel costs a deal o’ money—five or six hundred pounds, maybe, and brings in no profit—so it’s but a few o’ the masters as will put ‘em up.” And so the poor factory hands went on dying. Some of these iniquities have been altered since. Margaret Hale gave her life to Mr. Thornton, and from the conversations she had frequently with him before that event, one can see that she was to have a mighty influence upon her husband for good in the matter of the treatment of his workpeople. She is cast in a truly heroic mould; sweetness, without too much sentimentality; strength, without losing any of her femininity, being her prominent characteristics. It is such women as she who make the race great; their influence, while apparently of the gentlest, is yet of the most permanent kind. They make plastic the wills of those who are brought into contact with them, just as the sun’s beams operate undemonstratively upon nature. Yet she could exhibit a rapidity of action when necessary — as on the occasion when Mr. Thornton was in danger from his exasperated workpeople, and the brave girl flung her arms round him

to shield him from their wrath, at the risk of her own life. Thornton himself, though doubtless well drawn, does not arouse any special admiration on our part, and the same may be said of his weak-minded mother. The mill-owner was too cold and self-sustained to be worthy of the love of such a woman as Margaret, though probably she was able to see beneath the exterior, and recognize the rugged worth that was dormant there, and afterwards developed. The love scene with which the book closes is natural and admirable, rather a rarity in novels, for there are few of such scenes which do not strike one on reading them as strained and unnatural. The thought crossed the two together that their choice would be disapproved by both their parents, neither of whom could understand the other’s child. Margaret wonders what her Aunt Shaw will say when she learns of her engagement. “I can guess,” said Thornton; “her first exclamation will be, ‘That man!’” “Hush!” said Margaret, “or I shall try and show you your mother’s indignant tones, as she says, ‘That woman!’” It is impossible, however, to dwell longer on this delightful story, and there is probably no reason to elucidate it, as it is doubtless perfectly well known to most readers of fiction.

There only remains now one work of this gifted and lamented author upon which to offer some observations. And this is in all respects the completest as a work of fiction (as it is the best) which has proceeded from her pen. *Wives and Daughters* exhibits the rich genius of Mrs. Gaskell in its last stage, when perfection had been attained, or at least a perfection as near as can be pointed to in any author. Unfinished as she left it, it still remains for us the best of all her novels, and one which can be recommended to all of her order as a specimen of purity, strength, and sweetness. It has not the quicksilver vivacity of Dickens, the poetic glow of Bulwer, or the wonderful dissection and penetration of Thackeray; but, in addition to a moderate development of the qualities for which these masters were famous, there is a radiating human affection beaming through all its pages. We are robbed of one scene, which in the hands of the author would have been inimitable, viz., the confession of Roger Hamley’s love to Molly after his return, and the manner in which the confession would have been received by that charming heroine. There was much to tell in one chapter, we are

informed, had the author but lived to tell it. The two persons who have all along been favourites with the reader are of course to be married; and one little anecdote which Mrs. Gaskell intended to relate of Cynthia Kirkpatrick is very characteristic. After her brother-in-law had become a celebrated traveller, his name was mentioned in certain circles which Cynthia frequented, with surprise, as being connected with her family: but it had never occurred to her to mention the little fact. The reticence of some people is almost as remarkable a phenomenon as the silence of others. We think that, had Mrs. Gaskell lived, she would have given to the world a series of novels scarcely inferior to any which we have received from our best known writers of fiction. *Wives and Daughters* abundantly proves this. Regarded either as a piece of writing, or as a reproduction of character, it will stand a severe scrutiny. The only possible fault which might have a basis or foundation in fact is, that the style is never strong to overwhelming. It does not crush one by its force. The book is told rather with quietness than demonstration of power; but when the pathos comes it is natural and unstrained. It reflects the purity of the author's own mind: we see her lifted away from the grosser pursuits of earth, and beckoning those for whom she is writing to come away also into the purer air. Of course we do not escape the narration of trouble, misunderstanding, and regret; that would be for the writer to miss the highest part of her vocation, which is to teach through the ordinary media of all novelists. The plot of this book is of the most meagre description; it makes no demand on our faculties of wonder; it touches at times the springs of humour, and passes away again to call into action those of emotion. The simplest of human lives, with the most ordinary and peaceful of careers, in the majority of cases, are the groundwork of the narrative. But now see what the author has made of her materials. Where shall we find characters more carefully drawn than those of the two brothers Osborne and Roger Hamley, and Cynthia Kirkpatrick? In her way, the last-named is equal to Maggie Tulliver. It is perfect in finish — there is nothing to be desired, and no flaw to be found in the delineation. The same may be said of Osborne Hamley, a most difficult character to draw, and one which requires the negative power of repression

in an author as well as the positive power of protrusion. We see less of this personage than of any other through the novel, and yet, on closing it, the figure of Osborne Hamley is one of the most abiding impressions left upon the memory. But a few touches here and there have given us an insight into the mind of the Squire's heir, and the fuller details we obtain of his brother do not suffice to hide him from the view. The same remark also applies to Cynthia. Although early impregnated with a feeling for her half pity, half abhorrence, there is no person whose fortunes kindle the kind of interest we feel in her to such a pitch, or in whose development and final goal we feel more concerned. At the moment she arrives at Mr. Gibson's from France we discover her disposition, and the full manifestation is only a question of time. The few glimpses of aristocratic life obtained are also true, and the aristocrats themselves are human beings, and not mere eccentricities or monstrosities, as is too often the case with sketches and portraits of beings of the upper classes. The amusing element in the story is supplied mostly through the aid of Mrs. Kirkpatrick (afterwards Gibson), whose character, however, is more contemptible than humorous in itself. Still, it is often individuals of this description who are provocative of considerable mirth in others. Her determined angling for Mr. Gibson as her second husband causes some amusement, not unmingled with a disgust akin to that the unfortunate man himself must have felt when he discovered that he had requested a scheming widow to become his wife, and that the chances of the union had been patronizingly discussed beforehand by Lord and Lady Cumnor. But it is a relief to get away from these people into the company of Molly, Mr. Gibson's daughter, and a most bewitching heroine, though withal as sensible and staid a young lady as any whose acquaintance we make in our rambles through novels. For a time it seems as though misfortune and scheming were in combination to keep her out of the only position we can conceive possible for her — that of Roger Hamley's wife. Blindly and stupidly, perhaps, this youth is attracted by the superior brilliancy of Cynthia, and the exposed surface of her character. He never troubles himself to ask whether there is anything really worthy beneath the showy exterior, and it is when adversity alone demonstrates as usual the true metal of the

real heroine that he awakes to the knowledge of the vast superiority of Molly over her attractive sister. It is only when trouble falls upon others that she appears to the best advantage. Then her woman's nature exhibits itself, and she pours forth the stream of long pent-up tenderness. Stay—one person had all along known her heart—Mr. Gibson could testify that it was as free of guile as it was eager to do good for others. Of all characters which seem to bear upon them the stamp of earthly perfection, this is one of the best. It seems to need no purifying, for there is no period when it appears to be mingled with dross. It is the veritable gold of human nature.

In her *Life of Charlotte Brontë*—which, by-the-bye, is another specimen of Mrs. Gaskell's excellent English, as well as a tribute to her sympathetic heart—she quotes some sentences which seem peculiarly applicable to herself and her novels. One who knew Charlotte Brontë intimately said of her—"She thought much of her duty, and had loftier and clearer notions of it than most people, and held fast to them with more success. It was done, it seems to me, with much more difficulty than people have of stronger nerves and better fortunes. All her life was but labour and pain; and she never threw down the burden for the sake of present pleasure. I don't know what use you can make of all I have said. I have written it with the strong desire to obtain appreciation for her. Yet, what does it matter? She herself appealed to the world's judgment for her use of some of the faculties she had—not the best—but still the only ones she could turn to strangers' benefit. They heartily, greedily, enjoyed the fruits of her labours, and then found out she was much to be blamed for possessing such faculties. Why ask for a judgment on her from such a world?" While it is quite true that these words taken literally have not such a direct reference to Mrs. Gaskell as they have to her much misrepresented and maligned friend, yet the spirit of them is so *à propos* to her own—that in which her work was always undertaken—that we have ventured to quote them. Always perfectly conscientious, her first aim in the production of her novels was to be true to herself, and to the society which she professed to depict. There is, perhaps, less of absolute exaggeration in the characters she has drawn than in the works of most authors of fiction. The person who

stands clearest in this respect compared with others is the author of *The New-comer*, whom she and her friend, the writer of *Fane Eyre*, concurred in regarding as the master-spirit of fiction. Those who study her intimately will easily condone the few unimportant faults she may possess in consideration of the many and great merits which completely overshadow them. It is impossible to read any author without some degree of difference arising between our own mind and his. If we agree with his method we despise his power to draw character; or, if we are enchanted with his power of individuality, we are, perchance, annoyed by his defective finish. In Mrs. Gaskell's case we shall find a large call upon our admiration in both respects.

The taunt was once thrown out against the novelist of Haworth, that she was an excellent artist as far as concerned the depicting of "governesses," a class of beings with whom she was supposed to be most in unison, as she was intimately acquainted with their position and trials, &c. The taunt, however, has now completely lost its force, and the genius which conceived *Shirley* and *Fane Eyre* has been almost universally acknowledged, certainly in every quarter where her work has been fairly read and tested by all who are capable of forming an intelligent opinion thereupon. We can well afford, therefore, to leave the charge that Mrs. Gaskell is a tolerable artist so far as local colour is concerned, to work itself out, as it most assuredly will. What novelist is not a local artist in one sense? Whether he depicts life as he sees it in White-chapel or in Manchester, his colouring must be local; the question is, is it true? Landseer was a great artist, though his vocation, his *spécialité*, was of the narrowest description. Yet where are the pictures besides his own, which represent dogs with brains, and thus reproduce them with the fidelity of nature? The question is not so much to consider, in speaking of the novelist, whether he gives us all classes of life, as is he exact in those particular instances which he professes to delineate? The humblest animal, faithfully represented, is a better work of art than any caricature of humanity. This principle, which is indubitable, is fast becoming more generally recognized, though in the matter of the novel it has been somewhat slow of acceptance. Let it be strictly applied to Mrs. Gaskell's writings, and we fearlessly assert that the result will be in placing her in a very high

position amongst our writers of fiction. She never cared to pander to popularity by the production of stories which it is considered are eminently fitted to adorn the numerous libraries. She wrote first for the sake of truth, and secondly for posterity. The first object has been, it is generally conceded, strictly accomplished; the second we can well afford to leave in the hands of those to whom she appealed.

Finally, in stating the qualities for which, as a novelist, Mrs. Gaskell is most conspicuous, we should enumerate them in the following order:—individuality, force, truthfulness, and purity. As regards the first-named quality no one would be inclined to dispute her possession of it after reading *Mary Barton*, *Ruth*, or *Wives and Daughters*. The power of detaching a human unit, with all its special thoughts, griefs, hopes, and fears, from the rest of its kind, is in full force in all the works we have named. Indeed, there is scarcely any contemporary author who has excelled her in this respect. But upon that quality, and also upon her force and power, we have sufficiently enlarged already. Concerning the truthfulness of Mrs. Gaskell there is room for genuine approval. Into whatever sphere of life she conveys her readers, they are conscious that there is no exaggeration, no undue exaltation of this person, and no undue depression of the other. Upon this estimable quality we should be inclined to build most fearlessly for her assurance of immortality. Yet while there is no quality which should singly so well ensure it, if any work is to live and have a constant impression upon successive generations it must be combined with qualities which may seem humbler, but which in reality have more vitality in them from the fact that however the world changes their special power remains the same. Let Mrs. Gaskell's novels be read after the lapse of a hundred years, and one feels that the verdict delivered then would be that they were penned by the hand of a true observer—one who not only studied human nature with a desire, but a capacity, to comprehend it. This is one of the great motive powers which will ever keep the name of the author green in the public remembrance. The other principal quality to assist this consummation is purity. We were struck in reading her various volumes with this fact—that there is really less in them than there is in most other authors which she herself could wish to

be altered. In fact, there is no purer author in modern times. And what has she lost by being pure? Has she failed to give a fair representation of any class of human beings whom she professes to depict? Not one; and her work stands now as an excellent model for those who would avoid the tendencies of the sensuous school, and would seek another basis upon which to acquire a reputation which should have some chances of durability. The author of *Wives and Daughters* will never cease to hold a high place in our regard. Could she do so we should despair for the future of fiction in England. Hers was one of those spirits which led the way to a purer day. The darkness out of which she assisted to bring us with her healthful work is passing away; and it is well to remember, in the splendour of a superior light, our indebtedness to those luminaries—conspicuous amongst whom is the writer whose works have been passed in review—who first lifted the veil of the Cimmerian darkness which at one period threatened to envelop our imaginative literature. G. B. S.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
DISORDER IN DREAMLAND.

