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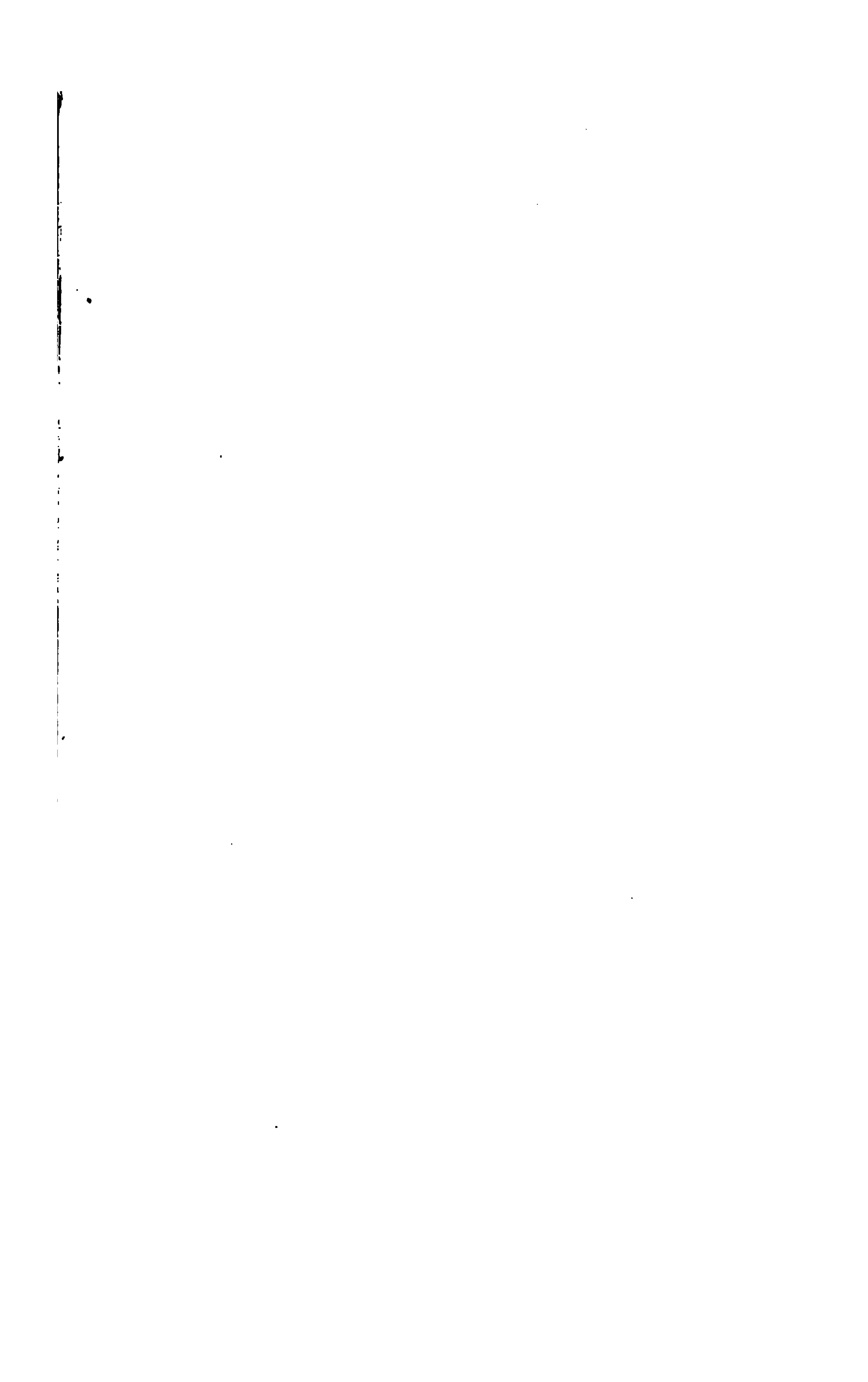

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A SWEET THING IN CHIGNONS.

UNCLE TEAZLE. FANNY.

Uncle. Now, my dear FANNY, it is your birthday. Let me see, how old are you? Not yet arrived at years of discretion, eh? Well, my dear, here is a little present for you — a little scientific instrument. Science is fashionable now, you know. Here is a microscope, to study minute botany with — and entomology.

Fanny. Oh, thank you, Uncle!

Uncle. Entomology; science of insects, you know. Minute entomology; of insects not visible to the naked eye. Mites in cheese, for instance.

Fanny. Nasty, horrid things!

Uncle. Well, if you like better, diminutive water-insects; the water-flea and the cyclops — and such. But I suppose you would wish to eschew mites. I mean not to eat them?

Fanny. Oh yes, Uncle!

Uncle. Then you should examine your cheese. With this you can. Other things also, besides cheese. There is cheese — and there are chignons.

Fanny. "Chignons" and "cheese" sounds funny.

Uncle. Yes, my dear. Alliteration. But cheese and chignons have more in common than Ch. However, you think chignons are "the cheese," eh?

Fanny. They are the fashion, Uncle, dear.

Uncle. Yes; they are the fashion. So were "fronts" in my young days. Both false hair. Wise ladies then wore it before; now they wear it behind. The dandies of the day used, as they said, to quiz it.

Fanny. Quiz?

Uncle. Yes. It was one of their slang words — derived from looking through an eye-glass, called a quizzing-glass. Meant to inspect, as it were, and ridicule. Now, their successors, the swells, quiz chignons. But you can quiz your chignon yourself — with your microscope.

Fanny. Why should I, Uncle?

Uncle. To see if it contains any gregarines.

Fanny. Gregarines! Law, I should think they were pretty.

Uncle. No, my dear, they are parasites. Parasites of parasites.

Fanny. Now, nonsense, Uncle. I know what a parasite is: "One who frequents rich tables, and earns his welcome by flattery." — DR. JOHNSON.

Uncle. "The little fleas have other fleas, and smaller fleas to bite 'em. Those smaller fleas have lesser fleas; and so *ad infinitum*." Fleas are parasites. But gregarines are not fleas.

Fanny. I should hope not. But what are they, then?

Uncle. "Little dark brown knots," my love, which "are seen at the free end of the hair, and may even be distinguished by the naked eye. These are gregarines." They are the discovery of a M. LINDEMANN, a Russian professor, whose country has doubtless afforded him a fine field for observation in this branch of zoology.

Fanny. Zoology, Uncle?

Uncle. Yes, my dear. These little dark-brown knots are not inanimate objects.

Fanny. Ugh!

Uncle. They "have a most ignoble ancestry and habitation, being found in the interior of" ——.

Fanny. What?

Uncle. Never mind. They are, as I said, parasites of parasites. "They are not easily destroyed. They resist the effects of drying and even of boiling." Nothing, in short, but corrosive things that injure the hair will kill them.

Fanny. Oh, the horrid things! Oh, the abominable, dreadful, disgusting, nasty creatures!

Uncle. According to M. LINDEMANN, seventy-six per cent. of the false hair used for chignons in Russia is infested with them.

Fanny. That's enough, Uncle!

Uncle. In the conditions of a ball-room he says, they grow and multiply; fly about in millions, get inhaled, drop on the refreshments — in fact ——

Fanny. Oh, Uncle, don't say any more, please. Stand out of the way from the grate, do. I won't wear the thing another moment. (*Tears off her Chignon.*)

Uncle. Stay; wouldn't you like to examine it?

Fanny. No! There! (*Flings it into the fire.*) There's an end of it!

Uncle. And its inhabitants. Well done, FANNY! Let it blaze — with them. And now, by way of substitute for a chignon at your poll, to wear a chaplet, circlet, or whatever you call it, on your crown, here, take this bank-note. Now you will show that you have a taste of your own, and leave gregarious young ladies to wear chignons with gregarines.

(*Scene closes.*)

— *Punch.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HYMNS OF THE POPULACE.

It is a notorious difficulty for one class to put itself into the position of another, to adopt its tone of feeling, to comprehend its leading motives of action, its distinctive prejudices, prepossessions, and impulses; its likes and dislikes, and those constant pervading influences which form character, and lie at the root of the differences which separate order from order, and keep them at such an impassable distance from real intimacy. High and low, gentlemen and artisans, master and servant, ladies and poor folks, encounter one another at certain points and in particular relations; but the most discerning cannot pretend to see into one another much beyond their point of contact. Employers, clergymen, benevolent visitors, carry their own atmosphere with them wherever they go, and things are seen and coloured through its medium. In their presence mutual interests are discussed from a non-natural point of view. The minds of both parties relax out of a certain tension and artificial condition when removed from the contact and espionage of an unsympathising witness. This implies no design, no deception of any kind, probably no knowledge of check or impediment to a more perfect understanding. It is only that neither party can display any large or clear picture of themselves where the mind, to be informed, is so ill prepared to receive a comprehensive idea. Hence an inevitable mutual reticence. The superior must keep back something from the dependant; the most devoted pastor has an easy privacy he does not desire to admit his poorer flock into; the lady does not care that the humble object of her bounty should be able to picture her in the unrestraint of her drawing-room life; and in like manner the labourer, the "hand," the good woman that stands before her kindly visitant garrulously detailing her list of sorrows and grievances, have each an inner world from which it is impossible to lift up the curtain, or let in full daylight, so as to reveal all the motives, interests, notions, pains, and pleasures, which make up an individual and family life so hopelessly different in a thousand points from that unconsciously contrasted with it.

In spite of this difficulty, it is a favourite exercise of fancy to picture the life of classes with which the delineator has none of the knowledge that comes of experience. In depicting the poor, for instance, writers construct scenes of vivid interest. They carefully record provincialisms and grammatical solecisms; they go into detail, coarse, homely, or simple, as it may be, with a marvellous confidence of knowing their ground. And all the while they are the victims of illusions. We see two men of equal powers for the work, and similar opportunities, arrive at diametrically opposite conclusions, according to their prepossessions: and all for want of a key. They know nothing of the world they affect to be familiar with from mere partial outside contact. They would not know how to account for those distinct and often opposing standards in morals; for the tolerance and the intolerance of public opinion which we observe in the class called "the poor;" for the position of women, and its points of greater independence under a seeming subjugation of brute force; for the different models of what is attractive or excellent. They have no clue to the tastes and antipathies which constitute the barrier we indicate between poor and rich, and which, once entertained, once rendered by habit a part of nature, can never be wholly eradicated; so that the humbly-born, who have risen in the world, whatever their powers, opportunities, or success in life, can never see things with the eyes of those about them, can never rid themselves of the old impressions — harden their hearts as they will against the memories of childhood, or struggle as they may from better motives to forget. Of course, so far as men act on the highest principles, they must be alike. The model king, subject, landlord, tenant, tradesman, and mechanic, noble virgin and simple cottage maiden, can all meet on a perfect understanding. There is but one highest motive. It is when motives of earth set in that confusion arises. It is the different alloys infused into our virtues by pride, vanity, selfishness, envy, jealousy, according to the calls upon them, that separate families and classes, and that give to each not only their distinctive faults, but their picturesque characteristics.

"The low light gives the colour,"

and character is made out of the presence of, or the temptation to, human error, and the degrees in which it is yielded to or resisted.

If this difficulty of a perfect understanding exists between all well-defined classes, it follows that the wider the difference of social standing the greater the difficulty. This will, perhaps, be disputed, for many

persons profess to find it much easier to enter into the mind of the very poor than of the class above them, less dependent on their favour and support. But mere recipients have hardly arrived at the dignity of an order. They are not a class, but rather the debris of a class, or the matter out of which a class is to rise. They are understood in the degree in which they do not presume to possess an independent judgment, or habits of reflection which might perchance run counter to their betters. When people profess to understand the poor, they ought to consider how far the understanding goes. Do they realise the condition they think they sympathise with, or perceive what is latent and ready to spring into life at a moment's warning under any change of circumstances? We repeat, it is in proportion to the real distance in habits and aspirations that the ignorance dwelt upon prevails. The gentleman is further removed from the man whose family are reduced to herd together in one bedroom, and who is thankful for a shilling — however humbly acquiescent and sincerely willing to assimilate every thought to the opinion of the great man who is kind to him and is master over him — than from the self-sufficient cocky small shopkeeper, who can house his family decently, and has notions of rising in the world. They have more thoughts, hopes, and impulses in common. They can reckon more nearly on each other's course of action under changed circumstances.

One reason for this is, that as classes rise in importance they have their organs, and acquire the art of self-portraiture. While people are described by their betters a vast deal must remain behind, and what is made prominent nullified by the omission; but no person can take pen in hand and describe himself without our learning a a great deal about him. It may not be what he intends us to learn, but it is knowledge nevertheless. It is not easy to get at the self-portraiture of the very poor or the very ignorant and rude class, or the class perhaps neither one nor the other, whose ambition has not yet taken the direction of making an outside reputation for itself. Now it is because it throws light on these unrepresented classes that our present subject possesses an interest to us wholly out of proportion with — we ought perhaps to say entirely independent of — poetical or literary merit. A body of hymns of a wide-spread popularity, yet to be found in no collection with which our reader is familiar, and procurable in no shop he is likely to frequent, may have their point of interest independent of our approval of matter or style. When these are illustrated by autobiographical notices of one of their chief promulgators, himself of the unrepresented class, hymns and man sufficiently vigorous and characteristic, we need not apologize for calling the attention to them of such as find their curiosity stimulated by all popular demonstrations: who cannot pass a "Gospel theatre" without speculating on the feelings at work in all that tumult, or hear "Fiddling Jem" hailed by an expectant crowd as he approaches the closed doors in grim respectability, without a curiosity to know how he will acquit himself; who, if they encounter in any of our large towns a marching band of obstreperous religionists, try in vain to catch the words of the noisy strain, or if they observe a street preacher holding the attention of a "lot of roughs," would fain know where he got his training and aptitude for the work; who have a hankering to know more, and a feeling less cold than mere contempt, even towards the notices on the walls which invite them to go and hear the "celebrated boy-preacher" who will address an audience from such a place, or Miss So-and-so, who will preach three times on the following Sunday; or Jack Birch the converted nigger-singer, and Jem Jones the converted dog-fighter (we quote verbatim), who will hold special services in such a room, with the additional attraction and sphere for speech-making of the "sweeps' tea-meeting" in the course of the week.

One apology is necessary before plunging into our subject. Of all virtues reverence needs the most careful fostering, and the people who delight in these hymns and the gatherings where they are sung, as a rule were born and have lived under no such fostering influence. So much as a matter of fact does reverence go along with training, education, and cultivation of the taste, that it may be treated in part as an intellectual quality. The child whose earliest acquaintance with the name of God is through the medium of oaths and blasphemies, who is familiar with scenes of brutal violence, whose innocence was tainted by precocious knowledge of evil, can hardly under any change of feeling, under conversion itself, be reverent according to our standard; and, indeed, without this contact with gross evil, the mere life among crowds, the hindrances in the way of all privacy, the want of solitude, are fatal to that awe which is the sentiment earliest infused into the religiously trained child of

the educated classes. Again, the premature introduction to a participation in the business of life which belongs to the children of the poor, gives them confidence and self-reliance; while the apology for education which is all they receive, falls utterly short of imparting that insight into their own ignorance which is the great enlightenment of more fortunate youth. Such considerations as these will, we hope, tend to charity. That, for example, religious people should find the following hymn, evidently a great favourite, and conspicuous in all this numerous class of collections, edifying as well as inspiriting, that they should accept it in a serious spirit, needs, we feel, some accounting for:—

"Whene'er we meet you always say,
What's the news, what's the news?
Pray what's the order of the day?
What's the news, what's the news?
O! I have got good news to tell,
My Saviour hath done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell,
That's the news, that's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary,
That's the news, that's the news!
To set a world of sinners free,
That's the news, that's the news!
'Twas there His precious blood was shed,
'Twas there on Him our sins were laid,
And now He's risen from the dead,
That's the news, that's the news!

His work's reviving all around,
That's the news, that's the news!
And many have salvation found,
That's the news, that's the news!
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout Hosannah to His name,
And all around they spread His fame,
That's the news, that's the news!

The Lord hath pardoned all my sin,
That's the news, that's the news!
I have the witness now within,
That's the news, that's the news!
And since He took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day,
That's the news, that's the news!

And Christ the Lord can save you too,
That's the news, that's the news!
Your sinful heart He can renew,
That's the news, that's the news!
This moment if for sin you grieve,
This moment if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive,
That's the news, that's the news!

And then, if any one should say,
What's the news, what's the news?
O! tell them you've begun to pray,
That's the news, that's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now with joy at God's command,
You're marching to the better land,
That's the news, that's the news!"
—*Richard Weaver's Hymn-Book.*

Or another, in equal favour, which indicates in such free and easy terms the period of conversion:—

"Come, ye that fear the Lord, unto me;
I've something good to say,
About the narrow way,
For Christ, the other day, saved my soul.

He gave me first to see what I was;
He gave me first to see
My guilt and misery,
And then He set me free. Bless His name!

My old companions said, 'He's undone:'
My old companions said,
'He's surely going mad;'
But Jesus makes me glad. Bless His name!

Oh, if they did but know what I feel;
Had they got eyes to see
Their guilt and misery,
They'd be as mad as me, I believe.

Some said, 'He'll soon give o'er, you shall see;'
But time has passed away
Since I began to pray,
And I feel His love to-day. Bless His name!

And now I'm going home to the Lord,
And now I'm going home;
Guilty sinner, wilt thou come,
Or meet an awful doom, from the Lord?
—*Ibid.*

Or the far lower depth, to outside ears, reached in the collection compiled for the "Hallelujah Band," where a few solemn words are played upon with a flippant iteration shocking to our ears, but regarded as a legitimate stimulus in these assemblages where excitement passes for devotion:—

"Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you just now;
Just now He will save you,
He will save you just now.

O believe Him, O believe Him,
O believe Him just now;
Just now O believe Him,
O believe Him just now.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen;
Amen, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen."

"I'm glad I am converted, I'm glad I am converted,
I'm glad I am converted before my dying day,
Before my dying day, before my dying day;
I'm glad I am converted before my dying day.

And you may be converted, and you may be converted, &c.

I feel His blood convert me, I feel His blood convert me, &c.

I've glory, glory in my soul, I've glory, glory in my soul," &c.

Yet Richard Weaver, whose taste in hymns upon this showing is so questionable, is in himself a person very far above contempt, and in prose has now and then a knack in expressing himself that a good many of us might envy. The title in which he glories, and by which he is known in his religious world, is the "Converted Collier;" and what he was, as well as what he is, is his perpetually recurring theme, and one which evidently costs him no effort. For what we have said of reverence applies in a great measure also to repentance with this class. Shame, properly speaking, there is none, in the lavish confessions of these stalwart sinners; and for the reason that the preacher gains rather than loses in the estimation of his hearers by the magnitude of his errors. Wonder is the especial delight of the vulgar, and grace attracts them most by what they regard as its crowning miracles. A lady asked one of her maids why she would walk four miles to hear a rousing preacher, when the parish clergyman was so good; the reply was, "They say he was an awfu' bad man once." There is, we cannot doubt, a secret sense of power in Richard Weaver, in that he capped the companions of his sinful days as much in oaths, fighting, and general blackguardism as he now rises above them as a man sought after and wondered at by pious crowds. And, moreover, he cannot but feel that his training in the coal-pit, and the furious relish with which he threw himself into such pleasures and enjoyments as come in the way of drunken colliers, do give him a swing and impetus that what he calls "systematic and grammatical preachers" miss in their retrospect. More especially do denunciations come easy, and the terrors of the judgment to a man over whose lips oaths once flowed like water in the running brook.

Our readers can hardly form a just idea of this brand before it was snatched from the burning but from his own words taken down from his addresses: —

"Many of you are saying, 'I wish I was as happy as you.' Well, I wish you were; and I'll tell you what makes *me* happy, and what will make *you* happy too. If you had seen me ten years ago, you would have seen a man with blood-shot eyes and bloated face; a drunkard and blasphemer — a man with brutish passions and bloody hands — a man too bad for earth, and almost too bad for hell, but not too bad for the arms of Christ. If anything was needed from us, what had I to bring? — nothing but dice, and boxing-gloves, and game-cocks, and fighting-dogs."

"Richard had a blaspheming father," a "praying mother," and the trials, courage and endurance of this good woman are amongst the edifying and pathetic pictures of this strange history. Where society is used to brutality, the sufferers from it in each case are clearly not as crushed by circumstances as where there is disgrace attached. His "leaflets" are full of the trials of poor ill-used women, amongst whom his mother, "the old woman in Shropshire," stands conspicuous.

"I was at a meeting some time ago, and I heard a young man tell his experience. He said, 'I was brought up by a praying mother, but I took no notice of that praying mother; when she has been reading the Bible I have seen my father stand over her with a weapon in his hand, and threaten to split her head in two. At the age of about fifteen I began to get into company with other bad boys of my own age, and I neglected the advice of my praying mother. At sixteen years of age I took to drinking and dancing, and at seventeen I went home one night after I had been fighting, and my mother saw me with two black eyes. Her poor heart seemed almost broken, and she began to pray for the Lord to bless me; I felt like a wild beast, and I said I would murder her if she did not give over praying.

"'After I had gone to bed, she came to my room; she knelt at the bedside, and I jumped out of bed, and, seizing her by her grey hairs, swore I would murder her if she prayed any more for me. She exclaimed, "Lord, though Thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee. It is hard work, my child raising up his hand against his mother; but, Lord, though Thou slay me,

yet will I trust in thee." My mother's prayers followed me into the public house, and I began to fight, but my mother still kept praying for God to bless me, and those prayers hurt me more than the man's fists. I came home drunk one day, and when I got up-stairs took a razor and took off my neckerchief to get at my throat, but my mother's prayers came between me and suicide. Another time I went into a harlot's dwelling, and while there nearly murdered her. I fastened a rope round her neck, and threw it over a beam and strung her up to it, and if it had not been for a young man who heard her cries, and rushed in and cut her down, she would have been killed.' [Then follows in brief a history of the young man's conversion.] That young man was Richard Weaver, and he is in the pulpit of Union Street Chapel, in Rochdale, to-night." — *Voice from the Coal-pit*, p. 16.

It is clear that nothing in his own class could surprise Mr. Weaver, that there is no mob, no assemblage of waifs and strays into whose component parts experience would not give him a very fair insight, and that in the first accost of a dozen idle lads at a street corner, he would have that advantage over the curate which acquaintance with his audience gives. From his showing, the youth of his own calling have a jolly life of it. Such a world as they know and care for is all their own; and if conscience does not hinder, nothing else hinders a career of wild dissipation and expense. "I have sung," he says, "as much as £14 out of my pocket at one spree." He describes a pair of twin-brothers so pugnacious that if they could find nobody else to fight with, they fought with one another, one of whom had paid £50 in fines for drunkenness. He counts up the dogs, cocks, pigeons, &c. &c., kept by his unconverted companions; and tells of a young friend, a good dancer, who was withheld from chapel, to which he invited him, by an engagement to dance for £5 a side, to be spent afterwards in one spree. We are left with an impression of wild exulting pleasure in mere health and strength, which the discipline of education certainly keeps under. The physical advantages of wealth and training are found in the autumn of our age. In life, as in gardens, they fill the autumn with flowers. In spring the cottage garden often flaunts in gayer colours than the lady's parterre.

It follows, after the manner of all reformers, that every pleasure which this desperate young sinner once recklessly engaged in, is summarily denounced, and with very little classification. The adulterer and the pigeon-fancier are warned in one sentence; and dancing, ball-hopping, and race-running merely precipitate their devotees on with headlong speed the way to perdition. In fact, he allows no other relaxations than those sufficient for himself — preaching, hymn-singing, and autobiography. In this perhaps, he only follows high precedent. Nor does learning come off much better than accomplishments under his handling. Grammar he clearly considers an unauthorised medium between God and the soul. It is thus classed with system as a weapon of the adversary: —

"Not many people can endure the truth at the present time; the systematical grammar-speaker is most admired; and if he talks about the beauties of nature, the green fields, and the stars, people say, 'O what a good preacher he is. I was quite lost while listening to his well-arranged sentences. How fine are his ideas! I was so much taken up with the preacher, that when I got home I had entirely forgotten his subject.' If he had told you something about yourselves, you would not have forgot what he said. If we begin to talk about hell and say, 'He that believeth not shall be damned,' you will know something about that."

In these passages, taken down as exactly as a rapid utterance allows, a friend has clearly taken the liberty to correct those solecisms the speaker regards as a mark of grace. As he puts it, there is perhaps something in his charge. The approved preaching of many a modern pulpit dwells very little on the invitations and promises which represent the gospel to the poor. A preacher is not the less fitted for most congregations, whose feeling towards unbelief is simple contempt, who sets down the sceptic without affecting the smallest sympathy with his difficulties.

"The very first cry of a collier, when in danger, is, 'Lord, have mercy upon me.' I've seen lots of sceptics in the coal-pit, and all their infidelity knocked out of them by a clod falling on their back from the roof of their working. You might deny God's Word, but what can we get better if you take that away? Give me something to comfort me better, and I'll burn my Bible."

Our collier has one theme with which he is very sincerely possessed, and this is a great power. We do not say that his teaching is the teaching of the Bible — very far from it; but the man possessed by one great truth is apt to say striking things. Take the following passage, failing in reverence we admit, but holding attention where attention is not always easy to gain: —

"Suppose I could be privileged to go to heaven to-night, and tell them I wanted to know what the love of Christ is, that I might come back and tell poor sinners in St. Martin's Hall about it. Suppose I asked Abel, 'Abel, thou hast been here thousands of years, canst thou tell me what the love of Christ is?' He would say, 'No, Richard Weaver, thou poor blood-washed sinner, I cannot tell thee what this love is.' But 'God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' Then if I turn and say, 'Noah, thou wert saved in the ark, canst thou tell me what the love of Christ is?' 'No,' he would reply, 'I cannot tell thee; but it is deeper than the waters that carried me upon their bosom.' And yet, 'God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' I go to David, and say, 'Thou sweet Psalmist of Israel, canst thou tell me the measure of the love of God?' 'No,' says David, 'His loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Him; but I cannot fathom the love of God.' And then I go to Solomon, 'O Solomon, who spakest of trees from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, thou couldst show thy wisdom to the queen of Sheba, canst thou tell me what the love of Christ is?' 'No, I cannot tell thee; it is beyond all my wisdom.' And then my guardian angel says, 'See, here is Ezekiel; maybe he can tell thee.' And I say, 'Well, Ezekiel, thou didst see visions, and dreams, and the Spirit lifted thee up to behold the glory of God; tell me how I can make these sin-blighted people in St. Martin's Hall understand the love of God?' 'Come along with me, I'll show thee something about it,' and he brings me to a river-side; the water just covers my ankles, but it rises higher and higher. 'Stop, Ezekiel; the water is up to my knees.' 'Come along,' says the old prophet, 'don't be afraid.' 'Oh, but, Ezekiel, it's a river up to my loins.' On we go a few steps farther. 'Hold, stop, Ezekiel; I've lost my footing; I'm altogether out of my depth.' 'Yes, Richard Weaver, it's waters to swim in; a river that cannot be passed over.' But here comes the loving disciple. 'Now, John, thou who didst lean on the bosom of thy Lord, thou man whom Jesus loved, what hast thou to say about the love of God?' 'I cannot tell thee how great it is, but "herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."' But no doubt, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who was caught up into the third heaven, and heard 'unspeakable words, which it is not possible for a man to utter,' can tell us something about the love of Christ. 'Now, Paul, what have you to say about this love?' 'I cannot tell the height, and length, and depth, and breadth of the love of Christ.' 'But I want to go and tell the sinners in St. Martin's Hall what the redeemed in glory know about the love of God.' 'Tell them we cannot tell what it is.' 'I will go and tell them —' 'Stop,' cries Paul, 'tell them the love of Christ passeth knowledge. But 'God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' Ah, glory be to God, that is it! May the Lord help us to think about it. '"The love of Christ passeth knowledge.'"

Take again a power of realizing the narrative of Scripture unborrowed from Stanley or Rénan, and guiltless of local colouring: —

"I imagine I see a little boy tripping up the street of a certain town, singing, 'Hosanna to the Son of David!' A poor afflicted woman stands on her doorstep and hears the child. 'What is that you say?' she asks, as he is passing by her house. 'Oh,' says he, 'haven't you heard about Jesus of Nazareth? He's cured blind Bartimeus that used to sit at the wayside begging; and He has raised a young man to life that was being carried to his grave; and healed ten lepers all at once; and the people that have sick relations bring them and lay them at His feet, and He cures them all. And those who have no friends to bring them, if they can only just touch Him, are made perfectly whole.' 'Oh,' cried the poor woman, 'if that's true, He can cure my bloody issue that I've been tormented with these twelve years. When will He be here, my little man?' 'Why,' says the child, 'He'll be here directly. He's coming this way. There! don't you hear the noise of the multitude? Look! here they come. Hosanna! hosanna! to the Son of David!' and away goes the little boy to tell his mother that the prophet she has taught him to look for is come at last. 'Well, I'll go,' says the poor thing, timidly. 'I'll get behind Him. Maybe he won't pity me; but that dear little lad said as many as touched Him were made whole: I'll go and try, however.' I imagine I see the poor weak creature, who has spent all her living on physicians that only made her worse, drawing her tattered shawl around her and wriggling her way through the crowd. They push her aside, but she says, 'I'll try again.' She winds to the right, then to the left, now nearer, and the next minute farther off than ever. But still she perseveres, although she seems to have so little chance of getting through the throng, which is thickest round the Man she wants. Well done, poor woman! Try again; it's for your life, you know. That bloody issue will be your death if you don't get it cured, and a touch of His clothes will do it. I imagine I hear one rudely ask the fainting creature, 'Where are you pushing to? You've got a bloody issue; you've no business here.' 'Ah,' she answers, 'I see there a man whose like I never saw before. Let me but touch his garment, and I shall be as well as any of you.' And now another step or two, and she can hear His gentle voice speaking kindly to Jairus, as He walks home with him to heal his little daughter lying at the point of death. The woman stretches out her hand, but

she isn't near enough. Another step — yes, now she touches — it is but the hem of His garment; but it is all she needs. Glory to Jesus! her issue of blood is dried, and immediately she feels in her body that she is healed. Glory to Jesus! she touched, and was made perfectly whole. And if there was virtue in His garment, isn't there efficacy in His blood? May God help you to come to Christ to-night."

This is better than the poetry that would precede and follow our passage in its first delivery. But perhaps the best hymn marked by the characteristics of revivalism in these collections may follow here. It is called Richard Weaver's favourite: —

"My heart is fixed, eternal God, fixed on Thee,
And my immortal choice is made, Christ for me.
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who did for me salvation bring,
And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me.

In Him I see the Godhead shine, Christ for me.
He is the Majesty Divine, Christ for me,
The Father's well-beloved Son,
Co-partner of His royal throne,
Who did for human guilt atone, Christ for me.

To-day as yesterday the same, Christ for me.
How precious is His balmy name, Christ for me.
Christ a mere man may answer you
Who error's winding path pursue;
But I with part can never do, Christ for me.

Let others boast of heaps of gold, Christ for me.
His riches never can be told, Christ for me.
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honours perish in a day.
My portion never can decay, Christ for me.

In pining sickness or in health, Christ for me.
In deepest poverty or wealth, Christ for me.
And in that all-important day,
When I the summons must obey
And pass from this dark world away, Christ for me.

At home, abroad, by night and day, Christ for me.
Whene'er I preach, or sing, or pray, Christ for me.
Him first and last, Him all day long,
My hope, my solace, and my song;
Convince me if you think I'm wrong, Christ for me.

Now who can sing my song and say, Christ for me?
My life and truth, my light and way, Christ for me.
Can you, old men and women there,
With furrowed cheeks and silvery hair,
Now from your inmost soul declare, Christ for me!

Can you, young men and maidens say, Christ for me;
Him will I love, and Him obey, Christ for me!
Then here's my heart and here's my hand,
We'll form a little singing band,
And shout aloud throughout the land, Christ for me!"

One common method for attracting attention is the spiritualizing of sights and employments most familiar to the audience. Soldiers, sailors, volunteers, find their callings all turned into parables. One writer tries his hand at the railroad with but indifferent success. It belongs to few to keep their parallels straight in such an undertaking. It will be observed that repentance — a state of mind never thoroughly realized — has to perform two different offices.

"The line to heaven by Christ was made,
With heavenly truths the rails were laid;
From earth to heaven the line extends,
To life eternal, where it ends.
The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb;
I love the sound of Jesus' name;
It sets my spirit in a flame.
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Repentance is the station then
Where passengers are taken in;
No fee for them is there to pay,
For Jesus is Himself the way.

The Bible is the engineer;
It points the way to heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,
It doth the way to heaven steer.

In first, and second, and third class —
Repentance, faith, and holiness —
You must the way to glory gain,
Or you with Christ can never reign.

Come then, poor sinner, now's the time,
At any station on the line,
If you'll repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in."

There is energy in Richard Weaver's parable founded on the same theme: —

"Come and stand with me at the Bluepits station. The engine is whistling, and the steam flying. You see a man waving a red flag, and you ask, 'What is the matter?' You are told that there are two trains approaching on the same line. 'What must be done?' Every stroke of the engine cries, 'Death! death! death!' The signalman runs with the red flag this way and that way, and every moment

brings the two trains nearer together. There is coming death in every stroke. The pointsman rushes forward to see if he can change the position of the two trains. You cry out to him, '*Run!* RUN! RUN!' He reaches the points, pulls the handle, the nearest train is turned on the other line of rails, the danger is averted, and the lives of those in the trains are preserved. But as the engine dashes by the pointsman, he is caught and cut to pieces. He has saved those lives at the expense of his own. The decree has gone forth that 'the wages of sin is death;' but, thank God, Jesus Christ, the pointsman of heaven, rushed forward, and, by the sacrifice of His own life, has redeemed us."

We have heard that Weaver has his great titled friends; that he has been invited to dine at rich men's tables, and shown at once his sense and humility in preferring the kitchen to the parlour on these occasions. That many with means at their command were glad to assist him with their substance, we gather from an anecdote which tells of a hearer, unknown to him, who once paid for his journey, and offered him further assistance, to whom his thankfulness was thus expressed:—

"I could not help then telling him what a Father mine was. It was just like Him. I asked Him for a pound, and He gave me five-and-twenty shillings."

Yet we can understand his mistrust and jealousy of a well-dressed congregation. He does not like to see the women among his audience in silks and ribbons, but with "shawls drawn over their heads." In fact, none will do for him who associate religion with ideas of awe, solitude, and quiet. As the people he preaches to live, work, amuse themselves in crowds and droves, so must they gain their religion. Nothing is more demonstrative than a collier under conviction. Even if, impelled by conscience, one rushes alone to a "sand-pit" or the solitude of the upper room by day, his cries and roarings must attract a large assemblage of anxious and impressed hearers at the foot of the stairs or somewhere within hearing. Where noise and loud utterance is a mark of conversion, we may take for granted that witnesses are essential. Nobody halloes for his own solitary edification. The drunken blasphemer, suddenly awakened, upon opening a hymn-book, bawls out, "I've found it! I've found it!" with an energy that might wake the dead. Everybody sings, everybody shouts, everybody assembles all his friends. They are converted in company. The larger the number — of whomsoever composed — the greater the proportion of converts. Richard Weaver, sincere though we believe him, has no better test than noise of effectual conversion. Until people shout they are doubtful. To die "shouting" expresses in brief, all there is to be said. A good woman, who had borne a trying illness under trying circumstances with pious but quiet resignation, was considered unsatisfactory by her friends of this school; till, worked upon by their exciting language, at the moment of death she yielded to pressure. This put the seal of assurance upon her state. All was right. "She had hollered a deal." Repugnant as all this is to ourselves, we are forced to draw distinctions. Take colliers, for instance. They live in noise; their work passes in it; their pleasures are riotous; silence and self-restraint are things they do not understand, and very much akin in the minds of most of them to deadness. Whether this is over-tolerance or not, let us listen to some of the strains, through which sound is sustained at a maximum—

"O God, my heart with love inflame,
That I may in Thy holy name
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice
While I have breath to raise my voice!
Then will I shout, then will I sing,
I'll make the heavenly arches ring;
I'll sing and shout for evermore,
On that eternal happy shore."

Shouting is of itself a means of grace, and we must say the only one enlarged upon—

"You've no need to carry your burden of grief,
Nor one moment tarry in seeking relief;
It is yours, it is yours, whilst you're raising your voice,
And the angels look down to rejoice."

Shouting is the motive for the converted to assemble themselves together, and the inducement to the unconverted to join them—

"The Gospel band has now set out, Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
And we will help them all to shout, Glory to the bleeding Lamb!"

It is a point of difference between the saved and lost in the hymn, in universal favour, which asks of each and all, "How will you do?"

"When you come to Jordan's flood, How will you do?
You who now contemn your God, How will you do?

Death will be a solemn day:
When the soul is forced away,
It will be too late to pray! How will you do?

You who laugh and scorn and sneer, How will you do? &c.

You who have no more than form, How will you do? &c.

You who have been turned aside, How will you do? &c.

Christian, now I turn to thee, How wilt thou do?
When thou dost the river see, How wilt thou do?
To the Cross I then will cling,
Shout, O death, where is thy sting?
Victory! Victory! I will sing — That's how I'll do!"

No hymn does its work without a lusty chorus. We come upon familiar lines, associated in our minds with all the sweet decorums of orderly worship, and are startled by the appendage thought necessary to bring them up to the mark the contrivers of these meetings aim at sustaining, of excitement and noise. A really beautiful hymn of Watts has every verse thus supplemented: —

" There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
We're marching through Emanuel's ground,
And soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.
What! never part again? No, never part again;
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

There everlasting spring abides," &c.

One of Cowper's meets with the same treatment, each verse separated from the context: —

" I do believe, I will believe, that Jesus died for me;
That on the cross He shed His blood, from sin to set me free."

Another familiar friend is graced with this appendage: —

" I mean to go; I want to go, I mean to go I do;
I mean to go where Jesus is, and you may go there too."

A very favourite chorus is: —

" Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world,
For we all have the cross to bear;
It will only make the crown the brighter to shine,
When we have the crown to wear."

One hymn has this refrain: —

" We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go?
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?

There are dozens more, making still more free with the most sacred names and mysteries — these we spare our readers; but all shows what we have already said. The conductors of these services know that if a "rough" is to be a saint, he will prefer being a noisy saint. To bring such a one to church, prayer-book in hand, is indeed to make of him a new man. The transformation is by no means so startling under Richard Weaver's auspices, who instinctively knows that quiet, order, gravity, subdued tones, measured utterances — all that such men associate with worldly respectability — is, and ever will be, intolerable to them: and that a religion that enjoins roaring and tumult, and which opens a wider, if a fresh field, for the exercise of vigour, pluck, and self-assertion, even to insolence — a religion which sets them shouting at street-corners and market-places, — and which rather diverts the old stream of bad language into new channels than forbids it altogether, — meets the sinner half-way. And so does their ideal of repentance. It is to be very violent, and to involve profuse perspiration and a great deal of shouting, but it is to be short. What can be more summary, for example, than the course recommended in "Isaac Barnes's chorus" —

" Let us tell Him *in brief* that of sinners we're chief."

Again —

" With a sorrow for sin let repentance begin,
Then conversion of course will draw nigh;
But till washed in the blood of a crucified Lord,
We shall never be ready to die.

For I'm happy all the day,
Since He washed my sins away,
And He's graciously waiting to wash more."

What can more effectually smooth over the ugly circumstances of a disorderly past than that hymn to be found in all these collections denouncing every effort which falls short of the ideal conversion as "deadly doing"? —

"Nothing, either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago.

When He from His lofty throne,
Stooped to do and die,
Everything was fully done,
Hearken to His cry —

'It is finished.' Yes, indeed,
Finished every jot:
Sinner, this is all you need;
Tell me, is it not?.

Weary, working, plodding one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing: all was done
Long, long ago.

Till to Jesu's work you cling
By a simple faith,
'Doing' is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death.

Cast your deadly 'doing' down,
Down at Jesu's feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete."

A large body of the persons who frequent these meetings on Sunday are such as have habitually rejected every invitation to public worship, who, as one man expressed it, "make a practice of going nowhere." The order of any established service is intolerable to them; but under the pressure of trial and sickness, poverty or depression, they will drop in to hear what is going on at a Temperance-hall, or listen to a street-preacher. With them this modified conformity is as much a case of "deadly doing," as the most ceremonious worship of that ideal formalist who is the bugbear of this theology. They are better satisfied with themselves when it is over without any good reason for being so. They may have heard themselves called sinners in good company, thus —

"Is there anybody here like weeping Mary?
Call to my Jesus and He'll draw nigh;
Oh glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory be to God who rules on high!
Is there anybody here like sinking Peter?
Is there anybody here like blind Bartimeus?
Is there anybody here like faithless Thomas?
Is there anybody here that wants salvation?"

And they are pretty certain to hear much of Canaan in hymns which take for granted that all who sing them will go to heaven. Of all faiths this is the most natural in the religion of the poor. *The* Sunday-school lyric is founded on this expectation assured even to joviality; the hymn probably familiar to more English lips than any other in the language —

"Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In Heaven we part no more.
Oh! that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more;"

not to be recalled by some of us without the echo of various rustic renderings —

"Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And the *pastures* whom we love;"

and the long-drawn

"When we meet to part no *moor*."

The vast number of this class of hymns may be attributable to various causes. In the first place, a certain imagery is ready for any versifier. Palms, crowns, a golden city, a river, and a promised land, make up a picture, and it is permitted to all people, from long prescription, to express a hungering for a future without exactly feeling it.

It is observable that, in this department, literary qualifications are at their lowest. We come upon the oddest rhymes — *mansion* and *transient*, *meeter* and *creature*, and so on; but the theme is supposed of itself an inspiration.

No people have much right to talk about heaven who do not at least strive to begin their heaven upon earth. The heaven of the ignorant, on the contrary, is treated as a region so absolutely separate and distinct from earthly tempers and affections, that the fact that a man has spent his whole life with the strongest earthward tendencies does not interfere with the assumption that he will feel himself entirely at home, and in his place, among the blest. But another reason for this fond dwelling on a future heaven is, no doubt, that the poor do not find earth such a comfortable home and

resting-place for body or mind as the rich. Well-to-do people, with an easy certain income, and all their comforts about them, would not find their spirits as much refreshed by these Songs of Canaan as the companies for whom they are composed. There will be no *want*, as well as no black bonnets, and no funerals in heaven, says Richard Weaver's prose, and his hymn sings —

"No poverty there — no, the saints are all wealthy,
The heirs of His glory whose nature is love;
No sickness can reach them, that country is healthy;
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?"

But such detail does not generally enter into the glorious vision, which is all of rest and home in the abstract, with as much iteration as may be, and always a chorus. Many of these Hymns of Canaan are adapted to well-known tunes, and sung by young people in those manufactories where only hymns are allowed to be sung. One of these, cribbed from Montgomery, and altered and adapted in a style excruciating to a sensitive author, is most popular —

"For ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word:
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home," &c.

And another —

"There is a better world, they say, Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away, Oh, so bright!
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair, Oh, so bright!" &c.

Another, to the tune, "My heart's in the Highlands" —

"My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hushed, my sad spirit; the worst that can come
But shortens the journey and hastens me home.
For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again," &c.

The Revival hymn-book suggests to young men and women to invite one another to Canaan, which is one way of making services popular: —

Sisters.

"Say, brothers, will you meet us?
Say, brothers, will you meet us?
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
On Canaan's happy shore?

Brothers.

By the grace of God we'll meet you!
By the grace of God we'll meet you!
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
Where parting is no more!

Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
For ever, evermore!

Sisters.

We, a little band, before Thee,
Jesus! Lord of all, adore Thee;
Soon we'll follow Thee to glory,
On Canaan's happy shore.

Brothers.

Pilgrims here we are and weary;
Dark the road has been, and dreary;
Daylight dawns, and brings us near Thee,
To Canaan's happy shore.

Sisters.

When we see the river swelling,
Jesus! every fear repelling,
Show us then our father's dwelling
On Canaan's happy shore.

Brothers.

Thou hast passed on before us;
To Thine image, Lord, restore us.
Death shall never triumph o'er us
On Canaan's happy shore.

Brothers.

Say, sisters, will you meet us,
On Canaan's happy shore?

Sisters.

By the grace of God we'll meet you,
Where parting is no more," &c. &c.

But, confident as *all hearers* are encouraged to be in their expectations of a blissful future, one great means of influence with preachers of this school is their bold familiarity with hell and all its terrors. Richard Weaver professes a perfect knowledge of the awful region. He boasts of shaking one

dying woman "over hell" till, one by one, she dropped the money-bags from beneath her pillow on to the floor. And horrible stories are told of threats and denunciations following upon warnings contemned; to which, as the biographer puts it, "the Almighty Arbiter set His seal." In so far as there is any truth in these stories, we take them as an illustration of a marked difference between the educated and uneducated in the influence of vague alarms upon the nerves. Women who, in the practical work of life, are far bolder and more self-reliant than their high-born sisters, have far less power of standing against mysterious terrors. A violent woman, met on her own ground, her curses answered by a bold threat assuming the tone of prophecy, is not at all an unlikely victim. Awful words, disregarded at the moment, tell when the reaction comes, and the prophecy works its own fulfilment.

Whatever we may think of these specimens of popular devotion, it is very clear that they have awakened sympathy in unexpected quarters. Two books of Catholic hymns, by the late Father Faber, which bear the token of favour and success that numbers give on their title-pages, seem to us evidently composed on these models. The Father talks, indeed, in his preface, of the Olney Hymns having been once dear to him, but one detects a more modern, and we will say less scrupulous, source of inspiration. He evidently is attracted by the tone which we have called irreverent, and imitates it deliberately; both as most removed from the tone of the Church he had abandoned, and as a sort of thing that tells with the vulgar. Taking up this view, he thus reasons himself into irreverence, arguing that real reverence always assumes the disguise of its opposite: —

"The awe that lies too deep for words,
Too deep for solemn looks —
It finds no way into the face,
No spoken vent in books.
They would not speak in measured tones,
If awe had in them wrought
Until their spirits had been hushed
In reverential thought.
They would have smiled in playful ways," &c.

Again —

"The solemn face, the downcast eye,
The words constrained and cold —
These are the homage, poor at best,
Of those outside the fold.
They know not how our God can play
The babe's, the brother's part;
They dream not of the ways He has
Of getting at the heart."

Any awe that shows itself in appropriate look and action is gloom, sourness, and "ungainly stiffness," and the Puritan element of Protestantism.

Following out this view, we find these stanzas in a hymn entitled "The True Shepherd," for the use of a ragged school. We recognise the characteristic Revivalist rhymes: —

"He took me on His shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me;
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how He had missed me;
And I'm sure I heard him say,
As He went along this way,
O silly souls come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true!

Strange gladness seemed to move Him
Whenever I did better;
And He coaxed me so to love Him
As if He was my debtor:
As He went along this way, &c.

Let us do, then, dearest brothers,
What will best and longest please us;
Follow not the ways of others,
But trust ourselves to Jesus;
We shall ever hear Him say," &c.

He thus treats of ineffable mysteries: —

"God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.
As He can endless glory weave
From time's misjudging shame,
In this our world He is content
To play a losing game.

At one time the repetition, which is one characteristic of Revivalism, is regarded as a sign of love, even when practised to imbecility: —

"O Jesus, Jesus! dearest Lord,
Forgive me if I say
For very love Thy sacred name
A thousand times a-day.

. . . .

The craft of this wise world of ours
Poor wisdom seems to me;
Ah! dearest Jesus! I have grown
Childish with love of Thee!"

Again —

"O I am burning so with love,
I fear lest I should make too free."

There is the same easy explanation of the

scheme of redemption, which abounds in our series. The soul is thus addressed: —

> "O wonderful, O passing thought,
> The love that God hath had for thee;
> Spending on thee no less a sum
> Than the undivided Trinity!
> Father and Son and Holy Ghost
> *Exhausted for a thing like this.*"

If we are to have irreverence, we prefer it of the rude unconscious sort, not put on as something that will answer as a sort of experiment, as thus: —

> "How can they tell how Jesus oft
> His secret thirst will slake,
> On those strange freedoms childlike hearts
> Are taught by God to take?"

Vulgarity in rhythm and rhyme are affectedly adapted to his peculiar tenets. This is how boys are taught to address St. Philip: —

> "Sweet Saint Philip! we are weeping
> Not for sorrow, but for glee;
> Bless thy converts bravely keeping
> To the bargain made with thee.
> Help, in Mary! joy in Jesus,
> Sin and self no more shall please us.
> We are Philip's gift to God," &c. &c.

We have dwelt so long on one part of our subject that the voluble Muse of Teetotalism has little room left for the display of her gifts. And yet nothing more clearly illustrates the different influences at work in the training of the lower and higher classes of society than the numerous collections of temperance and teetotal songs and hymns sold by their thousands, nay hundreds of thousands. We have half-a-dozen by us drawn up for the Band of Hope alone, in which its children are taught it is a paramount duty to instruct and reprove their elders, and to regard as a drunkard in act or in anticipation every person they see drink a glass of beer. *They* are the reformers, *they* are to conquer "King Alcohol," and to bring in a reign of liberty and peace. But the fact is, the subject is incurably prosaic. The excuse for this is probably of the nature of the sailor's contending with his fellow for the palm of verse: one begins —

> "In the Bay of Bengal — I lost my all,"

To which the other appends —

> "In the Bay of Biscay I lost my stockings,"

"That's not poetry," cries the rhymster. "Ay, but mine's true and yours isn't," was the rejoinder. A great deal of what the teetotallers say is true but it isn't poetry. Their vocabulary is hopeless. Twist the leading ideas as you may, insinuate them into the middle of a line, or dignify them with an answering rhyme, they defy management. Every person, thing, or part of speech whatever connected with liquor, has the same insolent prominence and knack of overpowering every other noun or verb that keeps its company. The changes are rung upon "temperance" and "teetotal," "strong drink," "wine," "gin," "beer," "public-houses," "landlords," "drunkards," "tipplers" and "sots," "takers of the pledge" and "abstainers," always with the same effect upon the ear; and it must be owned, most of these are awkward terms, not to hint at but to name in full. Our readers must be satisfied with a few specimens, a line culled here and there from this mass of strenuous effort to give vivacity, stimulus, and pathos to the teetotal cause. A hymn is opened with such exordiums as the following: —

> "Who, the sacred page perusing,
> Precepts, promises, and laws,
> Can be guiltless in refusing
> To support the temperance cause?"

or —

> "However others choose to act
> Towards the temperance cause,
> We hail its blessings to our home,
> And strictly keep its laws."

One begins to the tune of "Stevens" —

> "Six hundred thousand drunkards sink."

One poem lays down the rule —

> "All public-houses must be closed,
> Abstaining is the plan proposed."

One is figurative —

> "The abstinence light is breaking."

One rhetorical —

> "All hail! the temperance cause,
> Thousands from drink abstain."

One in the measure of the National Anthem prays for drunkards —

> "May they be brought to hate
> Drinks that intoxicate."

Another asks —

"May drunkards see sobriety
In an alluring light!"

One praises total abstinence —

"Say not that you cannot aid them,
See, here is a certain cure:
Total Abstinence, so easy,
Safe, effectual, and secure;
Come, apply it,
'Tis a safe effectual cure."

One rejoices that —

"Thousands now intemperance dreading,
Bane of health and joy and peace,
Better principles are spreading;
See how temperance men increase!"

One utters the fervent aspiration —

"Oh! that our females young and fair
Were wise to shun the fatal snare,
Which Satan lays to catch their feet,
And draw them to the drunkard's seat."

One prophesies —

"That will be a joyful day
When strong drink shall pass away."

One wishes —

"I were the monarch, and had supreme command,
I'd close the beer and gin shop, and make a joyful land,
The prison would be empty, and better places full,
And every home a palace beneath the golden rule.
I'd close the gin-shop, liberty restoring,
I'd close the gin-shop, and send the drink away;
If I made laws I'd never let them sell again,
I'd close the gin-shop, and send the drink away."

The youthful abstainer sees his place in history —

"Heralds of old England's glory
Are abstainers young and free!
Who can tell, in future story,
How supreme their power shall be?"

and foresees the day —

"Drink shall fall with tyrants all;"

and avers —

"We wont give up the temperance cause
Though all the world should rage."

They are also taught to sing the inevitable consequences of "drinking a little wine" —

"A little drink seems safe at first,
Exerting little power,
But soon begets a raging thirst,
Which cries for more and more.

The way of ruin thus begins,
Downwards as easy stairs;
If conscience suffers little sins,
Soon larger ones it bears."

Landlords are invoked in pathetic strain, recalling a popular song —

"Landlord spare that sot;"

and Burn's measure is put to a use he little dreamt of in another —

"Shall e'er cold water be forgot
When we sit down and dine?"

As far as we can see, teetotalism has had but one poet and we miss him here. Under no hands can abstaining from intoxicating liquors have a wholly ideal treatment; but the ideal and the real have at any rate once been brought side by side, in the advocacy of this, which is essentially *the* cause, *the* regeneration, with its champions. The topics and the line of argument of this *chef d'œuvre* are precisely those of the temperance literature before us. Our readers shall judge how far the moderns fall short in airy grace and play of fancy, as well as grasp of their subject, in comparison with the author of the inaugural ode sung at the great cold water celebration held at Boston, U.S., thirty years ago —

ODE.

"In Eden's green retreats
A water brook that played
Between soft mossy seats
Beneath a plane-tree's shade,
Whose rustling leaves
Danced o'er its brink,
Was Adam's drink
And also Eve's.

Beside the parent spring
Of that young brook, the pair
Their morning chant would sing,
And Eve, to dress her hair,

Kneel on the grass
That fringed its side,
And make its tide
Her looking-glass.

And when the man of God
From Egypt led his flock,
They thirsted, and his rod
Smote the Arabian rock,
And forth a rill
Of water gushed,
And on they rushed
And drank their fill.

Would Eden thus have smiled
Had *wine* to Eden come?
Would Horeb's parchéd wild
Have been refreshed with *rum*?
And had Eve's hair
Been dressed in *gin*,
Would she have been
Reflected fair?

Had Moses built a still,
And dealt out to that host
To every man his gill,
And pledged him in a toast,
How large a band
Of Israel's sons
Had laid their bones
On Canaan's land!

Sweet fields beyond death's flood
Stand dressed in living green;
For, from the throne of God,
To freshen all the scene,
A river rolls,
Where all who will
May come and fill
Their crystal bowls.

If Eden's strength and bloom
Cold water thus hath given,
If e'en beyond the tomb
It is the drink of heaven —
Are not good wells
And crystal springs
The very things
For our hotels?"

Seriously speaking it is difficult to believe that the concluding clencher to the argument could be written in grave earnest by so neat a versifier; but a study of the dozen temperance hymn-books and melodists before us satisfies us that the thing is possible. Teetotalism is of the nature of a hobby — a state in which the mind is insensible and dead to the absurd.

With regard to the body of verse from which we have selected, it is superfluous to adduce it as testimony to the doctrine that the religion of the multitude is always a vulgar religion. It is like telling the cabman he is no gentleman. And no one can hear the excitement of these wild services parodied by street boys, or Hallelujahs hummed by them at their rough play, without a serious alarm for the consequences of making sacred things thus common and profane. But one redeeming point we note in all these collections. Whatever is distinctive is, indeed, vulgar and boisterous, and, from mere coarseness of perception, if from no worse alloy, irreverent. But mingled with these effusions are uniformly many of the best hymns in our language, and often tender and graceful modern compositions, in startling discrepancy with the prevailing tone. All we can say is, if a penitent prize-fighter or reformed drunkard, in his moments of contrition can be brought to understand and estimate them at their true worth, a work has been effected which cannot be regarded as other than a good one.

Artificial birds' nests are now being manufactured in Switzerland, under the direction of the society formed there for the protection of insectivorous birds. The Yverdum Society has placed such nests in the public walks and communal forests, on the borders of lawns, &c., and found them all occupied by hedge-sparrows, redstarts, creepers, and tomtits.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT LEAMINGTON AGAIN.

BEFORE we set down the conversation, which, on the 29th of August, took place between Mr. Dykhart and Mr. Ballow, it will be expedient for us to pay one more visit to Leamington. Our special object in going there now is to satisfy an inquiry which, it is possible, some of our readers have more than once made— How, all this while, was the active contriver of so much that has gone before — the able Mrs. Ferrier?

It is now just seven weeks (for we came upon her on Thursday, the 4th of September), since Mrs. Ferrier had seen Eva quit her house, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Dowlas. That Miss March acknowledged the claims of the kindred Mrs. Ferrier had found for her, that lady had been made aware. She knew that Eva had gone with them to Llynbwllyn, and she hoped that all the danger of a marriage with Richard had utterly passed away. She hoped so; but she felt no comfortable assurance of it. She had on her side the solemn promise which Eva had asked and obtained from Richard; but she could not feel certain that her son would keep his promise. It was not to his mother, but to Eva that he had given his word. Miss March might feel she had a right to release him from such a promise; and, as Mrs. Ferrier bitterly reflected, she would be quick enough in claiming and exercising the right. If so, what had the mother of Richard gained by the remorseless ingenuity with which she had laid bare (as she supposed) the actual secret of Eva's origin? She had made the disgrace, which might have remained a conjectural matter, a thing open and certain before the eyes of all the world.

Therefore, it will be understood that Mrs. Ferrier's grand contrivances had not made her a very much happier woman. Even the presence of Richard was no such happiness to her as before. For Richard was now at Leamington again. He had left his friend Maxwell convalescent in Scotland, and had accepted a shooting invitation in Warwickshire; for Captain Ferrier was one whom all were proud of knowing and entertaining. Though many of his days were just now spent in his friend's fields, yet his head-quarters were at his mother's house. And as this particular day, the 4th of the month, was very wet, he was at home the greater part of it.

He was, as you know, already aware that his mother's great discovery, well as facts appeared to sustain it, had proved a fiction after all; and he was very glad thereat. But he resolved that to his mother no hint of the counter-discovery should at present be breathed. If she continued as hostile to the marriage as before, the news would be likely to set her inquiring and intriguing a second time. If she were coming to view the matter more calmly, it would be very unwise to unsettle her by any new stimulus to curiosity and anxiety. So, for aught Mrs. Ferrier yet knew, the dreaded Eva was living, as Miss Roberts, along with the Rector of Llynbwllyn. Where, at this time, our heroine really was, we shall know as soon as it behoves us. Suffice it now to say, that it was in a place hitherto unknown both to ourselves and to her.

Mrs. Ferrier and the Captain had just breakfasted. Conversation had not flowed freely between them. There were many matters on which they thought and felt in unison, as of old. But on the subject which, to them both, was the greatest, they were as divided in heart as it is possible for any two persons to be.

This morning the postman's knock was welcomed by Mrs. Ferrier with more of interest than usual. She was awaiting an answer to a letter she had written on the Tuesday. Not daring to ask Richard how matters now stood between himself and Miss Roberts, she had taken a somewhat circuitous way of ascertaining. She had written to Mrs. Dowlas a few inquiries as to Eva, which would elicit information as to any prospects which might be vaunted by that aspiring young lady. Of the three relations whom the too rapid imagination of Mrs. Ferrier had bestowed on Eva, Mrs. Dowlas was surely the one least likely to make her niece's interests her own. Mrs. Ferrier had seen enough to be sure of that. To Mrs. Dowlas, therefore, had she penned the following inquiries: —

"*Leamington, September* 2, 1856.

"MADAM, — Though, perhaps, I am scarcely entitled to call myself a friend of your niece, Miss Eva Roberts, yet, as you are doubtless aware, her deceased friend and protector was a near and dear relation of my own. Therefore I cannot but be somewhat interested in her. If it would not be regarded as too great a liberty, and would not trouble you too much, I should be greatly pleased to hear of her going on well. It would give me satisfaction to hear that she is settled and comfortable in her new and *proper* position; that she wins the

approval of those whose affection it has become her duty to cultivate; and that she is fitting herself for that *quietly respectable* sphere of life, to which a manifest Providence has called her.

"Begging you to excuse this liberty,
"I am, Madam,
"Your obedient servant,
"E. FERRIER."

To the above letter there came on Thursday the following reply, Mrs. Ferrier and Richard having breakfasted, as we just now said:—

"*Llynbwllyn, near Carnarvon, September* 3, 1856.

"RESPECTABLE MADAM,—I think it only right that I should answer your very civil and proper letter of inquiry about Miss Roberts, my niece; although it is a disgraceful and disgusting duty to me to mention her very name. What I have to tell of her is everything which is bad, and nothing which is good. After disgracing us all by goings-on the most shameful you ever heard, she has robbed us of I do not know how much property, and run away from us altogether. And a *good riddance*, I must say, she is. Every day that comes brings me some fresh story of her wickedness,—known to all the neighbourhood as well as to myself. I hear and I know it to be true, that she took up with a tall Irish fellow, of the name of M'Quantigan, who goes about the country lecturing at meetings; and I know that *the young lady*—my niece I should be ashamed to call her—was more than once seen walking with him *at night*, and going on in a way which, as the moral mother of four young children, I do not think proper to repeat. The dreadful example she was in the house, and the way in which she set herself to corrupt my husband himself—who was deceived by her *false* tongue,—this is a thing which my pen refuses to utter. Where she is now I do not know. Where she ought to be, I should be very sorry to say. And so, respectable madam, I beg you to excuse my writing anything more on this so detestable and disreputable a creature.

"I remain,
"Your's truly obedient,
"JANE DOWLAS."

"P.S.—I do not envy her the least bit in the world,—No!"

"There! There's a character for you to read!" said Mrs. Ferrier to her son, as she almost flung this letter into his face. "You have been ready to quarrel with your mother because she would not accept Miss March for an angel. Now then! Just look what her own friends have to say of her!"

Of course Mrs. Ferrier could have no idea of the terrible disappointment Mrs. Dowlas had had, nor of the consequent enmity against her supposed niece. And the fearful and complex charges which this letter contained all sank into the mind of Mrs. Ferrier like water flowing into a dry sponge.

"Now then, Richard, *was* I mistaken, when I warned you that it would bring you no good? I should imagine you will scarcely think anything more of her now!"

Richard carelessly took the letter in hand; read the first words which met his eye; then crunched the paper up, and flung it away contemptuously into the fire-place.

"A piece of slanderous ribaldry! It is just as well for the disgusting writer of it that she is a woman, and not a man!"

"It's all very well, Richard, for you to throw my letters into the fire-place; *that* is very easily done. But it's quite another thing to explain away the truth."

"The truth! Why, mother, can you pretend to see anything but falsehood—gross, malicious, falsehood, in a piece of trash like that?"

"Oh, really! Then I may gather from that, that you think your mother a story-teller! Say what you think, by all means—say that I wrote it all out of my own head! Any possible thing is more likely than that there should be any fault in the angelic Miss March—I beg her pardon sincerely,—Miss Roberts."

"I will say this, mother—that you are making me think you very different from what I always did think you. I should indeed have said, a little while ago, that the implacable spirit you show was, in you, the least possible of all things."

Poor Mrs. Ferrier burst into bitter tears.

"Oh, I know it very well! I'm but too well aware how little you think of me;—what a poor insignificant creature *I* am! So I must make up my mind to see you ruin yourself, after all!"

"You will see the matter in a very different light by-and-by, mother. And, if I ask you to be more guarded in what you say now, it is not that you can possibly shake my determination—that you never can do—but because the more you say now, the more you will have to regret by-and-by."

"But, Richard, Richard, — only do consider for one moment! Just fancy it to be the case of some one else, and that you were called upon to give your opinion about it. Come, now, you can hardly refuse me such a thing as that. What would you be ready to say yourself? You *know* that she is but the daughter of a convict — his illegitimate daughter, moreover. So you have no right to think it such a very unlikely thing that she should inherit evil propensities. Well, if you think all this too shocking to be believed, why not travel into Wales, and find out for yourself? I should have thought that, for her very sake, you would have been ready to do that."

"I do not feel called upon to do any such thing. And I have my reason for knowing how little that contemptible letter is worth."

"Very well! then all my hopes are at an end; and you bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave! Oh, what simpletons those people are who complain because they have no children given them! I declare I do envy such happy people — Mrs. Wettiman for example; —*with* fits, and *without* children."

We have heard of people in old time who, to their after sorrow, have had their desires literally and immediately fulfilled. Some shadow of such fulfilment was given to this last thought of Mrs. Ferrier's; for scarcely was it uttered ere the Captain, getting out of patience, quitted her presence, and left her almost in hysterics. She heard him close the house door behind him, and knew that she had driven him out of doors. Then, presently, she rang for the maid to carry away the things from the breakfast-table. When the latter had performed this duty, she had a question to put to Mrs. Ferrier.

"If you please, ma'am, Susan said I was to ask you, ma'am, whether the Captain would dine at home to-day?"

This was a small and common-place question; but it reminded Mrs. Ferrier that Richard had left the house too suddenly to enable her to answer it. It appeared to mark his growing indifference to her; and she looked upon it as the significant index of a painful and cruel change in him. Coming so closely upon their late dispute, it embittered her feelings to an unknown extent. Something more like hatred than she had ever yet known boiled up within her heart; and thus, by such a trivial question, were determined great and important issues.

But she must give some answer to the inquiry.

"Indeed, Mary, I really can't say; Captain Ferrier has gone out just now, without saying a word. I suppose you'd better tell Susan that he *may* dine at home. Yes, — I suppose that will do. Young gentlemen, now-a-days, don't like to bind themselves to anything, Mary, and they do not always keep their promises when they make them. Thank you, Mary, that will do."

And Mary went down into the kitchen. Mrs. Ferrier, as we think we said before, was very popular with her inferiors. How much was known of her family sorrows by her own two servants we cannot say. But some idea of the truth they certainly had. Their sympathies were thoroughly with their mistress. Mary, for instance, never took a slop-pail in her hand without some longing to empty it on the head whose unlawful aspirings were such a source of trouble to Mary's good mistress. Susan, the cook, was as right-minded in her walk of life, and basted an imaginary Miss March in every leg, shoulder, loin, saddle, surloin, and haunch which revolved before her kitchen fire.

Left quite alone, Mrs. Ferrier turned her eyes on Mrs. Dowlas's letter now lying in the grate where Richard had thrown it. She drew it out again, symbolically griming her fingers with the contact. But the omen taught her nothing. She was going to indulge in a second perusal of it; for it was a satisfaction thus to ascertain that Eva had won the abhorrence of so near a relation of her own.

"At least," thought Mrs. Ferrier, "they cannot say that it was all prejudice now."

So she smoothed out the paper which Richard had treated so rudely, and went over it all once more. Could she extract any good out of it? That is, would it indicate any way by which the marriage could be hindered? If Mrs. Ferrier had been convinced of her duty to hinder it when she only suspected Eva of a degraded origin, how clear became that duty when the object of Richard's insane love stood forth herself a doer of every manner of wickedness! And such was the testimony which that letter bore. Mrs. Ferrier perused it over and over again.

"Yes," she thus mused, "it is indeed an awful tale of sin and wickedness. A very tissue of iniquity! Trying her arts upon the clergyman himself; — upon him, — actually upon the husband of her own aunt; — makes one's blood run cold! Then these walks and goings on with that what's-his-name, M'Quantigan; — and, last of all, robbing her friends and running away!"

Mrs. Dowlas, in what she said as to Eva's

robbery, may not have purposed any actual falsehood. She was only expressing her own opinion as to the disposal of Mr. Gryffyth's estates. But Mrs. Ferrier, who had no idea of those matters, put a construction upon the words both very natural and very wrong. She, of course, imagined Eva slinking out of the back-door at Llynbwllyn, with all the silver spoons in a bundle under her shawl, — or under the shawl of somebody else. And on the proceeds of the robbery she was likely now to be living in some unheard-of-den in London.

"And just the style of conduct," her unpitying censor went on, "which I should have expected from looking at her impudent fat face, and her shameless way of behaving herself! But what now can I do?"

The young woman had placed herself, by some sort of robbery, under the ban of the law. But suppose Mrs. Ferrier should even procure against her the execution of that law, where would be the remedy out of such a course as that?

"What would happen," she thought within herself, "if I got this infamous girl pursued and placed before the magistrate, with every possible proof of her crimes? Why, only just this — that infatuated boy would go tearing down after her to London, or wherever she might be, knock the magistrate down, very likely — like that young Prince Thingumbob in the History of England — and give half of all he has, if it were wanted, to get the creature acquitted. And the whole disgraceful affair would be more publicly disgraceful still." There was nothing hopeful in that course of action.

But Mrs. Dowlas's portrait of her imaginary niece included a charge more shameful still. Eva was not so much as faithful to the man who, for love of her, was rushing down into a very gulf of abasement.

A wandering Irish adventurer, it seemed, had captivated her fancy and (as Mrs. Ferrier was quite prepared to believe) had won the extremest proofs of her attachment. Of course my lady made sure that this little episode would not hinder her design upon Richard. She knew that no testimony against her would be by him believed, and so she defied all rumour. But there must be limits even to such credulity as that. If this new intrigue could be brought under the Captain's actual knowledge he must recoil from giving his name and station to so unutterably vile a young woman. How could this be done?

Of course the wretched girl would be circumspect enough wherever she was likely to be seen of Richard. It would cost her no effort to drop her Irish lover as rapidly as she had taken him up. But the Irishman might possibly take a different view of the affair. To be, so quickly after his promotion, cashiered for the lady's own interest, might be a joke too highly flavoured to give him any pleasure. If, before the dreadful marriage were a *fait accompli*, Mr. M'Quantigan could be roused and encouraged to push his fortune with Eva, she might be led, or compelled, into something against which even the mad passion of Richard would scarcely continue proof. So Mrs. Ferrier took up her favourite worsted-work, and began considering how she might get acquainted with that possibly useful personage, the alluring M'Quantigan.

That there be no confusion in the minds of any of our readers, we may just remind them that the identity of Murphy M'Quantigan with Bryan O'Cullamore, the evil genius of poor Mrs. Roberts, was utterly unsuspected by her sister, Mrs. Dowlas. And it had been with no predetermined falsehood, but simply from the natural bent of her own ideas, that she had put so wicked a construction on Eva's interviews with the man — interviews which nothing in the ordinary way could indeed have sanctioned.

It cleared up in the afternoon, and Mrs. Ferrier went into the town. She knew of a stationer's shop, in part devoted to the sale of ultra-protestant publications. And to that shop she betook herself on this occasion. Fortune went to meet her half-way. In the window of the shop was a large printed bill, announcing that on the Tuesday following (the 9th of September, that is), there would be a meeting in the Assembly Rooms, in order to expose — as they had never been exposed before — the errors and crimes of the Church of Rome. Chief amongst the speakers of that evening was to be Mr. Murphy M'Quantigan, whose especial *role* would be to give instances of the abominations and impurities of the confessional. This was a welcome discovery to Mrs. Ferrier. But she thought she should like to make sure of the identity before she committed herself to any course.

So she stepped into the shop. "Can you tell me, Mr. Gastrick," she said, "who that Mr. M'Quantigan is, who is going to lecture here on Tuesday?"

"Why, ma'am! I understand he is a most devoted man, and has converted hundreds of his countrymen from Popery. It's an awful thing indeed, ma'am, to see how Popery is getting the upper hand."

"Yes, indeed, very awful indeed, Mr.

Gastrick. But can you tell me where Mr. M'Quantigan has been lecturing lately — I mean within the last two months? Has he been anywhere in Wales?"

"Wales, ma'am? Well, I don't know. I've got a list of places here which will, perhaps, tell us. Let me see; there's Bangor, that's in Wales; yes, there was a meeting at Bangor on the evening of Tuesday, the 29th of July."

"Thank you, Mr Gastrick! I had some idea of having heard of this meeting, but was not quite sure. Thank you!"

"I hope, ma'am, we may have your support and presence on Tuesday. Will you take a ticket?"

"If you please, Mr. Gastrick. Yes, I shall certainly come. And do you think Mr. M'Quantigan would object to call upon me at my house the next day? I am — I am so convinced of the importance of this good work, that I should like to talk with him about it, and — and aid it, if I could. You know, Mr. Gastrick, a lady could not interfere at a public meeting."

"No, ma'am, in course not. Well, I'm sure Mr. M'Quantigan would be very proud to call upon you. It's a great thing to find anybody faithful in these dreadful times, ma'am."

"Dreadful times? Well, indeed, Mr. Gastrick, these *are* dreadful times. Young persons are getting to think themselves wiser than old ones. I don't know what the world is coming to, I'm sure. Well, I shall attend the meeting on Tuesday, and I'll bring with me a note for Mr. M'Quantigan. Will that do?"

Mr. Gastrick said no doubt it would do, and Mrs. Ferrier, hopeful once more, betook herself home again.

Richard returned for dinner, after all. And he strove, in every way, to console her for the annoyance which their dispute of the morning must have given her. On the following Monday he was to go into Lincolnshire to resume the visit to his brother, which the measles amongst the children had interrupted in July. It may be matter of wonder that Mrs. Ferrier did not seek that brother's active aid against the marriage which would be so disgraceful to all the family. Some attempt to enlist him on her side she had actually made; but he had not encouraged her in it. Nor was he prompted by any selfish desire of avoiding trouble. He knew how useless his interference would be. There was the most cordial feeling between Richard and himself. But the Captain was not much the younger, and had never been much disposed to defer to his elder brother. And he had never been at any time indebted to him for monetary assistance. So George Ferrier, with a wisdom which, imitated by his mother, would have saved her much, surrendered himself to the assurance that Richard must and would please himself, and that if he were satisfied his family might submit.

The days which intervened between Thursday and Tuesday went by somewhat wearily and painfully to Mrs. Ferrier herself. With the feeling that she was but doing her duty, her strict duty, she, by dint of often repeating the words to herself, kept up some degree of cheerfulness. Duty and victory first, and peace and comfort afterwards, was the tenor of her constant thought.

On the Monday morning Richard left Leamington for Lincolnshire. So his mother need not fear his discovering and marring her schemes.

Tuesday evening came at last; and, about half-an-hour before the time fixed for the meeting in the Assembly Room, Mrs. Ferrier quitted her house, unattended by any one, and carrying in her bag a note addressed to Mr. M'Quantigan, and worded in the following manner:—

"9th Sept. 1856.

"Mrs. Ferrier trusts that Mr. M'Quantigan will excuse the liberty she takes in thus addressing him. An ardent admirer of the zeal he is manifesting in the great and noble resistance made by him against Popery, she has a great desire to become acquainted with him personally. She therefore ventures to ask if he will call upon her at her house to-morrow. A verbal answer given to the bearer of this note will be sufficient; and, at any time he may appoint, Mrs. Ferrier will be only too glad to receive him.

"10, Roseberry Villas, Leamington."

Arrived at the Rooms, Mrs. Ferrier sent this note by one of the doorkeepers into the room in which the speakers of the evening would assemble before they presented themselves to the audience. The large hall, in which Mrs. Ferrier had taken her seat, went on filling with ladies and gentlemen, but, on the whole, with a preponderance of the fairer sex. By-and-bye, the man to whom she had given her note came up to her, and briefly delivered himself of the answer:

"Mr. M'Quantigan says, if you please, ma'am, that he'll wait upon you at eleven o'clock to-morrow, if that would suit you, ma'am."

"Thank you, yes, perfectly well. I'm much obliged to Mr. M'Quantigan."

And in a very few minutes the door behind the temporary platform opened, and the performers for the evening, Mr. M'Quantigan amongst them, filed into the room, and were greeted with cheers from their expectant audience.

It was a portentous sight, that might have made an evil angel smile, and a good angel weep; — to see with how little wisdom the applause and admiration of a multitude may at times be won. It had been rather less astonishing if the organizers and contrivers of the Protestant gathering had been subtle traders on the sympathies and convictions of their weaker brethren. But they were of no such description. With the exception of our illustrious friend M'Quantigan, they were, as far as I ever had knowledge of them, honest and kindly natured members of society. If there was fraud in their doings, it consisted in their bringing to the work of giants the unsupported strength of pigmies.

If they rightly estimated the age and its tendencies; if Popery did indeed threaten to recover more than its ancient mastery; at least they ought to have known that the occasion demanded other champions than themselves. A power so menacing and so mighty, they should have been quick in seeing was not to be overthrown or driven back by a womanish volubility of speech, and a surface acquaintance with history — with history garbled and clipped to suit the sentiments of Protestant Associations. And the harm these silly people were doing, and are doing yet, is great indeed in proportion to their mental strength. They and their much more lawless brethren in Ireland, are the greatest obstacles in the way of bestowing thorough peace on that unfortunate country. Let not such estimate of their influence be ridiculed, as one absurdly out of proportion with our estimate of their sense and ability. To heal a wound may tax the utmost medical skill the world can display; but a tipsy, crazy old epicene workhouse nurse may aggravate the sore most frightfully. Certainly the Puritans of whom we are speaking are not aware what they are doing. But their ignorance is an excuse which they must share with many with whom they would not willingly be numbered. "Ye did it ignorantly" was freely conceded to the doers of that Deed on which the light of day would not shine.

How far these remarks were especially borne out by the Protestant meeting at Leamington, may be judged from that brief report of it which it lies within the course of our story to give.

A half-idiot Earl was in the chair. A fat, fiery-faced clergyman (not attached to any church in Leamington) was expected to say a great deal.

The noble chairman confined himself to observing how well all things had gone with our nation until the act of Catholic Emancipation, and how ill—how increasingly ill—since then. To the Earl of ——, the year 1829 had converted an age of Gold into an age of Metal which grew baser and baser as time went on. He asked the audience to contrast the peace, plenty, and internal unity which had marked the reign of George the Third, with the war, want and commotion which had given its deplorable character to the reign of our own ill-advised, but still beloved Queen. Comparing the state of England in time past with her miserable condition at present, who could pretend to doubt that the favour of Providence had been withdrawn from us, and His blessing exchanged for a curse.

Thus, and with many other like words, did his lordship declare himself; and then he sat down, inviting the Reverend Jonas Bull to succeed him on his legs.

The Reverend Jonas Bull was the fat, fiery-faced clergyman, of whom we spoke just now.

He began by promising the audience that he should seek to occupy their attention for only a very few minutes; therefore we need not say that the minute hand of the clock on the wall had completed half a revolution round the dial ere Mr. Bull made way for any other speaker. But he was one of those orators who cannot leave off when they would; who go winding about sentence after sentence, in search of a proper conclusion, just like some wretched creature seeking an exit out of the Hampton labyrynth. He made his rash promise of being very brief indeed, "because my dear friends, I am sure there are others whom you must all be impatient to hear this evening. There is, especially, sitting beside me, a native of that unhappy country, which owes all her misery, all her poverty, and all her crime, to the monster Church of Rome; — dear friends, I allude to Ireland. (Hear, hear.) Yes, Ireland is an unhappy country. And what makes her unhappy? Dear friends, there is but one cause for all the misery of Ireland, and that one cause is — Popery. (Loud cheers.) Yes, Popery enslaves and degrades and impoverishes every country, whereon it has set its accursed foot. What, on the other hand, is the glory and bulwark

of our own land? Her Protestantism. (Loud cheers.) Yes, England dates all her glory from the Protestant Reformation. Protestantism gave her her Magna Charta. (Hear.) Protestantism invented printing. Protestantism discovered America. But, dear friends, what is the melancholy spectacle presented to us at this time? While the deluded, degraded, debased, nations of the Continent, who lie in Popish darkness, and who have not so much as heard of the Bible — yes, dear friends, such is the wickedness of that accursed church of Rome, that no Papist ever hears of the Bible at all, — while the men and women, thus kept in pitchy darkness, are wonderfully awaking from their superstitions, and scorning the impostures of those wretched priests; while the people who have no Bibles are casting off Popery every day, — this England of our's — oh, dear friends, I hold my handkerchief to my weeping eyes while I say it, — this highly favoured England, where the poorest and meanest is made familiar with the Scriptures from a child, — this England, where the Bible is read and understood by all, — seems likely — seems ready — to turn a favouring ear to the charming of the deceitful adder, and to bow down before the footstool of the Satanic Church of Rome. Think not, my dear friends, that, even on the besotted dupes of this wicked Church I would invoke the spirit of persecution. It is the glory of Protestantism, wherever it has held the power, to have kept inviolate the principle that there shall be no persecution for religion's sake. It is Popery, and Popery alone, that ever killed or imprisoned men for the sake of their religion; it was in the iron reign of Popery that the fires of Smithfield were kindled, and under which, if you go into any popish city abroad, you may from time to time behold the same dreadful spectacle now. For Popery never changes; she is *semper eadem*, — that is, always the same. But we would not persecute ourselves. Though no nation or country which harbours Popery ever has risen or ever can rise to so much as the lowest grade in civilization; though, where Popery has dominion, neither life nor property are ever secure; though every member of that idolatrous Church is bound, and knows that he is bound, to commit any number of murders at the command of his priest; though treason and rebellion are part and parcel of the Romanist's creed, — still we would never attack those misguided men, except, (as Elijah attacked the prophets of Baal) with the weapons of Scripture and of reason."

The speaker then meandered into a wilderness of words, in the course of which he stumbled upon the fact, that even popish kings and people have seen the necessity of curbing the pretensions of their priesthood. Then, again, he reminded the audience that the papist was in all conceiveable cases the bondslave of his priest, and could never exercise a will of his own. And, at last, Mr. Jonas Bull sat down, amidst the loud and continued applause which, for quantity if not for quality, his speech very well deserved.

Two more orators were to intervene, ere Mr. M'Quantigan, the greatest light of the evening, was to rise and shine upon the assembly. And the first of these lesser luminaries was Mr. Clitheroe, the M.P. for the cathedral city of Halminster. He commenced by referring to his recent parliamentary endeavours to detect the plot which, under a second Guy Fawkes, was now on foot for the destruction of the Houses. Jesuitical influence had triumphed in the cabinet, and had hindered the discovery, which, if vouchsafed a hearing, he could easily bring about, so that none should question it. Popery was prevailing everywhere. It was a startling fact that more than one of the thrones of Europe was at this time occupied by a papist. The woman who kept the keys of the Home Office, and swept out its rooms, was, if not a papist, a constant attendant at a Puseyite church. And, with the access to state-papers thus possessed by her, she, or the Jesuits, who retained her as their tool, might substitute such instructions as would spread the accursed religion throughout the land. But to this obvious danger the Government and Parliament were traitorously indifferent and apathetic. He (Mr. Clitheroe) trusted that the meeting before him was animated by a different spirit. He would tell them one thing more, as startling as it was true. Every single murder which had been perpetrated in London, during the past ten or a dozen years, had been the direct consequence of Popish or Puseyite instigation. It was so in the case of Rush. It was so in the recent case of Palmer. The government were well aware of this, but their slavish submission to the priestly power of Rome deterred them from giving publicity to the fact. (Shame.) Yes, but it was none the less true. Jesuits and Tractarians might deny this. Of course they would. It cost them little to deny a thing. They would deny that the sun shone in heaven. (Hear.) They did put Gallio, who cared for none of those things, in a dungeon for maintaining so much as

that. (Hear, hear.) There was a day fixed early next year for a massacre of all the leading Protestants in the country. (Sensation.) The Ministry were informed of what was coming; but such was their dastardly timidity, they chose rather to fall by popish daggers than to give offence to the priests, who directed them. And, having delivered himself of one or two more disclosures, the speaker sat down in his turn, very greatful for having received a hearing so different from any vouchsafed him in the House at Westminster.

Next there got up the Rev. R. Mageddon. His *forte* was arithmetical rather than historical. And very much in contrast with Mr. Clitheroe, he begged no other question than that twelve hundred and sixty added to six hundred and six make up together eighteen hundred and sixty-six. If any Jesuit could refute that, Mr. Mageddon was prepared to admit himself in error. But if it were accepted as true, and he believed it would not be denied by any one there present (hear), then it was a proved and certain thing that the last grand triumph of Popery, preceding its final destruction, was close at hand. Yes; it was decreed that Rome should once again have the power. Let that inspire all with the determination to maintain the Protestantism of our beloved country. The end of the world was close at hand; let them walk in the good old ways of their forefathers, and preserve them for their latest posterity.

And now Mr. M'Quantigan got up. A few minutes more of enforced silence must, you would have thought, have caused him to burst in pieces. For, at the very first outset, his speech developed itself into a shrieking rant, which was too much for many who had most eagerly awaited him. "The warm feelings of an Irishman," his admirers were accustomed to say: "Has seen so much of the working of that fearful system in his own country, you see." But there was a serious division of opinion when this warm-hearted Irishman began reading aloud certain extracts from Peter Dens, about the confessional. The noble Chairman suggested that Mr. M'Quantigan should be content with reading the Latin, at which suggestion there was much murmuring. Mr. M'Quantigan persevered, and, at the cost of about half his audience, read as much as he pleased. It is due to Mrs. Ferrier to say that she was amongst the departing portion of the audience. But her resolution to use that man, for averting the disgraceful marriage, was not by any means disturbed in her. We may as well narrate how the interrupted meeting ended.

The more observant of the assembly had remarked, in a corner at the back of the platform, something which looked like a desk. It was, in fact, a square piano; and, as the persons in front of it shifted their position now and then, you might obtain glimpses of a very young woman seated before it. There was much conjecture as to the cause and meaning of her appearance that night. Some said that she was one of Mr. M'Quantigan's converts, brought there to testify to his success, as the bricks in the chimney bore witness to the regal descent of Mr. John Cade, alias Mortimer. Some affirmed that she was an escaped nun, and that her account of the horrific atrocities of convent life would form the last and most instructive portion of the evening's entertainment.

But when all had spoken, the Chairman announced that it had been purposed to wind up proceedings by the singing of a song — a Protestant song. Miss Whack, the daughter of a neighbouring schoolmaster, would lead and accompany on the piano; and perhaps the ladies and gentlemen would join in the chorus. Copies of the song (at a penny apiece) were distributed among such as demanded them. "The tune," it was stated at the head of each copy, "is a march, called the 'March of the Duke of Cambridge, who was a Protestant, every inch of him.' The words were given out — that is, of the first verse. Miss Whack thumped the jingling instrument, and screamed an accompaniment with her voice. There was much chorusing about "Pope and rope," and "priest and beast," and "mass and ass," and then the thing was really over. After all, should we not be thankful that so much insanity can evaporate in words?

Mr. M'Quantigan was himself impatient for the hour of eleven next day, as well as the lady who awaited his coming. For Mr. Gastrick, who had seen Mrs. Ferrier's note before the meeting, informed him that its writer was a widow living in a very good house, and enjoying a very fair income. Our Irish friend was quite prepared to fancy that love, and not theology, was the magnet which had drawn Mrs. Ferrier into his influence. And he came into her presence at the appointed time, attired in a way which he thought might deepen the impression already made on her.

She, on her side, was preparing, as you may believe, the best and safest way of winning his confidence, and turning it to her

one great purpose. She never suspected his identity with Bryan O'Cullamore, the cruel betrayer of poor Mrs. Roberts, and also the father of her daughter. Mr. Dowlas, in his important letter to her, had mentioned O'Cullamore's employment, nearly twenty years before, in the very capacity now assumed by M'Quantigan. But, not being the most important fact of the story, it had not much impressed Mrs. Ferrier, and was now scarcely remembered by her. In truth, it can be well believed that she knew not half the extent of Orange impudence. She could not have understood, in her ignorance of controversial hardihood, that any man convicted of so mean and infamous a crime could assume, though protected by never so many folds of *alias*, the position of a religious advocate! That Mrs. Dowlas never hit upon the identity may look more striking still. But something in her nature always blinded her to anything which would extenuate the faults of her neighbours.

Mr. M'Quantigan, as you remember, had no knowledge but that Eva was his daughter. Nor had he, at present, heard of the death and unexpected will of Mr. Griffyth.

He found Mrs. Ferrier seated near a desk, in which a drawer was visibly open. She had, indeed, been looking up one or two letters which referred to the girl so much an object of her dread. Perhaps, considering all things, it was not so very absurd in Mr. M'Quantigan to fancy that he had won a heart unknown to himself. He might be called a handsome man. He was really very little the worse for the twenty years which had passed over him since he obtained such fatal ascendancy over poor Susanna Roberts.

He had reasons for thinking that an insolent swaggering tongue was not always an obstacle to female favour. Mrs. Ferrier was not a woman to admire him for that. But she thought only of the uses to be made of him. Scrupulous gentleness would have made him useless altogether. So Mrs. Ferrier went straight on her crooked way (as the gentleman himself might have said), and shut her eyes to the disgrace, never to open them until, dark and hideous, it encircled her as with a stream that flows between the living and the dead.

Mr. M'Quantigan made what he considered a very elegant bow, and accepted her invitation to sit down. Then she began in a way well calculated by her beforehand.

"I am so much obliged to you for calling upon me, Mr. M'Quantigan; I was afraid you might think me very presuming."

"Not at all, ma'am. I'd be proud to go after you anywhere. I hope, ma'am, you were pleased with our meeting last night?"

"Very much pleased indeed, Mr. M'Quantigan. Especially pleased with the wonderful and forcible speech you gave us yourself. I was truly sorry I could not hear it all. The fact is I was taken with the toothache — I really believe it was the effect of your speech — well made up to me by the pleasure of what I did hear."

"She is in love with me, there's no question about it," the sanguine Murphy thought within himself. "I must encourage her a little to come to the point."

Then he went on aloud:

"Oh, ma'am, oh, Mrs. Ferrier, it was a glorious meeting which we had! We shall light up such a fire in England as will never be quenched — never, until the popish priests and their damnable idols are utterly consumed and confounded. I go very shortly away from here, to arouse the same spirit elsewhere in the country."

"Well, Mr. M'Quantigan, I hope that wherever you go you'll meet with the success you deserve. I do very much wish I could aid you in any way. But do you not sometimes feel a little weary of this wandering life?"

"It only wants a word or two more," thought Murphy again. "But she might be offended if I did it too soon." Then he said:

"Mrs. Ferrier, it's not of doing good that the likes of me would ever be weary at all. But I'd be thankful to settle down with a home and a wife. But I never hope for such a blessing as that."

"You should not say that Mr. M'Quantigan. Come now, don't be offended, though it's somewhat unusual, I'm aware, to talk as I am doing; but I happen to know that, at least in one quarter, your excellent qualities are fully admired, and, indeed, I may say you yourself are loved."

Could any words have been plainer? M'Quantigan was within an ace of dropping on his knees, and saying something which would have brought the interview to a very strange conclusion. But something in the lady's air — something much more easy to detect than to define — kept him from taking her quite at her word, encouraging as that word was.

"Well, ma'am," he said, "would some kind angel tell me where this comfort is to be found?"

"Ah, Mr. M'Quantigan, you're like all men — very vain, I see.. Now I'll leave it to you to find out for yourself. And (of course we are both aware that what I am now going to say has nothing to do with what I *was* saying) — and I very much wish, Mr. M'Quantigan. to ask after a certain young lady now in Wales — I mean, Miss Roberts."

"Miss Roberts!" The excellent Murphy was startled indeed. If Mrs. Ferrier knew how lately he had seen "Miss Roberts," she almost certainly knew the tie between them, and, therefore, the shameful history of his former life. Had she brought him into her house only to convict and denounce him? No, that was absurd. If she wished to marry him (and she had all but said so now), it hardly mattered whether his former career was known to her or not.

"Yes, Mr. M'Quantigan, I know all about you and Miss Roberts. I know that you and she are bound together by no common tie. Now, am I not right?"

"Right, Mrs Ferrier? — to be sure, you're right altogether. But may I just ask how you know?"

"Oh, I heard it from one of the family — from the young lady's aunt, in short. And I know that your claim is a rightful one, and that you have, in fact, received great encouragement."

"He speaks very confidently," she was thinking all the while; "and I don't think he'd readily give her up. Let me get them to exchange some words, which can be shown to that obstinate Richard of mine; or (better still) let me contrive for him to catch them together, and I shall gain the day, after all."

He was quick in replying to her latest remark.

"Encouragement, did you say I'd got from her, Mrs. Ferrier? Well you see, as things were, she had no choice but to encourage me. To do anything else would have brought on an exposure, you see. She did the only wise thing she could, and it'll be better for both, I trust."

"The worst that even I expected," poor Mrs. Ferrier exclaimed within herself. The wretched girl has parted with every shred of character, and this man talks quite coolly of it to me! Oh dear, oh dear; what depravity! But it's all the better for my purpose, and I really wish Richard had done no worse." "But now, excuse me, Mr. M'Quantigan," she again addressed him. "But I know and admire Miss Roberts; and have the highest respect for you. I should be truly glad. — well, now, I'll not be so rude as to be personal, — suppose we say it would be an exceedingly good thing, if Miss Roberts were married very soon. Now, what, M'Quantigan, do you say to that?"

Mr. M'Quantigan thought a moment or two before he said anything. Why should this lady care to see Miss Roberts married? Why, doubtless, because she wished to guard against having a step-daughter thrust on her after her marriage.

Mrs. Ferrier was more calculating and less impulsive in her passion towards him, than her self-presumed husband-elect had thought her to be. He must let the plum fairly drop into his mouth, and refrain from plucking it, even with the gentlest twitch. Meantime, he might regulate his answers according to her manifest wish in each case.

"Miss Roberts married very soon — Eva married very soon, Mrs. Ferrier? Why, I say that I know it to be a very likely thing to happen, indeed."

"But it can hardly happen without *you*, Mr. M'Quantigan."

"That's very right and very true, Mrs. Ferrier. It ought not, indeed. But it shall happen *with* me."

"Well, now, Mr. M'Quantigan, just to put all manner of joking aside, and come to point the at once. As one, who led a very happy married life herself, while it lasted, I feel for all who are lonely in the world, and should like to make them happy, if I might: — and — allow me to tell you that I have a little money of my own."

At this point he really rose from his chair, and knelt down and kissed her hand.

"Blessed angel, that you are! I'll love you for ever and ever!"

"Poor man!" she only thought. "There's an honest warmth in his gratitude, that shows how desperately he longs for the means of marrying her. He'll come to no good with her, but it will be his own doing."

There was one other thing. Did Miss Eva's Irish admirer know of her absconding and robbing her uncle and aunt? If not, he might now be in ignorance where she was. So she promptly asked him if he were just now in correspondence with Miss Roberts.

"I hear from her almost every day," was his reply, dictated by the implied desire for an affirmative answer.

"Well, then, Mr. M'Quantigan, as you do not appear offended at my meddling with your affairs, I should very much like to see her positive promise to be married on a certain day. I have so great a dislike to any uncertainty in these cases; — and —

and if you could really let me see *that*, then I would think what I could do with the little money that I said I had."

Mr. Murphy did not quite like the idea of adjourning his own good fortune until his daughter could be married, young and handsome though she were; so he proffered a compromise.

"If you'll only believe my word, my dearest madame, I assure you that she shall never come to trouble you from the happy hour which makes us man and wife."

"Oh, I wish her well, I am sure and under your protection I should be very glad to see her. I should feel myself safe, you know; — what am I saying? I mean, we should get on better."

"My sweetest lady, now only say what you'd have me do about her."

"Well, I think," said Mrs. Ferrier, who was getting rather fidgetty under the warmth of his Irish gratitude, "I think you really should tempt her to write to you something definite; not, perhaps, to fix a day, but just to say that — loving you as she must, she wishes to leave it all to you, and awaits your own intentions. Excuse me again, Mr. M'Quantigan, but I should like to be allowed to contribute to your happiness."

"Excuse *me*, you angel!" as he again took a kiss of her hand; "you shall just be contributing the whole and total sum — by my soul, you shall! Have you any Irish whiskey in the house?"

"'Irish whiskey?' Well, I don't know. Yes, I rather think my son had some when he was here; I'll inquire."

There was some whiskey, not Irish, but Scotch, and Mrs. Ferrier, a little afraid of her new and warm-hearted friend, excused herself from keeping him company while he addressed himself to it. She had a pressing engagement, she said.

And so she left him, happy in his foretaste of mastership in that same house. He had, indeed, some difficulty in believing that good fortune to be a real thing. Yet who could mistake what she had said? There was a singular inconsistency about her, it was true, and when she seemed most thoroughly to confide in him, in the very next moment she put on a look of coldest indifference. However, that might be the natural reaction of the violence her woman's nature had been doing itself.

His own course was very clear. He must get a promise from his daughter (and she would most likely give it for the asking), not to intrude herself upon him in any wise. And, fortified with this assurance, he might win at once a promise of another sort from the widow lady, who — somewhere or other — had seen and loved himself.

He was stopping at a very good hotel; almost as much of his latter life had been spent in such abodes as in residences of a more private kind, and his up-and-down life had made him acquainted with every grade of modern hostels, from the houses in which princes occasionally lodged to the grimy beer-shops where burglaries were planned and arranged, and husbands fought their wives.

In Mr. M'Quantigan's way home, he called at the Post-office, and inquired for letters.

There were only just two for him, and one of them was a bill. The other we will read. It was written in a feminine hand, and it took the Irishman a little while to read it through, which he did in the coffee-room of his hotel, when he reached it.

Thus ran the — to our main story — very important letter: —

"*Deverington Hall, Bridgewater,*
September 9, 1856.

"DEAR MURPHY, — It is too bad of you to grumble because I cannot at present send you any money. At least you know that I would not refuse you anything that I could possibly give you. But, really and truly, you ought to consider, that I have suffered and risked a great deal for your sake in time past; and the least you can do is to leave me in peace, until my position becomes a more assured one; and then, dearest Murphy, *you* may feel assured that I shall be anxious to bring back as much of the good old times as it will be safe and prudent for us to do. And now for the prospect which, I think, is fairly open to me. I often think of what those horrid aunts who brought me up were always saying one to another — 'I don't think Emma understands her position;' 'I don't think Emma is aware that she will have to gain a living by her own exertions.'

"This was all their talk if I complained of getting up to practise the piano at six in the morning, while *they* lay in bed until noon. If the said Emma, now more than thirty, understands her *present* position; — this it is — I shall be the second Mrs. Campion before the next winter is followed by another. Events have played into my hands. Just before our leaving town, that precious Emily's flirtation with young Larking (such a stupid young fellow!) came to the ears of her papa, who straightway took

her off on a visit to her aunt at Dieppe. If she — but not *he* — could have been dropped in the Channel by the way, it would have saved some trouble to the whole family, for she is a most tiresome and perverse girl. And though I have pretty well allowed her her own way (as the simplest and safest course), she is rather worse than better for the advantages she has had. But I cannot thank her sufficiently for provoking her papa to put her out of the way for a time. It has given me opportunities which I have improved — and last Thursday — only last Thursday, I got as decided an offer as a man with a wife yet living could possibly make me. I was suggesting that, my pupil being away from home, it might be no longer suitable for me to remain at the Hall. Then Mr. Campion fidgetted in his usual way, and asked me if I *objected* to remain. I told him that, with Deverington and its people my happiest recollections would ever be commingled. (And it was no great falsehood, for my life has been but a sorry affair.) Then my 'patron' went on — 'If, indeed, it be so, Miss Varnish, why cut yourself off from such associations so soon? The highest acknowledgment which a gentleman can make to a lady shall be laid at your feet, if you will a little longer brighten my gloomy house!' I believe you are aware what that means. I have told you more than once of Mrs. Campion's failing health, and queer ways; — how she runs away, at the sight of company, like a mouse before a cat; and the knowledge of this discourages company from coming at all. (It will be different by and by.) But this woman does perplex me not a little. She is not insane, and, as I am told, it is not so many years since she was as lively and as full of conversation as any lady in all the county. If she is not insane, what is she? My dear Murphy, you would oblige me, and (very likely) benefit yourself, if (as you know so many persons everywhere) you could tell me if anything queer is known or rumoured as to the Campion family. Looking forward as I do to entering that family myself, it greatly concerns me to know. And I will tell you my reasons for thinking that, somewhere or other, there is a very awkward family secret. One day, not very long ago, I was upstairs in Mrs. Campion's room (by the way, she hates me, and sees no more of me than she can avoid), and I was looking for a sheet of note-paper to write at her request. I happened to put my hand on a drawer in a standing desk. She almost screamed out to me to let it alone. She said, 'Don't touch that! You shall not touch that! Nobody shall look at that while I am alive!' I wondered if she were a female Bluebeard, and if the desk held the mouldering bones of her six victims. Then it seems that the property is, after all, not Mr. Campion's, but his brother's; though the brother appears really to have parted with his claims beyond the power of reasonably re-asserting them. I have seen him once. He is a very silent, unhappy-looking man, and fully bears out, in himself, the air of mystery which apparently enwraps the Campion family. To crown all, he is married, and his wife is — nobody seems to know where. He is Mr. Herbert Campion. My 'patron,' as you know, is Mr. Gerald Campion. Mrs. Gerald is thought to be failing fast. Moreover, any great shock might make an end of her at once. It is quite pitiable to hear of her changes backward and forward, from *his* lips: 'My poor wife appears to feel the heat a great deal.' 'This fine summer weather appears to benefit my poor wife.' It would be stupid to blame him because he has thought of a successor to her already. What with her illness and her whims (if, indeed, they are not something worse) she has left him virtually a widower for three or four years at least. She is just a corpse, only not so still.

"Remember what I ask you, dear Murphy, and at the same time, do not keep this letter. How glad I shall be to find myself in so comfortable a refuge at last! Our mutual friend, Miss Kelfinch, told me (you know when), that, though she could not retain me in her school, she would recommend me to somebody else. She did not know then of what a brilliant success she was laying the foundation-stone. I fear she would not have done as much if she had but known *all*. Yet all this family mystery fills me with a strange uneasiness. However, you will tell me anything you may hear. Write to me soon again.

"Yours always,

"EMMA VARNISH."

M'Quantigan complied with the request embodied in this letter, and destroyed it when he had twice or thrice read it.

Then he remembered that he had got a letter to write himself. It took him but a very few moments to scribble it off. It was written, as you will be prepared to hear, to Miss Roberts, Llynbwllyn Rectory, and it contained only these words: —

upon him, and, if we can, before any one else obtains speech of him. We do not know who may be watching to thwart us even now. Will you endeavour to contrive this meeting with him? We must come with all our documents ready to lay before him; and we must not allow him, angry and impatient as he will very likely be, to turn us out until he has heard every word we think proper to say to him. Are you of the same opinion with myself?"

"Entirely so; and I will do my utmost to carry out the plan you — I think, most wisely — propose. But, as it must be several weeks before we can see Mr. Campion, is there nothing to be done in the meantime? Is there no possible way of ascertaining *whose* contrivance has wrought all this error and mischief?"

"I do not see my way to that just now. The person most interested in making Mr. Campion appear childless is his brother Gerald. But he bears a name which should exempt him from suspicion, and we are not driven as of course to believe *him* guilty. We do not know into whose hands his brother may have fallen, or whose interest it may have been to detach him from his lawful family ties. You have looked into the Register, at Fulham, for the name of Mrs. Campion's child?"

"Yes; and I find that on the 14th of April, 1839, Teresa, the daughter of Herbert and Adela Campion, was baptised in due form. I also find her name in the Registry of Births as of one born in Fulham, on the 14th of March in that same year."

"Then our young friend is only in her eighteenth year?"

"So it would seem. She looks so much older that if the evidence of her identity were less strong, I confess I should entertain some doubt. But I do not see that the thing is incredible, as it is."

"Nor, indeed, do I. And now I recollect that her aunt Julia, to whom she bears so marvellous a resemblance, was thought very forward in appearance for her age. By the way, does Miss March — we had better continue to call her so, for the present — does she go back with you to Minchley?"

"Why, yes; I do not see what other plan we can pursue. But, for one or two reasons, I really wish we could hit on some other."

"Indeed! Will it be rude in me if I ask why?"

"I am only too glad to have such questions to answer. Why as it will scarcely surprise you to hear, of course there has been a good deal of gossip about Eva, and all this series of discovery and counter-discovery; and, for a time, it would be a great deal pleasanter if Eva could live away from Minchley. But I do not see how it is very well to be done. Now that we feel so certain that she is a real lady by birth and parentage, it would scarcely answer for her to be living with good Mrs. Check."

"No, to be sure not. My wife and I would gladly entertain her for any length of time; but Mrs. Dykhart's health hardly admits of our having visitors, and the Leyburns, I know, are going from home for several weeks. I was going to propose a plan of my own. I have an old aunt, of the name of Torring, living at Chelford, only a few miles from Deverington Hall, the seat of the Campions, you know. When I went to see her, about a month ago or more, she was wishing she could find some nice young lady to live with her as a companion. Now my aunt is a rather eccentric old lady; but I can answer for it that she would treat any young person living with her in such a capacity as her equal altogether. Now, if Miss March herself approved of this plan, should you object to her taking up her abode with my aunt for a time? It might procure her an entrance into the very society in which, if her rightful claims are ultimately made clear, it will be her place to move. Moreover, we do not know how much it might not assist in smoothing the way towards the discovery we both so much desire."

"True, I see much to commend the plan. If Eva likes the idea herself, I have no objection to offer on my side. I am not so sure that we shall get the acquiescence of Mrs. Ballow. She will think of all those terrible uncles in the story-books, who murder their nephews and nieces, as well as rob them. However, as my wife has determined that this affair must and shall arrive at a triumphant *denouement*, why, it would not be very consistent in her to feel seriously frightened."

"Then, if you will consult Mrs. Ballow and Miss March, I, meantime, will write to my aunt Torring; I know that if she has suited herself it must have been very recently."

Eva, uncomfortable at the idea of going back at once to curious, gossiping Minchley, caught rather eagerly at the proposal which Mr. Dykhart had made. Mrs. Ballow, when she heard of it, did certainly think it a venturesome one. However, all romances, with few exceptions, end well, and Eva's romance appeared to be going

according to precedent; and if any terrible incidents did come out of this journey into Somersetshire, they would issue in good, no doubt. So Mrs. Ballow wrote back, that she had no decided objection to offer to the scheme, which did, however, fill her with a lively anticipation of something horrible.

On the very same day which brought this letter from Minchley there came a letter from old Mrs. Torring, to say that she should have great pleasure, on her nephew's recommendation, in trying how she and Miss March were suited one to another.

And the upshot of all these arrangements was, that on Saturday, the 6th of September, Eva, escorted by Mrs. Check, went down into Somersetshire to Mrs. Torring, to remain during a month for certain, for such longer time as mutual liking and mutual convenience might render agreeable to both parties. It must not be imagined that Eva, all this while, was forgotten by her friends in Wales. It was not thought expedient, until the arrangements could be made complete, to inform Mr. Dowlas of the wealth in store for him. Not to make her continued absence from Tremallyoc too much of a wonder, Eva did inform him that she was endeavouring, with the advice and assistance of her lawyer, to contrive some concession in his favour. The nonentity of their relationship would not be made known to him until the other matters were all made ready.

To Mrs. Roberts Eva wrote, assuring her of a sufficient income for her own enjoyment; but warning her against acting as though she had become very rich. This caution was rendered necessary by the behaviour of the poor woman herself. For, as Mr. Lewis heard through old Miss Tudor, Mrs. Roberts was beguiling her lonely days by a series of tea-parties — tea-parties as gay as decorum allowed in a house out of which a funeral had so recently passed. Not as yet had she succeeded in showing the splendid tea-service to her sister's envying eyes. Mrs. Dowlas continued sulkily resentful, and that supreme drop of joy in Mrs. Roberts's cup, figurative and literal, was to remain untasted forever. But, as there was really no knowing to what extravagance this foolish woman might be tempted, on the strength of her daughter's fictitious heirship, it was a positive duty to give her some idea that things were not as she supposed.

A day or two before Miss March went down into Somersetshire, she received a letter from Mr. Dowlas, in which he spoke of Murphy M'Quantigan. He reminded Eva how he had promised her, as a means of securing Susanna against any approaches of the Irishman, to make some few inquiries as to the recent life of the great Protestant advocate. He now could tell her that his inquiries had issued in a result at once painful and pleasing. Painful, inasmuch as they revealed fresh wickedness in a man already known to be so wicked; pleasing, inasmuch as they afforded a means of guarding Mrs. Roberts against him. "I learn," Mr. Dowlas wrote, "that this unhappy man, employing his old pretence of controversial zeal, obtained, some few years ago, an employment connected with a ladies' school (I believe he taught Latin and one or two other things): but what chiefly concerns us is, that some very questionable intercourse between himself and one of the under-teachers there compelled the mistress at once to dismiss them both. And, should he persecute your mother with any serious proposals, it will be something to have this matter against him. Your accession to so much wealth is likely, I fear, to bring him upon you, when he hears of it. It is sad to speak to you of your father as of your enemy; but we are both agreed that all your duty is due to your *innocent* parent. My children send you their best love."

Eva was glad to be assured that, in about a week, the whole truth of the affair would be just as well known to the family in Wales as to herself.

The evening was coming on, when she entered the town of Chelford, in the fly which had brought her from Bridgewater station. Mrs. Torring lived in an old-fashioned house in the outskirts of the quiet little town. Mrs. Check and Eva alighted at the gate, and the luggage was carried in through the little garden in front to the house-door. At that door stood Mrs. Torring. She was scarcely a woman whom you would pass at any time without regarding, and Eva, of course, was disposed to look at her attentively.

She was decidedly tall. She carried her eighty-four years as well as ever so great a number was borne since the days of our sojourn shrank to their present brief span. She was very nearly as upright as she could have been at twenty. She wore her own hair, white as wool, but abundant in quantity. Almost as white was the tint of her face, and though you could scarcely say that her features carried so much as the relics of any beauty; yet, so gently had the hand of time passed over them, that, with the tale of years which was written on

them, they were most attractive now. She walked wonderfully; her eyesight was good, and her hearing would have been quick for a person in the prime of life. Eva had been warned to expect that, with manners fundamentally good, this lady mingled a few eccentricities. She found the warning available at the very first. When she approached the door, at which Mrs. Torring was standing, the old lady gave utterance to her apparent astonishment in one emphatic — "Law!"

Eva scarcely knew what to say on her side. But she was presently greeted very intelligibly and warmly.

"Well, my dear, I'm very glad to see you, and I hope we shall get on well together. I had no idea you were so very pretty. I was never so pretty as you are, but I'll tell you what — I was once as young; yes, I was indeed. And how old do you think I am now? Why I'm eighty-four; and I've had a very comfortable life, and am very well off in my old age. Well, now come in, and have your tea, and Patterson shall show you up to your room. Why, who have you got here?"

Eva presented Mrs. Check, and Mrs. Torring, with peremptory hospitality, insisted that Eva's escort should remain with her until the Monday, which arrangement was accepted. Eva made a movement towards the staircase.

"Law, Patterson!" said her mistress, "why, you look as if you'd lost your wits. Show the young lady to her room, and look out to see where you can put the old one."

Mrs. Patterson, who really had been looking as one from whom the present has vanished, and whose thoughts are gone back into the past, now started, as one suddenly awakened, and performed her duty towards Eva. Miss March knew that servants are not always well disposed towards persons in the capacity in which she had come to Chelford, and she was very much relieved to find Mrs. Torring's principal servant so extremely attentive. Patterson seemed to take a positive pleasure in consulting her as to every little arrangement involved in the taking possession of her room. She looked at Eva, and watched the replies which her questions called forth, just like some one waiting for the responses of a mighty oracle. It would have been an attention almost oppressive, only that Eva's expectations had rather run the other way, and so the disappointment could not be too complete.

After a brief toilette, Eva joined the old lady in her drawing-room, and they had their tea. It was a pleasant room, with a little of that preciseness which we associate rather with old maids than with old widows. But Mrs. Torring had never had any children. She was the widow of a colonel, had seen a great deal of the world in her time, and, what had now become a distinction very rare, had visited France before the Revolution. She talked, during tea, of this and kindred matters. When it was over, she entered on things more directly concerning the immediate present.

The old lady sat back in an arm-chair, with a large book on an easel before her; but she was not reading.

"Well, my dear, now I've got a question to ask you. How do you think you shall like me?"

"I *think* I shall like you very well," Eva said, taking Mrs. Torring at her word, and giving her a direct reply.

"You think you will? Well, I'm very glad to hear you say so, because it's not everybody that does like me. There's Miss Varnish, at Deverington Hall, she doesn't like me in the least; she knows I've found her out."

"A friend of yours?" Eva asked, feeling that she must say something.

"A friend of mine! No — nasty creature! I hope I know her a little better. She's a nasty, wily, slimy thing. I as good as told her so when she was last here. What do you think she's doing? Why, making love to her master, or whatever you may call him, while his wife is still alive. There, my dear, now what do you think of such conduct as that?"

"Why, I think, Mrs. Torring, it cannot be too severely condemned. But on that very account, one should be quite sure before accusing anybody of it."

"Well, my dear; you're right to say so. I consider that remark of your's a very wise and proper one. Yes, my dear, I do. You know we are told never to speak evil one of another. But, as for that nasty thing, we'll have her some day, and then you shall see for yourself."

Eva felt no particular interest in the blame which might or might not attach to the aspiring Miss Varnish. Knowing how bitterly and unjustly she herself had been credited with matrimonial intriguing, she was, perhaps, rather inclined to disbelieve such accusations, and to support those against whom they might be levelled. But the name of Deverington Hall had a very great interest indeed for Eva. Before parting with her Minchley friends on

the previous day she had been entrusted with a full knowledge of all the facts in Mr. Ballow's own possession, and likewise of all the suppositions which had been built upon them. And she had been recommended, in case the chance was offered her, to accept, by all means, the acquaintance of Deverington Hall and its inmates. That such an opportunity would be offered her at all Mrs. Campion's morbid state rendered somewhat improbable.

THE RUSSIAN STEPPE. — Not unlike our own western prairies, the Russian steppe consists of a vast illimitable plain, its monotonous expanse stretching away in every direction to the horizon, never broken by a hill or even a tree, but undulating like an ocean whose waves have suddenly been arrested. For thousands and thousands of miles these gentle undulations succeed one another, such a sameness pervading the landscape, that, at last, though the traveller knows that his horses are galloping on and he sees the wheels of his car turn round, yet he seems fastened to the same spot, unable to make any progress. Not even a bush is to be seen on the level ground, not a rivulet is to be heard, but here and there in the hollow are tall green reeds and scattered willows, where sullen rivers flow slowly along between sandy banks. So far do these desolate tracts extend that it has been declared that a calf born at the foot of the great wall of China might eat its way along till it arrived a well-fattened ox, on the banks of the Dneister. In the spring the steppe possesses a peculiar charm of its own. The grass is then comparatively soft, and of a dazzling green. Here and there, literally, "you cannot see the grass for flowers," "for they grow in masses, covering the ground for acres together, hyacinths, crocusses, tulips, and mignionette. The air is fresh and exhilarating, the sky is clear and blue, and the grass rings with the song of innumerable birds. In some districts the steppe retains for a length of time the beauty with which spring has clothed it, but in the interior, where rain is unknown, when summer comes, the pools and water-courses dry up, and the earth gradually turns dry, and hard and black. Shade is utterly unknown; the heat is everywhere the same. At morn and eve the sun rises and sets like a globe of fire, while in the noontide it wears a hazy appearance, due to the dust which pervades the atmosphere like smoke. The herds grow lean and haggard, and the inhabitants appear wrinkled and melancholy and darkened by the constant dust to an almost African hue. In the autumn the heat lessens, the dust-colored sky becomes once more blue, and the black earth green, the haze gathers into clouds, and the setting sun covers the sky with the splendor of gold and crimson. With September this phase ends. No yellow cornfields, no russet leaves, throw a glory over the later portion of the year; but October comes in wet and stormy, and soon after winter arrives, cold and terrible, sweeping the plains with hurricanes and snowstorms.

MEMOIRES D'UNE ENFANT. Par Madame Michelet. (Hachette.) — In this volume the wife of the eminent French historian tells, in a charmingly brilliant, though artless style, and with genuine though ingenuous feeling, the story of an interesting childhood, made somewhat gloomy through the coldness of her mother and the want of genial playmates. She was the second girl, and remembers so minutely all the drawbacks of her infancy, that we can understand now why second girls are so often a little unhappy, whilst the first-born becomes the companion of her mother. Madame Michelet gives us, with a dramatic simplemindedness, the key to many traits in childhood which so few of us can thoroughly interpret or analyze, because few of us have any but a rather dim recollection of what we thought and felt long years ago. The writer's story of her first doll, which she had to manufacture herself out of scraps of wood and rags and a little bran, is almost tragic; the reader follows it with the lively interest which he would bestow on a plot contrived by the grown-up people in a half-sensational novel. The bright spot in this sad childhood is the unbounded, almost idolatrous love, which the affectionate child bears to her old father. The life of this adventurous father, who was with Toussaint l'Ouverture at St. Domingo, and with Napoleon at the Isle of Elba; who fought in the ranks of negroes, and married, after forty, his young pupil, the fourteen-years-old daughter of an American slave-owner; who lived at Montauban, and went to die at Cincinnati, is related with enthusiastic affection, and was, indeed, worth relating. Although Madame Michelet belongs to the school of sentimental writers, she is so superior to them in graceful vigour and terseness of style, genial openheartedness, boldness of expression, and frankness of feeling, that she has made of the analysis of a child's sentiments a philosophical and almost manly book.

From the Spectator.

THE CLOTHES OF THE MIND.

Mr. Ernst Schulz's very extraordinary entertainment at the Egyptian Hall is something more than a mere amusement. Any one who has seen the forty-eight utterly different transformations through which the young German's sensible, observant, slightly humorous, not otherwise very remarkable face passes in the course of the ninety-six minutes or so during which the entertainment lasts, — just one transformation for every two minutes of the time, — will be dull if he does not begin asking himself a dozen different and not very easily answerable questions on the secret of mental clothes, the mode in which one and the same mind, in one and the same body, manages to assume and throw off this immense variety of widely separated moral costumes, ranging from the stupid, pudgy pride of the wealthy English Philistine, to the wild animal pride, deeply seamed with animal cares, of the Red Indian Chief. Of course in such a character as the Chief of the Fox Indians Mr. Schulz gives himself the help of head-dress and costume; but in several of the changes through which his face passes, there is absolutely no alteration even in the arrangement of his hair, the whole transformation being due to the alteration in the attitude and lines of his face, the altered curve of the eyebrows and the lips, the angle at which the head is held, or thrown back or forwards, and the lines, deep or shallow, into which he ploughs his pliant countenance. Take, for instance, his representation of what he calls the phlegmatic temperament, — a full front, sallow face, with very few lines, hair brushed to the back, lips full, chin slightly heavy, eyes not closed, but only half open, great display of ears, big white cravat, and very little neck, and compare it with just the same front face, as he gives it us in his ideal Professor, the hair arranged in precisely the same way, no addition whatever, except in the blue-rimmed spectacles, a white cravat not very different in magnitude from that of the phlegmatic man, and yet without even a family likeness of expression between the two faces. The whole difference consists in the open, bright, twinkling eyes, which peer out eagerly through the professorial spectacles, the slightly distended, dogmatic nostrils, which seem to quiver with positive assertion, and the horizontally elongated mouth, which thins out the lips and draws them wide, sending away from the corners elliptic curves, with the long axis horizontal. In the phlegmatic man's face, on the contrary, the under lip is thick and prominent, throwing a deep shadow on the chin, and the only line is that which seems to divide the double chin, — the true chin from the underhanging flesh. Here the whole character of the very same face is altered without even a change of hair or beard, or the slightest alteration in the angle at which it is seen, from a type of the most abstract dogmatic activity, — square with the acute inculcation of positive teaching, — into one of gross phlegmatic heaviness, that would seem to be not only of a much lower type of culture, but of a coarser family stock. Mr. Schulz's own natural face, though much younger and less lined altogether, is no doubt nearer to that of the professor, — a German professor, by the way, — than to "the phlegmatic man," of whom he has very little trace indeed in his natural composition; but no one would suspect his very close personal relationship to either of the two characters, if they did not know it beforehand. One of his most efficient expedients in effecting these changes is, — that after he has thrown his face into the deep, artificial lines which he chooses for the moment to assume, he casts upon it, thus metamorphosed, a very much intenser light than any which is ever thrown upon his own natural face, the effect of which is very much to heighten all the lights and deepen all the shadows, so that the newly assumed expression is enormously intensified as compared with what it would express in an ordinary light. If any one has ever noticed how much any even common expression of pleasure, or awe, or misery is intensified by a flash of lightning suddenly passing over the face which wears it, he will get some slight conception of one of the most important means of Mr. Schulz's wonderful self-transformations. We observed repeatedly that, after he had assumed his new aspect, we could still trace clearly enough Mr. Schulz's own natural expression beneath the new one, until the intense light of the lamps was cast upon it, when the natural Mr. Schulz entirely vanished, and the expression he had assumed was so greatly intensified as to swallow up, as it were, the natural face beneath. So, a room with a new window thrown out will look at first, even in the dusk, half strange and half familiar, but if a blaze of light is let in through it, the whole effect of the room is so changed by the emphasis thus

given to this new feature of it, that you can barely recognize the old features at all.

It is curious to notice how much of our natural interpretation of the meaning of certain lines and attitudes of the face depends not so much on those lines and attitudes themselves, as on the context in which we find them, and which is made to suggest to us an interpretation of its own. In one part of his entertainment Mr. Schulz takes a framework of painted cardboard, or some substance of that nature, representing various head-dresses, such as a monthly nurse's, a scolding elderly female's in a bonnet with yellow strings, a fascinating spinster's "of a certain age," and so forth, and frames his own face in it, so as to give a new marginal gloss or commentary as it were to the very same attitudes of face which he has before presented to us under no such disguise. The same thing is done later in the evening by the use of real head-dresses, — turbans, feathers, &c. In each case the observer, preoccupied and retained as it were in favour of a special interpretation by the associations connected with the head-dress, whether painted or real, construes the very same lines and expressions of countenance which seemed to say one thing when they stood alone, into quite a different meaning when he is prejudiced by this external commentary. Thus two of Mr. Schulz's representations are really, if you compare the countenances alone — the mere lines and expressions of the face — precisely alike, — the one which he calls, we think, "the genial man," and in which he is unaided by adventitious costume and framework, and the one in which he represents the amiable spinster whom he calls Miss Evelina Matilda Peablossom. Put your hand over the hair and neck-tie of the photograph of the one, and over the ringlets and lace of the photograph of the other, and precisely the same features in precisely the same posture, and lined with precisely the same lines, remain; yet while the one picture seems to express a self-satisfied smirk of self-love overflowing into general approbation and good humour, the other seems to express a (rather vulgar) admiration felt for another, overflowing into a certain limited measure of humble satisfaction with herself. The long ringlets are alone answerable for this difference of impression. Long ringlets so uniformly plead for approbation, and are so expressive not of self-confidence, but of plaintive requests for admiration, that they put a new gloss on the smirk of the features, and turn it from the excess of self-esteem into the imploring hope of female vanity that it has not quite failed.

The least interesting and yet perhaps most popular part of the entertainment is the exhibition of the various kinds of beards and moustaches which Mr. Schulz manages to exhibit by means of an optical apparatus, which casts the appearance of a very black beard or moustache of any shape he chooses, on his face, from which it vanishes again at a touch like a shadow of a cloud on the appearance of the sun. The only intellectual interest this part of the exhibition has, is not in itself, — for there is nothing but the novelty of the optical delusion which is its method to distinguish it from the disguising effect of false beards and moustaches, in which none but children would take much interest, — but in the illustration it gives us of the absolute externality of the whole machinery of expression. When you see the great, rough, black "democratic beard," as Mr. Schulz calls it, cloud the air for a moment with a shadowy flicker, and then settle in a solid grove on the face, and again at a touch dissipate into the air and leave it as white and pale as ever, we can scarcely help realizing not only that the special gleams of expression which Mr. Schulz brings and banishes at pleasure are equally shadows, and still more of intellectual shadows, but that the mind sits as loose to the mechanism of expression, worked through the movement of its own features, as it does to that worked by casting external shadows upon the face, or making itself in actual costumes. When Mr. Schulz, in imitating "the pious man," makes himself — no doubt without knowing it — look so absurdly like Lord Shaftesbury in a moment of lugubrious devotion, or, in imitating "the melancholy man," makes himself the image of an acquaintance of ours who was once melancholy mad, it is impossible not to fancy that Mr. Schulz might, if he pleased, almost live one distinct life in his own mind, and quite a different apparent life in the external world; that to himself he might be known, for instance, as a man never even for a moment content with his position, while to the world he might live as a man abounding in pride and self-elation; or that to himself he might be known as an acute and vigilant observer, while he could seem to the world a model of absolute inanity. He makes us feel, at all events, that with him the expression assumed by the face is almost as voluntary as the costume assumed by the person, that

he could as easily put on the one as the other, and become a Fox Indian to Fox Indians, or a monthly nurse to monthly nurses, as he can be a German physiognomist to his audience at the Egyptian Hall. The most curious question which his entertainment suggests, is this: — Has the character of each man a natural dress of its own beyond and over itself, as the body has? — is a certain costume of expression, which covers and conceals without properly disguising the true character, the *natural* clothing of a civilized mind, or is it the very character itself, the naked individual character, without dress of any sort, which should come out in the expression of sincere men? For our parts, we believe that just as it is natural with all civilized men to wear clothes, and clothes are not an insincerity, but a decency of the body; — so that it is natural with all civilized minds to wear moral clothes; and that moral clothes, — that is, moral lines of expression which express something more than the mere individual man, moral lines of expression which, while they are individual enough to tell the intellectual stature, and the capacities, and the nature of the individual, still veil from the eye of others the inmost individuality, — are not an insincerity or mask, but a decency of the mind. Mr. Schulz himself, while putting on all sorts of moral masks and dominoes over his own personal moral costume, never took that off to show the absolute individual stripped of all moral conventions beneath. And the eras in any history or society when men are disposed to throw off all the national and conventional *dress* of character, as we may call it, and expose the naked individuality beneath, are usually eras of danger, revolution, and national shame.

From the London Review.

DR. STARK ON CELIBACY.

In the story of "Kavanagh" we find a schoolmaster who sketches a plan of arithmetic by which that dry study may be rendered as interesting as a romance. From the last reports of the Scottish Register Office we learn that the death rate among bachelors is double what it is among married men between the ages of twenty-five and thirty: between thirty and thirty-five it remains at nearly the same proportion; while on the whole, taking married and single in the lump, husbands live twenty years longer than unmated gentlemen. Now if we take these statistics to be correct, they give rise to one or two curious reflections. Is the superior duration a direct effect from the cause? We forget if Cornaro included matrimony among his receipts for longevity; but it is evident that after Dr. Stark's announcement, a modern Cornaro must do so. We must marry to live. Whatever be the risks that surround the more complete state they are altogether overbalanced by a lengthened lease of existence. It is better to be worried by a vixen than be shuffled off before our time. It is, literally, either "death or Anastasia," as Morton puts it. Dr. Stark should have had his *carte* taken before Valentine's-day with Azrael standing by him, and demanding of a bachelor, "Your marriage certificate or your life." We are certain the design would have been eminently popular with young ladies. There is a story of a prescription for a king in the Old Testament, to which we need not more directly advert than to say it touches the subject we are upon. Another grace is bestowed on the sex. They are more than ever our preservers. We can love them now as we do ourselves. Hygiene shakes hands with Hymen. But what if Dr. Stark's figures bear a different interpretation? Suppose we regard the hecatomb of bachelors as an offering upon the shrine of blighted affection? Young men are jilted, and die of it. Their more fortunate friends bask in the heat of the domestic hearth, while poor "Tom's a-cold," "Tom all alone" shivering in the dreary world without, until he is carted off under the direction of an economical Necropolis Company. Indeed, this suggests to us that bachelors could not do better than combine for the purpose of interring each other as cheaply as possible. Dr. Stark puts matters in a way that there is no shirking. He does not say whom or what you are to marry, but widow or maid you must engage with, if your career is not to be cut down to half its legitimate extent. The reason of the wonderful difference is certainly not on the surface. Bachelors are not invariably rakes; and a modern bachelor well schooled in the modes of pleasure knows how to enjoy them with as little detriment to his health as possible. It is said that a man with asthma survives that complaint for an intolerable period; but we refrain from associating his powers of endurance with those of a father of a family. A bachelor should have few cares even if he keeps late

hours. Then we have heard of "old" bachelors; is the race threatened with extinction? The more we look at Dr. Stark's sums the more they puzzle us. His bachelors, for we are tempted to believe that he is in a measure the proprietor of the lot he makes an example of must be an entirely different set from those we are accustomed to meet. What kills them? And when we have asked that question we should like to know why they apparently prefer sudden death to lingering matrimony. Dr. Stark with a grim exactness, holds out this warning scroll of mortality, which we have no doubt will be made a text sheet by mothers with marriageable daughters. It comes opportunely at the commencement of the season. Can meerschaum or the cigars of Havana be the cause of the mischief? Would a latch-key unlock the mystery? Do bachelors pine at lonely moments in chambers and lodgings, and then expire of broken hearts? Dr. Stark should have informed us of the number of young ladies who live and die unwon. He should have set one column off against the other. We are curious on this point, or rather curious as to the manner in which Dr. Stark would make it, for our own Registrar-General has never produced the startling effects of the Scotch statistician, although he has cast up very similar accounts.

In Scotland, Dr. Stark's native ground, there is a bold indecision on the subject of marriage which periodically affects the returns of births. But Scotland is a very pious country, and the good people do not mind trifles as long as they observe the Sabbath, and keep music out of the churches. We trust, however, that the fatal influence of celibacy, as shown by Dr. Stark, will have an effect upon those incidental moralities which do *not* include the crime of whistling in the streets on Sundays. For us the figures are pregnant with conviction if we could only be satisfied as to their correctness. Figures, after all, are nothing if not correct, and when Dr. Lankester pronounced his sweeping opinion on the women of London, it made every difference in the force of it to find that he was only half right. If Dr. Stark is right, bachelors should literally marry in haste in the teeth of the rest of the saw. If Dr. Stark is wrong, they do not lose much after all for taking the course suggested by his calculations.

From the Saturday Review.

WOMEN'S HEROINES.

A Vigorous and pertinacious effort has of late years been made to persuade mankind that beauty in women is a matter of very little moment. As long as literature was more or less a man's vocation, an opposite tendency prevailed; and a successful novelist would as soon have thought of flying as of driving a team of ugly heroines through three volumes. The rapid and portentous increase of authoresses changed the current of affairs. As a rule, authoresses do not care much about lovely women; and they must naturally despise the miserable masculine weakness which is led captive by a pretty face, even if it be only upon paper. They can have no patience with such feebleness, and it may well seem to them to be a high and important mission to help to put it down. It became, accordingly, the fashion at one time among feminine writers of fiction to make all their fascinating heroines plain girls with plenty of soul, and to show, by a series of thrilling love adventures, how completely in the long run the plain girls had the best of it. There is a regular type of ideal young lady in women's novels, to which we have at last become accustomed. She is not at all a perfect beauty. Her features are not as finely chiselled as a Greek statue; she is taller, we are invariably told, than the model height, her nose is *retroussé*; and "in some lights" an unfavorable critic might affirm that her hair was positively tawny. But there is a well of feeling in her big brown eyes, which when united to genius, invariably bowls over the hero of the book. And the passion she excites is of that stirring kind which eclipses all others. Through the first two volumes the predestined lover flirts with the beauties who despise her, dances with them under her eye, and wears their colours in her presence. But at the end of the third an expressive glance tells her that all is right, and that big eyes and a big soul have won the race in a canter. Jane Eyre was perhaps the first triumphant success of this particular school of art. And Jane Eyre certainly opened the door to a long train of imitators. For many years every woman's novel had got in some dear and noble creature, generally underrated, and as often as not in embarrassed circumstances, who used to capture her husband by sheer force of genius, and by pretending not to notice him when he came into the room. Some pleasant womanly enthusiasts

even went further, and invented heroines with tangled hair and inky fingers. We do not feel perfectly certain that Miss Yonge, for instance, has not married her inky Minervas to nicer and more pious husbands, as a rule, than her uninky ones. The advantage of the view that ugly heroines are the most charming is obvious, if only the world could be brought to adopt it. It is a well-meant protest in favour of what may be called, in these days of political excitement, the "rights" of plain girls. It is very hard to think that a few more freckles or a quarter of an inch of extra chin should make all the difference in life to women, and those of them who are intellectually fitted to play a shining part in society or literature may be excused for rebelling against the masculine heresy of believing in beauty only. Whenever such women write, the constant moral they preach to us is that beauty is a delusion and a snare. This is the moral of Hetty in *Adam Bede*, and it is in the unsympathetic and cold way in which Hetty is described that one catches glimpses of the sex of the consummate author of the story. She is quite alive to Hetty's plump arms and pretty cheeks. She likes to pat her and watch her, as if Hetty were a cat, or some other sleek and supple animal. But we feel that the writer of *Adam Bede* is eyeing Hetty all over from the beginning to the end, and considering in herself the while what fools men are. It would be unjust and untrue to say that George Eliot in all her works does not do ample justice, in a noble and generous way, to the power of female beauty. The heroines of *Romola* and *Felix Holt* prove distinctly that she does. But one may fairly doubt whether a man could have painted Hetty. When one sees the picture, one understands its truth; but men who draw pretty faces usually do so with more enthusiasm.

A similar sort of protest may be found lurking in a great many women's novels against the popular opinion that man is the more powerful animal, and that a wife is at best a domestic appanage of the husband. Authoresses are never weary of attempts to set this right. They like to prove, what is continually true, that feminine charms are the lever that moves the world, and that the ideal woman keeps her husband and all about her straight. In religious novels woman's task is to exercise the happiest influence on the man's theological opinions. Owing to the errors he has imbibed from the study of a false and shallow philosophy, he sees no good in going to church twice on Sundays, or feels that he cannot heartily adopt all the expressions in the Athanasian creed. It is the heroine's mission to cure this mental malady; to point out to him, from the impartial point of view of those who have never committed the folly of studying Kant or Hegel, how thoroughly superficial Kant and Hegel are; and to remind him by moonlight, and in the course of spiritual flirtation on a balcony, of the unutterable truths in theology which only a woman can naturally discern. We are far from wishing to intimate that there is not a good deal of usefulness in such feminine points of view. The *argumentum ad sexum*, if not a logical, is often no doubt a practical one, and women are right to employ it whenever they can make it tell. And as it would be impossible to develop it to any considerable extent in a dry controversial work, authoresses have no other place to work it in except in a romance. What they do for religion in pious novels, they do for other things in productions of a more strictly secular kind. There is, for instance, a popular and prevalent fallacy that women ought to be submissive to, and governed by, their lords and masters. In feminine fiction we see a very wholesome reaction against this mistaken supposition. The hero of the female tale is often a poor, frivolous, easily led person. When he can escape from his wife's eye, he speculates heavily on the Stock Exchange, goes in under the influence of evil advisers for every sort of polite swindling, and forgets, or is ill-tempered towards, the inestimable treasure he has at home. On such occasions the heroine of the feminine novel shines out in all her majesty. She is kind and patient to her husband's faults, except that when he is more than usually idiotic her eyes flash, and her nostrils dilate with a sort of grand scorn, while her knowledge of life and business is displayed at critical moments to save him from ruin. When every one else deserts him, she takes a cab into the City, and employs some clever friend, who has always been hopelessly in love with her — and for whom she entertains, unknown to her husband, a Platonic brotherly regard — to intervene in the nick of time, and to arrest her husband's fall. In a story called *Sowing the Wind*, which has recently been published, the authoress (for we assume, in spite of the ambiguous assertion on the title-page, that the pen which wrote it was not really a man's) goes to very great lengths. The hero, St. John Alyott, is always snubbing and lecturing Isola, whom he married when she was half a child, and whom he treats as a child long after she has become a great

and glorious woman. He administers the doctrine of conjugal authority to her in season and out of season, and his object is to convert her into a loving feminine slave. Against this revolting theory her nature rebels. Though she preserves her wifely attachment to a man whom she has once thought worthy of better things, her respect dies away, and at last she openly defies him when he wants her, in contravention of her plain duty, not to adopt as her son a deserted orphan boy. At this point her character stands out in noble contrast to his. She does adopt the boy, and brings him to live with her in spite of all; and when St. John is unnaturally peevish at its childish squalling, Isola bears his fretful animadversions with a patient dignity that touches the hearts of all about her. Any husband who can go on preaching about conjugal obedience through three volumes to a splendid creature who is his wife, must have something wrong about his mind. And something wrong about St. John's mind there ultimately proves to be. It flashes across Isola that this is the case, and before long her worst suspicions are confirmed. At last St. John breaks out into open lunacy, and dies deranged — a fate which is partly the cause, and partly the consequence of his continual indulgence in such wild theories about the relations of man and wife. It is not every day that we have the valuable lesson of the rights of wives so plainly or so practically put before us, but when it is put before us, we recognise the service that may be conferred on literature and society by lady authors. To assert the great cause of the independence of the female sex is one of the ends of feminine fiction, just as the assertion of the rights of plain girls is another. Authoresses do not ask for what Mr. Mill wishes them to have — a vote for the borough, or perhaps a seat in Parliament. They do ask that young women should have a fair matrimonial chance, independently of such trivial considerations as good looks, and that after marriage they should have the right to despise their husbands whenever duty and common sense tell them it is proper to do so.

The odd thing is that the heroines of whom authoresses are so fond in novels are not the heroines whom other women like in real life. Even the popular authoresses of the day, who are always producing some lovely panthe ess in their stories, and making her achieve an endless series of impossible exploits, would not care much about a lovely pantheress in a drawing-room or a country-house; and are not perhaps in the habit of meeting any. The fact is that the vast majority of women who write novels do not draw upon their observation for their characters so much as upon their imagination. In some respects this is curious enough, for when women observe, they observe acutely and to a good deal of purpose. Those of them, however, who take to the manufacture of fiction have generally done so because at some portion of their career they have been thrown back upon themselves. They began perhaps to write when circumstances made them feel isolated from the rest of their little world, and in a spirit of sickly concentration upon their own thoughts. A woman with a turn for literary work who notices that she is distanced, as far as success or admiration goes, by rivals inferior in mental capacity to herself, flies eagerly to the society of her own fancies, and makes her pen her greatest friend. It is the lot of many girls to pass their childhood or youth in a somewhat monotonous round of domestic duties, and frequently in a narrow domestic circle, with which, except from natural affection, they may have no great intellectual sympathy. The stage of intellectual fever through which able men have passed when they were young is replaced, in the case of girls of talent, by a stage of moral morbidity. At first this finds vent in hymns, and it turns in the end to novels. Few clever young ladies have not written religious poetry at one period or other of their history, and few that have done so, stop there without going further. It is a great temptation to console oneself for the shortcomings of the social life around, by building up an imaginary picture of social life as it might be, full of romantic adventures and pleasant conquests. In manufacturing her heroines, the young recluse author puts on paper what she would herself like to be, and what she thinks she might be if only her eyes were bluer, her purse longer, or men more wise and discerning. In painting the slights offered to her favourite ideal, she conceives the slights that might possibly be offered to herself, and the triumphant way in which she would (under somewhat more auspicious circumstances) delight to live them down and trample them under foot. The vexations and the annoyances she describes with considerable spirit and accuracy. The triumph is the representation of her own delicious dreams. The grand character of the imaginary victim is but a species of phantom of herself, taken, like the German's camel, from the depths of her own self-conscious-

ness, and projected into cloudland. This is the reason why authoresses enjoy dressing up a heroine who is ill-used. They know the sensation of social martyrdom, and it is a gentle sort of revenge upon the world to publish a novel about an underrated martyr, whose merits are recognised in the end, either before or after her decease. They are probably not conscious of the precise work they are performing. They are not aware that their heroine represents what they believe they themselves would prove to be under impossible circumstances, provided they had only golden hair and a wider sphere of action. This is but another and a larger phase of a phenomenon which all of us have become familiar with who have ever had a large acquaintance with young ladies' poems. They all write about death with a pertinacity that is positively astounding. It is not that the young people actually want to die. But they like the idea that their family circle will find out, when it is too late, all the mistakes and injustices it has committed towards them, and that this world will perceive that it has been entertaining unawares an angel, just as the angel had taken flight upwards to another. The juvenile aspirant commences with revenging her wrongs in heaven, but it occurs to her before long that she can with equal facility have them revenged upon earth. Poetry gives way to prose, and hymnology to fiction. The element of self-consciousness, unknown to herself, still continues to prevail, and to colour the character of the heroines she turns out. Of course great authoresses shake themselves free from it. Real genius is independent of sex, and first-rate writers, whether they are men or women, are not morbidly in love with an idealized portrait of themselves. But the poorer and less worthy class of feminine novelists seldom escape from the fatal influence of egotism. Women's heroines, except in the case of the best artists, are conceptions borrowed, not from without, but from within. The consequence is that there is a sameness about them which becomes at last distasteful. The conception of the injured wife or the glorified governess is one which was a novelty fifteen or twenty years ago, while it cannot be said any longer to be lively or entertaining. As literature has grown to be a woman's occupation, we are afraid that glorified governesses in fiction will, like the poor, be always with us, and continue to the end to run their bright course of universal victory. The most, perhaps, that can be hoped is that they will in the long run take the wind out of the sails of the glorified adulteresses and murderesses which at present seem the latest and most successful efforts of feminine art.

From the Saturday Review, 2 March.

THE FRENCH YELLOW-BOOK.

The French Yellow-book scarcely professes to be more than a collection of the most presentable diplomatic despatches of the last year. No Frenchman, and none but the most sanguine foreigner, expects to find in it anything that is likely to ruffle the vanity of the great French nation. In the few correspondences which are allowed to filter through to the light, the Imperial Government is always triumphant, magnanimous, and candid, and at the end of every political episode seems to throw itself into the defiant attitude of the conjuror who has once more succeeded in swallowing a small sword, several live rabbits, and a lighted candle. The prodigious effect is produced or enhanced by a little gentle legerdemain. M. Moustier appears to have eaten up Mr. Seward, whereas in reality he has got the most indigestible part of him up his sleeve. Count Bismark and M. Ricasoli, in like manner, are seldom introduced except to thank His Imperial Majesty for the services he has rendered to civilization; while the rebuffs, the remonstrances, the protests, and the discourtesies are rigidly suppressed. Documents that have been penned by the French Foreign Office are given in moderate plenty; the documents addressed to it appear at occasional intervals; and considerable lacunæ testify to the astute vigilance of the official editor. A *résumeé* of the general political situation serves as a preface, and is an able and interesting production. After the exploits of the Imperial pen, come the achievements of the Imperial scissors; and the Yellow-book which follows is nothing better than a mutilated version of the history of the preceding twelve months.

The volume opens with despatches immediately preceding the outbreak of the German war. The French Government foresaw the storm that was on the eve of breaking, and in May, 1866, was making every effort to avert it. The English Foreign Office, with its usual pedantic stolidity,

was for putting an end to the danger by urging the irritated Courts of Berlin, Vienna, and Florence, in GOD's name, to keep the peace. The EMPEROR, like a man of sense, was aware that this truly British method of extinguishing a conflagration was a mere waste of energy and time. "Le Cabinet anglais," says M. DROUYN DE LHUYS, on May 13, "avait pensé que, pour décider les esprits à la paix en Allemagne aussi bien qu'en Italie, il suffirait de faire une démarche en commun à Vienne, Berlin, et Florence, en exhortant les trois cours à désarmer, et à régler à l'amiable leurs différends. Nous avons jugé que, réduite à ces termes la démarche qui nous était proposée resterait inefficace." The French Government substituted for so idle a scheme its own favourite nostrum of proposing a Congress to settle existing subjects of dispute. A triple invitation at its instance was despatched in the names of France, Russia, and Great Britain, and for a few days it seemed as if the plan of a Congress might be successful. Count BISMARK, with much sagacity, accepted it at once, and by his acceptance cleverly transferred to the shoulders of Austria the responsibility of the inevitable war. The Emperor of the FRENCH had pointed out three causes of European disquietude as fit subjects for international discussion — the Elbe Duchies, German Federal reform, and Venice. Fortunately for Germany and for the world, judicial blindness, as is common in such times, once again fell upon the Emperor of AUSTRIA and his advisers. Austria declined to entertain the offer except on the basis of a declaration, by each of the consenting Powers, that they would not propose anything tending to give to any of the parties to the Congress either "territorial aggrandizement or increase of power." Animated by a similar spirit, the Frankfort Diet accepted the French invitation with a reserve which rendered it wholly nugatory. The question of Federal Reform had always, they said, been a purely German question, and must continue to be treated as such — an assertion equally inaccurate as concerned the past, and unpractical as concerned the future. The mediating Cabinets were right in treating such answers as a "refusal in disguise;" and when the Diet almost simultaneously assumed to itself jurisdiction over the Schleswig-Holstein question by a formal declaration, friendly negotiations became fruitless. The war broke out, preceded by a circular despatch of NAPOLEON III., which deserves reperusal, inasmuch as it proves that the French Empire neither anticipated nor desired the resettlement of Germany at which it has since been compelled to feign satisfaction. In this State paper the EMPEROR avowed his hope of seeing the geographical position of Prussia strengthened in the North. But he also put forward a wish to see the German Confederation consolidated and powerful, and Austria still retaining to the last her "great position in Germany." When credit is now taken by the French Empire for having foreseen and promoted the "agglomeration of nations," it is right to recall to our minds this despatch. The Imperial plan was very different from the later gloss upon it. It aimed at making the division of Germany perpetual, by removing the immediate causes of conflict between Prussia and her neighbours. Willing to throw a bone or two to Prussia, in order to arrest her ambitious march, it still looked forward to a balance of power in Germany as the end to be indefatigably pursued. A Germany, like Italy, one and indivisible, so far from being a French ideal, was the one result which, by advising timely concession, France endeavoured to prevent. The rapid progress of the Prussian eagles rendered this policy abortive. Before the war the Imperial Government had counselled Austria to abandon Venitia, with the secret design of silencing Italy, and thus rendering Austria a match for Prussia in the North. The sudden cession of Venetia, after one battle on the Po, was hailed by the French Government as the last hope of accomplishing the same virtuous end, but the promptitude and good faith of Baron RICASOLI broke through the Imperial net, and contributed as much to the cause of German as of Italian homogeneity. All that France had now left to her was to make the best terms she could for the Austrian Empire. This she achieved without any ostentatious movement of French troops, as the French EMPEROR reminds us, but not without a considerable expenditure of diplomatic influence and effort, amounting to a veiled and courteous menace. Thanks to his potent intercessions, Austria lost no province, Saxony preserved her Royal Family, and Bavaria and Wurtemberg escaped Prussian vengeance. For so much the French Foreign Office has a right to take credit. So far as it assumes credit for anything beyond, it deceives — if indeed it does deceive — itself. True to its principle of suppressing what is disagreeable, the Yellow-book makes no mention of the clumsy demand made last autumn by M. DROUYN DE LHUYS for territorial compensation. Sud-

denly, at page 96, M. DROUYN DE LHUYS disappears, and the Marquis DE LA VALETTE, "Chargé par interim" of the French Foreign Office, signs the despatches in his stead. The Yellow-book consults its own dignity by consigning M. DROUYN DE LHUYS's last fatal blunder to decent official oblivion; but its information about the past year, as a natural consequence, is one-sided and incomplete.

Such is briefly the history of the German policy of France during 1866 — a history nowhere told in the published documents before us, but thinly and faintly disguised by them. On the subject of the recall of the Mexican expedition, the Yellow-book is far more fragmentary still. Its object appears to be to suggest that the EMPEROR has withdrawn his troops from Mexico by a spontaneous movement of his own, unaccompanied by any pressure from the United States. In order to bolster up this fiction, the American portion of the volume opens with a despatch of April 14, 1866, in which the Mexican Envoy is informed of the date fixed for the French departure. What has become of all the previous despatches of the winter and of the spring? The Yellow-book does not tell us, but takes refuge in a pregnant and suggestive silence. That there were despatches of great moment, which had previously been passing between Washington and Paris, we know from independent sources. With singular courage or imprudence the Yellow-book has left unmutilated some references to them in the subsequent correspondence; and the recent declaration of NAPOLEON III., that his withdrawal from Mexico is his own independent action, is contradicted by rare and scattered expressions which the editor of the Yellow-book has permitted to escape his vigilant eye. Thus, at page 336, we have mention of an "agreement" between the United States and France upon the subject of the "existing French intervention in Mexico." At page 344, M. MONTHOLON hopes to see vanish with the French occupation "the only question affecting the good relations between France and the United States." It is perfectly true that the French EMPEROR takes care that his Mexican plan for regenerating the Latin race shall fall to the ground with as much dignity as is possible. Once or twice he hints to Mr. SEWARD, that the more Mr. SEWARD hurries him the more he will be indisposed to hurry himself. But it is plain beyond a doubt that the French were bound to withdraw in the present spring by a convention as rigid as that which stipulated for the evacuation of Rome. From time to time we find Mr. SEWARD protesting beforehand against the possibility of its infraction. From time to time the EMPEROR reiterates his promise to keep his word, and is careful to explain away any military combinations which would seem to cast a doubt upon his sincerity. It is true perhaps that, in founding the Mexican Empire, France had only guaranteed to the Emperor MAXIMILIAN the presence of her auxiliary contingent for a limited period; and with much ingenuity French Ministers refer to this guarantee as proving that her present retrograde movement is part and parcel of her original design. This is not much of an argument. The fact that she had promised Mexico to stay as long as she has stayed is far far from showing that she has not been ultimately compelled to promise the Government of Washington to stay no longer. We are not at all anxious to make a point of the EMPEROR's Mexican failure. His original scheme, it is true, was a wild and unpractical one, but it must, on the other hand be confessed that he has shown tact and temper in abandoning it. What we are interested to mark is that in so simple a matter the Imperial Government does not tell France the naked and wholesome truth. The history of French policy in Mexico is as imperfectly told as the history of the French negotiations with Vienna and Berlin. And if these things are done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry? How can France be certain that her Executive is not equally uncandid with respect to its treatment of other diplomatic correspondence? Have the despatches upon the subject of Crete and the Danubian Principalities been as carefully weeded?

The perusal of a French Yellow-book compiled on such a principle tempts us to wonder whether all Governments are alike in their manipulation of diplomatic papers. What is our own English system, and what secret license do successive English Cabinets usurp? Have we behind the scenes no private and confidential negotiations the tenor of which is not, and is never intended to be, revealed? The speculation is a curious one, especially with respect to two distinct subjects — that of the *Alabama* claims, and that of the Eastern question. It would be instructive to learn to what extent the practice of private, as opposed to official, letter-writing is carried in our Foreign Office, and whether there are any — and, if any, what — limits imposed upon it.

CHAPTER XLI.

KENNETH MAKES SOME LITTLE ARRANGEMENTS.

WITH a slight inclination of his handsome insolent head, Kenneth took a chair opposite the old miller, who was seated so exactly in the same attitude and in the same spot as on the former occasion of a like unwelcome visit, that he looked like a faded picture of his former self.

Faded — and, as his wife expressed it, "doited" — with years, drink, and anxiety. She rose hastily, and in a hurried whisper, and with a slight but not unkindly shake of the old man's arm, she said,

"Mak' the best o' yeresel', Peter, — here's the Laird."

The old miller turned a stupefied gaze on the new-comers. Some dim consciousness of Maggie's ill-repressed emotion seemed to strike him, for addressing her first, he murmured, "What ails ye, Meg? What ails my bonnie lassie?" Then, feebly staring for a few seconds at Kenneth's face, he slowly delivered himself of the ill-judged greeting, — "Ye're changed for the waur. I sud scarce hae known ye."

Maggie moved round to her father's chair, and laid her large fair hand caressingly on his shoulder.

"It's gay hot in they Spanish countries, and he's a wheen dairker. But 'deed I think he's a' the bonnier," added she, looking with some motherly pride at the alien son she always called her "ain lad."

"Ye're blind or blate, Meg, no to see the change that's come ow'r him," testily interrupted the miller; "but 'ilka corbie thinks its ain bird the whitest,' and that's a true sayin'."

Kenneth was looking out towards the path beyond the open door, and answered only by a smile of evil augury and a muttered sentence about Maggie not being the only one who was "blind and blate." Presently the threshold was darkened by the entrance of the Clochnaben factor. The countenances of the women fell, and the old miller's brow lowered with a sort of helpless anger. Maggie still stood by his chair, and her gay dress, decorated bonnet, and handsome shawl (gauds which she had put on to walk with Kenneth, and defy the possible presence of Eusebia) made a strange contrast to the dull shabbiness and smoke-dried tints of everything round her.

The factor's greeting to the inmates of the house was if possible less courteous even than Kenneth's, but obsequious almost to caricature when addressing "the Laird." He made excuses for arriving a few minutes late, on the plea that the Dowager, who was such "an awfu' woman to contravene," had insisted, before he set out, on discussing with him the possibility of establishing at Torrieburn Mills a favourite tenant of her own; a man "warm and weel to do," and willing to afford very liberal terms for his lease. Maggie opened her great blue eyes with a wide and angry gaze.

"Hoot," she said "it'll be time to think o' new tenants when the auld man's dead and gane. Ye've had word eneugh from my faither no to come to the mill at a', but send a bit o' writin' when ye've onything to say to him."

"*I* appointed Mr. Dure to meet me here!" exclaimed Kenneth, imperiously; "I can't have business interfered with and delayed for petty quarrels. I'm here to look over accounts and inspect possible improvements, and I must beg, my dear mother, that you and Mrs. Carmichael will withdraw, and not interrupt us."