DREAMS and portents are not so gravely considered in the present day as they were in times past. Until these latter ages, nothing of moment was undertaken without previous reference to an augur, an oracle, or a divinity directly, the practice being common to most religions—sanctioned in the true, followed in the others. The answers to human appeals to divinities came often by means of visions or dreams, and many times mysterious communications of this kind were made without a question having been previously asked. The world quite believed that the visions seen during sleep had meanings, although it was only now and then that a meaning could be discerned. We have changed all that now. We dream as men in all ages have dreamed, but we do not allow that our visions have the least significance. The trust of these utilitarian times reposes on something more tangible than weird revelations. If we desire to invest or realize money, our broker is likely to take the place of the augur or aruspex; our solicitor is the oracle when property is in question; we turn to the physician and not to the priest when disease troubles

us; if we venture on journeys we look to the fitness and security of the conveyance — no, we place ourselves, in a majority of instances, at the mercy of railway companies, less worthy to be relied on than the most impudent soothsayer, or the trance of the silliest old woman. At any rate, whether we risk our lives and fortunes rashly or cautiously, we work by natural means; neither would any educated person among us own to a belief that other means are available — *own*, it was written; for it may be shrewdly suspected that nine-tenths of us have, in some secret corners of our being, lying *perdu*, an implicit conviction that there are agencies other than material which affect our fates and fortunes. More than this, the man is quite an exceptional being who has not in his own experience known of warnings and revelations which no philosophy can explain — curious coincidences he will call them, probably, when jauntily making mention of them; but how is it with him when he is alone and reflecting? Can he maintain the doctrine of accident then? Is there not some inexplicable connection between signs and events which forces the belief that both have been guided by influences very different from those with which we are physically acquainted?

If only I were assured that my readers would confess the consciousness which I have indicated, I would ask them to take with me a step in advance of this position, and to consider whether, in some of the spiritual phenomena which they have witnessed, there have not been evidences, not only of intention and correction, but also of occasional strange misdirections or erratic flights of the omens, which have rendered them practically useless, or even mischievous, without making them less remarkable. Dreams and tokens sometimes appear to make mistakes, just as human beings do. They come at times to the wrong house or the wrong man, although there is generally some obvious application of the error, just as there might be of some blunder in everyday affairs. I give an instance to illustrate my meaning. A gentleman, an acquaintance of mine, being at the time in one of our northern cities, dreamed once that he saw his eldest son lying on the ground, severely injured by some accident; and that his family surgeon, appearing in the scene, informed him that the boy had been kicked by a donkey, and that the injury would prove fatal. He awoke much dis-

turbed, but had not time in the morning to ponder his dream, for he was going to Newcastle by an early train. Many times during the journey the frightful vision presented itself again; but he travelled on business of importance, the thought of which detained his mind in the actual world. It was not till he was returning home again in the evening that the vision of the night before came back to him with distressing effect. He travelled the last twenty miles of the return journey in a truly miserable state of mind, unable to shake off the fear of something terrible, which impended over his first-born. As the train drew up to the platform he caught sight of the surgeon, standing as if expecting the arrival of some one; but he did not see any member of his own family waiting, as was usual, his return. In an instant he put together the circumstances of the case. Something shocking had occurred at home; and the surgeon had come to meet him, and to prepare him for the miserable condition in which he would find his house. When the train drew up to the platform he could see nothing of the family surgeon — and he even doubted whether he might not have mistaken some one else for him; and when he arrived at home he found a happy party, and nothing the matter. They had supposed that he would travel by a later train, or else he would have been met at the station as usual. No misfortune happened in the family; but about this time a schoolfellow and classfellow of his eldest son fell seriously ill. His case perplexed the medical men who, unable to recognize the complaint as a defined disease, began to make inquiries as to incautious trials of his strength, or accidental injury. Then it came out that the boy had been kicked in the side by a donkey soon after the time when the dream was dreamed. It was decided that some serious internal injury had been the result of the kick; and when the poor boy died (as he did) this was put beyond a doubt. Now, does not this story suggest that the dream was intended (perhaps as a caution) for some relation of the boy who died, but that it came, or was conducted, to the parent of that boy's classfellow; as if, when the boys were together in school, the dream had been ordered to proceed to the father of "that boy" (pointed out); but a mistake having been made as to which boy was indicated, the warning found its way to the father of the wrong one?

If these curious occurrences seem to give much significance to dreams, they at the same time betray a most unfortunate laxity in the machinery by which dreams are directed. Are the agents who bring about these visions subject to the same feelings and infirmities as the ministers and stewards of this world? Is it possible that an intelligence, charged with the communication of a dream, can be heedless enough to deliver it at the wrong house like a stupid postman? Can it get sleepy over its work, and let the dreams distribute themselves any way they will, so that it is quit of the bother of them? Is any sort of stimulus resorted to by spirits that have a good deal to do, and may be of a desponding tendency? Or, worse than all, is there a spiritual equivalent to a half-crown, by which, out of wantonness or malignity, dream-conductors may be induced to make wilful blunders after the fashion of knavish valets or intriguing handmaidens in comedies? My own opinion is that the Queen Mabs, or whoever they are, that manage the dream-world, are sometimes a little flighty, and in consequence create terrible *contretemps* among material beings. This much having been said by way of preface, it will be understood in what way I regard the untoward events narrated below. Some spirit, or spirits, was, or were, guilty of very grave and culpable negligence. I am afraid we have at present no means of bringing the delinquent or delinquents to punishment, but we may record a verdict in case of their ever becoming amenable to correction, so I beg my readers to consider the case well, and to say whether a conviction can be avoided.

It happened about fifty years ago that among the guests who one night occupied the Royal Hotel at Plymouth, were two young men, who, not being friends nor even acquaintances, were both then resident in a small town in Devonshire, which shall be called in this narrative Wetton, as if the name were a contraction of Wet town, an appellation which the place well deserved. They had come to Plymouth, each on his own affairs, but they chanced to occupy adjacent rooms, and they had good reason to remember these rooms, as I propose to show; but before I say what happened, just let me mention who the young men were.

One of them was a subaltern officer temporarily employed on the recruiting service. Lieutenant Harding had been some few months at Wetton, which place

he found very dull, although to do it justice, it did its little endeavour to amuse him, and make him think favourably of it. Perhaps he appreciated the modest attentions which were paid to him, for he was not a supercilious person at all; but if he did, that was no reason why he should not make an excuse for running into the large town now and then to see another phase of life, and to hear what was going on in the military world.

The other was a native of Wetton, the son of a tradesman who had, I believe, been a working mason, but had now risen to be an employer of labour, and a master builder in a small way. The father, though shrewd, upright, and industrious — which qualities had enabled him to rise in the world — felt the want of education when he came to fill a new position. He could not correspond with educated people, and he could not keep his business accounts — at least not in a manner that could be generally understood. It is true that he used certain cabalistic signs which he would scrawl in devious fashion over the pages of a memorandum-book; but these hieroglyphics were understood by none but himself, and a school-master at Wetton, — a very useful person, who for moderate fees made fair abstracts from the mysterious memoranda, and periodically prepared the bills of Mr. Saunders (that was the builder's name). Of course Mr. Saunders did what he could to prevent his son from suffering from the defect which he had himself found so detrimental. He intended the youth to succeed him in his business, and so had him well grounded by his friend the schoolmaster in the three R's, and made, as he called it, "a bit of a scholar." He had, moreover, supplemented this instruction with a year's board and teaching at a private school in Plymouth. If the quality of education given at the boarding-school did not surpass that which was procurable at Wetton, Mr. Saunders senior never for an instant imagined that such could be the case. He did his duty by paying the price of good schooling at any rate; and then the polish acquired by going from a country town to a large town for a short time! Young Master Saunders came home bur-nished to a high degree, greatly to his father's pride in a general way, who would wink at his neighbours or his wife when the lively young fellow indulged in a smart sally or showed his breeding, as much as to say, "There's mettle for ye: you see the flavour has been properly

brought out of vintage number two ; number one didn't get a fair chance, but he's got it in him too." At the same time, Saunders senior owned to himself, like a reasonable, moderate man as he was, that there were some little features of Benjamin's spirit which he didn't altogether appreciate ; "but then," he would say, "if I had wanted the boy to be entirely after my fancies I should have kept him at home and not made him a scholar ; with eddication come ideas which homely men can't quite understand. If Ben's got a little above me that can't be helped ; there's a great deal about the lad that pleases me, and, for the rest, we must take the rough and the smooth together." Honest Saunders had a strong belief, too, that a little steady attention to business would tone the youth down to the right pitch ; and that, when he should be out of his time, he would possess just the proportions of science, practical knowledge, and acquaintance with the world, for "getting on," as it is called, in the orb aforesaid. Accordingly he apprenticed Benjamin to himself ; and if he had made him go through the whole drudgery of the business as he had himself done, it might have been that things would have turned out as he anticipated. But he showed a rather injudicious respect to the youth's learning and refined feelings. He hadn't the heart to set so genteel an apprentice to mix mortar in his shirt-sleeves, or to handle his trowel among a set of uncouth, uneducated journeymen who could be no company for him ; besides, he wanted these journeymen to look up to Master Benjamin as a superior person, which they might not be inclined to do if they should see him dressed in fustian, and sweating away like an ordinary mechanic. The consequence was that the young Benjamin acquired only a theoretic knowledge of the building trade ; and that he was more in the office among the books and letters than on the works ; and, as a consequence of this consequence, he learned to look down upon manual labour, and to encourage ambitious ideas which were not likely to make him steady. I don't mean to say, however, that Benjamin didn't mind his work. He did that, and by taking charge of the office affairs enabled his parent to be almost constantly supervising the workmen, and often, as he liked to do, laying a course of masonry himself "to show these conceited scamps how a bit of work should be done," finishing a joint or two, setting

a grate or boiler, or spreading a coat of cement.

Now the young Benjamin, as he wore a coat of finer cloth than his father's, as he was esteemed by his mother, and indeed by many less prejudiced people, a person of erudition, and as he felt within him an aptitude for asserting himself vigorously on most occasions (or, according to some, as he was a pert young whelp), began to seek a society somewhat more elevated than that in which his family moved. He was on intimate terms with the three or four attorneys' clerks, with the young man at the bank, with an incipient druggist (afterwards a bankrupt with a copper dividend) who had come down to put a little life into the place, and to take the conceit out of that old buffer, dear old Mr. Mannah ; with a few choice selections from behind the drapers' counters ; and, above all, with the sergeant-major of the disembodied militia, a quiet and inoffensive but idle man, who, however, under this modest exterior concealed a most impetuous and adventurous character, as he allowed to be perceived sometimes, by his conversation, when he was three parts drunk and off his guard. As his person was not bad-looking, Ben decorated it after the fashion affected by youths of his disposition : he was much given to chains ; he wore a many-coloured scarf round his neck with two immense pins stuck therein ; his waistcoats were gorgeously patterned ; his hat was worn with a peculiar knowing cock, and his hair underneath it was studiously larded and curled. A pretty fellow, some people thought him ; women, here and there, no doubt, admired him ; he superstitiously believed that he could vanquish the whole sex.

Benjamin had gone to Plymouth to look after some materials which were required at Wetton. He had finished his business, dined, as he thought, elegantly, made himself irresistible, gone to the theatre and ogled the ladies, whom he allowed to have a full view of his waistcoat ; finally, entirely satisfied with the events of the day, he had retired to rest. As I have already said, each of these youths was visited that night by a singular and impressive dream. Lieutenant Hardinge woke in a cold perspiration, after having imagined that he saw poor old Saunders lying cruelly crushed and wounded beneath a scaffold from which he had fallen. The young officer saw the crowd collected about the injured man, he saw that his consciousness was leaving him, that his

eyes were glazing in death. It was still dark when he awoke, but so disturbed was he by the vision, that he did not sleep again till after the day had broke. While he lay tossing in bed, he wondered greatly what could have suggested such thoughts to his imagination. He knew old Saunders by sight,—that was all; and he probably would have known nothing about him had he not been the father of that rather showy young man whom nobody in Wetton could help remarking. He might have seen him about a new building or on a scaffold, but he had no recollection of having done so. As the light strengthened, he reflected philosophically on the strange freaks of fancy, decided that this was one of the strangest, and that, as such, it was not worthy of further consideration; so he turned round at last and went off to sleep once more.