He waved his hand, as he spoke, with a gesture of impatient command, and Mr. Dure rose and opened an inner door which led to a yet more dingy room, and then, as it were, turned Maggie into it, swelling with wrath and sorrow. There she and her mother sat down in silence; the elder woman rocking herself to and fro with an occasional moan, and the younger keeping her angry blue eyes intently fixed on the heavy paneling that shut out her ill-used father. It was not easy through its old-fashioned thickness to hear much of what took place; and indeed the colloquy was not very long, for Mr. Dure and Kenneth had met merely to arrange matters on a foregone conclusion.

At first, after the formal hearing of accounts, &c., Carmichael's voice was heard apparently reasoning, though in a peevish and plaintive tone; but as the discussion proceeded, his words became shrill and hoarse, and at last they distinctly heard him say, "I wanna leave; I wunna stir; I'll hae it oot wi' ye, if there's law in Scotland. Yere faither set me here; an' here I'll live and here I'll dee, in spite o' a' the factors and n'er-do-weels in Christendom. My Meg will awa' up to Glenrossie and see what Sir Douglas 'll say to sicna a proposition, and I mysel'" ——

"Silence, Sir!" furiously broke in the incensed Kenneth, without giving him time to finish the phrase. "Sir Douglas is not my master, nor master of Torrieburn. *I* am master here, as you shall find; and if you take this insolent tone with me, you'll have

to look out a new home a good deal sooner than I at first intended, or Mr. Dure proposed."

"If Sir Douglas is not yere master, ye heartless braggart," retorted the exasperated old man, "Mr. Dure's no mine; and I tell ye"——

Here Maggie violently flung open the door that separated them, and clasped her father in her arms, with sobs and kisses and vehement ejaculations.

"Ye'll come and live at Torrieburn, daddy; ye'll come and live wi' yere ain Meg at Torrieburn."

But Kenneth — beside himself with rage at the appeal to Sir Douglas, and the term "heartless braggart" applied to himself, made it very clear the old miller should *not* "come and live with his ain Meg" at Torrieburn.

Then poor Maggie, in spite of her gay dress, and vulgar speech, and overgrown proportions of vanishing beauty, became almost sublime.

She ceased, for once, the loud yowling, in which she commonly expressed her grief; she turned very pale, which was also unusual with her; and as her father gave vent to a sort of malediction on her son, hoping that if he went on as he was doing, he might live to lose his own home, and have to sell Torrieburn to strangers, to balance his debts and extravagance, and then "might ca' to mind this bitter day," she folded the feeble, angry old man to her bosom with a shuddering embrace, and turned with wistful energy to Kenneth.

"Noo, Kenneth," she said, "ye'll hear my words this day! Gin' ye deal sae ill and sae hardly by my fayther, — and he auld and sick, and past his best," — (and here she gave the withered cheek a passionate kiss), — "dinna think I'll see it, and let it gang by! I've luved ye aye dearly, wi' a mither's true love, though ye've made but a sorry son! I've luved ye for yere ain sel', and I've luved ye for sake's sake, — for him ye're sae like — (and I wad that yere heart were as like as yere face to him. God rest him, my ain dear mon!) But so sure as ye set yere foot on my auld fayther, it'll end a', and I'll awa' frae Torrieburn wi' him, and wi' my mither and ye'll see nae mair o' me! Ye've got set amang fine folk, Kenneth; and ye forget times when I nursed ye, and sang to ye, and made ye my treasure, and never dreaded the shame; but I'll no forget the days whan *I* was a nurslin' wean, and sat in the sun, and made castles o' pebbles and moss oot by the Falls, and saw fayther coming ow'r the bridge wi' a smile for me and mither! It was a poorer hame than what I've had since, but there was luve in it; luve — Kenneth — luve;" and Maggie's voice once more swelled to a cry, as with the passionate apostrophe of Ruth, she added, "and sae where the auld folks gang, *I'll* gang, and I'll no forsake them, nor leave them, sill God Himsel' pairts us, as He pairted me frae my only luve."

The breathless rapidity and vehemence with which these sentences were uttered would have prevented interruption, even had Kenneth attempted to interrupt, instead of standing speechless with amazement. No answering sympathy woke in his breast. Surprise — and a vague impression of his mother's picturesqueness — as the fair, full-outlined, brightly dressed, golden-haired creature stood up against the brown wainscoting and dark surrounding objects, like a passion-flower that had trailed in among dead leaves — surprise, and an admission of her beauty, — these were the only sensations with which the scene inspired him. And when Maggie, descending from the pedestal of that greater emotion, became more like the Maggie of usual days, and, with loud weeping and clinging, besought him to "think better o't, like a gude bonny lad," he all but shook himself free, and with the words — "I believe you are all mad, and I'm sure I have troubles enough of my own to drive me into keeping your company," he left the grieving group to console each other as they best might, and, anxiously resuming calculations and explanations with the shrewd factor of the stern old Dowager, slowly returned with him to that point in their mountain path where their roads diverged, the one leading to Clochnaben and the other to Glenrossie.

CHAPTER XLII.

KENNETH UNHAPPY.

It was true, as Kenneth had said, that he had troubles enough of his own to drive a man mad. And it was true, as the old miller had said, that he was "changed for the waur." His beauty had not departed, for it consisted in perfection of feature and perfection of form; but it was blurred and blighted by that indescribable change which is the result of continual intemperance and dissipation. That peculiar look in the eyes, — weary and yet restless; in the mouth, — burnt and faded, even while preserving the outlines of youth; in the figure, when no degree of natural grace, nor skill in the art of dress, prevents it from seeming limp and

shrunken, — all these things had come to Kenneth Ross, and changed him "for the waur."

And more had come to him — the conviction that his Spanish wife no longer felt the smallest attachment for him; and the belief that, so far as her nature was capable of attachment, she was attached to some one else. Long angry watches had taught him that, like many of her nation, intrigue and deception were a positive amusement to her, and that the next pleasure in life to being admired was to be able to outwit. A sentiment not indeed peculiar to Eusebia, but to the people of her land. It runs through all their comedies, through all their lighter literature, through all their pictures of their own social life. That combination of events which in the novels and plays of other countries is made up of the interweaving or opposition of human passions is made up among them of the pitting of skill against skill. They do indeed acknowledge one other passion, and that is love (according to their notion of love); and a very swift-winged Cupid he is. "Who has not loved, has not lived," is one of their proverbs; but love itself would be uninteresting in Spain, if he had to go through no shifts or disguises.

Kenneth had never *proved* any more reprehensible fact in Donna Eusebia's conduct than the giving to one of her adorers a seal, on which was engraved a Cupid beating a drum, with the motto "*Todos le siguen*;" — and she met his reproof on that occasion with laughing defiance. But the want of certainty did not lessen his distrust. His temper, always imperious and passionate, had become fierce. Eusebia, on the other hand, was fearless; and she was also *taquineuse*, or *taquinante*; she was fond of teasing, and rather enjoyed the irritation she roused up to a certain point. She darted sharp words at him with mocking smiles, — as the toreadors fling little arrows with lighted matches appended to them, in the bull-fights of Spain. And she met the result with equal skill and determination. You could not frighten Eusebia. The spirit of a lioness lived in that antelope form, so lithe and slender. If you had twisted all her glossy hair round your hand and raised a poignard to stab her to the heart, she would not have trembled, neither would she have implored mercy; — but she would have strangled you before you had time to strike!

Their fierce strange quarrels, that burst like a hurricane and then passed over, were a marvel and a mystery to Gertrude, and the intervals of tenderness between those quarrels had become rare and transient in both parties. Eusebia had grown moody and careless, and Kenneth was often positively outrageous. And he was unhappy — yes, really unhappy; wrapped in self, and finding self miserable; and thinking it everybody's fault but his own.

Gertrude then had the *role* forced on her, so painful to all persons of keen and delicate feelings, of being appealed to, — complained to, — made umpire in those disputes of the soul, that war of mystery, when alienation exists between man and wife. Kenneth especially, who had neither reticence nor self-command, would come vehemently into her morning-room, and flinging himself down on the bright green cushions, worked with spring and summer flowers, cast his weary angry eyes round him, — not on, but across, all the lovely peaceful objects with which that room was filled, — into some vacancy of discontent that seemed to lie beyond, and give vent to the bitterest maledictions on his own folly for being caught by a fascinating face, and a few phrases of broken English spoken in a musical voice, — and declare his determination as soon as he could possibly arrange his affairs, and raise money enough to pay his debts, to settle an income on his foreign wife and never see her more.

It was on one of those occasions (little varied and often repeated), that a memorable scene took place. The soft pleading of Gertrude's serene eyes; her grave sentences on duty, and self-sacrifice, and reform of faults; the appeals to his better nature; the allusions to the long, long years before him, if he lived the common length of human life; the hopeful arguments, to him who was so resolved on hopelessness; the innocent cordial smile that irradiated her face while she strove to cheer with words: all these things had a different effect on Kenneth from that which she intended to produce. Those men in whom passion is very strong, and affection and reason very weak, have a strange sort of bounded, external comprehension, during such attempts to argue with them. They seem not to listen, but to *see*: to contemplate their own thoughts and the countenance of the person attempting to controvert those thoughts: to receive the impression that they are contradicted; while the depth of their inner nature remains utterly unreached and unconvinced. To attempt reasonable argument with such natures is like digging through earth and roots, only to come at last upon a slab of stone.

Through the shallow earth and twisted morbid roots of thought in Kenneth's composition the words of Gertrude had penetrated — but no farther. While she spoke he was silent; he mused and gazed and sighed. He saw *her* — not the drift of what she was saying; and the same wild mixture of anger and preference (which such men as Kenneth call "love") woke in his heart, and maddened him, as in the Villa Mandorlo the day he proposed, and was told she was engaged to his uncle. Eusebia became as nothing in his comparison at that moment of the two women. He felt as if he had been spell-bound by some witchcraft, and that the spell was suddenly broken. He rose from the embroidered ottoman where he had been lounging; and as Gertrude crowned all her fabric of half-heard reasoning with a gentle hesitating allusion to the steady self-denying years, and active serviceable youth of Sir Douglas, and contrasted its practical possibility with the wasted energies of a life of pleasure and extravagance such as Kenneth had led, he suddenly and wildly burst through all bounds of decent constraint, and exclaimed, —

"That is it! *That* is the curse on my life; and you know it! It is because YOU were taken from me by treachery and falsehood that I am what I am. I never really loved any woman but you; I loathe the coquetry and paint and affectation to which I am tied. I hate Eusebia! I cast her off: I have done with her. I love YOU! and you did once love me. Oh, love me still — love me now — *love me!* or — I will shoot myself!"

With the last vehement words, and while Gertrude stood up petrified and breathless, he flung his arms round her, and clasped her to his breast, in a fierce and passionate embrace.

"You are mad — Kenneth Ross!" was all Gertrude could utter, as he suddenly released her at the sound of the door opening behind them. He looked round, still panting with excitement. Sir Douglas stood up there, holding the little pale girl with liquid eyes, Kenneth's only child, by the hand.

"Your little Effie has been hunting for you everywhere, Kenneth; Eusebia wishes you to accompany her to see the deer that was wounded and taken alive yesterday by the keepers. Neil is waiting for you, cap in hand, at the bottom of the great staircase."

Except that his air was a shade more stately, and his lip less smiling than was his wont in addressing Kenneth, no one could have told that Sir Douglas's manner was different from usual, or that a pang, sharp, rapid, and instantly repressed, shot through his heart, and flushed his broad frank temples.

Kenneth did not absolutely say "D——n Eusebia!" but he set his white teeth with some such muttered ejaculation, and grasped the tiny hand of his little girl so tight when she moved towards him, that they saw the child look plaintively and wonderingly up in his face as the door closed.

Then Sir Douglas turned from looking after them, and looked towards Gertrude.

His eyes wore an expression of wistful questioning; but Gertrude remained silent and deadly pale. There was a little pause. Her eyes lifted to his, and filled with tears. "Gertrude, my Gertrude! What in God's name was Kenneth saying to you in such a frantic tone before I opened the door!"

What was Kenneth saying? How could she tell his uncle — how could she tell her husband — what Kenneth was saying! It was a relief (a partial relief) to know that Sir Douglas had not witnessed the wild embrace with which the wild words had been accompanied; he was bending down his stately head, while he opened the door of the bright morning-room, to listen to the child's timid voice, and her message from her mother.

What had Kenneth been saying?

Gertrude faltered in her answer.

"Things are going badly between him and Eusebia," she said at length.

Sir Douglas paused again, and looked sorrowfully at his wife.

"You need not waste so much sympathy upon him. Gertrude. Be sure it is not altogether Eusebia's fault."

"Oh! do not think my sympathies are with Kenneth," said Gertrude, eagerly. Then, embarrassed and miserable, she ceased, and the colour came back in crimson waves to her pallid cheek.

"Sit down, Gertrude; why are you standing? What has moved you in this matter? I was coming to speak with you about Kenneth when I met his child on the stair. It is not only with his wife that Kenneth quarrels, but with his unhappy mother — at least, so I gather from her confused explanations. He has given notice to Carmichael to quit the mills."

"Oh, Douglas!"

"The old man has no real title to remain. All that was a matter of indulgence and careless arrangement with my poor brother. But Mrs. Ross-Heaton says, if the old people

may not live at Torrieburn, neither will she. She is in a dreadful state (you know how violent she is in the expression of her feelings), and she cannot be brought to comprehend that I have no power to order it otherwise."

"She could hardly think Eusebia would consent (if ever Eusebia settles at Torrieburn) to live *en famille* with Carmichael and his wife. Poor souls!"

"No. And of course Kenneth can do what he pleases, though he seems to have done it unkindly (that factor of Clochnaben's is such a hard man!). But what I was thinking was this: you know the old mill that you called the 'Far-away-house,' that stands on the boundary line of what is to be your domain when you are a widow?"—and here Sir Douglas smiled a tender smile at his young wife—tender, and rather sad, for every now and then that "gap of years" which had been spanned over for them by the airy bridge of love, haunted his heart, and "Old Sir Douglas" caught himself thinking what would be, after he was gone! While he lived—even to the last gasp of fleeting life—he would see that sweet face and hear that gentle voice. But she was young!

Ah! blind mortal creatures, who for ever contemplate with dread the *one* parting God appoints (foreknown and inevitable), and think so little of all the rash partings we make for ourselves! The alienations in families; the once dear names forbidden to be sounded; the exile of fair lands; the drifting asunder by divers lots in life; the ambitions, the despairs, the misunderstandings, the necessities of our human existence;—for each parting made by death, it is not an exaggeration to say that of these other partings there are thousands—bitterer, yea, far bitterer, than death itself. But Sir Douglas thought of none of these things; only of his wife and of the kindly present deed that he was meditating.

"That mill," he said, "though not near so good a business as the one at Torrieburn Falls, would give him a certain feeling of home and independence, and as much employment as he is fit for, in his broken state. As to the loss upon it for us, it is nothing; we will not think of that, and I will make arrangements by which it shall be included in the dowry settled upon you. You will not turn him out?"

And again the tender smile shone from the noble face, and Gertrude, as she leaned her cheek against his hand, could not refrain from tears,—a brief April shower, that had its sunshine near. It relieved her. She rose once more, and kissed Sir Douglas on the forehead.

"We will go together to Torrieburn, and propose it to him," said the latter, after a brief pause. "He is deeply wounded, and not what he used to be, and these moods require tender handling."

"Tender handling," indeed, they found it required. Even Sir Douglas's patience was well-nigh exhausted before he had convinced the obstinate old man that he had little choice as to moving, and that what was now proposed was intended as an act of kindness. When at last it was so understood, the acceptance was made with gloomy resignation, not with gratitude. "Needs must whan the deil drives," was the final phrase of the Miller; while Maggie, who held passionately to her resolution of leaving with her departing parents, startled poor Gertrude with a speech somewhat enigmatical to Sir Douglas, but not to his wife, delivering herself with broken sobs, of the sentences—"Ah! ye may weel seek to mak' amends; but gin ye had married wi' my braw lad yeresel' we sud no ha' sat greetin' this day! Ye'd no ha' needed a' they gauds and jewels that Kenneth has paid sae dear for,—and ye'd ha' been quiet, maybe, at Torrieburn, as ye are noo at Glenrossie."

So that even Gertrude's merits were somehow turned to an offence in the eyes of Maggie Ross-Heaton and her "forbears."

CHAPTER XLIII.

MR. JAMES FRERE'S ANTECEDENTS.

Of James Frere little had ever been heard by the party at Glenrossie, except one brief missive, recommending particular books for the school, and stating that his uncle in Shropshire having died and left him a little money, he was going to New Zealand. But one morning back came the eloquent preacher, quite unexpectedly, to the intense triumph of Dowager Clochnaben, who had received with a resentment most openly expressed, the intelligence of all the suspicions that had so long rested on that injured martyr of society. "Sift news first, and swallow it afterwards," was the dictum with which she favoured her son Lorimer in a letter descriptive of the welcome event, and full of taunts as to the little wisdom of those who were "book-learned," which she thanked God *she* was not.

And indeed Dowager Clochnaben was

entirely of the opinion of a young officer whose wife had much talent for verse-writing, and who, when a friend remarked that she would do well to study the best authors, eagerly replied, "Oh, no, she doesn't read at all: *she says it destroys all originality of thought.*"

"Practical good sense" was what Dowager Clochnaben piqued herself upon; and like most very narrow-minded persons, she somehow held that quality to be incompatible with intellectual occupations. "Lorimer's very clever, and his writing is considered first-rate," she would say, "but Iv'e more practical good sense in my little finger than he has in his head."

Convinced of her own practical good sense, how could she doubt the correctness of her judgment of her neighbours, or how avoid the profound conviction that they were always wrong if they were not exactly of her opinion?

She had "taken up with" Mr. James Frere; and she defended him, growled over him, and held him to be her own peculiar property. Her exultation therefore may be conceived when he drove up to the yet unbarred doors of Clochnaben Castle in a light car from the nearest post-house, while the morning mists were yet shrouding craggy peak and purple hill, and lying on the bosom of the sleeping lake. Very cold, very damp, much fatigued, but apparently in high health and spirits: and answering the grim gladness of her welcome with a flash of his brilliant eyes and a hearty shake of her extended hands, while she ordered breakfast and a fire in the large cold room, which she comfortably assured him no one had ever slept in since his departure. That might be true, he thought, for the Dowager was not given to hospitality: and as he entered the apartment the mildewy, stony, unopened smell smote on his senses in confirmation of her words, and the long thin tartan curtain which protected the somewhat rickety and creaking old door, flew out, full of dust, in the current of air, and met him: as if it also desired to give a witch-like greeting on his return.

Little Mr. James Frere cared for mildew or moth, or the damp corners in the ceiling overhead. He warmed himself; he washed himself: he brushed his abundant black hair; he unpacked his travelling valise. He took out of it a large opossum skin, dressed and bound with crimson velvet, a small wooden box in which lay a very fine nugget of Californian gold, a still smaller box which contained two large emeralds roughly polished but not yet faceted; a thick book containing a journal of adventures in far distant countries; and several loose stones, brown and rugged and dirty-looking, but each with a tested corner that shone like a spark of light, from which he selected three, and laid all these things aside. Then he took out a blotting-book and a large soiled parchment case, on which was ostentatiously inscribed, Rev. James Frere: Testimoninals;" then he carefully re-locked the valise, laying at the top of its contents a case of pistols and a bearskin coat that seemed to have known much bad weather; after which he proceeded downstairs, and in a simple careless way presented the valuables he had collected to his hostess, with many expressions of gratitude for past shelter and protection, and many a pious text of "thanksgiving to the Lord," who had preserved him by land and sea, in perils among savages and perils of the deep, in perils by night and perils by day, and granted him to return (even though but for a season) "among those he had carried in his heart wherever he had journeyed."

Then, in the most natural way in the world, Mr. James Frere passed to his journal, his testimonials, and the "blessed fact" of a grant from Government of a tolerably large sum of money to reimburse losses and expenses he had sustained in the burning of schools he had erected in New Zealand, and other services he had rendered, which had been duly set forth, and admitted: and he displayed with pardonable pride, the letters he had received from official personages in answer to his applications.

It was a happy accident that brought Alice Ross (unexpectedly also, of course) to Clochnaben, the very same morning that Mr. James Frere had returned. She showed as much pleasurable surprise as the occasion demanded, and no more: only, as she subsided demurely into one of the stiff high-backed chairs with red leather seats, which they had all occupied the first evening James Frere was at Clochnaben, so obviously a shiver thrilled through her frame that he politely inquired whether she felt cold, and while she said her slow deliberate "No, I thank ye, Mr. Frere," the gleam between her half-closed eyes became a trembling glitter; and with something more of impulse than usual, she put forth one of those little feline hands whose small sharp claws for him were always sheathed in velvet, and murmured, "I'm quite pleased to see you looking so well after the voyage home, and all your — fatigues."

There was a little — very little hesitation

at the last word, and again the trembling shiver seemed to ripple through the slight figure sitting erect in the high-backed chair. But by and by, chatting by the broad hearth as formerly, throwing in the cones and cuttings of fir plantations ("to make the peat burn merrier," as young Neil Douglas had once expressed it), Alice became quite comfortable again. She accepted with quiet alacrity the proposal that the groom should ride over to Glenrossie to say she would sleep at Clochnaben, and also to notify Mr. Frere's safe return.

But, as things in real life are said to be stranger than fiction, a series of accidental circumstances had already made the inmates of Glenrossie aware of that happy fact, and of very much more respecting that over-welcomed individual.

Lady Charlotte was on her way for her annual visit to her daughter; with little Neil as her escort, who was in all the glorious independence of his "first half" at Eton. The train was very full, — the shooting-season having just begun, — and Neil was separated from his grandmother, and put into the next carriage, — nothing loth; it seemed to him more merry, more like travelling, alone. At the last minute a very feeble, slender, gentleman-like old man, leaning on his servant, was led to the door of the carriage in which the little lad was seated. So trembling and so infirm, that the kindly natured and impulsive boy stretched out his little sturdy arm with mute offer of assistance. The infirm gentleman seemed, however, afraid to trust himself to such support, and after an effort or two succeeded in entering and seating himself in the furthest corner by the window. The servant touched his hat respectfully, and said compassionately, "I wish you a good journey, sir. I hope if you should be took worse you'll telegraph for me. I'll come up by the night mail in no time." Then, slipping half-a-crown into the guard's hand, he said, "Really master's hardly fit to travel: will you endeavour to keep that compartment from crowding?"

Two other passengers only were in the carriage besides Neil Douglas. They got out at Carlisle. When they were gone the old gentleman seemed to get very restless; his back was turned to Neil; he kept rustling and searching in his travelling-bag for something which apparently he could not find. At first Neil took little notice; he also was occupied. One of his prize-books was "Rokeby," and he was deep in sympathy with Bertram. The rustling and searching rather annoyed him, but it ceased at last, and, having finished the scene he was reading, he gave a deep satisfied sigh, and looked up.

To his intense astonishment the old gentleman with his green shade, trembling hands, and infirm stoop of the shoulders had vanished; and in his place sat a man of about thirty-five, with dark bright, watchful eyes, which were fixed for the moment on Neil's face with keen scrutiny.

The boy's heart beat hard and quick. "Here is a *real* robber," he thought. But he was a brave boy — as became a son of Sir Douglas; and he retained nerve and presence of mind enough to appear again absorbed in his reading, as he really had been immediately before this terrible discovery.

The stranger slowly turned away that bright fascinating gaze, as a rattlesnake might relieve his prey, and looked steadily out of the window on his own side. They were nearing a station; Neil saw him prepare to clasp and lock the bag in which he had been searching. The white beard, the green shade, the comfortable old velvet travelling night-cap, peeped out under his hand as he thrust them all in. His fingers were strong, though long and meagre, and on the back of his right hand was a great healed scar.

The train slackened — drew up to the station — stopped. Neil called out — loud, very loud — to be let out. He almost tumbled down the step in his hurry, and put his head in at the window of the next carriage.

"Oh! Mammy-Charlotte" (Lady Charlotte had created this graceful substitute for the unwelcome title of "grandmama," pleading as her excuse that it was "so much more affectionate, being called by one's own name, you know,") — "Oh! Mammy-Charlotte, let me come in here and have half your place, or even sit at your feet on the floor. There is a real robber in the next carriage! He has changed all his clothes, and is turned quite into a different man. There! there! Mammy-Charlotte — look! that is the man. Don't you remember the old, old gentleman who got in where I was? With a servant who helped him? Well, he is changed into *that!*"

Lady Charlotte gave a little subdued shriek, though she hardly knew why, and called, "Guard! guard!" in an alarmed voice. The guard was busy; every one was busy; but one of the porters civilly said he would call the guard.

"Oh! do — pray do — and you shall have sixpence; there is a gentleman who

has changed all his clothes in the carriage; pray call the guard!"

The guard came, and opening the door asked which of the ladies had been insulted.

"Oh! dear me," said Lady Charlotte, rather shocked at the way the question was put, "nobody has insulted anybody, only a gentleman has changed all his clothes; this dear boy was in the carriage with him: such an escape!"

"He was disguised, you know," interposed Neil, endeavouring to make the matter more intelligible, and, addressing the guard; "he took off all his disguises, and turned into another man: I assure you he did!" The guard looked puzzled, and rather incredulous; the bell rang for starting; the doors were all shut in succession with a heavy bang; the whistle sounded; nobody had got out who had not paid for a ticket, and given a ticket. It was nobody's business if a gentleman had chosen to get in dressed like a pantaloon, and get out again dressed like a harlequin. The guard nodded an "all right" to Lady Charlotte, as she vehemently requested that Neil might change his seat and come to her, and the train went off as the boy jumped in. As it moved away the pathway behind and beyond the station became visible, and a man, who was slowly walking away, carrying a black travelling-bag, looked back at the train.

"There, Mammy-Charlotte! There!" eagerly exclaimed Neil; and he pointed to the receding figure.

"Heaven preserve us all in our beds," said Lady Charlotte, in a tone of intense terror; "it is that Mr. James Frere! It is indeed! It is Mr. Frere! What can he be doing? What can he have done — frightening one in this way!" And during the whole of the evening after her arrival at Glenrossie, Lady Charlotte continued in a nervous flutter, repeating over and over again the strange story, and commenting upon it, and making Neil describe "the dreadful metamorphosis" of which he had been an eye-witness.

"And to think of Mr. Frere, of all people in the world, doing such a thing! He, who used, you know, to be so very tidy, and indeed elegant, in his suit of black, with only of an evening a narrow little lace to the end of his cravat, which I thought quite pretty, and very harmless of course, though unusual. And now to go about like Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves when they were put in the oil-jars! Not that any such thing has happened to him; I wish there could, just to punish him for startling one so; though, of course, as he was but *one*, it oughtn't to be so frightful; and I believe Neil wasn't frightened a bit, and wouldn't have been, if all the Forty had been there."

"I was very much startled," said the boy; "I don't know if I was frightened. I certainly thought he was a robber; but he wouldn't have got much by robbing *me;* and I don't suppose he would have killed me, only knocked me senseless perhaps. I'm glad it wasn't a robber!"

"But I think it is much worse," said Lady Charlotte, plaintively, pulling her ringlet, "because one knows what a robber means, and what he is at, whereas it is so — so dreadfully mysterious about Mr. Frere!"

They all agreed that it was "dreadfully mysterious;" only Alice boldly said she did not believe it was Mr. Frere at all; that Lady Charlotte had only seen him at a distance, and might be mistaken; and Sir Douglas inclined to the same opinion. Lady Charlotte, on the other hand, was confident she had made no mistake. And so matters rested, till, on the second day after that adventure of Neil's in the railway, the message was received from Alice, as already narrated, to say she would sleep at Clochnaben, and to tell of Mr. Frere's arrival.

Enjoy the pleasant evening, and the long wakeful hours of the wintry night, Alice Ross! Pile the crackling fir-twigs and the little cones that spout fire and laugh as they burn! Watch the warm light flicker over lip and brow, and seem to rest itself in those large radiant eyes. Talk of the past! and plan for the future! For in the dawn of the morrow there is the darkness of the thunder-cloud, and in its noon the bursting of the storm!

CHAPTER XLIV.

A CAREER OF SHIFTS AND CONTRIVANCES.

By some curious coincidence a letter from Lorimer Boyd, entirely on the subject of Mr. James Frere and his doings or misdoings, arrived at the Castle, just as a stranger had inquired for Sir Douglas, and requested to speak to him "on very particular business," which business also turned out to be the doings and misdoings of Dowager Clochnaben's *protege*.

The stranger declared himself to be a Mr. Mitchell, a detective from London, in search of a person calling himself James Frere, but who had gone by various other names, if he was the same man respecting

whom Mr. Mitchell had received instructions; and he was perfectly able to identify the said James Frere, if he could fall in with him, having known him well during a period of imprisonment which he had suffered some years since, for obtaining money under false pretences.

That the present charge was for surreptitiously obtaining the baggage and papers of a fellow-passenger, who had been left at Jamaica, as was supposed, in a dying state — not expected to survive above a few hours; that the gentleman's disease had turned out to be an abscess on the liver, which burst, and he recovered, and was on his way to England to prosecute Mr. Frere, and obtain restitution, if possible, of the property taken, consisting chiefly of emeralds and diamonds in the rough; gold; and other matters, which could not so immediately have been turned into cash, as to make their seizure in the swindler's possession hopeless. Information had been received at Liverpool, and the authorities there had been on the look-out; but no person at all answering the description given, had been seen at any of the hotels. The matter had been put into Mitchell's hands and he had traced every passenger that landed from the same ship, except one. That one he, at ength, traced to a little public-house in the outskirts of Liverpool; and though the personal appearance of the guest there seemed the very reverse of the man wanted, the detective was much too well accustomed to the shifts and disguises of these *chevaliers d' industrie*, to be the least discouraged on that account. He requested to be shown the room the stranger had occupied; declaring that a valuable diamond ring had been lost or purloined during his stay. The irate landlady told him that he might "dig the floor up" if he liked; that the room had been cleaned, and moreover occupied, since the gentleman was there; that nothing had been found; that her inn, "though poor, was honest," &c. &c.

Mitchell did not "dig the floor up," but he made a very minute search in drawers of tables, and out-of-the-way corners; and though he found little, it was apparently enough, for with a sharp frown, followed by a whistle and a peculiar smile, he ceased from his labors. Mitchell found in the grate (which had not since had a fire in it), first, the outer paper of a small box which had been sealed with three seals — two of them tolerable impressions of the initials and crest of the gentleman who had been robbed, the third melted and defaced; secondly, a twisted cord of the long grass of the country which had apparently tied up a package of that size; then an address label, torn across, with "Jonas Field, Passenger," upon it; the cover of an old letter, which had been used to wipe up ink spilt on the table, and being laid flat, was found to be addressed "Spencer Carew, Esq.;" and, finally, the distinct impression in an old blotting-book of a very hurried direction to "Miss Ross at Glenrossie, N. B."

Which last brought Mitchell to Scotland, and so into the presence of Sir Douglas.

It was James Frere's writing; there could be no doubt of that. Nor any doubt that the sight of it was a great shock to the master of Glenrossie; as Mitchell saw, when he placed the leaf in that soldier's hand, and observed the fingers tremble as they held it.

The astute officer looked round the handsome apartment as if he expected to see James Frere crouched under one of the tables, or emerging from the crimson curtains.

"Miss Ross one of the family, I presume?" said the detective.

"Yes," said Sir Douglas.

He spoke with such stern haughtiness that the man was rather put out, and muttered something about "the course of justice," and being there "in obedience to orders from his superiors," and other such phrases, which Sir Douglas cut short by saying, with a sort of sorrowful civility, I am not blaming you. The person you are in search of is not here, but I have a letter on the same business from the Home Office in London. I will see you again when I have read through the papers that have been sent me, and meanwhile my servants will give you refreshments."

The Nemesis who was pursuing Frere, had willed that the invalid of Jamaica should be a personal friend of Lorimer Boyd, and that Boyd should be in London, on his way to another diplomatic appointment. Applications for assistance to the Home and Foreign Office were instantly made, and every help afforded; the loss incurred being little less than the loss of a life of savings on the part of one who imagined he was at last returning to enjoy competence and comfort in his native land. From Lorimer Boyd's letter, about "the man I always felt sure was a scoundrel and impostor," and from Mitchell the detective and his experience, Sir Douglas gleaned the history of James Frere as far as any one could trace it.

Who, or what he was, at the beginning,

Mitchell could not say. He was supposed to be the natural son of some gentleman; was well educated; and when very young was discharged from a mercantile house where he had been employed, for "extraordinary irregularity" in his accounts; on which occasion the head of the firm had severely observed, that he might "think himself fortunate in being *discharged* — not *prosecuted*." He had gone by the name of "John Delamere" in that employment: he dropped that title for one still more aristocratic, and called himself "Spencer Carew." An advertisement appearing in the papers for a "travelling tutor of agreeable manners and cheerful and indulgent disposition, to make a tour with a youth in weak health," — he answered the advertisement as the Rev. Francis Ferney, and referred for his recommendation to "Spencer Carew, Esq.". The friend employed to select a travelling companion for the youth in question, saw Mr. Carew, and received the most satisfactory and brilliant accounts of the "Rev. Francis Ferney." They travelled together, for a year and a half; and though a good deal of surprise and discontent was expressed at the enormous expenses incurred under Mr. Ferney's management, no steps were taken till the friend who had inquired into his qualifications, accidentally coming face to face with him at the country house of the youth's uncle and guardian, recognised "Spencer Carew" in "Francis Ferney." He was prosecuted and imprisoned. He then appeared on the scene as a Dissenting minister, "Mr. Forbes," and was greatly admired for his eloquence; but having seduced one of the school teachers and abandoned her, he had to give up his congregation and try a new path. He became once more a tutor, and travelled in America with his pupil; forged the pupil's name to a letter of credit, and was imprisoned. The next two years were a blank; no one could tell what had become of him; but he cast up at Santa Fé de Bogota, teaching English in the family of a Spanish merchant; was caught in the very act of robbing the strong-box of his employer; and would have been again prosecuted, but for the discovery that he had lured the merchant's daughter into a secret marriage, and that the scandal of his prosecution would rebound on the family that had sheltered him. Was next heard of in Italy, doing duty at the English churches established on sufferance in that kingdom. Was on the point of marriage with a wealthy and enthusiastic spinster, when some one recognized him, and warned the lady that he had a Spanish wife "beyond seas." Became much distressed for money in Naples, and connected himself with the worst of characters there. Planned the escape of one of his associates condemned to the galleys for murder; succeeded in assisting his evasion with two of his companions, was pursued and, fired upon by the soldiery, dropped from the castle wall into the sea, having received a bayonet wound on the back of his hand: swam to a boat already prepared for the adventure, and escaped to Procida — was not again taken. Reappeared in England in the employment of a wine merchant; forged his employer's name to a cheque for seven hundred and fifty pounds, and disappeared. Was afterwards traced to Scotland, where it was discovered that he was preaching under the name of James Frere. Disappeared when about to be arrested there, and cast up again in Australia. Travelled with a party of Englishmen who were cut off by the bushrangers; not without suspicion of having betrayed the former, to those by whom they were robbed and murdered. Took passage for England with the gentleman who was afterwards left, in ill-health, at Jamaica; pretending then to be a medical man on his way home from San Francisco. Possessed himself of all the baggage and valuables of his infirm companion (whose life at that time appeared to hang on a thread), and arrived in England under the circumstances already explained.

It was on the occasion of his adventure in Naples with the galley-slave condemned for murder, that Giuseppe had seen him, swimming, — with his wounded hand dripping blood as he shook it fiercely at his pursuers, — followed in vain by a rowing boat full of chattering and ejaculating soldiery, — while the light skiff that was lying off and on, suddenly spread her sails, and carried him swiftly out of reach.

Sir Douglas heard, then, and read, all these particulars respecting the impostor who had lived in such trusted intimacy with the inmates of Glenrossie: the successful rival, in religious eloquence, of poor Savile Heaton!

He ordered his horse and rode, unattended, to Clochnaben Castle: where, instantly seeking the miserable culprit, he taxed him with the facts narrated above; and in stern, brief words summoned him to admit or deny that he was the person to whom this wonderful outline of a bad, unprincipled life referred.

At first, Mr. James Frere made very light of Sir Douglas's information. He utterly

denied that he even understood to whom or to what his questions referred. But on Sir Douglas saying — "Beware what you do! — the detective who has traced you is now at Glenrossie Castle; — the gentleman you have robbed, has probably by this time landed in England; — if you are indeed the person they are seeking, denial is perfectly hopeless" — his tone changed; he stood as one transfixed; he trembled from head to foot; and after a faint attempt at bravado, dropped on his knees and besought mercy!

"I have had many excuses, a hard lot to contend with," he stammered out. "You would not surely give me up to justice, Sir Douglas! For God's sake consider! — give me time — give me means of escape: I will surrender all to you — give me a chance for the future! I have been starved — hunted down — persecuted: let me fly — all is here in this very house that belonged to that man; — I never intended to appropriate it! The things were under my charge — in my cabin.

"Sir Douglas, Sir Douglas, let me escape!" continued he, with increasing vehemence, as the stern contempt visible on the soldier's brow became more and more evident. "I will repent — reform! Oh God! Consider — your sister — is my WIFE!"

Sir Douglas started, as if he had been shot Alice crept round to him, pale as a corpse.

"Let him go, BROTHER!" was all she said; but she clung to Sir Douglas's arm, as if it were the arm of the executioner raised to strike.

The soft slender hands locked and unlocked themselves with helpless pleading, turning round his strong and strenuous wrist. The pale face slowly floated, as it were, underneath his, and looked with dreadful appeal into his eyes.

"You were right," she murmured, "that night on the hills; but I did not know it *then* — I did not feel it *then*. I have been deceived. But let him go! Oh, let him go!"

And Alice — impassive Alice — laid her white cheek on the panting heart of her proud soldier-brother and moaned, with the long low moan of a wounded animal.

"Take my horse and begone, wretched man!" at length broke forth from the lips of Sir Douglas. And as James Frere yet endeavoured to mutter sentences of excuse and explanation, and above all to assure Sir Douglas that he would find "every fraction of property correct, including trifles he had ventured to present to his kind patroness that morning" — the kind patroness proceeded to "speed the parting guest" by the bitter words, "Don't dirty *my* name by setting it between your thieves' teeth, man! Get to one of your dog-kennels of hiding, out of the sight of honest folk. And the sooner the gallows is lifted, on which you can hang, the better for all concerned. That's my dictum!"

"Ah! whom shall we trust!" groaned Sir Douglas, as the sound of the horse's hoofs violently galloping past Clochnaben towers, smote on his ear, and his half-sister Alice sank shivering in his tender embraces. "Whom shall we trust if *that* man is a liar, a hypocrite, and an assassin!"

PIETY AND PROPERTY. — An eye to real piety is often found accompanying an eye to real property; and a regard for Christian character is not seldom united with a sharp look out for cash. Else we should not see so frequently advertisements like this: —

"A Christian gentleman wishes to meet with a LADY of decided piety, to keep his house. Preference will be given to one having a little property of her own, as no salary can be given, but a comfortable home may be depended on. Address, including carte, M. P., &c."

Doubtless, preference will be given to a pretty face as well as to a pretty property; or the applicant would not be asked to send her carte. Indeed, we fancy the advertisement should have been headed "Matrimonial," and we believe the "Christian Gentleman" would not be found particular in the matter of the piety, if the property of the lady were placed beyond all doubt.

— *Punch.*

From the London Review, 2 Mar.

THE NORTH GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

The first session of the North German Parliament has been opened at Berlin, with all due form and solemnity, by the King of Prussia. No one can deny the greatness of the occasion; nor is it easy to place an exaggerated estimate upon the importance of the changes which it signalizes, or of that still more complete development of German unity of which it is in all probability the starting point. At this time last year Germany was broken up into petty States, each independent within its own borders, each affording an opening to foreign intrigue, each contributing, through the ambition or the mutual jealousy of their rulers, to the weakness rather than to the strength of the common Fatherland. It is true, that amongst the people there was a deep yearning for unity, a strong sense that Germany had not the position in Europe to which her importance entitled her, an intimate conviction that she had neither the strength for offence or defence which properly belonged to her numerous, brave, and patriotic population. But there appeared little or no prospect of their aspirations being realized. Their country was bound fast in the net which had been woven round her by the events of centuries, and which the Congress of Vienna had perceptibly tightened. Every successive attempt to create a nation out of a congeries of petty kingdoms and principalities had failed; and although most people who thought at all about the matter felt convinced that the Germans would, sooner or later, work their way to the desired goal, few would have ventured a twelvemonth ago to predict that the year 1866 would not pass away before the foundations had been laid of a new and we trust a powerful German empire. We need not dwell upon the series of events by which this consummation has been brought about. The King of Prussia, in his inaugural address to the new Parliament, piously refers the result to the direct interposition of Providence, which has led Germany towards the object desired by her people through paths which were neither chosen nor foreseen. But although we are ready to believe that his Majesty has been, to a great extent, an unconscious instrument in the transactions which have made him every inch an emperor, we do not believe that Count Bismarck has been equally taken by surprise. The truth is, that as Germany became divided in consequence of the weakness of its former nominal head, it has become united because one of its States has acquired a decisive preponderance, and has been boldly and skilfully pushed forward to the front by a statesman equally remarkable for audacity in conceiving great plans, and for skill in conducting them to a successful issue. Still, Count Bismarck could have done nothing had he not been the representative of a strong national feeling; or had he sought to impose an organization upon the country, rather than to assist her in gaining one adapted to her wants and congenial to her wishes. No one can approve many of his measures. No one can regard with satisfaction the tortuous paths through which he has too often pursued his way. But he is, after all, entitled to the sort of indulgence which we always grant to the founders of empires; and above all to those who build them upon the solid bases of national desires and of the natural fitness of things. If Germany had not desired unity, the battle of Sadowa might have added a few provinces to Prussia, but it would not have placed her at the head of a North German Confederation. In the fact that he has been able to overcome sectional jealousies, the opposition of the minor sovereigns, and the other obstacles which always impede the reorganization of a great country, lies the best justification for the course which Count Bismarck has pursued. The meeting of the North German Parliament is not only the fruit but the sanction of his policy.

It is difficult to read without some slight incredulity the assurance of King William, that he would have been equally ready to become a subordinate member of the new Confederation as to take and assume its headship, had circumstances called him to the former instead of the latter position. We do not believe in the readiness of any monarch to consent to a limitation of his independent authority, and it is tolerably well known that there was no great eagerness for self-sacrifice amongst the princes whose devotion to the general welfare his Majesty is pleased to acknowledge in terms to which the real facts of the case impart somewhat of an ironical character. There is more truth, and also a more important meaning in the following paragraph of the address, in which the King dwells upon the difficulties that have been encountered in obtaining the assent of so many different Governments to the draft of a Federal Constitution, and urges this as a reason why the new Parliament should not hastily disturb the arrangements that have been arrived at.

There is no doubt that the Constitution, as now settled, is far from perfect. It is drawn up rather on Conservative than on Liberal lines. It is not intended to give the popular will the free play that many people wish, and that is to some extent desirable. It is, in fact, founded rather on the idea of consolidating a powerful State under the guidance of a strong chief, than of developing the liberties of the people who are subject to it. But we cannot help agreeing with the King, when he remarks, "that the point of supreme importance at present is not to neglect the favourable moment for laying the foundations of the building; its more perfect completion can then safely remain intrusted to the subsequent combined co-operation of the German sovereigns and races." There is an amount of truth in this which the German Liberals, who are discontented with the provisions of the Constitution, would do well to lay to heart. If the Assembly refuses to assent to the draft which it will be their first duty to consider, or if the landtags of the different States to which it must in time be submitted should take that course, the whole scheme of a North German Parliament would be in danger of shipwreck.

Prussia will preserve her ascendancy by means of the treaties which she has extorted from the smaller States, but there will be no common assembly in which the people are represented, and through the medium of which the nation may eventually attain not only a more complete union, but a larger measure of freedom. The great thing is to get a Federal assembly representing not the princes, but the people, fairly to work. It may be imperfectly constituted; it may even for a time tend rather to the strengthening of authority than the growth of freedom. But it must furnish an invaluable basis of operations, and in the long run it must be amenable to the liberal feeling and the intelligence of the country. It will be far better to wait awhile for the final crowning of the edifice than to risk the loss of that which has been accomplished by attempting (as some of the Liberals are said to intend) to obtain the adoption of the Democratic charter of 1848. If they were successful, the only result would be infinite confusion and an indefinite postponement of the ultimate end they have in view; because, although the assembly might vote, it could not establish such a constitution without the consent of the several Governments, and this would certainly not be given. There is, however, no reason to expect that counsels of so extreme a character will prevail. In the Federal Parliament itself, Count Bismarck, so far as we can now venture to anticipate, will have it pretty much his own way. The real danger to the scheme lies at a subsequent stage, when is is submitted to the local Parliaments of the different States.

If there were no other motive which should induce the members of these assemblies to "strain a point" rather than reject the constitution, a very strong inducement to adopt such a course would be supplied by the consideration, that the sooner Northern Germany assumes a definite, and something like a permament form, the sooner can steps be taken to enter into closer relations with the Southern States. Although the King uses very guarded language on this point, it is plain that he or rather Count Bismarck, has not relinquished the idea of bringing the whole of Germany into one confederation, under the leadership of Prussia. All that is at present spoken of is the formation of the Zollverein, the common promotion of trade, and a combined guarantee for the security of German territory. But we can easily understand that if so much is uttered a good deal is left unsaid, in deference to the susceptibilities of at least one foreign nation. And yet, as his Majesty justly observes, there is no legitimate reason why any Power should regard with jealousy the rise of that German Empire—stretching from the Alps to the Baltic—which is the inevitable, and probably not the very distant consummation of recent events. The direction of the German mind is peaceful. There is no wish for the conquest of any territory inhabited by foreign races, now that Denmark has been successfully despoiled of Slesvig. The inclination of the people is industrial rather than warlike, and their motto is very much like that of our own volunteers, "defence, and not defiance." Of course, if any other nation still hankers after German soil, and still nourishes any desire to acquire so called natural boundaries, we can well understand that it may look with disfavour upon a consolidation and a common organization which will once for all defeat the realization of its designs. But, in truth, those designs—if they be entertained—are even now quite hopeless. The North German Confederation ought to be able to defend their own frontiers against all comers, and even if they are not, it is certain that at the first cannon shot that was fired on the Rhine, their fellow-countrymen south of the Maine would rush to their assistance. Still it is desirable for many reasons, both of internal organiza-

tion and of external defence, that the complete unification of the country should be carried out as soon as possible. The sooner a commencement is made by the conclusion of arrangements upon those points to which the King referred in his speech, the better for all parties. For our own part we cordially re-echo the prayer with which the King concluded his address. We have no other wish and no other interest than that Germany should be free, united, and powerful — that she should fully realize "the dream of centuries, the yearning and striving of the latest generations." Upon the prudence, the wisdom, and above all, the moderation of the deputies now assembled at Berlin, the speedy fulfilment of the national aspirations mainly depends. We hope that they will not prove unworthy of the trust reposed in them; and that they will not, in grasping at a shadow, lose the substance which is within their reach.

From the Athenæum.

The Open Polar Sea: a Narrative of a Voyage of Discovery towards the North Pole, in the Schooner "United States." By Dr. I. I. Hayes. (Low & Co.)

When we parted from Dr. Hayes on the occasion of reviewing his 'Arctic Boat Journey' in this journal (May, 1860) we felt sure that, unless barred by circumstances beyond his control, we should meet him again in the same waters. "On revient toujours à ses premiers amours," applies with peculiar force to adventurers; and those who love the excitement of wild travel, with its attendant perils, are generally found eager and ready to set forth again, even when the blood is no longer young, in quest of adventures by flood and field. So it was with poor Franklin, who, having early imbibed a passion for the sea, eagerly seized the opportunity of passing from the — to him — dull monotony of life at home to the dangers and hardships of Arctic exploration.

True to his early love, Dr. Hayes had no sooner returned from his adventurous voyage, which, as will be remembered, involved his little party and himself in extraordinary perils, than he commenced organizing an extensive scheme of Arctic search. The main features were to pass up Smith Sound, complete the survey of the north coasts of Greenland and Grennell Land, and make such explorations as might be found practicable in the direction of the North Pole. The United States Government manifested no inclination to equip an expedition for the above purposes, and Dr. Hayes was therefore under the necessity of appealing to his countrymen to contribute funds for the enterprise. These were at length forthcoming, and, in the early part of 1860, Dr. Hayes found himself master of a schooner of 133 tons burden, with a crew of fourteen persons. The second in command was Mr. A. Sonntag, who threw up a Government appointment of Associate-Director of the Dudley Astronomical Observatory to accompany Dr. Hayes. The small craft was efficiently equipped, and nothing was wanting to make the expedition successful, except auxiliary steam-power, now found to be absolutely necessary for efficient Arctic exploration.

The expedition left Boston on the 6th of July, 1860, and returned to that port in October, 1861. The story of this last Arctic enterprise is most stirring, and it is well for Dr. Hayes's literary venture that this is the case, for it must be conceded that the great number of works on Arctic voyages has somewhat dulled the edge of curiosity with which they were formerly received by the public. But a spell of fascination will ever cling to the narrative of brave and adventurous travel, and Dr. Hayes's heroism and endurance are of no common order.

After a not unprosperous voyage, the explorers reached Upernavik on the 12th of August, obtained six Esquimaux interpreters, hunters and dog-drivers, with a fine team of dogs, and then resumed their way north. The schooner battled gallantly with the middle ice, dodging enormous icebergs which continually threatened to crush her. One of these icy monsters was upwards of three-quarters of a mile long, nearly of the same breadth, and 315 feet above the water. It was calculated to contain twenty-seven thousand million cubic feet, and to weigh two thousand million tons. Difficulties now increased daily, and besides those arising from icebergs and the pack-ice, a current from the north set strongly against them, and the hours, if not minutes, of the schooner seemed numbered. "Off Cape Hatherton," says Dr. Hayes,

"the scene around us was as imposing as it was alarming. Except the earthquake and volcano, there is not in nature an exhibition of force comparable with that of the ice-fields of the Arctic Seas. They close together, when

driven by the wind or by currents against the land or other resisting object, with the pressure of millions of moving tons, and the crash and noise and confusion are truly terrific. We were now in the midst of one of the most thrilling of these exhibitions of Polar dynamics, and we become uncomfortably conscious that the schooner was to become a sort of dynamometer. Vast ridges were thrown up wherever the floes came together, to be submerged again when the pressure was exerted in another quarter; and over the sea around us these pulsating lines of uplift, which in some cases reached an altitude of not less than sixty feet, — higher than our mast-head, — told of the strength and power of the enemy which was threatening us. We had worked ourselves into a triangular space formed by the contact of three fields. At first there was plenty of room to turn round, though no chance to escape. We were nicely docked, and vainly hoped that we were safe; but the corners of the protecting floes were slowly crushed off, the space narrowed little by little, and we listened to the crackling and crunching of the ice, and watched its progress with consternation. At length the ice touched the schooner, and it appeared as if her destiny was sealed. She groaned like a conscious thing in pain, and writhed and twisted as if to escape her adversary, trembling in every timber from truck to kelson. Her sides seemed to be giving way. Her deck timbers were bowed up, and the seams of the deck planks were opened. I gave up for lost the little craft which had gallantly carried us through so many scenes of peril; but her sides were solid and her ribs strong; and the ice on the port side, working gradually under the bilge, at length, with a jerk which sent us all reeling, lifted her out of the water; and the floes, still pressing on and breaking, as they were crowded together, a vast ridge was piling up beneath and around us; and, as if with the elevating power of a thousand jackscrews, we found ourselves going slowly up into the air."

The schooner escaped, though not without being seriously damaged. Under more favourable circumstances she was navigated into Hartstene Bay, and made snug for the winter in a harbour to which Dr. Hayes has given the name of Port Foulke. The huge cliffs of the west coast of Greenland rose behind them, broken in places by ravines in which the hunters found large herds of deer. In a single hour Dr. Hayes killed three, and men and dogs feasted on excellent venison. This abundant commissariat was most encouraging, and tends strongly to confirm the belief that the interior of Greenland is favourable for the support of animal life. An observatory was erected near the schooner; and when the daily routine work had been organized, Dr. Hayes made an exploratory journey over the great Mer de Glace glacier which joins that of Humbolt. This was a formidable undertaking; the temperature had fallen to 34° below zero; and a fierce storm prevailed. In the teeth of this the party travelled seventy miles over the ice at an altitude of 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, and in the midst of a vast frozen sahara immeasurable to the human eye. Yet under these difficulties Dr. Hayes succeeded in taking angles and various measurements which, having been repeated in July, 1861, showed that the rate of progress of this tremendous glacier is upwards of a hundred feet daily. Thus what is true of the Alpine valleys is true, also, of those in Greenland. A great frozen flood is pouring continuously down the west slopes of the Greenland continent, the law of supply and waste being the same in both cases.

The monotony of the long and dreary winter was diversified by a rise of temperature which set in early in November. The wind, says Dr. Hayes, writing on the 14th of this month, though blowing steadily for twenty-four hours from the north-east, is accompanied by remarkable warmth. The thermometer, which had gone down to 40° below zero, now marked 4½°. "I have done with speculation. This temperature makes mischief with my theories, as facts have heretofore done with theories of the wiser men." Of course this meteorological phenomenon favours the theory of an open polar sea, and filled Dr. Hayes with hope that he would soon navigate its waters. A far less pleasant incident was the breaking out of an epidemic among the dogs. The animals were attacked by the same disease which has been prevalent for some years among the dogs in South Greenland. Up to the 1st of December, they remained in perfect health; but after that date they were seized by fatal illness, which manifested itself by great restlessness, furious barking, and rushing violently to and fro, as if in mortal dread of some imaginary object from which they were endeavouring to fly. The terrible disease ran its course in a few hours, and by it the expedition was rendered nearly dogless. Under these circumstances, which threatened to be fatal to the expedition, Mr. Sonntag undertook to visit the Esquimaux on Northumberland Island for the purpose of procuring a fresh supply of these valuable animals. Unfortunately, this officer perished in the attempt, although the object of his journey was successful.

Reinforced by dogs and Esquimaux, Dr.

Hayes now organized a sledge expedition, and on the 16th of March started up Smith Sound. The incidents of this journey are thrilling. After encountering innumerable difficulties, Dr. Hayes found himself half way across the Sound with his party nearly disabled. To continue the struggle in a body was out of the question. —

"The men are completely used up, broken down, dejected, to the last degree. Human nature cannot stand it. There is no let up to it. Cold, penetrating to the very sources of life, dangers from frost and dangers from heavy lifting, labours which have no end, — a heartless sticking in the mud, as it were all the time; and then comes snow-blindness, cheerless nights, with imperfect rest in snow-huts, piercing storms, and unsatisfying food. This the daily experience, and this the daily prospect ahead; to-day closing upon us in the same vast ice jungle as yesterday. My party have, I must own, good reason to be discouraged; for human beings were never before so beset with difficulties and so inextricably tangled in a wilderness. We got into a *cul-de-sac* to-day, and we had as much trouble to surmount the lofty barrier which bounded it as Jean Valjean to escape from the *cul-de-sac-Genrot* to the convent yard. But our convent-yard was a hard old floe, scarce better than the hummocked barrier."

Under these adverse circumstances, the disabled men were sent back to the schooner, and Dr. Hayes, with three men and fourteen dogs, continued the exploration. From this point of departure to the return of the forlorn hope to the ship, Dr. Hayes's narrative reads like a wild romance. At length they reached Grinnell Land. As they proceeded north they experienced, in even a greater degree than in Smith Sound, the immense force of ice-pressure resulting from the southerly set of the current. Every point of land exposed to the north was buried under massive ice. Many blocks, from thirty to sixty feet thick, and of much greater breadth, were lying high and dry upon the beach, pushed up by the pack even above the level of the highest tides. No glaciers were, however, met with on any portion of Grinnell Land.

Struggling on, amidst difficulties which would have arrested any one less bold or enduring than Dr. Hayes, the little party were at length stopped, precisely as Parry had been stopped on his expedition over the ice to the North Pole, viz., by the inability of the ice to bear them. —

"After a most profound and refreshing sleep, inspired by a weariness which I had rarely before experienced to an equal degree, I climbed the steep hill-side to the top of a ragged cliff, which I supposed to be about eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. The view which I had from this elevation furnished a solution of the cause of my progress being arrested on the previous day. The ice was everywhere in the same condition as in the mouth of the bay, across which I had endeavoured to pass. A broad crack, starting from the middle of the bay, stretched over the sea, and uniting with other cracks as it meandered to the eastward, it expanded as the delta of some mighty river discharging into the ocean, and under a water-sky, which hung upon the northern and eastern horizon, it was lost in the open sea. Standing against the dark sky at the north, there was seen in dim outline the white sloping summit of a noble headland, — the most northern known land upon the globe. I judged it to be in latitude 82° 39′, or 450 miles from the North Pole. Nearer, another bold cape stood forth; and nearer still the headland, for which I had been steering my course the day before, rose majestically from the sea, as if pushing up into the very skies a lofty mountain peak, upon which the winter had dropped its diadem of snows. There was no land visible except the coast upon which I stood. The sea beneath me was a mottled sheet of white and dark patches, these latter being either soft decaying ice or places where the ice had wholly disappeared. These spots were heightened in intensity of shade and multiplied in size as they receded, until the belt of the water-sky blended them altogether into one uniform colour of dark blue. The old and solid floes (some a quarter of a mile and others miles across) and the massive ridges and wastes of hummocked ice which lay piled between them and around their margins, were the only parts of the sea which retained the whiteness and solidity of winter."

This was the crowning feat of Dr. Hayes's enterprise. He set up a cairn, within which he deposited a record, stating that after a toilsome march of forty-six days from his winter harbour, he stood on the shores of the Polar basin, on the most northerly land ever reached by man. The latitude attained was 81° 35′; that reached by Parry over the ice was 82° 45′.

Dr. Hayes regained the schooner on the 3rd of June, having travelled 1,600 miles. He was now desirous to navigate his small ship into the Polar Sea, but she was found to be far too much damaged for such an enterprise. He accordingly wisely resolved on returning home to refit and add steam-power to his resources. But when he put into Halifax for necessary repairs, he heard that his country was plunged into civil war; and instead of commanding another Arctic expedition, Dr. Hayes was placed at the

FAITH AND SIGHT:

IN THE LATTER DAYS.

'I prae : sequar.'

THOU sayst, 'Take up thy cross
O Man, and follow me:'
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow thee.

But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we thy face could see!
Thy blessed face one moment's space —
Then might we follow thee!

Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow thee?

Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow thee?

Unchanging law binds all,
And Nature all we see:
Thou art a star, far off, too far,
Too far to follow thee!

— Ah, sense-bound heart and blind!
Is nought but what we see?
Can time undo what once was true;
Can we not follow thee?

Is what we trace of law
The whole of God's decree?
Does our brief span grasp Nature's plan,
And bid not follow thee?

O heavy cross — of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore thyself restore
And help to follow thee!

If not as once thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow thee.

Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up thy throne within thine own: —
Go, Lord: we follow thee.

—*Fraser's Magazine.* F. T. P.

ON HIS NINETIETH BIRTHDAY.

(October 20, 1866.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

NINETY years — ninety years!
We, smooth travelling 'midst our peers,
With a careless onward tread,
Look at you, so far ahead,
And wonder how life's road appears
At ninety years, at ninety years: —

If the journey has seem'd long,
If the days when you were young
(Nigh a century ago!)
Ever come in silent show,
With their forgotten smiles and tears,
To the calm eye of ninety years.

Little the young mother knew
On the day she welcomed you
To our old, new, wondrous world,
How your hair, then softly curl'd,
Would whiten 'neath the hopes and fears
Of ninety years — full ninety years!

Yet that unknown lady sweet,
Who once guided your small feet,
Watch'd the dawning soul arise
In the pretty infant eyes —
Might smile, content, from happier spheres,
Upon her "child" of ninety years.

Gentle spirit, brave as true,
Freshen'd still with all youth's dew,
Merry heart, that can enjoy
Simple, fully, like a boy:
Fear not, though close the shadow nears,
At ninety years, at ninety years.

So when he at last shall come —
The good Friend who whispers "Home"—
May he come as tenderly
As babe-sleep on mother's knee!
And after — so prays Love with tears —
Not ninety, but a hundred years.

— *Good Words.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

Memoirs of the Life of Warren Hastings, first Governor-General of Bengal. Compiled from Original Papers, by the Rev. G. R. GLEIG, M.A. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1841.

THIS book seems to have been manufactured in pursuance of a contract, by which the representatives of Warren Hastings, on the one part, bound themselves to furnish papers, and Mr. Gleig, on the other part, bound himself to furnish praise. It is but just to say that the covenants on both sides have been most faithfully kept; and the result is before us in the form of three big bad volumes, full of undigested correspondence and undiscerning panegyric.

If it were worth while to examine this performance in detail, we could easily make a long article by merely pointing out inaccurate statements, inelegant expressions, and immoral doctrines. But it would be idle to waste criticism on a bookmaker; and, whatever credit Mr. Gleig may have justly earned by former works, it is as a bookmaker, and nothing more, that he now comes before us. More eminent men than Mr. Gleig have written nearly as ill as he, when they have stooped to similar drudgery. It would be unjust to estimate Goldsmith by the Vicar of Wakefield, or Scott by the Life of Napoleon. Mr. Gleig is neither a Goldsmith nor a Scott; but it would be unjust to deny that he is capable of something better than these Memoirs. It would also, we hope and believe, be unjust to charge any Christian minister with the guilt of deliberately maintaining some propositions which we find in this book. It is not too much to say, that Mr. Gleig has written several passages, which bear the same relation to the 'Prince' of Machiavelli that the 'Prince' of Machiavelli bears to the 'Whole Duty of Man,' and which would excite amazement in a den of robbers, or on board of a schooner of pirates. But we are willing to attribute these offences to haste, to thoughtlessness, and to that disease of the understanding which may be called the *Furor Biographicus*, and which is to writers of lives what the *goître* is to an Alpine Shepherd, or dirt-eating to a Negro slave.

We are inclined to think that we shall best meet the wishes of our readers, if, instead of dwelling on the faults of this book, we attempt to give, in a way necessarily hasty and imperfect, our own view of the life and character of Mr. Hastings. Our feeling towards him is not exactly that of the House of Commons which impeached him in 1787; neither is it that of the House of Commons which uncovered and stood up to receive him in 1813. He had great qualities, and he rendered great services to the state. But to represent him as a man of stainless virtue, is to make him ridiculous; and from regard for his memory, if from no other feeling, his friends would have done well to lend no countenance to such puerile adulation. We believe that, if he were now living, he would have sufficient judgment and sufficient greatness of mind to wish to be shown as he was. He must have known that there were dark spots on his fame. He might also have felt with pride that the splendour of his fame would bear many spots. He would have preferred, we are confident, even the severity of Mr. Mill to the puffing of Mr. Gleig. He would have wished posterity to have a likeness of him, though an unfavourable likeness, rather than a daub at once insipid and unnatural, resembling neither him nor anybody else. 'Paint me as I am,' said Oliver Cromwell, while sitting to young Lely. 'If you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling.' Even in such a trifle, the great Protector showed both his good sense and his magnanimity. He did not wish all that was characteristic in his countenance to be lost, in the vain attempt to give him the regular features and the smooth blooming cheeks of the curl-pated minions of James the First. He was content that his face should go forth marked with all the blemishes which had been put on it by time, by war, by sleepless nights, by anxiety, perhaps by remorse; but with valour, policy, authority, and public care, written in all its princely lines. If men truly great knew their own interest, it is thus that they would wish their minds to be portrayed.

Warren Hastings sprang from an ancient and illustrious race. It has been affirmed that his pedigree can be traced back to the great Danish sea-king, whose sails were long the terror of both coasts of the British channel; and who, after many fierce and doubtful struggles, yielded at last to the valour and genius of Alfred. But the undoubted splendour of the line of Hastings, needs no illlustration from fable. One branch of that line wore, in the fourteenth century, the coronet of Pembroke. From another branch sprang the renowned Chamberlain, the faithful adherent of the White Rose, whose fate has furnished so striking a theme both to poets and to historians. His

family received from the Tudors the earldom of Huntingdon; which, after long dispossession, was regained in our time by a series of events scarcely paralleled in romance.

The lords of the manor of Daylesford, in Worcestershire, claimed to be considered as the heads of this distinguished family. The main stock, indeed, prospered less than some of the younger shoots. But the Daylesford family, though not ennobled, was wealthy and highly considered, till, about two hundred years ago it was overwhelmed in the great ruin of the civil war. The Hastings of that time was a zealous cavalier. He raised money on his own lands, sent his plate to the mint at Oxford, joined the royal army, and, after spending half of his property in the cause of King Charles, was glad to ransom himself by making over most of the remaining half to Speaker Lenthal. The old seat at Daylesford still remained in the family; but it could no longer be kept up; and in the following generation it was sold to a merchant of London.

Before the transfer took place, the last Hastings of Daylesford had presented his second son to the rectory of the parish in which the ancient residence of the family stood. The living was of little value; and the situation of the poor clergyman, after the sale of the estate was deplorable. He was constantly engaged in lawsuits about his tithes with the new lord of the manor, and was at length utterly ruined. His eldest son, Howard, a well-conducted young man, obtained a place in the Customs. The second son, Pynaston, an idle worthless boy married before he was sixteen, lost his wife in two years, and went to the West Indies, where he died leaving to the care of his unfortunate father a little orphan, destined to strange and memorable vicissitudes of fortune.

Warren, the son of Pynaston, was born on the 6th of December, 1732. His mother died a few days later, and he was left dependent on his distressed grandfather. The child was early sent to the village school, where he learned his letters on the same bench with the sons of the peasantry. Nor did anything in his garb or fare indicate that his life was to take a widely different course from that of the young rustics with whom he studied and played. But no cloud could overcast the dawn of so much genius and so much ambition. The very ploughmen observed, and long remembered, how kindly little Warren took to his book. The daily sight of the lands which his ancestors had possessed, and which had passed into the hands of strangers, filled his young brain with wild fancies and projects. He loved to hear stories of the wealth and greatness of his progenitors — of their splendid housekeeping, their loyalty, and their valour. On one bright summer day, the boy, then just seven years old, lay on the bank of the rivulet which flows through the old domain of his house to join the Isis. There, as three-score and ten years later he told the tale, rose in his mind a scheme which, through all the turns of his eventful career, was never abandoned. He would recover the estate which had belonged to his fathers. He would be Hastings of Daylesford. This purpose, formed in infancy and poverty, grew stronger as his intellect expanded and as his fortune rose. He pursued his plan with that calm but indomitable force of will, which was the most striking peculiarity of his character. When, under a tropical sun, he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics, his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford. And when his long public life, so singularly chequered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed for ever, it was to Daylesford that he retired to die.

When he was eight years old, his uncle, Howard, determined to take charge of him, and to give him a liberal education. The boy went up to London, and was sent to a school at Newington, where he was well taught but ill fed. He always attributed the smallness of his stature to the hard and scanty fare of this seminary. At ten he was removed to Westminster school, then flourishing under the care of Dr. Nichols. Vinny Bourne, as his pupils affectionately called him, was one of the masters. Churchill, Colman, Loyd, Cumberland, Cowper, were among the students. With Cowper, Hastings formed a friendship which neither the lapse of time, nor a wide dissimilarity of opinions and pursuits, could wholly dissolve. It does not appear that they ever met after they had grown to manhood. But many years later, when the voices of a crowd of great orators were crying for vengeance on the oppressor of India, the shy and secluded poet could image to himself Hastings the Governor-General, only as the Hastings with whom he had rowed on the Thames and played in the cloister; and refused to believe that so good-tempered a fellow could have done anything very wrong. His own life had been spent in praying, musing, and rhyming among the waterlilies of the Ouse. He had preserved in no common measure the innocence of

childhood. His spirit had indeed been severely tried, but not by temptations which impelled him to any gross violation of the rules of social morality. He had never been attacked by combinations of powerful and deadly enemies. He had never been compelled to make a choice between innocence and greatness, between crime and ruin. Firmly as he held in theory the doctrine of human depravity, his habits were such, that he was unable to conceive how far from the path of right, even kind and noble natures may be hurried by the rage of conflict and the lust of dominion.

Hastings had another associate at Westminster, of whom we shall have occasion to make frequent mention — Elijah Impey. We know little about their school days. But we think we may safely venture to guess that, whenever Hastings wished to play any tricks more than usually naughty, he hired Impey with a tart or a ball to act as fag in the worst part of the prank.

Warren was distinguished among his comrades as an excellent swimmer, boatman, and scholar. At fourteen he was first in the examination for the foundation. His name in gilded letters on the walls of the dormitory, still attests his victory over many older competitors. He stayed two years longer at the school, and was looking forward to a studentship at Christ Church, when an event happened which changed the whole course of his life. Howard Hastings died, bequeathing his nephew to the care of a friend and distant relation, named Chiswick. This gentleman, though he did not absolutely refuse the charge, was desirous to rid himself of it as soon as possible. Dr. Nichols made strong remonstrances against the cruelty of interrupting the studies of a youth who seemed likely to be one of the first scholars of the age. He even offered to bear the expense of sending his favourite pupil to Oxford. But Mr. Chiswick was inflexible. He thought the years which had already been wasted on hexameters and pentameters quite sufficient. He had it in his power to obtain for the lad a writership in the service of the East India Company. Whether the young adventurer, when once shipped off, made a fortune, or died of a liver complaint, he equally ceased to be a burden to anybody. Warren was accordingly removed from Westminster school, and placed for a few months at a commercial academy, to study arithmetic and book-keeping. In January, 1750, a few days after he had completed his seventeenth year, he sailed for Bengal, and arrived at his destination in the October following.

He was immediately placed at a desk in the Secretary's office at Calcutta, and laboured there during two years. Fort William was then a purely commercial settlement. In the south of India the encroaching policy of Dupleix had transformed the servants of the English company, against their will, into diplomatists and generals. The war of the succession was raging in the Carnatic; and the tide had been suddenly turned against the French by the genius of young Robert Clive. But in Bengal, the European settlers, at peace with the natives and with each other, were wholly occupied with Ledgers and Bills of lading.

After two years passed in keeping accounts at Calcutta, Hastings was sent up the country to Cossimbazar, a town which lies on the Hoogly, about a mile from Moorshedabad, and which then bore to Moorshedabad a relation, if we may compare small things with great, such as the city of London bears to Westminster. Moorshedabad was the abode of the prince who, by an authority ostensibly derived from the Mogul, but really independent, ruled the three great provinces of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar. At Moorshedabad were the court, the harem, and the public offices. Cossimbazar was a port and a place of trade, renowned for the quantity and excellence of the silks which were sold in its marts, and constantly receiving and sending forth fleets of richly laden barges. At this important point, the Company had established a small factory subordinate to that of Fort William. Here, during several years, Hastings was employed in making bargains for stuffs with native brokers. While he was thus engaged, Surajah Dowlah succeeded to the government, and declared war against the English. The defenceless settlement of Cossimbazar, lying close to the tyrant's capital, was instantly seized. Hastings was sent a prisoner to Moorshedabad; but, in consequence of the humane intervention of the servants of the Dutch Company, was treated with indulgence. Meanwhile the Nabob marched on Calcutta; the governor and the commandant fled; the town and citadel were taken, and most of the English prisoners perished in the Blackhole.

In these events originated the greatness of Warren Hastings. The fugitive governor and his companions had taken refuge on the dreary islet of Fulda, near the mouth of the Hoogly. They were naturally desirous to obtain full information respecting the proceedings of the Nabob; and no person seemed so likely to furnish it as Hast-

ings, who was a prisoner at large in the immediate neighbourhood of the court. He thus became a diplomatic agent, and soon established a high character for ability and resolution. The treason which at a later period was fatal to Surajah Dowlah, was already in progress; and Hastings was admitted to the deliberations of the conspirators. But the time for striking had not arrived. It was necessary to postpone the execution of the design; and Hastings, who was now in extreme peril, fled to Fulda.

Soon after his arrival at Fulda, the expedition from Madras, commanded by Clive, appeared in the Hoogly. Warren, young, intrepid, and excited probably by the example of the Commander of the Forces, who, having like himself been a mercantile agent of the Company, had been turned by public calamities into a soldier, determined to serve in the ranks. During the early operations of the war he carried a musket. But the quick eye of Clive soon perceived that the head of the young volunteer would be more useful than his arm. When after the battle of Plassey, Meer Jaffier was proclaimed Nabob of Bengal, Hastings was appointed to reside at the court of the new prince as agent for the Company.

He remained at Moorshedabad till the year 1761, when he became a member of Council, and was consequently forced to reside at Calcutta. This was during the interval between Clive's first and second administration — an interval which has left on the fame of the East India Company a stain, not wholly effaced by many years of just and humane government. Mr. Vansittart, the Governor, was at the head of a new and anomalous empire. On the one side was a band of English functionaries, daring, intelligent, eager to be rich. On the other side was a great native population, helpless, timid, accustomed to crouch under oppression. To keep the stronger race from preying on the weaker, was an undertaking which tasked to the utmost the talents and energy of Clive. Vansittart, with fair intentions, was a feeble and efficient ruler. The master caste, as was natural, broke loose from all restraint; and then was seen what we believe to be the most frightful of all spectacles, the strength of civilisation without its mercy. To all other despotism there is a check; imperfect, indeed, and liable to gross abuse, but still sufficient to preserve society from the last extreme of misery. A time comes when the evils of submission are obviously greater than those of resistance; when fear itself begets a sort of courage; when a convulsive burst of popular rage and despair warns tyrants not to presume too far on the patience of mankind. But against misgovernment such as then afflicted Bengal, it was impossible to struggle. The superior intelligence and energy of the dominant class made their power irresistible. A war of Bengalees against Englishmen, was like a war of sheep against wolves, of men against demons. The only protection the conquered could find was in the moderation, the clemency, the enlarged policy of the conquerors. That protection, at a later period, they found. But at first, English power came among them unaccompanied by English morality. There was an interval between the time at which they became our subjects, and the time at which we began to reflect that we were bound to discharge towards them the duties of rulers. During that interval, the business of a servant of the Company was simply to wring out of the natives a hundred or two hundred thousand pounds as speedily as possible, that he might return home before his constitution had suffered from the heat, to marry a peer's daughter, to buy rotten boroughs in Cornwall, and to give balls in St. James's Square. Of the conduct of Hastings at this time, little is known; but the little that is known, and the circumstance that little is known, must be considered as honourable to him. He could not protect the natives; all that he could do was, to abstain from plundering and oppressing them; and this he appears to have done. It is certain that at this time he continued poor; and it is equally certain, that by cruelty and dishonesty he might easily have become rich. It is certain that he was never charged with having borne a share in the abuses which then prevailed; and it is almost equally certain that, if he had borne a share in those abuses, the able and bitter enemies who afterwards persecuted him, would not have failed to discover and to proclaim his guilt. The keen, severe, and even malevolent scrutiny to which his whole public life was subjected — a scrutiny unparalleled, as we believe, in the history of mankind — is, in one respect, advantageous to his reputation. It brought many lamentable blemishes to light; but it entitles him to be considered pure from every blemish which has not been brought to light.

The truth is that the temptations to which so many English functionaries yielded in the time of Mr. Vansittart, were not temptations addressed to the ruling passions of Warren H[illegible] He was not

squeamish in pecuniary transactions; but he was neither sordid nor rapacious. He was far too enlightened a man to look on a great empire merely as a buccanier would look on a galleon. Had his heart been much worse than it was, his understanding would have preserved him from that extremity of baseness. He was an unscrupulous, perhaps an unprincipled statesman; but still he was a statesman, and not a freebooter.

In 1764, Hastings returned to England. He had realised only a very moderate fortune; and that moderate fortune was soon reduced to nothing, partly by his praiseworthy liberality, and partly by his mismanagement. Towards his relations he appears to have acted very generously. The greater part of his savings he left in Bengal, hoping probably to obtain the high usury of India. But high usury and bad security generally go together; and Hastings lost both interest and principal.