Mr. Benjamin Saunders, in the next room, also dreamed a dream. It was revealed to that young man that a young lady, a reputed heiress, residing near Wetton, had fallen violently in love with him, that he had been merciful to her infirmity, and had promised to marry her. He saw the great preparations that were making for the marriage. He saw an endless line of his future bride's (Miss Fulford's) relations who had come to welcome him into the family, and it was in receiving the cordial hand-grasp of a peer of the realm with his coronet on his head, that the sleeper, overcome by delight, awoke and found that he had been deluded by the baseless fabric of a vision. Unlike such fabrics in general, though, this one did leave something of a wrack behind. It raised in the young man's mind an idea which had never entered it before, but an idea which, finding congenial soil, took root there. After his first disappointment at discovering that he had only been dreaming, he began to enjoy a *refacimento* of the happy trance, going over all its incidents with delight, and feeling again a thrill almost equal to that which woke him, when he came to the peer and the coronet. Then he thought what a strange dream it was; a dream which he did not know to be suggested by any antecedent whatever! A thing coming in this remarkable way must mean something; and why should there be any crooked interpretation? why should it not mean what it figured? Other young women had been captivated by his attractions, and why not Miss Fulford? "If she has a fancy for me,"

thought Benjamin, "I will take care to encourage it; and if she has not, why, perhaps I can inspire one, eh! Yes, yes; this dream shall not be for nothing. I've taken the idea—rather!"

Young Mr. Saunders did not sleep again that morning, but whether he lay thinking a long or a short time before the hour of arising arrived he had no idea. His mind was very agreeably occupied, that was all he knew; and he had formed projects which—although, as we shall see, they were perforce put aside for a time—came to be acted upon at length, and helped to create a good deal of confusion. He had now to dress himself and get ready for business, at which let us leave him for the present.

Lieutenant Hardinge also rose and breakfasted, and then mounted his trap to drive back to Wetton, where his presence was required. When he was about three miles from the town he overtook the curate, who had come out for a constitutional walk or to do some parish work, and requested him to come up into his chariot, which that young ecclesiastic did. Then they spoke of the weather, and the races, and two or three more of the topics contained in the formula usually followed by Englishmen when they meet each other. When these were exhausted Mr. Hardinge said—

"And now that you have achieved a little exercise, I suppose you will go home to your painting?"

"No, indeed," answered the curate; "I should have small chance of making progress with that, if I trusted to practising during the working hours of the day. Duty, I assure you, takes up all my recognized time: if I want to follow an accomplishment I must make time for it. My artist work was done hours ago, while you, probably, were dreaming."

"Oh, indeed!" said Hardinge, abstractedly, for the curate's last word had suddenly forced his ideas into another channel. "Since you speak of dreaming, I must tell you of a remarkable dream which disturbed me considerably last night. You know that shrewd old fellow—what's his name?—the old fellow that's a mason or carpenter, or something of that sort; the father of that hero with the chains and pins, you know?"

"Mr. Saunders the builder, you mean, probably; what of him?"

"Well, he's a man to whom I never to my knowledge gave a thought, and yet I

had a very remarkable and ugly dream concerning him. I thought I saw him on the ground with a crowd around him, dying from a fall off a scaffold."

"Oh, did you? dreams go by contraries, they say. Possibly there may be some good fortune coming to my old acquaintance. He's a prudent and energetic tradesman, and constantly making some good hit or another. The son isn't half so much to my mind, though I fancy he's clever too."

"I never had any dealings with him or even spoke to him, but he seems an arrant puppy."

"Well, perhaps a little forward. Here we are at your gate. Put me down, now, and I'll make my way into town on foot."

"Shan't I drive you?"

"Dear me! by no means."

"Then, if you don't mind waiting a minute or two, I will have the pleasure of walking with you. I am going to the recruiting office."

So they walked on to town together, up Park Street, along Butler's Buildings, and through Monk Alley; but they couldn't get down Church Street for it was blocked by a rather dense crowd.

"Hollo! what's the matter here?" said the curate; and so saying he threaded his way among the people, Hardinge following. "Bad job, I'm afeard, Measter," said an artisan as the clergyman passed. There was a new house being built at the corner, and they were among stone-chippings and poles. "Somebody hurt, seemingly: Good heavens! it's Mr. Saunders."

"What do you say?" eagerly demanded Hardinge, pushing up to where he stood. The shock was dreadful. It was the very scene of his dream. There lay poor Saunders, pale and motionless, his eyes glazing. The doctor was beside him in a few seconds, but he said almost immediately that the man was dying. Ten minutes after, they carried home a corpse upon a plank.

Hardinge was so sick and ill after witnessing this dreadful scene that he asked the curate to walk to his lodgings with him; but the latter, who was domiciled near the church, said they would do better to go into his apartments. Thither they went; and a confusion of books and an unfinished picture having been removed from the sofa, the lieutenant was soon laid thereon, and refreshed with a glass of wine.

"A most remarkable circumstance —

one that deserves to be recorded," observed the young officer after a time.

"A very singular coincidence, no doubt; but they must happen sometimes, you know. Only consider: if events are jostling each other at every moment of time, it would be marvellous if once in a hundred thousand times or so some two or more didn't appear to be related, when, after all, they are but in accidental juxtaposition."

"I can't think that in this case. There were too many circumstances which agreed as being both in the dream and the reality. If I had simply dreamed that the fact had happened, and afterwards found that it had happened, your explanation might have sufficed. But I not only was forewarned of the event, but also of the exact manner of it. I was a spectator of it in my sleep, and so I was when wide awake. The scene, the crowd, were all as I dreamed of them: the position and wan look of the sufferer; even the glazing of the poor fellow's eyes. Oh, it is horrible!"

"Well, try to turn your mind from it just now," said the curate, "and when you can think calmly about it we'll discuss it more closely. If you had not picked me up on the road, you would probably not have mentioned your dream until after its fulfilment."

"Certainly I should not, but I don't feel easy on that head. It seems to me that I should have warned the unfortunate man, as I could have done if I had started from Plymouth an hour earlier; but, you know, I had no sort of acquaintance with him, didn't know his name even, and could therefore never imagine that the dream could have any significance. You treated it lightly yourself when I told you of it, didn't you?"

"I did. I don't suppose I shall ever again speak with levity of a dream of the kind, though I can quite fancy myself giving cautions derived from dreams to all manner of men, and getting laughed at for my credulity; for I imagine that no instance such as this will come within my knowledge again, although I may dream myself, and hear of others dreaming very impressive dreams."

"If only somebody interested in the man had been the dreamer, one might see fitness in a vision of the kind; but for a stranger and a sojourner like me to receive such a revelation passes one's understanding."

The curate, though very much struck

with this dream, was cautious about mentioning it. He did, however, name it to a few of his more intimate friends; indeed, it was through him that I became acquainted with it. Mr. Hardinge never mentioned it at all; not, that is to say, while he abode in Wetton. He had a nervous horror of the subject. If leave of absence had been procurable, he would have sought a diversion of ideas from change of air; but duty required him on the spot just at this time, and so he accepted, with more gratitude than he had ever felt for them before, the invitations which he received to little country parties. Now Hardinge was a rather pleasant and a rather good-looking fellow. Wetton had only lately been made a recruiting station, and he was the first officer that had been quartered in the place. What marvel, then, if Wetton made up its mind that the lieutenant was destined to form a lasting connection with their town; in other words, that he was to take a wife of the daughters of Wetton? Many kindly little coteries there were, which arranged this delicate matter very thoroughly; but as each knot selected a different bride for him, it is evident that a good many of the speculations were destined to fail. One of these juntas, if it didn't quite bring about the result which it contemplated, proved its ability by half doing it. It produced a good deal of misunderstanding and of misery; but those things, it thought, were not chargeable against it, seeing that it had gone so far toward the accomplishment of its idea, and, but for the insensibility of one of the parties, would certainly have brought it about.

Among the company whom the young officer met at different entertainments was Miss Fulford, a lady who has been before mentioned as connected with the dream of Mr. Benjamin Saunders. Miss Fulford was an orphan, with a good property of her own. People were fond of saying that she was a great heiress, but that is what people always say. It may be a mere figure to talk of gilding refined gold; but it is only the naked truth to say that when any comfortable quantity of refined gold finds its way into a person's coffers, that person's neighbours are sure to increase it by a stout multiplier. Miss Fulford, was, moreover, possessed of considerable personal attractions; so that the portion of Wetton society which desired to bestow this young lady upon the lieutenant would have endowed him with the greatest prize

of the neighbourhood. By their profound policy these two young people frequently found themselves sitting next each other at dinners, or suppers, or at the round games then so much the fashion at Wetton; or if there were an excursion into the country, they would be in the same vehicle. Possibly the good gossips rather overdid these couplings. The plot might have worked better if a little more of the management had been left to the parties themselves. Whether or not because the promoters were too eager I cannot say, but it is certain that Mr. Hardinge could never be warmed up to the point of falling in love as they would have had him. He was, however, a polite, agreeable man, with something to say about most of what was going on in the great world. Perhaps to the *Wettonians*, as they called themselves, he may have appeared a more animated and a better informed man than he really was; for they had no one at all of his sort to compare him with. Then he, of course, as became his profession, knew how to be gallant and complimentary, although there was nothing about him of the coxcomb or the lady-killer. But men sometimes involuntarily and unconsciously wander to results which cannot be reached by the arts of others who devote themselves mind and body to the attainment. Hardinge's indifference, which caused him to be entirely natural, and to appear just as for the time he felt, exercised a dangerous influence on the young lady with whom he was so often associated. Miss Fulford found herself taking note of his moods and his words. When he was gay, and more attentive or impressive than usual, she would be elated and unusually complacent; if she thought him absent or dull, she was chagrined. She, after a while, began to watch his manner and to weigh his expressions, imagining that they must be indicative of change of feeling towards herself, when in truth she was entirely unconnected with them. This, one sees, was an unfortunate state of mind for a girl of eighteen to be in. Indeed, Hardinge in his simplicity and innocence was pursuing the very course which, as we learn from a modern teacher of the art of love, or rather of the art of inspiring a passion, is the one for lady-killers to adopt: —

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;
What careth she for hearts when once pos-

sess'd?

Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;

But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving
tropes.

Disguise e'en tenderness, if thou art wise ;
Brisk confidence still best with woman copes ;
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion
crowns thy hopes.*

The match-makers, I am afraid, had a great deal to answer for in this case. It is true that after having first conceived the grand idea of the connection, they proceeded with much impartiality to instil into the parties concerned a proper sense of what was so ably designed for them. But, inasmuch as Hardinge was a stranger, and not a man given to encourage familiarity from persons with whom he was but slightly acquainted, joking and insinuating had to be done very gently with him. He checked some sallies, and really did not understand others which the natives thought rather smart, and steadily refused to hear the voice of the charmers — rather the charmers were no charmers for him, for he did not discern, and made no endeavour to discern, their object. It was different with Miss Fulford. She could not act the deaf adder to Wetton wit and Wetton playfulness. If these were a little broad and plain, was she not “to the manner born”? and were not all those who nodded and supposed, and “knew they couldn't be deceived,” her relations and acquaintances, who surely might, if anybody might, use a little freedom of speech? Neither did these soft impeachments seem altogether unpleasant to the young lady, who put aside the railery so as not at all to give the idea that it pained or offended her.

Now there resided in Wetton a certain *demoiselle* named Lydia Tarroway. Miss Lydia, I have some reason to think, would herself have had no objection to a little admiration or attention from the young officer, and there was a section of Wettonians who selected her for his lady-love, although her backers were neither numerous nor influential. She was older than Miss Fulford, and evinced a good deal of affectionate curiosity as to “whether there was anything in” the rumoured affair between her and Hardinge. While she was beating about to start information on this head, and laying all sorts of little innocent plots to make people communicative who were likely to have been at all behind the scenes, and

to worm opinions out of persons who were regarded as shrewd observers, and constructors — persons who, if they chanced to see a young man and woman together for five minutes, would out of that little glimpse put together an affecting idyl, just as an expert naturalist, if you show him a rare bone, will forthwith furnish a restoration of the whole skeleton to which it belonged, — while she was thus conducting a little private inquiry business, there occurred one of those encouraging accidents which do sometimes assist earnest inquirers after knowledge. Miss Tarroway was invited to dine at Colkatton (that was the name of Miss Fulford's place), where Mr. Hardinge also was to be a guest; and, as she had not always a *chaperone* to take her out, she was to make a little visit of a day or two. It would be strange now if she could not discover how matters stood.

Mrs. Fulford — for Miss Fulford did not of course live quite alone — had arranged so that her daughter might be led to the dinner-table by the lieutenant. She had a Devonshire squire to sit at her own right hand and carve for her; and she had been mindful of Lydia Tarroway, and provided her an escort in Mr. Norcott, who is our friend the curate. It was a tolerably large party, and the accidents of the procession to the board would have taken Mr. Norcott and his charge to the same side of the table as Miss Fulford, had not Lydia remembered that she should certainly faint if she sat near the fire, and besought another couple to change places. By this stratagem — of which she despised the cost, to wit, shivering all through dinner so that she could hardly keep her teeth from chattering, and afterwards having a bad bronchial attack, for she was a chilly and delicate young woman — she sat opposite the supposed lovers, and so had a full view of their bearing towards each other. And very cleverly she made her observations. It would not have been at all consonant to her feelings to show any want of attention to Mr. Norcott, and so she kept up an animated conversation with him about poultry, dissent, choral music, the last new tale by the author of “Waverley,” the wholesomeness or otherwise of scalded cream, painting, the recent wrestling-match, and a variety of other topics; but all the while she had one eye, or some sense that was as good as an eye, taking note of what was going on across the table, and another mind besides that

* “Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.”

which was at the service of Mr. Norcott, marking, weighing, and deciding the state of the love case.

It has often struck me in these latter days, that women make a mistake when, in seeking to prove their rights to an equality with the other sex, they compete with men on the latter's own ground. They take up subjects, and try experiments which are strange and new to them, while to men they are familiar, thus giving the males a strong pull. Now, why don't they rest their pretensions on things which they can do and men can't? For instance, why don't they challenge the dominant gender to perform two operations of the mind at the same time — to keep up a brisk discussion about all things whatsoever, and certain others, while they watch like cats, and record, compare, and appraise the words, looks, and gestures of certain persons sitting apart from them, whom, for the moment, they are pleased to admire, or hate, or rival, or to be otherwise interested in? I should like to see how many points the *soi-disant* superior animals would make at a game like this. Cannot one fancy the clumsy exposure of their aims, the absences of mind, the impertinent listening and staring, and at other times the total failure of observation they would betray, as, vainly attempting to steer a smooth middle course between the different objects of attention, they would attend properly to neither, but be drawn to them alternately and irregularly — now bumping against Scylla, now sucked away to Charybdis? Does not one see how feeble, useless, and transparent they would be while labouring after such an accomplishment, and from what an immense height of ability the ladies might look down upon and pity such puny achievement? These are the kinds of contests whereby to make man feel how little he is by the side of the subtler instinct. When Richard, you know, had severed an iron mace with his two-handed sword, Saladin was not such a fool as to rival him in rough smashing; no — he sliced a thin gauze veil by making it dance on his scimitar's edge. And Richard could no more give the fine cut to the veil than the Sultan could chop up pig-iron! A word to the wise (I mean to the ladies) will be sufficient.

But in Miss Tarroway's young days nobody had heard of woman's rights and wrongs, and she could only exercise her keen wits for utility: there was, at that slow period, no open rivalry with creation's lords, so she could not use her tal-

ents in contention. She made good use of them nevertheless, as has been said. It was dull weather, with an irritating east wind, and Hardinge was taciturn and absent; he seemed hungry too, or else he ate to fill up the time and escape conversation. His fair neighbour was at first full of life and chat; but her spirits were naturally chilled (as whose would not be?) by finding how little sympathetic fire she could kindle. Miss Fulford, however, was too pleasant a girl to fall into sullenness, or to let it be seen that she was disappointed or discomposed. She turned the matter off for a while by talking to the person on the other side of her, and to Norcott across the table; and when she found that Hardinge could not be piqued into brisk discourse, and was rather addressing himself to the good creatures on which the curate had so impressively asked a blessing, she vented her mortification in inviting him to eat, and in causing all manner of dishes to be handed to him, of many of which he partook, not seeming to be quite aware of what he was doing. None of the little scene was lost on Miss Tarroway, who drew her own inferences, and decided that, courtship or not, Mr. Hardinge's affections were not very deeply engaged. About Miss Fulford, she was not so clear. It was doubtful whether she was inducing him to eat as jesting with his apparent appetite, or because she was wounded in spirit. Any lively young woman would, of course, be nettled by such insensibility as the lieutenant evinced; but to have one's vanity a little chafed, and to be heart-sick for unrequited affection, were very different things. However, Miss Lydia had found out something of the case, and she meant to find out all of it before returning home. Meanwhile she secured in the drawing-room a warm corner to make amends for her frigid seat at dinner, and *she* sat next Mr. Hardinge at *commerce*, and, finding plenty of people to talk to, let him indulge his humour and talk or not as he chose. He had, however, thawed a little by this time, and was more genial; seeing which, Miss Fulford was persuaded in her heart that his behaviour at dinner was intended to be a pointed exhibition of indifference to her. So she passed a rather uncomfortable evening, but took care not to let her disappointment appear — rattling away, and doing the honours of her house unflinchingly.

As people in those days dined tolerably early and sat tolerably late, the

young hostess's patience was subjected to a weary ordeal. But the hour at length came when the whist-party had played their last rubber, an old gentleman who had won it and lost every former one being radiant with his victory. The round game had been shut up some time before; and the party was taking some refreshment preparatory to separating. As Hardinge came to say his *adieux*, he seemed to have found his tongue again, and stood a few minutes talking to Mrs. Fulford and afterwards to her daughter, whom he expressed a wish of meeting and dancing with at a coming quadrille-party. His affability stirred up the young lady's emotions yet again; she found an excuse for, and forgave, his previous coldness, and gave her hand to him graciously as he departed; she was inclined to hope once more. "Let us talk it over, Gertrude," said Miss Tarraway; "do you mind my coming in to see you, dear, before we go to bed?"

"Do come, Lydia dear," answered Miss Fulford—"I shall be delighted;" though it is doubtful whether this may not have been too strong an expression, as she certainly had a yearning to be alone with her own thoughts.

"What a delicious fire!" exclaimed Lydia, as she drew her easy-chair close up to the hearth and put her feet on the fender. "This is such a dear, comfortable house!"

"Do you know, Lydia," answered Gertrude, "I was quite unhappy all through dinner at your being so far from the grate. You looked quite as if you were suffering from cold."

"Did I? La! now, how odd! Do you know, my dear, I thought it one of the very pleasantest parties, and I enjoyed it so much! Mr. Norcott is a very agreeable young man, too, isn't he?"

"We think so, surely, or we shouldn't have given him to you. He has plenty to say, and he says it nicely. He isn't bad-looking either, is he?"

"No, indeed; and that is really more than can be said of most of our young men, for certainly they are rather an ordinary set. I don't say it ill-naturedly, you know; I include my brother Phil and all. You are going to the Harveys' dance on Friday, aren't you? I'm going. They made me promise, but I fear it will be stupid. The Parker party from Plymouth can't come, which will make it dull. That young Harry Parker is a delightful young man—so stylish, so agreeable; quite fascinating, I call him.

Oh, wasn't that a frightful thing of poor Mr. Saunders? Mr. Norcott told me he positively saw him dying. I was so shocked when I heard of it: it was told to us just at dinner-time; I declare I couldn't eat a bit—not a morsel. It was so dreadful."

In this way did Lydia run on for half an hour or so, showing no sign of being about to retire, when Gertrude, who was not quite so full of prattle, remarked—

"I don't know how it is that I get so sleepy Lydia dear, but we were up late last night, and have had a fatiguing day. I am afraid you find me stupid; but I shan't be more lively till I've slept. Dear me! I'm quite ashamed of yawning: You'll excuse me, won't you, Lydia?"

LYDIA.—"Oh, and I've been so selfish and inconsiderate to sit here boring you. I am so sorry" (*taking her feet from the fender, and gathering her robe about her, as if preparing to depart*).

GERTRUDE.—"Pray, Lydia, pray don't imagine I'm tired of you. Don't for anything disturb yourself; only I'm so stupid, and we breakfast so early."

LYDIA.—"Of course, dear. It's quite time to go to bed, too, isn't it? Dear me! past one. I never! How cold those young men must have found it driving home! In an open trap, too" (*shuddering*), "ho—o—o—o—o—o,— what creatures men are! I hope it isn't true that we are likely to lose Mr. Hardinge."

GERTRUDE.—"Lose Mr. Hardinge?—how, when? what do you mean?"

LYDIA.—"Oh, nothing, you know; only they said something about his joining his regiment. Well, good night, Gertrude; I really will go now. I'm so sorry I kept you up."

GERTRUDE.—"Nay, Lydia, you mistake, I assure you; I do so love to hear you talk. Sit a little longer, I implore you. Do tell me what this is about Mr. Hardinge. He never said a word of it at dinner. Did he tell you?"

LYDIA.—"He didn't say a word of anything at dinner, I think, did he? You're quite sure I'm not wearying you? Well, let me see: was it Mr. Hardinge? No, I don't think he told me. It must have been—No, it wasn't. Oh, I know. It was Mr. Thorne—and he knew, of course."

GERTRUDE.—"Why, of course, dear?"

LYDIA.—"Oh, he's an officer, too, you know; he's in the militia."

GERTRUDE (*with immense contempt*).—"The militia!!"

LYDIA.—“Well, dear, the militia. Isn't one officer as likely to be well informed as another?”

GERTRUDE (*as if she were already the lady of a distinguished leader of the regular forces*).—“No, Lydia; I should think not. In the military world the militia are not looked upon as soldiers at all, I assure you.”

LYDIA.—“Oh, there you mistake, dear, I am certain. Harry Parker is in the militia; and a handsomer, genteeler, man or a nicer partner, is not to be found in any part of the army.”

GERTRUDE.—“But this Mr. Thorne: what did the creature say?”

LYDIA.—“Why, the creature, as you call him, Gertrude, said that Mr. Hardinge had been for some time employed recruiting at another place before he was sent here, and that they can't be away from their regiments for more than a fixed time. And so Mr. Hardinge will soon have to go away, and we shall have another officer here, perhaps a more conversable one.”

GERTRUDE.—“I don't believe that Mr. Thorne knows anything about the matter. We must have heard of it if Mr. Hardinge had been likely to leave us soon. Of course it's of very little consequence whether he does or not: but I should like to show you that these militia gentlemen know nothing about these things. I'll inquire about it and let you know.”

LYDIA.—“No, Gertrude, dear: it was I who made the assertion. Wouldn't it be nicer if I were to inquire about it and let you know?”

GERTRUDE.—“Well, dear, if you like: but you'll be sure to tell me?”

LYDIA.—“That I will: I wouldn't keep you anxious for the world.”

GERTRUDE.—“I mean only that I should like to prove that the militia don't know.”

LYDIA.—“Exactly: I quite understand. By the way, whom do you think the gossips have given Mr. Hardinge to? You'll never guess.”

GERTRUDE.—“Really! Who? Do tell me.”

LYDIA.—“Oh, it's too absurd, you know. And, dear me! look at the time-piece. I'm so ashamed. Good night, dear.” (*Offering to kiss her.*)

GERTRUDE.—“Oh, don't go, Lydia. It's quite early. I hardly ever go to bed till much after this. And the fire's burning so bright. There, I'll put on a little more coal. It's so cosy. Don't go.”

LYDIA.—“So kind of you, dear. But you're tired, I know, and you were up late last night. I really have not the conscience.”

GERTRUDE.—“Your lively conversation has quite driven away drowsiness, and it's a thousand times more agreeable than sleep. There now, put up your feet again. You were saying they had got up some silly match for Mr. Hardinge.”

LYDIA.—“Oh, some rubbish, probably without a grain of truth in it. I wish I hadn't mentioned it. There, we *must* go to bed now. Good night.”

GERTRUDE.—“Do tell me, dear.”