He remained four years in England. Of his life at this time very little is known. But it has been asserted, and is highly probable, that liberal studies, and the society of men of letters, occupied a great part of his time. It is to be remembered to his honour, that in days when the languages of the East were regarded by other servants of the Company merely as the means of communicating with weavers and money-changers, his enlarged and accomplished mind sought in Asiatic learning for new forms of intellectual enjoyment, and for new views of government and society. Perhaps, like most persons who have paid much attention to departments of knowledge which lie out of the common track, he was inclined to overrate the value of his favourite studies. He conceived that the cultivation of Persian literature might with advantage be made a part of the liberal education of an English gentleman; and he drew up a plan with that view. It is said that the University of Oxford, in which Oriental learning had never, since the revival of letters, been wholly neglected, was to be the seat of the institution which he contemplated. An endowment was expected from the munificence of the Company; and professors thoroughly competent to interpret Hafiz and Ferdusi were to be engaged in the East. Hastings called on Johnson, with the hope, as it would seem, of interesting in his project a man who enjoyed the highest literary reputation, and who was particularly connected with Oxford. The interview appears to have left on Johnson's mind a most favourable impression of the talents and attainments of his visiter. Long after, when Hastings was ruling the immense population of British India, the old philosopher wrote to him, and referred in the most courtly terms, though with great dignity, to their short but agreeable intercourse.

Hastings soon began to look again towards India. He had little to attach him to England; and his pecuniary embarrassments were great. He solicited his old masters the Directors for employment. They acceded to his request, with high compliments both to his abilities and to his integrity, and appointed him a Member of Council at Madras. It would be unjust not to mention, that though forced to borrow money for his outfit, he did not withdraw any portion of the sum which he had appropriated to the relief of his distressed relations. In the spring of 1769 he embarked on board of the 'Duke of Grafton,' and commenced a voyage distinguished by incidents which might furnish matter for a novel.

Among the passengers in the 'Duke of Grafton' was a German of the name of Imhoff. He called himself a baron, but he was in distressed circumstances; and was going out to Madras as a portrait painter, in the hope of picking up some of the pagodas which were then lightly got and as lightly spent by the English in India. The baron was accompanied by his wife, a native, we have somewhere read, of Archangel. This young woman, who, born under the Arctic circle, was destined to play the part of a Queen under the tropic of Cancer, had an agreeable person, a cultivated mind, and manners in the highest degree engaging. She despised her husband heartily, and, as the story which we have to tell sufficiently proves, not without reason. She was interested by the conversation and flattered by the attentions of Hastings. The situation was indeed perilous. No place is so propitious to the formation either of close friendship, or of deadly enmities as an Indiaman. There are very few people who do not find a voyage which lasts several months insupportably dull. Anything is welcome which may break that long monotony — a sail, a shark, an albatross, a man overboard. Most passengers find some resource in eating twice as many meals as on land. But the great devices for killing the time are, quarrelling and flirting. The facilities for both these exciting pursuits are great. The inmates of the ship are thrown together far more than in any country-seat

or boarding-house. None can escape from the rest except by imprisoning himself in a cell in which he can hardly turn. All food, all exercise, is taken in company. Ceremony is to a great extent banished. It is every day in the power of a mischievous person to inflict innumerable annoyances; it is every day in the power of an amiable person to confer little services. It not seldom happens that serious distress and danger call forth in genuine beauty and deformity heroic virtues and abject vices, which, in the ordinary intercourse of good society, might remain during many years unknown even to intimate associates. Under such circumstances met Warren Hastings and the Baroness Imhoff; two persons whose accomplishments would have attracted notice in any court of Europe. The gentleman had no domestic ties. The lady was tied to a husband for whom she had no regard, and who had no regard for his own honour. An attachment sprang up, which was soon strengthened by events such as could hardly have occurred on land. Hastings fell ill. The baroness nursed him with womanly tenderness, gave him his medicines with her own hand, and even sate up in his cabin while he slept. Long before the 'Duke of Grafton' reached Madras, Hastings was in love. But his love was of a most characteristic description. Like his hatred, like his ambition, like all his passions, it was strong, but not impetuous. It was calm, deep, earnest, patient of delay, unconquerable by time. Imhoff was called into council by his wife and his wife's lover. It was arranged that the baroness should institute a suit for a divorce in the courts of Franconia; that the baron should afford every facility to the proceeding; and that, during the years which might elapse before the sentence should be pronounced, they should continue to live together. It was also agreed that Hastings should bestow some very substantial marks of gratitude on the complaisant husband; and should, when the marriage was dissolved, make the lady his wife, and adopt the children whom she had already borne to Imhoff.

We are not inclined to judge either Hastings or the baroness severely. There was undoubtedly much to extenuate their fault. But we can by no means concur with the Rev. Mr. Gleig, who carries his partiality to so injudicious an extreme, as to describe the conduct of Imhoff — conduct the baseness of which is the best excuse for the lovers — as 'wise and judicious.'

At Madras, Hastings found the trade of the Company in a very disorganized state. His own tastes would have led him rather to political than to commercial pursuits; but he knew that the favour of his employers depended chiefly on their dividends, and their dividends depended chiefly on the investment. He therefore, with great judgment, determined to apply his vigorous mind for a time to this department of business; which had been much neglected, since the servants of the Company had ceased to be clerks, and had become warriors and negotiators.

In a very few months he effected an important reform. The Directors notified to him their high approbation, and were so much pleased with his conduct, that they determined to place him at the head of the government of Bengal. Early in 1772 he quitted Fort St. George for his new post. The Imhoffs, who were still man and wife, accompanied him, and lived at Calcutta 'on the same wise and judicious plan' (we quote the words of Mr. Gleig) which they had already followed during more than two years.

When Hastings took his seat at the head of the council board, Bengal was still governed according to the system which Clive had devised — a system which was, perhaps, skilfully contrived for the purpose of facilitating and concealing a great revolution, but which, when that revolution was complete and irrevocable, could produce nothing but inconvenience. There were two governments, the real and the ostensible. The supreme power belonged to the Company, and was in truth the most despotic power that can be conceived. The only restraint on the English masters of the country was that which their own justice and humanity imposed on them. There was no constitutional check on their will, and resistance to them was utterly hopeless.

But though thus absolute in reality, the English had not yet assumed the style of sovereignty. They held their territories as vassals of the throne of Delhi; they raised their revenues as collectors appointed by the imperial commission; their public seal was inscribed with the imperial titles; and their mint struck only the imperial coin.

There was still a nabob of Bengal, who stood to the English rulers of his country in the same relation in which Augustulus stood to Odoacer, or the last Merovingians to Charles Martel and Pepin. He lived at Moorshedabad, surrounded by princely magnificence. He was approached with the

outward marks of reverence, and his name was used in public instruments; but in the government of the county he had less real share than the youngest writer or cadet in the Company's service.

The English council which represented the Company at Calcutta, was constituted on a very different plan from that which has since been adopted. At present the Governor is, as to all executive measures, absolute. He can declare war, conclude peace, appoint public functionaries or remove them, in opposition to the unanimous sense of those who sit with him in council. They are, indeed, entitled to know all that is done, to discuss all that is done, to advise, to remonstrate, to send home protests. But it is with the governor that the supreme power resides, and on him that the whole responsibility rests. This system, which was introduced by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas in spite of the strenuous opposition of Mr. Burke, we conceive to be on the whole the best that was ever devised for the government of a country where no materials can be found for a representative constitution. In the time of Hastings the governor had only one vote in council, and, in case of an equal division, a casting vote. It therefore happened not unfrequently that he was overruled on the gravest questions; and it was possible that he might be wholly excluded, for years together, from the real direction of public affairs.

The English functionaries at Fort William had as yet paid little or no attention to the internal government of Bengal. The only branch of politics with which they much busied themselves was negotiation with the native princes. The police, the administration of justice, the details of the collection of revenue, they almost entirely neglected. We may remark that the phraseology of the Company's servants still bears the traces of this state of things. To this day they always use the word 'political' as synonymous with 'diplomatic.' We could name a gentleman still living, who was described by the highest authority as an invaluable public servant, eminently fit to be at the head of the departments of finance, revenue, and justice, but unfortunately quite ignorant of all political business.

The internal government of Bengal the English rulers delegated to a great native minister, who was stationed at Moorshedabad. All military affairs, and, with the exception of what pertains to mere ceremonial, all foreign affairs, were withdrawn from his control; but the other departments of the administration were entirely confided to him. His own stipend amounted to near a hundred thousand pound sterling a-year. The civil list of the nabobs, amounting to more than three hundred thousand pounds a-year, passed through the minister's hands, and was to a great extent, at his disposal. The collection of the revenue, the superintendence of the household of the prince, the administration of justice, the maintenance of order, were left to this high functionary; and for the exercise of his immense power he was responsible to none but the British masters of the country.

A situation so important, lucrative, and splendid, was naturally an object of ambition to the ablest and most powerful natives. Clive had found it difficult to decide between conflicting pretensions. Two candidates stood out prominently from the crowd, each of them the representative of a race and of a religion.

The one was Mahommed Reza Khan, a Mussulman of Persian extraction, able, active, religious after the fashion of his people, and highly esteemed by them. In England, he might perhaps have been regarded as a corrupt and greedy politician. But tried by the lower standard of Indian morality, he might be considered as a man of integrity and honour.

His competitor was a Hindoo Brahmin, whose name has, by a terrible and melancholy event, been inseparably associated with that of Warren Hastings — the Maharajah Nuncomar. This man had played an important part in all the revolutions which, since the time of Surajah Dowlah, had taken place in Bengal. To the consideration which in that country belongs to high and pure caste, he added the weight which is derived from wealth, talents and experience. Of his moral character it is difficult to give a notion to those who are acquainted with human nature only as it appears in our island. What the Italian is to the Englishman, what the Hindoo is to the Italian, what the Bengalee is to other Hindoos, that was Nuncomar to other Bengalees. The physical organization of the Bengalee is feeble even to effeminacy. He lives in a constant vapour bath. His pursuits are sedentary, his limbs delicate, his movements languid. During many ages he has been trampled upon by men of bolder and more hardy breeds. Courage, independence, veracity, are qualities to which his constitution and his situation are equally unfavourable. His mind bears a singular analogy to his body. It is weak even to helplessness, for purposes of manly resistance; but its

suppleness and its tact move the children of sterner climates to admiration not unmingled with contempt. All those arts which are the natural defence of the weak, are more familiar with this subtle race than to the Ionian of the times of Juvenal, or to the Jew of the dark ages. What the horns are to the buffalo, what the paw is to the tiger, what the sting is to the bee, what beauty, according to the old Greek song, is to woman, deceit is to the Bengalee. Large promises, smooth excuses, elaborate tissues of circumstantial falsehood, chicanery, perjury, forgery, are the weapons, offensive and defensive, of the people of the Lower Ganges. All those millions do not furnish one sepoy to the armies of the Company. But as usurers, as money-changers, as sharp legal practitioners, no class of human beings can bear a comparison with them. With all his softness, the Bengalee is by no means placable in his enmities, or prone to pity. The pertinacity with which he adheres to his purposes, yields only to the immediate pressure of fear. Nor does he lack a certain kind of courage which is often wanting in his masters. To inevitable evils he is sometimes found to oppose a passive fortitude, such as the Stoics attributed to their ideal sage. An European warrior who rushes on a battery of cannon with a loud hurrah, will shriek under the surgeon's knife, and fall into an agony of despair at the sentence of death. But the Bengalee would see his country overrun, his house laid in ashes, his children murdered or dishonoured, without having the spirit to strike one blow, he has yet been known to endure torture with the firmness of Mucius, and to mount the scaffold with the steady step and even pulse of Algernon Sydney.

In Nuncomar, the national character was strongly and with exaggeration personified. The Company's servants had repeatedly detected him in the most criminal intrigues. On one occasion he brought a false charge against another Hindoo, and tried to substantiate it by producing forged documents. On another occasion it was discovered that, while professing the strongest attachment to the English, he was engaged in several conspiracies against them; and in particular that he was the medium of a correspondence between the court of Delhi and the French authorities in the Carnatic. For these and similar practices, he had been long detained in confinement. But his talents and influence had not only procured his liberation, but had obtained for him a certain degree of consideration even among the British rulers of his country.

Clive was extremely unwilling to place a Mussulman at the head of the administration of Bengal. On the other hand, he could not bring himself to confer immense power on a man to whom every sort of villany had repeatedly been brought home. Therefore, though the nabob, over whom Nuncomar had by intrigue acquired great influence, begged that the artful Hindoo might be intrusted with the government, Clive, after some hesitation, decided honestly and wisely in favour of Mahommed Reza Khan, who had held his high office seven years when Hastings became Governor. An infant son of Meer Jaffier was now nabob; and the guardianship of the young prince's person had been confined to the minister.

Nuncomar, stimulated at once by cupidity and malice, had been constantly attempting to undermine his successful rival. This was not difficult. The revenues of Bengal, under the administration established by Clive, did not yield such a surplus as had been anticipated by the company; for, at that time, the most absurd notions were entertained in England respecting the wealth of India. Palaces of porphyry, hung with the richest brocade, heaps of pearls and diamonds, vaults from which pagodas and gold mohurs were measured out by the bushel, filled the imagination even of men of business. Nobody seemed to be aware of what nevertheless was most undoubtedly the truth, that India was a much poorer country than countries which in Europe are reckoned poor — than Ireland, for example, than Portugal, or than Sweden. It was confidently believed by Lords of the Treasury and Members for the City, that Bengal would not only defray its own charges, but would afford an increased dividend to the proprietors of Indian stock, and large relief to the English finances. These absurd expectations were disappointed; and the directors, naturally enough, chose to attribute the disappointment rather to the mismanagement of Mahommed Reza Khan, than to their own ignorance of the country intrusted to their care. They were confirmed in their error by the agents of Nuncomar; for Nuncomar had agents even in Leadenhall Street. Soon after Hastings reached Calcutta, he received a letter addressed by the Court of Directors, not to the council generally, but to himself in particular. He was directed to remove Mahommed Reza Khan,

to arrest him, together with all his family and all his partizans, and to institute a strict inquiry into the whole administration of the province. It was added, that the Governor would do well to avail himself of the assistance of Nuncomar in the investigation. The vices of Nuncomar were acknowledged. But even from his vices, it was said, much advantage might at such a conjecture be derived; and, though he could not safely be trusted, it might still be proper to encourage him by hopes of reward.

The Governor bore no good-will to Nuncomar. Many years before, they had known each other at Moorshedabad; and then a quarrel had risen between them, which all the authority of their superiors could hardly compose. Widely as they differed in most points, they resembled each other in this, that both were men of unforgiving natures. To Mahommed Reza Khan, on the other hand, Hastings had no feelings of hostility. Nevertheless he proceeded to execute the instructions of the Company with an alacrity which he never showed, except when instructions were in perfect conformity with his own views. He had, wisely as we think, determined to get rid of the system of double government in Bengal. The orders of the directors furnished him with the means of effecting his purpose, and dispensed him from the necessity of discussing the matter with his council. He took his measures with his usual vigour and dexterity. At midnight, the palace of Mahommed Reza Khan, at Moorshedabad, was surrounded by a battalion of sepoys. The minister was roused from his slumbers, and informed that he was a prisoner. With the Mussulman gravity, he bent his head and submitted himself to the will of God. He fell not alone. A chief named Schitab Roy had been intrusted with the government of Bahar. His valour and his attachment to the English had more than once been signally proved. On that memorable day on which the people of Patna saw from their walls the whole army of the Mogul scattered by the little band of Captain Knox, the voice of the British conquerors assigned the palm of gallantry to the brave Asiatic. 'I never,' said Knox, when he introduced Schitab Roy, covered with blood and dust, to the English functionaries assembled in the factory — 'I never saw a native fight so before.' Schitab Roy was involved in the ruin of Mahommed Reza Khan, was deprived of his government, and was placed under arrest. The members of the council received no intimation of these measures till the prisoners were on their road to Calcutta.

The inquiry into the conduct of the minister was postponed on different pretences. He was detained in an easy confinement during many months. In the mean time, the great revolution which Hastings had planned was carried into effect. The office of minister was abolished. The internal administration was transferred to the servants of the Company. A system — a very imperfect system it is true — of civil and criminal justice, under English superintendence, was established. The nabob was no longer to have even an ostensible share in the government; but he was still to receive a considerable annual allowance, and to be surrounded with the state of sovereignty. As he was an infant, it was necessary to provide guardians for his person and property. His person was intrusted to a lady of his father's harem, known by the name of the Munny Begum. The office of treasurer of the household was bestowed on a son of Nuncomar, named Goordas. Nuncomar's services were wanted, yet he could not safely be trusted with power; and Hastings thought it a masterstroke of policy to reward the able and unprincipled parent by promoting the inoffensive child.

The revolution completed, the double government dissolved, the Company installed in the full sovereignty of Bengal, Hastings had no motive to treat the late ministers with rigour. Their trial had been put off on various pleas till the new organization was complete. They were then brought before a committee, over which the Governor presided. Schitab Roy was speedily acquitted with honour. A formal apology was made to him for the restraint to which he had been subjected. All the Eastern marks of respect were bestowed on him. He was clothed in a robe of honour, presented with jewels and with a richly harnessed elephant, and sent back in state to Patna. But his health had suffered from confinement; his high spirit had been cruelly wounded; and soon after his liberation he died of a broken heart.

The innocence of Mahommed Reza Khan was not so clearly established. But the Governor was not disposed to deal harshly. After a long hearing, in which Nuncomar appeared as the accuser, and displayed both the art and the inveterate rancour which distinguished him, Hastings pronounced

that the charges had not been made out, and ordered the fallen minister to be set at liberty.

Nuncomar had purposed to destroy the Mussulman administration, and to rise on its ruins. Both his malevolence and his cupidity had been disappointed. Hastings had made him a tool — had used him for the purpose of accomplishing the transfer of the government from Moorshedabad to Calcutta, from native to European hands. The rival, the enemy, so long envied, so implacably persecuted, had been dismissed unhurt. The situation so long and ardently desired had been abolished. It was natural that the Governor should be from that time an object of the most intense hatred to the vindictive Brahmin. As yet, however, it was necessary to suppress such feelings. The time was coming when that long animosity was to end in a desperate and deadly struggle.

In the mean time, Hastings was compelled to turn his attention to foreign affairs. The object of his diplomacy was at this time simply to get money. The finances of his government were in an embarrassed state; and this embarrassment he was determined to relieve by some means, fair or foul. The principle which directed all his dealings with his neighbours is fully expressed by the old motto of one of the great predatory families of Teviotdale — 'Thou shalt want ere I want.' He seems to have laid it down, as a fundamental proposition which could not be disputed, that when he had not as many lacs of rupees as the public service required, he was to take them from anybody who had. One thing, indeed, is to be said in excuse for him. The pressure applied to him by his employers at home, was such as only the highest virtue could have withstood — such as left him no choice except to commit great wrongs or to resign his high post, and with that post all his hopes of fortune and distinction. It is perfectly true, that the directors never enjoined or applauded any crime. Far from it. Whoever examines their letters at that time, will find there, many just and humane sentiments, many excellent precepts; in short, an admirable circle of political ethics. But every exhortation is modified or nullified by a demand for money. 'Govern leniently, and send more money; practise strict justice and moderation towards neighbouring powers, and send more money;' this is in truth the sum of almost all the instructions that Hastings ever received from home. Now, these instructions being interpreted, mean simply, 'Be the father and the oppressor of the people; be just and unjust, moderate and rapacious.' The directors dealt with India, as the church, in the good old times, dealt with a heretic. They delivered the victim over to the executioners, with an earnest request that all possible tenderness might be shown. We by no means accuse or suspect those who framed these despatches of hypocrisy. It is probable that, writing fifteen thousand miles from the place where their orders were to be carried into effect, they never perceived the gross inconsistency of which they were guilty. But the inconsistency was at once manifest to their lieutenant at Calcutta, who, with an empty treasury, with an unpaid army, with his own salary often in arrear, with deficient crops, with government tenants daily running away, was called upon to remit home another half million without fail. Hastings saw that it was absolutely necessary for him to disregard either the moral discourses or the pecuniary requisitions of his employers. Being forced to disobey them in something, he had to consider what kind of disobedience they would most readily pardon; and he correctly judged, that the safest course would be to neglect the Sermons and to find the Rupees.

A mind so fertile as his, and so little restrained by conscientious scruples, speedily discovered several modes of relieving the financial embarrassments of the government. The allowance of the Nabob of Bengal was reduced at a stroke from £320,000 a-year to half that sum. The Company had bound itself to pay nearly £300,000 a year to the Great Mogul, as a mark of homage for the provinces which he had intrusted to their care; and they had ceded to him the districts of Corah and Allahabad. On the plea that the Mogul was not really independent, but merely a tool in the hands of others, Hastings determined to retract these concessions. He accordingly declared that the English would pay no more tribute, and sent troops to occupy Allahabad and Corah. The situation of these places was such, that there would be little advantage and great expense in retaining them. Hastings, who wanted money and not territory, determined to sell them. A purchaser was not wanting. The rich province of Oude had, in the general dissolution of the Mogul Empire, fallen to the share of the great Mussulman house, by which it is still governed. About twenty years ago, this house, by the permission of the British government, assumed the royal title; but, in the time of Warren

Hastings, such an assumption would have been considered by the Mahommedans of India as a monstrous impiety. The Prince of Oude, though he held the power, did not venture to use the style of sovereignty. To the appellation of nabob or viceroy, he added that of vizier of the monarchy of Hindostan — just as in the last century the electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, though independent of the Emperor, and often in arms against him, were proud to style themselves his Grand Chamberlain and Grand Marshall. Sujah Dowlah, then nabob vizier, was on excellent terms with the English. He had a large treasure. Allahabad and Corah were so situated that they might be of use to him, and could be of none to the Company. The buyer and seller soon came to an understanding; and the provinces which had been torn from the Mogul were made over to the government of Oude for about half a million sterling.

But there was another matter still more important to be settled by the vizier and the Governor. The fate of a brave people was to be decided. It was decided in a manner which has left a lasting stain on the fame of Hastings and of England.

The people of Central Asia had always been to the inhabitants of India, what the warriors of the German forests were to the subjects of the decaying monarchy of Rome. The dark, slender, and timid Hindoo shrank from a conflict with the strong muscle and resolute spirit of the fair race, which dwelt beyond the passes. There is reason to believe that, at a period anterior to the dawn of regular history, the people who spoke the rich and flexible Sanscrit came from regions lying far beyond the Hyphasis and the Hystaspes, and imposed their yoke on the children of the soil. It is certain that, during the last ten centuries, a succession of invaders descended from the west on Hindostan; nor was the course of conquest ever turned back towards the setting sun, till that memorable campaign, in which the cross of Saint George was planted on the walls of Ghizni.

The emperors of Hindostan themselves came from the other side of the great mountain ridge; and it had always been their practice to recruit their army from the hardy and valiant race from which their own illustrious house sprang. Among the military adventurers who were allured to the Mogul standards from the neighbourhood of Cabul and Candahar, were conspicuous several gallant bands, known by the name of the Rohillas. Their services had been rewarded with large tracts of land — fiefs of the spear, if we may use an expression drawn from an analogous state of things — in that fertile plain through which the Ramgunga flows from the snowy heights of Kumaon to join the Ganges. In the general confusion which followed the death of Aurungzebe, the warlike colony became virtually independent. The Rohillas were distinguished from the other inhabitants of India by a peculiarly fair complexion. They were more honourably distinguished by valour in war, and by skill in the arts of peace. While anarchy raged from Lahore to Cape Comorin, their little territory enjoyed the blessings of repose under the guardianship of courage. Agriculture and commerce flourished among them; nor were they negligent of rhetoric and poetry. Many persons now living have heard aged men talk with regret of the golden days, when the Afghan princes ruled in the vale of Rohilcund.

Sujah Dowlah had set his heart on adding this rich district to his own principality. Right, or show of right, he had absolutely none. His claim was in no respect better founded than that of Catherine to Poland, or that of the Bonaparte family to Spain. The Rohillas held their country by exactly the same title by which he held his; and had governed their country far better than his had ever been governed. Nor were they a people whom it was perfectly safe to attack. Their land was indeed an open plain, destitute of natural defences; but their veins were full of the high blood of Afghanistan. As soldiers, they had not the steadiness which is seldom found except in company with strict discipline; but their impetuous valour had been proved on many fields of battle. It was said that their chiefs, when united by common peril, could bring eighty thousand men into the field. Sujah Dowlah had himself seen them fight, and wisely shrank from a conflict with them. There was in India one army, and only one, against which even those proud Caucasian tribes could not stand. It had been abundantly proved that neither tenfold odds, nor the martial ardour of the boldest Asiatic nations, could avail aught against English science and resolution. Was it possible to induce the governor of Bengal to let out to hire the irresistible energies of the imperial people — the skill, against which the ablest chiefs of Hindostan were helpless as infants — the discipline, which had so often triumphed over the frantic struggles of fanaticism and despair — the unconquerable

British courage, which is never so sedate and stubborn as towards the close of a doubtful and murderous day?

This was what the Nabob Vizier asked, and what Hastings granted. A bargain was soon struck. Each of the Negotiators had what the other wanted. Hastings was in need of funds to carry on the government of Bengal, and to send remittances to London; and Sujah Dowlah had an ample revenue. Sujah Dowlah was bent on subjugating the Rohillas; and Hastings had at his disposal the only force by which the Rohillas could be subjugated. It was agreed that an English army should be lent to the Nabob Vizier, and that, for the loan, he should pay £400,000 sterling, besides defraying all the charge of the troops while employed in his service.

'I really cannot see,' says the Rev. Mr. Gleig, 'upon what grounds, either of political or moral justice this proposition deserves to be stigmatized as infamous.' If we understand the meaning of words, it is infamous to commit a wicked action for hire, and it is wicked to engage in war without provocation. In this particular war, scarcely one aggravating circumstance was wanting. The object of the Rohilla war was this — to deprive a large population, who had never done us the least harm, of a good government, and to place them, against their will, under an execrably bad one. Nay, even this is not all. England now descended far below the level even of those petty German princes, who, about the same time, sold us troops to fight the Americans. The hussar-mongers of Hesse and Anspach had at least the assurance that the expeditions on which their soldiers were to be employed, would be conducted in conformity with the humane rules of civilized warfare. Was the Rohilla war likely to be so conducted? Did the Governor stipulate that it should be so conducted? He well knew that the power which he covenanted to put into Sujah Dowlah's hands, would, in all probability, be atrociously abused; and he required no guarantee, no promise that it should not be so abused. He did not even reserve to himself the right of withdrawing his aid in case of abuse, however gross. Mr. Gleig repeats Major Scott's absurd plea that Hastings was justified in letting out English troops to slaughter the Rohillas, because the Rohillas were not of Indian race, but a colony from a distant country. What were the English themselves? Was it for them to proclaim a crusade for the expulsion of all intruders from the countries watered by the Ganges? Did it lie in their mouths to contend that a foreign settler, who establishes an empire in India, is a *caput lupinum*? What would they have said if any other power had on such a ground, attacked Madras or Calcutta, without the slightest provocation? Such a defence was wanting to make the infamy of the transaction complete. The atrocity of the crime, and the hypocrisy of the apology, are worthy of each other.

One of the three brigades of which the Bengal army consisted, was sent under Colonel Champion to join Sujah Dowlah's forces. The Rohillas expostulated, entreated, offered a large ransom, but in vain. They then resolved to defend themselves to the last. A bloody battle was fought. 'The enemy,' says Colonel Champion, 'gave proof of a good share of military knowledge; and it is impossible to describe a more obstinate firmness of resolution than they displayed.' The dastardly sovereign of Oude fled from the field. The English were left unsupported; but their fire and their charge were irresistible. It was not, however, till the most distinguished chiefs had fallen, fighting bravely at the head of their troops, that the Rohilla ranks gave way. Then the Nabob Vizier and his rabble made their appearance, and hastened to plunder the camp of the valiant enemies, whom they had never dared to look in the face. The soldiers of the Company, trained in an exact discipline, kept unbroken order, while the tents were pillaged by these worthless allies. But many voices were heard to exclaim, 'We have had all the fighting and these rogues are to have all the profit.'

Then the horrors of Indian war were let loose on the fair valleys and cities of Rohilcund. The whole country was in a blaze. More than a hundred thousand people fled from their homes to pestilential jungles, preferring famine and fever, and the haunts of tigers, to the tyranny of him, to whom an English and a Christian government had, for shameful lucre, sold their substance and their blood, and the honour of their wives and daughters. Colonel Champion remonstrated with the Nabob Vizier, and sent strong representations to Fort William; but the Governor had made no conditions as to the mode in which the war was to be carried on. He had troubled himself about nothing but his forty lacks; and, though he might disapprove of Sujah Dowlah's wanton barbarity, he did not think himself entitled to interfere, except by offering advice. This delicacy excites the admiration of the reverend biographer. 'Mr. Hastings,' he

says, 'could not himself dictate to the Nabob, nor permit the commander of the Company's troops to dictate how the war was to be carried on.' No, to be sure. Mr. Hastings had only to put down by main force the brave struggles of innocent men fighting for their liberty. Their military resistance crushed, his duties ended; and he had then only to fold his arms and look on while their villages were burned, their children butchered, and their women violated. Will Mr. Gleig seriously maintain this opinion? Is any rule more plain than this, that whoever voluntarily gives to another irresistible power over human beings, is bound to take order that such power shall not be barbarously abused? But we beg pardon of our readers for arguing a point so clear.

We hasten to the end of this sad and disgraceful story. The war has ceased. The finest population in India was subjected to a greedy, cowardly, cruel tyrant. Commerce and agriculture languished. The rich province which had tempted the cupidity of Sujah Dowlah, became the most miserable part even of his miserable dominions. Yet is the injured nation not yet extinct. At long intervals gleams of its ancient spirit have flashed forth; and even at this day, valour, and self-respect, and a chivalrous feeling, rare among Asiatics, and a bitter remembrance of the great crime of England, distinguish that noble Afghan race. To this day they are regarded as the best of all sepoys at the cold steel; and it was very recently remarked by one who had enjoyed great opportunities of observation, that the only natives of India to whom the word 'gentlemen' can with perfect propriety be applied, are to be found among the Rohillas.

Whatever we may think of the morality of Hastings, it cannot be denied that the financial results of his policy did honour to his talents. In less than two years after he assumed the government, he had, without imposing any additional burdens on the people subject to his authority, added about £450,000 to the annual income of the Company, besides procuring about a million in ready money. He had also relieved the fiances of Bengal from military expenditure, amounting to near £250,000 a-year, and had thrown that charge on the Nabob of Oude. There can be no doubt that this was a result which, if it had been obtained by honest means, would have entitled him to the warmest gratitude of his country; and which, by whatever means obtained, proved that he possessed great talents for administration.

In the mean time, Parliment had been engaged in long and grave discussions on Indian affairs. The ministry of Lord North, in the session of 1773, introduced a measure which made a considerable change in the constitution of the Indian government. This law, known by the name of the Regulating Act, provided that the presidency of Bengal should exercise a control over the other possessions of the Company; that the chief of that presidency should be styled Governor-General; that he should be assisted by four councillors; and that a supreme court of judicature, consisting of a chief justice and three inferior judges, should be established at Calcutta. This court was made independent of the Governor-General and council, and was entrusted with a civil and criminal jurisdiction of immense and, at the same time, of undefined extent.

The Governor-General and councillors were named in the act, and were to hold their situations for five years. Hastings was to be the first Governor-General. One of the four new councillors, Mr. Barwell, an experienced servant of the Company, was then in India. The other three, General Clavering, Mr. Monson, and Mr. Francis, were sent out from England.

The ablest of the new councillors was beyond all doubt, Philip Francis. His acknowledged compositions prove that he possessed considerable eloquence and information. Several years passed in the public offices had formed him to habits of business. His enemies have never denied that he had a fearless and manly spirit; and his friends, we are afraid, must acknowledge that his estimate of himself was extravagantly high, that his temper was irritable, that his deportment was often rude and petulant, and that his hatred was of intense bitterness, and long duration.

It is scarcely possible to mention this eminent man without adverting for a moment to the question which his name at once suggests to every mind. Was he the author of the Letters of Junius? Our own firm belief is, that he was. The external evidence is, we think, such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal proceeding. The handwriting of Junius is the very peculiar handwriting of Francis, slightly disguised. As to the position, pursuits, and connexions of Junius, the following are the most important facts which can be considered as clearly proved: first, that he was acquainted with the technical forms of the

secretary of state's office; secondly, that he was intimately acquainted with the buisness of the war-office; thirdly, that he, during the year 1770, attended debates in the House of Lords, and took notes of speeches, particularly of the speeches of Lord Chatham; fourthly, that he bitterly resented the appointment of Mr. Chamier to the place of deputy secretary-at-war; fifthly, that he was bound by some strong tie to the first Lord Holland. Now, Francis passed some years in the secretary of state's office. He was subsequently chief clerk of the war-office. He repeatedly mentioned that he had himself, in 1770, heard speeches of Lord Chatham; and some of those speeches were actually printed from his notes. He resigned his clerkship at the war-office from resentment at the appointment of Mr. Chamier. It was by Lord Holland that he was first introduced into the public service. Now here are five marks, all of which ought to be found in Junius. They are all five found in Francis. We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatever. If this argument does not settle the question, there is an end of all reasoning on circumstantial evidence.

The internal evidence seems to us to point the same way. The style of Francis bears a strong resemblance to that of Junius; nor are we disposed to admit, what is generally taken for granted, that the acknowledged compositions of Francis are very decidedly inferior to the anonymous letters. The argument from inferiority, at all events, is one which may be urged with at least equal force against every claimant that has ever been mentioned, with the single exception of Burke, who certainly was not Junius. And what conclusion, after all, can be drawn from mere inferiority? Every writer must produce his best work; and the interval between his best work and his second best work may be very wide indeed. Nobody will say that the best letters of Junius are more decidedly superior to the acknowledged works of Francis, than three or four of Corneille's tragedies to the rest; than three or four of Ben Jonson's comedies to the rest; than the Pilgrim's Progress to the other works of Bunyan; than Don Quixote to the other works of Cervantes. Nay, it is certain that the Man in the Mask, whoever he may have been, was a most unequal writer. To go no further than the letters which bear the signature of Junius; — the letter to the king, and the letters to Horne Tooke, have little in common, except the asperity; and asperity was an ingredient seldom wanting either in the writings or in the speeches of Francis.

Indeed, one of the strongest reasons for believing that Francis was Junius, is the moral resemblance between the two men. It is not difficult, from the letters which, under various signatures, are known to have been written by Junius, and from his dealings with Woodfall and others, to form a tolerably correct notion of his character. He was clearly a man not destitute of real patriotism and magnanimity — a man whose vices were not of a sordid kind. But he must also have been a man in the highest degree arrogant and insolent, a man prone to malevolence, and prone to the error of mistaking his malevolence for public virtue. 'Doest thou well to be angry?' was the question asked in old time of the Hebrew prophet. And he answered, 'I do well.' This was evidently the temper of Junius; and to this cause we attribute the savage cruelty which disgraces several of his letters. No man is so merciless as he who, under a strong self-delusion, confounds his antipathies with his duties. It may be added, that Junius, though allied with the democratic party by common enmities, was the very opposite of a democratic politician. While attacking individuals with a ferocity which perpetually violated all the laws of literary warfare, he regarded the most defective parts of old institutions with a respect amounting to pedantry; — pleaded the cause of old Sarum with fervour, and contemptuously told the capitalists of Manchester and Leeds, that, if they wanted votes, they might buy land and become freeholders of Lancanshire and Yorkshire. All this, we believe, might stand, with scarcely any change, for a character of Philip Francis.

It is not strange that the great anonymous writer should have been willing at that time to leave the country which had been so powerfully stirred by his eloquence. Everything had gone against him. That party which he clearly preferred to every other, the party of George Grenville, had been scattered by the death of its chief; and Lord Suffolk had led the greater part of it over to the ministerial benches. The ferment produced by the Middlesex election had gone down. Every faction must have been alike an object of aversion to Junius. His opinions on domestic affairs separated him from the ministry; his opinions on colonial affairs from the opposition. Under such circumstances he had thrown down his pen in misanthropic despair. His farewell letter to Woodfall bears date the

19th of January, 1773. In that letter, he declared that he must be an idiot to write again; that he had meant well by the cause and the public; that both were given up; that there were not ten men who would act steadily together on any question. · 'But it is all alike,' he added 'vile and contemptible. You have never flinched that I know of; and I shall always rejoice to hear of your prosperity.' These were the last words of Junius. In a year from that time, Philip Francis was on his voyage to Bengal.

With the three new councillors came out the judges of the Supreme Court. The chief-justice was Sir Elijah Impey. He was an old acquaintance of Hastings; and it is probable that the Governor-General, if he had searched through all the inns of court, could not have found an equally serviceable tool. But the members of council were by no means in an obsequious mood. Hastings greatly disliked the new form of government, and had no very high opinion of his coadjutors. They had heard of this, and were disposed to be suspicious and punctilious. When men are in such a frame of mind, any trifle is sufficient to give occasion for dispute. The members of council expected a salute of twenty-one guns from the batteries of Fort Williams. Hastings allowed them only seventeen. They landed in ill-humour. The first civilities were exchanged with cold reserve. On the morrow commenced that long quarrel which, after distracting British India, was renewed in England, and in which all the most eminent statesmen and orators of the age took active part on one or the other side.

Hastings was supported by Barwell. They had not always been friends. But the arrival of the new members of council from England, naturally had the effect of uniting the old servants of the Company. Clavering, Monson, and Francis formed the majority. They instantly wrested the government out of the hands of Hastings; condemned, certainly not without justice, his late dealings with the Nabob Vizier; recalled the English agent from Oude, and sent thither a creature of their own; ordered the brigade which had conquered the unhappy Rohillas to return to the Company's territories; and instituted a severe inquiry into the conduct of the war. Next, in spite of the Governor-General's remonstrances, they proceeded to exercise, in the most indiscreet manner, their new authority over the subordinate presidencies; threw all the affairs of Bombay into confusion; and interfered, with an incredible union of rashness and feebleness, in the intestine disputes of the Mahratta government. At the same time, they fell on the internal administration of Bengal, and attacked the whole fiscal and judicial system — a system which was undoubtedly defective, but which it was very improbable that gentlemen fresh from England would be competent to amend. The effect of their reforms was, that all protection to life and property was withdrawn; and that gangs of robbers plundered and slaughtered with impunity in the very suburbs of Calcutta. Hastings continued to live in the Government-house, and to draw the salary of Governor-General. He continued even to take the lead at the council-board in the transaction of ordinary business; for his opponents could not but feel that he knew much of which they were ignorant, and that he decided, both surely and speedily, many questions which to them would have been hopelessly puzzling. But the higher powers of government, and the most valuable patronage, had been taken from him.

The natives soon found this out. They considered him as a fallen man; and they acted after their kind. Some of our readers may have seen, in India, a cloud of crows pecking a sick vulture to death — no bad type of what happens in that country, as often as fortune deserts one who has been great and dreaded. In an instant, all the sycophants who had lately been ready to lie for him, to forge for him, to pander for him, to poison for him, hasten to purchase the favour of his victorious enemies by accusing him. An Indian government has only to let it be understood that it wishes a particular man to be ruined; and, in twenty-four hours, it will be furnished with grave charges, supported by depositions so full and circumstantial, that any person unaccustomed to Asiatic mendacity would regard them as decisive. It is well if the signature of the destined victim is not counterfeited at the foot of some illegal compact, and if some treasonable paper is not slipped into a hiding-place in his house. Hastings was now regarded as helpless. The power to make or mar the fortune of every man in Bengal had passed as it seemed, into the hands of his opponents. Immediately charges against the Governor-General began to pour in. They were eagerly welcomed by the majority, who, to do them justice, were men of too much honour knowingly to countenance false accusations; but who were not suffi-

ciently acquainted with the East to be aware that, in that part of the world, a very little encouragement from power will call forth, in a week, more Oateses, and Bedloes, and Dangerfields, than Westminister Hall sees in a century.

It would have been strange indeed, if, at such a juncture, Nuncomar had remained quiet. That bad man was stimulated at once by malignity, by avarice and by ambition. Now was the time to be avenged on his old enemy, to wreak a grudge of seventeen years, to establish himself in the favour of the majority of the Council, to become the greatest native in Bengal. From the time of the arrival of the new councillors, he had paid the most marked court to them; and had in consequence been excluded, with all indignity, from the Government-house. He now put into the hands of Francis, with great ceremony, a paper containing several charges of the most serious descriptions. By this document Hastings was accused of putting offices up to sale, and of receiving bribes for suffering offenders to escape. In particular, it was alleged that Mohammed Reza Khan had been dismissed with impunity, in consideration of a great sum paid to the Governor-General.

Francis read the paper in Council. A violent altercation followed. Hastings complained in bitter terms of the way in which he was treated. spoke with contempt of Nuncomar and of Nuncomar's accusation, and denied the right of the council to sit in judgment on the governor. At the next meeting of the Board, another communication from Nuncomar was produced. He requested that he might be permitted to attend the council, and that he might be heard in support of his assertions. Another tempestuous debate took place. The Governor-General maintained that the council-room was not a proper place for such an investigation; that from persons who were heated by daily conflict with him, he could not expect the fairness of judges; and that he could not, without betraying the dignity of his post, submit to be confronted with such a man as Nuncomar. The majority, however resolved to go into the charges. Hastings rose, declared the sitting at an end, and left the room, followed by Barwell. The other members kept their seats, voted themselves a council, put Clavering in the chair, and ordered Nuncomar to be called in. Nuncomar not only adhered to the original charges, but, after the fashion of the East, produced a large supplement. He stated that Hastings had received a great sum for appointing Rajah Goordas treasurer of the Nabob's household, and for committing the care of his highness's person to the Munny Begum. He put in a letter purporting to bear the seal of the Munny Begum, for the purpose of establishing the truth of his story. The seal, whether forged, as Hastings affirmed, or genuine, as we are rather inclined to believe, proved nothing. Nuncomar, as everybody knows who knows India, had only to tell the Munny Begum that such a letter would give pleasure to the majority of the council, in order to procure her attestation. The majority, however, voted that the charge was made out; that Hastings had corruptly received between thirty and forty thousand pounds; and that he ought to be compelled to refund.

The general feeling among the English in Bengal was strongly in favour of the Governor-General. In talents for business, in knowledge of the country, in general courtesy of demeanour, he was decidedly superior to his persecutors. The servants of the Company were naturally disposed to side with the most distinguished member of their own body against a War-office clerk, who, profoundly ignorant of the native languages and the native characters, took on himself to regulate every department of the administration. Hastings, however, in spite of the general sympathy of his countrymen, was in a most painful situation. There was still an appeal to higher authority in England. If that authority took part with his enemies, nothing was left to him but to throw up his office. He accordingly placed his resignation in the hands of his agent in London, Colonel Macleane. But Macleane was instructed not to produce the resignation, unless it should be fully ascertained that the feeling at the India House was adverse to the Governor-General.

The triumph of Nuncomar seemed to be complete. He held a daily levee, to which his countrymen resorted in crowds; and to which, on one occasion, the majority of the Council condescended to repair. His house was an office for the purpose of receiving charges against the Governor-General. It was said that, partly by threats, and partly by wheedling, he had induced many of the wealthiest men of the province to send in complaints. But he was playing a desperate game. It was not safe to drive to despair a man of such resource and of such determination as Hastings. Nuncomar, with all his acuteness, did not understand the nature of the institutions under

which he lived. He saw that he had with him the majority of the body which made treaties, gave places, raised taxes. The separation between political and judicial functions was a thing of which he had no conception. It had probably never occurred to him that there was in Bengal an authority perfectly independent of the council — an authority which could protect one whom the council wished to destroy, and send to the gibbet one whom the council wished to protect. Yet such was the fact. The Supreme Court was, within the sphere of its own duties, altogether independent of the Government. Hastings, with his usual sagacity, had seen how much advantage he might derive from possessing himself of this stronghold; and he had acted accordingly. The Judges, especially the Chief Justice, were hostile to the majority of the council. The time had now come for putting this formidable machinery in action.

On a sudden Calcutta was astounded by the news that Nuncomar had been taken up on a charge of felony, committed, and thrown into the common jail. The crime imputed to him was that six years before he had forged a bond. The ostensible prosecutor was a native. But it was then, and still is, the opinion of everybody — idiots and biographers excepted — that Hastings was the real mover in the business.

The rage of the majority rose to the highest point. They protested against the proceedings of the Supreme Court, and sent several urgent messengers to the Judges, demanding that Nuncomar should be admitted to bail. The Judges returned haughty and resolute answers. All that the Council could do, was to heap honours and emoluments on the family of Nuncomar; and this they did. In the mean time, the assizes commenced; a true bill was found; and Nuncomar was brought before Sir Elijah Impey and a jury, composed of Englishmen. A great quantity of contradictory swearing, and the necessity of having every word of the evidence interpreted, protracted the trial to a most unusual length. At last, a verdict of guilty was returned, and the Chief Justice pronounced sentence of death on the prisoner.

Mr. Gleig is so strangely ignorant as to imagine, that the Judges had no further discretion in the case; and that the power of extending mercy to Nuncomar resided with the Council. He therefore throws on Francis, and Francis's party, the whole blame of what followed. We should have thought that a gentlenan who has published five or six bulky volumes on Indian affairs, might have taken the trouble to inform himself as to the fundamental principles of the Indian Government. The supreme Court had, under the Regulating Act the power to respite criminals till the pleasure of the Crown should be known. The Council had at that time no power to interfere.

That Impey ought to have respited Nuncomar, we hold to be perfectly clear. Whether the whole proceeding was not illegal, is a question. But it is certain that, whatever may have been, according to technical rules of construction, the effect of the statute under which the trial took place, it was most unjust to hang a Hindoo for forgery. The law which made forgery capital in England, was passed without the smallest reference to the state of society in India. It was unknown to the natives of India. It had never been put in execution among them — certainly not for want of delinquents. It was in the highest degree shocking to all their notions. They were not accustomed to the distinction which many circumstances, peculiar to our own state of society, have led us to make between forgery and other kinds of cheating. The counterfeiting of a seal was, in their estimation, a common act of swindling; nor had it ever crossed their minds that it was to be punished as severely as gang-robbery or assassination. A just judge would, beyond all doubt, have reserved the case for the consideration of the sovereign. But Impey would not hear of mercy or delay.

The excitement among all classes was great. Francis, and Francis's few English adherents, described the Governor-General, and the Chief Justice, as the worst of murderers. Clavering, it was said, swore that, even at the foot of the gallows, Nuncomar should be rescued. The bulk of the European society, though strongly attached to the Governor-General, could not but feel compassion for a man, who with all his crimes, had so long filled so large a space in their sight — who had been great and powerful before the British empire in India began to exist — and to whom, in the old times, governors and members of council, then mere commercial factors, had paid court for protection. The feeling of the Hindoos was infinitely stronger. They were, indeed, not a people to strike one blow for their countryman. But his sentence filled them with sorrow and dismay. Tried even by their low standard of morality, he was a bad man. But, bad as he was, he was the head of their race and religion — a Brahmin of the Brahmins. He had inherited the purest and highest caste.

He had practised, with the greatest punctuality, all those ceremonies to which the superstitious Bengalees ascribe far more importance than to the correct discharge of the social duties. They felt, therefore, as a devout Catholic in the dark ages would have felt, at seeing a prelate of the highest dignity sent to the gallows by a secular tribunal. According to their old national laws, a Brahmin could not be put to death for any crime whatever. And the crime for which Nuncomar was about to die, was regarded by them in much the same light in which the selling of an unsound house, for a sound price, is regarded by a Yorkshire jockey.

The Mahommedans alone appear to have seen with exultation the fate of the powerful Hindoo, who had attempted to rise by means of the ruin of Mahommed Reza Khan. The Mussulman historian of those times takes delight in aggravating the charge. He assures us, that in Nuncomar's house a casket was found containing counterfeits of the seals of all the richest men of the province. We have never fallen in with any other authority for this story, which, in itself, is by no means improbable.

The day drew near, and Nuncomar prepared himself to die, with that quiet fortitude with which the Bengalee, so effeminately timid in personal conflict, often encounters calamities for which there is no remedy. The sheriff, with the humanity which is seldom wanting in an English gentleman, visited the prisoner on the eve of the execution, and assured him that no indulgence, consistent with the law, should be refused him. Nuncomar expressed his gratitude with great politeness and unaltered composure. Not a muscle of his face moved. Not a sigh broke from him. He put his finger to his forehead, and calmly said that fate would have its way, and that there was no resisting the pleasure of God. He sent his compliment to Francis, Clavering, and Monson, and charged them to protect Rajah Goordas, who was about to become the head of the Brahmins of Bengal. The sheriff withdrew, greatly agitated by what had passed, and Nuncomar sat composedly down to write notes and examine accounts.

The next morning, before the sun was in his power, an immense concourse assembled round the place where the gallows had been set up. Grief and horror were on every face; yet, to the last, the multitude could hardly believe that the English really purposed to take the life of the great Brahmin. At length the mournful procession came through the crowd. Nuncomar sat up in his palanquin, and looked round him with unaltered serenity. He had just parted from those who were most nearly connected with him. Their cries and contortions had appalled the European ministers of justice, but had not produced the smallest effect on the iron stoicism of the prisoner. The only anxiety which he expressed was, that men of his own priestly caste might be in attendance to take charge of his corpse. He again desired to be remembered to his friends in the Council, mounted the scaffold with firmness, and gave the signal to the executioner. The moment that the drop fell, a howl of sorrow and despair rose from the innumerable spectators. Hundreds turned away their faces from the polluting sight, fled with loud wailings towards the Hoogley, and plunged into its holy waters, as if to purify themselves from the guilt of having looked on such a crime. These feelings were not confined to Calcutta. The whole province was greatly excited; and the population of Dacca, in particular, gave strong signs of grief and dismay.

Of Impey's conduct, it is impossible to speak too severely. We have already said that, in our opinion, he acted unjustly in refusing to respite Nuncomar. No rational man can doubt that he took this course in order to gratify the Governor-General. If we had ever any doubts on that point, they would have been dispelled by a letter which Mr. Gleig has published. Hastings, three or four years later, described Impey as the man 'to whose support he was at one time indebted for the safety of his fortune, honour, and reputation.' These strong words can refer only to the case of Nuncomar; and they must mean that Impey hanged Nuncomar in order to support Hastings. It is, therefore, our deliberate opinion, that Impey, sitting as a judge, put a man unjustly to death in order to serve a political purpose.

But we look on the conduct of Hastings in a somewhat different light. He was struggling for fortune, honour, liberty — all that makes life valuable. He was beset by rancorous and unprincipled enemies. From his colleagues he could expect no justice. He cannot be blamed for wishing to crush his accusers. He was indeed bound to use only legitimate means for that end. But it was not strange that he should have thought any means legitimate which were pronounced legitimate by the sages of the law — by men whose peculiar duty it was to

deal justly between adversaries, and whose education might be supposed to have peculiarly qualified them for the discharge of that duty. Nobody demands from a party the unbending equity of a judge. The reason that judges are appointed is, that even good men cannot be trusted to decide causes in which they are themselves concerned. Not a day passes on which an honest prosecutor does not ask for what none but a dishonest tribunal would grant. It is too much to expect that any man, when his dearest interests are at stake, and his strongest passions excited, will, as against himself, be more just than the sworn dispensers of justice. To take an analogous case from the history of our own island: Suppose that Lord Stafford, when in the Tower on suspicion of being concerned in the Popish plot, had been apprised that Titus Oates had done something which might, by a questionable construction, be brought under the head of felony. Should we severely blame Lord Stafford, in the supposed case, for causing a prosecution to be instituted, for furnishing funds, for using all his influence to intercept the mercy of the Crown? We think not. If a judge, indeed, from favour to the Catholic lords, were to strain the law in order to hang Oates, such a judge would richly deserve impeachment. But it does not appear to us that the Catholic lord, by bringing the case before the judge for decision, would materially overstep the limits of a just self-defence.

While, therefore, we have not the least doubt that this memorable execution is to be attributed to Hastings, we doubt whether it can with justice be reckoned among his crimes. That his conduct was dictated by a profound policy, is evident. He was in a minority in Council. It was possible that he might long be in a minority. He knew the native character well. He knew in what abundance accusations are certain to flow in against the most innocent inhabitant of India who is under the frown of power. There was not in the whole black population of Bengal, a place-holder, a place-hunter, a government tenant, who did not think that he might better himself by sending up a deposition against the Governor-General. Under these circumstances, the persecuted statesman resolved to teach the whole crew of accusers and witnesses, that, though in a minority at the council board, he was still to be feared. The lesson which he gave them was indeed one not to be forgotten. The head of the combination which had been formed against him, the richest, the most powerful, the most artful, of the Hindoos, distinguished by the favour of those who then held the government, fenced round by the superstitious reverence of millions, was hanged in broad day before many thousand people. Everything that could make the warning impressive — dignity in the sufferer, solemnity in the proceeding — was found in this case. The helpless rage and vain struggles of the Council made the triumph more signal. From that moment the conviction of every native was, that it was safer to take the part of Hastings in a minority, than that of Francis in a majority; and that he who was so venturous as to join in running down the Governor-General, might chance, in the phrase of the Eastern poet, to find a tiger, while beating the jungle for a deer. The voices of a thousand informers were silenced in an instant. From that time, whatever difficulties Hastings might have to encounter, he was never molested by accusations from natives of India.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that one of the letters of Hastings to Dr. Johnson, bears date a very few hours after the death of Nuncomar. While the whole settlement was in commotion — while a mighty and ancient priesthood were weeping over the remains of their chief — the conqueror in that deadly grapple sat down, with characteristic self-possession, to write about the Tour to the Hebrides, Jones's Persian Grammar, and the history, traditions, arts, and natural productions of India!

In the mean time, intelligence of the Rohilla war, and of the first disputes between Hastings and his colleagues, had reached London. The directors took part with the majority, and sent out a letter filled with severe reflections on the conduct of Hastings. They condemned, in strong but just terms, the iniquity of undertaking offensive wars merely for the sake of pecuniary advantages. But they utterly forgot that, if Hastings had by illicit means obtained pecuniary advantages he had done so, not for his own benefit, but in order to meet their demands. To enjoin honesty, and to insist in having what could not be honestly got, was then the constant practice of the Company. As Lady Macbeth says of her husband, they 'would not play false, and yet would wrongly win.'

The Regulating Act, by which Hastings had been appointed Governor-General for five years, empowered the Crown to remove him on an address from the Company. Lord North was desirous to procure such an address. The three members of Council

who had been sent out from England, were men of his own choice. General Clavering, in particular, was supported by a large parliamentary connexion, such as no cabinet could be inclined to disoblige. The wish of the minister was to displace Hastings, and to put Clavering at the head of the government. In the Court of Directors parties were very nearly balanced; eleven voted against Hastings—ten for him. The Court of Proprietors was then convened. The great sale-room presented a singular appearance. Letters had been sent by the Secretary of the Treasury, exhorting all the supporters of government who held India stock to be in attendance. Lord Sandwich marshalled the friends of the administration with his usual dexterity and alertness. Fifty peers and privy-councillors, seldom seen so far eastward, were counted in the crowd. The debate lasted till midnight. The opponents of Hastings had a small superiority on the division; but a ballot was demanded, and the result was, that the Governor-General triumphed by a majority of above a hundred over the combined efforts of the directors and the cabinet. The ministers were greatly exasperated by this defeat. Even Lord North lost his temper—no ordinary occurrence with him—and threatened to convoke parliament before Christmas, and to bring in a bill for depriving the Company of all political power, and for restricting it to its old business of trading in silks and teas.

Colonel Macleane, who through all this conflict, had zealously supported the cause of Hastings, now thought that his employer was in imminent danger of being turned out, branded with parliamentary censure, perhaps prosecuted. The opinion of the crown lawyers had already been taken, respecting some parts of the Governor-General's conduct. It seemed to be high time to think of a secure and honourable retreat. Under these circumstances, Macleane thought himself justified in producing the resignation with which he had been intrusted. The instrument was not in very accurate form; but the directors were too eager to be scrupulous. They accepted the resignation, fixed on Mr. Wheler, one of their own body, to succeed Hastings, and sent out orders that General Clavering, as senior member of Council, should exercise the functions of Governor-General till Mr. Wheler should arrive.

But while these things were passing in England, a great change had taken place in Bengal. Monson was no more. Only four members of the government were left. Clavering and Francis were on the one side, Barwell and the Governor-General on the other; and the Governor-General had the casting vote. Hastings, who had been during two years destitute of all power and patronage, became at once absolute. He instantly proceeded to retaliate on his adversaries. Their measures were reversed; their creatures were displaced. A new valuation of the lands of Bengal, for the purposes of taxation, was ordered; and it was provided that the whole inquiry should be conducted by the Governor-General, and that all the letters relating to it should run in his name. He began, at the same time, to revolve vast plans of conquest and dominion; plans which he lived to see realized, though not by himself. His project was to form subordinary alliances with the native princes, particularly with those of Oude and Berar; and thus to make Britain the paramount power in India. While he was meditating these great designs, arrived the intelligence that he had ceased to be Governor-General, that his resignation had been accepted, that Mr. Wheler was coming out immediately, and that, till Mr. Wheler arrived, the chair was to be filled by Clavering.

Had Monson been still alive, Hastings would probably have retired without a struggle; but he was now the real master of British India, and he was not disposed to quit his high place. He asserted that he had never given any instructions which could warrant the steps which had been taken. What his instructions had been, he owned he had forgotten. If he had kept a copy of them he had mislaid it. But he was certain that he had repeatedly declared to the Directors that he would not resign. He could not see how the court, possessed of that declaration from himself, could receive his resignation from the doubtful hands of an agent. If the resignation were invalid, all the proceedings which were founded on that resignation were null, and Hastings was still Governor-General.

He afterwards affirmed that, though his agents had not acted in conformity with his instructions, he would nevertheless have held himself bound by their acts, if Clavering had not attempted to seize the supreme power by violence. Whether this assertion were or were not true, it cannot be doubted that the imprudence of Clavering gave Hastings an advantage. The General sent for the keys of the fort and the treasury, took possession of the records, and held a council at which Francis attended. Hastings took the chair in another apartment,

and Barwell sat with him. Each of the two parties had a plausible show of right. There was no authority entitled to their obedience within fifteen thousand miles. It seemed that there remained no way of settling the dispute except an appeal to arms; and from such an appeal Hastings, confident of his influence over his countrymen in India, was not inclined to shrink. He directed the officers of the garrison of Fort William, and of all the neighbouring stations, to obey no orders but his. At the same time, with admirable judgment, he offered to submit the case to the Supreme Court, and to abide by its decision. By making this proposition he risked nothing; yet it was a proposition which his opponents could hardly reject. Nobody could be treated as a criminal, for obeying what the judges had solemnly pronounced to be the lawful government. The boldest man would shrink from taking arms in defence of what the judges should pronounce to be usurpation. Clavering and Francis, after some delay, unwillingly consented to abide by the award of the court. The court pronounced that the resignation was invalid, and that therefore Hastings was still Governor-General under the Regulating Act; and the defeated members of the Council, finding that the sense of the whole settlement was against them, acquiesced in the decision.

About this time arrived the news that, after a suit which had lasted several years, the Franconian courts had decreed a divorce between Imhoff and his wife. The Baron left Calcutta, carrying with him the means of buying an estate in Saxony. The lady became Mrs. Hastings. The event was celebrated by great festivities; and all the most conspicuous persons at Calcutta, without distinction of parties, were invited to the Government-house. Clavering, as the Mohammedan chronicler tells the story, was sick in mind and body, and excused himself from joining the splendid assembly. But Hastings, whom, as it should seem, success in ambition and in love had put into high good-humour, would take no denial. He went himself to the General's house, and at length brought his vanquished rival in triumph to the gay circle which surrounded the bride. The exertion was too much for a frame broken by mortification as well as by disease — Clavering died a few days later.

Wheler, who came out expecting to be Governor-General, and was forced to content himself with a seat at the Council Board, generally voted with Francis. But the Governor-General, with Barwell's help and his own casting vote, was still the master. Some change took place at this time in the feeling both of the Court of Directors and of the Ministers of the Crown. All designs against Hastings were dropped; and when his original term of five years expired, he was quietly re-appointed. The truth is, that the fearful dangers to which the public interests in every quarter were now exposed, made both Lord North and the Company unwilling to part with a Governor, whosh talents, experience, and resolution, enmity itself was compelled to acknowledge.

The crisis was indeed formidable. That great and victorious empire, on the throne of which George the Third had taken his seat eighteen years before, with brighter hopes than had attended the accession of any of the long line of English sovereigns, had, by the most senseless misgovernment, been brought to the verge of ruin. In America millions of Englishmen were at war with the country from which their blood, their language, their religion, and their institutions were derived; and to which, but a short time before, they had been as strongly attached as the inhabitants of Norfolk and Leicestershire. The great powers of Europe, humbled to the dust by the vigour and genius which had guided the councils of George the Second, now rejoiced in the prospect of a signal revenge. The time was approaching when our island, while struggling to keep down the United States of America, and pressed with a still nearer danger by the too just discontents of Ireland, was to be assailed by France, Spain, and Holland, and to be threatened by the armed neutrality of the Baltic; when even our maritime supremacy was to be in jeopardy; when hostile fleets were to command the Straits of Calpe and the Mexican Sea; when the British flag was to be scarcely able to protect the British Channel. Great as were the faults of Hastings, it was happy for our country that at that conjuncture, the most terrible through which she has ever passed, he was the ruler of her Indian dominions.

An attack by sea on Bengal was little to be apprehended. The danger was, that the European enemies of England might form an alliance with some native power — might furnish that power with troops, arms, and ammunition — and might thus assail our possessions on the side of the land. It was chiefly from the Mahrattas that Hastings anticipated danger. The original seat of that singular people was the wild range of

hills which run along the western coast of India. In the reign of Aurunzebe the inhabitants of those regions, led by the great Sevajee, began to descend on the possessions of their wealthier and less warlike neighbours. The energy, ferocity, and cunning of the Mahrattas, soon made them the most conspicuous among the new powers which were generated by the corruption of the decaying monarchy. At first they were only robbers. They soon rose to the dignity of conquerors. Half the provinces of the empire were turned into Mahratta principalities. Freebooters sprung from low castes, and accustomed to menial employments, became mighty Rajahs. The Bonslas, at the head of a band of plunderers, occupied the vast region of Berar. The Guicowar, which is, being interpreted, the Herdsman, founded that dynasty which still reigns in Guzerat. The houses of Scinda and Holkar waxed great in Malwa. One adventurous captain made his nest on the impregnable rock of Gooti. Another became the lord of the thousand villages which are scattered among the green rice-fields of Tanjore.

That was the time, throughout India, of double government. The form and the power were everywhere separated. The Mussulman nabobs, who had become sovereign princes — the Vizier in Oude, and the Nizam at Hydrabad — still called themselves the viceroys of the house of Tamerlane. In the same manner the Mahratta states, though really independent, pretended to be members of one empire; and acknowledged, by words and ceremonies, the supremacy of the heir of Sevajee — a *roi fainéant* who chewed bang, and toyed with dancing girls, in a state-prison at Sattara — and of his Peshwa or mayor of the palace, a great hereditary magistrate, who kept a court with kingly state at Poonah, and whose authority was obeyed in the spacious provinces of Aurungabad and Bejapoor.

Some months before war was declared in Europe, the government of Bengal was alarmed by the news that a French adventurer, who passed for a man of quality, had arrived at Poonah. It was said that he had been received there with great distinction — that he had delivered to the Peshwa letters and presents from Louis the Sixteenth, — and that a treaty, hostile to England, had been concluded between France and the Mahrattas.

Hastings immediately resolved to strike the first blow. The title of the Peshwa was not undisputed. A portion of the Mahratta nation was favourable to a pretender. The Governor-General determined to espouse this pretender's interest, to move an army across the peninsula of India, and to form a close alliance with the chief of the house of Bonsla, who ruled Berar, and who, in power and dignity, was inferior to none of the Mahratta princes.

The army had marched, and the negotiations with Berar were in progress, when a letter from the English consul at Cairo, brought the news that war had been proclaimed both in London and Paris. All the measures which the crisis required, were adopted by Hastings without a moment of delay. The French factories in Bengal were seized. Orders were sent to Madras that Pondicherry should instantly be occupied. Near Calcutta, works were thrown up, which were thought to render the approach of a hostile force impossible. A maritime establishment was formed for the defence of the river. Nine new battalions of sepoys were raised, and a corps of native artillery was formed out of the hardy Lascars of the bay of Bengal. Having made these arrangements, the Governor-General with calm confidence pronounced his presidency secure from all attack, unless the Mahrattas should march against it in conjunction with the French.

The expedition which Hastings had sent westward, was not so speedily or completely successful as most of his undertakings. The commanding-officer procrastinated. The authorities at Bombay blundered. But the Governor-General persevered. A new commander repaired the errors of his predecessor. Several brilliant actions spread the military renown of the English through regions where no European flag had ever been seen. It is probable that, if a new and more formidable danger had not compelled Hastings to change his whole policy, his plans respecting the Mahratta empire would have been carried into complete effect.

The authorities in England had wisely sent out to Bengal, as commander of the forces, and member of the council, one of the most distinguished soldiers of that time. Sir Eyre Coote had, many years before, been conspicuous among the founders of the British empire in the East. At the council of war which preceded the battle of Plassey, he earnestly recommended, in opposition to the majority, that daring course which, after some hesitation, was adopted, and which was crowned with such splendid success. He subsequently commanded in the south of India against the brave and unfortunate Lally, gained the decisive battle of Wandewash over the French and their

native allies, took Pondicherry, and made the English power supreme in the Carnatic. Since those great exploits near twenty years had elapsed. Coote had no longer the bodily activity which he had shown in earlier days; nor was the vigour of his mind altogether unimpaired. He was capricious and fretful, and required much coaxing to keep him in good-humour. It must, we fear, be added, that the love of money had grown upon him, and that he thought more about his allowances, and less about his duties, than might have been expected from so eminent a member of so noble a profession. Still he was perhaps the ablest officer that was then to be found in the British army. Among the native soldiers his name was great, and his influence unrivalled. Nor is he yet forgotten by them. Now and then a white-bearded old sepoy may still be found, who loves to talk of Porto Novo and Pollilore. It is but a short time since one of those aged men came to present a memorial to an English officer, who holds one of the highest employments in India; a print of Coote hung in the room; the veteran recognized at once that face and figure which he had not seen for more than half a century, and, forgetting his salam to the living, halted, drew himself up, lifted his hand, and with solemn reverence paid his military obeisance to the dead.

Coote did not, like Barwell, vote constantly with the Governor-General; but he was by no means inclined to join in systematic opposition; and on most questions concurred with Hastings, who did his best, by assiduous courtship, and by readily granting the most exorbitant allowances, to gratify the strongest passions of the old soldier.

It seemed likely at this time that a general reconciliation would put an end to the quarrels which had, during some years, weakened and disgraced the government of Bengal. The dangers of the empire might well induce men of patriotic feeling — and of patriotic feeling, neither Hastings nor Francis was destitute — to forget private enmities, and to co-operate heartily for the general good. Coote had never been concerned in faction. Wheler was thoroughly tired of it. Barwell had made an ample fortune, and though he had promised that he would not leave Calcutta while Hastings wanted his help, was most desirous to return to England, and exerted himself to promote an arrangement which would set him at liberty. A compact was made, by which Francis agreed to desist from opposition, and Hastings engaged that the friends of Francis should be admitted to a fair share of the honors and emoluments of the service. During a few months after this treaty there was apparent harmony at the council-board.

Harmony, indeed, was never more necessary; for at this moment, internal calamities, more formidable than war itself, menaced Bengal. The authors of the Regulating Act of 1773, had established two independent powers, the one judicial, the other political; and, with a carelessness scandalously common in English legislation, had omitted to define the limits of either. The judges took advantage of the indistinctness, and attempted to draw to themselves supreme authority, not only within Calcutta, but through the whole of the great territory subject to the presidency of Fort William. There are few Englishmen who will not admit that the English law, in spite of modern improvements, is neither so cheap nor so speedy as might be wished. Still, it is a system which has grown up amongst us. In some points, it has been fashioned to suit our feelings; in others, it has gradually fashioned our feelings to suit itself. Even to its worst evils we are accustomed; and therefore, though we may complain of them, they do not strike us with the horror and dismay which would be produced by a new grievance of smaller severity. In India the case is widely different. English law, transplanted to that country, has all the vices from which we suffer here; it has them all in a far higher degree; and it has other vices, compared with which the worst vices from which we suffer are trifles. Dilatory here, it is far more dilatory in a land where the help of an interpreter is needed by every judge, and by every advocate. Costly here, it is far more costly in a land into which the legal practitioners must be imported from an immense distance. All English labour in India, from the labour of the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief, down to that of a groom or a watchmaker, must be paid for at a higher rate than at home. No man will be banished, and banished to the torrid zone, for nothing. The rule holds good with respect to the legal profession. No English barrister will work, fifteen thousand miles from all his friends, with the thermometer at ninety-six in the shade, for the same emoluments which will content him in Chambers that overlook the Thames. Accordingly, the fees in Calcutta are about three times as great as the fees of Westminster Hall; and this, though the people

of India are, beyond all comparison, poorer than the people of England. Yet the delay and the expense, grievous as they are, form the smallest part of the evil which English law, imported without modifications into India, could not fail to produce. The strongest feelings of our nature, honour, religion, female modesty, rose up against the innovation. Arrest on mesne process was the first step in most civil proceedings; and to a native of rank, arrest was not merely a restraint, but a foul personal indignity. Oaths were required in every stage of every suit; and the feeling of a quaker about an oath is hardly stronger than that of a respectable native. That the apartments of a woman of quality should be entered by strange men, or that her face should be seen by them, are, in the East, intolerable outrages — outrages which are more dreaded than death, and which can be expiated only by the shedding of blood. To these outrages the most distinguished families of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, were now exposed. Imagine what the state of our own country would be, if a jurisprudence were, on a sudden, introduced amongst us, which should be to us what our jurisprudence was to our Asiatic subjects. Imagine what the state of our country would be, if it were enacted that any man, by merely swearing that a debt was due to him, should acquire a right to insult the persons of men of the most honourable and sacred callings, and of women of the most shrinking delicacy, to horsewhip a general officer, to put a bishop in the stocks, to treat ladies in the way which called forth the blow of Wat Tyler. Something like this was the effect of the attempt which the Supreme Court made to extend its jurisdiction over the whole of the Company's territory.

A reign of terror began — of terror heightened by mystery; for even that which was endured was less horrible than that which was anticipated. No man knew what was next to be expected from this strange tribunal. It came from beyond the black water, as the people of India, with mysterious horror, call the sea. It consisted of judges, not one of whom spoke the language, or was familiar with the usages, of the millions over whom they claimed boundless authority. Its records were kept in unknown characters; its sentences were pronounced in unknown sounds. It had already collected round itself an army of the worst part of the native population — informers, and false witnesses, and common barrators, and agents of chicane; and, above all, a banditti of bailiffs' followers, compared with whom the retainers of the worst English spunging-houses, in the worst times, might be considered as upright and tender-hearted. Numbers of natives, highly considered among their countrymen, were seized, hurried up to Calcutta, flung into the common jail — not for any crime even imputed — nor for any debt that had been proved, but merely as a precaution till their cause should come to trial. There were instances in which men of the most venerable dignity, persecuted without a cause by extortioners, died of rage and shame in the gripe of the vile alguazils of Impey. The harems of noble Mahommedans — sanctuaries respected in the East by governments which respected nothing else — were burst open by gangs of bailiffs. The Musselmans, braver and less accustomed to submission than the Hindoos, sometimes stood on their defence; and there were instances in which they shed their blood in the doorway, while defending, sworn in hand, the sacred apartments of their women. Nay, it seemed, as if even the faint-hearted Bengalee, who had crouched at the feet of Surajah Dowlah, who had been mute during the administration of Vansittart, would at length find courage in despair. No Mahratta invasion had ever spread through the province such dismay as this inroad of English lawyers. All the injustice of former oppressors, Asiatic and European, appeared as a blessing when compared with the justice of the Supreme Court.

Every class of the population, English and native, with the exception of the ravenous pettifoggers who fattened on the misery and terror of an immense community, cried out loudly against this fearful oppression. But the judges were immovable. If a bailiff was resisted they ordered the soldiers to be called out. If a servant of the Company, in conformity with the orders of the government, withstood the miserable catchpoles who, with Impey's writs in their hands, exceeded the insolence and rapacity of gang-robbers, he was flung into prison for a contempt. The lapse of sixty years — the virtue and wisdom of many eminent magistrates, who have during that time administered justice in the Supreme Court — have not effaced from the minds of the people of Bengal the recollection of those evil days.

The members of the government were, on this subject, united as one man. Hastings had courted the judges; he had found them useful instruments. But he was not disposed to make them his own masters, or the masters of India. His mind was large; his

knowledge of the native character most accurate. He saw that the system pursued by the Supreme Court was degrading to the government, and ruinous to the people; and resolved to oppose it manfully. The consequence was, that the friendship — if that be the proper word for such a connection — which had existed between him and Impey, was for a time completely dissolved. The government placed itself firmly between the tyrannical tribunal and the people. The Chief Justice proceeded to the wildest excesses. The Governor-General and all the members of Council were served with summonses, calling on them to appear before the King's justices, and to answer for their public acts. This was too much. Hastings, with just scorn, refused to obey the call, set at liberty the persons wrongfully detained by the Court, and took measures for resisting the outrageous proceedings of the sheriffs' officers, if necessary, by the sword. But he had in view another device, which might prevent the necessity of an appeal to arms. He was seldom at a loss for an expedient; and he knew Impey well. The expedient, in this case, was a very simple one — neither more nor less than a bribe. Impey was, by act of Parliament, a judge, independent of the government of Bengal, and entitled to a salary of £.8,000 a-year. Hastings proposed to make him also a judge in the company's service, removable at the pleasure of the government of Bengal! and to give him, in that capacity, about £.8,000 a-year more. It was understood that, in consideration of this new salary, Impey would desist from urging the high pretensions of his court. If he did urge these pretensions, the government could, at a moment's notice, eject him from the new place which had been created for him. The bargain was struck, Bengal was saved, an appeal to force was averted; and the Chief Justice was rich, quiet, and infamous.

Of Impey's conduct it is unnecessary to speak. It was of a piece with almost every part of his conduct that comes under the notice of history. No other such judge has dishonoured the English ermine, since, Jeffries drank himself to death in the Tower. But we cannot agree with those who have blamed Hastings for this transaction. The case stood thus. The negligent manner in which the Regulating Act had been framed, put it in the power of the Chief Justice to throw a great country into the most dreadful confusion. He was determined to use his power to the utmost, unless he was paid to be still; and Hastings consented to pay him. The necessity was to be deplored. It is also to be deplored that pirates should be able to exact ransom, by threatening to make their captives walk the plank. But to ransom a captive from pirates, has always been held a humane and Christian act; and it would be absurd to charge the payer of the ransom with corrupting the virtue of the corsair. This, we seriously think, is a not unfair illustration of the relative position of Impey, Hastings, and the people of India. Whether it was right in Impey, to demand or to accept a price for powers which, if they really belonged to him, he could not abdicate — which, if they did not belong to him, he ought never to have usurped — and which in neither case he could honestly sell — is one question. It is quite another question, whether Hastings was not right to give any sum, however large, to any man, however worthless, rather than either surrender millions of human beings to pillage, or rescue them by civil war.

Francis strongly opposed this arrangement. It may, indeed, be suspected that personal aversion to Impey was as strong a motive with Francis as regard for the welfare of the province. To a mind burning with resentment, it might seem better to leave Bengal to the oppressors, than to redeem it by enriching them. It is not improbable, on the other hand, that Hastings may have been the more willing to resort to an expedient agreeable to the Chief Justice, because that high functionary had already been so serviceable, and might, when existing dissensions were composed, be serviceable again.

But it was not on this point alone that Francis was now opposed to Hastings. The peace between them proved to be only a short and hollow truce, during which their mutual aversion was constantly becoming stronger. At length an explosion took place. Hastings publicly charged Francis with having deceived him, and induced Barwell to quit the service by insincere promises. Then came a dispute, such as frequently arises even between honourable men, when they make important agreements by mere verbal communication. An impartial historian will probably be of opinion that they had misunderstood each other; but their minds were so much imbittered, that they imputed to each other nothing less than deliberate villany. 'I do not,' said Hastings, in a minute recorded in the Consultations of the Government — 'I do not trust to Mr. Francis's promises of candour, convinced that he is incapable of it.

I judge of his public conduct by his private, which I have found to be void of truth and honour.' After the Council had risen, Francis put a challenge into the Governor-General's hand: it was instantly accepted. They met and fired. Francis was shot through the body. He was carrried to a neighbouring house, where it appeared that the wound, though severe, was not mortal. Hastings inquired repeatedly after his enemy's health, and proposed to call on him; but Francis coldly declined the visit. He had a proper sense, he said, of the Governor-General's politeness, but must decline any private interview. They could meet only at the council-board.