LYDIA (*kissing and breaking away*).—“Another time perhaps, but positively we mustn't begin talking again. I will release you now. Pleasant dreams —”

And Miss Lydia withdrew to her apartment saying to herself, “So the love's all on her side, is it! I didn't think Gertrude was so deep. It is quite possible that *he* may admire somebody else. I don't think he cares for her, notwithstanding her money.”

At this time the subject of her speculations had been some time enjoying a sound sleep. The curate and he had had cigars together, talked over the party, which they voted not very lively, then separated and gone to rest, their minds not particularly occupied with the young ladies in whose company they had spent the evening.

Poor Saunders was carried to his last home, followed or attended by nearly everybody in Wetton. It was a certainty in that ancient town that any one hurried away by a sudden or violent death would have a crowded funeral; and as we know that in Mr. Saunders's case there was to be added to the suddenness of his end the great respect which had been felt for him when living, none will wonder that the concourse was large. It was not, however, allowed to be an unregulated crowd, pushing, blocking the streets, or perhaps inadvertently incommoding the poor mourners: no—that, I am happy to say, had been provided against. It was known that everybody would be there; and so it was arranged that all who could be reduced to any sort of order should have places assigned them,—and this was the way of it: The Tradesmen's Club (of which the deceased had of course been a leading member) would “walk,”—that is, follow the funeral in procession: but inasmuch as there were Wettonians who were not of the Club, the freemasons would see their departed brother interred

with masonic honours; and inasmuch as masons with their insignia gave a very public character to the solemnity, it was thought advisable to head the procession with the Wetton band (which, I need not mind saying, was the band of the disembodied militia, only wearing plain clothes, except such of them as were entitled to masonic decorations): again, as clubmen, masons, and bandsmen did not comprehend all the Wettonians, youthful Wetton was encouraged to be present in schools and choirs: moreover, inasmuch as there would yet remain an unmarshalled remnant, not of the most orderly, it was made known by Tom Ashlant, the bruiser of the place, through his attorneys and agents, that "if he seed any darned feller" (so Mr. Ashlant was pleased to express himself) "deuin' uv anythin' unproper like, he would knock hes teu eyes into one after 'twes all auver." So all the world was thus brought under control except a one-eyed boy, who was timid and orderly, and not likely to take advantage of his being *ultra vires*.

We may think what we will of Wetton's mode of giving effect to its desires; but this, at any rate, I can say, that Wetton's desire was to show the highest respect for its lost townsman, and to inter his remains with as much solemn *éclat* as was possible. Wetton knew that Saunders's place would not be adequately filled by his successor; and even on the way back from the churchyard, serious groups discussed the probable new state of things.

"Dest tho' think they'll put young Ben into the Corporation?" asked an artisan.

"No that I know by," answered his friend. "What shud they dew wi' *he* to Guildhall? Giv' en zome bear's fat to grease his wig wi', and a weskert spotted wi' scarlet, an' yellor, an' blew, like the door o' Jan Mattheys the penter's shop, and he would n' care to be a Alderman ner a Mayor nither."

"Likely nat. Should n' wonder if Splitfig the grocer get 'lected. I seed en a struttin' along jes' this minnit wi' his mason's aporn, as if he was a Lord Mayor or a Jestiss a'ready. Ben'll be like to carry on the buildin' trade now, won't a?"

"If he hev a got the wit. But Ben can't look arter work like th' oul' man. He never larned the tricks o' the trade, an' every feul a'most could desave en. Reckon Measter Ben 'll kip hesself up vor a soart of a show chap, sittin' in a dandy coat, an' makin' of his bow, an'

grizzlin'* behind a desk with a big book upon en."

"An' whew's to overlook?"

"Darned ef I know. Very like there'll be a voreman, but 'tis onpossible vor me to say. Us mus' wait an' zee."

"The Mistus now may hev something to zay to the busin'ss: us never thort o' that."

"No more us didn't; well, her may hev to dew wi' et for sertain, an' ef her dew, things won't go on noan the wuss, I reckon."

Now this last thought about "the Mistus" was not far wide of the mark; for the business was so left that it was to be carried on for the present in Mrs. Saunders's name, which meant that she would have an extensive controlling power — for she hadn't lived thirty years with "her poor master," as she called him, without learning the value of vigilance and management. Mrs. Saunders knew, too, that Benjamin would not do for an overseer, and so she lost no time in procuring an able foreman. Perhaps this arrangement was all the more readily made by reason of a hope that her son was destined to distinguish himself in some line higher than a builder's.

Now it happened that, not long after the family's bereavement, Mrs. and Miss Fulford had occasion to call at the little office which hung on to Mrs. Saunders's house, and separated it from the great double gates leading into the building yard. The widow sate alone in the room with her spectacles on, doing, or trying to do, some plain sewing work, but pausing continually, and laying the work in her lap as one distressing thought after another crossed her mind. When Mrs. Fulford spoke very sympathizingly to her, and asked after her health, the poor woman tried to answer bravely, but broke down, and wept before many words were uttered.

"I feel but poorly, thank you kindly, ma'am. 'Tis very whist any one findin' theirselves alone in the world, and that so suddent; but there! 'twas the Lord's will that afflicted I should be, and what use complainin'? Many and many bappy years I knowed — me and one that's gone; and now things is turned. Forgive me, ma'am; I shouldn't take on this way. I trust you are well yourself, ma'am; and Miss Fulford. Well, the time do pass, dear, dear! It seems like yesterday that you was a little thing like, a-running by the side of the governess."

* Grinning.

"Time does pass, Mrs. Saunders. I can hardly believe that my daughter is a woman. There she is, however, as tall as myself, and putting that matter quite beyond a doubt."

"Sure, sure; and it's likely now you've called about some work that's wantin' to Colkatton."

"Well, yes, indeed; we have come to see what can be done to make the dining-room a little warmer. There's a large grate, but somehow those who sit opposite it hardly feel the heat. It must be of a bad pattern or badly fixed."

"The very thing that my poor dear master was so fortunate with; excoose me, ma'am, again; I have no doubt we can find out what's amiss. Somebody shall go out and look to it."

And the two ladies left.

At supper that evening Mrs. Saunders did not fail to mention the visit to her son, and in doing so she expressed herself very gratefully for the feeling manner in which Mrs. Fulford had condoled with her. The young man who, as may be supposed, was dull and sorrowful enough, roused himself at the mention of the name, and asked what the ladies came for, which of course he was told.

"And they was kind and comforting in their words to you, was they, mother? I really believe that *is* a good girl, and deserving of a little attention, which is more than can be said for many of 'em."

"Good girl!" echoed Mrs. Saunders; "she's a pleasant young lady, and they're kind people, and good customers. That is not the way your poor father would have spoken, Benjamin. You've got to think about the business now, my son, and must be partickler how you talk about the gentry."

But Benjamin was not thinking of the business just at that moment. An imagination which his father's awful death had banished from his mind was now moving back to establish itself in its old quarters. The coroneted peer, with his friendly grasp, passed again before his mind's eye, and the great destiny which he thought he was equal to carving out for himself, got possession of his thoughts.

"Yes," said Benjamin, addressing his own fancy rather than replying to his mother's remark; "she's about the best girl of the lot, and I've no doubt will make a fine, stylish, showy woman, if she gets a husband that's worthy of her."

Mrs. Saunders didn't know whether this meant undutifulness, or want of

brains, or absence of mind; but whatever was the matter was more than she could bear in her present shattered state, and she burst into tears. Benjamin behaved properly on the occasion. He endeavoured to soothe his parent, and expressed a hope that he had not said or done anything to distress her, protesting that he had been intent on some subject which had come into his head, and had not taken in the meaning of what she said. Whereupon Mrs. Saunders was pacified, and renewed her admonition concerning the relation of those in business to the gentry.

"All right, mother," said the youth — "it's a trick I've fallen into; but I'll be careful, never fear. Now about this fireplace; I'll ride out and have a look at it to-morrow."

"You, Benjamin?"

"Me, mother. You said, they'd been kind, and showed feelin' for us, and it'll look complimentary if I go out and take the orders myself. John Bray can be there waiting in case there should be anything about the flues or the grate that I don't understand. But they'll think it civil of me if I go myself; and besides, I must begin and move about a little now, and not leave everything to the men."

This last sentiment was entirely agreeable to Mrs. Saunders, who began to think that a sense of his responsibilities was dawning in the young man's mind. Of course she sanctioned his going to Colkatton.

And Benjamin went, attired in his best suit of mourning, which garb, as it did not admit of chains and bright contrasts, happily restrained his efflorescence. He, of course, thought this a disadvantage; and he endeavoured to do himself compensatory justice by an extra larding of pomatum. The unguent, however, compared with the ornaments and colours, was but as the genie of the ring to the genie of the lamp; and so imperfectly by its means did the youth express his mind, that the footman who opened the door mistook him for a gentleman, politely informed him that Mrs. Fulford was at home, and in respectful accents asked whose name he should take in. He was, however, a little affrighted from his propriety when he heard it.

"Saunders! What! on business, sir?"

"Yes — a — that is — I called to look at a part of the building. Mrs. Fulford understands."

"Mr. Saunders the mason, isn't it?" said the flunkey, who felt that he could

never, never forgive himself, and that the two of them (that is, he and self), though unable to separate, must maintain a constrained intimacy through time and eternity. "Well, just take a seat here. I know Madam can't be spoke to for a few minutes. I'll let her know after a bit;" with which remark, uttered with his back towards Benjamin, the attendant hastily disappeared, determined that when the visitor should ring again, as he would be obliged to do, the manner of his reception should not only blot out all memory of former deference, but should evince such an amount of retributive *sang froid* as would effectually restore his equilibrium.

Thus rudely left to himself, Mr. Saunders did not, of course, seat himself on a hall-chair as he had been bidden to do; he stood about in some of his best attitudes, paced the hall two or three times, examined statues and curiosities, looked through the window at a peacock on the grass (a bird which had some title to his notice, as they had many dispositions in common), and at length bethought him of charging his friend the footman with a reminder; but before taking that step he confronted a mirror which hung in the apartment, to ascertain whether he could in any way add dignity to his presence, and by that look he averted the interview with the functionary, and altogether baffled the fiendish vengeance which the latter had imagined. For, as he was adjusting a lock of hair, a door opened behind him, and he beheld the reflection of Miss Fulford, who had entered the hall. This was awkward. Benjamin's first resolution was, or rather his instinct prompted him, to make some passing remark about the wind having blown his hat off and made him unfit to appear, a subtlety which his greasy sleek locks would have shown to be of the very weakest if it had been offered. But the young lady, who was as little moved as if she had but seen him scraping his boots, stifled in its birth the smart explanation which was meditated, by speaking quietly. She ought, he considered, to have smirked or giggled, and so given opportunity for his remarks, instead of saying—

"Oh, you are Mr. Saunders, are you not? and come, I suppose, to see about the dining-room grate. My mother unfortunately has just walked out. If you had arrived five minutes sooner, you could have seen her."

The only possible reply to this was, that he had been in the house four times

five minutes; and when he said this, Benjamin felt thankful that he had not uttered the little fable about the blowing off of his hat; for, if he had, he would have stood convicted of having been all that time before the glass, whereas now it might be supposed that he had only taken a passing glance at himself—a very excusable indulgence, it seemed to him, when the reflection was so well worth looking at. Miss Fulford, however, evidently did not trouble herself about his manner of employing himself since his arrival, but thought it very strange that no mention had been made of him, little guessing how grievously the self-esteem of her footman had been bruised, and that this delay had been necessary to the healing thereof. "However," said she, "I think I can show you what is the matter: will you just come this way? Now, this is the room, you see, and any one would think the grate would hold a fire large enough to warm it; but really, when the weather is at all cold, hardly any heat can be perceived a yard or two off."

Saunders guessed immediately what was the matter, and, talking of a subject which he understood, he was soon comparatively at his ease again. "I can't be quite certain till I've had the grate taken out that things are as I say," observed the youth, after a long explanation; "but I think I can promise that the room will be more comfortable after we've—he, he—doctored it according to my prescription" (the young fellow was fast recovering his easy, sparkling style); but if we can't effect a perfect cure of the old concern, then I shall recommend to have it took out, and put a radiator in its place."

"I'm sure I hope you'll do something effectual," answered the young lady. "I'm almost frozen when I sit on the further side of the table."

"Nothing," said the gallant Benjamin, "is so trying to beauty as to be pinched with the cold. It shan't be my fault, Miss Fulford, if you have to complain of the coldness of the room again. I shall make it my particular duty to attend to your wishes." While he was thus neatly working up towards a proper footing, and letting her see that his mind was worthy of the choice casket which contained it, the young lady left the room, to return again immediately, he did not doubt. He hoped that she had retired for an instant, just to compose her countenance after that aptly turned compliment—or, at the least, that she had gone to order

him refreshment. Therefore it gave him some disappointment to see his friend the footman enter, and to hear that functionary say, in a tone which did not indicate extreme deference —

“I say, when be you a-goin’ to make a mess in this here room — to-day or to-morrow?”

“I’ve explained what is necessary to Miss Fulford,” replied Benjamin, with some hauteur.

“Oh, you hev, hev yew? Then yew hev’n’t a done it well, for her it is that wants to know when yew’m goin’ to begin.”

“The men can begin at any time, so far as I’m concerned: but you’ll want to raise the carpet and cover up some of the furniture first. You’d better have it ready by to-morrow morning.”

“Oh, very well. The men’s yew, I s’pose: and a nasty sooty job yew’m likely to hev. I say, if yew find it thirsty work yew may step out towards the pantry, and p’raps there’ll be a horn o’ ale there.”

Benjamin would not, at that moment, have objected to the use of a little personal violence towards this unpleasant domestic. He refrained himself, however, and in stately silence left the house, and relieved John Bray, who had been holding the animal all this time, of the charge of his horse.

“It seems to have been fated,” Gertrude said to herself, “that I should be troubled by somebody this afternoon. It cost me some pains to escape that stupid old admiral, and then I must fall into the way of this vulgar fellow!” the meaning of which soliloquy was, that Admiral Tautbrace and his two daughters had been calling at Colkaton that afternoon; and that the old gentleman, who said he never could have enough of Miss Fulford’s company, had proposed that her mother and she should accompany their visitors some way through the grounds, making that their afternoon stroll. Mrs. Fulford had assented, much to the annoyance of her daughter; and the latter, after retiring with the elder lady, as if to prepare for the walk, had excused herself. The admiral was a near neighbour, and the owner of a small property, to which he conceived that the lands of Colkaton would form an appropriate addition. He was rather an agreeable old gentleman than otherwise; and, as long as his gallantries appeared aimless, Gertrude rather liked him, and the two lone ladies were wont to consult him and lean upon him.

But of late his admiration had been marked; and his pointed attentions Miss Fulford would probably at no time have appreciated; now that she was agitated by an affection whose requital was somewhat doubtful, they were distasteful in a high degree. I have often reflected upon this poor girl’s lot, apparently so cruel and undeserved. Here were her friends busying themselves to create in her an attachment to a young man about whom they knew very little, and who might for a variety of reasons be unwilling to return such affection: here were two aspirants, an elderly gentleman who might have been a grandfather, and a presuming vulgar tradesman, each entertaining designs upon herself and fortune: and here was the swain who could have made her happy by his love, and to whose desert she and her fortune were far more than equal, just letting things go wrong from sheer insensibility; for I firmly believe that if he had been brought to seriously consider the advantages which might have been his, he would not have been such a fool as to decline them. If *he*, now, had dreamed what Mr. Benjamin Saunders dreamed about her, I think things would have turned out differently. I can’t help believing that the dream was sent by some power friendly to Gertrude, and that, out of carelessness, or out of spite, it missed its way.

From Nature.

THE ACOUSTIC · TRANSPARENCY AND OPACITY OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

II.

WE have now to consider the complementary side of the phenomena. A stratum of air, 3 miles thick, on a perfectly calm day, has been proved competent to stifle both the cannonade and the hornsounds employed at the South Foreland; while the observations just recorded, one and all, point to the mixture of air and aqueous vapour as the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon. Such a mixture could fill the atmosphere with an impervious *acoustic cloud* on a day of perfect *optical* transparency. But, granting this, it is incredible that so great a body of sound could utterly disappear in so short a distance, without rendering any account of itself. Supposing, then, instead of placing ourselves behind the acoustic cloud, we were to place ourselves in front of it, might we not, in accordance with

the law of conservation, expect to receive by reflection the sound which had failed to reach us by transmission? The case would then be strictly analogous to the reflection of light from an ordinary cloud to an observer placed between it and the sun.

My first care, in the early part of the day in question, was to assure myself that our inability to hear the sound did not arise from any derangement of the instruments. At one P.M. I was rowed to the shore, and landed at the base of the South Foreland cliff. The body of air which had already shown such extraordinary power to intercept sound, and which manifested this power still more impressively later in the day, was now in front of us. On it the sonorous waves impinged, and from it they were sent back to us with astonishing intensity. The instruments, hidden from view, were on the summit of a cliff 235 feet above us, the sea was smooth and clear of ships, the atmosphere was without a cloud, and there was no object in sight which could possibly produce the observed effect. From the perfectly transparent air the echoes came, at first with a strength apparently but little less than that of the direct sound, and then dying gradually and continuously away. The remark of my companion, Mr. Edwards, was: "Beyond saying that the echoes seemed to come from the expanse of ocean, it did not appear possible to indicate any more definite point of reflection." Indeed, no such point was to be seen; the echoes reached us as if by magic, from absolutely invisible walls. Arago's notion that clouds are necessary to produce atmospheric echoes is therefore untenable.

The reflection from aerial surfaces has never been experimentally demonstrated. It is wholly a matter of inference, and I wished very much to reduce it to demonstration. I made one or two rough experiments on the transmission of sound through a series of flames; and no doubt by proper arrangement such experiments might be made successful. I then thought that alternate layers of carbonic acid and coal gas, the one rising by its lightness, the other falling by its weight, would supply a heterogeneous medium suitable for the demonstration. To my assistant, Mr. Cottrell, who possesses in an eminent degree the skill of devising apparatus, I communicated this idea, leaving the realization of it wholly

to him, and he has carried it out in the most admirable manner.

During my recent visit to the United States I accompanied General Woodruff, the engineer in charge of two of the lighthouse districts, to the establishments at Staten Island and Sandy Hook, with the express intention of observing the performance of the steam-syren, which, under the auspices of Prof. Henry, has been introduced into the lighthouse system of the United States. Such experiments as were possible to make under the circumstances were made, and I carried home with me a somewhat vivid remembrance of the mechanical effect of the sound of the steam-syren upon my ears and body generally. This I considered to be greater than the similar effect produced by the horns of Mr. Holmes; hence the desire, on my part, to see the syren tried at the South Foreland. The formal expression of this desire was anticipated by the Elder Brethren, while their wishes were in turn anticipated by the courteous kindness of the Lighthouse Board at Washington. Informed by Major Elliott that our experiments had begun, the Board forwarded to the Corporation, for trial, the noble instrument now mounted at the South Foreland. The principle of the syren is easily understood. A musical sound is produced when the tympanic membrane is struck periodically with sufficient rapidity. The production of these tympanic shocks by puffs of air was first realized by Dr. Robison. But the syren itself is the invention of Cagniard de la Tour. He employed a box with a perforated lid, and above the lid a similarly perforated disc, capable of rotation. The perforations were oblique, so that when wind was driven through the disc was set in motion. When the perforations coincided a puff escaped, when they did not coincide the current of air was cut off. The regular succession of impulses thus imparted to the air produce a musical note. Even in its small form, the instrument is capable of producing sounds of great intensity. The syren has been improved upon by Dove, and notably developed by Helmholtz.

In the steam syren patented by Mr. Brown of New York, a fixed disc and a rotatory disc are also employed, radial slits being cut in both discs instead of circular apertures. One disc is fixed across the throat of a trumpet-shaped tube, 16 1-2 ft. long, 5 in. diameter where the

disc crosses it, and gradually opening out till at the other extremity it reaches a diameter of 2 ft. 3 in. Behind the fixed disc is the rotating one, which is driven by separate mechanism. The trumpet is mounted on a boiler. In our experiments steam of 70 lbs. pressure has for the most part been employed. Just as in the air-syren, when the radial slits of the two discs coincide, a puff of steam escapes. Sound-waves of great intensity are thus sent through the air; the pitch of the note produced depending on the rapidity with which the puffs succeed each other; in other words, upon the velocity of rotation.

On October 8 I remained some time at the Foreland, listening to the echoes. Of the horn echoes I have already spoken: those of the syren were still more extraordinary. Like the others they were perfectly continuous, and faded as if into the distance gradually away. The single sound seemed rendered complex and multitudinous by its echoes, which resembled a band of trumpeters first responding close at hand, and then retreating rapidly from us towards the coast of France. The syren echoes had eleven seconds' duration, those of the horn eight seconds. With sounds of the same pitch the duration of the echo might be taken as a measure of the penetrative power of the sound.

I moved away from the station so as to lower the power of the direct sound. This was done by dropping into the sound-shadow behind an adjacent eminence. The echoes heard thus were still more wonderful than before. In the case of the syren, moreover, the reinforcement of the direct sound by the echo was distinct. One second after the commencement of the syren blast, the echo struck in as a new sound. This first echo, therefore, must have been flung back by a body of air not more than 600 or 700 feet in thickness.

There appears to be a direct connection between the duration of the echoes and the distance penetrated by the sound. On October 17 the perfect clearness of the afternoon caused me to choose it for the examination of the echoes. The echoes of that day, when our transmitted sound reached its maximum, exceeded in duration those of all other days. We heard the syren fifteen miles off. On the close of the day we found its echoes fourteen to fifteen seconds in duration, this long duration indicating the distance from which they were thrown back.

The visual clearness of the atmosphere on the morning of Oct. 8 was very great, the coast of France was very plainly seen, the Grisner lighthouse, and the monument and cathedral of Boulogne, were distinctly visible to the naked eye. At 5 1-4 miles from the station, the horn was heard feebly, the syren clearly. At 2.30 P.M. a densely black scowl overspread the heavens to the W.S.W. At this hour, the distance being 6 miles, the horn was heard very feebly, the syren more distinctly, all being hushed on board during the observations. A squall now approached us from the west. In the Alps, or elsewhere, I have rarely seen the heavens blacker. Vast cumuli floated in the N.E. and S.E.; vast streamers of rain were seen descending W.N.W.; huge scrolls of clouds to the N.

At 7 miles' distance the syren was not strong, and the horn was very feeble.

The heavy rain at length reached us, but although it was falling all the way between us and the Foreland, the sound, instead of being deadened, rose perceptibly in power. Hail was now added to the rain, and the shower reached a tropical violence. We stopped. In the midst of this furious squall both the horn and the syren were distinctly heard, and as the shower lightened, thus lessening the local pattering, the sounds so rose in power that we heard them at a distance of 7 1-2 miles distinctly louder than they had been heard through the rainless atmosphere at five miles. This observation is entirely opposed to the statement of Derham, which has been repeated by all writers since his time, regarding the stifling influence of falling rain upon sound. But it harmonizes perfectly with our experience of July 3, which proved water in a state of *vapour* so mixed with air as to form non-homogeneous parcels, to be a most potent influence as regards the stoppage of sound. Prior to the violent shower, the air had been in this flocculent condition, but the descent of the rain and hail restored in part the homogeneity of the atmosphere, and augmented its transmissive power. There may be states of the atmosphere associated with rain unfavourable to sound, but to rain itself I have never been able to trace the slightest deadening effect.

The observations continued till November 25. Up to that date we had no fog, but the experience of July 1 and of October 30, entirely destroys the notion that optical transparency and acoustic transparency go hand-in-hand. Both were

days of haze sufficiently thick to hide the cliffs of the Foreland, but on the former the sounds reached 12 3-4, and on the latter 11 1-2 miles.

Reflection from the particles of fog and haze has been hitherto held to blot out sound. The late dense fog in London enabled experiments to be made which entirely controvert this conclusion. On December 10 I made some experiments over the Serpentine. The fog was very dense. Mr. Cottrell stood on the walk below the south-west end of the bridge dividing Hyde Park from Kensington Gardens, while I went to the eastern end of the Serpentine. He blew a dog-whistle, and an organ-pipe sounding Mi_3 , which corresponds to 380 waves a second. I heard both distinctly. I then changed places with him, and listening attentively at the bridge, heard for a time the distinct blast of the whistle only. The organ-pipe at length sent its deeper note to me across the water. It sometimes rose to great distinctness, and sometimes fell to inaudibility. These fluctuations, of which various striking examples have been observed, are due to the drifting of acoustic clouds, which act upon a source of sound, as the drifting of ordinary clouds upon the sun. The whistle showed the same intermittence as to period, but in the opposite sense, for when the whistle was faint the pipe was strong, and *vice versa*.