(To be continued at p. 130.)

Aberdeen the Greatest Envelope-Making City in the World — A writer in an English journal, describing the manufactures of Aberdeen, says:

"The Aberdonians would seem to be scarcely less celebrated for the manufacture of paper than they are for granite, ships, and combs. Few might be inclined to believe that one million of 'superfine envelopes' are made daily in this remote region of the kingdom. But in addition to this, one firm manufacture fifty tons of writing paper a week. At their mills at Stoneywood, in the vicinity of Aberdeen, and at the Union Works (the envelope department) in the city itself, they give employment to somewhere about two thousand persons, and as far as regards envelopes, the great proportion of which are folded and stamped by machinery, the Piries are believed to be the greatest makers of the present day. They confine themselves to the production of note paper, envelopes and cards. The business was commenced by the grandfather of the present partners in the year 1770. The manufacture of gray, brown and tea paper is carried on at Waterton and Muggiemoss, two mills a few miles north of Aberdeen, belonging to a firm who turn out eighty-six thousands tons of paper weekly, and fifteen thousand tons of grocers' paper bags, for which latter they have a machine capable of doing the work of twenty women in any given time. They employ altogether about two hundred and fifty-hands. The extent of the Aberdeen paper trade may be gathered from the fact that there are five paper mills within fifteen miles of the city, whereat no fewer than two thousand five hundred persons find employment."

The Silence of Scripture. By the Rev. Francis Wharton, D.D., LL.D., rector of St. Paul's Church, Brookline, Massachusetts. Boston, 1867. E. P. Dutton & Co. 12 mo, pp. 122.

The subjects in this volume are freshly and vigorously discussed, and with so much clearness and conclusiveness, as must be satisfactory, in the main, although in one or two cases we should be disposed to take a different ground. Dr. Wharton is an Episcopalian, but devoid of narrow bigotry, accurate in his learning, and earnest in his Christian spirit; and he has produced a book of no ordinary ability. His main object is to suggest plausible reasons for the silence of Scripture on some prominent points, and to demonstrate that such silence, instead of being an evidence of its imperfectness, is a proof of the Divine wisdom which dictated it. Thus, in the several chapters on the creation of the world, the origin of evil, divination, Liturgy, creeds, the Virgin Mary, and the Lord's personal appearance and its relations, he undertakes to show that there is an emphatic silence in regard to certain details, which commends itself to our highest reason. The revealer had a design in this, the wisdom of which we approve, the more closely we study it. To vindicate this wisdom is the author's object, and there is a thoughtfulness, an intelligence, and a clearness, whish are admirable, and some of the topics are developed with peculiar tact, and, indeed, originality. — *Presbyterian.*

CHAPTER XV.

EVA RECOGNISED BY A FRIEND OF HER INFANCY.

MRS. TORRING'S proposal to invite Miss Varnish, an inmate at the Hall, would bring Miss March into some sort of contact with the family at once. Therefore, the idea, spoken of in the last chapter, was of some interest to her. But it was odd that Mrs. Torring should propose to invite a person against whom she had spoken so strongly and so decidedly. And Eva said as much herself.

"It is very kind of you, Mrs. Torring. But I am afraid it would hardly be pleasant to you to have Miss Varnish here; and, from what you say of her, I should not very much like her company."

"Like her company? No! There's only one person, I verily believe, who does like her company, and he's a fool for doing so. But I like to have her here, to tell her of her faults. It's the only way I have of doing her any good. And you know, my dear, we ought to do good whenever we can."

"Certainly, Mrs. Torring. You know Deverington Hall?"

"Yes, my dear; I know it very well, or, rather I used to know it very well. Mrs. Campion — and there's another fool for you! — she drives everybody away, with her sulky, grumpy, frumpy way of shutting herself up, and seeing nobody; and people say, 'Poor thing!' 'Poor thing,' indeed! I don't pity her the very least in the world!"

"Oh! I'm sure you don't mean that, Mrs. Torring!"

"I *do* mean it, Miss March; and I don't pity her, I say. If she's really ill, why doesn't she have advice? or, rather — as she *has* advice, I know — why does'nt she *take* advice? Why doesn't she go to the seaside, or have shower-baths when she gets up in the morning — if she *does* get up in the morning — or take rum-and-milk to her breakfast? — why doesn't she do what the doctors order, if she *is* ill? If she's *well*, what right has she to let things all go wrong about her, as they do?"

"But is there anything particularly wrong about her family?"

"Particularly wrong, my dear? Why, the family, I do think, are all great fools together; Mr. Campion has a brother, who lives goodness knows where, and only comes home now and then. But I don't know much of him. Ever since I came here, about ten years ago, Mr. Gerald Campion has lived at the hall. They have but one daughter, she's a little silly thing, and I expect to hear of her running away with the postman some day; its their own fault, letting her have that Miss Varnish about her as a governess. While Mrs. Campion shuts herself up in her room, Miss Varnish is making love to Mr. Campion; if his wife doesn't die of herself very soon, that woman will soon poison her, I shouldn't wonder. Now, there's a state of things for you! Ought not they all to be ashamed of themselves?"

"But do you not think, Mrs. Torring, that poor Mrs. Campion may have some sorrow, of which nobody but herself is aware? At least she suffers, we may suppose, as much of distress as she inflicts."

"Hm — well, you're right, my dear; and it's not for us to speak evil one of another. Poor Mrs. Campion! She certainly *was*, when first I knew her, as gay and lively a woman as you would ever wish to see."

"Then what, Mrs. Torring, could have changed her so much? surely, it must have been her health; or had she ever any accident?"

Law! I don't know. I never heard of her having an accident. But I very well remember when first I heard what a turn she had taken. She had been spending an evening here; and I recollect getting that large portfolio of prints and pictures — you shall see it yourself, my dear, presently; and Mrs. Campion was looking through it, when, all of a sudden, she let it fall out of her hand, and I thought she was going to faint away. I said, 'Law, ma'am, you find the room too hot, I'm afraid.' Well, the poor thing went home; and when I drove over to see her, a day or two afterwards, I was told that she was seriously ill. And she has been, ever since in the state of which I told you. It's very silly of her — Patterson, my servant, never could bear her. She never says why, but I know she has a very bad opinion of her indeed. By the way, my dear you shall look at the portfolio yourself. Please to get it."

The portfolio was laid on the table; and Mrs. Torring began to direct atention to the pictures in it most worthy of remark. At last, she came upon a portrait in water-colours; and glancing from it to the living face that was bending over the table — she uttered again the familiar "Law!" this time with a greater intensity of surprise than ever.

Eva looked up in questioning astonishment. The old lady's own surprise was very quickly and fully accounted for. The portrait might have been taken from Eva

herself. And it was, in truth, a copy of the portrait in Gravelling Castle, taken, very many years ago, by a friend of Mr. Dykhart's, and by him presented to his aunt, Mrs. Torring. "Julia Somerby" was written underneath it.

"Why, I never saw such a likeness in my life! the old lady said. "I wonder if you can be any relation to that Miss Somerby? Oh! I beg pardon, I forgot—my nephew told me that you were not clear what relations you had. Excuse an old woman's bad memory, my dear. Look through the rest of those things, and then we'll have a game of cards. But can you play at cards?"

"I play a little: I only know a very few games."

"Never mind, I'll teach you a few more. I'm glad you haven't been brought up quite ignorant of them. My niece that I had with me some time, she and I quarrelled very much about that."

"You couldn't teach her to play?"

"Couldn't teach her! My dear, the creature wouldn't learn. No: she thought it was wrong—nasty, stupid thing! She went off to bed, rather than see her aunt touch a pack of cards with her little finger. Augh! I hate such nasty ways. So the clergyman who brought you up—I understand you were in part brought up by a clergyman—was no *Evan?*"

"I don't quite understand you, Mrs. Torring."

"You don't know what I mean by an 'Evan?' I mean an Evangelical. Your friend was not of the Evangelical school? He didn't tell his people it would be all up with them if they touched a pack of cards with their little fingers?"

"I don't think Mr. Ferrier had any strong objection to cards, though I don't think he played himself. I think he was at all times rather backward in judging others."

"And you think I am rather forward in doing so? Well, my dear, and perhaps I am. But I don't like to see people righteous overmuch. You know we are warned against that; and I often tell Mr. Grooby—that's *our* clergyman—that he ought to preach upon that text once a-year. I do like the words myself. I always repeat them when anybody finds fault with my playing at cards."

"They retired early; and Mrs. Torring inducted Eva into the office of reading family prayers. On the next day they went twice to church. It is hardly needful to say that the cards were heard of no more until Monday. Mrs. Check departed on the morning of that day, entrusted by Eva with the message (in case she saw any of their mutual friends), that Miss March had little doubt of passing a happy time with Mrs. Torring, whether that time were or were not extended beyond the appointed month. And the week went quietly and regularly on. They had one or two little sober parties, if the name could be given to gatherings including so small a number of guests. One element of disturbance pursued Eva into this new and quiet retreat.

She had at first felt a little doubtful of liking Mrs. Torring, but sure of liking Patterson, the servant. Now, however, when the first few days were over, her feelings towards these two persons appeared to be undergoing an absolute reverse. She became sure of liking Mrs. Torring; and the more she penetrated through the crust of oddity which concealed the solid excellence within, the better satisfied she felt with the protection under which she had placed herself.

But one or two things in the behaviour of Patterson perplexed her very much. It was not that the woman grew less pleasingly attentive. To Mrs. Torring she could not have rendered a more complete, nor, it would seem, a more hearty service. But she followed Miss March about with inquiring eyes, and scrutinised her so seriously, although so silently, that, of course, she provoked a great degree of curiosity in her turn.

On the Saturday morning—that is, on the 13th of the month—Mrs. Torring was poorly, and Eva was left to breakfast by herself. The things were removed by Patterson herself, who lingered in the room, with a show of dusting the table, &c. Eva noticed, that, wherever the woman might begin, she ever and anon brought her duster back to the chair on which she herself was sitting. She asked if Miss March continued to find her room comfortable, and waited for the answer as though a negative might doom her to death. Then she began dusting the very chair on which Eva continued, quietly to sit, although she would have liked to quit the room. Then she came closer still.

"I beg your pardon, Miss; I think some grease has got upon your sleeve. Just do allow me to take it off," and Patterson, bent on this duty, pulled up the sleeve towards the wrist.

"Thank you, miss. I think it will do now;" she said the moment after. And verily, and indeed, the work was most efficiently performed. For not a speck of grease could the keenest eye of the dainti-

est beholder have detected remaining on the sleeve.

Patterson might well regard her work with the triumph which rarely appeared to possess her. But for that day Eva saw very little more of her.

Mingled with all the curiosity with which this rather suspicious conduct filled Eva, there was in her mind an odd conviction, not simply that it might be explained, but that she *had* the key to such explanation: only she wanted the faculty to insert and apply it. It was a considerable relief to her, when, not many minutes later, the post arrived, and brought a letter for herself.

Alas! the remedy was a great deal worse than the disease. The letter was that which M'Quantigan had hastily written on the previous Wednesday. It had been forwarded to Minchley by Dr. Dowlas (under the advice of Mr. Lewis), and had, by the Ballows, been despatched again to Eva at Chelford. This fully accounted for its delay in coming. Nor could that delay have ever been too long to please our heroine. The contents of the letter are known to ourselves: and the nature of the feelings excited by it, it need not trouble us to guess.

Eva sent it back to Mr. Ballow, begging of him to inform the writer that his claim upon her, as her father, was a baseless and fictitious one; and that he could not be justified in seeking a continuance of the intercourse which under different circumstances, she had not felt at liberty to deny him. Mr. Leyburn, in the division of the late Mr. Gryffyth's property, had insisted that Miss March should accept at his hands a sum of money, as a token of his regard for her upright and discreet behaviour. That money would now, most probably, be lying in the hands of the Welsh attorney.

As Mr. M'Quantigan had written in the honest belief that Eva was his daughter, she should be glad she said, if Mr. Ballow approved, that the ten pounds which was asked of her, should be given to the Irishman, with a thorough understanding that neither that, nor any other acknowledgment would thenceforth be accorded him. Any danger to poor Mrs. Roberts from his disappointment might be considered as now no longer imminent.

Mrs. Torring appeared at their early dinner: and as she came in, Eva heard her say to Patterson, who came in along with her, "You can't do it to-day, Patterson: it's too rainy. You shall do it on Monday, if it's fine."

That Saturday was a rainy day indeed. But it allowed Mrs. Torring and Eva to take a walk in the latter part of the afternoon. They went a short way into the country, and were walking back towards Chelford, when they were met by a carriage.

No one was inside, except one lady, and several inanimate passengers, wrapped up in several shades of white and brown paper.

Mrs. Torring called out a "How do you do?" to the animated occupant of the vehicle (there was a man on the box driving), and then explained to Eva; "This is the creature I dislike so much, — Miss Varnish, you know, the governess at Deverington Hall.

The carriage stopped; and Mrs. Torring stepped off the footpath, to inquire after Mrs. Campion.

Miss Varnish was not a plain woman, but she had not beauty sufficient to blind you to a certain slyness in her countenance. She had a way of looking at you, after every word she said, as if asking you whether you altogether believed her. She fixed her suspicious eyes on Eva; they were suspicious towards every stranger.

"You have one of your nieces with you, Mrs. Torring?"

"No such thing, Miss Varnish. This is a young lady lately come — let me see, out of Wales." Eva was all this while on the causeway, and did not hear what was said of her. "This is Miss March, and she is engaged to be married to a gentleman, who has *not* got a wife already, Miss Varnish."

"Ha, ha, ha! I see you will have your joke, Mrs. Torring! Now, how can you be so shockingly sarcastic? You were just now asking about poor dear Mrs. Campion. She is much the same as ever; no change that I can see."

"Ha! now I shouldn't wonder at her lasting much longer than you suppose. And then, Miss Varnish, you'll have *your* joke."

Miss Varnish said something to the effect that Mrs. Torring was in one of her droll humours "to-day," and then the carriage drove on its way, and our friends resumed theirs.

"Doesn't she look sly?" was the old lady's first remark. "You saw what a lot of parcels she had got? Now, I've not the least doubt in the world that she buys things for herself with Mr. Campion's money."

"Oh! Mrs. Torring, is it right to say so? — that is, without actual proof of such a thing?"

"'Proof!' I want no sort of proof, except the vicious look there is about her eyes.

She has just got the look of those people who go into shops, and buy under false names what they never intend to pay for. However, if she catches Mr. Campion, when that fool of a Mrs. Campion really does die, — why, then, all his money will be hers; and I can tell by her looks, that she'll be very extravagant with it; nor shall I have any pity for him."

Eva proffered no more comments on the subject; only she thought Mrs. Torring very unjust to be so ready to think evil. And she resolved, if brought into any acquaintance with Miss Varnish, whether in or out of Mrs. Torring's company, to be pointedly attentive and courteous to her.

The Sunday passed away much as the previous Sunday had done. The Monday weather was quite a contrast to that of the Saturday.

"Now, my dear," said old Mrs. Torring, in the course of the morning, "I'm going to send you and Patterson in a fly — I keep no carriage of my own — to see the observatory at Deverington Hall. Patterson's brother is the head gardener. She has been telling me some extraordinary things. However, you would like to see it I am sure, for you're a clever young lady, and ought to improve your mind whenever you can."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Torring; it is most kind of you to think of me as you do. Shall you not go yourself?"

"No, my dear; I want to pay some calls in the town. Patterson must go with you; you musn't go by yourself. We'll have a very early dinner, and you shall go while the day is at its best."

They started, in effect at two in the afternoon. It was a bright September day, nor was the road they went devoid of beauty.

Deverington Hall was three or four miles away from Chelford. It lay embosomed in woods; too closely shut in by them, it might even be thought. Yet, though the constant dweller amongst them might possibly have a right to complain; — no one, who looked from the outside could wish the destruction of a single tree. It was no part of the expedition sent forth by Mrs. Torring to drive to the front of the house. For a purpose greatly and terribly important in view of coming events, we must first describe their manner of arrival. They drove past the lodge-gates which led to the principal entrance, and went a quarter of a mile further on the road towards Bridgewater. Then they came to a gate. Alighting at this, and walking a little way in the wood, they came to another gate, which led into the grounds immediately about the house. Patterson rang the bell, and her brother, the gardener was prompt in coming. They entered the grounds. There was a path to the right, and a path to the left. The former led, (so Eva was told) to the Italian garden and the private entrance into the house. The latter path, with which alone they were concerned, led towards the kitchen gardens, and the observatory, which they were come to see. Patterson had been very silent during their drive; and Eva, thinking that something had vexed her, had been very silent too. They were ushered through the garden, and towards the domed building, which had been erected by Mrs. Campion's grandfather. The gardener held the key; — a pretty sure sign that no astronomer was reigning at Deverington now. The door was opened. "Now, miss, will you please go in first," the woman said. And Eva went in.

There was the great celestial telescope still. There were some other tokens of the scientific spirit now long ago disenthralled from its earthly habitation, and, it might be, coursing freely amidst the works of that Creator to whom it had now returned. Eva looked all around her, and some thought like this came over her soul. And then — she saw something which gave a wondrous check to all such thoughts, and evoked a flood of long-forgotten things, which rushed a bewildering stream, into her mind. That object was a black statue, holding a basket of artificial flowers in its hand. For one short minute the wish so often wished was no vain thing; and she lived the past over again.

"I thought you would remember *that*, Miss Campion."

"Eva turned herself round. It was Patterson who spoke to her. The gardener was nowhere to be seen. By arrangement with his sister, he had left them to themselves.

"Remember it? Yes, I do."

"And now you surely will remember me, too, Miss Campion. You will surely remember your old nurse, Mary?"

"Mary! Oh, now I see that you *are* Mary. I have had a feeling all this while that you were not a stranger to me. Oh, Mary, it must have appeared very unkind and forgetful in me; but think how young I was when we were parted. And such strange things have happened to me, and I have known so many changes; and who or what I am has never been made certain to me up to this very day."

"Oh, dear, dear, miss, who can tell what wickedness all this while has been doing? When I got your papa's orders to put you

into the hands of that Mrs. Roberts, and saw what a horrible woman she was, I declare I was quite wretched. What it meant I didn't know then, and I do not know now. Your papa afterwards assured me that that brute of a woman with the red face had not got the charge of you, after all. Else, I declare I would have gone myself, and taken you out of her hands — I would; and they might have hanged me for it, if they liked."

Eva comforted Mary with the assurance that the Mrs. Roberts (falsely so called) had had but a minor influence over her happiness, and had, in effect, been the author of great good fortune to her.

"I fear, Mary," she said, "you have often made yourself very unhappy about me. I wish you could have known how well I fared. I found kind friends; I was brought up in every comfort, and I now think it will be all my own fault, if I have not a very happy life."

"I bless God for my being allowed to hear it, my dear Miss Campion." They were standing together in the building. "But I fear you haven't had the bringing-up you had a right to have. You haven't been brought up by your rightful parents, I'm afraid."

"No, indeed. The only great unhappiness I have ever had is in not knowing who my rightful parents are."

"Can it really be? But, dear miss, do you not remember for yourself. I called you by your own proper name just now, and I thought it was not strange to you."

"The name is not strange to me. I was brought to believe, a little while ago that I had been palmed on Mr. and Mrs. Campion as their own child; — or rather that Mrs. Campion had falsely represented me to be her daughter. But I think I may feel assured that *that* disgrace does not attach to me."

"You may feel assured that you are Mrs. Campion's daughter, and no other," said Mary, her excitement prompting her to speak more loudly than before; "and you may feel sure that you ought to be living in this house, and inherit it when your father dies; and so, I make bold to say you *shall*. I remembered you, from the very moment you came the other day, and I contrived to look at the mark which I knew I should find on your arm. And I told my mistress all I knew, and all I thought; we planned coming here to-day; because that black figure used to stand in your dear mamma's drawing-room, and you were always so fond of looking at it, when you were a little thing: and when all those dreadful things came to pass, it was sent here from Brighton; and as your papa couldn't bear to look at it when he came — it reminded him of your mamma — the thing was put here; and here it has remained, and I knew it would bring the old time back to your thoughts, to see it."

"Yes, indeed; it seems to bring back a hundred things. But how did it all happen? How came my parents to cast me off; and to part asunder, one from another?"

"Ah, Miss; that is, indeed, a thing which it would be a great matter to know. *I* could never tell. Only I am very sure that some very wicked work has been going forward. There is somebody, not very far from where we now are, whom I suspect of acting a most wicked part; although it is not very easy to say how. But I'll tell you — as you may not remember, miss, — how it all happened."

"Yes, pray do. Were we not living at the sea-side?"

"Yes, Miss, at Brighton. I was not with your mamma, when you were born; But you were born, they told me at Fulham. At the time I speak of, and, indeed, all the time I was with you, — we were at Brighton. It was — let me see — it was the year '42; and it was just about the beginning of March. Your papa was expected home, to stay in England altogether, and your mamma was happy indeed. I remember her saying that Mr. Campion would be home for her little Teresa's birthday — which was the 14th of the month. She and you were in mourning; for your grandpapa, to whom all this belonged, was dead, and it had all become your papa's. A few days before he really did come to Brighton, your uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald, who live here now, — they came down. One day, I had been taking you out for a walk, and when we came in, I was told that your papa was come at last. You had got yourself a little dirty with the seaweed, and I wanted your papa to see you at your very best, so I went with you into the nursery, and then, in a very few minutes, we were going down into the drawing-room. And then — oh, it gave me such a turn, like, as I never knew in all my life. Mrs. Gerald, that was your aunt, you know, who lives here now, — she met us at the door, and said, 'You must take that child back into the nursery — she can't come here now.' I took you back, of course; though I felt very angry, And then I thought perhaps your mamma had only had a fainting-fit, or some such thing. Later on in the day, I heard that she was dread-

It will be remembered by our readers that Miss March had held two interviews with the Irishman; and the discovery that he was not her father had occurred after the former, but before the latter. Hence the miserable shame which had overpowered her while thinking herself this wretched man's daughter had given place (at their second meeting) to a somewhat haughty independence. How her pity for poor Mrs. Roberts had kept her from taking a full advantage of the happy discovery, we also know very well. Eva's change of manner was too conspicuous to rest unnoticed by the sufficiently shrewd M'Quantigan; and more than once he had asked himself whether there might not have been some special cause for it. Now, rightly enough, he read that cause in the Welsh lawyer's disclosure to him. Between their first and second meeting the girl had found out that she owed him no duty at all. But he guessed not so rightly when he went on to consider her motives for keeping up the illusion. He could not fancy but that some evil purpose must have actuated her. This is one of the ways in which the wickedly wise are taken in their own craftiness. They are so slow to suspect the existence of *good* motives, that many a time they leave out of their calculations a very large element of human behaviour. But, ready as Miss March's disproved father might be to comdemn her, it was not so easy to fix aught upon her. Only he felt that he had a lasting grudge against that young lady, of whom the Welsh lawyer, the better to guard her against further aggression, had spoken as though she still bore her discarded name of Roberts.

But all this while his second letter was awaiting his attention. So comforting himself with the thought that the vanishing away of "Miss Roberts" must smooth his course with Mrs. Ferrier, he opened the letter, which was written by Miss Varnish. Of what he found therein it is likely that you have already a better idea than he had. But, it was plain enough when read: —

"*Deverington Hall, Bridgewater,*
September 16*th*, 1856.

"MY DEAREST MURPHY, — I write to you in the greatest trouble and misery. But a week ago, I was able to tell you how secure and comfortable a position I had got — or, rather, was going, before long, to get; and now a dreadful thing has happened, which may overturn all my hopes, in overturning the fortunes of those on whom those hopes depend. I must tell you what it is; because I apply to you (and I really feel I have a right to do so), to find out some way of preventing so much mischief. I do not know if I have ever spoken to you of an old woman at Chelford — (old *lady*, I suppose, many would call her, but I *don't*) — an old — (any bad name which may occur to you) — of the name of Torring. She is an old friend of Mrs. Campion's; and before the latter took to her queer way of avoiding everybody, I understand that there was a good deal of intimacy between them. Well, only last Saturday, I had been making some purchases in Chelford, and I was being driven home (you see, I have the use of the carriage already), when I met this hateful old witch, out walking. She looked at me, just as if she thought me some bad character (disgusting old thing! and stopped to favor me with some of her customary impertinence. I noticed that she had a companion with her; a rather nice-looking girl (if she had not been so vulgarly stout): Mrs. Torring told me that she was a young lady from Wales: and one 'shortly to be married.' Of course, there was nothing in this to make the girl an object of any peculiar interest; and, but for what I am now going to tell you, I might, by this time, have forgotten that I had ever seen her. On Monday — that is, yesterday — I happened to hear from the gardener, that the young lady now living with Mrs. Torring was coming with Mrs. T.'s servant (who, by the way, happens to be the gardener's sister), to see the observatory and the gardens here. You will wonder what there was in this to rouse any great curiosity in me. But you will *not* wonder that my very peculiar and critical position at the Hall makes me alive to all sorts of dangers, and very vigilant over every person who might possibly be instrumental in scheming against me, and I really thought the gardener's manner betokened that the little excursion involved some secondary scheme. Old Mrs. Torring has the utmost spite against me; and the coming here of a person under her influence was likely to forebode no good. In self-defence, therefore I was behind the observatory when the young girl and the servant came there. Verily and indeed, I had not been suspicious without a cause. Think of my astonishment, and horror even, when I heard the woman address Miss March (that was the name which Mrs. Torring had given her) as Miss *Campion!* And I soon learned, from broken speeches which reached my ears that this young lady was about to assume, or to have thrust

on her, the character of Mr. Campion's *elder* brother's daughter; and I know very well that the existence of such a personage would shut out *my* Mr. Campion from all rightful succession to the estate. I will not suppose that this girl's pretensions are real and truthful. But I have told you before, that there is a family secret, which I have endeavoured (and hitherto quite vainly) to make my own, and I should think that the secret, whatever it may be, has been taken hold of by these people, and is going to be made the vehicle of some atrocious conspiracy. Unfortunately, I could not catch but a very little of what was said between the two. To have come within distinct hearing would have been to betray my presence to them. But, I did hear the woman—'*Patterson*,' her name is—very confidently tell the girl she called 'Miss Campion,' that she would soon have her full rights—those modest rights including a recognition as the elder brother's daughter—*and heiress;* and if this wicked conspiracy should succeed, the splendid chance which I considered mine, is gone, and I were a fool indeed, if I thought that any like it would ever come again. You, Murphy, are the only person of whom I can think as likely to help, or advise me. I want you to say, whether it would be well to meet this wicked imposture by some endeavour to detect and defeat it; or whether it would be safer to leave it to detect itself. Mr. Campion is much too particular—that is, I mean, much too irresolute for me to expect energetic action from him, deeply as all his interests are involved in the matter. He would, most likely, by some blundering concessions, enable these plotters to strengthen their absurd story very materially. You know, dearest Murphy, *you owe me something.* If this family are impovished and ruined by any pretended discovery, why, it is no good, after all, that I have obtained this situation here, in exchange for that which, *on your account*, I forfeited. And you must feel that you yourself are more likely to benefit by the success, than by the failure, of my own expectations. You may be able to discover something as to this Miss March (whom Mrs. Torring has evidently taken into her house, to ruin *me*), which may justify us all in rejecting her as a female Perkin Warbeck. Mrs. Torring said—what is more likely to be a lie than not—that the girl came from Wales. I may repeat to you, that she is passably good-looking, but for her being so stout. Her age one would think to be nineteen or twenty. Now, write me a comforting letter, dearest Murphy, and promise that you will aid me with advice in this. You have not found me backward in making sacrifices for *your* sake.

"Believe me,
"Dearest Murphy,
"Yours in much distress;
"EMMA VARNISH."

It would not have mitigated the "much distress" of the writer, could she have seen how her letter was treated, as soon as it had been thoroughly read. M'Quantigan dashed it angrily and contemptuously on the table. "What the —— devil does she think that I can do about this Miss March, —April, May, or whatever her name is? Comes out of Wales? I think the Welsh were made to plague my life out altogether! Every troublesome being comes of Wales! That Eva—for instance; I can't think of that Miss March, at any rate, until the other matter is disposed of." So he crumpled Miss Varnish's letter in his pocket, another time would serve for attending to that, and once again turned his thoughts to that letter of the Welsh lawyer, and to its expected bearing on the affair with Mrs. Ferrier.

The confident tone in which it had been penned, at first persuaded him that it contained no falsehood. Still, he now thought it might be untrue. Eva, enriched by Mr. Gryffyth's bequest, had stronger reasons than ever for keeping at a distance her doubtful father. Again, if she were not indeed his daughter—what had brought to pass the strange mistake, or deception, under which, for a while, she had certainly appeared as the child of the unhappy Susanna? That was a wonder which required accounting for; and, upon the whole, it seemed more likely that she should repudiate such a parentage, when it rightfully attached to her, than that she should ever have acknowleded it, when it was not according to fact. There was much to make the former deception expedient; there was no conceivable thing to recommend the latter—unless indeed, the anticipated heirship to Mr. Gryffyth might have constituted the mainspring of all.

The lawyer's letter was not silent upon that inheritance. It told how, the mistaken identity being acknowledged, the property bequeathed had been surrendered into the hands of its rightful owner. Now, the truth or falsehood of this statement would put to the test the truth or falsehood of the other thing.

Mr. M'Quantigan decided that he would

ascertain, by a personal visit, if no other way would serve him, whether such a surrender of property had really been made. If it had, there was then no doubt that Eva, whoever she might be, was not the daughter of poor Susanna Roberts. So Mr. M'Quantigan, not caring to take a journey into Wales, if he could avoid it, wrote a line to his friend at Bangor, who had organised that meeting at which Eva and Mrs. Roberts had attended; and asked him to inquire as to the present position and expected destination of the property of the late Mr. Gryffyth, of Tremallyoc.

By the time he had written this note, the hour was come at which he had appointed again to call on Mrs. Ferrier. Now that his dream of possessing a rich daughter had all but melted away, the chance of having a rich wife was less than ever to be despised. He could now assure her that in taking him there would be no obnoxious daughter to take along with him. At the same time, he decided that he would not be more candid with her than was needful. If they made up matters finally that day, the dreaded step-daughter might be a useful bugbear hereafter, in case Mrs. M'Quantigan (late Ferrier) should grow refractory on money matters, or prove otherwise not submissive to the conjugal yoke. Besides, Mr. Murphy had not practised lying for so many years without knowing that the less he said the likelier he was to be believed. So he went to Rosebery Villas, prepared to tell as much or as little as had newly come to his knowledge as the progress of circumstances might seem to recommend.

Mrs. Ferrier was seated in her drawing-room, working in worsted, as we have seen her before. She was really very anxious to see the Irishman again; and when he came in, he was glad to find her as eager as behoved a love-sick lady of fifty-two.

"Well, Mr. M'Quantigan; pray sit down. I have thought you so long in calling again. It is — it is such a trouble to me when several days go by and I don't see you. You know — you know how greatly I rely on you, and what an important trust I am placing in your hands."

"My dear lady, if the time were my own it's few would be the minutes I 'd ever be away from you, and it's never sorry you shall be for trusting to me. So then, you say you may put your happiness in my hands?"

"Indeed, I may say as much, Mr. M'Quantigan. It is my happiness — it is my life, which I am now confiding to you! Then let me ask if you have heard anything more of Miss Roberts?"

"My dear, good, lovely lady, you needn't fear her any more. I bring you to-day a positive assurance that she has cut off all chance of interfering with you, by her own act, by her own hand."

"Do you really say so? Oh, Mr. M'Quantigan! if indeed, you are not mistaken, you make me the very happiest of women! I ought to be devoted to you all my life: I will be devoted to you all my life! for I shall always look on you as the greatest comforter that was ever sent to me in all my life!"

It may be considered that Mr. M'Quan- was rather rash in at once proceeding with this love-affair (as his imagination had made it). But let full justice be done him. Whatever might pass between him and Mrs. Ferrier that day, he could stop short of marrying her, in case there was a chance of extorting an income from Eva, after all. To her protestations of life-long devotion he made a suitable reply —

"Bless you, sweet lady! And have no fear about Miss Roberts. Sure, I know what it is you're afraid of. You don't want ever to be saddled with her as your daughter."

"That is the truth, indeed; that is the plain state of the case, Mr. M'Quantigan. Some one has told you, I see. You — you will not wonder that I rather felt a delicacy in saying so myself."

"Ah, you dear, delicate creature! And how long have I to wait for that blessedest of blessed days, — my wedding-day?"

"Well, Mr. M'Quantigan, if it all depends upon me, all I can do shall be done to hasten the day. I suppose it is partly a question of money; and, as I said before, I have a little ready money, and the greater part of it (bound to you as I am), I shall have the utmost pleasure in placing at your disposal, to hasten the day so much desired by you."

"Oh, give it me at once! Give it me at once, and I'll adore you all my life!"

"There shall be as little delay as possible, indeed, Mr. Quantigan. But you must not express yourself in quite such warm language. Only think what Miss Roberts would say, if she heard you!"

"Much I should care, indeed, for her saying!"

"Oh! now, Mr. M'Quantigan, for shame! I shall begin to suspect your constancy, and fear that you won't make a very kind husband. Poor Miss Roberts! To you, at all events, she seems devoted in her heart."

"Divil a bit! She has gone and shaken me off; and it's not me that'll have aught to do with her again — anyhow!"

"Oh, Mr. M'Quantigan! What do you mean? You quite amaze me! Is this consistent with what you told me just now?"

"Sure it is! — and why not? I say this Miss Roberts shan't be any more in our way, at all!"

"Not, perhaps, in *your* way. But she is all the more likely, on that very account, to be most fearfully in *my* way."

"Why, my blessed lady, won't our two ways be soon all the same?"

"I don't altogether see that, Mr. M'Quantigan, I must say. But you agitate me more than I can well describe. Do, I beg of you, consider my feelings, and be more explict. You spoke, just now, as if you were to be married without delay. I do beseech you, state your real intentions in so many words."

Thus challenged, the Irishman dropped upon his knees, and clasped Mrs. Ferrier's gown.

"Then here I lie, adorable creature, whose Christian name I have not the good fortune to know; here I lie, a miserable suppliant at your feet, until you say with your very own lips, 'I love you, and you may get up.'"

"Mr. M'Quantigan! Come now, really! I don't want to find fault, — but you are really carrying a joke too far. You must not, indeed!"

He interpreted this remonstrance as implying that, instead of asking for encouragement on her side, he ought to consider it as already given, so he got up again on his feet, as quickly as he had just gone down upon his knees.

"Then it's just this, dear old girl! Give me the money for the ring and the licence, and I'll meet you in church any day you'll choose to name. Give me the money and a kiss.

"Sir! Mr. M'Quantigan! Gracious!"

"Won't you really give me a kiss! I'll tell you why you won't. It's just because you want me to take one for myself — that's it."

And, taken the kiss would have been, only Mrs. Ferrier, now frightened as well as astounded, darted back to the French window that opened into her garden. Another moment, and she would have opened it, and escaped out of the room. But no such necessity, after all, was laid upon her. Mr. M'Quantigan — at all events on this occasion — had his feelings under very perfect control. And he now perceived either that he had made some strange mistake from the first, or that the lady, capricious beyond all reason, had found some fatal flaw in himself. For one or two minutes there they stood, mutually bewildered and astonished — she with her hand upon the window, he in the middle of the room — a *tableau* that, exhibited on any stage, would have drawn crowd upon crowd, to wonder and to laugh, right on for a century of nights.

"I really — really, if you do not act more reasonably, must call out for assistance, Mr. M'Quantigan."

"Me act more reasonably!" replied the gentleman; in a tone that savoured much more of the husband than of the lover; — "it's you that would do well to be a little more reasonable madam. Do you call it a reasonable thing to encourage a man one minute, and then run screaming away from him the next?"

"Encourage! I don't know what you would say, Mr. M'Quantigan. If you mean that I gave you any encouragement to address me, as you did just now, it really is the most unfounded ——"

Oh, now, you'll never deny that you said your objection to that Miss Roberts was, the having her for your daughter?"

"Of course, sir, I do not wish to deny it. I don't know what you would found upon that. Indeed, I have the greatest aversion to receive Miss Roberts as a daughter; and I thought I had your assurance that I should never be forced to do so."

"Well! and if you care to know, I'll tell you that Miss Roberts is no daughter of mine at all."

"Good gracious, Mr. M'Quantigan! As if I ever for a moment believed her to be so! I know her to be the daughter of a wretch named O'Cullamore, who was never married to her mother, and, indeed, was transported for the bigamy. I consider that a very sufficient reason for objecting to her as a daughter-in-law, and I trust my son will not complete the folly he meditates, after all."

M'Quantigan's wits were coming back to him by this time, and he was able to conceal a great part of his astonishment. How utterly mistaken he had been! And how warily he must behave, not to become inextricably entangled in falsehood.

Mrs. Ferrier spoke again, without waiting for an answer on his part.

"At least, Mr. M'Quantigan, I presume

you will not deny that there was some serious engagement between Miss Roberts and yourself?"

Mr. M'Quantigan paused, as one about to throw a stake. It would surely be safest to confirm what Mrs. Ferrier already believed. If he denied it, she might pounce upon the real explanation of his brief acquaintance with Eva; and then she would wash her hands of him altogether. Otherwise, though he was not to be rewarded with herself, he might possibly make a very good thing of the connection, even now. So he answered: —

"Yes, Mrs. Ferrier; it is, indeed, true that there was something between us; but, as I said before, she has cast me off; she won't have any more to say to me."

"Is it possible? Possible, indeed! Why should I ask? nothing she does ought in any to way surprise me."

"Believe me, Mrs. Ferrier, the fault is every bit her own."

"Oh! I don't in the least degree, doubt that, Mr. M'Quantigan. I need no manner of assurance to convince me of that; and as far as you are concerned, I can only congratulate you on so fortunate an escape. But you misunderstood me most frightfully just now. I do hope you have not inadvertently named the matter to any one besides ourselves."

"Never, ma'am, upon my oath!" and it may be as well to say that, in saying this, he uttered no perjury. A few boastful hints he may have dropped now and then; but Mrs. Ferrier's name had never escaped him in any such association. "Never, ma'am, upon my oath!" he accordingly said; "and I'd gladly serve you now, in any way I could."

"Thank you, Mr. M'Quantigan! And I certainly gathered from you, that for Miss Roberts to throw you aside was the very last thing she was likely to do. At all events, I became more and more convinced what a wicked young woman she must be. And, though, I find myself mistaken in the idea that she will ever become your wife, it would, indeed, be a shameful thing to desire that any honest man should take her; yet, so much having passed between you, it is possible that you may assist me in proving how unfit she is to be my son's wife. My son, I grieve to say, is so blindly infatuated, that nothing, short of most positive proof will have any kind of influence with him."

"Mrs. Ferrier, believe me when I say I hate the wicked creature, and I'll help you all I can to expose her."

"I desire it only as a matter of duty, of strict duty, Mr. M'Quantigan. You shall see some papers, which contain this wretched girl's history, and then you'll see my reasons more clearly still."

Mr. M'Quantigan felt a real curiosity to see the papers of which Mrs. Ferrier spoke; but it struck him that he had better not do so just now. They might contain a few facts of which it would be serviceable, for the present, to affect ignorance. He had not yet irrevocably decided what he should do. Eva might be his daughter, after all; and — for the one included the other almost as a matter of course — she might be in assured possession of all Mr. Gryffyth's wealth; in which position, she, and not Mrs. Ferrier, was the person by whom to gain. Indeed, Mrs. Ferrier's heart would very likely soften in her favour, were she known to be a wealthy heiress; and she might become as anxious to promote, as now to prevent, the marriage of Miss Roberts with her son; and then, it would constitute no claim upon her gratitude, to have aided in hindering it. Eva's possible father had no fear, if she should prove rich and his daughter, but that he should obtain a share in her riches. It was not on her affection, but on her aversion, that his hopes depended. She would buy him out of her way; as a man buys up a noisy tavern, or an unsightly cottage, that spoils the quiet or the beauty of his gardens. But it was as well to dispose of that question before incurring the trouble, and possibly the danger, which might arise from any new revelations. So he begged Mrs. Ferrier to excuse him for that day, as he had an engagement awaiting him. On Saturday — or, at any rate on Monday — he would ask to be indulged with a sight of those papers.

"Well, Mr. M'Quantigan, I am aware that your time must be most valuable to many others beside myself. Only let me say how very much I rely on you, and how gratefully, substantially grateful, you will be sure to find me."

"Believe me, I go devoted to your interests, above everybody else's, Mrs. Ferrier; though you send me away with an aching heart — indeed, you do."

"Hush, pray now, Mr. M'Quantigan. It's not that I would be wanting in respect to you; but I am come to that time of life when one should rest content with one's present condition."

"Well, well — forgive me, dear madam. You have no idea where Miss Roberts is at present? I have none."

"Not unless she be with her friends, the Ballows, at Minchley. You might do well to inquire. But, if she is with them, possibly she may not go by the name of Miss Roberts. Indeed, I fancy she would find a change of name rather convenient at this time. Perhaps she goes by the name which, until lately, she always bore, Miss March."

"Miss March!" and the hat which Mr. M'Quantigan had taken in his hand, fell out of it on to the floor. "Miss March! And do you say that this Miss Roberts ever went by the name of Miss March?

"Yes, always; until, as you'll see, when you look at those papers I spoke of, she was found out to be the daughter, the illegitimate daughter — the illegitimate daughter of a Welshman of the name of Roberts. Did you ever hear her spoken of?"

"I cannot say! it struck me as if I had. I shall very likely be better able to tell you, when I see you again. Now, good bye, Mrs. Ferrier; and I'll lose no time in satisfying you on this, and every other matter."

And he took his leave, and was gone. What an interview it had been! And by what a mere accident — it almost made him tremble to think — had the most important fact of all been given to his knowledge. The utter collapse of his matrimonial aspirings was already as a thing which had happened to him long ago; so much of stranger matter had superseded it. Could it verily be that "Miss March," the subject of his Somersetshire friend's profuse forebodings, was one and the same with that "Miss Roberts," dread of whom appeared the animating principle of Mrs. Ferrier's actions? Seated again in the coffee-room of his hotel, Mr. M'Quantigan drew out Miss Varnish's letter with a much more respectful handling, than that with which he had crammed it in.

Of course, it did not escape *him* that Miss Varnish was paltering with truth when she expressed so firm a conviction that Eva's pretensions to be a Campion were all deceitful ones. The writer was inwardly convinced that the claim would prove true, and was in agony of terror at the utter ruin which the acknowledgment of such rights would bring to her own expectations. The Irish friend of Miss Varnish felt sure already that there was some truth in Eva's new pretensions. The contradictory mystery which over-shadowed her might well have such an issue as that. However, he had already written to ascertain if there was any lingering chance of claiming Eva as his daughter. He must forthwith write, and get either substantiated or disproved the identity of Miss March with Miss Roberts. So he wrote off to Miss Varnish that day, informing her that he verily believed he could aid her — that is, could expose the futility of Miss March's pretensions. Only, he required for that end a certain service at Miss Varnish's own hands. Would she take the earliest possible opportunity of seeing this young "pretender," and turn the conversation between them to *North Wales*, and carefully remember and record the places in that region with which Miss March declared herself familiar? M'Quantigan imposed this service on his old friend Emma with perfect confidence. He was well assured (and so he told her), that she had not committed herself to any open hostility with Mrs. Torring's young friend. So he waited, very confident that he should quickly know whether, indeed, her enemy and Mrs. Ferrier's enemy were one person or two.

This day was Thursday, and let Miss Varnish be as prompt and as speedy as she might, an answer from her could hardly reach him until Monday. In fact, it did not come to him until the Tuesday. But his letter of inquiry as to the property in Wales was answered by the Saturday. It was the common talk at Tremallyoc (so M'Quantigan's Bangor friend wrote to tell him), and, indeed, throughout a very wide circle in Carnarvonshire, that Mr. Gryffyth's will had been executed under a very strange mistake; but that the innocent usurper, known as Miss Roberts, had appealed to the heir-at-law to rescue her out of her afflicting position; and that he, not behind her in an upright generosity, had arranged matters very justly and reasonably.

Having read this, M'Quantigan put aside, once and for good, any further idea of thrusting himself on Eva. He was quite disposed, on his own account, to become her enemy; and horrid purposes, which were to attain a fixed shape by-and-by, already floated indistinctly before him. It must be remembered that this man had not only been a criminal before the law; he came of a race by whom the sanctity of human life is held in little account. We do not speak of his being an Irishman, but of his being an Orangeman. [Since we began to write this story, some Liverpool Orangemen have shown their respect for the Decalogue by threatening the life of a bishop on Sunday!]

The blood of Mrs. Ferrier's new ally had run, for several generations, in the veins of men to whom the life of every Romanist

was a little less sacred than that of a wolf. The brutal ascendancy had made murder easy in conception.

On Tuesday, the 23rd of September, there came, as we said, an answer from Miss Varnish. We had better give it as it was written by her:—

"*Deverington Hall, September* 21, 1856.

"DEAREST MURPHY,—It was not until late in the afternoon of yesterday that I could manage to call and see Miss March (for I do not admit her ridiculous claim to any other title). I had no difficulty in getting her into conversation, for I do not think she has any conception of my having overheard her scheming with that woman Patterson, last Monday. Indeed, I contrived to meet her, as if by accident, that very day; and in quite an innocent manner, I mentioned the observatory. However, I talked about North Wales, as you desired; and she let fall that she had stayed a short time near Carnarvon; she mentioned a place which (to spell it as pronounced) is called 'Thlinbuthlin,' but which she was so obliging as to spell for me,—'Double L, Y, N, B, double U, double L, Y, N.' This I wrote down,—laughingly, of course—before her own eyes. She also mentioned a place called 'Tremallyoc.' I could see that there was a great deal respecting her adventures in those places, of which it did not suit her ladyship to speak. It might be well for you to go and enquire there. It should be no manner of expense to you. I suppose Miss March intends to keep her foolish pretensions to herself and the servant, until some opportunity offers; until, for instance, Mr. Herbert Campion comes home,—in about a month's time. So, you see, we may find time to trip her up beforehand. It was good of you, dearest Murphy, to answer my letter so quickly, and to enter so warmly into my troubles. But I was sure you would. I shall never forget you, be my fate what it will,

"Yours ever affectionately,

"EMMA VARNISH."

"P. S.—As you seem to have some idea that you know Miss March, I will briefly describe her to you. As I said before, she is somewhat stout. She has 'golden brown' hair; large (unpleasantly large) brown eyes; a really good complexion (fair), but with a great deal too much colour in her cheeks. She has a dashing boldness of manner that *some people* like."

This letter fully established the identity which had appeared to Mr. M'Quantigan a likely thing, from the moment that Mrs. Ferrier had mentioned Eva under the name of Miss March. To Mrs. Ferrier, therefore, he at once betook himself, still keeping his resolution to tell her less or more of the truth, as the great principle of expediency might appear to dictate. He found her eager to see him as before, and this time he was under no delusion as the cause of her eagerness. He did not purpose telling her that Eva was assuming kindred with the Campion family. If she heard of such claims, and were led to believe them, there would at once be an ending of her great objection to Eva as a daughter-in-law, and a consequent ending of any profit to be gained by him in preventing the marriage. Of course, the first question she asked him was, whether he could favour her with any news. His answer was, that he had discovered (after a great deal of trouble in inquiring, he said,) that Eve was living at Chelford, in Somersetshire, under her assumed name of Miss March, and (he also gathered) "up to her old tricks."

"Indeed, Mr M'Quantigan! Up to her old tricks? Leading foolish people to believe in her, and setting families at variance, I shouldn't wonder!"

"Madam, that's just what I hear entirely. The friend and relation who writes to me, tells me that this Miss March has got into the house of an old lady, and is trying to wheedle her out of all her property."

"Just what I should expect, Mr. M'Quantigan! I grieve to say it,—just what I should expect. I think that old lady, whoever she is, ought to be cautioned at once."

"We must be careful how we act, my dear madam. That girl is more artful than you would ever believe."

"Believe! There's scarcely any wickedness that I should not believe of her, and I know, but too well, that she's just the most artful creature in existence."

And Mrs. Ferrier thought within herself, what a blessing it was that she had persuaded Richard to promise a certain delay in marrying. He would evade the promise, no doubt of it. He would find some quibble, whereby to escape. But it had prevented his taking Miss March to wife at once. He, probably, would defer the crowning folly until January; and before then this wicked young woman, unconscious, very likely, how closely she was watched, would get herself into some scrape, not to be forgiven by even the deluded Richard.

We may just observe that Mrs. Ferrier

and her ally now always spoke of Eva as Miss March, thereby avoiding confusion.

"She's so artful," assented M'Quantigan to the lady's last remark, "that I feel sure and certain she must be nothing better than a Papist in disguise."

"Well, indeed, Mr. M'Quantigan! I wonder that idea never before struck me. Yes, certainly, I should really think she must be a female Jesuit."

"And ought we to be particular in dealing with such people as that, Mrs. Ferrier? Is it right to apply ordinary rules to our method of getting rid of such enemies to society?"

"I should think not, indeed, Mr. M'Quantigan. We must, when we have such wicked people to deal with, do many things which, in themselves, are very painful. Have you told me all that your correspondent tells you about this wretched, abandoned girl?"

Pretty nearly, Mrs. Ferrier. I'm sorry I can't show you the letter. But it contains one or two little matters of business which my friend does not authorise me to devulge. She just says, besides, "that Miss March has already shocked all decent people in the town by her behaviour in attracting gentlemen, and such other things."

"Just what I should have thought, Mr. M'Quantigan. Tallies exactly with another account which I had of her. That poor old lady! I really don't feel easy when I think what that girl may be doing to her. Robbing her may not be the worst."

"She just deserves to be hanged, Mrs. Ferrier."

"Well, indeed, you're not far wrong, Mr. M'Quantigan. Oh, I would give myself to be hanged; I would be hanged over and over again, rather than my foolish son should marry this infamous creature."

Mr. M'Quantigan waited a second or two; then looked at her very eagerly, and spoke slowly: —

"Then, Mrs. Ferrier; you really would do something, and risk something, to make this marriage that you dread impossible?"

"That I would, Mr. M'Quantigan. I beseech you, accept my assurance in the fullest and strongest sense. If you hesitate to do so, — I told you before I had a little money at my disposal; well, then, I will place £400 in your hands, and consider myself your debtor over and above for life, if you can contrive to make this marriage an *impossible* one."

"It shall be done, Mrs. Ferrier! It shall all be done! You want to feel yourself safe in all the time to come, and not only for the present?"

"To be sure I do, Mr. M'Quantigan. I want to have matters so arranged that this marriage *cannot* be. I think it can be done, but only by an extreme course, and that extreme course, I think, we are justified in taking."

"We are, my dear madam. But would you wish to know my plan when I have had time to settle upon it?"

"Why, I rather think no, Mr. M'Quantigan. I will leave it all in your hands, and shall only wish to be assured that you have fairly succeeded."

Two possible ways occurred to her in which the gentleman might earn his £400 at her hands. He might pursue his old advantage with Miss March (as understood by her from Mrs. Dowlas's letter), and drive her into a marriage with himself, or he might establish a watch on her present proceedings, and find her out in some sort of wickedness which would overthrow her character beyond every chance of re-establishing it. Mrs. Ferrier thought that she should be furthering either scheme, rather by her ignorance than by her connivance.

"Then," presently replied her Hibernian ally, "you'll never be changing your mind when the thing is done? You'll never be for finding fault, or complaining that I've gone too far for you?"

"Pray do not suspect me of any such ungrateful feelings, Mr. M'Quantigan. As I said before, I give up every other consideration to this one. And, now Mr M'Quantigan, if you remember, I was to show you some papers connected with this wretched young woman. You will see how she first became acquainted with our family, and what a very different return we deserve from her from that which she is actually making. And you'll also see how she came to find her real relations — those people in North Wales."

And Mrs Ferrier opened her drawer, and took out her brother-in-law's famous narrative, and also a copy of the letter which Mr. Dowlas had written to her from Llynbwllyn. These documents she put into Mr. M'Quantigan's hands; and, with them, he returned to his temporary home.

They would have been much more interesting to him to read, only that he knew already how much of their contents had been founded on a serious mistake. The most interesting point was the singular occurrence of the name of Campion in the history. That circumstance might, indeed,

have suggested to Eva the idea of claiming to be Mr. Campion's daughter. But she had given great proof of her sincerity in thus claiming. She had abandoned the ample fortune which was hers as the daughter of Susanna Roberts. Bitter enemy of Eva's, though he was, and strongly as his interests inclined him to injure her to the utmost, he did her justice in this respect. He believed that she was no impostor at all.

On the following day (Wednesday, the 24th), he wrote to Miss Varnish, as follows: —

"DEAR EMMA, — My great regard for you has led me to make inquiries about this Miss March, and now, to be very candid with you, — if you wish to protect yourself from her, you must be prepared for the strongest measures. You had better put away all thought of ridding yourself of her by convicting her of being an impostor. I have the very strongest reasons for believing, that if, indeed, she be not the other Mr. Campion's daughter, *she will succeed in making it appear so.* Now, my dear Emma, out of old friendship, I am willing to help you in this most serious difficulty; for, as you justly forbode, if these claims are once established, in all probability the elder brother will re-assume his position; and Deverington Hall, if it continue your home at all, will never have you for its mistress. Now, I will not suppose you such a fool, Emma, that you will allow a small scruple to bar you out of such very good prospects. I repeat, that I am willing and anxious, for your sake, to help you in this thing. But you must help me to do it. Perhaps as Miss March is stout, her constitution may not be good. Perhaps her strange way of coming to Chelford, and holding consultations with servants, &c., may betoken some aberration of intellect; and it might be an act of charity to place her in some quiet retreat. You will do well to think of this.

"Your disinterested friend,
"MURPHY M'QUANTIGAN."

On Saturday, the 27th of the month, there came this rather discouraging answer: —

"DEAREST MURPHY, — Your desperate ideas are really alarming to me. Of course, desirous as I am of securing my threatened prospects, I could not venture on any such perilous step as you seem to hint at. And you must be mocking me, to propose any such thing. If the story be true, as you really appear to believe, I must make up my mind to lead this wretched life of dependence, until I die. I sometimes wish that I had made up my mind to it from the very beginning. Perhaps, if I had given as much time and trouble to the fitting myself for a good situation, as I have to concealing my unfitness, I might have been happy and thriving in a humble way, and have had no secrets to burden me. This would have been a useful reflection to me ten years ago; but it can profit me little now. I must sink or swim, as the waters run, having drifted out of reach of the shore. It appears as if I must sink; for I cannot remain long with this family in my *present* capacity, and another comfortable situation it may be hard to find. So, thank you, dear Murphy, for your readiness to help me; but I dare not accept such help as you appear to propose."

"Your still loving,
"EMMA."

Mr. Murphy was brought to a standstill by this letter. Much as Miss Varnish dreaded the idea of disappointment and poverty, she dreaded the thought of crime still more. It suited M'Quantigan to have her believe that, in her interests only was he ready to take measures against Miss March; and he began to consider, since those interests were not strong enough to overcome her scruples, whether any stronger influence could be brought to bear upon them. It was expedient that the crime, on which he had thoroughly determined, should be committed with Miss Varnish's assistance. She might act as a decoy to get Eva into the desirable situation; moreover, she might prove a most useful scapegoat, should after suspicions arise, to bear the weight of any accusation. He knew the heart of this woman. She loved him, and would hate any rival. Mrs. Ferrier had strangely imagined him to be the lover of Miss March. If Miss Varnish could be inoculated with the same idea, her languid jealousy of Eva might be stirred into a jealousy very different in its origin and kind. And this brought our Irishman to another matter; how had Mrs. Ferrier been led into that strange mistake of imagining that he had stood in such a relationship with Eva? He put the two things together, and began to see a way of compassing his evil end by taking them together. On Monday, the 29th of the month, he again visited Mrs. Ferrier, for the purpose of ascertaining who, or what, had inspired her with so mistaken a notion, and of following up a plan which will be shown in his own conversation.

Mrs. Ferrier, after some little pressing on his own side, put into his hand the letter she had received, almost a month before, from Mrs. Dowlas. That letter, as we know, alluded to Mr. M'Quantigan in terms not the most respectful. But Murphy was only too thankful to the writer for having failed to identify him with Bryan O'Cullamore, well known by her in former days at Liverpool. He grinned to himself as he read the letter over. "Now, bless your sweet disposition, my dear," he said internally, "that is sure to think the worst of everybody at all times, — I recognize the charitable heart of my good and dear sister Jane. Anybody less prompt at thinking evil would have pounced upon the truth. Thank you, my dear, for not doing so."

Then he returned the letter to Mrs. Ferrier. "I do assure you, ma'am," he said, "that if anything was not as it should be, Miss March, and not I, was in the wrong."

"That I believe, as a matter of course, Mr. M'Quantigan. But tell me — I am fearfully anxious to know — how are you getting on in the matter which I have so much at heart?"

"Why, to be candid with you, Mrs. Ferrier, not very well. I was telling you, the other day, that I had a friend near Chelford, who had seen Miss March. Perhaps you remember?"

"I am very little likely to forget, Mr. M'Quantigan; and I certainly remember very well."

"My friend, as I told you, had conceived a very bad opinion of the young woman. But — there's no setting bounds to her tricks'— she has actually had the address to gain my friend — a good, but rather simple sort of lady — to gain her to her own side. And Miss Varnish, that is my esteemed friend's name, is quite persuaded that she has been mistaken; and, as amends for what she thinks to have been a foolish prejudice, is resolved to stand by her against all her enemies. And if anything were said or done against Miss March, this weak, well-meaning lady would be down upon everybody who had a hand in it. We are beaten, Mrs. Ferrier, hopelessly beaten; unless we can convince this good soul what a viper she is warming in her bosom."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! There surely is some witchcraft in the girl! But I'll fight her to the utmost extremity, Mr. M'Quantigan; there surely must be a way of opening your friend's eyes."

"*You* can do it, Mrs. Ferrier. I doubt whether *I* could."

"I, rather than you? I, who am a stranger?"

"Yes, Mrs. Ferrier, and I will freely tell you what I mean. We have spoken already of — of the transient influence which this deceiving young woman exercised over *me*. The matter is very freely and tersely spoken of in this letter, written by Mrs. Jane Dowlas. Now, it would be a somewhat delicate matter for me to speak of this; but you, if you would, might write and warn Miss Varnish against the friendship she seems to be making; and you might enclose Mrs. Dowlas's letter, to show that you do not speak out of your own head. The letter does, indeed, speak of the girl as 'Miss Roberts,' but, with what my friend already knows, she will not find much difficulty in believing that they are one and the same."

After one or two more discussions that day, Mrs. Ferrier agreed to do as she was counselled; and on the morrow it was done. Her own letter to Miss Varnish was very brief; it simply consisted in an assurance that Miss March and Miss Roberts were one and the same, and in a caution against the young woman, as sure to repay the purest kindness with the foulest ingratitude. M'Quantigan, meantime, wrote also a very brief note to the same lady. He told her that, of course, it must be as she pleased; his desire of efficiently helping her continued the same. He was not greatly astonished when, on Friday, the 3rd of October, he got this letter from his Emma: —

"MY DEAR MURPHY, — You are very right, and I was a fool to have any such scruples. Let us get rid of her in any way we can; only let me know your wishes, and I will take any trouble and run any risk to forward them. I control myself, and keep good friends with her.

"Your,
"Emma."

This letter was answered by return of post. And one or two more letters passed between the correspondents in the course of the next week. But, instead of copying them here, we shall leave them to be discovered in the events which were now being hurried on by them.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the 11th of October, Mr. M'Quantigan made another call on Mrs. Ferrier. It was the fifth of his memorable interviews with her. One interview more — strange, awful, and threatening, but more so to him than to

her — were these two persons destined to have, and then they were to see one another no more.

"Mrs. Ferrier," he now said, "I have made up my mind — feeling myself justified by the necessity — to start on my expedition to-morrow."

"You go — where, Mr. M'Quantigan?"

"I go, Mrs. Ferrier, into Somersetshire. I hope — to put a long ending to all your troubles."

"Oh, I pray that you may be successful, Mr. M'Quantigan!"

"Nor do I doubt that I shall. But I want to have a night in London. Or I am not sure" — and he lowered his voice — "whether it will be wise to go the most direct way."

"Perhaps not. Well, I am prepared, over and above what I promised, to pay all the expenses of your journey."

"Could you let me have twenty pounds at once?"

"Yes, if I have as much in the house. I will see." The amount was found, and given to him. "And now, Mrs. Ferrier, I've taken the liberty to ask my correspondents to send any of my letters, after to-day, to your house here; you don't object?"

"Not at all, Mr. M'Quantigan. I am only too glad to oblige you in any way."

"There's a friend of mine, just written a pamphlet exposing the Jesuits. You'd do me a favour, my dear madam, if you'd read and recommend it. It'll reach you, I shouldn't wonder, to-morrow, or Monday. It'll come, very likely, in a common envelope, addressed to *me — pray open it!* And now, good-bye."

"Good-bye, Mr. M'Quantigan! and I trust, when we meet again, you will have to congratulate me."

"I shouldn't wonder. Or it may reach you through the papers beforehand. Good-bye!" and he was gone.

And now, for the very first time, it did occur to Mrs. Ferrier that she might have trusted this man too far. The idea did cross her, could he intend cutting the knot by any sort of crime? Then she reflected that it was a little absurd to transfer the ideas of another age and country to the secure and self-restrained society in which she lived and moved herself. Doubtless, if the Irishman talked as if violence were meditated, it was but his rough and downright way of putting matters. That wicked Miss March was vulnerable enough by moral weapons. There could be no reason for assailing her with any act which would put her enemies in the wrong. Mrs. Ferrier need not, and would not, vex herself with any such ridiculous fancies.

But the next day was to her an anxious and tiresome Sunday. A certain dread of being alone crept over her; and in the afternoon she took a fly, and drove to call on an invalid friend at Warwick, proposing to remain for the night in that friend's house; and her company was gladly and readily accepted. It was drawing towards the evening of the following day (Monday) when she got back to her house at Leamington. On her table was lying a letter addressed to Mr. M'Quantigan. But the transparency of the envelope displayed some printed characters inside. It was surely the pamphlet which Mr. Murphy had told her to expect, and which he had so earnestly asked her to read. She had not much desire to read it; but anything was welcome which could afford some diversion to her thoughts. So she at once tore open the envelope, and got at the contents of it.

There was no such thing as a pamphlet. The printed paper appeared as if cut out of a newspaper. On the side she first saw were several fragmentary advertisements. She turned it round, and read on the reverse. It entirely consisted of one paragraph, and these were the words: —

"FATAL ACCIDENT FROM CHLOROFORM. — On Monday last, an inquest was held at the "Three Screws" Tavern, in Camden Town, on the body of a young woman, of the name of Mary Smith. It appears that the unfortunate deceased suffered frequently from neuralgia; and that she was in the habit of seeking relief from chloroform. On the fatal night she seemingly imbibed an overdose of the dangerous preparation, and thereby met her untimely death. An open bottle of chloroform was found beside her bed. The medical man in attendance deposed that any quantity of this anæsthetic, beyond a limited amount, would infallibly kill the inhaler of it. Verdict — Accidental Death."

With feelings she never could have analysed up to her dying day, Mrs Ferrier took hold of the letter, which the envelope had also contained; for a letter, though not a long one, it proved to be. Thus was it written: —

"DEAREST MURPHY, — I think there will be time for you to receive this before you start from Leamington. I send you a

very comforting and encouraging extract, which has caught my eye in a newspaper. It proves the wisdom of the means devised by us. Rely on my having all ready. To make all sure, I will just recapitulate the directions already given. Stop, on your way from Bridgewater, *before* you come to the great gates of D—— Hall, at a gate in the wood. Enter inside (it is never locked); turn into a by-path — first turning on the right; that will take you to a door in a wall, which will happen to be unlocked. Go into the garden, turn to the right, and you will find yourself in front of the house. Enter by a glass door, at which you will see a light; go through a vestibule, up a pair of stairs, and the very first door (on the left hand) will be *the* door. *She* will certainly come here on Monday. Perhaps it will be as well for me *not* to see you.

"Yours.

"E."

And now there burst upon Mrs. Ferrier's mind, in all its appalling certainty, the knowledge that a great and dreadful crime was on the very brink of its accomplishment, and that she stood in the position of instigator and first contriver of it.

Eva was to be murdered — murdered that very night, in a way which would make it appear that she had died by her own incaution. Fearful, in that moment, were the thoughts of Eva's unrelenting, but not designedly cruel enemy. And her thoughts — when first she awoke from the black stupor into which that awful letter had cast her — her thoughts took shape in the conviction not to be resisted by her: "A few hours will make me a murderer!"

Yes, indeed; no way of escape appeared. The shadow of that night, in which the horrid deed was to be done, was descending on the earth already; and the murderers and their victim were very far away. Murderers! But how could she exempt herself from the fearful title? True it was, she had never desired, never intended, a crime like this. In her utmost anger against Eva, such an idea had never crossed her brain for one instant. But she could not, on that plea, account herself excusable now. On parting with M'Quantigan two days before, it had struck her that he talked like one who had some lawless enterprise in hand. Now, she only marvelled that his whole design had not been patent to her thoughts at once. It ought to have been, and it would have been, but that her one idea had driven her beyond the bounds of justice and reason. She had given an evil spirit dominion over her; and it was going to cast her down into an abyss of blood. Would anybody, knowing how all had happened, account her scatheless of the murder? Could she venture to declare as much of herself? What knowledge had she of this Irishman, that she should have given him a confidence hardly to be exceeded if he had indeed been her husband? Had he not given her ample warning? At all events, how deceitful and dangerous a character was his! Would any woman, unless carried away by passion, have treated with him after the ridiculous presumption with which her first advances had at first inspired him? Had she not outraged all womanly feeling? And could she plead any womanly honesty, as entitling her to claim acquittal from the awful charge which might shortly be brought against her?

She started to her feet. Was there anything now to be done? Could she, at this supreme moment, interfere? and, if so — how? Should she telegraph to Miss March, and warn her? Miss March, by this time, was probably a guest at that house in which the murder was to be done. And that house she only knew as "D—— Hall." By the description of it in the letter, it was probably a place of some distinction; and any one living at Bridgewater, from, which, apparently, it was not very distant, would guess at once, most likely, what was the house intended. Mrs. Ferrier turned to the postmark of the letter. Not Bridgewater, but Chelford was the name on the envelope. In fact, although Bridgewater was the proper post-town, Chelford was much nearer. And Miss Varnish, choosing to post this letter with her own hands, had chosen the town to which she was in the constant habit of going.

If Mrs. Ferrier could get to Bridgewater, she might find this Hall, which must lay between Bridgewater and Chelford, and prevent the crime which would brand her name with infamy, and her soul with guilt, through a stretch of uncounted ages. Could it be done? Great wonders of travelling were now to be done. She hastily rang the bell. The servant appeared.

"Susan," she said, "run over to the Bank with this;" and Mrs. Ferrier put a cheque, that she had hastily written, into her hand. "The Bank may not be closed even now. Bring me the money, in Bank of England notes, as quickly as you can. Run as fast as you can, for God's sake!"

The girl was not backward in obeying. Mrs. Ferrier went upstairs, and hastily assumed her cloak and bonnet, and popped

all the money in her desk into her pocket. It was not much; for Mr. M'Quantigan had taken twenty pounds from her when they parted on the Saturday. She was standing before the front door of her house, when Susan came running home.

"Oh! if you please, ma'am, I — ran all the way as hard as I could, but the — bank — was shut already — some time, the people said. It must have been — quite closed before you sent me, ma'am. Here is the — cheque, ma'am."

"What am I to do? But give me the cheque; some of the tradesmen may be able to let me have the money. Susan, good-bye; you've been a good servant. Think as well of your wretched mistress as you can. You will very likely never see me again."

And off Mrs. Ferrier hastened, leaving the girl, so lately breathless with exertion, now breathless again with astonishment. When her mistress had turned out of sight, she went indoors again, and told the cook she was dreadfully afraid poor mistress had gone out of her wits with all the worry she had had. And sure and certain, the almanack said that it was to be full moom that very day.

Meantime, the lady, who might, indeed, have envied those unhappy ones whose faculties have deserted them, contrived, from one or two of her tradesmen, to obtain the money so fearfully wanted. Then she hurried to the railway-station, and stated her desire to have a special train, which, in the quickest possible manner, should take her as far as Bridgewater. At Chelford, she quickly discovered, there was no station at all. After a delay, that implied no fault in the arrangements, but which was agonising when she thought how precious was her time, the engine was made ready, and she had the relief of feeling that she was progressing towards a possible deliverance from her horrible position. The officials, who knew her by name, supposed that a summons from some sick friend — possibly the captain, her son — had induced this agitated and sudden journey.

Her tradesmen had been well aware that she was likely to have money in the Leamington Bank. Money in the bank, indeed! The four hundred pounds, which that monster M'Quantigan might shortly claim from her as the promised wages of murder, were awaiting his announcement that no more was to be dreaded from Miss March.

The train shrieked on. The light of day faded; and the unhappy woman, alone (as, indeed, she had never been alone before), was able to think of all the woe, never, it might be, to know an ending, which was gathering darkly upon her. She saw Eva dying — dying by the hand of a murderer, of whose violence, she believed, she was the only cause and contriver. She foresaw the heart-broken misery of Richard, and of the hatred into which his love towards herself would then turn. What even if her share in the matter were never made known to him? What if the doers of the deed succeeded in their apparent design of making the death appear an accidental one? Even then the secret, festering in her own bosom, would render her miserable and guilty for evermore whenever she saw or thought of Richard. But she had a strong persuasion that things would be worse than this. How many a murder, contrived with all possible skill, had been detected, and laid bare to the stroke of justice! And was it not very likely that, in this case, the watchful suspicion of a lover would peer through the disguises with which this crime was to be so surely shrouded.

Mrs. Ferrier had no subject wherewith to divide or distract her dreadful thoughts. The feelings which an hour before had been so intense in her, had now died out altogether. The thought that a very few hours might make her a murderess, had burnt up every other fear or feeling within her. What now, to her was the dread of her son's foolish marriage? What even were the facts which, artfully tendered for her acceptance, had set poor Eva in the light of an adventuress of the very worst class? Mrs. Ferrier now considered that, while her own suspicions had created many of the facts, she had accepted many more on the witness of that Irishman she had made her assistant. And what credit could ever be due to the word of a would-be murderer?

Mrs. Ferrier hardly made the effort to justify herself now. She could no more go on repeating that her duty — her strict duty — had led her into the design, which a wicked man, unauthorised by herself, was going to bring to a criminal issue. Self-delusion was gone; and only self-tormenting remained. What duty could she verily plead? The meditated marriage might have been imprudent, disastrous, disgraceful. It might have been her actual duty very seriously to remonstrate with her son. But, she now saw very well, it could never be her duty to carry her opposition further. The captain was of age; and reason, revela-

tion, and law, which all combine in placing children under the control of their parents, as long as they fall short of maturity—combine, with equal certainty, in declaring that when perfect manhood be come, parental authority must pass away. Children who resist their parents are verily transgressors. But alike transgressors are the parents who would take advantage of the affection, the weakness, or the poverty of their children, to prolong their authority beyond its due season.

Something of this, as especially applicable to her own case, our hero's unhappy mother felt, as she was whirled on her long night journey, and endeavoured to hope that she might not yet be too late. It was not certain that she would. The Leamington station-master had informed her that, as soon as she had started, he should telegraph on to Birmingham; and that the Birmingham official would, at her desire, also telegraph on to Bristol.

By thus making known her want beforehand, she might save some material delay. If nothing untoward occurred it was likely she might arrive at Bridgewater by ten. Possessed of this information, Mrs. Ferrier tried calmly to consider whether she might succeed in finding Miss March before the crime were irrevocably done. She might hope to get to Bridgewater two hours before midnight. Before twelve o'clock it was hardly probable that the wicked atrocity would be performed. "D—— Hall," it might be hoped, would prove not beyond a two hours' journey from Bridgewater. The night would be favoured with a full moon, and promised to be remarkably clear. How did this unhappy woman pray that nothing unforeseen might hinder her.

The train shrieked on. Warwickshire was left far away, and she was carried towards the southerly regions of England. All the little stoppages and hindrances of her journey we need not here note down. For her, a life of torment was comprehended in every one of them; but, upon the whole, the course of her progress was timed well, and little interruption befel her. It is a greater marvel that her senses did not wholly desert her; but on reaching Bridgewater, a very few minutes after ten, she commanded herself sufficiently to arrange the journey that lay before her still. If ladies travelling in special trains are not entitled to special attention, we should wish to be informed what manner of persons are. Mrs. Ferrier found the station authorities at Bridgewater very ready to hear and answer all she had to say.

She stood on the now quiet platform. The station-clock declared it to be five minutes past ten, and it was as bright a moonlight night as ever an English October beheld. She spoke to the person who had opened her carriage-door.

"I am in the greatest agony and distress possible. I have come—that is, I have found myself summoned to a house somewhere near Bridgewater, and I only know that its name begins with a D., and that it is somewhere between Bridgewater, and Chelford; nearer Chelford, I understand—it is some 'Hall.'"

"A 'Hall' on the road to Chelford, ma'am, and its name beginning with D.? I shouldn't wonder if it might be Deverington Hall that you want, ma'am. Perhaps you know the gentleman who owns it—a Mr. Campion, ma'am?"

"Campion! no, I do not know who lives there. But I think that, very likely, it is the place I want."

Again that name of Campion! But Mrs. Ferrier had matters of life and death before her now, and to take a wrong journey would ruin her beyond remedy.

"It's of the utmost importance—it's more to me than my own life," she went on, "that I should reach this place before midnight! Can you assure me that it is the same? Pray tell me, is there a wood near it?"

Her informant could not say; but one of the porters was able to supply the needed information. Deverington Hall was very thickly planted around with wood.

"And, for Heaven's sake tell me all you can about it! It is entered by gates opening on to the road?"

"Yes, ma'am, it is. But a little way before you come to them there's a private entrance through a gate into the wood, and thence into the garden, ma'am. That's what the family use."

"It is the same—it must be the same!" For the directions given in that horrible letter, which Mrs. Ferrier still held in her possession, exactly tallied with this man's description.

"It must be Deverington Hall; there's no other house at all like it between here and Chelford, ma'am, I very well know."

"Then I want to go, as quickly as I can, to Deverington Hall, and I will give any sum you can name, to be speedy. What will be my quickest way."

"If you're not afraid of the open air, ma'am, a gig would take you the fastest."

"Then get me one, I implore you. How long will it take me to get there?"

"That depends on the way you go, ma'am." And the conveyance was sent for at once.

Not many minutes had passed, ere the gig was in readiness, outside the station. The policeman on duty assisted Mrs. Ferrier to get in, and the station-master brought a rug for her. She sate herself down by the driver.

"The lady wants to get to Deverington Hall as soon as ever you can drive her there," said the policeman to the other. "Can you take her by the short way?"

"It's impossible, unless the night is very good indeed," the driver answered.

"But it surely is," said Mrs. Ferrier; "there is not a cloud on the sky, and it is a full moon."

They were on the shady side of the station; but the clearness of the night was without a single speck.

"Are you sure, ma'am, it's the full moon?' asked the man who was to drive Mrs. Ferrier.

The policeman here pulled an almanack out of his pocket. "Full moon? Yes—yes; full moon on the thirteenth—that's sure."

"Then ma'am we can go the short way, as you wish it."

"Do, for mercy's sake, and be quick! How long will it take us to get there?"

"Not more than three quarters of an hour, ma'am; hardly so much."

"Thank God for that!" and off they drove. And Mrs. Ferrier's heart beat high with hope of saving the girl her son loved, from the terrible fate impending over her. She could arrive at Deverington Hall by eleven o'clock, and it was next to impossible that anything before that hour could have been done. She threw her veil over her face, and resolved herself into as much composure as was possible to her.

We must just describe the way by which, at her special instance, Mrs. Ferrier was being carried now. For a mile or two it lay along a good high road. Then it wound through overhanging woods, which left no superfluous light at any time. But the real hindrance consisted in about the last mile of all. That latest stage passed through an open common, and was no proper road at all. The common, or down, was broken up in several places with gravel pits, and other excavations. In tolerable weather, and by day, or by a strong moonlight, the way might easily be threaded. In the dark it was like an enchanted ground, full of perils at every step.