There seemed to be an extraordinary amount of sound in the air. It was filled with a resonant roar from the Bayswater and Knightsbridge roads. The railway whistles were extremely distinct, while the fog-signals exploded at the various metropolitan stations kept up a loud and almost constant cannonade. I could by no means reconcile this state of things with the statements so categorically made regarding the influence of fog.

The water was on this day warmer than the air, and the ascending vapour was instantly in part condensed, thus revealing its distribution. Instead of being uniformly diffused, it formed wreaths and strææ. I am pretty confident that had the vapour been able to maintain itself as such, the air would have been far more opaque to sound. In other words, I believe that the very cause which diminished the optical transparency of the atmosphere augmented its acoustical transparency.

This conclusion was confirmed by numerous observations made while the fog lasted.

On Dec. 13 the fog was displaced by a thin haze. We could plainly see from one bank of the Serpentine to the other, and far into Hyde Park beyond. There was a wonderful subsidence of the sound of the carriages, church bells, &c. Being at the bridge I listened for the sounds excited at the end of the Serpentine. With the utmost stretch of attention I could hear nothing. I walked along the edge of the water towards Mr. Cottrell, and when I had lessened the distance by one half, the sound of his whistle was not so distinct as it had been at the bridge on the day of the densest fog. Hence the optical cleansing of the air by the melting of the fog had so darkened it acoustically, that a sound generated at the end of the Serpentine was lowered to at least one-fourth of its intensity at a point midway between the end and the bridge.

This opportune fog enabled me to remove the last of a congeries of errors which, ever since the year 1708, have attached themselves to this question. As regards phonic coast-signals, we now know exactly where we stand.

It is worth observing here that the solution of the department of hail, rain, snow, haze, and fog, as regards sound, depends entirely upon observations made on the 3rd of July, which was about the last day that one would have chosen for experiments on fog-signals. Indeed, it had been distinctly laid down that observations on such a day would be useless; that they might indeed enable us to weed away bad instruments from good ones, but could throw no light whatever on the question of fog-signalling. That the contrary is the case, is an illustration of the fact that the solution of a question often lies in a direction diametrically opposed to that in which it appears to lie.*

* The foregoing report was compiled from the notes of Prof. Tyndall. It is published with Prof. Tyndall's sanction, but was not written by himself.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

CONSERVATIVE OPPORTUNITIES.

We greatly doubt whether any Government in modern times has had such a collection of opportunities as the incoming Ministry. They are, indeed, as Lord Macaulay said of Charles II. on his restoration, in a position in which the path of virtue is down-hill. They profit both by the mistakes and by the achievements

of their predecessors to an extent altogether unexampled.

Look, in the first place, at the way in which the past policy of the Government acts in their favour. Mr. Gladstone's Government will be long remembered by six great leading measures—the Irish Church Act, the Irish Land Act, the Education Bill, the Reorganization of the Army, the Geneva Award, and the Judicature Bill. We do not mean to discuss the questions connected with these subjects, which have been discussed *ad nauseam*. One thing, however, may be asserted with confidence about every one of them. They have been like so many surgical operations. Several of them were eminently useful, and had to be performed at some time or other. As to others there may be a doubt; but, good or bad, necessary or ill-judged, in each case a thing was done irrevocable in its nature and results, and a feeling was produced in the public that, whatever else might happen, the question once settled must never be reopened. In every one of the cases mentioned the Liberals have taken all the odium of effecting a settlement of a troublesome question, and by doing so they have put the Conservatives in the strongest of all positions. They are relieved from the necessity of interfering with most irritating matters; they are freed from all responsibility for the unsatisfactory working (if it should prove to be unsatisfactory) of measures which they did not propose, and they are supplied with a conclusive reason for pursuing upon all these subjects the easiest of all policies: "Give our antagonists' policy a fair trial; let us carry out honourably measures which we did not desire and for which we are not responsible." It is impossible even to imagine a pleasanter position.

Its strength becomes specially apparent if we look at the particular measures in question. Ireland is the sore point in the United Kingdom. The general feeling of the inhabitants of Great Britain towards the Irish Catholics may, perhaps, be described as one of just indignation, more or less tempered by an uneasy conscience. The reasons why we dislike and suspect them are painfully obvious, and need not be insisted on; but till lately it was always impossible not to feel that they had a case, and a strong one, against Great Britain. They could say, Your ancestors in many cases cruelly oppressed our ancestors, and you still in a minor degree oppress us. You

must not, therefore, wonder at our dissatisfaction or at the trouble which we give you on all occasions. Thanks to the measures of the outgoing Government, Mr. Disraeli will be able to reply to this with unanswerable force, Ireland has not the shadow of a shade of a grievance; all that can be said upon that subject is that the Irish Catholics form a minority in a community of which the vast majority is Protestant, and they must submit to that inconvenience unless the nation is to be cut in two, a hostile country being interposed between England and America, and England being placed between two fires in case of a Continental war. Mr. Disraeli is thus in a position to say to the disaffected part of Ireland, We have given you all you are going to get, and very probably more than you had any sort of right to have, and you have now simply got to obey the laws and live quietly like the rest of the nation, of which you will most assuredly continue to form an integral part, whether you like it or not. In holding this language to the Irish Catholics, we believe that the Conservatives would be enthusiastically supported by the whole of Great Britain and by the Irish Protestants. The most bitter Radical would like to see an independent Ultramontane nation under the lee of Great Britain as little as the stoutest Conservative. As if this was not enough good fortune in regard of Ireland, the nature of the majority is such as to deprive the Home Rulers of all importance whatever. Mr. Disraeli is completely independent of them, and is able to treat them and their claims according to their true demerits. This in itself is a piece of good fortune which can hardly be overvalued.

When we pass from Irish questions to the question of education the position of the Government is equally strong. They find a system established which in various respects they may not like, but for which they are not responsible, and they are able to say with perfect truth and consistency, Give this new plan a fair trial. We do not seek to reopen a compromise in which we have had to give and take, and with which, on the whole, we are not dissatisfied. On the contrary, we will leave it to its operation. We shall of course not give up what we won from our opponents. We will not favour the bigotry which would prevent little children from being educated at all rather than apply an imperceptible fragment of the rates to the teaching of principles of

which some of the rate-payers may disapprove; but we are essentially the friends and not the enemies of the widest possible extension of popular education. If the Government only pursue this policy quite steadily and impartially, if they withstand the imputation to job in favor of the Church and to try to snub the Dissenters, and if, as regards the Irish University question, they will simply say, "We will do nothing, and have no connection with Cardinal Cullen or any other subject of the Pope," they will be backed by an overwhelming majority of quiet, solid opinion in this country.

These remarks apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to the reorganization of the army and the abolition of purchase. The odium has all been incurred, the disagreeable part of the business has been done, and nothing is left except for the Government to let matters take their course.

The Geneva Arbitration was, of all the measures of Mr. Gladstone's Administration, the one which we opposed most strongly, and which is most to be regretted. It always was and still is utterly incredible to us that the Americans would really have gone to war if they had been told in a simple and dignified way that we were quite willing to submit to arbitration on the basis of the existing international law, or to discuss the propriety of altering it for the future, but that we would not pay black mail to them for doing what we had a right to do because they happened to suffer by it. However, the thing is done and cannot be altered. The way in which it is profitable to the Conservatives is that they find the questions between England and America practically settled, and that they have had the opportunity of seeing in a very strong light the true nature of the feelings of the English people upon the way in which such questions ought to be handled if they should unhappily arise.

The Judicature Bill is the last of the great measures of the Liberal Government. Here, too, the Conservatives have been relieved by their opponents of the really unpopular and invidious part of the work which needs to be done. The revision of establishments, the alteration of the position of the judges, the reorganization of courts, is a matter which must, from the nature of the case, interfere with a great variety of personal interests and feelings. What is done or very nearly done, and what remains, is the improvement of the law itself which the courts are to administer. Such changes,

if well considered and well devised, need hurt nobody, and would be popular and creditable in the highest degree. They would indeed combine a maximum of benefit with a minimum either of change or opposition. There is simply no limit to the number of reforms of this sort which might be carried out, not only in substantive but in what may be called administrative law. There is hardly an institution in the country, from the courts at Westminster down to the most trumpery little board, which might not see its difficulties removed and the discharge of its functions facilitated by well drawn bills, which need raise hardly any party discussion at all.

These are truly and characteristically Conservative measures. It has been said with truth that abuses might last for ever if those who are interested in their maintenance would only do their business thoroughly well; and this is only a cynical way of saying that the public look a good deal more to the quality of what the Government supplies to them than to the price paid for it. Put our existing institutions into a thoroughly clear, perspicuous condition, make them work smoothly, let every one know precisely where he is and what are his rights and liabilities; in short, set our institutions in the best light of which they are susceptible, and the public will not care very much about substantial changes in them. Leave the holes unstopped and the repairs undone, and you give so many handles to popular clamour, and invite alterations in a spirit altogether alien to the original design.

From The Economist.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

It is not easy to say how far the present Conservative reaction is to be relied upon as permanent. There are, in our judgment, as we have explained, some permanent causes at work in producing it. The new wealth recently and very largely made in this country is, in the main, satisfied with its position, and therefore does not wish to change anything. The younger generation care little for politics, have no reform in their mind which they care for, are very sceptical, to say the least, of the advantages of any change commonly proposed, and therefore wish things to remain in the main as they are. The reduction of the suffrage below the 10^s limit is, in one particular, lastingly

advantageous to the Conservatives, for about that limit the dissenters have a much greater influence than they have on the *strata* below; and dissenters are for the most part Liberal. The most numerous class of the present constituencies belong to the *sub-dissenting* population, who may be acted on by the Church in favour of Conservatism, and at any rate are not acted upon by the dissenters against Conservatism. And these are powerful influences. But, on the other hand, there is an incalculable element of mutability added to the new constituencies — a smaller portion of them vote now than used to vote. And the *non-voting* population is not at all the same at different elections. Sometimes one man votes and his neighbours abstain; at other times he perhaps alone votes and his neighbours, or most of them, will not be at the trouble. The *effective* constituencies, if we may use that expression, are increasingly mutable; and therefore it is not unnatural that the result of one general election should be much more contrasted with that of the one before it, or of the one after it, than we commonly used to find. And that mutability may be increased by the periodical influences of the commercial cycle. There is a conspicuous alternation in trade (whatever may be the reason) between periods of prosperity and periods of adversity. According to the common saying there are “five fat years in the money market and five lean years.” This Parliament has been elected in time of prosperity — in the season of the fat years — just when the world wishes for no change, for it can imagine little better; but if the next Parliament should be elected during the lean years, and at a crisis of uneasy depression, there may be an irritable desire to be rid of the present, and to change something at all events, in the hope that even a chance innovation may alleviate an inexplicable misery. The new constituencies, like all large bodies of men, feel more than they reason; they will never be able to analyze the causes of the cycles of commerce; but there will, we fear, be a tendency to elect excessively Conservative Parliaments in times of “fullness of bread,” and excessively innovating Parliaments in times of scarcity and suffering.

On this ground it is difficult to be certain of the duration of the new Conservative Government. But of one thing we may be quite certain — that duration will greatly depend on itself. If its policy be good, it will last long; if its policy be

foolish, its end may not be far off. A policy of unmixed Conservatism is contrary to the irresistible conditions of life. There is a special cause in politics requiring change. One generation is, without ceasing, passing away, another is coming on to take its place — the new generation and the old differ in innumerable particulars. They think different thoughts, use different words, live a different life. The mere externals — the gait and dress and the houses of the two — are unlike, and, therefore, their politics cannot be the same. Changes in laws, changes in administration, changes in policy are incessantly requisite; the old laws, the old administration, the old policy, will not fit “the new men,” will annoy and irritate them, and will be cast off with speed and anger. The English Conservatives have had in this century a signal warning in this matter. They were borne into power in 1793 by the highest and strongest political wave of recent times. The excesses of the first French Revolution had raised a current of horror that swept all before it. The Tories of that day were overwhelmingly predominant, because England then wished more than anything else to resist French principles and France. The Tories succeeded in this task; they won the battle of Waterloo, and they prevented even the least approximation in England to Jacobin innovation. They ought, therefore, one would imagine, to have been a popular and glorious party, and to have received the thanks of the country. But, on the contrary, the moment peace was concluded with France a great discontent arose against their Government; even the Duke of Wellington, notwithstanding his victories, was never loved, and often hated. At last, in 1832, their whole system was destroyed in a torrent of popular clamour. The explanation is, that the Tory party of that day was *too* Tory, it would alter nothing; it tried to fit on the generation of 1820–30 the policy suited to the generation of 1790–1800, and as the new generation could not endure that policy, at last it destroyed it without mercy. Perhaps we may rather wonder that the Liberal reaction which succeeded was, on the whole, so reasonable and mild, than that it existed. The danger was great; even the *Quarterly Review* has since observed “that if we had had three more drops of *Eldonine* we should have had the people’s charter.” If the Conservatives should now adopt an unvaried policy of indiscriminate quiescence and indiscriminate

obstruction, though they now seem so strong, they will be swept away like their grandfathers, who were stronger.