They drove for half-an-hour, and emerged out of the shadow of the woods aforesaid. Only that stretch of common lay between them and the woods which immediately girdled Mr. Campion's mansion. Mrs. Ferrier, absorbed in her one thought, had been silent all the while. Nor had the driver presumed to disturb her. But now he halted at the very threshold of the open ground, and told the lady that the night was darker than he had ever had any idea of; and that to cross the common would be out of the question entirely. She started in terror at his words.

"Dark?—it cannot be! Did you not hear it was a full moon! Why, it was in the almanac!"

"Well, ma'am whether it was in the almanac, or not, all I can say is, I dont see it *here!* Will you just be kind enough to look yourself, ma'am?"

She threw back her dark, thick veil, and looked at the sky. Dark it was, indeed. What had happened to the night? Had clouds come over the heaven? Clouds! There was a full attendance of the stars in the firmament; it seemed as if the muster had included all. And the Milky Way was there. But what of the full moon? Mrs. Ferrier turned her eyes to the quarter in which the Queen of Heaven might be expected to show herself, and then she perceived that the moon was totally eclipsed.

Totally eclipsed! Instead of the round of shining silver, there was but a disc of rusty red; and stars were now the only comforters of the night. There was a moment in which Mrs. Ferrier forgot that this had happened in the course of the heavenly way, and felt as if the very skies themselves were dooming her to destruction. That awful eclipse might take away her hopes for ever. She clasped her hands in anguish, almost as if beseeching the host of heaven to give her the light, without which she must perish for ever. Then she spoke to the driver.

"What, then, am I to do? I remember hearing, a few days ago, that this was to be. But other matters had utterly driven it out of my head. Can you not go on? Oh, I am ruined and wretched for ever if we do not reach there in time! I implore you go on if you can!"

"Indeed, ma'am, I'm really most sorry; but we can't. We should be sure to roll into one of these quarries here about."

"Gracious heaven! This is maddening! Let us go on foot. Let us walk! I will give you any money; the whole value of

the horse and gig, with pleasure, if you will guide me across as quickly as you can?"

"It's impossible, I do assure you, ma'am. Even I, who have crossed it many a time in the daylight, couldn't steer my way now, and for you it would be out of the question."

"Then what is to become of me? How shall I ever get there? It's a matter of life and death; more than of life and death! What am I to do?"

"There's but one way, ma'am, and that is to turn back, and get, as quickly as we can, in to the other road. The sooner we start the better. Instead of gaining an hour, we shall lose about an hour and a half; but we had better lose no more than we can help, ma'am."

It may be questioned whether it would not have been better to wait where they were until the moon had emerged from her eclipse; but to keep still was intolerable, and Mrs. Ferrier had no such accurate knowledge of astronomy as could assure her of the wisdom of this course. She told the driver to turn back, and go the other and more circuitous road. She would have urged him to the utmost speed, only that would have endangered an entire stoppage, and a worse delay. It was to her by far the most agonising hour of all that terrible evening. It seemed as if the crime were fated to be done. Heaven frowned upon her, and spurned her away from being the instrument of hindering it. What was before her now? Would it all become known? Would the world believe in *her* innocence? Surely, no; and in this life too, retribution, even beyond her actual deserts, would speedily come upon her. Oh, if it might but prove that she came not too late, after all! What thing in life could ever give her sorrow again?

Instead of being eleven o'clock, it was nearer one than twelve, when the gig at last drew up before the gate in the wood near Deverington Hall. The moon was shining again, though partly overshadowed still. Mrs. Ferrier directed the man to wait. She should presently return, and, possibly with some one else beside her. She entered the wood, turned down the by-path to the right, and was soon at the door in the wall. It was open, indeed. She was soon in the gardens, and turning according to the directions of that letter, approached the Italian garden in the front of the house. All was very still. Patches of reflected moonshine marked out each window to be seen. Not thus denoted, however, was the French window, furthest to the left on the ground floor. A light, unlike the pure and holy radiance of the moon, was shining there from within. Mrs. Ferrier went up to it at once. She found it partly open, and — she went in. The lamp, which stood on a bracket in the little vestibule, threw its yellow light on a staircase beyond. In the track of that light she went on.

Old Questions Answered. — Why does a miller wear a white hat? Not always to keep his head warm. In hot weather he wears it to keep his head cool. A miller wears a white hat because he cannot help it; or because it pleases him.

A herring and a half for three-halfpence, how many herrings for threepence? Not necessarily three. The values of the halves of a herring may be unequal. One selling at a halfpenny, the other may sell at a penny or a farthing. Besides, one whole herring would probably fetch more than the sum of the prices of its two halves sold separately.

Who was the father of Zebedee's children? For aught we know, Mrs. Zebedee's first husband.

Where was Moses when he put the candle out? In the daylight very likely. Perhaps he had lighted the candle to seal a letter.

— *Punch.*

From Good Words.

NEGRO SERMONS.

It was my privilege during the last year of the civil war to live in the south-western portion of the United States. I was brought in contact with the negroes very frequently. It is not my purpose, however, to give a description of the negro character, or describe their present status, but simply to give a few extracts from sermons which I heard, or those which were related to me by my companions.

The religion of the negroes is emotional. They must get into an intense state of excitement before they can enjoy their religious services. This is the necessary result of ignorance. Their masters did not permit them to learn; consequently all the information they had was gained from listening to conversations, and not understanding everything which they heard, the attempted reproduction was sometimes extremely ludicrous.

During the war the negroes were brought frequently in contact with the soldiers from the North, who taught them much. Schools also were established over the South, and self-denying men and women went down to educate those rescued from bondage; and even in the midst of persecution and insult, these Christians pursued their work. What has been the result? A nation has been born in a day — a people has been brought to light who will shortly be prepared to exercise the right of suffrage. The young among this abused people desire to be educated; and the old, striving earnestly, are learning new lessons of truth, morals, and Christianity. That people which was pronounced too deep in ignorance, too deep in misery, too destitute of the qualities and faculties which go to make up men, to ever rise — that people has risen to a social rank which the most sanguine did not expect. They are ignorant still, but they are learning fast. The men who can talk the best, and seem to be the most zealous, become the preachers, without being licensed or ordained. The people listen to them, never questioning their right.

The negro preachers with whom I have come in contact astonished me by their amount of general information. All of them had fine memories. As very few of them know how to read or write, they must depend on their memories entirely. I have known these preachers to visit soldiers, and request them to read chapters in the Bible. In the sermon on the Sabbath I have heard them quote these chapters almost *verbatim*. Now and then a soldier, loving sport, would select passages containing the word God from Shakspeare, Byron, &c., and read them to the negro preacher as if out of the Bible. One Sabbath an old preacher was speaking *on the love of country*. He exhorted his hearers to stand fast, and in "de language of de prophet Isaiah, 'Let all de ends thou aimest at be dy country's, dy God's, and truth's.' If you don't mind his command, you'll be in a bad way; if you don't mind de Government, you'll have to cut stick mighty fast. Den, when you are away in de swamps, surrounded by nothing but de water and de bushes, you'll cry out as did de prophet Jeremiah — him dat did weep de most of all de prophets. He's de one dat did wail out de Lamentations — 'Farwell, a long farwell to all my greatness; dis am de state of man.'"

Many soldiers who were present seemed to enjoy the quotations better than the other portions of the sermon.

A preacher, who was placed over a comparatively intelligent church, preached a unique sermon on the text: "*Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.*" From reading this extract you can form but a poor idea of the impression which it would be likely to make on the congregation. He commenced: "My beloved bredren, if I had de whole earth for my meetin' house, all de children of Adam for my congregation, de heavens for my pulpit, and eternity for my Sunday mornin,' de text I have chosen for dis mornin's reflection would be de one I would select on dat occasion."

After a somewhat lengthy introduction, he said he would "proceed to de furtherance and de development of de text. Now, my beloved bredren, let me give you de exposition of de text. It speaks of time. Now, time is a very useful ting, bredren. If you didn't have it, you couldn't do much; you couldn't come to dis place; to sum de matter up, you couldn't do nothin'. Now time, dat useful ting, may be compared to a great many tings. It may be compared to a piece of white paper, which if you write upon wid ink, you can't rub it out; it may be compared to money, which if you spend foolishly you can't get it back. Time may be compared to a great many tings, but I hav'n't time to commemorate them now, but pass on to de main portion of my discourse.

"De text speaks of redeeming de time. Now dar am various ways of doin' dis.

"1. You can redeem de time by goin' roun' yer and pourin' de oil of consolation upon de waters; and you dat am rich can

go among de poor and orphans and de widders, put a shillen in dar hands, tell dem to put on dar best bib and tuck, and come up yar next Sunday mornin' and hear de Gospel dispensed, free and widout money, at half past ten o'clock.

"2. You can redeem de time, bredren — you dat am so favoured as to belong to dis flock — by formin' a nucleus, or startin' point, from which will eradiate a great deal of good, which will go among de poor and de miserable of dis town. Den let de influence eradiate and go into all de country round in dis vicinity — den let it spread among our poor bredren away down South, who have been kept in de house of bondage longer dan us, and who have been in de miry clay: make dem, bredren, instead of bein' de cotton-pickers and refuse of de South, American-born citizens, wid de stars and stripes a waven over dem, and de American eagle perched on dar heads."

After telling them various other ways of redeeming the time, he concluded as follows: — "And now, my bredren, if you do all dis dat I has told ye, you'll have de reward dat am promised to de faithful; for soon de angel Gabriel will come along in his everlastin' chariot, drivin' de immortal white horses, and he'll tell ye to get in and take a ride to de far-off country, and ye dat am good will step in, and Gabriel will crack his whip of tunder at dem immortal horses drawin' de everlastin' chariot, and away you'll go a skippen and a buzzin' until you land at de curb-stone of heaven's gate."

One Sabbath evening, as I was walking from the General Hospital to my office, I heard singing. I inquired of a passer-by if the negroes had service at that hour. He said they had. I went into the church and took a back seat. Some of the congregation, however, espied me, and cried out, "We want to hear the white broder preach." The old minister without any hesitation came to me and said, "It am de wish of de people dat you deliver yourself of a sermon, and I, bein' de minister of dis church, invite you to step forward and deliver to de people a sermon." No excuse would be received. The negroes, seeing me hesitate, cried, "Bring de white broder along." I went forward and spoke to them. The negroes are always pleased when a white man takes notice of them. They will act generally upon the advice of a white man from the North. Sometimes when I was speaking I could scarcely be heard, by reason of the amens, hallelujahs, and clapping of hands. After I had spoken, the old preacher gave them a short sermon. He took a text simply to give character to his discourse, for he did not speak from it. His aim was to enforce upon them what I had said. I remember the concluding sentence: — "My bredren, you must not forget de sermon of de broder who has so kindly taken my place to-night. Write de words upon de tablets of de archives of de memory — take de thoughts into your mind — for if you don't, you'll wish dat you had; for when de time will come when de sackcloth of hell will be placed before de sun — and when de moon, de silver messenger of de night, will become a fiery orb in de heaven — and when de stars which light up de firmament which am over us, and runs into a sea of blood — when all tings visible and invisible dissolve wid a great big noise, den de time will come when you had wished you'd give attention to de tings which have been spoken to you dis night by de white broder from de Norf."

Many of the readers of *Good Words* are ministers. Writers on homiletics tell them to make the divisions in their sermons clear. A sermon which I heard at Chattanooga, Tennessee, from a negro, possessed at least clear and distinct divisions. The preacher said he would take his text from the Psalmist David — "'O give tanks unto de Lord.' For de clear apprehension of dis truth recorded in de Scriptures, I will divide my sermon into four metaphors. [Metaphors he understood to be divisions.] Now, metaphors are used in de Old Scriptures and in de New, by de Psalmist David and the Apostle Paul; and I, bein' a minister and a servant of de Lord, will use metaphors on dis occasion. The first metaphor dat I will use am *Pride*. Now, bredren and sisters, you never can give tanks unto de Lord if you have pride. Pride am de fader of sin. Why, look yar: don't you know dat de most of you has sich proud hearts dat you find it hard to tank de Lord for his mercies? Why when you were slaves you had proud hearts, but you could give a few tanks unto de Lord. Now, the Government up dar at Washington made you contrabands: at dis you got puffed up and a little prouder; you thought yoursef somethin' better dan when you were slaves; but now, when by de proclamation of dat great man who has gone to his rest — 'O give tanks unto de Lord' that de villians dat killed him can't git at him — you've got free, and am called freedmen, der is no puttin' up wid you, you've got so awful stuck up. Why, look yer, you've got finger-rings upon your fingers, and earrings upon your ears; you am dressed up wid all de fringes and de furbelows, and got so

many big ideas in your head, dat you can't give tanks unto de Lord at all. But I jes tell you dis: you am de same niggers as you were before de war — jes de same; and if you don't square roun' and change yer pride, you never can give tanks unto de Lord.

"Second metaphor dat I will use is this — *You chew too much tobacker.* Now, bredren, and some of you sisters too, you uses too much tobacker; you don't expect to give tanks when yer mouths are full of dis weed. Why, I only use a little plug, which does me de whole day; but some of you chews and snuffs and dips all de time, until ye make perfect pigs of yourself. Now, what does de Bible say, bredren? It says cleanliness is next to godliness. If you ain't cleanly, you can't be godly; if you ain't godly, you can't give tanks unto de Lord: and I jes tell ye dis, you can't be cleanly, and can't be godly, and therefore can't give tanks unto de Lord, if you use so much tobacker.

"Third metaphor — *You swear too much.* Now, bredren, I know dis am a fault among ye. Do you tink because you hear de officers roun' yer swearin' dat you am goin' to be officers by imitatin' dem? Do you tink because you hear de big men roun' yer swearin' dat you am goin' to be big men by imitatin' dem? No such ting. Now, what does de Bible say? 'Can de Ethopian change his skin or de leopard his spots?' No more can you become big men and officers by imitatin' dem in dis. No, no, bredren, you'll be de same niggers all de time; and mind ye, don't let me hear any one of ye swearin' roun' here, for if you do, you can't give tanks unto de Lord.

"Fourth metaphor — *Practical Remarks*" — (which covered everything).

One day a negro preacher discoursed on "*humility*." I do not remember his text. He told them to be humble and lowly. He talked a long while on sackcloth and ashes. He ended his sermon with these words: — "My bredren, in old times they were very humble more dan we am. Dat great temple which was built in de ancient time lifted its beautiful head to de skies; its columns spired up. Bredren, it was a mighty buildin', bigger dan any you ever see roun' yer; but if it were your privilege to see dat great temple, you would see dat it had a low door, very low door, bredren. It had big columns, but a low door. Dis was an emblem of humility. Methinks now I see in my imagination de old patriarchs goin' up de steps to de temple — dey walked up dar — wid dar heads lofty on der shoulders; dey walked along de expanse until dey reached de door, den dey bowed der lofty heads and went in. De temple was high, but de door was low. De old patriarchs had to bow der heads; dey had to humble when dey went into de temple of de Lord. And it was *dis door* in mind which made de writer in de Scriptures break out in de words, long to be remembered by every one of us, '*Lo(w) I come.*'"

* * * *

I will close by giving an abstract of a sermon which I heard at Tullahoma, Tennessee (about sixty miles from Nashville). The occasion of the delivery of the sermon was this. Three Methodist chaplains had come down from the North, and had joined their regiments stationed at this place. I introduced a negro preacher to them, and told him that these gentlemen were also of the Methodist persuasion. He seemed very much pleased. I told the negro preacher that it was my intention to take the chaplains to his church on the next Sabbath. I told him to prepare a fine sermon. He said he would try and "do honour to de illustrious bredren from de Norf." On the next Sabbath morning I accompanied the chaplains to the coloured church. They were very anxious to hear a plantation preacher. I spoke to the Rev. Mr. Bony (for such was his name) before the service. I asked him if he was prepared. He answered, "that he had revolved a great subject, in his mind, and was prepared to go on wid de delivery of de sermon."

After the preliminary exercises, which were very interesting, the old preacher rose and said that he would "read a portion of Scripture, found in second chapter of Titus, beginnin' at de eleventh verse: — 'For de grace of God dat bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teachin' us dat, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in dis present world; lookin' for dat blessed hope, and de glorious appearin' of de great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, dat he might redeem us from all iniquity, and' — mark it, bredren, mark it! — and '*purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works.*' I will take de last clause of de fourteenth verse of dis second chapter of de Epistle of Paul to his beloved broder Titus. I read de rest of de verses for de edification of de bredren." After a very lengthy introduction, into which he endeavoured to put all his theology, he said: — "I will now proceed to consider de words of de text. 1. What is de meanin' of de word peculiar? Now, bredren, I can show

dis best by illustration. A great many of you has a squad of children — a whole pack of dem. You tink a great deal of dem all; but dar am one you tink more especially of dan de rest. Dat am de pet chile — de Benjamin of de flock; dat am de peculiar chile — de pet chile. Pet — dis am de meanin' of the word peculiar." After dwelling on this for some time, he said: — "Now, bredren, what I'm gwine to say, I say of it myself — individually and collectively — because I don't want to influence your minds more or less; but I tink dat de people mentioned of as de peculiar people, when de Apostle Paul wrote to his beloved broder Titus dis epistle, am de *Methodists* — not dem dat am *Methodists* in name, but dem dat am Methodists in truth and in heart — and I shall proceed accordingly to show you dat the Methodists am de peculiar people mentioned by de Apostle when he wrote dis epistle to his beloved broder Titus.

"*De first reason dat I will bring up to prove dis important fact am de love-feasts.*

"None of de congregations roun' yer but de Methodists has dis 'peculiarity; none of dem gadder roun' de festive board; none of dem partake of de bread and de water like de Methodists. No, bredren; dis am de peculiarity of the Methodists. Why, we partake of de refreshments — we get up and tell our experience, and get so happy all de time — bredren, dis am a strong reason. The Methodists have love-feasts; and dis am one reason why de Apostle Paul calls dem de 'peculiar people, zealous of good works,' when he wrote dis epistle to his beloved broder Titus.

"*De second reason am de way de Methodists take de Supper of de Lord.*"

"*Dey takes it on der knees.* Now, bredren, I've been roun' dis country a good deal. Why, de church over dar takes it in der seats. Dat am not de humble way. De Methodists takes it on der knees. Dey feels humble; dey feels lowly; dey feels down. Dis am de second reason why de Apostle Paul calls dem de 'peculiar people, zealous of good works,' when he wrote dis epistle to his beloved brother Titus."

(The third reason was something about the doctrine of sanctification. I could get no definite idea of what he was aiming at. He wished to show that sanctification in a peculiar manner was bestowed upon the Methodists.)

"*De third reason dat I will present upon dis occasion to prove dis point am de manner of de preachers and de people.*

"My bredren roun' yer, de preachers of de oder congregations, take a lot of paper in der hands and reads it off. Now, de Methodist bredren speaks right out to de people. Dey raises der voices to de third heavens, until it reverberates and strikes de people dumb. Dey speak from heart to heart — from mind to mind. De people get awfully roused up; they jumps up because dey feels de truth dat am preached. And, bredren, de Methodists speaks, dey acts, like de Apostles; and dis am one of de reasons why dey am de peculiar people mentioned of by de Apostle Paul when he wrote dis epistle to his beloved broder Titus.

"*De last reason dat I will present upon dis occasion to prove de proposition, am de fact dat de Methodists am peculiar every way.*

"Now, bredren, dis am de fact; dey am de peculiar people. I don't say but dat de rest of de congregations will get to heaven — O no! — I don't say dat. Bredren, I am not so sectarian as to say dat; but jes mind my words, bredren: if dey want to get to heaven by de right road, dey must get it through de Methodist Church." (Just at this time the cars were passing on their way to Nashville.) "Look out dar, bredren. O, you needn't be afraid to look; you's been looking out dar for some time; but look out dar now, and see de cars a gwine up on dar road to de great city of Nashville. De locomotive am in front — — de cars am behind. If you want to go to Nashville, you would jes jump into de cars, and away you'd go. Now, de Methodist Church am de locomotive — de rest of de congregations am de cars; and de Methodists, de peculiar people, haul de oder congregations right up to heaven. Bredren, I has done."

The feelings of the chaplains can be more easily imagined than described.

G. W. S.

From the Spectator, 16th March.

THE RECENT RUSSIAN DESPATCHES.

The Blue-book presented to Parliament in the first days of the Session, the Russian despatches of October and November, published in London on Tuesday, and the debate in the Lords on Friday se'nnight, all point to two conclusions. The "Eastern Question," that is, the redistribution of the territories now held together by their real or nominal subordination to the Sultan,

is once more very imminent, and Europe has finally abandoned the attempt to maintain "integrity" of Turkey. Russia protests that she wants no acquisitions, France anxiously denies any intention of coercing the Sultan, Lord Derby declares that it is no duty of England to accelerate the fall of the Porte, but the result of all these assurance is by no means reassuring to the Turks. The powers engaged in the Crimean War have either avowedly or tacitly adopted a new policy, and that the one which, of all others, the Sultan has most to dread, the policy of allowing the Turks to be ruined without immediately redistributing Turkey. Up to the death of Lord Palmerston the doctrine of the British Government was that Turkey must be upheld until some other power, Greek or Roumanian, or even Federal, showed itself competent to succeed her. To the last day of his career the late Premier either believed, or said he believed, that Turkey was improving; but he would, we imagine, have held to his policy, in spite of proof that Turkey was decaying, would have asserted boldly that the interests of Europe as a whole demanded that the amputation of the gangrened limb should be postponed as long as possible. In his judgment the only alternatives were to keep the sick man alive by stimulants or to commence at once a deadly struggle for his inheritance. A third alternative has now been discovered, and ever since his death a policy based upon that has been gaining consistency and form. It is possible to let the sick man die, yet consider him alive, and leave his immense estates without any final distribution. Let the tenantry stay on without landlord, paying only some moderate quit-rent, until it is convenient to fight out the great suit. In other words, if any province in European Turkey finds the Sultan insupportable, let it revolt; and if it wins, let it obtain self-government, subject only to a nominal suzerainty, which may be terminated at the fitting hour. If the process is repeated often enough the Turks will gradually cease to rule, without "Turkey" as a political expression being formally declared dead. This idea, which is officially promulgated by Prince Gortschakoff, is not repudiated by Lord Stanley, and is, though not unreservedly, accepted by the Emperor Napoleon. It has already been acted upon in the Principalities, where the "Hospodar," Charles of Hohenzollern, is really an hereditary Sovereign; it is the policy for which Prince Michael of Servia is at this moment organizing a grand levy of troops; it is the compromise suggested to the Cretan insurgents who demand union with Greece; it will probably be the arrangement forced upon Thessaly and Epirus if the patriotic brigands of those provinces can keep up anarchy long enough to interest the West. Every tenant is to live without landlord till we know who is strong enough to enforce his claim to the succession. Christian Europe is to be made free of every Turk excepting the Sultan.

For the tenants, this new policy, though short perhaps of their aspirations, is at worst endurable. They declare — truly as we believe, but truly or falsely is not just now the question — that the Lord of the Manor is a villain whom civilization will not endure, who levies rent by pillage, and exacts service by torture, who steals their daughters, circumcises their sons, breaks all contracts, and considers the free exercise of their religion an unpardonable offence. Well, the new policy frees them of him. He can demand a quit-rent and arrest the transfer of their farms, but where the system has been established that is all he can do. They may not be able during the uncertainty of ownership to carry out the improvements they desire — to drain, and build, and educate, and form alliances, but they are at least exempt from violence, safe in their homes, released from extortionate demands, able to protect their daughters and to worship as they please, and that moderate instalment of happiness is for the present much. The tooth remains rotten, but at least the pangs are gone. Nor is the new policy very hard upon the Lord of the Manor himself. He has been tried, condemned, and sentenced by the opinion of civilization any time in the last hundred years, and anything short of immediate death by the sword is for him an undeserved mercy. What are the crimes of the Bourbons or the Hapsburgs compared with those of the Turk? If he can hold his own till the legal executioner, the public opinion of Europe, is ready, well and good; if not, death by exhaustion is less painful than death upon the block. But we do not wonder that politicians look with much doubt and some alarm upon the result of the new system upon Europe. The tenants, be it observed, are not given their copyholds; they have to take them each by each, may fail, and can only succeed by exciting an agrarian insurrection. Is disorder of that kind in one estate quite safe as regards the rest? May not one of those who claim the inheritance ally himself prematurely with the tenants? In the event of a general quarrel, may not one "heir" seize

his opportunity to take too much, to the prejudice of all the rest? Russia, for example, is always more or less distrusted, and if France and Germany were at war, might not Russia, in alliance with the Greek Christians, seize the manor-house itself — seat herself permanently in Constanople? Russia, which raises subscriptions for the Cretans, and declines to "influence" Servia, and talks so very strongly about disinterestedness, — not the best recognized quality of Russia, — seems very much inclined, if she only dared, to make her sympathy concrete, and if France were fully engaged upon the Rhine she would dare. Or might not two or more claimants combine, and so oust the third of his rightful or unrighteous expectations? Suppose — it is not our supposition — France and Russia were to combine, or France and Austria? Or suppose the tenantry to declare for one or other of them. Would not the suit come on immediately, to the horror of all persons interested either in economy or in general peace and good-will? Revolution once fairly on foot in Turkey, no politician, however experienced, can assign it any limits, can be certain, for example, that the Russians may not force their Government into a crusade, or the Turks compel the Caliph to declare war upon Infidels at large. The Czar is popularly supposed to be always intriguing in Constantinople, but those who know Russia say that in threatening the Turks he rather obeys than drives the popular will. The Mussulmans, on the other hand, are supposed to be weak, but a Turk fairly driven to the wall is one of the most dangerous beings in existence — will fight on without a chance of success, and die as calmly as only an Asiatic can. It is with the greatest difficuly that the Sultan has been induced to keep the peace towards Greece, and if he once thought his honour involved he might unfurl the green flag, and compel Europe to consent to his immediate expulsion. In any one of these contingencies, a Russian advance, a Mussulman outbreak, an alliance between two of the Great Powers to settle the Eastern question, general war might be a question of hours. Four at least of the Five Great Powers are too deeply interested to allow any considerations of prudence, or expense, or preparation to delay their interference. We cannot see Egypt pass to any power but ourselves, the Romanoffs cannot submit to a Christian massacre, Austria cannot see the mouths of the Danube pass into powerful hands, France will not give up her influence in Syria. Any one of the powers would fight sooner than permit any one of these calamities, and with the Eastern Question once aroused they are all possible together.

No wonder, then, that politicians are alarmed, that French papers teem with speculations, that awkward questions are asked in Parliament, that Governments usually as secret as the Inquisition publish long despatches. The new policy, however wise, involves the chance of a general war,— that is, of the greatest calamity which could befall civilization, and alarm is only wisdom. But we do not quite see why England should feel this alarm in any especial degree. So long as she held herself ready to defend, at all hazards, the "integrity of the Ottoman Empire," any movement in Eastern Europe was alarming; but if that policy is abandoned, as we understand from Lord Derby's speech it is abandoned, we have but one pressing interest to watch — the independence of Egypt. So long as that is not menaced, either directly by France or indirectly by the course of events, we may, if we please, abstain entirely from the hurlyburly, leave Greece to carry out her own projects, or witness unmoved the extinction of the authority of the Porte. Whether it will ever be wise to stand so completely aside, whether we could, for example, remain quiescent while Russians besieged Constantinople, is another matter, but our policy is freed from a long-standing engagement to maintain Turkey. We are, for the first time since 1856, free to choose our own line in Turkish affairs, an immense change, and in our belief also an immense gain. The possession or the independence of Egypt is worth, to England, a great war, the integrity of Turkey is not worth an additional farthing to the income-tax, and the recent negotiations have placed us in this most satisfactory position. We are as free as ever to fight for that which is worth having, no longer bound to fight for that which is not worth preserving.

From the Examiner 9 March.

DARK CLOUDS OVER EUROPE.

HOWEVER disposed to regard sinister rumours and predictions of approaching calamities and "last woes" in the light in which alone they should generally be regarded — as the idle dreams of diseased imaginations — there are occasionally precursors of portentous events, which no amount of phlegmatism or scepticism can wholly ignore. We believe that we are just now arrived at one of those critical periods in the history of Europe, when there are unmistakable signs of that general disturbance which has been long foretold, and which may really come upon us if the wisdom of statesman and Governments be unequal to the occasion. It is notorious that for some years past the political ties, whether of sympathy or interest, which bound the Governments of Europe in something like a federal system, have been relaxed; and, as a consequence, that events of the greatest importance and significance have been left very much to be decided by chance and the current of events. That such a condition of the States of Europe may have postponed a general war up to the present period may be true; but that it could have any other effect than to lead to ultimate confusion, no one who believes that reflection and foresight were given for the avoidance of danger and ruin can for a moment doubt.

As the result of this *laissez-faire laissez-passer* system, what do we see? That no man would buy the peace of Europe at six months' purchase. The opinion is becoming universal that the general tranquillity cannot be preserved beyond that time. The same language is heard in the Ministerial *Globe* of London and the official journals of St Petersburg and Moscow. It must be a chaotic state of the world when a Grand Duke of Russia drinks a toast to the revolutionists of Crete, and Garibaldi has left his island home to preach up and organise an expedition in their favour. It had been almost sworn, says the organ of Sir Stafford Northcote, that we were to remain at peace this year, but we now doubt whether it will be possible to prevent war from breaking out before the year expires. A great war, it adds, is but a question of time. The *Moscow Gazette* is more precise in its utterances. "The solution of the Eastern question" it declares to be "a matter of necessity. The critical day approaches rapidly. The events which are preparing in the Peninsula of the Balkan are our cause." Not less emphatic is the language of the *Journal de St. Petersburg*. It directs attention to the "immediate" evils which may be the effect of Turkey continuing the oppression of the Christian people of the East. The Russian official journal also contains some despatches of Prince Gortzchakoff to the Russian Minister in London, which break off with a recommendation that Crete should be made independent under the suzerainty of the Porte; and this comes accompanied with a report that the Russian soldiers on furlough have received orders to join their regiments, and that a Russian force is to be moved towards the Turkish frontiers in the course of next month.

Again, we learn from the *Memorial Diplomatique*, that an expedition is preparing against Turkey, from the Italian shores of the Adriatic, to be led by Garibaldians, if not by Garibaldi himself; and, from another quarter, it is stated that the electoral agitation in Italy, which has produced an unusual degree of excitement, is not foreign to the Eastern question, — having been got up for the purpose of driving the Ricasoli Ministry from power and detaching Italy from her Prussian connexion. In Berlin, Herr von Bismarck has made an urgent appeal to the members of the new North German Parliament, to agree to the constitution before the 18th of next August, within which period, by the convention of Berlin of the 18th August, 1866, the more enlarged confederation with the States of South Germany may be effected; whilst at Vienna, there is unbounded joy at the renewed attachment of Hungary to the monarchy, and the vigorous steps taken by the Diet of Pesth in carrying out the Imperial wishes. We may mention, as among the signs of the times, a report, to which an excited imagination only could give origin, that Queen Victoria recommended the King of the Belgians to become a member of the German Confederation, with a view of securing Belgium against the supposed designs of the Emperor of the French.

When we find at our own doors, under a Constitutional system where men undoubtedly possess a large amount of freedom, the torch of civil war spattering and smoking, although it will not take light, we may well bring together the signs of the ominous times which appear to be impending over Europe. In all probability the thunder will burst in the East, but who can contemplate the mixture of races, nationalities and creeds, which overspreads the whole of that part of Europe with the hope that if once

heard there, its roll will not be echoed afar off?

We give up as perfectly hopeless the attempt to unravel the policy of any of the great Powers in respect to the Eastern question except, perhaps, that of Russia, which seems to contemplate the possession of Constantinople with a persistency and firmness of hope that in itself does so much for its own realization. The common saying in Paris is not now *après moi le deluge*, but *après l'exposition vous verrez*. Never since 1815 was the general peace of Europe in so critical a position. We should rejoice to see the Cabinets of the great Powers at work to conduct and render harmless the political electricity with which the atmosphere is charged; but should the storm burst, we can only lament the blindness of rulers, and hope that whatever is, is right.

The discussion which took place last night in the House of Lords at once exhibits the absence of anything like a settled and definite policy, even amongst gentlemen holding the same general views on politics, with respect to the Eastern question, and the imminent danger that appears to be now brooding over that portion of Europe.

From the London Review.

LADY CAROLINE LASCELLES & CO. (UNLIMITED.)

THE way in which some of our popular novelists transact the business of literature has of late been curiously illustrated. It appears, by evidence of various kinds, that Miss Braddon has been writing sensational novels, compared with which her own acknowledged works are tame, and has been publishing them in a half-penny journal under the name of Lady Caroline Lascelles. At the very time that Mrs. Henry Wood's publisher has been indignantly disavowing another publisher's Mrs. Wood, we learn that another Mrs. Henry Wood has appeared in America. The novels which enjoyed such a circulation in England have been tried beforehand on a Transatlantic public, and have then recrossed the ocean with a different title, and some slight disguise in the shape of grammar. Emboldened by these examples, another novelist has ventured still further, and has given a new birth to a work that blushed unseen seven years ago. Mr. W. G. Wills has adapted the name of "The Love that Kills" to his "Life's Foreshadowings," and has even taken the pains copying out the former novel so as to l the quick suspicion of his new publish into blind security. What may be the m rality of such a course we cannot inqui The probability is that Mr. Wills is liable an action. But neither Miss Braddon n Mrs. Henry Wood can be accused of a tempting to gull their publishers or the pu lic. Mrs. Henry Wood writes quite openl to say that she sees no harm in calling a old novel a new one. Why should she no publish "Lady Adelaide's Oath" in England after having published it as "The Castle's Heir" in America? What can it matter to the English public whether the book is new or old? If she brings out her work at Philadelphia five years before it appears in England, she simply professes to write for an American public. Owing to the copyright laws, that edition cannot be imported into Great Britain. Owing to the price charged for three-volume novels, the English edition will not have a sale in America. The only thing to be said is, that this species of traffic in literature does not look very clean, and that an author who makes two separate bargains for the same work, can only avoid the blame attaching to sharp practices by bargaining openly and above-board, instead of blinding the reader by letting years elapse, and the bookseller by changing the title.

So much romance attaches to the novels of "Lady Caroline Lascelles" that we must not deal with them in a hard, practical spirit. In the first place there is something touching in the thought of a titled lady appealing to an audience of maid-servants. If Lady Caroline put pen to paper, one would rather expect her to have a number of the *Court Journal* to herself, and to have that number printed expressly for her on the thickest creamlaid paper, with virgin type which should never be used again. Or should this be too highflown, she would write for one of the most aristocratic of the old monthlies, such a one as lies on the drawing-room tables of the old-established clubs, and is never profaned by a reader. Such condescension as that of her writing the "Black Band" or "Diavola" is too much for us to realize. But when she vouchsafes to deal with American publishers for early sheets, and to throw aside the mask of fashion which is so lightly worn, our wonder is at an end. We can hardly be astonished at Miss Braddon assuming a new disguise or instructing the world by means of a new channel. Her title has no doubt been conferred by her *Belgravia*, which,

though valuable as a mode of communicating with the higher classes, is not sufficient to exhaust her energies. Or it may be that she has found her former readers unwilling to follow her to the extremes of sensationalism, and while with those readers she turns to high life, refined profligacy, and adaptation from the French, she uses halfpenny journals as a safety-valve for the superfluous vapour. If this be the case, both classes of readers may think themselves lucky. Every one must admit that the breathless romance of Miss Braddon's earlier works was more fitted for servant-maids than for cultivated readers. She disarmed much hostile criticism when she took a lesson from "Madame Bovary." In the violence of some of her native characters and the endurance of others, she was always touching the borders of the impossible; and Lady Audley, walking several miles at midnight to burn down a house and coming down to breakfast as fresh as ever, was a figure worthy of Zillah the Destroyer or the White Witch of the Wampums. Yet — though on this point we speak with diffidence — we think Miss Braddon will be an improvement on the authors of the last-named books. We have not indeed read either the "Black Bank" or "Diavola" with the attention which their merits demand. We are also sadly ignorant of the mass of fiction bestowed on the world by Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds and the novelists of the *London Journal*; but we feel confident that Miss Braddon will beat them. Whether she writes under her own name or under that of a lady of fashion, in her own style or in a mixture of other styles, she is unapproachable, and she must be unsurpassed.

Our only fear is whether Miss Braddon's share in these mysterious novels is confined to the loan of another person's name. Mr. Maxwell's letter, which is to appear in the *Athenæum*, gives some hint of this as being the solution. What if the novels are written by a joint-stock company, and Miss Braddon's sole contribution to them is a license to suggest that she is Lady Caroline Lascelles? This would be nothing new in literature. In France the great Dumas has put his name on scores of title-pages on the strength of a few corrections. Miss Braddon, we believe, "edits" *Belgravia* on this principle. It may be objected that though it is easy for one man to do work when another gets the credit, it is not so easy for a great number to combine in order to write one person's novels. But this objection merely shows that the people making it are ignorant of the principle of penny periodicals. Nothing is more common than for one man to begin a tale, for another to go on with it, and a third to finish it, Stories have been told of the novelist of a penny paper being engaged at a weekly salary, and receiving notice to quit while he was in the middle of a weekly instalment. One novelist tried to get the better of the proprietor by killing off all his characters. He was resolved that his successor should not inherit one of them, And he was curious to see how fresh characters could be created in the middle of a story. With this view he collected all the *dramatis personæ* in a ship, and blew up ship, characters and all at the end of the chapter. And having done for them all, he wrote the "to be continued in our next" with a clear conscience and some sense of triumph. But his successor was equal to the task. A boat had put out from the shore under cover of the smoke with which the last chapter ended, and this boat, while bringing fresh characters on the stage, was able to rescue some of the old ones. Nor will this story seem improbable to the readers of Mr. Sala's "Quite Alone," the first volume of which was written by Mr. Sala himself in the company of his manuscript, while the second volume was written by Mr. Sala quite alone and totally oblivious of what had gone before, and the third was written by Mr. Andrew Halliday. We see no reason why this joint-stock principle should not be carried out to its full extent. If one man can begin a novel and leave it to be finished by another, why cannot several men begin on various parts of a novel, let some skilful editor join the parts together, and put the name of Lady Caroline Lascelles to the whole? Too many cooks spoil the broth, but many cooks are needed for the complex work of a grand dinner. There is one for the made dishes and another for the pastry; the arrangement of the dessert is confided to one, while another is absorbed in the concoction of sauces. So we might have the several elements of a sensational novel worked out independently of each other. A woman might write the love scenes. A man could put in the law. The inevitable detective might be intrusted to "Waters." The grand marriage could be described by a late curate of St. George's. The secret marriage, which was to vitiate the grand one, could be told by an ex-blacksmith of Gretna. The prophet of a sporting paper would look to the hunting scenes and the steeplechase. Or perhaps it would be a good arrangement, as these novels are apt to turn on breaches of the commandments,

to portion out the Decalogue. The sixth and seventh commandments would of course have many candidates, but the eighth is also convenient as bringing in scenes at police courts, and without the ninth a plot could not be woven. The costermonger of the *Star* might covet his neighbour's ass. In this way all ranks of life would be represented, and the joint-stock novel would be complete in all its branches.

We quite admit that this perfection may be unnecessary for Lady Caroline's present readers. They are contented with much less, and are spoiled by that little. We see by turning to the "notices to correspondents" what it is they desire. Corrie, a brunette, aged twenty-two, of good family, but without money, would like to marry a military officer with a respectable income. Mabel May, who is eighteen, very pretty, being fair, with brown hair and blue eyes, and also respectably connected and accomplished, thinks she deserves to be married to a fine, tall gentleman with plenty of money. Annie who is twenty-six, handsome, cheerful, and highly educated, wants to be married to a gentleman with not less than £300 a year. Daisy and Bessy are both twenty-two and good looking, the former is fond of singing and the latter has wavy brown hair. Such is lady Caroline's public. We can see that the brains of such girls must be very easily turned. The military officers, the fine, tall gentlemen with plenty of money, the curates in full orders with dark curly hair, are all taken bodily out of the novels which fill the other pages of the paper. These poor girls, "lone sitting on the shores of *old* romance," are neglecting their daily duties and passing by the best opportunities, because they are taught by Lady Caroline & Co. that the earth is full of handsome young men with good incomes, who will marry them privately. A sort of semi-Mormonism is inculcated by the universal prevalence of bigamy in sensation novels. We seem to be on a journey to a new colony of St. Ives, on Salt Lake principles. Every husband has two wives, every wife has two lovers, every lover has two mistresses, every mistress has two masters; masters, mistresses, lovers, wives, how many go to a house at St. Ives? For an answer to this riddle we must refer to the works of Miss Braddon.

From Il Diritto — Florence, Feb. 24th.

FRANCE, ITALY, AND THE POPE.

After the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome the Roman question has been considered in Italy with much greater calmness than formerly, and this is easily explained by many reasons.

We do not wish now to provoke an agitation which we should think inopportune and dangerous in so far as it might make people suppose that Italy is not disposed to maintain her treaty engagements. But, on the other hand, it would not be less perilous to allow an illusion to continue which others endeavour to keep up, and which consists in believing that France, having retired from Rome, has grown quite disinterested in the Roman question, and disposed to allow the temporal power of the Pope to fall, when this may happen without the violation of treaties on the part of the Italian Government.

It is all the more necessary to combat this allusion, because the Roman question still remaining the first and most important of our political questions, which sooner or later must be settled in the national sense, it is proper that the electors at the time when they are about to choose their representatives in Parliament should have a just idea of the state of the question, in order to use it as a guide in their choice.

Now, whoever does not wish to obstinately shut his eyes to the light must admit that France has not only not grown disinterested in the Roman question, but now more than ever considers herself the special protectress of the temporal power of the Pope, whose preservation she wishes for at any price.

The speech of Napoleon III. at the opening of the Corps Législatif ought to have been sufficient to remove all doubt as to this. The "Blue Book," the principal part of which we have published, gives a fresh confirmation of the precise and explicit declaration of the Imperial Speech; and, lastly, the "Yellow Book" explains and confirms the other two documents.

The despatch of M. Moustier to M. Sartiges, bearing the date of 11th of December, begins with the declaration that the Emperor has always wished for the independence of Italy, and the independence of the Holy See, and that the independence of the Kingdom of Italy, having been constituted the principal object of France, ought to be henceforth the consolidation of the Papal Power; and it ends with the formal assurance given to the Pontiff, that France having

withdrawn her troops has by no means abandoned the great interests protected by her for seventeen years.

The other despatches which we find in "The Yellow Book" relative to the Roman question, and which we have not space to reproduce now, are all conceived in the same spirit.

From the 15th of October M. Moustier declares to the French Minister at Florence that, peace having been concluded between Austria and Italy, the relations between the latter and the Holy See must take the first place in the preoccupations of France. He explains afterwards in what way France considers the question, manifesting his desire that the Italian Government will remain faithful to the letter and the spirit of the September treaty, opposing irresistible arguments against those "who would advise it to obtain territorial aggrandisement."

From "The Blue Book" we learn, moreover, that the renewal of negotiations with the Roman Court, interrupted since the Vegezzi mission, was owing to the initiative of France. In another despatch of the 15th of October, 1866, the Marquis de Moustier writes to Baron Mellaret, — "We have been much displeased to see the negotiations commenced by Signor Vegezzi with Rome interrupted last year. Could not their renewal be brought about by sending a fresh negotiation to Rome?

On the 23rd of October the French representative in Rome wrote to the Marquis de Moustier that in a conversation he had had with Pius IX., the latter had declared himself ready to receive an Italian negotiator.

And it is to be remarked that soon afterwards Signor Tonello was intrusted with the negotiations.

We must lastly — leaving unnoticed less important ones — draw attention to a despatch of the French Minister in Rome, to the Marquis de Moustier, dated 5th of February.

In this despatch Count Sartiges informs the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the verbal adhesion of Cardinal Antonelli to the renewal of the negotiations with France, for the conclusion of a commercial treaty. Count Sartiges expresses the hope that the conclusion of this treaty may lead to similar agreements between the Court of Rome and the Italian Government, so that the relations of the two States may always get better.

In short, from every sentence of the French diplomatic documents, it appears that France is making every possible effort to bring about a reconciliation between the two States, but that the French Government does not, however, wish to admit the supposition that the two States sooner or later may become one.

After the Convention of the 15th of September, France ought, with respect to the Roman question, to be in the position in which all the other Powers are, without any special pretension or right; she ought to respect the principle of non-intervention, leaving the question (provided treaties are reopened) to be settled by the parties interested. On the contrary, the Roman question continues to be treated in Paris more than in Florence or Rome. France continues to interfere morally in our affairs, reserving the right, if need be, of interfering by force.

Such is the true state of the question, and the electors ought not to forget it, all the more when the Government endures with such singular complacency this usurpation of the national rights.

From the London Review.

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNET, JUN., AND PRINCE ALFRED.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, jun., is decidedly a greater man than Columbus. The latter only partially discovered the greatness of America, but Mr. Bennett has at once found the weak point of England. One was dubiously received by savages, the other welcomed by princes of royal blood. There is a story that the American Government once proposed to fit out an expedition for purposes of discovery in the Mediterranean. But Mr. Bennett, jun., has done more than his Government. He has explored the Solent and the Southampton Water, and discovered houses which have never been open to Englishmen, however deserving. Honours formerly used to be gained by saving lives, but now they appear to be won by losing them. The great St. Bennet is famous for walking on the water to save a child's life, but Mr. J. G. Bennett's fame is mixed up with the drowning of six men. We have no wish to disparage the late American yacht race, but the lamentable loss of life on board the *Fleetwing* sadly dims the brightness of the achievement. Such a race, however, is in every way preferable to the steeple-chases and flat races which are now the rage in England. Such

a trial of skill must bring out some of the finest qualities in our nature. Yet do not let us make too much of the affair. The annual race between the tea ships is, from every point of view, a much greater test of seamanship, and its results of far greater practical benefit. Yet we do not remember to have heard that the captain of the winning ship had ever been fêted by noblemen and princes. Nor must we, as a contemporary has well observed, be led away by the apparent smallness of the tonnage of the three American yachts. Two hundred tons by American tonnage amount to nearly three hundred by English measurement. Lastly, the Yachts were specially fitted out for the voyage. It is well to turn back a page or two of history, and to remember the three poor ill-fitted tubs with which Columbus sailed from Palos, all three of them together, probably, not amounting to the tonnage of the *Henrietta*. Pluck has been shown a hundred times greater than Mr. Bennett's, but it has certainly never met with so handsome a recognition. However our business just now is not with the race itself. We readily take for granted all that has been said about the sea-going qualities of the *Henrietta*, and believe that, like the "chocolat Menier," she "defies all honest competition." Our concern is with the wonderful correspondence which has taken place between Mr. Bennett and Prince Alfred. It reads more like the letters in some wild romance. In fact, a romance might be constructed out of them. The chapters, in fact, arrange themselves. Their headings would probably stand somewhat in this fashion. Chapter I. would be, "The *Henrietta* Laying-to in the Mid-Atlantic." Here the novelist would be able to paint the regular storm-scene, without which no novel is now perfect, and in the midst of it, Mr. James Gordon Bennett calmly pacing the deck and resolving in his mind to make a present of his yacht to Prince Alfred, "In case he should win the ocean race." Chapter II. would, of course, be headed, "A Little Dinner at Lord Lennox's." Here would be an opportunity for the novelist to show his knowledge of aristocratic life. We do not remember to have read any novel in which a real live prince figures. Such an addition to the ordinary stock of characters would certainly make any author's fame and his publisher's fortune. Chapter [illegible]III. would be headed, "Mr. James Gordon B[illegible]ennett, jun., in his Study." And here t[illegible]he novelist would find the materials all rea[illegible]dy to hand. For we are bound to say that [illegible] no novelist could possibly hope to improve up[illegible]on Mr. Bennett's style of letter-writing. The[illegible]re is only one fault we can discover — that [illegible] it appears that Mr. Bennett, long before [illegible]he had enjoyed the hospitality of which [illegible] he speaks, had determined to make his yacht[illegible] a present to Prince Alfred, yet wished also [illegible] to make it an acknowledgment of that hos[illegible]pitality. This is certainly a happy way [illegible]of bringing down two birds with one ston[illegible]e. Chapter IV. would, of course, be, "Prin[illegible]ce A—— in his study." Here, too, the nove[illegible]list would find all the materials ready [illegible]t hand. Next to dialogue, letter-writing [illegible]is the most difficult part of a novel. We sha[illegible]ll not, indeed, here say a word about th[illegible]e Prince's composition, for the critic is lost i[illegible]n the patriot. The concluding chapter an[illegible]d *dénouement* would be entitled, "Mr. Jame[illegible]s Gordon Bennett's Feelings." Over them[illegible], however, we shall draw a veil.

The whole affair is so pre-eminently ri[illegible]diculous, that it simply deserves to b[illegible]e laughed at. Yet some of the traits of American character which peep out are so characteristic, that we think it worth while to notice them. The grounds upon which Mr. Bennett determined to make his yacht a present to Prince Alfred are nowhere stated except in the after-thought about hospitality. Prince Alfred seems to be in luck's way. The Greeks, or somebody, offered him not long ago a crown. There may have been some valid reason for this. But why Mr. Bennett should offer him a yacht seems inexplicable. Certainly people do strange things. A man not long ago left somewhere near a quarter of a million to the Queen. Persons, however, will put their own construction on the offer of a present which could by no possibility be accepted. But the truly ridiculous part of the matter is the publication of the letters. They were actually, we believe, sent to America by electric telegraph. Not even the *Henrietta* herself could sail fast enough with so precious a freight. Nothing, we should say, but vanity could prompt their publication. Vanity, in our opinion, is at the beginning, middle, and end of the whole affair.

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NEW BOOKS.

SPEECH OF RICHARD H. DANA, JR., ON THE USURY LAWS — in the House of Representatives, Massachusetts.

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NEMESIS.

[" This Bill is in a state of crisis and of peril, and the Government along with it. We stand or fall with it, as has been declared by my noble friend Lord Russell. We stand with it now; we may fall with it a short time hence. If we do so fall, we, or others in our places, shall rise with it hereafter. I shall not attempt to measure with precision the forces that are to be arrayed against us in the coming issue. Perhaps the great division of to-night is not to be the last, but only the first of a series of divisions. At some point of the contest you may possibly succeed. You may drive us from our seats. You may slay, you may bury, the measure that we have introduced. But we will write upon its gravestone for an epitaph this line, with certain confidence in its fulfilment: —

'*Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.*'

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onwards in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of these debates does not for a moment impede or disturb, those great social forces are against you; they work with us, they are marshalled in our support. And the banner which we now carry in the fight, though perhaps, at some moment of the struggle, it may droop over our sinking heads, yet will float again in the eye of Heaven, and will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the Three Kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain and to a not distant victory." — *Mr. Gladstone's Speech on the Second Reading of Last Year's Reform Bill.*]

Not vain the word; the wheel has come full round;
And Time, the Avenger, makes his work complete;
Disorder, quailing, see thy foes retreat
From each high fortress of their vantage-ground.
They look for guidance, and no guide is found;
Divided counsels, terror, doubt, mistrust,
The wisdom of the serpent eating dust,
These fill each trumpet with uncertain sound.
But thou, true Leader! patient, calm, and brave,
Still keep'st in check the falsehood of extremes;
Thou wilt not rouse old discords from their grave
To cloud the East where yet the day star gleams.
Oh, let thy presence still be strong to save,
And wake our Senate from bewildering dreams!

March 2, 1867. E. H. P.

— *Spectator.*

THE SUBJECTS OF SONG.

Oh, Muleteer! — my Muleteer! — you haunt me in my slumber
Through ballads (oh, so many!) and through songs (oh, such a number!);
You scale the Guadarrama — you infest the Pyrenees,
And trot through comic operas in four-and twenty keys.
I hum of you, and whistle too; I vainly try to banish
The million airs that you pervade in English, French, and Spanish.
I hold your dark Pepitas and your mules immensely dear,
But *you* begin to bore me, oh, eternal Muleteer!

Oh, Gondolier! — my Gondolier! — pray quit the Adriatic; —
That cold lagoon will make me soon incurably asthmatic.
Enough of barcarolling when the moon is in the skies;
I'm sick of the Rialto, and I hate the Bridge of Sighs.
Your craft may suit, on summer nights, the songster or the dreamer;
But, both for speed and elegance, give me the penny steamer.
Your city is romantic, but your songs begin, I fear,
To pall upon me sadly, oh, eternal Gondolier!

Oh, Cavalier! — my Cavalier! For ages and for ages
You've glared upon me darkly out of scores of title-pages:
I've joined in all your battles, in your banquets, and your loves
(Including one occasion when you found a pair of gloves):
I've seen you kiss and ride away — most cowardly behavior!
But then, to damsels in distress I've seen you act the saviour.
You're vastly entertaining; but I fancy that I hear
A deal too much about you, oh, eternal Cavalier!

—*Temple Bar.* Henry S. Leigh.

(Concluded from page 92.)

In a very short time it was made signally manifest to how great a danger the Governor-General had, on this occasion, exposed his country. A crisis arrived with which he, and he alone, was competent to deal. It is not too much to say, that, if he had been taken from the head of affairs, the years 1780 and 1781 would have been as fatal to our power in Asia as to our power in America.

The Mahrattas had been the chief objects of apprehension to Hastings. The measures which he had adopted for the purpose of breaking their power, had at first been frustrated by the errors of those whom he was compelled to employ; but his perseverance and ability seemed likely to be crowned with success, when a far more formidable danger showed itself in a distant quarter.

About thirty years before this time, a Mahommedan soldier had begun to distinguish himself in the wars of Southern India. His education had been neglected; his extraction was mean. His father had been a petty officer of revenue; his grandfather a wandering Dervise. But though thus meanly descended — though ignorant even of the alphabet — the adventurer had no sooner been placed at the head of a body of troops, than he approved himself a man born for conquest and command. Among the crowd of chiefs who were struggling for a share of India, none could compare with him in the qualities of the captain and the statesman. He became a general — he became a prince. Out of the fragments of old principalities, which had gone to pieces in the general wreck, he formed for himself a great, compact, and vigorous empire. That empire he ruled with the ability, severity, and vigilance of Louis the Eleventh. Licentious in his pleasures, implacable in his revenge, he had yet enlargement of mind enough to perceive how much the prosperity of subjects adds to the strength of governments. He was an oppressor; but he had at least the merit of protecting his people against all oppression except his own. He was now in extreme old age; but his intellect was as clear, and his spirit as high, as in the prime of manhood. Such was the great Hyder Ali, the founder of the Mahommedan kingdom of Mysore, and the most formidable enemy with whom the English conquerors of India have ever had to contend.

Had Hastings been governor of Madras, Hyder would have been either made a friend, or vigorously encountered as an enemy. Unhappily the English authorities in the south provoked their powerful neighbour's hostility, without being prepared to repel it. On a sudden, an army of ninety thousand men, far superior in discipline and efficiency to any other native force that could be found in India, came pouring through those wild passes, which, worn by mountain torrents, and dark with jungle, lead down from the table-land of Mysore to the plains of the Carnatic. This great army was accompanied by a hundred pieces of cannon; and its movements were guided by many French officers, trained in the best military schools of Europe.

Hyder was everywhere triumphant. The sepoys in many British garrisons flung down their arms. Some forts were surrendered by treachery, and some by despair. In a few days the whole open country north of the Coleroon had submitted. The English inhabitants of Madras could already see by night, from the top of Mount St. Thomas, the eastern sky reddened by a vast semi-circle of blazing villages. The white villas, embosomed in little groves of tulip-trees, to which our countrymen retire after the daily labours of government and of trade, when the cool evening breeze springs up from the bay, were now left without inhabitants; for bands of the fierce horsemen of Mysore had already been seen prowling near those gay verandas. Even the town was not thought secure, and the British merchants and public functionaries made haste to crowd themselves behind the cannon of Fort St. George.

There were the means indeed of forming an army which might have defended the presidency, and even driven the invader back to his mountains. Sir Hector Munro was at the head of one considerable force; Baillie was advancing with another. United, they might have presented a formidable front even to such an enemy as Hyder. But the English commanders, neglecting those fundamental rules of the military art, of which the propriety is obvious even to men who have never received a military education, deferred their junction, and were separately attacked. Baillie's detachment was destroyed. Munro was forced to abandon his baggage, to fling his guns into the tanks, and to save himself by a retreat which might be called a flight. In three weeks from the commencement of the war, the British empire in southern India had been brought to the verge of ruin. Only a few fortified places remained to us. The glory of our arms had departed. It was

known that a great French expedition might soon be expected on the coast of Coromandel. England, beset by enemies on every side, was in no condition to protect such remote dependencies.

Then it was that the fertile genius and serene courage of Hastings achieved their most signal triumph. A swift ship flying before the south-west monsoon, brought the evil tidings in few days to Calcutta. In twenty-four hours the Governor-General had framed a complete plan of policy adapted to the altered state of affairs. The struggle with Hyder was a struggle for life and death. All minor objects must be sacrificed to the preservation of the Carnatic. The disputes with the Mahrattas must be accommodated. A large military force and a supply of money must be instantly sent to Madras. But even these measures would be insufficient, unless the war, hitherto so grossly mismanaged, were placed under the direction of a vigorous mind. It was no time for trifling. Hastings determined to resort to an extreme exercise of power; to suspend the incapable governor of Fort St. George, to send Sir Eyre Coote to oppose Hyder, and to entrust that distinguished general with the whole administration of the war.

In spite of the sullen opposition of Francis, who had now recovered from his wound, and had returned to the Council, the Governor-General's wise and firm policy was approved by the majority of the board. The reinforcements were sent off with great expedition, and reached Madras before the French armament arrived in the Indian seas. Coote, broken by age and disease, was no longer the Coote of Wandewash; but he was still a resolute and skilful commander. The progress of Hyder was arrested; and in a few months the great victory of Porto Novo retrieved the honour of the English arms.

In the meantime Francis had returned to England, and Hastings was now left perfectly unfettered. Wheler had gradually been relaxing in his opposition; and, after the departure of his vehement and implacable colleague, co-operated heartily with the Governor-General; whose influence over his countrymen in India, always great, had, by the vigour and success of his recent measures, been considerably increased.

But though the difficulties arising from factions within the Council were at an end, another class of difficulties had become more pressing than ever. The financial embarrassment was extreme. Hastings had to find the means, not only of carrying on the government of Bengal, but of maintaining a most costly war against both Indian and European enemies in the Carnatic, and of making remittances to England. A few years before this time he had obtained relief by plundering the Mogul, and enslaving the Rohillas; nor were the resources of his fruitful mind by any means exhausted.

His first design was on Benares, a city which in wealth, population, dignity, and sanctity, was among the foremost of Asia. It was commonly believed that half a million of human beings was crowded into that labyrinth of lofty alleys, rich with shrines, and minarets, and balconies, and carved oriels, to which the sacred apes clung by hundreds. The traveller could scarcely make his way through the press of holy mendicants, and not less holy bulls. The broad and stately flights of steps which descended from these swarming haunts to the bathing-places along the Ganges, were worn every day by the footsteps of an innumerable multitude of worshippers. The schools and temples drew crowds of pious Hindoos from every province where the Brahminical faith was known. Hundreds of devotees came thither every month to die — for it was believed that a peculiarly happy fate awaited the man who should pass from the sacred city into the sacred river. Nor was superstition the only motive which allured strangers to that great metropolis. Commerce had as many pilgrims as religion. All along the shores of the venerable stream, lay great fleets of vessels laden with rich merchandise. From the looms of Benares went forth the most delicate silks that adorned the balls of St. James's and of the *Petit Trianon;* and in the bazars, the muslins of Bengal, and the sabres of Oude, were mingled with the jewels of Golconda, and the shawls of Cashmere. This rich capital, and the surrounding tract, had long been under the immediate rule of a Hindoo prince, who rendered homage to the Mogul emperors. During the great anarchy of India, the lords of Benares became independent of the court of Delhi; but were compelled to submit to the authority of the nabob of Oude. Oppressed by this formidable neighbour, they invoked the protection of the English. The English protection was given; and at length the Nabob Vizier, by a solemn treaty, ceded all his rights over Benares to the Company. From that time the Rajah was the vassal of the government of Bengal, acknowledged its supremacy, and sent an annual tribute to Fort William. These duties Cheyte Sing, the reigning prince, had fulfilled with strict punctuality.

Respecting the precise nature of the legal relation between the Company and the Rajah of Benares, there has been much warm and acute controversy. On the one side, it has been maintained, that Cheyte Sing was merely a great subject on whom the superior power had a right to call for aid in the necessities of the empire. On the other side, it has been contended that he was an independent prince, that the only claim which the Company had upon him was for a fixed tribute, and that, while the fixed tribute was regularly paid, as it assuredly was, the English had no more right to exact any further contribution from him, than to demand subsidies from Holland or Denmark. Nothing is easier than to find precedents and analogies in favour of either view.

Our own impression is, that neither view is correct. It was too much the habit of English politicians to take it for granted that there was in India a known and definite constitution by which questions of this kind were to be decided. The truth is, that during the interval which elapsed between the fall of the house of Tamerlane, and the establishment of the British ascendency, there was no constitution. The old order of things had passed away; the new order of things was not yet formed. All was transition, confusion, obscurity. Everybody kept his head as he best might, and scrambled for whatever he could get. There have been similar seasons in Europe. The time of the dissolution of the Carlovingian empire is an instance. Who would think of seriously discussing the question, what extent of pecuniary aid and of obedience Hugh Capet had a constitutional right to demand from the Duke of Britanny, or the Duke of Normandy? The words 'constitutional right' had, in that state of society, no meaning. If Hugh Capet laid hands on all the possessions of the Duke of Normandy, this might be unjust and immoral; but it would not be illegal, in the sense in which the ordinances of Charles the Tenth were illegal. If, on the other hand, the Duke of Normandy made war on Hugh Capet, this might be unjust and immoral; but it would not be illegal in the sense in which the expedition of Prince Louis Bonaparte was illegal.

Very similar to this was the state of India sixty years ago. Of the existing governments not a single one could lay claim to legitimacy, or plead any other title than recent occupation. There was scarcely a province in which the real sovereignty and the nominal sovereignty were not disjoined. Titles and forms were still retained, which implied that the heir of Tamerlane was an absolute ruler, and that the nabobs of the provinces were his lieutenants. In reality, he was a captive. The nabobs were in some places independent princes. In other places, as in Bengal and the Carnatic, they had, like their master, become mere phantoms, and the Company was supreme. Among the Mahrattas again, the heir of Sevajee still kept the title of rajah; but he was a prisoner, and his prime minister, the Peshwa, had become the hereditary chief of the state. The Peshwa, in his turn, was fast sinking in the same degraded situation to which he had reduced the rajah. It was, we believe, impossible to find, from the Himalayas to Mysore, a single government which was at once *de facto* and *de jure* — which possessed the physical means of making itself feared by its neighbours and subjects, and which had at the same time the authority derived from law and long prescription.

Hastings clearly discerned, what was hidden from most of his contemporaries, that such a state of things gave immense advantages to a ruler of great talents and few scruples. In every international question that could arise, he had his option between the *de facto* ground and the *de jure* ground; and the probability was that one of those grounds would sustain any claim that it might be convenient for him to make, and enable him to resist any claim made by others. In every controversy, accordingly, he resorted to the plea which suited his immediate purpose, without troubling himself in the least about consistency; and thus he scarcely ever failed to find what, to persons of short memories and scanty information, seemed to be a justification for what he wanted to do. Sometimes the nabob of Bengal is a shadow, sometimes a monarch; sometimes the vizier is a mere deputy, sometimes an independent potentate. If it is expedient for the Company to show some legal title to the revenues of Bengal, the grant under the seal of the Mogul is brought forward as an instrument of the highest authority. When the Mogul asks for the rents which were reserved to him by that very grant, he is told that he is a mere pageant; that the English power rests on a very different foundation from a charter given by him; that he is welcome to play at royalty as long as he likes, but that he must expect no tribute from the real masters of India.

It is true, that it was in the power of others, as well as of Hastings, to practise

this legerdemain; but in the controversies of governments, sophistry is of little use unless it be backed by power. There is a principle which Hastings was fond of asserting in the strongest terms, and on which he acted with undeviating steadiness. It is a principle which, we must own, can hardly be disputed in the present state of public law. It is this — that where an ambiguous question arrises between two governments, there is, if they cannot agree, no appeal except to force, and that the opinion of the strongest must prevail. Almost every question was ambiguous in India. The English government was the strongest in India. The consequences are obvious. The English government might do exactly what it chose.

The English government now chose to wring money out of Cheyte Sing. It had formerly been convenient to treat him as a sovereign prince; it was now convenient to treat him as a subject. Dexterity inferior to that of Hastings could easily find in that general chaos of laws and customs, arguments for either course. Hastings wanted a great supply. It was known that Cheyte Sing had a large revenue, and it was suspected that he had accumulated a treasure. Nor was he a favourite at Calcutta. He had, when the Governor-General was in great difficulties, courted the favour of Francis and Clavering. Hastings, who, less we believe from evil passions than from policy, seldom left an injury unpunished, was not sorry that the fate of Cheyte Sing should teach neighbouring princes the same lesson which the fate Nuncomar had already impressed on the inhabitants of Bengal.

In 1778, on the first breaking out of the war with France, Cheyte Sing was called upon to pay, in addition to his fixed tribute, an extraordinary contribution of £50,000. In 1789, an equal sum was exacted. In 1780, the demand was renewed. Cheyte Sing, in the hope of obtaining some indulgence, secretly offered the Governor-General a bribe of £20,000. Hastings took the money; and his enemies have maintained that he took it intending to keep it. He certainly concealed the transaction, for a time, both from the council in Bengal, and from the Directors at home; nor did he ever give any satisfactory reason for the concealment. Public spirit, or the fear of detection, however, determined him to withstand the temptation. He paid over the bribe to the Company's treasury, and insisted the Rajah should instantly comply with the demands of the English government. The Rajah, after the fashion of his countrymen, shuffled, solicited, and pleaded poverty. The grasp of Hastings was not to be so eluded. He added another £10,000 as a fine for delay, and sent troops to exact the money.

The money was paid. But this was not enough. The late events in the south of India had increased the financial embarrassments of the Company. Hastings was determined to plunder Cheyte Sing, and, for that end, to fasten a quarrel on him. Accordingly, the Rajah was now required to keep a body of cavalry for the service of the British government. He objected and evaded. This was exactly what the Governor-General wanted. He had now a pretext for treating the wealthiest of his vassals as a criminal. 'I resolved,' these are the words of Hastings himself, 'to draw from his guilt the means of relief to the Company's distresses — to make him pay largely for his pardon, or to exact a severe vengeance for past delinquency.' The plan was simply this — to demand larger and larger contributions, till the Rajah should be driven to remonstrate, then to call his remonstrance a crime, and to punish him by confiscating all his possessions.

Cheyte Sing was in the greatest dismay. He offered £200,000 to propitiate the British government. But Hastings replied, that nothing less than half a million would be accepted. Nay, he began to think of selling Benares to Oude, as he had formerly sold Allahabad and Rohilcund. The matter was one which could not be well managed at a distance; and Hastings resolved to visit Benares.

Cheyte Sing received his liege lord with every mark of reverence; came near sixty miles, with his guards, to meet and escort the illustrious visitor; and expressed his deep concern at the displeasure of the English. He even took off his turban, and laid it in the lap of Hastings — a gesture which in India marks the most profound submission and devotion. Hastings behaved with cold and repulsive severity. Having arrived at Benares, he sent to the Rajah a paper containing the demands of the government of Bengal. The Rajah, in reply, attempted to clear himself from the accusations brought against him. Hastings, who wanted money and not excuses, was not to be put off by the ordinary artifices of eastern negotiation. He instantly ordered the Rajah to be arrested, and placed under the custody of two companies of sepoys.

In taking these strong measures, Hastings scarcely showed his usual judgment. It is

probable that, having had little opportunity of personally observing any part of the population of India, except the Bengalees, he was not fully aware of the difference between their character and that of the tribes which inhabit the upper provinces. He was now in a land far more favourable to the vigour of the human frame, than the Delta of the Ganges; in a land fruitful of soldiers, who have been found worthy to follow English battalions to the charge, and into the breach. The Rajah was popular among his subjects. His administration had been mild; and the prosperity of the district which he governed presented a striking contrast to the depressed state of Bahar, under our rule — a still more striking contrast to the misery of the provinces which were cursed by the tyranny of the Nabob Vizier. The national and religious prejudices with which the English were regarded throughout India, were peculiarly intense in the metropolis of the Brahminical superstition. It can therefore scarcely be doubted that the Governor-General, before he outraged the dignity of Cheyte Sing by an arrest, ought to have assembled a force capable of bearing down all opposition. This had not been done. The handful of sepoys who attended Hastings. would probably have been sufficient to overawe Moorshedabad, or the Black town of Calcutta. But they were unequal to a conflict with the hardy rabble of Benares. The streets surrounding the palace were filled by an immense multitude; of whom a large proportion, as is usual in upper India, wore arms. The tumult became a fight, and the fight a massacre. The English officers defended themselves with desperate courage against overwhelming numbers, and fell, as became them, sword in hand. The sepoys were butchered. The gates were forced. The captive prince, neglected by his jailors during the confusion, discovered an outlet which opened on the precipitous bank of the Ganges, let himself down to the water by a string made of the turbans of his attendants, found a boat, and escaped to the opposite shore.

If Hastings had, by indiscreet violence, brought himself into a difficult and perilous situation, it is only just to acknowledge, that he extricated himself with even more than his usual ability and presence of mind. He had only fifty men with him. The building in which he had taken up his residence was on every side blockaded by the insurgents. But his fortitude remained unshaken. The Rajah from the other side of the river sent apologies and liberal offers. They were not even answered. Some subtle and enterprising men were found who undertook to pass through the throng of enemies, and to convey the intelligence of the late events to the English cantonments. It is the fashion of the natives of India to wear large ear-rings of gold. When they travel, the rings are laid aside lest they should tempt some gang of robbers; and, in place of the ring, a quill or a roll of paper is inserted in the orifice to prevent it from closing. Hastings placed in the ears of his messengers letters rolled up in the smallest compass. Some of these letters were addressed to the commanders of the English troops. One was written to assure his wife of his safety. One was to the envoy whom he had sent to negotiate with the Mahrattas. Instructions for the negotiation were needed; and the Governor-General framed them in that situation of extreme danger, with as much composure as if he had been writing in his palace at Calcutta.

Things, however, were not yet at the worst. An English officer of more spirit than judgment, eager to distinguish himself, made a premature attack on the insurgents beyond the river. His troops were entangled in narrow streets, and assailed by a furious population. He fell, with many of his men; and the survivors were forced to retire.

This event produced the effect which has never failed to follow every check, however slight, sustained in India by the English arms. For hundreds of miles round, the whole country was in commotion. The entire population of the district of Benares took arms. The fields were abandoned by the husbandmen, who thronged to defend their prince. The infection spread to Oude. The oppressed people of that province rose up against the Nabob Vizier, refused to pay their imposts, and put the revenue officers to flight. Even Bahar was ripe for revolt. The hopes of Cheyte Sing began to rise. Instead of imploring mercy in the humble style of a vassal, he began to talk the language of a conquerer, and threatened, it was said, to sweep the white usurpers out of the land. But the English troops were now assembling fast. The officers, and even the private men, regarded the Governor-General with enthusiastic attachment, and flew to his aid with an alacrity which, as he boasted, had never been shown on any other occasion. Major Popham, a brave and skilful soldier, who had highly distinguished himself in the Mahratta war, and in whom the Governor-General reposed the greatest confidence, took the command.

The tumultuary army of the Rajah was

put to rout. His fastnesses were stormed. In a few hours, above thirty thousand men left his standard, and returned to their ordinary avocations. The unhappy prince fled from his country for ever. His fair domain was added to the British dominions. One of his relations indeed was appointed rajah; but the Rajah of Benares was henceforth to be, like the Nabob of Bengal, a mere pensioner.

By this revolution, an addition of £200,000 a-year was made to the revenues of the Company. But the immediate relief was not as great as had been expected. The treasure laid up by Cheyte Sing had been popularly estimated at a million sterling. It turned out to be about a fourth part of that sum; and, such as it was, it was seized and divided as prize-money by the army.

Disappointed in his expectations from Benares, Hastings was more violent than he would otherwise have been, in his dealings with Oude. Sujah Dowlah had long been dead. His son and successor, Asaph-ul-Dowlah, was one of the weakest and most vicious even of eastern princes. His life was divided between torpid repose, and the most odious forms of sensuality. In his court there was boundless waste; throughout his dominions, wretchedness and disorder. He had been, under the skilful management of the English government, gradually sinking from the rank of an independent prince to that of a vassal of the Company. It was only by the help of a British brigade that he could be secure from the aggressions of neighbors who despised his weakness, and from the vengeance of subjects who detested his tyranny. A brigade was furnished; and he engaged to defray the charge of paying and maintaining it. From that time his independence was at an end. Hastings was not a man to lose the advantage which he had thus gained. The Nabob soon began to complain of the burden which he had undertaken to bear. His revenues, he said, were falling off; his servants were unpaid; he could no longer support the expense of the arrangement which he had sanctioned. Hastings would not listen to these representations. The Vizier, he said, had invited the Government of Bengal to send him troops, and had promised to pay for them. The troops had been sent. How long the troops were to remain in Oude, was a matter not settled by the treaty. It remained, therefore, to be settled between the contracting parties. But the contracting parties differed. Who then must decide? The strongest.

Hastings also argued that, if the English force was withdrawn, Oude would certainly become a prey to anarchy, and would probably be overrun by a Mahratta army. That the finances of Oude were embarrassed, he admitted. But he contended, not without reason, that the embarrassment was to be attributed to the incapacity and vices of Asaph-ul-Dowlah himself and that, if less were spent on the troops, the only effect would be that more would be squandered on worthless favourites. Hastings had intended, after settling the affairs of Benares, to visit Lucknow, and there to confer with Asaph-ul-Dowlah. But the obsequious courtesy of the Nabob Vizier prevented that visit. With a small train he hastened to meet the Governor-General. An interview took place in the fortress which, from the crest of the precipitous rock of Chunar, looks down on the waters of the Ganges.

At first sight it might appear impossible that the negotiation should come to an amicable close. Hastings wanted an extraordinary supply of money. Asaph-ul-Dowlah wanted to obtain a remission of what he already owed. Such a difference seemed to admit of no compromise. There was, however, one course satisfactory to both sides, one course by which it was possible to relieve the finances both of Oude and of Bengal; and that course was adopted. It was simply this — that the Governor-General and the Nabob Vizier should join to rob a third party; and the third party whom they determined to rob was the parent of one of the robbers.

The mother of the late Nabob, and his wife, who was the mother of the present Nabob, were known as the Begums or Princesses of Oude. They had possessed great influence over Sujah Dowlah, and had, at his death, been left in possession of a splendid dotation. The domains of which they received the rents and administered the government were of wide extent. The treasure hoarded by the late Nabob — a treasure which was probably estimated at nearly three millions sterling — was in their hands. They continued to occupy his favourite palace at Fyzabad, the Beautiful Dwelling; while Asaph-ul-Dowlah held his court in the stately Lucknow, which he had built for himself on the shores of the Goomti, and had adorned with noble mosques and colleges.

Asaph-ul-Dowlah had already extorted considerable sums from his mother. She had at length appealed to the English; and the English had interfered. A solemn compact had been made, by which she consented to give her son some pecuniary assist-

ance, and he in his turn promised never to commit any further invasion of her rights. This compact was formally guarantied by the government of Bengal. But times had changed; money was wanted; and the power which had given the guarantee was not ashamed to instigate the spoiler.

It was necessary to find some pretext for a confiscation, inconsistent not merely with plighted faith — not merely with the ordinary rules of humanity and justice — but with that great law of filial piety, which, even in the wildest tribes of savages — even in those more degraded communities which wither under the influence of a corrupt half-civilization — retains a certain authority over the human mind. A pretext was the last thing that Hastings was likely to want. The insurrection at Benares had produced disturbances in Oude. These disturbances it was convenient to impute to the Princesses. Evidence for the imputation there was scarcely any; unless reports wandering from one mouth to another, and gaining something by every transmission, may be called evidence. The accused were furnished with no charge; they were permitted to make no defence; for the Governor-General wisely considered, that if he tried them, he might not be able to find a ground for plundering them. It was agreed between him and the Nabob Vizier, that the noble ladies should, by a sweeping measure of confiscation, be stripped of their domains and treasures for the benefit of the company: and that the sums thus obtained should be accepted by the government of Bengal in satisfaction of its claims on the government of Oude.

While Asaph-ul-Dowlah was at Chunar, he was completely subjugated by the clear and commanding intellect of the English statesman. But when they had separated, he began to reflect with uneasiness on the engagements into which he had entered. His mother and grandmother protested and implored. His heart, deeply corrupted by absolute power and licentious pleasures, yet not naturally unfeeling, failed him in this crisis. Even the English residents at Lucknow, though hitherto devoted to Hastings, shrank from extreme measures. But the Governor-General was inexorable. He wrote to the resident in terms of the greatest severity, and declared that, if the spoliation which had been agreed upon were not instantly carried into effect, he would himself go to Lucknow, and do that from which feebler minds recoiled with dismay. The resident, thus menaced, waited on his Highness, and insisted that the treaty of Chunar should be carried into full and immediate effect. Asaph-ul-Dowlah yielded — making at the same time a solemn protestation, that he yielded to compulsion. The lands were resumed; but the treasure was not so easily obtained. It was necessary to use force. A body of the Company's troops marched to Fyzabad, and forced the gates of the palace. The princesses were confined to their own apartments. But still they refused to submit. Some more stringent mode of coercion was to be found. A mode was found, of which, even at this distance of time, we cannot speak without shame and sorrow.

There were at Fyzabad two ancient men belonging to that unhappy class which a practice of immemorial antiquity in the East has excluded from the pleasures of love, and from the hope of posterity. It has always been held in Asiatic courts, that beings thus estranged from sympathy with their kind are those whom princes may most safely trust. Sujah Dowlah had been of this opinion. He had given his entire confidence to the two eunuchs; and after his death they remained at the head of the household of his widow.

These men were, by the orders of the British government, seized, imprisoned, ironed, starved almost to death, in order to extort money from the princesses. After they had been two months in confinement, their health gave way. They implored permission to take a little exercise in the garden of their prison. The officer who was in charge of them stated, that if they were allowed this indulgence, there was not the smallest chance of their escaping, and that their irons really added nothing to the security of the custody in which they were kept. He did not understand the plan of his superiors. Their object in these inflictions was not security, but torture; and all mitigation was refused. Yet this was not the worst. It was resolved by an English government that these two infirm old men should be delivered to the tormentors. For that purpose they were removed to Lucknow. What horrors their dungeon there witnessed can only be guessed. But there remains on the records of Parliament this letter, written by a British resident to a British soldier: —

'Sir, the Nabob having determined to inflict corporal punishment upon the prisoners under your guard, this is to desire that his officers, when they shall come, may have free access to the prisoners, and be permitted to do with them as they shall see proper.'

While these barbarities were perpetrated at Lucknow, the princesses were still under duresse at Fyzabad. Food was allowed to enter their apartments only in such scanty quantities, that their female attendants were in danger of perishing with hunger. Month after month this cruelty continued, till at length, after twelve hundred thousand pounds had been wrung out of the princesses, Hastings began to think that he had really got to the bottom of their revenue, and that no rigour could extort more. Then at length the wretched men who were detained at Lucknow regained their liberty. When their irons were knocked off, and the doors of their prison opened, their quivering lips, the tears which ran down their cheeks, and the thanksgivings which they poured forth to the common Father of Mussulmans and Christians, melted even the stout hearts of the English warriors who stood by.

There is a man to whom the conduct of Hastings, through the whole of these proceedings, appears not only excusable but laudable. There is a man who tells us, 'that he must really be pardoned if he ventures to characterize as something pre-eminently ridiculous and wicked, the sensibility which would balance against the preservation of British India a little personal suffering, which was applied only so long as the sufferers refused to deliver up a portion of that wealth, the whole of which their own and their mistresses' treason had forfeited.' We cannot, we must own, envy the reverend biographer, either his singular notion of what constitutes pre-eminent wickedness, or his equally singular perception of the pre-eminently ridiculous. Is this the generosity of an English soldier? Is this the charity of a Christian priest? Could neither of Mr. Gleig's professions teach him the very rudiments of morality? Or is morality a thing which may be well enough in sermons, but which has nothing to do with biography?

But we must not forget to do justice to Sir Elijah Impey's conduct on this occasion. It was not indeed easy for him to intrude himself into a business so entirely alien from all his official duties. But there was something inexpressibly alluring, we must suppose, in the peculiar rankness of the infamy which was then to be got at Lucknow. He hurried thither as fast as relays of palankin-bearers could carry him. A crowd of people came before him with affidavits against the Begums, ready drawn in their hands. Those affidavits he did not read. The greater part indeed, he could not read; for they were in Persian and Hindostanee, and no interpreter was employed. He administered the oath to the deponents, with all possible expedition; and asked not a single question, not even whether they had perused the statements to which they swore. This work performed, he got again into his palankin, and posted back to Calcutta, to be in time for the opening of term. The cause was one which, by his own confession, lay altogether out of his jurisdiction. Under the charter of justice, he had no more right to inquire into crimes committed by natives in Oude, than the Lord President of the Court of Session of Scotland to hold an assize at Exeter. He had no right to try the Begums, nor did he pretend to try them. With what object, then, did he undertake so long a journey? Evidently in order that he might give, in an irregular manner, that sanction which in a regular manner he could not give, to the crimes of those who had recently hired him; and in order that a confused mass of testimony which he did not sift, which he did not even read, might acquire an authority not properly belonging to it, from the signature of the highest judicial functionary in India.

The time was approaching, however, when he was to be stripped of that robe which has, never since the Revolution, been disgraced so foully as by him. The state of India had for some time occupied much of the attention of the British parliament. Towards the close of the American war, two committees of the Commons sat on Eastern affairs. In the one Edmund Burke took the lead. The other was under the presidency of the able and versatile Henry Dundas, then Lord Advocate of Scotland. Great as are the changes which, during the last sixty years, have taken place in our Asiatic dominions, the reports which those committees laid on the table of the House will still be found most interesting and instructive.

There was as yet no connection between the Company and either of the great parties in the state. The ministers had no motives to defend Indian abuses. On the contrary, it was for their interest to show, if possible, that the government and patronage of our Oriental Empire might, with advantage, be transferred to themselves. The votes, therefore, which, in consequence of the reports made by the two committees, were passed by the Commons, breathed the spirit of stern and indignant justice. The severest epithets were applied to several of the measures of Hastings, especially to the Rohilla war; and it was resolved, on the

motion of Mr. Dundas, that the Company ought to recall a Governor-General who had brought such calamities on the Indian people, and such dishonour on the British name. An act was passed for limiting the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. The bargain which Hastings had made with the Chief Justice was condemned in the strongest terms; and an address was presented to the king, praying that Impey might be ordered home to answer for his misdeeds.

Impey was recalled by a letter from the Secretary of State. But the proprietors of India stock resolutely refused to dismiss Hastings from their service; and passed a resolution affirming, what was undeniably true, that they were entrusted by law with the right of naming and removing their Governor-General; and that they were not bound to obey the directions of a single branch of the legislature with respect to such nomination or removal.

Thus supported by his employers, Hastings remained at the head of the government of Bengal till the spring of 1785. His administration, so eventful and stormy, closed in almost perfect quiet. In the Council there was no regular opposition to his measures. Peace was restored to India. The Mahratta war had ceased. Hyder was no more. A treaty had been concluded with his son, Tippoo; and the Carnatic had been evacuated by the armies of Mysore. Since the termination of the American war, England had no European enemy or rival in the Eastern seas.

On a general review of the long administration of Hastings, it is impossible to deny that against the great crimes by which it is blemished, we have to set off great public services. England had passed through a perilous crisis. She still, indeed, maintained her place in the foremost rank of European powers; and the manner in which she had defended herself against fearful odds, had inspired surrounding nations with a high opinion both of her spirit and of her strength. Nevertheless, in every part of the world, except one, she had been a loser. Not only had she been compelled to acknowledge the independence of thirteen colonies peopled by her children, and to conciliate the Irish by giving up the right of legislating for them; but, in the Mediterranean, in the Gulf of Mexico, on the coast of Africa, on the continent of America, she had been compelled to cede the fruits of her victories in former wars. Spain regained Minorca and Florida; France regained Senegal, Goree, and several West India Islands. The only quarter of the world in which Britain had lost nothing, was the quarter in which her interests had been committed to the care of Hastings. In spite of the utmost exertions both of European and Asiatic enemies, the power of our country in the East had been greatly augmented. Benares was subjected; the Nabob Vizier reduced to vassalage. That our influence had been thus extended, nay, that Fort William and Fort St. George had not been occupied by hostile armies, was owing, if we may trust the general voice of the English in India, to the skill and resolution of Hastings.

His internal administration, with all its blemishes, gives him a title to be considered as one of the most remarkable men in our history. He dissolved the double government. He transferred the direction of affairs to English hands. Out of a frightful anarchy, he educed at least a rude and imperfect order. The whole organization by which justice was dispensed, revenue collected, peace maintained, throughout a territory not inferior in population to the dominions of Louis the Sixteenth, or of the Emperor Joseph, was created and superintended by him. He boasted that every puplic office, without exception, which existed when he left Bengal was his work. It is quite true that this system, after all the improvements suggested by the experience of sixty years, still needs improvement; and that it was at first far more defective than it now is. But whoever seriously considers what it is to construct from the beginning the whole of a machine so vast and complex as a government, will allow that what Hastings effected deserves high admiration. To compare the most celebrated European ministers to him, seems to us as unjust as it would be to compare the best baker in London with Robinson Crusoe; who, before he could bake a single loaf, had to make his plough and his harrow, his fences and his scarecrows, his sickle and his flail, his mill and his oven.

The just fame of Hastings rises still higher, when we reflect that he was not bred a statesman; that he was sent from school to a counting-house; and that he was employed during the prime of his manhood as a commercial agent far from all intellectual society.

Nor must we forget that all, or almost all, to whom, when placed at the head of affairs, he could apply for assistance, were persons who owed as little as himself, or less than himself, to education. A minister in Europe finds himself, on the first day on which he commences his functions, surrounded by

experienced public servants, the depositaries of official traditions. Hastings had no such help. His own reflection, his own energy, were to supply the place of all Downing street and Somerset House. Having had no facilities for learning, he was forced to teach. He had first to form himself, and then to form his instruments; and this not in a single department, but in all the departments of the administration.

It must be added that, while engaged in this most arduous task, he was constantly trammelled by orders from home, and frequently borne down by a majority in council. The preservation of an Empire from a formidable combination of foreign enemies, the construction of a government in all its parts, were accomplished by him; while every ship brought out bales of censure from his employers, and while the records of every consultation were filled with acrimonious minuteness by his colleagues. We believe that there never was a public man whose temper was so severely tried; — not Marlborough, when thwarted by the Dutch Deputies; — not Wellington, when he had to deal at once with the Portuguese Regency, the Spanish Juntas, and Mr. Perceval. But the temper of Hastings was equal to almost any trial. It was not sweet, but it was calm. Quick and vigorous as his intellect was, the patience with which he endured the most cruel vexations till a remedy could be found, resembled the patience of stupidity. He seems to have been capable of resentment, bitter and long-enduring; yet his resentment so seldom hurried him into any blunder, that it may be doubted whether what appeared to be revenge was anything but policy.

The effect of his singular equanimity was, that he always had the full command of all the resources of one of the most fertile minds that ever existed. Accordingly, no complication of perils and embarrassments could perplex him. For every difficulty he had a contrivance ready; and, whatever may be thought of the justice and humanity of some of his contrivances, it is certain that they seldom failed to serve the purpose for which they were designed.

Together with this extraordinary talent for devising expedients, Hastings possessed, in a very high degree, another talent scarcely less necessary to a man in his situation; — we mean the talent for conducting political controversy. It is as necessary to an English statesman in the East that he should be able to write, as it is to a minister in this country that he should be able to speak. It is chiefly by the oratory of a public man here, that the nation judges of his powers. It is from the letters and reports of a public man in India, that the dispensers of patronage form their estimate of him. In each case, the talent which receives peculiar encouragement is developed, perhaps at the expense of the other powers. In this country, we sometimes hear men speak above their abilities. It is not very unusual to find gentlemen in the Indian service who write above their abilities. The English politician is a little too much of a debater; the Indian politician a little too much of an essayist.

Of the numerous servants of the Company who have distinguished themselves as framers of Minutes and Despatches, Hastings stands at the head. He was indeed the person who gave to the official writing of the Indian governments the character which it still retains. He was matched against no common antagonist. But even Francis was forced to acknowledge, with sullen and resentful candour, that there was no contending against the pen of Hastings. And, in truth, the Governor-General's power of making out a case — of perplexing what it was inconvenient that people should understand — and of setting in the clearest point of view whatever would bear the light, was incomparable. His style must be praised with some reservation. It was in general forcible, pure, and polished; but it was sometimes, though not often, turgid, and, on one or two occasions, even bombastic. Perhaps the fondness of Hastings for Persian literature may have tended to corrupt his taste.

And, since we have referred to his literary tastes, it would be most unjust not to praise the judicious encouragement which, as a ruler, he gave to liberal studies and curious researches. His patronage was extended, with prudent generosity, to voyages, travels, experiments, publications. He did little, it is true, towards introducing into India the learning of the West. To make the young natives of Bengal familiar with Milton and Adam Smith — to substitue the geography, astronomy, and surgery of Europe for the dotages of the Brahminical superstition, or for the imperfect science of ancient Greece transfused through Arabian expositions — this was a scheme reserved to crown the beneficent administration of a far more virtuous ruler. Still, it is impossible to refuse high commendation to a man, who, taken from a ledger to govern an empire, overwhelmed by public business, surrounded by men as busy as himself, and separated by thousands of leagues from almost all literary

society, gave, both by his example and by his munificence, a great impulse to learning. In Persian and Arabic literature he was deeply skilled. With the Sanscrit he was not himself acquainted; but those who first brought that language to the knowledge of European students, owed much to his encouragement. It was under his protection that the Asiatic Society commenced its honourable career. That distinguished body selected him to be its first president: but, with excellent taste and feeling, he declined the honour in favor of Sir William Jones. But the chief advantage which the students of Oriental letters derived from his patronage, remains to be mentioned. The Pundits of Bengal had always looked with great jealousy on the attempts of foreigners to pry into those mysteries which were locked up in the sacred dialect. Their religion had been persecuted by the Mahommedans. What they knew of the spirit of the Portuguese government might warrant them in apprehending persecution from Christians. That apprehension, the wisdom and moderation of Hastings removed. He was the first foreign ruler who succeeded in gaining the confidence of the hereditary priests of India; and who induced them to lay open to English scholars the secrets of the old Brahminical theology and jurisprudence.

It is, indeed, impossible to deny that, in the great art of inspiring large masses of human beings with confidence and attachment, no ruler ever surpassed Hastings. If he had made himself popular with the English by giving up the Bengalees to extortion and oppression, or if, on the other hand, he had conciliated the Bengalees and alienated the English, there would have been no cause for wonder. What is peculiar to him is, that, being the chief of a small band of strangers who exercised boundless power over a great indigenous population, he made himself beloved both by the subject many, and by the dominant few. The affection felt for him by the civil service was singularly ardent and constant. Through all his disasters and perils, his brethren stood by him with steadfast loyalty. The army, at the same time, loved him as armies have seldom loved any but the greatest chiefs who have led them to victory. Even in his disputes with distinguished military men, he could always count on the support of the military profession. While such was his empire over the hearts of his countrymen, he enjoyed among the natives a popularity, such as other governors have perhaps better merited, but such as no other governor has been able to attain. He spoke their vernacular dialects with facility and precision. He was intimately acquainted with their feelings and usages. On one or two occasions, for great ends, he deliberately acted in defiance of their opinions; but on such occasions he gained more in their respect than he lost in their love. In general he carefully avoided all that could shock their national or religious prejudices. His administration was indeed in many respects faulty; but the Bengalee standard of good government was not high. Under the Nabobs, the hurricane of Mahratta cavalry had passed annually over the rich alluvial plain. But even the Mahratta shrank from a conflict with the mighty children of the sea; and the immense rice-harvests of the Lower Ganges were safely gathered in, under the protection of the English sword. The first English conquerors had been more rapacious and merciless than the Mahrattas; but that generation had passed away. Defective as was the police, heavy as were the public burdens, the oldest man in Bengal could probably not recollect a season of equal security and prosperity. For the first time within living memory, the province was placed under a government strong enough to prevent others from robbing, and not inclined to play the robber itself. These things inspired good-will. At the same time, the constant success of Hastings, and the manner in which he extricated himself from every difficulty, made him an object of superstitious admiration; and the more than regal splendour which he sometimes displayed, dazzled a people who have much in common with children. Even now, after the lapse of more than fifty years, the natives of India still talk of him as the greatest of the English; and nurses sing children to sleep with a jingling ballad about the fleet horses and richly-caparisoned elephants of Sahib Warren Hostein.

The gravest offences of which Hastings was guilty, did not affect his popularity with the people of Bengal; for those offences were committed against neighbouring states. Those offences, as our readers must have perceived, we are not disposed to vindicate; yet, in order that the censure may be justly apportioned to the transgression, it is fit that the motive of the criminal should be taken into consideration. The motive which prompted the worst act of Hastings, was misdirected and ill-regulated public spirit. The rules of justice, the sentiments of humanity, the plighted faith of treaties, were in his view as nothing, when opposed to the immediate interests of the state. This is no justification, according to the principles

either of morality, or of what we believe to be identical with morality; namely, far-sighted policy. Nevertheless, the common sense of mankind, which in questions of this sort seldom goes far wrong, will always recognize a distinction between crimes which originate in an inordinate zeal for the commonwealth, and crimes which originate in selfish cupidity. To the benefit of this distinction Hastings is fairly entitled. There is, we conceive, no reason to suspect that the Rohilla war, the revolution of Benares, or the spoliation of the Princesses of Oude, added a rupee to his fortune. We will not affirm that, in all pecuniary dealings, he showed that punctilious integrity, that dread of the faintest appearance of evil, which is now the glory of the Indian civil service. But when the school in which he had been trained, and the temptations to which he was exposed, are considered, we are more inclined to praise him for his general uprightness with respect to money, than rigidly to blame him for a few transactions which would now be called indelicate and irregular, but, which even now would hardly be designated as corrupt. A rapacious man he certainly was not. Had he been so, he would infallibly have returned to his country the richest subject in Europe. We speak within compass, when we say that, without applying any extraordinary pressure, he might easily have obtained from the zemindars of the Company's provnces, and from neighbouring princes, in the course of thirteen years, more than three millions sterling and might have outshone the splendour of Carlton House and of the *Palais Royale*. He brought home a fortune such as a Governor-General, fond of state and careless of thrift, might easily, during so long a tenure of office, save out of his legal salary. Mrs. Hastings, we are afraid, was less scrupulous. It was generally believed that she accepted presents with great alacrity, and that she thus formed, without the connivance of her husband, a private hoard, amounting to several lacs of rupees. We are the more inclined to give credit to this story, because Mr. Gleig, who cannot but have heard it, does not, as far as we have observed, notice or contradict it.

The influence of Mrs. Hastings over her husband was indeed such, that she might easily have obtained much larger sums than she was ever accused of receiving. At length her health began to give way; and the Governor-General, much against his will, was compelled to send her to England. He seems to have loved her with that love which is peculiar to men of strong minds — to men whose affection is not easily won or widely diffused. The talk of Calcutta ran for some time on the luxurious manner in which he fitted up the round-house of an Indiaman for her accommodation — on the profusion of sandal-wood and carved ivory which adorned her cabin — and on the thousands which had been expended in order to procure for her the society of an agreeable female companion during the voyage. We remark here, that the letters of Hastings to his wife are exceedingly characteristic — tender, and full of indications of esteem and confidence; but, at the same time, a little more ceremonious than is usual in so intimate a relation. The solemn courtesy with which he compliments 'his elegant Marian,' reminds us now and then of the dignified air with which Sir Charles Grandison bowed over Miss Byron's hand in the cedar Parlour.

After some months Hastings prepared to follow his wife to England. When it was announced that he was about to quit his office, the feeling of the society which he had so long governed manifested itself by many signs. Addresses poured in from Europeans and Asiatics, from civil functionaries, soldiers, and traders. On the day on which he delivered up the keys of office, a crowd of friends and admirers formed a lane to the quay where he embarked. Several barges escorted him far down the river; and some attached friends refused to quit him till the low coast of Bengal was fading from the view, and till the pilot was leaving the ship.

Of his voyage little is known, except that he amused himself with books and with his pen; and that, among the compositions by which he beguiled the tediousness of that long leisure, was a pleasing imitation of Horace's *Otium Divos rogat*. This little poem was inscribed to his friend Mr. Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth — a man of whose integrity, humanity, and honour, it is impossible to speak too highly; but who, like some other excellent members of the civil service, extended to the conduct of Hastings an indulgence of which his own conduct never stood in need.

The voyage was for those times, very speedy. Hastings was little more than four months on the sea. In June, 1785, he landed at Plymouth, posted to London, appeared at Court, paid his respects in Leadenhall Street, and then retired with his wife to Cheltenham.

He was greatly pleased with his reception. The King treated him with marked distinction. The Queen, who had already

incurred much censure on account of the favour which, in spite of the ordinary severity of her virtue she had shown to the 'elegant Marian,' was not less gracious to Hastings. The Directors received him in a solemn sitting; and their chairman read to him a vote of thanks which they had passed without one dissentient voice. 'I find myself,' said Hastings, in a letter written about a quarter of a year after his arrival in England, — 'I find myself everywhere, and universally, treated with evidences, apparent even to my own observation, that I possess the good opinion of my country.'

The confident and exulting tone of his correspondence about this time is the more remarkable, because he had already received ample notice of the attack which was in preparation. Within a week after he landed at Plymouth, Burke gave notice in the House of Commons of a motion seriously affecting a gentleman lately returned from India. The session, however, was then so far advanced, that it was impossible to enter on so extensive and important a subject.

Hastings, it is clear, was not sensible of the danger of his position. Indeed that sagacity, that judgment, that readiness in devising expedients, which had distinguished him in the East seemed now to have forsaken him; not that his abilities were at all impaired; not that he was not still the same man who had triumphed over Francis and Nuncomar, who had made the Chief Justice and the Nabob Vizier his tools, who had deposed Cheyte Sing, and repelled Hyder Ali; — but an oak, as Mr. Grattan finely said, should not be transplanted at fifty. A man who, having left England when a boy, returns to it after thirty or forty years passed in India, will find, be his talents what they may, that he has much both to learn and to unlearn before he can take a place among English statesmen. The working of a representative system, the war of parties, the arts of debate, the influence of the press, are startling novelties to him. Surrounded on every side by new machines and new tactics, he is as much bewildered as Hannibal would have been at Waterloo, or Themistocles at Trafalgar. His very acuteness deludes him. His very vigour causes him to stumble. The more correct his maxims, when applied to the state of society to which he is accustomed, the more certain they are to lead him astray. This was strikingly the case with Hastings. In India he had a bad hand; but he was master of the game, and he won every stake. In England he held excellent cards, if he had known how to play them; and it was chiefly by his own errors that he was brought to the verge of ruin.

Of all his errors the most serious was perhaps the choice of a champion. Clive, in similar circumstances, had made a singularly happy selection. He put himself into the hands of Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough, one of the few great advocates who have also been great in the House of Commons. To the defence of Clive therefore, nothing was wanting — neither learning nor knowledge of the world, neither forensic acuteness nor that eloquence which charms political assemblies. Hastings intrusted his interests to a very different person, a major in the Bengal army named Scott. This gentleman had been sent over from India some time before as the agent of the Governor-General. It was rumoured that his services were rewarded with oriental munificence; and we believe that he received much more than Hastings could conveniently spare. The Mayor obtained a seat in Parliament, and was there regarded as the organ of his employer. It was evidently impossible that a gentleman so situated, could speak with the authority which belongs to an independent position. Nor had the agent of Hastings the talents necessary for obtaining the ear of an assembly which, accustomed to listen to great orators, had naturally become fastidious. He was always on his legs; he was very tedious; and he had only one topic, the merits and wrongs of Hastings. Everybody who knows the House of Commons will easily guess what followed. The Major was soon considered as the greatest *bore* of his time. His exertions were not confined to Parliament. There was hardly a day on which the newspapers did not contain some puff upon Hastings, signed *Asiaticus* or *Bengalensis*, but known to be written by the indefatigable Scott; and hardly a month in which some bulky pamphlet on the same subject, and from the same pen, did not pass to the trunkmakers and the pastry-cooks. As to this gentleman's capacity for conducting a delicate question through Parliament, our readers will want no evidence beyond that which they will find in letters preserved in these volumes.* We will give a single specimen of his temper and judgment. He designated the greatest man then living as 'that reptile Mr. Burke.'

In spite, however, of this unfortunate choice, the general aspect of affairs was fa-

vourable to Hastings. The King was on his side. The Company and its servants were zealous in his cause. Among public men he had many ardent friends. Such were Lord Mansfield, who had outlived the vigour of his body but not of his mind; and Lord Lansdowne, who, though unconnected with any party, retained the importance which belongs to great talents and knowledge. The ministers were generally believed to be favourable to the late Governor-General. They owed their power to the clamour which had been raised against Mr. Fox's East India bill. The authors of that bill, when accused of invading vested rights, and of setting up powers unknown to the constitution, had defended themselves by pointing to the crimes of Hastings, and by arguing that abuses so extraordinary justified extraordinary measures. Those who, by opposing that bill had raised themselves to the head of affairs, would naturally be inclined to extenuate the evils which had been made the plea for administering so violent a remedy; and such, in fact, was their general disposition. The Lord Chancellor Thurlow, in particular, whose great place and force of intellect gave him a weight in the government inferior only to that of Mr Pitt, espoused the cause of Hastings with indecorous violence. Mr. Pitt, though he had censured many parts of the Indian system, had studiously abstained from saying a word against the late chief of the Indian government. To Major Scott, indeed, the young minister had in private extolled Hastings as a great, a wonderful man, who had the highest claims on the government. There was only one objection to granting all that so eminent a servant of the public could ask: — the resolution of censure still remained on the journals of the House of Commons. That resolution was, indeed, unjust; but, till it was rescinded, could the minister advise the King to bestow any mark of approbation on the person censured? If Major Scott is to be trusted, Mr. Pitt declared that this was the only reason which prevented the government from conferring a peerage on the late Governor-General. Mr. Dundas was the only important member of the administration who was deeply committed to a different view of the subject. He had moved the resolutions which created the difficulty; but even from him little was to be apprehended. Since he presided over the committee on eastern affairs, great changes had taken place. He was surrounded by new allies; he had fixed his hopes on new objects; and whatever may have been his good qualities — and he had many — flattery itself never reckoned rigid consistency in the number.

From the ministry, therefore, Hastings had every reason to expect support; and the ministry was very powerful. The opposition was loud and vehement against him. But the opposition, though formidable from the wealth and influence of some of its members, and from the admirable talents and eloquence of others, was outnumbered in Parliment, and odious throughout the country. Nor, as far as we can judge, was the opposition generally desirous to engage in so serious an undertaking as the impeachment of an Indian Governor. Such an impeachment must last for years. It must impose on the chiefs of the party an immense load of labour. Yet it could scarcely, in any manner, affect the event of the great political game. The followers of the coalition were therefore more inclined to revile Hastings than to prosecute him. They lost no opportunity of coupling his name with the names of the most hateful tyrants of whom history makes mention. The wits of Brooks's aimed their keenest sarcasms both at his public, and at his domestic life. Some fine diamonds which he had presented, as it was rumoured, to the royal family, and a certain richly carved ivory bed which the Queen had done him the honour to except from him, were favourite subjects of ridicule. One lively poet proposed, that the great acts of the fair Marian's present husband should be immortalised by the pencil of his predecessor; and that Imhoff should be employed to embellish the House of Commons with paintings of the bleeding Rohillas, of Nuncomar swinging, of Cheyte Sing letting himself down to the Ganges. Another, in an exquisitely humourous parody of Virgil's third eclogue, propounded the question — what that mineral could be of which the rays had power to make the most austere of princesses the friend of a wanton. A third described, with gay malevolence, the gorgeous appearance of Mrs. Hastings at St. James's, the galaxy of jewels, torn from Begums which adorned her head-dress, her necklace gleaming with future votes, and the depending questions that shone upon her ears. Satirical attacks of this description, and perhaps a motion for a vote of censure, would have satisfied the great body of the opposition. But there were two men whose indignation was not to be so appeased, Philip Francis and Edmund Burke.

Francis had recently entered the House of Commons, and had already established a

character there for industry and talent. He laboured indeed under one most unfortunate defect — want of fluency. But he occasionally expressed himself with a dignity and energy worthy of the greatest orators. Before he had been many days in parliament, he incurred the bitter dislike of Pitt, who constantly treated him with as much asperity as the laws of debate would allow. Neither lapse of years nor change of scene had mitigated the enmities which Francis had brought back from the East. After his usual fashion, he mistook his malevolence for virtue; nursed it, as preachers tell us that we ought to nurse our good dispositions; and paraded it on all occasions, with Pharisaical ostentations.

The zeal of Burke was still fiercer; but it was far purer. Men unable to understand the elevation of his mind, have tried to find out some discreditable motive for the vehemence and pertinacity which he showed on this occasion. But they have altogether failed. The idle story that he had some private slight to revenge, has long been given up, even by the advocates of Hastings. Mr. Gleig supposes that Burke was actuated by party spirit, that he retained a bitter remembrance of the fall of the coalition, that he attributed that fall to the exertions of the East India interest, and that he considered Hastings as the head and the personification of that interest. This explanation seems to be sufficiently refuted by a reference to dates. The hostility of Burke to Hastings commenced long before the coalition; and lasted long after Burke had become a strenuous supporter of those by whom the coalition had been defeated. It began when Burke and Fox, closely allied together, were attacking the influence of the crown, and calling for peace with the American republic. It continued till Burke, alienated from Fox and loaded with the favours of the crown, died, preaching a crusade against the French republic. It seems absurd to attribute to the events of 1784 an enmity which began in 1781, and which retained undiminished force long after persons far more deeply implicated than Hastings in the events of 1784, had been cordially forgiven. And why should we look for any other explanation of Burke's conduct than that which we find on the surface? The plain truth is, that Hastings had committed some great crimes, and that the thought of those crimes made the blood of Burke boil in his veins; for Burke was a man in whom compassion for suffering, and hatred of injustice and tyranny, were as strong as in Las Casas, or Clarkson. And although in him, as in Las Casas, and in Clarkson, these noble feelings were alloyed with the infirmity which belongs to human nature, he is, like them, entitled to this great praise, that he devoted years of intense labour to the service of a people with whom he had neither blood nor language, neither religion nor manners in common; and from whom no requital, no thanks, no applause could be expected.

His knowledge of India was such as few, even of those Europeans who have passed many years in that country, have attained; and such as certainly was never attained by any public man who had not quitted Europe. He had studied the history, the laws, and the usages of the East with an industry, such as is seldom found united to so much genius and so much sensibility. Others have perhaps been equally laborious, and have collected an equal mass of materials; but the manner in which Burke brought his higher powers of intellect to work on statements of facts, and on tables of figures, was peculiar to himself. In every part of those huge bales of Indian information, which repelled almost all other readers, his mind,, at once philosophical and poetical, found something to instruct or to delight. His reason analysed and digested those vast and shapeless masses; his imagination animated and coloured them. Out of darkness, and dullness, and confusion, he drew a rich abundance of ingenious theories and vivid pictures. He had in the highest degree, that noble faculty, whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and in the unreal.

India and its inhabitants were not to him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people. The burning sun; the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa-tree; the rice-field and the tank; the huge trees, older than the Mogul empire, under which the village crowds assemble; the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, and the rich tracery of the mosque, where the imaum prayed with his face to Mecca; the drums, and banners, and gaudy idols; the devotee swinging in the air; the graceful maiden, with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river-side; the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of sect; the turbans and the flowing robes; the spears and the silver maces; the elephants with their canopies of state; the gorgeous palankin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady — all those things were to him as the objects amidst which his own life had been passed — as the objects which lay on the road be-

tween Beaconsfield and St. James's Street. All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls where suitors laid gold and perfumes at the feet of sovereigns, to the wild moor where the gipsy-camp was pitched—from the bazars, humming like bee-hives with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyænas. He had just as lively an idea of the insurrection at Benares as of Lord George Gordon's riots, and of the execution of Nuncomar as of the execution Dr. Dodd. Oppression in Bengal was to him the same thing as oppression in the streets of London.

He saw that Hastings had been guilty of some most unjustifiable acts. All that followed was natural and necessary in a mind like Burke's. His imagination and his passions, once excited, hurried him beyond the bounds of justice and good sense. His reason, powerful as it was, was reduced to be the slave of feelings which it should have controlled. His indignation, virtuous in its origin, acquired too much of the character of personal aversion. He could see no mitigating circumstance, no redeeming merit. His temper, which, though generous, and affectionate, had always been irritable, had now been made almost savage by bodily infirmities and mental vexations. Conscious of great powers and great virtues, he found himself, in age and poverty, a mark for the hatred of a perfidious court, and a deluded people. In Parliament his eloquence was out of date. A young generation, which knew him not, had filled the House. Whenever he rose to speak, his voice was drowned by the unseemly interruptions of lads, who were in their cradles when his orations on the Stamp Act called forth the applause of the great Earl of Chatham. These things had produced on his proud and sensitive spirit an effect at which we cannot wonder. He could no longer discuss any question with calmness, or make allowances for honest difference of opinion. Those who think that he was more violent and acrimonious in debates about India than on other occasions, are ill-informed respecting the last years of his life. In the discussions on the Commercial Treaty with the court of Versailles, on the Regency, on the French Revolution, he showed even more virulence than in conducting the impeachment. Indeed it may be remarked, that the very persons who represented him as a mischievous maniac for condemning in burning words the Rohilla war, and the spoliation of the Begums, exalted him into an inspired prophet as soon as he began to declaim, with greater vehemence, and not with greater reason, against the taking of the Bastile, and the insults offered to Marie-Antoinette. To us he appears to have been neither a maniac in the former case, nor a prophet in the latter; but in both cases a great and good man, led into extravagance by a tempestuous sensibility, which domineered over all his faculties.

It may be doubted whether the personal antipathy of Francis, or the nobler indignation of Burke, would have led their party to adopt extreme measures against Hastings, if his own conduct had been judicious. He should have felt that, great as his public services had been, he was not faultless; and should have been content to make his escape, without aspiring to the honours of a triumph. He and his agent took a different view. They were impatient for the rewards which, as they conceived, were deferred only till Burke's attack should be over. They accordingly resolved to force a decisive action with an enemy, for whom, had they been wise, they would have made a bridge of gold. On the first day of the session of 1786, Major Scott reminded Burke of the notice given in the preceding year, and asked whether it was seriously intended to bring any charge against the late Governor-General. This challenge left no course open to the opposition, except to come forward as accusers, or to acknowledge themselves calumniators. The administration of Hastings had not been so blameless, nor was the great party of Fox and North so feeble, that it could be prudent to venture on so bold a defiance. The leaders of the opposition instantly returned the only answer which they could with honour return; and the whole party was irrevocably pledged to a prosecution.

Burke began his operations by applying for Papers. Some of the documents for which he asked were refused by the ministers, who, in the debate, held language such as strongly confirmed the prevailing opinion, that they intended to support Hastings. In April, the charges were laid on the table. They had been drawn up by Burke with great ability, though in a form too much resembling that of a pamphlet. Hastings was furnished with a copy of the accusation; and it was intimated to him, that he might, if he thought fit, be heard in his own defence at the bar of the Commons.

Here again Hastings was pursued by the same fatality which had attended him ever since the day when he set foot on English ground. It seemed to be decreed that this

man, so politic and so successful in the East, should commit nothing but blunders in Europe. Any judicious adviser would have told him that the best thing which he could do would be to make an eloquent, forcible, and affecting oration at the bar of the House; but that, if he could not trust himself to speak, but found it necessary to read, he ought to be as concise as possible. Audiences accustomed to extemporaneous debating of the highest excellence, are always impatient of long written compositions. Hastings, however, sat down as he would have done at the Government-house in Bengal, and prepared a paper of immense length. That paper, if recorded on the consultations of an Indian administration, would have been justly praised as a very able minute, but it was now out of place. It fell flat, as the best written defence must have fallen flat, on an assembly accustomed to the animated and strenuous conflicts of Pitt and Fox. The members, as soon as their curiosity about the face and demeanor of so eminent a stranger was satisfied, walked away to dinner, and left Hastings to tell his story till midnight to the clerks and the sergeant-at-arms.

All preliminary steps having been duly taken, Burke, in the beginning of June, brought forward the charge relating to the Rohilla war. He acted discreetly in placing this accusation in the van; for Dundas had moved, and the house had adopted a resolution, condemning, in the most severe terms, the policy followed by Hastings with regard to Rohilcund. Dundas had little, or rather nothing, to say in defence of his own consistency; but he put a bold face on the matter, and opposed the motion. Among other things, he declared that, though he still thought the Rohilla war unjustifiable, he considered the services which Hastings had subsequently rendered to the state as sufficient to atone even for so great an offence. Pitt did not speak, but voted with Dundas; and Hastings was absolved by a hundred and nineteen votes against sixty-seven.

Hastings was now confident of victory. It seemed, indeed, that he had reason to be so. The Rohilla war was, of all his measures, that which his accusers might with the greatest advantage assail. It had been condemned by the Court of Directors. It had been condemned by the House of Commons. It had been condemned by Mr. Dundas, who had since become the chief minister of the Crown for Indian affairs. Yet Burke, having chosen the strong ground, had been completely defeated on it. That, having failed here, he should succeed on any point, was generally thought impossible. It was rumoured at the clubs and coffee-houses, that one, or perhaps two more charges would be brought forward; that if, on those charges, the sense of the House of Commons should be against impeachment, the opposition would let the matter drop; that Hastings would be immediately raised to the peerage, decorated with the star of the Bath, sworn of the privy council, and invited to lend the assistance of his talents and experience to the India board. Lord Thurlow indeed, some months before, had spoken with contempt of the scruples which prevented Pitt from calling Hastings to the House of Lords; and had even said that if the Chancellor of the Exchequer was afraid of the Commons, there was nothing to prevent the keeper of the Great Seal from taking the royal pleasure about a patent of peerage. The very title was chosen. Hastings was to be Lord Daylesford. For, through all changes of scene, and changes of fortune, remained unchanged his attachment to the spot which had witnessed the greatness and the fall of his family, and which had borne so great a part in the first dreams of his young ambition.

But in a very few days these fair prospects were overcast. On the 13th of June, Mr. Fox brought forward, with great ability and eloquence, the charge respecting the treatment of Cheyte Sing. Francis followed on the same side. The friends of Hastings were in high spirits when Pitt rose. With his usual abundance and felicity of language, the minister gave his opinion on the case. He maintained that the Governor-General was justified in calling on the Rajah of Benares for pecuniary assistance, and in imposing a fine when that assistance was contumaciously withheld. He also thought that the conduct of the Governor-General during the insurrection, had been distinguished by ability and presence of mind. He censured, with great bitterness, the conduct of Francis, both in India and in Parliament, as most dishonest and malignant. The necessary inference from Pitt's arguments seemed to be, that Hastings ought to be honourably acquitted; and both the friends and the opponents of the minister expected from him a declaration to that effect. To the astonishment of all parties, he concluded by saying, that though he thought it right in Hastings to fine Cheyte Sing for contumacy, yet the amount of the fine was too great for the occasion. On this ground, and on this ground alone, did Mr. Pitt, applauding every other part

of the conduct of Hastings with regard to Benares, declare that he should vote in favour of Mr. Fox's motion.

The house was thunderstruck; and it well might be so. For the wrong done to Cheyte Sing, even had it been as flagitious as Fox and Francis contended, was a trifle when compared with the horrors which had been inflicted on Rohilcund. But if Mr. Pitt's view of the case of Cheyte Sing were correct, there was no ground at all for an impeachment, or even for a vote of censure. If the offence of Hastings was really no more than this, that having a right to impose a mulct, the amount of which mulct was not defined, but was left to be settled by his discretion, he had, not for his own advantage, but for that of the state, demanded too much — was this an offence which required a criminal proceeding of the highest solemnity; a criminal proceeding, to which, during sixty years, no public functionary had been subjected? We can see, we think, in what way a man of sense and integrity might have been induced to take any course respecting Hastings, except the course which Mr. Pitt took. Such a man might have thought a great example necessary, for the preventing of injustice, and for the vindicating of the national honour; and might, on that ground, have voted for impeachment both on the Rohilla charge, and on the Benares charge. Such a man might have thought that the offences of Hastings had been atoned for by great services, and might, on that ground, have voted against the impeachment on both charges. With great diffidence, we give it as our opinion, that the most correct course would, on the whole, have been to impeach on the Rohilla charge, and to acquit on the Benares charge. Had the Benares charge appeared to us in the same light in which it appeared to Mr. Pitt, we should, without hesitation, have voted for acquittal on that charge. The one course which it is inconceivable that any man of a tenth part of Mr. Pitt's abilities can have honestly taken, was the course which he took. He acquitted Hastings on the Rohilla charge. He softened down the Benares charge till it became no charge at all; and then he pronounced that it contained matter for impeachment.

Nor must it be forgotten, that the principal reason assigned by the ministry for not impeaching Hastings on account of the Rohilla war was, that the delinquencies of the early part of his administration had been atoned for by the excellence of the later part. Was it not most extraordinary, that men who had held this language could afterwards vote that the later part of his administration furnished matter for no less than twenty articles of impeachment? They first contended that the conduct of Hastings in 1780 and 1781 was so highly meritorious, that, like works of supererogation in the Catholic theology, it ought to be efficacious for the cancelling of former offences; and they then prosecuted him for his conduct in 1780 and 1781.

The general astonishment was the greater, because, only twenty-four hours before, the members on whom the minister could depend had received the usual notes from the treasury, begging them to be in their places and to vote against Mr. Fox's motion. It was asserted by Mr. Hastings, that early on the morning of the very day on which the debate took place, Dundas called on Pitt, woke him, and was closeted with him many hours. The result of this conference was a determination to give up the late Governor-General to the vengeance of the opposition. It was impossible even for the most powerful minister to carry all his followers with him in so strange a course. Several persons high in office, the Attorney-General, Mr. Grenville, and Lord Mulgrave, voted against Mr. Pitt. But the devoted adherents who stood by the head of the government without asking questions, were sufficiently numerous to turn the scale. A hundred and nineteen members voted for Mr. Fox's motion; seventy-nine against it. Dundas silently followed Pitt.

That good and great man, the late William Wilberforce, often related the events of this remarkable night. He described the amazement of the House, and the bitter reflections which were muttered against the Prime Minister by some of the habitual supporters of the government. Pitt himself appeared to feel that his conduct required some explanation. He left the treasury bench, sat for some time by Mr. Wilberforce, and very earnestly declared that he had found it impossible, as a man of conscience, to stand any longer by Hastings. The business, he said, was too bad. Mr. Wilberforce, we are bound to add, fully believed that his friend was sincere; and that the suspicions to which this mysterious affair gave rise, were altogether unfounded.

Those suspicions, indeed, were such as it is painful to mention. The friends of Hastings, most of whom, it is to be observed, generally supported the administration, affirmed that the motive of Pitt and Dun-

das was jealousy. Hastings was personally a favourite with the King. He was the idol of the East India Company, and of its servants. If he were absolved by the Commons, seated among the Lords, admitted to the Board of Control, closely allied with the strong-minded and imperious Thurlow, was it not almost certain that he would soon draw to himself the entire management of Eastern affairs? Was it not possible that he might become a formidable rival in the cabinet? It had probably got abroad that very singular communications had taken place between Thurlow and Major Scott; and that, if the first Lord of the Treasury was afraid to recommend Hastings for a peerage, the Chancellor was ready to take the responsibility of that step on himself. Of all ministers, Pitt was the least likely to submit with patience to such an encroachment on his functions. If the Commons impeached Hastings, all danger was at an end. The proceeding, however it might terminate, would probably last some years. In the mean time, the accused person would be excluded from honours and public employments, and could scarcely venture even to pay his duty at court. Such were the motives attributed, by a great part of the public, to the young minister whose ruling passion was generally believed to be avarice of power.

The prorogation soon interrupted the discussions respecting Hastings. In the following year, those discussions were resumed. The charge touching the spoliation of the Begums was brought forward by Sheridan, in a speech which was so imperfectly reported that it may be said to be wholly lost; but which was without doubt, the most elaborately brilliant of all the productions of his ingenious mind. The impression which it produced was such as has never been equalled. He sat down, not merely amidst cheering, but amidst the loud clapping of hands, in which the Lords below the bar, and the strangers in the gallery, joined. The excitement of the House was such that no other speaker could obtain a hearing, and the debate was adjourned. The impression made by this remarkable display of eloquence on severe and experienced critics, whose discernment may be supposed to have been quickened by emulation, was deep and permanent. Mr. Windham, twenty years later, said that the speech deserved all its fame, and was, in spite of some faults of taste, such as were seldom wanting either in the literary or in the parliamentary performances of Sheridan, the greatest that had been delivered within the memory of man. Mr. Fox, about the same time, being asked by the late Lord Holland what was the best speech ever made in the House of Commons, assigned the first place, without hesitation, to the great oration of Sheridan on the Oude charge.

When the debate was resumed, the tide ran so strongly against the accused, that his friends were coughed and scraped down. Pitt declared himself for Sheridan's motion; and the question was carried by a hundred and seventy-five votes against sixty-eight.

The opposition, flushed with victory, and strongly supported by the public sympathy, proceeded to bring forward a succession of charges relating chiefly to pecuniary transactions. The friends of Hastings were discouraged, and, having now no hope of being able to avert an impeachment, were not very strenuous in their exertions. At length the House, having agreed to twenty articles of charge, directed Burke to go before the Lords, and to impeach the late Governor-General of High Crimes and Misdemeanours. Hastings was at the same time arrested by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and carried to the bar of the Peers.

The session was now within ten days of its close. It was, therefore, impossible that any progress could be made in the trial till the next year. Hastings was admitted to bail; and further proceedings were postponed till the Houses should re-assemble.

When Parliament met in the following winter, the Commons proceeded to elect a committee for managing the impeachment. Burke stood at the head, and with him were associated most of the leading members of the opposition. But when the name of Francis was read, a fierce contention arose It was said that Francis and Hastings were notoriously on bad terms; that they had been at feud during many years; that on one occasion their mutual aversion had impelled them to seek each other's lives; and that it would be improper and indelicate to select a private enemy to be a public accuser. It was urged on the other side with great force, particularly by Mr. Windham, that impartiality, though the first duty of a judge, had never been reckoned among the qualities of an advocate; that in the ordinary administration of criminal justice in England, the aggrieved party, the very last person who ought to be admitted into the jury-box, is the prosecutor; that what was wanted in a manager was, not that he should be free from bias, but that he should be energetic, able, well-informed, and ac-

tive. The ability and information of Francis were admitted; and the very animosity with which he was reproached, whether a virtue or a vice, was at least a pledge for his energy and activity. It seems difficult to refute these arguments. But the inveterate hatred borne by Francis to Hastings had excited general disgust. The house decided that Francis should not be a manager. Pitt voted with the majority; Dundas with the minority.

In the meantime, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of the constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty Kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-Arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy Lords, three-fourths of the Upper House, as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way — Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated around the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and when, before a senate which had still some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition — a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation; but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which

quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

The Sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect; — a high and intellectual forehead; — a brow pensive, but not gloomy; — a mouth of inflexible decision; — a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the great picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*; — such was the aspect with which the great pro-consul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession, — the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief-Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief-justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer, who, nearly twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-chancellor and master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence, was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood, contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There stood Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes, and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers; but in aptitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age — his form developed by every manly exercise — his face beaming with intelligence and spirit — the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in parliament. No advantage of fortune or connexion was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honour. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone — culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigour of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. This ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been, by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings of the court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectation of the audience, he described the

character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated; and set forth the constitution of the Company, and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration even from the stern and hostile Chancellor; and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded — 'Therefore,' said he, 'hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!'

When the deep murmur of various emotions had subsided, Mr. Fox rose to address the Lords respecting the course of proceeding to be followed. The wish of the accusers was, that the Court would bring to a close the investigation of the first charge before the second was opened. The wish of Hastings and of his counsel was, that the managers should open all the charges, and produce all the evidence for the prosecution, before the defence began. The Lords retired to their own house, to consider the question. The Chancellor took the side of Hastings. Lord Loughborough, who was now in opposition, supported the demand of the managers. The division showed which way the inclination of the tribunal leaned. A majority of near three to one decided in favour of the course for which Hastings contended.

When the Court sat again, Mr. Fox, assisted by Mr. Grey, opened the charge respecting Cheyte Sing, and several days were spent in reading papers and hearing witnesses. The next article was that relating to the Princesses of Oude. The conduct of this part of the case was intrusted to Sheridan. The curiosity of the public to hear him was unbounded. His sparkling and highly-finished declamation lasted two days; but the Hall was crowded to suffocation during the whole time. It was said that fifty guineas had been paid for a single ticket. Sheridan, when he concluded, contrived, with a knowledge of stage-effect which his father might have envied, to sink back, as if exhausted, into the arms of Burke, who hugged him with the energy of generous admiration!

June was now far advanced. The session could not last much longer, and the progress which had been made in the impeachment was not very satisfactory. There were twenty charges. On two only of these had even the case for the prosecution been heard: and it was now a year since Hastings had been admitted to bail.

The interest taken by the public in the trial was great when the Court began to sit, and rose to the height when Sheridan spoke on the charge relating to the Begums. From that time the excitement went down fast. The spectacle had lost the attraction of novelty. The great displays of rhetoric were over. What was behind was not of a nature to entice men of letters from their books in the morning, or to tempt ladies who had left the masquerade at two, to be out of bed before eight. There remained examinations and cross-examinations. There remained statements of accounts. There remained the reading of papers, filled with words unintelligible to English ears — with lacs and crores, zemindars and aumils, sunnuds and perwannahs, jaghires and nuzzurs. There remained bickerings, not always carried on with the best taste, or with the best temper, between the managers of the impeachment and the council for the defence, particularly between Mr. Burke and Mr. Law. There remained the endless marches and countermarches of the Peers between their house and the Hall: for as often as a point of law was to be discussed, their lordships retired to discuss it apart; and the consequence was, as the late Lord Stanhope wittily said, that the judges walked and the trial stood still.

It is to be added, that in the spring of

1788, when the trial commenced, no important question, either of domestic or foreign policy, excited the public mind. The proceeding in Westminster Hall, therefore, naturally excited most of the attention of Parliament and of the public. It was the one great event of that season. But in the following year, the King's illness, the debates on the Regency, the expectation of a change of Ministry, completely diverted public attention from Indian affairs; and within a fortnight after George the Third had returned thanks in St. Paul's for his recovery, the States-General of France met at Versailles. In the midst of the agitation produced by these events, the impeachment was for a time almost forgotten.

The trial in the Hall went on languidly. In the session of 1788, when the proceedings had the interest of novelty, and when the Peers had little other business before them, only thirty-five days were given to the impeachment. In 1789, the Regency Bill occupied the Upper House till the session was far advanced. When the King recovered, the circuits were beginning. The judges left town; the Lords waited for the return of the oracles of jurisprudence; and the consequence was, that during the whole year only seventeen days were given to the case of Hastings. It was clear that the matter would be protracted to a length unprecedented in the annals of criminal law.

In truth, it is impossible to deny that impeachment, though it is a fine ceremony, and though it may have been useful in the seventeenth century, is not a proceeding from which much good can now be expected. Whatever confidence may be placed in the decisions of the Peers on an appeal arising out of ordinary litigation, it is certain that no man has the least confidence in their impartiality, when a great public functionary, charged with a great state crime, is brought to their bar. They are all politicians. There is hardly one among them, whose vote on an impeachment may not be confidently predicted before a witness has been examined, and even were it possible to rely on their justice, they would still be quite unfit to try such a cause as that of Hastings. They sit only during half the year. They have to transact much legislative and much judicial business. The law-lords, whose advice is required to guide the unlearned majority, are employed daily in administering justice elsewhere. It is impossible, therefore, that during a busy session, the Upper House should give more than a few days to an impeachment. To expect that their Lordships would give up partridge-shooting, in order to bring the greatest delinquent to speedy justice, or to relieve accused innocence by speedy acquittal, would be unreasonable indeed. A well-constituted tribunal, sitting regularly six days in the week, and nine hours in the day, would have finished the trial of Hastings in less than three months. The Lords had not finished their work in seven years.

The result ceased to be matter of doubt, from the time when the Lords resolved that they would be guided by the rules of evidence which are received in the inferior courts of the realm. Those rules, it is well known, exclude much information which would be quite sufficient to determine the conduct of any reasonable man, in the most important transactions of private life. Those rules, at every assizes, save scores of culprits, whom judges, jury, and spectators, firmly believe to be guilty. But when those rules were rigidly applied to offences committed many years before, at the distance of many thousand miles, conviction was, of course, out of the question. We do not blame the accused and his counsel for availing themselves of every legal advantage in order to obtain an acquittal. But it is clear that an acquittal so obtained cannot be pleaded in bar of the judgment of history.

Several attempts were made by the friends of Hastings to put a stop to the trial. In 1789 they proposed a vote of censure upon Burke, for some violent language which he had used respecting the death of Nuncomar, and the connection between Hastings and Impey. Burke was then unpopular in the last degree both with the house and with the country. The asperity and indecency of some expressions which he had used during the debates on the Regency, had annoyed even his warmest friends. The vote of censure was carried, and those who had moved it hoped that the managers would resign in disgust. Burke was deeply hurt. But his zeal for what he considered as the cause of justice and mercy triumphed over his personal feelings. He received the censure of the house with dignity and meekness, and declared that no personal mortification or humiliation should induce him to flinch from the sacred duty which he had undertaken.

In the following year, the Parliament was dissolved; and the friends of Hastings entertained a hope that the new House of Commons might not be disposed to go on with the impeachment. They began by maintaining that the whole proceeding was

terminated by the dissolution. Defeated on this point, they made a direct motion that the impeachment should be dropped; but they were defeated by the combined forces of the government and the opposition. It was, however, resolved that, for the sake of expedition, many of the articles should be withdrawn. In truth, had not some such measure been adopted, the trial would have lasted till the defendant was in his grave.

At length, in the spring of 1795, the decision was pronounced, nearly eight years after Hastings had been brought by the sergeant-at-arms of the Commons to the bar of the Lords. On the last day of this great procedure, the public curiosity, long suspended, seemed to be revived. Anxiety about the judgment there could be none; for it had been fully ascertained that there was a great majority for the defendant. But many wished to see the pageant, and the hall was as much crowded as on the first day. But those who, having been present on the first day, now bore a part in the proceedings of the last, were few, and most of those few were altered men.

As Hastings himself said, the arraignment had taken place before one generation, and the judgment was pronounced by another. The spectator could not look at the woolsack, or at the red benches of the Peers, or at the green benches of the Commons, without seeing something that reminded him of the instability of all human things; — of the instability of power and fame and life, of the more lamentable instability of friendship. The great seal was borne before Lord Loughborough, who, when the trial commenced, was a fierce opponent of Mr. Pitt's government, and who was now a member of that government; while Thurlow, who presided in the court when it first sat, estranged from all his old allies, sat scowling among the junior barons. Of a hundred and sixty nobles who walked in the procession on the first day, sixty had been laid in their family vaults. Still more affecting must have been the sight of the managers' box. What had become of that fair fellowship, so closely bound together by public and private ties, so resplendent with every talent and accomplishment? It had been scattered by calamities more bitter than the bitterness of death. The great chiefs were still living, and still in the full vigour of their genius. But their friendship was at an end. It had been violently and publicly dissolved with tears and stormy reproaches. If those men, once so dear to each other, were now compelled to meet for the purpose of managing the impeachment, they met as strangers whom public business had brought together, and behaved to each other with cold and distant civility. Burke had in his vortex whirled away Windham, Fox had been followed by Sheridan and Grey.

Only twenty-nine Peers voted. Of these only six found Hastings guilty, on the charges relating to Cheyte Sing and to the Begums. On other charges, the majority in his favour was still greater. On some, he was unanimously absolved. He was then called to the bar, informed from the woolsack that the Lords had acquitted him, and solemnly discharged. He bowed respectfully, and retired.

We have said that the decision had been fully expected. It was also generally approved. At the commencement of the trial there had been a strong and indeed unreasonable feeling against Hastings. At the close of the trial, there was a feeling equally strong and equally unreasonable in his favour. One cause of the change was, no doubt, what is commonly called the fickleness of the multitude, but what seems to us to be merely the general law of human nature. Both in individuals and in masses violent excitement is always followed by remission, and often by reaction. We are all inclined to depreciate whatever we have overpraised; and, on the other hand, to show undue indulgence where we have shown undue rigour. It was thus in the case of Hastings. The length of his trial, moreover, made him an object of compassion. It was thought, and not without reason, that, even if he was guilty, he was still an ill-used man, and that an impeachment of eight years was more than a sufficient punishment. It was also felt that, though in the ordinary course of criminal law, a defendant is not allowed to set off his good actions against his crimes, a great political cause should be tried on different principles; and that a man who had governed a great country during thirteen years might have done some very reprehensible things, and yet might be on the whole deserving of rewards and honours rather than of fine and imprisonment. The Press, an instrument neglected by the prosecutors, was used by Hastings and his friends with great effect. Every ship, too, that arrived from Madras or Bengal brought a cuddy full of his admirers. Every gentleman from India spoke of the late Governor-General as having deserved better, and having been treated worse, than any man living. The effect of this testimony, unanimously given by all persons who knew the East, was naturally

very great. Retired members of the Indian services, civil and military, were settled in all corners of the kingdom. Each of them was, of course, in his own little circle regarded as an oracle on an Indian question; and they were, with scarcely one exception, the zealous advocates of Hastings. It is to be added, that the numerous addresses to the late Governor-General, which his friends in Bengal obtained from the natives and transmitted to England, made a considerable impression. To these addresses we attach little or no importance. That Hastings was beloved by the people whom he governed is true; but the eulogies of pundits, zemindars, Mahommedan doctors, do not prove it to be true. For an English collector or judge would have found it easy to induce any native who could write, to sign a panegyric on the most odious ruler that ever was in India. it was said that at Benares, the very place at which the acts set forth in the first article of impeachment had been committed, the natives had erected a temple to Hastings; and this story excited a strong sensation in England. Burke's observations on the apotheosis were admirable. He saw no reason for astonishment, he said, in the incident which had been represented as so striking. He knew something of the mythology of the Brahmins. He knew that, as they worshipped some gods from love, so they worshipped others from fear. He knew that they erected shrines, not only to the benignant deities of light and plenty, but also to the fiends who preside over small-pox and murder. Nor did he at all dispute the claim of Mr. Hastings to be admitted into such a Pantheon. This reply has always struck us as one of the finest that ever was made in Parliament. It is a grave and forcible argument, decorated by the most brilliant wit and fancy.

Hastings was, however, safe. But, in everything except character, he would have been far better off, if, when first impeached, he had at once pleaded guilty, and paid a fine of fifty thousand pounds. He was a ruined man. The legal expenses of his defence had been enormous. The expenses which did not appear in his attorney's bill were perhaps larger still. Great sums had been paid to Major Scott. Great sums had been laid out in bribing newspapers, rewarding pamphleteers, and circulating tracts. Burke, so early as 1790, declared in the House of Commons that twenty thousand pounds had been employed in corrupting the press. It is certain that no controversial weapon, from the gravest reasoning to the coarsest ribaldry, was left unemployed. Logan, in prose, defended the accused Governor with great ability. For the lovers of verse, the speeches of the managers were burlesqued in Simpkin's letters. It is, we are afraid, indisputable that Hastings stooped so low as to court the aid of that malignant and filthy baboon, John Williams, who called himself Anthony Pasquin. It was necessary to subsidize such allies largely. The private hoards of Mrs. Hastings had disappeared. It is said that the banker to whom they had been intrusted had failed. Still, if Hastings had practised strict economy, he would, after all his losses, have had a moderate competence; but in the management of his private affairs he was imprudent. The dearest wish of his heart had always been to regain Daylesford. At length, in the very year in which his trial commenced, the wish was accomplished; and the domain, alienated more than seventy years before, returned to the descendant of its old lords. But the manor-house was a ruin; and the grounds round it had, during many years, been utterly neglected. Hastings proceeded to build, to plant, to form a sheet of water, to excavate a grotto; and, before he was dismissed from the bar of the House of Lords, he had expended more than forty thousand pounds in adorning his seat.

The general feeling both of the directors and of the proprietors of the East India Company was, that he had great claims on them, that his services to them had been eminent, and that his misfortunes had been the effect of his zeal for their interests. His friends in Leadenhall Street proposed to reimburse him for the costs of his trial, and to settle on him an annuity of five thousand pounds a year. But the consent of the Board of Control was required; and at the head of the Board of Control was Mr. Dundas, who had himself been a party to the impeachment, who had, on that account, been reviled with great bitterness by the partisans of Hastings, and who, therefore, was not in a very complying mood. He refused to consent to what the Directors suggested. The Directors remonstrated. A long controversy followed. Hastings, in the mean time, was reduced to such distress, that he could hardly pay his weekly bills. At length a compromise was made. An annuity of four thousand a year was settled on Hastings; and, in order to enable him to meet pressing demands, he was to receive ten years' annuity in advance. The Company was also permitted to lend him

fifty thousand pounds, to be repaid by instalments, without interest. This relief, though given in the most absurd manner, was sufficient to enable the retired governor to live in comfort, and even in luxury, if he had been a skilful manager. But he was careless and profuse, and was more than once under the necessity of applying to the Company for assistance, which was liberally given.

He had security and affluence, but not the power and dignity, which, when he landed from India, he had reason to expect. He had then looked forward to a coronet, a red riband, a seat at the Council Board, an office at Whitehall. He was then only fifty-two, and might hope for many years of bodily and mental vigour. The case was widely different when he left the bar of the Lords. He was now too old a man to turn his mind to a new class of studies and duties. He had no chance of receiving any mark of royal favour while Mr. Pitt remained in power; and, when Mr. Pitt retired, Hastings was approaching his seventieth year.

Once, and only once, after his acquittal, he interfered in politics, and that interference was not much to his honour. In 1804, he exerted himself strenuously to prevent Mr. Addington, against whom Fox and Pitt had combined, from resigning the Treasury. It is difficult to believe that a man so able and energetic as Hastings, can have thought that, when Bonaparte was at Boulogne with a great army, the defence of our island could safely be intrusted to a ministry which did not contain a single person whom flattery could describe as a great statesman. It is also certain that, on the important question which had raised Mr. Addington to power, and on which he differed from both Fox and Pitt, Hastings, as might have been expected, agreed with Fox and Pitt, and was decidedly opposed to Addington. Religious intolerance has never been the vice of the Indian service, and certainly was not the vice of Hastings. But Mr. Addington had treated him with marked favour. Fox had been a principal manager of the impeachment. To Pitt it was owing that there had been an impeachment; and Hastings, we fear, was on this occasion guided by personal considerations, rather than by a regard to the public interest.

The last twenty-four years of his life were chiefly passed at Daylesford. He amused himself with embellishing his grounds, riding fine Arab horses, fattening prize-cattle, and trying to rear Indian animals and vegetables in England. He sent for seeds of a very fine custard-apple, from the garden of what had once been his own villa, among the green hedgerows of Allipore. He tried also to naturalize in Worcestershire the delicious leechee, almost the only fruit of Bengal, which deserves to be regretted even amidst the plenty of Covent-Garden. The Mogul emperors, in the time of their greatness, had in vain attempted to introduce into Hindostan the goat of the table-land of Thibet, whose down supplies the looms of Cashmere with the materials of the finest shawls. Hastings tried, with no better fortune, to rear a breed at Daylesford; nor does he seem to have succeeded better with the cattle of Bootan, whose tails are in high esteem as the best fans for brushing away the musquitoes.

Literature divided his attention with his conservatories and his menagerie. He had always loved books, and they were now necessary to him. Though not a poet, in any high sense of the word, he wrote neat and polished lines with great facility, and was fond of exercising this talent. Indeed, if we must speak out, he seems to have been more of a Trissotin than was to be expected from the powers of his mind, and from the great part which he had played in life. We are assured in these Memoirs, that the first thing which he did in the morning was to compose a copy of verses. When the family and guests assembled, the poem made its appearance as regularly as the eggs and rolls; and Mr. Gleig requires us to believe that, if from any accident Hastings came to the breakfast-table without one of his charming performances in his hand, the omission was felt by all as a grievous disappointment. Tastes differ widely. For ourselves we must say that, however good the breakfasts at Daylesford may have been — and we are assured that the tea was of the most aromatic flavour, and that neither tongue nor venison-pasty was wanting — we should have thought the reckoning high if we had been forced to earn our repast by listening every day to a new madrigal or sonnet composed by our host. We are glad, however, that Mr. Gleig has preserved this little feature of character, though we think it by no means a beauty. It is good to be often reminded of the inconsistency of human nature; and to learn to look without wonder or disgust on the weaknesses which are found in the strongest minds. Dionysius in old times, Frederic in the last century, with capacity and vigour equal to the conduct of the greatest affairs, united all the little van-

ities and affectations of provincial blue-stockings. These great examples may console the admirers of Hastings for the affliction of seeing him reduced to the level of the Hayleys and the Sewards.

When Hastings had passed many years in retirement, and had long outlived the common age of men, he again became for a short time an object of general attention. In 1813 the charter of the East India Company was renewed; and much discussion about Indian affairs took place in Parliament. It was determined to examine witnesses at the bar of the Commons, and Hastings was ordered to attend. He had appeared at that bar once before. It was when he read his answer to the charges which Burke had laid on the table. Since that time twenty-seven years had elapsed; public feeling had undergone a complete change; the nation had now forgotten his faults, and remembered only his services. The re-appearance, too, of a man who had been among the most distinguished of a generation that had passed away, who now belonged to history, and who seemed to have risen from the dead, could not but produce a solemn and pathetic effect. The Commons received him with acclamations, ordered a chair to be set for him, and, when he retired, rose and uncovered. There were, indeed, a few who did not sympathize with the general feeling. One or two of the managers of the impeachment were present. They sate in the same seats which they had occupied when they had been thanked for the services which they had rendered in Westminster Hall; for, by the courtesy of the house, a member who has been thanked in his place, is considered as having a right always to occupy that place. These gentlemen were not disposed to admit that they had employed several of the best years of their lives in persecuting an innocent man. They accordingly kept their seats, and pulled their hats over their brows; but the exceptions only made the prevailing enthusiasm more remarkable. The Lords received the old man with similar tokens of respect. The University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctors of Laws; and, in the Sheldonian theatre, the under-graduates welcomed him with tumultuous cheering.

These marks of public esteem were soon followed by marks of the favour of the crown. Hastings was sworn of the Privy Council, and was admitted to a long private audience of the Prince Regent, who treated him very graciously. When the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia visited England, Hastings appeared in their train both at Oxford and in the Guildhall of London: and, though surrounded by a crowd of princes and great warriors, was everywhere received by the public with marks of respect and admiration. He was presented by the Prince Regent both to Alexander and to Frederic William; and his Royal Highness went so far as to declare in public, that honours far higher than a seat in the Privy Council were due, and should soon be paid, to the man who had saved the British dominions in Asia. Hastings now confidently expected a peerage; but, from some unexplained cause, he was again disappointed.

He lived about four years longer, in the enjoyment of good spirits, of faculties not impaired to any painful or degrading extent, and of health such as is rarely enjoyed by those who attain such an age. At length, on the 22d of August, 1818, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, he met death with the same tranquil and decorous fortitude which he had opposed to all the trials of his varied and eventful life.

With all his faults — and they were neither few nor small — only one cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the Great Abbey which has for ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall, the dust of the illustrious accused should have been mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers. This was not to be. Yet the place of interment was not ill chosen. Behind the chancel of the parish-church of Daylesford, in earth which already held the bones of many chiefs of the house of Hastings, was laid the coffin of the greatest man who has ever borne that ancient and widely extended name. On that very spot probably, fourscore years before, the little Warren, meanly clad and scantily fed, had played with the children of ploughmen. Even then his young mind had revolved plans which might be called romantic. Yet, however romantic, it is not likely that they had been so strange as the truth. Not only had the poor orphan retrieved the fallen fortunes of his line. Not only had he repurchased the old lands, and rebuilt the old dwelling. He had preserved and extended an empire. He had founded a polity. He had administered government and war with more than the capacity of Richelieu; and had patronized learning with the judicious liberality of Cosmo. He had

been attacked by the most formidable combination of enemies that ever sought the destruction of a single victim; and over that combination, after a struggle of ten years, he had triumphed. He had at length gone down to his grave in the fulness of age — in peace, after so many troubles; in honour, after so much obloquy.

Those who look on his character without favour or malevolence will pronounce that, in the two great elements of all social virtue, — in respect for the rights of others, and in sympathy for the sufferings of others, — he was deficient. His principles were somewhat lax. His heart was somewhat hard. But while we cannot with truth describe him either as a righteous or as a merciful ruler, we cannot regard without admiration the amplitude and fertility of his intellect — his rare talents for command, for administration and for controversy — his dauntless courage — his honourable poverty — his fervent zeal for the interests of the state — his noble equanimity, tried by both extremes of fortune, and never disturbed by either.

From the London Review.

THE HEBREW BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.*

CENTURIES ago, a monk was making a catalogue of the books contained in the library of his convent. Over the greater part of the volumes which came before him, he lingered lovingly, but whenever, at distant intervals, he met with a Hebrew book, he dismissed it at once in utter disgust, condensing its record into the brief notice, "Here is yet another book beginning at the end." It is in a very different spirit to this that the work now before us has been composed. It is a catalogue of the Hebrew books contained in the British Museum, which form, we are assured on excellent authority, the largest Hebrew library in the world, and it has been compiled with a zealous industry deserving of the highest praise, by one of the most erudite Hebraists of the day. The Trustees of the British Museum may well be congratulated on having been able, without going beyond their immediate staff, to command the services of so thorough a scholar as Mr. Zedner, and thereby to secure the production of a work which reflects the greatest credit upon the resources of the noble institution over which they rule.

England has not of late years produced many distinguished Hebraists, but it can boast of the two finest collections of Hebrew books in the world. For a long time that of the Bodleian library was without a rival. A number of favourable circumstances had contributed to its pre-eminence. From the year 1659, in which it obtained the numerous works collected by the learned Selden, it continued increasing till at last, in 1829, it was enabled to surpass all its competitors by the incorporation of the collection formed by David Oppenheimer. That learned man, a Rabbi of Prague, made it the object of his life to gather together rich and rare specimens of Jewish literature; but as he lived under the Austrian rule, he feared to keep his treasures near him, and was obliged to allow them to accumulate at a distance. The collection flourished then at Hanover, and after its owner's death, which took place in 1735, it was removed to Hamburg. Eventually, after passing through many vicissitudes of fortune, it was secured in 1829 for the Bodleian. Thither also came De Rossi's fifteenth-century books, and, in 1851, the collection left, after his death, by Auerbach. Well might Steinschneider say that Oxford contained the first of all Hebrew libraries, at the time when he published the two ponderous volumes which are occupied by his singularly discursive catalogue of the contents of that collection.

Since that time, however, the accessions to the library of Hebrew books contained in the British Museum have been so numerous and so extensive, that it now surpasses that of the Bodleian in magnitude. We learn from the interesting preface, which Mr. Winter Jones, the Principal Librarian, has contributed to the present work, that Mr. Zedner has exerted himself as much in creating that branch of our national collection as in cataloguing it, having kept himself on the alert for years in order not to throw away any opportunity of making a valuable purchase, and having hunted out many a curiosity which lay hidden in obscure corners. The result is that the collection which he has now described consists of upwards of 10,100 bound volumes, comprising works in all branches of Hebrew and Rabbinical learning. And to this growth it has attained from a very small beginning. In 1759, when the Museum was first opened to the public, we are told, "the

* Catalogue of the Hebrew Books in the Library of the British Museum. Printed by Order of the Trustees.

'Editio Princeps' of the Talmud was the only Hebrew work it contained, and this included in the Royal library presented to the Museum by King George II." About the same time, a Jewish merchant, named Solomon da Costa, who had come over to England from Holland, made a present to the Museum of 180 volumes, containing the most valuable works of Rabbinnical literature. Nearly ninety years passed, and the collection still only mustered about 600 books. "In 1848, however, 4,420 volumes were purchased from the famous collection of Mr. H. J. Michael, of Hamburg." Since that time fresh acquisitions have constantly been made, the most recent being due to the purchase of a part of the Hebrew library formed by the late Joseph Almanzi, of Padua.

The catalogue comprises not only Hebrew books, but also translations of post-biblical Hebrew works, works in the Arabic, Spanish, German, and other languages printed with Hebrew characters, bibliographical works with special reference to post-biblical literature, catalogues of Hebrew works, and biographies of the authors of Hebrew works; so that it offers a complete key to all who wish to make the most of the treasures contained in our national collection. Of the nature of that collection some idea may be given by the following syllabus of its contents: —

		Vols.
1.	Bibles	1,260
2.	Commentaries on the Bible	510
3.	Talmud	730
4.	Commentaries on the Talmud	700
5.	Codes of Law	1,260
6.	Decisions	520
7.	Midrash	160
8.	Cabala	460
9.	Sermons	400
10.	Liturgies	1,200
11.	Divine Philosophy	690
12.	Scientific Works	180
13.	Grammars and Dictionaries	450
14.	History and Geography	320
15.	Poetry and Criticisms	770

Among these are thirty-eight books "of which no other copy, or only one or two other copies, are known to exist."

All catalogue-making is tedious and thankless work, so many difficulties present themselves during its course, so hard is it to respond to the requirements and satisfy the demands of different classes of students. But the compilation of a catalogue of Hebrew books in an especially troublesome task, one in which the compiler has to struggle with many obstacles, among which may be mentioned the fantastic, and often unmeaning, titles of works, and the fact that books are so often far better known by those titles than by the names of their authors. The poetic nature of an Eastern writer revolts against the prosaic realism of a Western title-page, and he delights in allowing even the exterior of his work to give an idea of the brilliant imagery which illumines its contents. But on the nature of those contents the title too often throws no light. We find, for instance, in the catalogue, four works by certain Isaacs, who have imbedded their names in the Biblical title of "Isaac's Well," the first of which is a volume of sermons, the second contains "Lessons for Sabbatical Reading," the third is a "Sub-commentary, or a Commentary on a Commentary on Aben Ezra;" and the fourth treats of ceremonies. Such titles are generally taken from Scripture, but they are often borrowed from other sources at the author's pleasure, as may be seen in the case of the three works entitled "The Comet," one of which treats of geometry, the second is, "On Morals for Women," and the third is a commentary on the Talmud. Such commentaries, we may remark, are very numerous, more editions of them having been published during the last thirty years than during the previous three hundred, a singular fact, considering that the modern Jews are generally supposed to to give less time to the study of the Talmud than was their wont in former days. Mr. Zedner has arranged the contents of his catalogue under the authors' names in alphabetical order; but in order to meet one of the difficulties to which we have referred, he has given at the end a copious index of titles of books. Another index gives a list of names, Jewish aud Gentile, in Roman and Hebrew characters. A third contains a list of abbreviations the frequency of which is, to inexperienced scholars, so dire a cause of offence, as the uninitiated may imagine from the instance of the celebrated Maimonides, whose name, Rabbi Moses Ben Maimon, is never written out in full, but is represented by the initial letters R. M. B. M., forming the name by which he is generally referred to orally, and which may be written Rambam. The fourth and last index contains a list of places of printing, and is not without interest in itself. A new and improved edition has been lately published of Cotton's "Typographical Gazetteer," but there are numbers of them which are not to be found in it. Many of

them convey very little idea to the ordinary ungeographical mind, such as Berdyczew, Hrubieszow, Ixar, Kura Tshesme, Miedzyrecz, Sudzilkow, and Zytomierz. At some of the places mentioned, in the list, only one book was printed, as for instance, at Tunis and at Casal Maggiore; also at Pieve di Sacco, a spot which derives additional interest from the fact that the second Hebrew book was printed there, if not the first. This book, we are told, has been generally considered to be the second Hebrew book printed, the date of the colophon being nearly five months after that of the Commentary on the Pentateuch by Rabbi Solomon Ben Isaac, extant in Parma, and printed in the same year by Abraham Ben Garton, in Reggio, but De Rossi thinks it really is the first, for it is in four volumes, whereas the other is in one only; the probability, therefore is, that it was commenced first. It is interesting to remark from the names contained in the list of printing-places, how widely spread has been the flow of the Jewish race across the world — Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, are all represented. Australia does not figure in the list at present, but it will probably do so at a future period, for wherever Jews congregate in any number, they usually set up a printing-press of their own. At present, Salonica, Leghorn, and Wilna appear to be the head-quarters of Hebrew printing.