We are particular on this point, because we see it often stated, and stated as if it were sufficient, that the Conservatives will not now wish to revert to the old Tory policy and to undo the recent Liberal reforms. But this is not sufficient. The Conservatives must be ready not only to renounce the details of the old Tory Government, they must be ready also to abandon its essence and reverse its spirit. They must be as ready to innovate in detail as their predecessors were to resist in detail; they must be as unwilling to oppose good alterations consistent with the general basis of our laws as their predecessors were obstinate in opposing them. The present Conservatives are especially bound to do this, because one of their strongest cries against the last Government was that useful reforms were sacrificed to sensational innovations; that minor improvements which were not political advertisements were stopped in order to make way for immense changes which were so. And the necessary inference is that now they ought at once to push forward these minor improvements and to give us these useful reforms without delay.

In one most important respect the Conservatives have a great advantage over the Liberals in reforms of detail. The House of Lords has a tendency to accept what *they* propose and to reject what the Liberals propose. We do not bring this as an accusation against the House of Lords; it is a necessary consequence of human nature and party government, but it is not the less an unfortunate consequence. On large political questions the Liberals can appeal to the nation and induce the Lords to yield. But on minor reforms the Lords rule without appeal, and alter Liberal bills as they like. And yet it is in these minor reforms that consistency and finish are of particular importance. The largest sort of legislation is always a miscellaneous compromise of many theories and many minds. The constitution of things compels it to be so. But the smaller sort, which excites no misleading passion, and which interests but few persons, ought to be done as well as possible. But it can only be done well if one mind and one spirit are allowed to rule in it; alterations prompted by an antagonistic opinion, and omissions suggested by a wish to make the bill fail, are fatal. And yet this is in-

evitably the fate of Liberal bills before a Committee of the House of Lords, with the majority opposed to the proposers of the measure. A dozen of the ablest men in the country are set to work to hamper and maim it. Such a Committee is the cleverest known machine for mutilating bills, and for introducing unsuitable matter into them. But the bills of a Conservative Government are exempt from its jurisdiction. The Lords are on the side of the Government, and will adopt their proposals in the form in which they wish them to be adopted.

In law reform this advantage is invaluable. Every such measure requires beyond any others to be settled and moulded by a single mind. But no Liberal Chancellor has ever a chance of preparing a bill which is sure to pass. He has always to ask the consent of Lord Cairns before he can get it to pass, and as no man in such matters ever altogether approves another man's works, Lord Cairns is sure to alter and criticize. But Lord Cairns will now have absolute control. It is not too much to say that over all the uninteresting parts of law — over the law, say, of property, of evidence, of legal procedure — he is a despot. He can pass what he wishes, and no one can resist or hamper him. No one since law reform became an admitted good has ever had power even approaching this; and, as in all such cases, the responsibility increases in exact proportion to the power.

No complete list of the new Ministry has as yet been made public, but the main proposition is already certain whatever its composition in detail will be. It is that it is a Ministry of untried men — of men untried that is in similar circumstances. Of the two greatest names this is especially true. Lord Derby has been known to us for many years as an almost infallible critic of other men's actions — an almost complete list of the doctrines of common sense might, we think, be collected from his speeches. But how he will act for himself his tenure of office has never yet been long enough to show. Years must pass away before we can say whether his decisions as a statesman even approach in excellence to his counsels as an adviser. Of Mr. Disraeli the same remark is true, though not exactly in the same way. He has been Prime Minister once, and has led the House of Commons twice before. We may say that we know three important things about him — two favourable, and one unfavourable. We know that he is a great

man of the world, that he is an excellent judge of human character, and these are transcendent qualities in his present position. But we also know that he is a worse manipulator of detail than perhaps any man before of equal ability and equal experience. And in this age of facts the power of learning facts accurately, and of stating them precisely, is of enormous importance. It has been an essential ingredient in Mr. Gladstone's marvellous career.

But these defects and these merits of Mr. Disraeli have before been displayed in a very different situation. He was then in a minority and had next to no power. He is now in a majority and has very great power. He was then obliged to discover strange devices because a plain

and simple policy was the road to ruin. But a plain and simple policy will now be a sufficient safeguard for him. If he do not, according to the well-known saying of the great wit, "build a wall to run his head against," he may probably remain in power for several years.

At any rate one peculiarity of this Ministry is quite certain. Whenever the Conservatives have come in before there has been a murmur among Liberals, especially among Liberals dissatisfied with their leaders, something to the effect — "We must not be factious; we must be very careful; we must give them a fair trial." But now we shall not hear this, for the Conservatives are strong enough to secure a fair trial for themselves.

COINCIDENCES. — One is often much startled by coincidences — as the following. Waiting in an inn at Morpeth for the resting of a gig-horse (October 1844), I took out a little copy of Crabbe's *Borough*, which I carried along with me as a resource for amusement on such occasions. I had asked for the London newspaper of the preceding day, but was told it had not yet arrived. The section of the poem upon which my attention became engaged was that in which the striking description occurs of a pleasure-party surprised by the rising tide on a low sandy island, from which their boat had floated away during their merry-making :

Had one been there with spirit strong and high,
Who could observe, as he prepared to die,
He might have seen that not the gentle maid
Was more than stern and haughty man afraid;
Such, calmly grieving will their fears suppress,
And silent prayers to mercy's throne address;
While fiercer minds, impatient, angry, loud,
Force their vain grief on the reluctant crowd.

Immediately after I read this passage, the waiter handed in the *Sun* of the preceding evening, in which I found an account, from a Scotch paper, of a distressing affair which had taken place the preceding week on board the *Benedict* steamer, while on her way from Dundee to Edinburgh. The vessel, full of a pleasure-seeking multitude, who had been witnessing the Queen's departure from Dundee, had been allowed to strike on the Carr Rock, when instantly fiddling and dancing were exchanged for alarm and terror, as the almost immediate sinking of the ship was anticipated. Strange to say, the description of the conduct of the passengers was an exact reflection of that in Crabbe's poem, inasmuch that I have no doubt that the writer of the description had recently been reading that poem — unless, indeed, it was a true report of an actual scene in both instances. Anyhow,

the identity was most wonderful, even to the particular of gentle women maintaining a quiet and resigned demeanour, while strong men were frantic with vain terror. What one feels on such an occasion as this is surprise that years — a lifetime — should have passed without either of the two matters having come under observation, but at length both come within ten minutes of each other — against which, of course, there must have been numberless chances.

JEWISH FRAGMENTS. — Among the valuable additions lately made to the British Museum are some architectural fragments from Tel el Yahoudeh, *the mounds of the Jews*, in Egypt. These mounds are the site of the town called Vicus Judæorum in the Roman Itinerary, thirty Roman miles to the north of Heliopolis. It is called Onion in Claudius Ptolemy's Geography, and is where the Jewish high priest, Onias the Fourth, built his temple to God. These fragments are some of them, as we must suppose, part of the Jewish temple, because they are not Egyptian in style; while some of them, bearing the name of Rameses the Third, belong to the older Egyptian temple, which, as Josephus tells us, had gone to ruins on the spot. Both the temples seem to have been built of bad materials, in large part of unburnt bricks; and hence they have left no traces of their ground-plans.

The Jewish fragments are porcelain tiles, which were set as ornaments into the bricks, and also encircle a column as a capital. Many of them have rosettes or open flowers, always with eight leaves. The forms on others resemble the high cap, or mitre, of the priests.

At present they are dispersed in two rooms, and in as many as five cases in the Museum, and thus easily escape notice. Their value would be better shown if all these remains from Tel el Yahoudeh, both Jewish and Egyptian, were placed in one case. In the land of the Jordan we have been disappointed with forged pottery, and an inscription of questionable authenticity from Moab; and hence the Biblical student will be grateful for these fragments from the Jewish temple in Egypt.

Athenæum.

TELEGRAPHY.—The value of the electric telegraph in arresting the flight of criminals, thereby checking crime, has perhaps not been sufficiently recognized. Instances in which petty offenders are overtaken, at little or no expense, are sometimes amusing. One day, as we read in the newspapers, a rough-spun country butcher, whose travelling companion was a dog, took a ticket at one of the stations on the Midland Railway for Birmingham. It was shortly afterwards ascertained by the officials that he had a dog in the carriage with him. On being remonstrated with, and told that he must pay for the dog, he refused, and a regular brawl commenced, in the course of which the butcher got out of the carriage, and the dog followed. Here the disturbance was renewed, and the war grew fiercer, when all of a sudden, the train started. The butcher, forgetting his indignation at the parties, turned round, and jumped into his place again, followed by the dog. The train went on; the coarse burly man, laughing at having cheated the railway officers, told the whole of the affair to the passengers with great glee, and concluded by saying that they might *tallyscope* about him; he didn't care; he had done 'em, and they couldn't tell 'em at Birmingham before he got there, he was sure. On the train arriving at its destination, a gentleman in blue livery, with sundry hieroglyphics on his collar, touched the butcher on the shoulder, and said: "Sit down, you have a dog with you, for which the fare has not been paid; you must either pay out the money, or I take you into custody." The *tallyscope*, as the butcher called it, had arrived at Birmingham first, and the butcher's feelings may be better imagined than described. The money was paid, and he would not probably try this trick any more. The electric telegraph is a moral agent.

THE *Paris Journal* gives a curious account of an hotel situated in the *Rue des Petites Ecuries*, which has a *clientèle* of living phenomena. It is an hotel of the lowest order, which

was fitted up by a French barman for housing extraordinary creatures. The *homme chien* and his son Fedor lived there for some time. The giant of Folies Bergeres (8ft.) dwelt there. He was an intimate friend of a dwarf whom he carried in his arms every evening, when taking his daily promenade after dark. There are also a good many acrobats and lion-tamers admitted into the house. Middle. Christine, the double sisters, were not a lodger; they had an agent of their own, an Englishman. Most of these curious specimens of humanity are placed under the direction of the hotel-keeper, who procures engagements for them at certain prices, according to their *demerits*, and directs them either to some of the minor theatres, concert-halls, or to the booths erected at suburban fairs. A *Table d'hôte* of the Petites Ecuries Hotel, where all these strange creatures come together, is the most extraordinary sight in the whole town.

PROF. COPE has recently explored the beds of the late tertiary formation, called Pliocene, as it occurs in north-east Colorado. He discovered twenty-one species of vertebrata, mostly mammals, of which ten were new to science. Four are *carnivora*, six horses, four camels, two rhinoceroses, one a mastodon, &c. The most important anatomical results attained are that all the horses of the formation belong to the three-toed type, and that the camels possess a full series of upper incisor teeth. The discovery of a mastodon, of the *M. ohioensis* type, constitutes an important addition to the fauna. One of the horses is distinguished by its large head and slender legs, much longer than in the common horse. A full account of these results will shortly appear in the report of Dr. Hayden's Geological Survey of Colorado.

COURTSHIP.—In courtship, the men are supposed to be in the active, and women in the passive voice. Exceptions are recognized as occasionally taking place; but the world notes not a vast multitude of cases in which the lady, though not apparently, is the actual originator of affairs which end in matrimony. By means which trench not in the least on delicacy—by a mere *manner*, susceptible on challenge of a different interpretation—she can dispose the soft heart of man to the reception of an interest in her, which he will believe to be of his own originating. It is strange how literature has almost overlooked this fact in our social life, considering that it affords such excellent opportunities for nice delineation of feeling.