Among other points of interest illustrated in the present catalogue are the translations, the works in other languages printed in Hebrew characters, and those in *patois*. Of translations, numbers have existed from the early times, when the Jews translated the works of the Greek philosophers from the versions of them made by Arabic writers, to the present day, in which the Jewish periodicals abound with renderings of modern writers in all sorts of languages. Thus of works of imagination we find in this catalogue translations of Goethe's "Faust," of a selection from Schiller's and from Byron's poetry, and of Eugene Sue's "Mysteries of Paris," besides many others. Among the Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian Jews, there have been few writers who printed works in those languages in the Hebrew character, but works of a corresponding nature are rife among the Jews of Germany and the whole north of Europe, including Russia and Poland. The Spanish Jews have always represented the aristocracy of their race; the members, for instance, of the congregation of Spanish and Portuguese Jews in London holding very little intercourse in olden times with the German Jews, and until quite lately absolutely refusing to intermarry with them. Of books in the Judæo-German *patois*, the dreadful jargon which passes current over all the north and north-east of Europe, there are numerous specimens in the Museum Library, including no small number of novels and tales, such as translations of the "Arabian Nights," of "Sir Bevis of Southampton," and the like.

There are many other interesting subjects which the catalogue illustrates, as, for instance, that of the satirical productions circulated during the Feast of Purim, in which it is considered allowable to jest upon subjects at all other times held sacred, and to parody writings even of the holiest character; but we have reached the limits of time and space, and all that is now left to us is to conclude with an expression of gratification at finding that in the branch of Hebrew literature, as well as in so many others, our national library stands specially prominent, and that its riches have been rendered available in so excellent a manner to the learned world, thanks to the wise liberality of the Trustees of the British Museum and the untiring industry and profound learning of Mr. Zedner.

From the London Review.

HEROIC LITERATURE.

If we descend the stream of literature from the earliest times to our own, we find that the heroic principle appeared in men's writings just in the same measure as it actuated their lives. When successive Buddhas became incarnate, when Bacchus conquered India with his army of men and women armed with cymbals and thyrsuses, when Odin revealed his heavenly hall, and Thor shook the hearts of the Norse with his thunder; when Orpheus and Homer sang hymns to the gods, — the deification of heroes pervaded every branch of literature, and formed the staple of every work of the imagination. When gods had ceased to become men, and only inspired them; when Miriam, Deborah, and Anna were prophetesses, and Balaam took up his parable; when Baal had his prophets, and Greece its far-famed oracles; when Mahomet fled to Medina, and his followers stamped the idols of nations into the dust, — prophetic verse came into vogue, divine responses were written down from the beaks of Dodona's

doves, and the mouth of Trophonius's cave. Sober men like Herodotus believed them, and said, as he did: — "I shall neither presume to question the authority of oracles myself, nor patiently suffer others to do so." Vedas and prophecies, the Books of Enoch, Jasher, and Esdras, became, as it were, the fashionable study of learned men in the East. Some Mohammedan doctors, we are told, read the Koran 70,000 times; and so close was the alliance between prophecy and poetry, that the poet himself soon stepped into the place of honour which the hero-prophet had filled before him. He was, indeed, a lower sort of hero, yet the great songster was a hero still — a victor in the realms of fancy, returning laden with spoils. The people of Verona said of Dante: — "There is the man that visits heaven, hell, and purgatory, when he pleases." Every poet was then in his measure a Dante, and inspired above his fellows. Petrarchs and Tassos abounded, though they were not all crowned on the Capitol.....

It is all changed now. Even in those countries where saintdom is taken most account of, we are not likely again to see multitudes flocking to the desert to gaze on a "pillar-saint." Our heroes are reduced in size, and multiplied on a smaller scale. Our estimate of the great man is, age after age, contantly diminishing. The heroes of our romances are shorn of mystic proportions; they are men of like passions with ourselves, and differ from ordinary mortals only in the distinctness of their character and the singularity of the circumstances in which they are placed. Modern heroes are not heroic in the ancient sense. We have heroes of the loom, the ploughshare, and the fireside, and such are our favourites. In composition, no less than in society, "the individual withers, and the world grows more and more." Principles, laws, companies, take the place of heroes. We move to our ends *en masse*, nor attempt to accomplish them single-handed. The idyl is superseding the drama, the drama tragedy, and tragedy the epic. Cowper's hero is the happy man "whose warfare is within." Shelley's Adonais was his friend Keats. Tennyson's deepest, tenderest, divinest poem is written on a youth who, but for his immortal elegy, would now be forgotten. Civilization exalts the lowly, depresses the tumid, and levels all. Our tendency is not to heroize, but the reverse. We are slow to admit the greatness of contemporaries. People are apt to say, "perhaps I should think such a one great if I did not know him." It is only when our great men shake off this mortal tabenacle, and drop the accretions of time, that we slowly and reluctantly recognise the heroic halo gathering round them. They will stand a better chance of this if they are great thinkers rather than great actors. What is outward show and pomp compared with inward might? The taste of the age is changing silently. The reflective Wordsworth — once so ridiculed — is gaining ground on the chivalrous Walter Scott as poet, and will perhaps beat him in the long race. Fven the passionate heroes of Byron, with all their fire and tenderness, are dwindling before the more thoughtful creations of the present laureate. Objective poetry, which alone was possible in early ages, still declines, and subjective poetry rises in value. In modern history especially, the heroic tendency of authors is happily modified. Biographies are no longer brimful of fulsome adulation. Our biographers do not as they once did, set out with a resolution to magnify every good quality, and throw a veil over evey bad one. They seek to draw a faithful protrait, or one, at least tolerably like the original. Kings have ceased to be heroes because they wear a crown and wield a sceptre. They are judged, like other men, by their merits, and their Divine right has as little to do with the question as their power of touching for the King's evil. We obey and respect them because they represent the people whom they govern, and execute the laws which their people have framed. The feeling of equality gains ground in proportion as civilization spreads, and it prevades all literature to the detriment of the falsely heroic principle. That principle abides for ever, but it admits of right application and of wrong. We are learning to apply it better than our fathers. We are distinguishing between true heroism and false, and we fancy that we can discover more of it that is real and sterling in the humbler walks and shady vales of life than on the lofty ridges and sunnier slopes. We have a notion that patient suffering and self-sacrifice are heroism of the highest kind; and while we bow before true greatness in every form, we prefer it in its homely and familiar aspects, whether it be described in words or exhibited in deeds.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN INTERVIEW AT MARLBY.

THAT Monday, the thirteenth of October, so eventful in Warwickshire and in Somersetshire, passed not away unheeded by certain of our friends, then abiding in Cambridgeshire. We mean Mr. Dykhart and Mrs. Campion. The more the Vicar considered the surer he felt, that no worthy cause of offence had separated Mr. Campion and his wife. Some strange misunderstanding, or the wicked contriving of some third party, or it might very likely be a combination of the two things, had produced the fatal and long-enduring mischief.

To discover the evil in its cause, and to cure it in its effect; to restore Adela to her husband, and both to their strangely lost child, — had become the hearty desire of Adela's old friend. But her silence on the past stood greatly in his way. He felt himself in this dilemma. He knew not how to shake her resolve of keeping the past a secret, unless by broadly hinting that her compliance might be very important to the well-being of her daughter. At the same time, he shrank from committing himself to the assurance that he had seen and spoken with her daughter, until the mystery which hung over Eva should have been explained away. And who so likely to afford such explanation as Mrs. Campion, if she were herself the mother indeed? Baffled by these entangling obstacles, Mr. Dykhart could only see one way out of them. He must win his friend's further confidence, and lead her on — without hinting what he might disclose in return — to tell him all she knew as to the source and origin of her family misfortunes.

He was not devoid of hope that his own great trouble might in this be an assistance to him. Adela, confessedly owing part of her calamity to some fault, might prefer to confide in some one who knew what remorse was in himself. The very thing which had first carried him to Marlby was a rash act, not quite so guiltless as an accident, which had brought on lasting and painful consequences. Adela was quite aware of all that, and she would naturally expect more sympathy and less censure from one whose life, like her own, was darkened with a shadow of the past. The very presence of the poor imbecile Elwood, whom she beheld every day, would incline her to confide in one who knew, so painfully and so well, what lasting ruin an unguarded moment may originate. Full of this thought, Mr. Dykhart, who visited Marlby every week, put himself, on every occasion, to the pain of talking of the affair, which had brought him first of all to that asylum.

He had now been three or four times; and he thought Mrs. Compion's manner indicated a breaking-down of her reserve, and a prospect that, sooner or later, she would make those disclosures, from which he expected so much. It was nearly two months since his first acquaintance with the Home. The Leyburns were absent from Bestworth, and the excursions to Marlby were very nearly all the deviations made by our Croxton friend from the routine of his own parish life.

In the early afternoon of Monday, the thirteenth of October, he drove in his gig, with old Mrs. Elwood sitting by his side, to visit again the house that sheltered her afflicted son.

He spent a few hours in company with "Mrs. Wilson;" partly amongst the patients, partly walking in the gardens attached to the Home, and partly (as the evening drew on) in the parlour where their friendship had been so singularly renewed.

"You will want to go early, Mr. Dykhart?" she asked of him, as they ended their walk, and retreated into the house.

"Not unless you are tired of me, Adela," he said. "There is a full moon to-night, and driving home will be easy enough. By the way, there is a total eclipse: I had forgotten."

"Dear me! I am afraid that will oblige you to hurry away."

"No: I see that it will be nearly eleven o'clock before the total obscuration comes on. It will be light enough until after ten. Suppose I set out from here at half-past eight? You can do with me up to that time?"

"I am greatly anxious for you to stay, Mr. Dykhart. I — I wish exceedingly to talk to you. I have made up my mind to say what I hesitated to say before. I am very thankful you can remain.

It had been a sunny day, and the parlour fire had remained unlighted. But it was now kindled, and they had an early tea in the twilight. Then the lamp was brought, and the curtains were drawn, and they sat, the man and the woman, face to face, at the opposite ends of the hearthrug before the fire.

"And now," said Mrs. Campion — "and now, my dear Mr. Dykhart, I have strengthened myself to tell you all that has ever befallen me. I would conceal nothing, nor soften

one single circumstance in my favour. Are you as desirous of hearing my story as you seemed to be the other day?"

"As much, or more so, Adela; nay, I am sure that I grow more and more anxious every day that you should confide in me. It is possible — I will say no more — it is *possible* that I might be thereby enabled to further your happiness very greatly. At least, you know how earnestly I would endeavour to do so."

"Be that as it may, you shall hear my story. I feel as if the confidence which it were a sin against my husband to give to a mere acquaintance, I may rightly give to an old friend — an *old* friend — but one whose constancy I scarcely knew, until I found it proof against all the suspicion which has overshadowed me."

And then, in a calm, steady tone, and with little interruption on his side, she began the tale of her sorrows and wrongs; and left no mystery unexplained, which she had it in her power to reveal. We presume that the story will have an interest for others besides the original hearer of it; and we set it down as it was spoken in that parlour.

"You will remember, that when my poor father died, he left my sister and myself unexpectedly poor. Dear Julia's death followed not long after that of my father. Mr. Campion married me against the wish of his father, who objected to my want of fortune. There was no downright quarrel between Herbert and his father; but there was a coolness, which was never done away with, up to the latest moment of old Mr. Campion's life. For one thing, although my husband was the elder son, his father would not allow him a sufficiency whereon to live as a married man in England. Consequently, Herbert was obliged to retain the diplomatic situation abroad, which he had held before his marriage. It was a lucrative one: but it compelled him to live very far away — at Constantinople, indeed. Of course, I was ready to go with him. I do not think that it ever for one moment struck me as a hardship. But the doctor, who had attended me from time to time since I was a girl, stepped in to say that for me to live in Turkey would, very quickly, take away my every chance of living at all; and other medical advice, given by a still more eminent practitioner, entirely coincided with all he said. It was a most terrible blow both to myself and to my husband. But he could not take me into certain destruction; and he could not without certain injury, resign his situation abroad. His father would do nothing to rescue us out of this embarrassment. I should be sorry to make any charge — against the dead, especially — which might not wholly be deserved. But it really did appear to me as if the old gentleman almost enjoyed our difficulty; as if he exulted in so sure a proof that we had not done wisely in marrying, and that Providence had only joined us together, at once to separate us again. However that may have been, my father-in-law proffered us no rescue out of this cruel dilemma, in which we found ourselves. Indeed, we were afraid of urging our case upon him; for the estate was not entailed, and he might, if he took worse offence, commit the injustice of leaving it to my husband's younger brother, Gerald. I say, the injustice, because my husband had always been brought up with the idea, that inasmuch as he was the elder, the property, as a matter of course, would be his. So, though it seemed very nearly too hard a thing to be credible, there was nothing but for me to make up my mind to part with my husband for nearly a year. And, indeed, if nothing came to our relief, I must expect to suffer the same separation year after year — for how long, nobody could tell. My dear Herbert endeavoured to console me by suggesting every comforting reflection which occurred to him. A few months of the trial, he told me, would be very likely all that would be given us to bear. We were married in June, in the year 1834; and it was necessary for my husband to leave England ere the end of August. In the following June, he said, I might hope to see him again. 'And by that time, Adela,' I think I hear him say the words now, 'by that time, Adela, you may hope to have a companion with you, who will be as dear to you as I am, and who need never go away from you. You don't know how that will soften my father. Only let us have such a visitor to cheer us, and I think we need never part again.' So I resigned myself; that is I tried to be not quite despairing; and I looked forward, with even more eagerness than is common, to the time when I should become a mother.

"Well, that time delayed its coming. I was tempted to think it hard that what is given to so many who scarcely desire it, should be denied to myself, to whom indeed, it was everything. My husband had provided that nothing which could make my life more tolerable should be wanting to me. He placed me in a charming house in Fulham, and heaped every comfort upon me which money could purchase. As I have

said already, although dependent upon his profession, he was far from poor, as long as he kept his appointment. Of course, it was proper that I should have some older friend or relation to live with me. And it was arranged that my aunt Anne (my father's sister, you know) should have her home at Scarlington House. I don't know if you remember Lady Anne Somerby.

"I think I do. Had she not a mania for trying all sorts of imaginary remedies for imaginary disorders."

"Exactly so, poor dear old lady! I don't indeed, think that she had much the matter with her, and I believe she might really have lived a great deal longer (until now, possibly), if she could but have let herself alone. But nothing could convince her of that. Those caprices of her's — first trying one system and then another — were really the only serious fault she had. But, though I am sure it was very far from her thoughts to injure me, of all persons — her propensity proved really a very great misfortune to me. As I shall tell you presently, it brought me into contact with a person whom (with all my heart) I wish that I had never seen. But, apart from that, my aunt's incessant talk about her ailments, and her symptoms and her remedies, quite tired several of our friends, and kept them from coming to see us. You know how important it was, considering my position, that I should be very cautious indeed, in making any new friends. And so poor Lady Anne's doleful propensity really robbed me, in some measure, of all society. I set this down as a great evil; because it gave me more time for brooding over my misfortune, — that of continuing childless.

"My husband came home to me in the month of June, 1835; and remained in England for two months. And so it was the next year; and the year after that. But I must tell you a little of his visit in the latter year, — the year 1837, you know. The great desire of both our hearts was as yet unaccomplished. Any hope which might arise, was sure (it happened to me twice or thrice) to be quenched in bitter disappointment; and it seemed as if Providence had written us down childless. I told you, that until we had an heir to set before my husband's father it was probable that his death alone would set us free from the cruel necessity of living with the continent of Europe between us. But I began to have terrible fears (and they were not unfounded ones), that the injustice would be continued beyond my father-in-law's death. When my husband came home in the June of 1837, we went together to his father's at Deverington Hall. We went to meet my brother-in-law Gerald, and his bride; for Gerald had lately been married himself. He married a Miss Eliza Vaughan; I cannot say she took my fancy very much, yet I hardly know whether she ever gave me any positive cause for disliking her. It was impossible for me (and you will understand why) not to look upon her as, in a measure, my rival. But when we met at the hall, she was not otherwise than courteous in her behaviour, and she gave up to me, with every outward show of good humour, the precedence that belonged to me as elder brother's wife. One most unlucky day I overheard my father-in-law, saying (it was to Gerald he was speaking), that it would be a pity to leave the estate to Herbert, whose wife appeared to have made up her mind never to present him with any children. Imagine how I felt! It was a cruel speech, although, to do him justice, Mr. Campion had no idea of its reaching my own ears. But it stung me with a bitter sense of injustice, and I never forgot the words."

"But excuse me. What did your brother-in-law say? Did he seek to encourage that idea of his father's?"

"I have no right to say that he did, and perhaps, after all, I should have been wiser in regarding the whole matter as a spiteful jest. My husband, however, did look at it somewhat seriously. He said, 'You must not suppose, Adela, dearest, that I could ever repent of marrying you. *You* are a gain, which nothing possible to befal us could ever turn into a loss. But I should regret if this estate were never to be ours. I do not believe that my father would commit a deliberate injustice. But such things are often done *without* deliberation. Whether what he wishes, and what we wish, will ever befal us, is in God's hands; but to give no needless cause of offence is in our hands. So try, my dear Adela, to humour and soften away his prejudices as much as you can.'"

"My husband's advice was good. But I very much fear I found it too hard to follow. Really I could not bend myself to talk over and conciliate that hard-hearted old man. It was as much as I could do not to show my sense of his unjust and unfeeling disposition. My sister-in-law had, indeed, a great advantage over me there. She was a remarkably lively, conversational woman; and full of all those talents for providing impromptu entertainment which are certainly valuable in their way, and very much

so at a rather dull country-house. I don't think it cost *her* any effort to put on a good face before a possible enemy, and truly Mr. Campion was well enough inclined towards her. She had a fortune. It did not, indeed, turn out so much as was expected. But it put me — all but penniless, as I was — at a disadvantage in this respect also. It was not long — not many months — before I was made aware that she was likely to gain the advantage over me in a greater matter still. It was expected that she would shortly gratify Mr. Campion's desire of having a grandchild. It was one of the old gentleman's peculiarities, *not* greatly to prefer a male to a female heir. I imagine he wished that it should be with the Campions, as with many other English families, that they should unite with some house, wealthy and well descended as themselves, and so together blend into a family that should have no superior in the county. Manifestly, this destiny was more likely to be accomplished by a girl, than by a boy. But this project of his exactly doubled the danger, that Gerald's child would fairly overthrow my husband's prospects, and win the inheritance for his younger brother. I was most unhappy, and I think I do not flatter myself in saying, more for the sake of my husband than for my own sake. What was most cruel of all, it set me in the light of one who had ruined my husband in marrying him. It was in the October of that year that I first understood what was in store for my brother-in-law and his wife; and the event, so probably fraught with injustice to Herbert, was expected to take place in the following April.

"I have spoken already of my poor aunt Anne's caprices as to the medical men she called in. Few could keep her favour for long. But the doctor to whom she showed the most constancy was one whom she had just called in before the time of which I speak. It might be a breach of good faith on my part to tell you his name, so, to keep clear of any such thing, I will call him 'Mr Brown.' He was then a young man, and I think he was clever. At least, he had the art of talking as if he were. I somehow felt myself drawn towards him. He was a great man for all new methods, and he spoke with much contempt of the bigotry with which his older brethren stuck to their stupid old prejudices. I do not think he was wise in all he said; neither do I suppose that it was all foolish. At that time I was all but ready to believe that his estimate of himself was the true one. I was led on, step by step, to confide in him the whole story of my repeated disappointments; and also of the family matters, which made them doubly significant and disastrous. I was just then flattered once more with the hope which (thrice before) had proved a deceitful one. I asked Mr. Brown, if since he rated so low the skill of ordinary practitioners, he could ascribe to their ignorant treatment the repeated failure of my dearest hopes.

"He was very confident, indeed; and encouraged me to believe that, with his enlightened system, a very different issue to my hopes might now lie before me. I will dwell on this part of my story as little as possible. I put myself altogether in Mr. Brown's hands. Even when I was made aware that my hopes had left me this time also, I retained my faith in his skill. I followed certain rules prescribed by him, as for my general state of health. And now I come to the most serious and blameable portion of my story. One day (it was within a month of my having begun to consult him), he expressed his decided opinion that the improvement in my constitution, to be expected from his enlightened rules, would end in the crowning blessing by-and-bye. And then he talked of the immense prejudice, against which he, as the reformer of medical abuses, and the regenerator of medical science, was obliged to contend. He said — 'If your friends were aware of the treatment under which you have most wisely placed yourself, they would leave you no peace at all. My poor foolish fellow-practitioners would all but hunt me to death. They would any day rather see a patient die, than hear of his being cured by any way save their own.' Well I thought this opinion a rather strong one. But Mr. Brown went on to beg of me that, in writing to my husband, or any other friends, I would make no more mention of my fears or despondency. Rather (he would counsel me) I should write, as if I actually expected that the boon so long deferred was about to be given me. It was the only way, he said, of silencing those prejudiced people, who *would* see nothing but quackery in his method of treatment. Besides, he could assure me that complaining had a reflex action upon the complainer, and was likely to neutralise all the remedies employed. There was at least a show of good sense in this; and I rashly pledged myself to act upon it. In writing to my husband, I simply dropped the subject altogether. I could not have borne to deceive *him*.

"In the few letters I wrote to my father

and sister-in-law, I confess with shame that (without committing myself to any positive falsehood) I spoke more confidently of the prospect than I was at that time warranted in speaking. It did not occur to me — as it ought to have done — that the report, as I framed it, would reach my husband through them, and that he would be none the less deceived. I was always thinking of the injustice which my husband's father might be meditating against him; and, as old Mr. Campion was thought to be failing that winter, all might depend on his believing or disbelieving that my husband was likely to have an heir. So I suffered myself — I am bound to acknowledge it — to be led into speaking deceitfully — directly to my husband's family, and indirectly to himself. I will now come at once to the most remarkable, and (as it proved) the most fatal event in the whole series. Mr. Brown, as I call him, made himself fully at home in Scarlington House. But at that, nobody who knew us was much surprised. It was known to be one of my aunt's eccentricities. Parker, my old servant, was very cross about it, and I think it hurt her when she saw how often I talked with Mr. Brown, while I never confided in her. About the beginning of March (in the year 1838, you know) I was rather unwell. The doctor, who had managed to retain Lady Anne's favour up to this time, was going the way of all her former favourites. She was getting to think that he had mistaken her case, and said that she had heard of a Mr. Progg, who had done wonders in such complaints as her's. As I said, I was myself unwell, and Mr. Brown insisted on my having a nurse. All my hopes of a sounder constitution, with all those precious prospects that went along with it, depended (he told me) on the care to be taken of me at this crisis. Poor dear Parker was quite unhappy, quite hurt, at finding herself put into the background in this way. But my doctor was peremptory, and I had a genuine belief that he was to be depended on. I did not like the looks of the woman whom he recommended, and I begged him to try and obtain some other person. There was a very nice sort of woman, of the name of Krout, who kept a baker's shop, opposite to Scarlington House — a shop which she gave up the year after, and afterwards came back to it. I wanted to consult her, but Mr. Brown urged me not to talk about it to any stranger. This ought to have made me suspect something. But it did not.

"Well! it was on the *seventh* of March. I have too good a reason for recollecting the day. Mr. Brown had been spending the whole evening with us. Lady Anne was now as fidgetty to get rid of him, as she had formerly been to have him. I was really unwell, but he would have it that my illness was a serious one; he said he had found a nurse to whom there could be no objection, and who would come the next morning, perhaps that very evening. He, himself, should remain all night, as Lady Anne had more than once before asked him to do upon her own account. I had gone to bed early, and the house was quiet, when he came into my room. We had spent the evening upstairs, and not in the parlour which we commonly used. I said something to imply that I thought he was giving himself needless trouble in my case."

"'No, Mrs. Campion,' he said, 'think of your duty to your husband. Is it just that he should be disinherited, from what is no fault of his or your's?'

"I said *Just*, Mr. Brown? You know how bitterly unjust I feel it. You may think that it ought to have amazed me, for this man to come to my room at that time of night, and plunge into conversation about our family wrongs. But I so seldom had the matter out of my own thoughts, that, come as abruptly as it might, no such allusion could ever take me quite by surprise.

"'Then,' he said, 'from what I hear, from those who know the family, I verily believe that if your hopes are not fulfilled before the old gentleman dies, your husband's younger brother will usurp his place.'

"Now this may have been invention on Mr. Brown's part, or it may not; very likely it was quite true that such rumours had reached him. You can understand what sort of reply I made. It encouraged him to explain his real intentions at once.

"'Mrs. Campion,' he said, 'you ought not to hesitate at any remedy which lies within your power. In the face of such monstrous injustice, all means whatever are fair ones. If I were a robber come in here to demand your money, and you could baffle me by any sort of deceit, nobody would blame you for doing so. You are in danger of being robbed, quite as unjustly as by any footpad. Save yourself and your husband by your own wits.'

"I may not have repeated his words exactly, but such they were in substance. He always spoke of my husband as the chief sufferer. He did me the justice of believing that I cared only for *him*.

"'I said, 'Save him! But how? What do you mean?'

"Then he spoke out. 'Mrs. Campion, I have smoothed your way, and only a misplaced prejudice of your own can interfere with its success. Surely you anticipate what I am going to tell you. There is a child born this very day, whose birth is a shame and a burden to its mother. Be *you* her mother, and she will save your father-in-law from committing, and your husband from sustaining, a tremendous and irreparable wrong.'

"I said, 'Oh, Mr. La— Mr. Brown, this is dreadful! you would have me impose another person's child on the world and on my husband as my own.'

"He said, 'But do your husband's family deserve any better? And you do it for your husband's own sake. Remember you will not be striving to gain what is another's, but only to keep what is morally your own.'

"'But,' I said, 'even if I could consent to such a thing, it would be suspected; they are not prepared to hear any such thing about me.'

"'Pardon me,' he coolly went on, 'they are prepared. I will candidly explain to you what I have done. I have put you under treatment appropriate to persons not only wishing to be, but actually being in such a condition. And, though they might not expect it so soon, your friends will not be taken by surprise. The woman who has charge of the child, is probably in your garden at this very moment. Let me go and call her in. When I have sent her away, I will go, it is no great distance, and call the nurse of whom I spoke; you now see why I insisted on your having one. Do not thwart all I have done at the last moment. Of course you need not *keep* the child. You can contrive a false report of its death, and send it away. But that will be as you choose, only make it a means of averting the cruel injustice with which your husband is threatened. Think how far he is away, and how dependent in this upon yourself.'

"I have given all Mr. Brown said, as nearly as I can remember, and I say with shame I had no reply ready for him; and when he proposed to go downstairs, and fetch the child, I did not forbid him from doing so. I heard him go down into that parlour, of which I spoke before. I heard him cautiously open the window and whistle. Something there was in that which made me think what a criminal I was about to become; and I resolved that, nearly as the wickedness might have been approached, it should not stain my conscience, after all. It was not many minutes before Mr. Brown came upstairs again. He did not bring the child with him; and I retracted the consent which, in a moment of surprise, he might think I had given him. He was disappointed, angry. I somewhat pacified him by telling him that the handsome present I had promised, in case I benefited by his advice, I would freely give him, if he would abandon the subject now and for ever. It was a promise I could perform; for a little legacy had been left me a year before, and my husband, generous in all things, insisted on my doing what I liked with it. Mr. Brown was not altogether silenced, even by such an offer as that. But he went downstairs. Presently, he came up again.

"'Well, Mrs. Campion,' he said, 'the matter has been taken out of your hands, and out of mine. The woman who brought the baby has taken it away again. No doubt, she sneaked upstairs, and heard what you said; and she has taken you at your word.' I said—'Thank God! for I fear you might have over-persuaded me, after all.'

"'And *I* fear, Mrs. Campion,' he said, rather angrily, 'that you will live to repent of rejecting my well-meant advice. However, the loss is your own—not mine; except, indeed, that it is a pity you ever trusted me at all.'

"He left the house the next morning, (late as it was, he could hardly go that night). I gave him what I promised, but I consulted him no more; and as my aunt was already tired of him, he came no more to the house. My friends were led to suppose that my hopes had been blighted as before. For a while all my other thoughts were swallowed up in thankfulness for my having escaped the commission of an actual crime; and I could not resist asking our clergyman to return public thanks for me in church, for a great deliverance, as I worded it (I was very nearly writing it, 'a great escape out of temptation,') but that would have provoked too much curiosity. I well remember that there happened to be a strange clergyman in the reading-desk that day; and there was something in the solemn, inquiring tone in which he read the words out, that almost frightened me. He seemed to be calling upon the person so delivered, to come forward and explain the nature of that mercy; but such an idea was, very likely no more than my own uneasy conscience stirring within me. My aunt Anne did not question me. Just the

very day after that memorable night, she missed a letter of my husband's; and it fussed her with the idea that we had got dishonest servants about us; and I knew at the time that she wrote to worry my husband with this utterly unfounded idea.

"But before long my whole thoughts were drawn in another and happier direction; and in March, 1839, my dear darling child was born, and I thought I could never know sorrow again. You may recollect, that that year was a very critical one for the country in which my husband's calling lay — I mean, for Turkey. The present Sultan, a very young man, came to the throne; and people thought that the great break-up of the Turkish empire was really coming at once. The crisis detained my husband at his post, when he might otherwise have come to England as usual; and our little Teresa was more than a year old before he ever saw her. For her size and intelligence, she might have been two years old then, and so her papa said. As it was thought best for the child, I left Fulham, and went to live at Brighton. Everybody that saw her was incredulous of her being so young as she was. But now I come to the saddest and most dreadful part of my story."

At this point, Mrs. Campion paused a little, as if collecting strength. Mr. Dykhart thought it better not to interfere by any words on his own side, so he continued silent, until she went on again, which she presently did.

My husband's father died about the close of January, in 1842 — too suddenly after all, for Herbert to be sent for in time to see him; but, of course, he was summoned to England with all possible despatch. I was soon informed that the poor old man had not committed the injustice which, it is even possible, he never seriously meditated. He left my husband his heir. I could not affect much sorrow for my father-in-law's death; it released me from a most painful position. My dear husband would now come home for ever, and we should be man and wife, as we had never been before. I awaited his return at Brighton. The funeral, and other like proceedings, were over in Somersetshire, and Gerald and his wife came to Brighton to join me in welcoming Herbert home. Their child was a little girl, and though nearly a year older than Lully (I always called my little Teresa that, she was so much like her aunt), yet little Emily looked the younger of the two. I thought I had now no cause to fear my sister-in-law, and I was glad enough to see her, and she was more cordial with me than ever. My husband would spend a night in London, and come down to me the next day; he came early. I had sent our child for a walk with her nurse, and I was actually sorry that he should not see her the very first moment. She was, indeed, a double blessing to him, for he possibly owed it to her that he was not disinherited. I darted out to meet him; oh — shall I ever forget the terrible shock it gave me? The moment we were alone together he spoke some fearful word. He said: 'Adela, forgive me if I am wrong, and pray yourself to be forgiven if I am right. Have I been deceived in you? Look at this letter' — and he held out before me that letter so unaccountably lost by my poor aunt Anne — 'Adela,' he said; that child that was brought into your house three years ago! Tell me all.' Now, the thought of that child had always been painful to me. When that woman took it away, I have my fears that she ended by leaving it exposed in the night air. At least, I heard of a child about that very time being found near Hammersmith. I even sent to inquire, and called afterwards myself. The baby was in the hands of a woman, who said that a gentleman had given it her to nurse. That gentleman I identified (rightly or wrongly) with my Mr. Brown. And in a few months the poor infant actually died. It was a thing of which I could never bear to think. But when I heard my husband allude to that dreadful night; when I saw that he abhorred my duplicity and concealment, (for I had never said a word to *him*), when all that came upon me in the very moment of my expected happiness — then it happened with me as I have already told you. For a time I was *mad*. Not continuously insane, but returning from one delirium into another. I told my sister-in-law all the truth. She hardly seemed to believe me; and, indeed, my story was an improbable one. My husband would not see me again. In a few days more he let me know that what I had acknowledged to him destroyed his happiness irrevocably, and that we should be still more miserable together than apart. You have seen the letter in which he insisted on retaining sole care of our daughter. And you are already aware why I made no resistance to his decree; and, in short, why I am here now."

And Mrs. Campion's narrative was ended.

They both sat silent for some time, and then Mr. Dykhart entreated her not to let die within herself the hope, to which he dared not as yet give any definite shape;

he thought, with increasing eagerness, of the interview which he and Mr. Ballow intended to have with Mr. Campion, at his return from America, and that return might be expected not many days hence; indeed, the Vicar of Croxton had arranged to set himself free from the duties of the very next Sunday. He drove home through the moonlight, with old Mrs. Elwood by his side as before. The shadow of the earth was obscuring the moon, but there was no perceptible darkening of the heavens, until long after their arrival at home. He sate at his window and saw the sight, at which other eyes, far away, were gazing in so much fear and horror. Mrs. Campion considered, as she also looked at the re-appearing moon, that surely the daughter so long divided from her was looking upwards too; but where, or in what society, she could not tell. It was a blessing for her that she could not.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RESCUE AND REPENTANCE.

Chelford is a quiet town and not very large, therefore no new comer into its upper circles was likely to pass unnoticed, a beautiful young lady least likely of all. Before our heroine had abode there more than a fortnight, she had become the object of much curiosity and inquiry. Mrs. Torring stimulated the one without satisfying the other. She had a purpose in so doing. It would be well that Eva should glide, rather than jump, into the place and station to which she was probably entitled; moreover, the wider her circle of acquaintance grew now, the more likely that something should occur to set her claims in a clearer light. Somebody who had known the aunt, whom she so greatly resembled, might happen to see her, and might notice and comment upon the strange likeness. This independent testimony, inasmuch as the likeness might form no small portion of the evidence, would be a corroborative not at all to be despised.

The rest of September passed quietly away, and, as far as Eva knew, without anything tending to make her course plainer, or her rights more sure. She was more than content to remain with Mrs. Torring. Personally, the old lady grew upon her day by day. Then her old nurse, Mary, was now again her constant companion and attendant; and, as they talked from time to time together, circumstance after circumstance came back to Eva's mind, and let more light into those early days which, (she had thought) were hopelessly forgotten.

Into Deverington Hall, Miss March, (we must call her so a little longer) felt no inclination to enter. The surer her right in respect of it, the more distasteful would be the going into it under any pretence but one. She was not in any danger of forgetting the existence of such a place. Had the house and its inmates possessed no more interest for Eva than a flock of geese, the frequent visits of Miss Varnish would have forced her to give some of her thoughts to it. She caught herself asking again and again, "What brings Miss Varnish here so often? Not any encouragement from Mrs. Torring, who shows her quite as much dislike as is compatible with due courtesy. Not any special encouragement from myself, who could not encourage a visitor disliked by Mrs. Torring, although it may be one of the old lady's eccentricities to delight in telling her of her faults." Besides, Eva was very conscious of somewhat disliking Miss Varnish on her own account, and if her dislike was not so plain-spoken as old Mrs. Torring's, it could never, by the stupidest, be ever mistaken for liking.

Miss Varnish's conversation turned commonly upon the days of her own early youth. I doubt if the picture drawn of her youthful self was in all points a true picture. But that might be no great thing. Her object was, not to rekindle the light of her own other days, but to entice Eva into a parallel autobiography in return.

This (and it will astonish none of our readers) Eva was not at all inclined to give. And her evasion of Miss Varnish's indirect but searching questions filled the latter lady with suspicion and hope — suspicion that Eva's earlier life contained much of which it was not convenient to talk; and hope that her pretendership to the name of Campion was, after all, an untrue one. For Miss Varnish naturally thought within herself — "If she be entitled to so honourable and desirable a position, why does she delay asserting her claim to it? Is she awaiting the return to England of her presumed father? But if her dependence on him be of so confiding a kind, how comes it that she has not openly shared his station all along?" Miss Varnish thought that, upon the whole, it was more probable that the claim was a false one. This artful girl, or some more artful contriver, who held her as a puppet, — had heard of the scandal which brooded over the Campion family, and had conceived the idea of turning it to

great advantage. Mrs. Torring entertained and countenanced the pretender, most likely with the idea of thwarting Miss Varnish's own designs upon Mr. Campion. Whatever was perplexing about the thing, Mrs. Torring's motives — Miss Varnish thought — were clear beyond all question. Miss March was an adventuress, an impostor; and her present affair might collapse, as (it was very possible) former schemes had done. But it might none the less interfere with Miss Varnish's own design.

It would be an immense consolation if this beautiful swindler could be detected, before her design had time to so much as ripen; and to entrap her into some self-betraying confession appeared the most likely way of arresting her course. Such was the conviction (somewhat contrary to her first idea), in which Miss Varnish remained for a fortnight or three weeks. You have read that letter of hers, in which, not free from the fear that Miss March might be *no* impostor, she implored M'Quantigan's assistance and advice. You have likewise read his letter in reply, in which he hinted that it was a case for the strongest remedy which ever has been, or can be taken, by one enemy against another.

Utterly unaware that her Irish friend had any reason for caring about Miss March, save his sympathy with herself, Miss Varnish thought he might possibly be bantering her. He could not be seriously advising so desperate and dangerous a step. He was no such devoted lover as to think the scaffold well risked if the happiness of his beloved were made the surer. Poor, unhappy Emma! She had given to him what ought to have been dearer to her than her life; and she loved him with a love the warmer, because it was all but hopeless. But no such glamour was over her soul, as to hide from her the knowledge that Murphy M'Quantigan was very selfish. Bewildered by Eva's persistent caution, and gaining no available counsel from the Irishman, poor Miss Varnish began to think that her only wise course was just to take no course; when, at about the end of the month, some tidings reached her, which revolutionised her thoughts and intentions altogether.

This, as also you know, was the letter from Mrs. Ferrier, enclosing the testimonial to "her niece's" character, which had been sent by the implacable Mrs. Dowlas. Like Mrs. Ferrier herself, Miss Varnish now, in her turn, accepted this letter as true, and absorbed its every statement into her inmost heart. The explanatory letter that Richard's mother sent along with it was not, you may be very sure, of a nature to weaken the evidence of Mrs. Dowlas. Indeed, Mrs. Ferrier hinted that, dreadful as were the enormities of which Llynbwllyn had been the scene, Miss Roberts, *alias* March, had perpetrated crimes, compared to which her Welsh adventures were venial peccadilloes; nor was Mrs. Ferrier consciously false in saying this. She did, from the bottom of her heart, believe that to have thought of marrying Richard was worse than all Eva's other crimes, even if a murder could have been thrown in amongst them. But her letter, and that of Mrs. Dowlas enclosed within it, gave a sudden and tremendous wrench to all Miss Varnish's views in respect of Eva. It could scarcely now be that she had any claim to be considered a Campion. She was probably but a precocious impostor altogether. To the very name of March she had no rightful pretension. She had relations in rather humble life, — Mrs. Dowlas's style indicated no exalted position, — relations from whom she had absconded, and whom she had basely robbed; and now, at what she thought a safe distance from the scene of such iniquities, she was going to try a bolder feat of swindling. Perhaps the Campion pretensions were only to be made a means of purchasing goods at Chelford and Bridgewater without the ceremony of paying. Perhaps old Mrs. Torring — and serve *her* right, at least — would be victimised at the proper opportunity. But there was another fact revealed, and on which Miss Varnish could not reflect so calmly. Miss March had spread her snares, and not quite unsuccessfully, it would seem, for Murphy M'Quantigan; and Miss Varnish now hated her murderously — murderously! She easily reconciled this with the same M'Quantigan's proposal to make way with Eva. That proposal she saw to be serious now. Miss Varnish believed, just as Mrs. Ferrier had understood, that the intrigue in Wales had been carried to the full extent of dishonourable passion. M'Quantigan, in the semi-religious character now assumed by him, had a reputation to maintain, and an exposure might be his utter ruin; and an inevitable exposure was very likely impending. The death of the wretched young woman would alone ensure safety.

Miss Varnish was as indignant with Eva's duplicity, as though her own career had been of the utmost transparency; and as shocked at her depravity, as though she had never forfeited the right of censuring others; and jealousy, above all, made her

utterly pitiless. She bent herself in earnest to the contrivances now set on foot for getting rid of Miss March. What those contrivances were, you know in part already, and, as far as may be needed, we will narrate the rest at no very wearisome length.

The plot now set in action required, for its safe execution, the active, though unconscious aid of Eva herself. Therefore, it was needful that Miss Varnish should continue her visits to Mrs. Torring's house. Therefore, the task of hiding the hatred which might soon be so largely gratified, was imposed on Eva's enemy; and she verily proved herself equal to it.

Eva thought she saw a change in Miss Varnish, when, just about the beginning of October, she paid her one of her now customary visits. She talked less; and, with only one exception, appeared to have laid aside her inquisitive spirit. That exception consisted in her asking Eva whether, while in Wales, she had ever encountered a Mr. Murphy M'Quantigan. At this unexpected question, all the remembrance of that first miserable meeting rushed into Eva's mind. The shame of having so much as believed this man to be her father, for only a few hours, was a matter not lightly to be thrown aside. And Eva made a blushing, hesitating answer, which might imply an affirmative. Miss Varnish naturally beheld in this a confirmation of what she had heard; and as far as depended on her, Eva's fate was already decided. She took the first step in her fearful enterprise before she quitted Mrs. Torring's house that day. The outlines of the design had been settled, in a carefully masked correspondence between herself and her Orange ally, and the reader knows already what they were. How the details were to be wrought out, we proceed to tell in this place.

"I am quite taken," said Miss Varnish, on the day aforesaid.—"I am quite taken with that glimpse one gets of the old church, out of your bedroom window: it sets it in a light which I remember seeing no where else. I have been wondering whether, some day or other, you would let me attempt a slight sketch of the view."

"Certainly, any day you please, Miss Varnish:—now, if you like."

"Oh! thank you. I fear I cannot do it to-day: I have not brought my materials; and I doubt if there would be time. [illegible] tainly, it is a [illegible] having the [illegible] you would [illegible]"

"If you really [illegible] take it to-day, I can furnish you with materials."

"Oh, you *are* kind!" answered Miss Varnish, in a tone which (but that it seemed so unlikely a thing), Eva would have said, was one of taunting irony. "You *are* kind, Miss March. Well, perhaps I may have time to do it—let me look at my watch; half-past three. Yes, well there's nothing like doing a thing at once, and I'll take you at your very kind word."

In a few minutes more, Miss Varnish was within Eva's room, and seated at a small table, with pencil and drawing-paper before her.

"Now, Miss March," she said; "You'll not think me rude if I say that I would rather be alone? I'm such a wretched artist, that to have anybody near me would make me too nervous to do a stroke. I shan't allow it to keep me here long."

Separation from Miss Varnish was an infliction not quite too heavy to be borne, and Eva made no objection to leaving her alone. She had but just closed the door behind her, when Miss Varnish laid down the pencil she had taken in her hand, and threw her evil eyes all round the room. It was a room which would bear looking at. But criticism or taste had nothing to do with Miss Varnish's scrutiny. In half a minute more, she stood up on her feet, and stealthily crept to the chimney piece. There were to be seen on it, amongst a few other trifles, two square-shaped bottles of rather large size. One of them was partly filled with eau-de-Cologne. The other was, but for a few remaining drops of something, altogether empty. Miss Varnish handled the empty bottle—measured with a strip of paper its thickness and its height, and took especial note of the carving upon it, which was neither profuse nor [illegible].

Then she opened it, and sniffed at its inside. "Lavender-water!" she said; and such her nose informed her, [illegible] that bottle's contents. Then she laid it where she had found it, went back to the table near the window and made some pretence of a drawing on the paper. Miss Varnish, without any kind of taste [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] she [illegible] Eva [illegible]

[illegible]

to-day. I'm quite ashamed of it myself—Good-bye."

And Miss Varnish was gone for that day. She had come to Chelford on foot, and on foot she went back to Deverington. On her walk, she considered how her next step should be taken.

"I might not get one altogether like it in Bridgewater," she thought. "Should I invent some excuse for going to Bath, or even to London, for the thing?"

"No!" she decided within herself, after a moment's consideration. "No! nothing could be more unwise than to do anything at which people might wonder, and which they might think of when the *other* wonder comes to pass. It can surely be obtained in Bridgewater."

And to Bridgewater she went the very next day. She purchased a bottle, greatly resembling that of which she had taken such especial notice in Eva's room. She also bought a small quantity of lavender water.

In a day or two, she again presented herself at Mrs. Torring's. She brought a small drawing portfolio, with a view to complete her sketch of the church, as beheld from Eva's own window. This she displayed in the most open manner. She also brought the bottle she had purchased, and which had been rinsed out with the lavender water. This, instead of displaying, she kept entirely out of sight. Once alone in the bedroom as before, she changed the bottles, placing that which belonged to the room in her pocket, and leaving the other in its stead. They were alike in shape and size, but there was a difference in the workmanship. Miss Varnish very carefully compared them, as she made the exchange.

"If," she thought, "that girl has noticed the bottle minutely, she *may* detect the change. Yet it is a thousand to one that she should. The idea if it did occur to her, would appear so very absurd. She would, most likely, set it down to a fault in her own memory; and it's most important that there should be *something* peculiar about the right bottle, and so, indeed, there is."

Then Miss Varnish made some apology for a sketch, went down stairs to Eva, and complained that her besetting face-ache had interfered with her further progress that day, and sat some time in the drawing-room, with her cheek resting on her hand, in the natural attitude of pain. Some remedy or other was suggested by Mrs. Torring, and administered by Eva; and Miss Varnish went away, hoping that the walk might do her good, which it appeared to do.

On Friday, the 10th of October, she called again, just as Mrs. Torring and Eva were finishing their early dinner. The old lady left the two young ones in the drawing-room by themselves. Miss Varnish announced herself as the bearer of an invitation from Mr Campion.

"Miss March," she said, "I was speaking to you the other day of the observatory at Deverington. You told me you had seen it already, so I know you must be of an astronomical turn of mind. Now on Monday next, there will be an occasion for putting the telescope to great use; there is to be a total eclipse of the moon. Mr. Campion said he trusted you would waive all ceremony (considering what an invalid poor Mrs. Campion is), and go there on Monday evening, to view the eclipse through the great telescope. Now do come!"

There was something that inclined Eva to go, and something which inclined her to stop away. She did feel some curiosity to behold a house which ought very likely to have been her constant home. She did feel a desire to see Mr. Campion, who, with only her parents excepted, must be (as many proofs indicated) her very nearest relation. On the other hand, there might be something underhand in entering with an assumed name the house in which she might so soon be called to live in her real name. But she considered that circumstances, and not her own acts, had thrust the false name upon her; besides, however clear her right to inhabit Deverington Hall might be made, to be Miss Campion for life or for very long, was not exactly according to the programme of her inclination. And then she really would enjoy beholding, with such peculiar advantages, the spectacle preparing in the sky. She did not much like Miss Varnish, but she thought Mrs. Torring's censure of that lady so pitilessly unjust, that to try and like her had almost assumed the aspect of a duty with Eva. So she expressed her thanks for the proffered courtesy and said she must consult Mrs. Torring.

Miss Varnish looked anxious and alarmed. Again that puzzling wonder flashed through Eva's mind. "What makes my company a matter of such apparent consequence to Miss Varnish?"

But without pursuing the thought any farther, she went and consulted Mrs. Torring. That lady begged she would act according to her own inclination, and expressed her belief that it would be the better course to go. Now, although life at Chelford was very quietly happy with Eva, it would bear a little diversion; and on the

whole the visit to Deverington was rather a pleasant prospect than otherwise; so Eva came back into the drawing-room to say that she would accept the invitation. Miss Varnish said she was truly glad. Nor had she ever spoken with stricter truth in her life.

"Of course," she now said, "you cannot think of going home at night. You will sleep at the Hall? Mr. Campion would not hear of your driving home at such a late hour. It will be nearly twelve before the eclipse will be anything like over."

There was a very good reason for remaining the night at Deverington, and Eva accepted this corollary to the invitation at once.

"You will come to dinner?" Miss Varnish went on. "I shall call for you between three and four, in the carriage. That will be better than walking. I was tired enough when I got home, the other day, I assure you."

"By the way," said Eva, "I hope you have quite got rid of your face-ache."

"Thank you, yes;" replied Miss Varnish, whose reminder of her last visit had produced the question she wished for; "thank you, quite so, for the present. But I don't know how soon it may come on again. Your inquiry puts me in mind, Miss March, of a very great favour I was going to ask of you. There is one thing alone which can do my complaint any good, and that thing I really don't know how to get, except you will give me your charitable help in doing so. By charitable help, I don't mean money, you know. But it would be a kindness if you would come to my rescue in the difficulty."

"Certainly, if I can. Pray tell me how?"

"Why, it sounds rather odd; but the only thing which at all relieves me is chloroform. Well, and Mr. Campion has the greatest prejudice against chloroform. I believe he once had a fat friend who was killed by it. But that should hardly alarm such a poor thin creature as *I* am. However, Mr. Campion, as I said, has a horror of it, and the druggist here, the only man who sells it, is his tenant; and I know, if I went in and bought such a thing, I know that M. Ipececk would straightway inform his landlord, and I should have no peace — face-ache or no face-ache. Mr. Campion is the very best of men; yet he has his little prejudices; and it is hard to be cut off from my only remedy."

"Very hard, indeed," said Eva, with as genuine a sympathy as her companion could have desired. "Then you would wish me to buy it for you? I will, with pleasure."

"If you will really be so very kind, perhaps you will come out with me now. I have some shopping to do besides."

Eva went up stairs and put on her things. Before they were out of doors, Miss Varnish pulled out the square-shaped bottle, wrapped up in paper, only with the stopper uncovered and free.

"Please get this filled with chloroform, and it will last me a good long while. Here is the money — enough, I know — put it into your purse; pockets are so unsafe. One thing I must implore of you; not to tell this to Mrs. Torring, nor to what's-her-name — Patterson — the old lady's so malicious, she'd like to give me face-ache to all eternity — I know she would."

"Oh, you don't understand Mrs. Torring, I'm sure. She would never hurt a single creature, with all her sharpness of tongue. But I needn't say that neither she nor anyone else shall ever hear a word of it."

"Thank you exceedingly, Miss March. You'll relieve me of I don't know how much suffering; and perhaps I may one day have the power of doing you a kindness in return."

They then went out into the town, and Eva, leaving her companion at the draper's, went herself to the druggist's, and purchased the chloroform, as desired. She put the bottle into Miss Varnish's hands, and before long, they parted for that day. It was customary at Deverington Hall for one of the servants to go to Chelford every Saturday. On the day after Miss Varnish's visit, as just described, — a paragraph in the *Standard* caught her eye. After musing over it for some minutes, she took a pair of scissors, and cut it out. Then, having rapidly dashed off a letter, she folded it in an envelope together with the newspaper extract. She did it hurriedly, for the usual time for the Saturday's expedition to Chelford was all but come: and Mr. Champion was apt to grow very fidgetty and inquisitive, when household matters were in any way delayed; to provoke curiosity, or to give rise to the idea that any scheme was on foot, was just about the most imprudent course for Miss Varnish to take. So, to avoid any such thing, she caught hold of the first envelope which came to hand. It was a somewhat transparent one, and showed the printed characters within it. But could they have been read letter by letter, they would not have been likely to provoke suspicion in themselves.

She had been told by Mr. M'Quantigan thenceforth to address her letters to him, at Mrs. Ferrier's; which she did in this case;

and she accompanied the servant, in order to post it at Chelford.

"There may be, or there may not be," she thought, "a Sunday delivery at Leamington. But even if there is not, he will most likely get this before he starts on Monday morning."

How this letter missed the person to whom it was directed, and came to be opened by Mrs. Ferrier instead, is known to our readers already.

On Monday afternoon, at the set time, Miss Varnish came in the carriage for Eva. The few things that Miss March required for the night were already packed, when her assiduous friend called. Miss Varnish reminded her that the treat of the evening would involve a short nocturnal walk, to and from the observatory; and counselled her to take the warmest wrapping her wardrobe afforded.

"Come now," she said; "let me go upstairs with you, and give you my advice what, of all your things, you had best take."

Upstairs they went together, and, at Miss Varnish's recommendation, the choice was made. Then they went down, and having bade a good morning to Mrs. Torring, were about to enter the carriage.

"Bless me!" Miss Varnish suddenly exclaimed. "How stupid and careless I am! I've left one of my gloves in your room. Let *me* go and get it. You won't know where it is. Please just see that the things are safely placed in the carriage."

And the wily Emma scampered upstairs into Miss Marsh's bedroom. She had verily and indeed left her glove there. She had left it on the mantlepiece, where stood the two square-shaped bottles. She snatched up the glove, poured the eau-de-cologne out of the bottle which contained it, into that bottle she had purchased and placed there herself; and then popped the latter bottle into her bag, placing on the side where it stood, that bottle just emptied into it. But for this process, it might be too apparent, that the bottle supposed to be taken to Deverington by Eva, had been an *empty* one. Miss Varnish ran down stairs to the carriage, uttered some penitential remarks on her own forgetfulness; and they drove off on their way to Deverington. She had arranged to call for Eva, be the weather what it might; for, as she justly said, there was, in any case, a hope of its clearing up in time for the eclipse in the evening. But it was a very bright, still day, and promised an uninterrupted view of the spectacle preparing.

Eva would, perhaps, have meditated somewhat curiously on the origin and nature of Miss Varnish's feelings towards her. Only now she had other ideas to fill her brain. She needed some presence of mind to enable her to meet, as an utter stranger, one whom she had every reason to regard as a near relation. Perhaps there would be something about her to arouse his curiosity and suspicion. Eva could only hope that it might not be so. With such thoughts, she reached Deverington Hall. It was a comfortable, well-arranged house inside; but I do not know that there was anything in it calling for particular mention. If Miss Varnish had been assiduous in her attentions to Eva at Chelford, she was something more at Deverington. She not only insisted upon showing the new guest her room, but would remain with her, and assist her in placing out her things for the night. Eva got over her introduction to Mr. Campion pretty well. Apparently, nothing in Miss March's appearance awoke any peculiar interest in him. Mrs. Campion, he said, they would not see that evening; she was such a deplorable invalid. Dread of society, we have remarked before, was the great characteristic of that unfortunate woman's mysterious malady.

They dined with no other company save the vicar and vicaress of Deverington. And when the appointed hour drew on, they adjourned to the observatory and beheld the sight, which the unclouded sky afforded them to perfection. At about half-past eleven they went in. Some supper rewarded their long and patient devotion to the mental appetite; and the vicar and his consort took their leave. Shortly after midnight, the whole house was going, or gone to rest. The situation of Eva's room it is fitting we should describe.

It was at a considerable distance from that occupied by Miss Varnish, and stood near the head of a somewhat narrow staircase, that led to a glass-door opening into the Italian garden. Inside the bedroom was a large closet, or small chamber, (whichever you might like to call it), and the key fastening the lock was on the bedroom side of the door. Eva was at once weary and wakeful; weary with the long evening, and wakeful with the many thoughts suggested to her by the strange coincidence of her finding a lodging in that house, of all others. She felt herself alternately dozing, and waking again — she knew not how many times — until she fancied that some strange presence was in her room. She was awake enough to be conscious of it; not awake enough at once to detect the truth or the

fallacy of her imagining. But presently, the haunting phantom took shape as well as sound. A face was looking into her own. Was it a face ever seen by her before? Was it the face of Mr. Murphy M'Quantigan? It was Murphy M'Quantigan's face, indeed. Murphy M'Quantigan's face, with the sanctimonious mask torn away from it. There was now quite another look upon that face. It was a look which Eva had never seen before, on any countenance which had gazed into hers. But she was aware at once what that look portended. It needed not the murderous attitude of his *hands* to interpret *that* look.

* * * * *

It was exactly at this instant, that Mrs. Ferrier, guided by the lamp which threw its yellow rays on the stairs, along with the whiter streaks of moonlight, found her way into this very chamber.

She saw the man, whom she had taken for her trusted agent, bending over the bed, and commencing his horrid work in the way which Miss Varnish's letter had prepared her to anticipate. On the table, hard by the bed, stood a square-shaped bottle, with the stopper removed. In one and the same moment, Mrs. Ferrier threw the bottle crashing to the ground, and with a cry of horror and fear arrested the murderer in the work he had already begun.

It was startling enough to find himself interrupted in a deed towards which, as he thought, his way had been smoothed beyond all possible interference. But when he looked round, and saw who had come so suddenly upon the scene; when he saw the very woman from whom he not only believed himself separated by more than a hundred miles, but on whose very behalf he was doing the deed; the astonishment utterly prostrated him, and he knew not what he should say, nor what he should do. Bewildered more than on any former occasion of his life, he rushed out of the room at once; but not by the door at which he had entered it.

Mrs. Ferrier turned, in an agony of anxiety, to the bed on which the intended victim was lying.

"Miss March! Speak to me, for God's sake! Tell me if you are hurt! Oh! have I come too late, after all?"

Eva was not hurt. The fumes of the chloroform, which the ruffian had forced her to inhale, had not had time so much as to take away her senses, still less to take them away beyond recovery, and she was now broad awake.

"No, I am not hurt at all. Can it be Mrs. Ferrier?"

"Yes, indeed; I am that guilty, miserable woman. Oh! Miss March, I have given you but little occasion to look upon me as a friend, I bitterly, bitterly know! But, indeed, as I hope for mercy after all, I am come to save you now!"

"But what is it? What was it? I dreamed just now that a strange man had come in."

"Oh, it was no dream of yours. Heaven pity and forgive me! It was no dream. He has just gone out at that door.

"*That* door?" asked Eva, her eye obeying the direction of Mrs. Ferrier's finger. And then, a sudden impulse suggesting the safest course, she sprang off the bed, and turned the key in the door by which Mr. Murphy had darted into the inner room. A loud and deep curse from within bore witness to the wisdom of her hasty action. On the table the Irishman had laid a life-preserver. This Eva took into her hands.

"Shall we alarm the house?" she said to her deliverer.

"Yes; — oh, stay! no, no! Let us get out of it as soon as we can. You have more enemies than one in this house, I know. If you do not distrust me too much to go with me — and I well deserve you *should* — let us go quietly away I can show you how; and I have a gig in waiting that will take us to Bridgewater. Let us get quickly out of this murderous place."

"Don't be afraid, Mrs. Ferrier; we are two women, and there is help at hand. But I would rather not remain here. I will go with you at once." And, after a very hasty toilet, Miss March was ready to accompany the elder lady out of the house. A few growling curses were heard at intervals from the large closet; but otherwise the prisoner gave no sign. Mrs. Ferrier was horribly afraid of meeting a second enemy on the stairs. But nothing of the kind occured, and they went out of the house as one of them had lately entered it. They found their way through the shrubbery and into the wood. At the gate the gig was waiting as desired.

"I must take this young lady with me somehow," Mrs. Ferrier said; "but I do not mind what I pay you."

The gig was a broad one, and would contain three without any great inconvenience. So they were presently all seated in it, and the driver inquired which way they purposed going.

Mrs. Ferrier consulted Miss March, who declared for Chelford. So to Chelford, and not to Bridgewater, they went. Mrs. Ferrier had horrid fears as to the desperate steps

to which their baffled enemies might even now betake themselves. But they drove on without interruption. The whole interval between Mrs. Ferrier's arrival at that gate in the wood, and her return with Miss March, had not comprised more than fifteen minutes. They drove to Chelford, and stopped at the Calf's Head, the most respectable inn of the place.

"Ask for a room, or rooms for the night," said Mrs. Ferrier to the driver. "Tell them we will give any money, if they will but take us in."

So the landlord, and landlady, and inferior functionaries of the inn, were knocked up, and a room was got ready. If the people grumbled a little at so unwonted a summons at half-past one in the morning, I only know that they did not grumble when Mrs. Ferrier took her leave on the following day. The driver, after his adventurous expedition, was dismissed in a way which made the phenomenon of a lunar eclipse a joyful remembrance for all future time. At last, Mrs. Ferrier and Eva were alone in the room in which a fire had been lighted, and on the sofas of which they would pass the night.

"Let us now thank God," Mrs. Ferrier said, "for having saved you from a fearful death, and me from a dreadful crime."

And they paid the tribute of their thanks together; after that they fell into conversation.

"Now, Miss March," said Richard's mother; "I must tell you all the deep, deep guilt, which attaches to me. It is true, I never intended so horrid a thing as was all but perpetrated an hour ago. But I have been fearfully wicked, nevertheless, and I deserve to forfeit the esteem of every good person, and the affection of my son, which indeed, I fear is lost to me for ever."

"Oh, no, indeed, Mrs. Ferrier. *There* you *are* mistaken."

"Richard *will* abhor me, when he hears all I have now to tell you. Unless — unless, indeed, you could be so much more merciful than I deserve, as to refrain from telling him."

"Mrs. Ferrier, I should never like to promise concealment from *him*. But there is surely another alternative. You need not tell anything to me, and then I shall have nothing to conceal from him."

"Oh, if I could be silent! But I dare not. I feel as though nothing but a full confession could atone for my exceeding guilt."

"Believe me, Mrs. Ferrier, you would inflict great sorrow upon me, in saying anything which forced me to be a barrier between yourself and — and Richard. I think I know all for which you have any cause to blame yourself. You were opposed to Richard's intentions. There's not a mother in the world, who would not have sought much better things for him. You were led to confide your feelings to some one who traded on your confidence, and whose own evil thoughts impelled him to imagine everyone as wicked as himself. And, as soon as you saw how atrociously your trust had been abused, you did your utmost to prevent any mischief; — and, as you see, you entirely succeeded."

"Indeed, that is true, Miss March. Indeed, all that, in substance, is the whole truth. And can you really forgive my bitter opposition to your happiness?"

"Oh, Mrs. Ferrier, how unreasonable it would be in me to think that such a thing was likely to be welcome to you! But I hoped all along I might show you in time that I was at least endeavoring not to be quite unworthy of him."

"Well, Miss March; this to me has been a night of great and undeserved mercies. Never, I would hope, will it be remembered by me, without my thanking the Great Deliverer of all. But I owe some thanks to you for your forbearance, beyond my utmost deserts. Will you, now, come home with me to Leamington to-morrow; and let me send for Richard to join us?"

Eva said she would joyfully accede to the plan; if Mrs. Torring would but consent to a parting somewhat sudden and unceremonious; and then they had much more conversation. Eva explained who Mr. M'Quantigan was, and whence had arisen that intercourse, which had been so hastily and maliciously interpreted by Mrs. Dowlas. She also explained what had inspired that lady with such angry feelings; and Eva ventured so far, as to hint that she had a hope — a certainty she dared not yet call it — that, in point of birth, she might prove no unworthy wife of Richard. Mrs. Ferrier could only say, again and again, that she had now no other wish than to show her sorrow for the past misunderstanding.

At an early hour next day, they called upon Mrs. Torring. She jumped at once to the conclusion, unwarranted as yet by any positive evidence, that that Miss Vanish was at the bottom of it all. Mrs. Ferrier confessed to the old lady how averse she had been to her son's connection with Eva, and how greatly she longed to atone for her unjust dislike. Mrs. Torring roundly told the lady that she had acted like a

great fool; but she offered no obstacle in the way of her present wishes.

An affectionate leave was taken by Eva of Mrs. Torring, and a yet more affectionate one of Mary; and they drove together to the station shortly after ten o'clock. While they were taking their seats, they heard one or two persons on the platform discoursing, in a somewhat animated tone, upon some unknown event which had happened at Deverington Hall. Eva guessed that her sudden departure had provoked notice and curiosity, and very glad she felt that she was at once to be borne away out of that ominous neighborhood. Yet her guess was a wrong one. Not her departure, but a departure of another and more striking kind had been the news of that morning. Something had happened at the Hall, which left no wonder to spare for her really unaccountable behaviour. But the train was on its way, ere yet she could discover her mistake.

Mrs. Ferrier is a happy woman now. And anybody who became the enemy of Eva would find in her mother-in-law, the very fiercest opponent (except Richard) that could be given him. And that night of the total eclipse has no more prolonged its shadows on her spirit, than the shadow of the earth could continue to obscure the brightness of our moon.

But it left its traces on her mortal body, notwithstanding. She went out of that terrible night with her hair as white as snow.

How Newspapers are Confiscated in France. Under the rule of Napoleon, newspapers have always been regarded as bombshells that may blow up the Empire. Accordingly, whenever, a public journal printed anything unpleasant to the Emperor, it was seized, and the person to whom it was sent and the agent who meant to sell it never saw a copy of the offensive number. The *Journal des Debats* recently ventured to print an exposure of the systematic confiscation of English, Belgian and German papers, which has been carried on uninterruptedly in France for the last fifteen years. The *Augsbury Gazette* and the London *Saturday Review* have been the chief sufferers. The *Independance Belge* has been excluded for whole months at a time. The *Journal de Genève*, which is daily distributed at Lyons, is not suffered to reach its Paris subscribers on an average more than once a week. *Punch* is repeatedly deemed too strong for France, and nine of every ten numbers are confiscated, and even the *Illustrated London News* was kept back for twenty-four hours in January on account of an engraving of the night *fête* of the Skating Club. A Spanish paper, written in French — *La Bidassoa* — having been seized for several months' running, on account of its political summary, lately replaced the offending article by a woodcut representing the good ship Bidassoa "in quarantine before Bayonne." The American papers, when they are not seized, are generally detained for twenty-four hours.

ARTEMUS WARD.

I.

Is he gone to a land of no laughter,
This man that made mirth for us all ?
Proves death but a silence hereafter
From the sounds that delight or appal ?
Once closed, have the lips no more duty,
No more pleasure the exquisite ears ;
Has the heart done o'erflowing with beauty,
As the eyes have with tears ?

II.

Nay, if aught be sure, what can be surer
Than that Earth's good decays not with Earth ?
And of all the heart's springs none are purer
Than the springs of the fountains of Mirth.
He that sounds them has pierced the heart's hollows,
The places where tears are and sleep ;
For the foam-flakes that dance in life's shallows
Are wrung from life's deep.

III.

He came with a heart full of gladness
From the glad-hearted world of the West, —
Won our laughter, but not with mere madness,
Spake and joked with us, not in mere jest ;
For the pain in our heart lingered after,
When the merriment died from our ears,
And those that were loudest in laughter
Are silent in tears.

March 9. J. R.

— *Spectator.*

From the Eclectic Review.

AMERICAN POETS.

A BOUQUET of American poets, composed of flowers new and old, comes to our hand. *Golden Leaves from the American Poets. Collected by John W. S. Howes. With an Introductory Essay. By Alexander Smith.* (Warne and Co.) — This is perhaps the best little, portable volume of selections from American poetry. There is a very mournful interest attaching to it, as it contains the last literary essay of Alexander Smith. Selections are so purely a matter of taste and temperament, that it is perhaps no reflection upon the judiciousness of the hand which has presided over the compilation, to say that we regret the absence of many which appear to us very superior to snme of those quoted. It is, however, a very beautiful little volume; and, as we have said, of its kind, the best, although probably largely indebted to Griswold's much larger work. Very beautiful, its author's most adventurous but most perfect effort, is *The Picture of St. John. By Bayard Taylor.* (Ticknor and Fields.) — The story, as in most lengthy poems, perhaps, is very slight. A mere bit of canvas, on which to outline forms of grace, and to lay on colours, moving the heart by their human beauty and fitness; the story is of the love of an artist for woman and child. The author, in his evolution of the phases of story and character, treads along what we always feel to be a perilous way. We like art of all kinds to keep the great human and divine highway. The scenery of the story is near Florence, among the hills and forests of Italy; there the writer reveals "the fret of time, and the frowns of circumstance" — a story of love and sorrow.

The House of Life hath many chambers. He
Who deems his mansion built, a dreamer vain,
A tottering shell inhabits, and shall see
The ruthless years hurl down his masonry;
While they who plan but as they slowly gain,
Where that which was gives that which is to be
Its form and symbols, build the house divine, —
In life a temple, and in death a shrine!

The measure of the poem has a flow of considerable freshness, and of even more sweetness. He has thrown many new, rich, pictorial adjectives into his verses; that power the poet has of so using the adjective, that it becomes a window through which is presented a new picture. There is so uniform a beauty in the verses, that we can quote scarcely anything as marking pre-eminent excellence on this or that page. The following verses, in which the artist recites the death of Clelia, will perhaps furnish our readers with an idea of the music and the pathos we have marked as the characteristics of the poem. In the visions of her death-bed, she says: —

"How still they lie, the olive-sandalled slopes,
The gardens and the towers! But floating o'er
Their shaded sleep, lo! some diviner shore,
Deep down the bright, unmeasured distance, opes
Its breathing valleys: wait for me! I haste,
But am not free: till morning let me taste
The last regret of faithful love once more,
Then shall I walk with thee yon lilied floor!"

The bright Thing fled, the moon went down the west.
Long lay she silent, sleepless; nor might I
Break with a sound the hush of ecstacy,
The strange, unearthly peace, till from his rest
The child awoke with soft, imploring cry:
Then she, with feeble hands outreaching, laid
His little cheek to hers, and softly made
His murmurs cease upon her mother-breast.

My trance dissolved at once, and falling prone
In agony of tears, as falls a wave
With choked susurrus in some hollow cave,
Brake forth my life's lament and bitter moan.
I shook with passionate grief: I murmured: "Stay!
Have I not sworn to give thee back thine own?
False was the token, false!" She answered: "Nay,
It says, Farewell! and yonder dawns the day."

No more! I said farewell: withdrawn afar,
Still faintly came to me, its clasping shore,
When morning drowned the wintry morning-star,
Her ebbing life; then paused — and came no more!
And blue the mocking sky, and loud the roar
Of loosened waters, leaping down the glen:
The songs of children and the shouts of men
Flouted the awful Shadow at my door!

And chill my heart became, a sepulchre
Sealed with the sudden ice of frozen tears:
I sat in stony calm, and looked at her,
Flown in the brightness of her beauteous years,
And not a pulse with conscious sorrow beat;
Nor, when they robed her in her winding-sheet,
Did any pang my silent bosom stir,
But pain, like bliss, seemed of the things that were.

With cold and changeless face beside her grave
I stood, and coldly heard the shuddering sound
Of coffin-echoes, smothered underground:
The tints I marked, the mournful mountains gave, —

Faces and garments of the throngs around, —
The sexton's knotted hands, the light and shade
That strangely through the moving colors
played, —
So, feeling dead, Art's habit held me bound!

My body moved in its mechanic course
Of soulless functions: thought and passion
ceased,
Or blindly stirred with undirected force, —
A weary trance, which only Time decreased
By slow reductions; though the blunted sense
Sought in its loss of grief a new remorse.
(As love lay dead in blank indifference,)
And courted pain, to draw some comfort
thence!

In *The Vision of Sir Launfal. By James Russell Lowell. With Illustrations by S. Eytinge, Junr.* (Boston: Ticknor and Fields.) — Some English criticisms appear to have forgotten to recognize one of the earliest poems of the now more celebrated Mr. Biglow: the present edition of this not very remarkable piece, is a most graceful and beautiful little volume. The illustrations are pretty and effective, they are like the words they accompany, pleasantly graphic, but not especially striking: the poet and his sketcher have used one of the fine old myths of the Middle Ages to point the great lesson of practical Christianity. It is one of the stories of the search so many knights undertook for the Holy Grail — the cup with which the Lord celebrated the last supper with His disciples. He only finds the cup and drinks of it, who loves and ministers to the wronged and the wretched, thus every soul may seek and find, and not in great enterprises but in lowly duties of love and faith.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.
Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives
us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking,
There is no price set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest comer.

Sir Launfal set forth, apparently with pious purposes, to find the holy cup with mail and spear — young, rich, and brave.

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

But alas: —

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was ware of a leper, crouched by the
same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he
sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armour did shrink and
crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn, —
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite, —
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness be-
fore."

But Sir Launfal's [illegible] is [illegible] disappointment that he was the [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] went the [illegible] and yet it [illegible] everything to [illegible] the objects of the

search. Emptied of pride, he had gained tenderness and charity; he was a poor unarmed man, but he met the leper again by the old gate.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

* * * *

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;" —
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees naught save the grewsome thing,
The Leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowered beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.
And Sir Launfal said, — "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns, —
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns, —
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he caged his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl, —
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate, —
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingled their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here, — this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need, —
Not that which we give, but what we share, —
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and me."

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound: —
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

The story is very slight; but the reader will be pleased to perceive in it the consistency of Mr. Lowell with the famous author of the Biglow papers; the sentiment of the delicate poet of the fancy harmonises with scorching and scathing words of the satirist — they plead for the same great human and divine truth in different forms and ways; and we have great pleasure in introducing this lovely and loveable volume to our readers.

We can scarcely call *Flower de Luce, By H. W. Longfellow.* (Routledge and Sons), a volume. It is a little collection of Mr. Longfellow's later pieces; they do not show the poet in any new lights, or new modes of metre, but they present the same distinct individuality, which seems to us the characteristic of most that he has done. We are afraid that we cannot think so contemptibly of Mr. Longfellow as modern criticism demands, as represented in recent notices of his verse in *The Saturday Review*, *Spectator*, &c., &c. It is the fashion now, we believe, in most circles, to rate him at a lowly standard, and to speak of his poems as common-place. We believe the truth is, Mr. Longfellow's popularity, for the last quarter of a century, has created this very sense of the common-place of many of his verses. His mode of setting is almost always marked by individual emphasis; while it is no doubt true, that he has an almost funny way of allowing his fancy to run away with him, calling up a succession of pictures out of every subject or thing upon which he sets his mind or his finger. See this in *The Grain of Sand*, *The Visions in the Rope-walk*, &c.,

&c., but these are not unpoetical; while the same liveliness of fancy on the Old Bridge over the Pegnitz, in *Nuremberg*, stirs us, we confess, quite as much as one of Macaulay's lyrics. This mannerism, in the little thing before us, is manifest in *The Bells of Lynn, heard at Nahant*, and perhaps more strikingly still in the —

THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY.

See, the fire is sinking low,
Dusky red the embers glow,
While above them still I cower,
While a moment more I linger,
Though the clock, with lifted finger,
Points beyond the midnight hour.

Sings the blackened log a tune
Learned in some forgotten June
From a schoolboy at his play,
When they both were young together,
Heart of youth and summer weather
Making all their holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark;
How above there in the dark,
In the midnight and the snow,
Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,
Like the trumpets of Iskander,
All the noisy chimneys blow!

Every quivering tongue of flame
Seems to murmur some great name,
Seems to say to me, "Aspire!"
But the night-wind answers, "Hollow
Are the visions that you follow,
Into darkness sinks your fire!"

Then the flicker of the blaze
Gleams on volumes of old days,
Written by masters of the art,
Loud through whose majestic pages
Rolls the melody of ages,
Throb the harp-strings of the heart,

And again the tongues of flame
Start exulting and exclaim:
"These are prophets, bards, and seers;
In the horoscope of nations,
Like ascendant constellations,
They control the coming years."

But the night-wind cries: "Despair!
Those who walk with feet of air
Leave no long-enduring marks;
At God's forges incandescent
Mighty hammers beat incessant,
These are but the flying sparks.

"Dust are all the hands that wrought;
Books are sepulchres of thought;
The dead laurels of the dead
Rustle for a moment only,
Like the withered leaves in lonely
Churchyards at some passing tread.

Suddenly the flame sinks down;
Sink the rumours of renown;
And alone the night-wind drear
Clamours louder, wilder, vaguer, —
"'Tis the brand of Meleager
Dying on the hearth-stone here!"
And I answer, — "Though it be,
Why should that discomfort me?
No endeavour is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.

Well, Mr. Longfellow has written far better things; but in any way, "common place" does not seem to us to serve his attributes and position as a poet. But, certainly, there is no knowing what these, his critics, might do if they tried, and infinitely lofty powers — eagles of song, for instance, cannot be expected to have much complacency for grasshopper songsters. We hoped there was truth in the long-spread report, that he was engaged in translating *Dante*; we fear that it may mean little more than that he has been engaged in some such little sketches and studies as those in this little volume — studies of the *Divinia Comedia* — here are one or two: —

STUDIES IN ANCIENT CATHEDRALS.

How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!
But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediæval miracle of song!

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!
And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.
The air is filled with some unknown perfume;
The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.
From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,

And lamentations from the crypts below;
And then a voice celestial, that begins
With the pathetic words, "Although your sins
As scarlet be," and ends with "as the snow."

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of saints and holy men who died,
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays
With splendour upon splendour multiplied;
And Beatrice again at Dante's side
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise.
And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love,
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;
And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the house-tops and through heaven above
Proclaim the elevation of the Host!

We surely wish Mr. Longfellow would bend himself to the translation of *Dante*. We fancy he has all the requisites for the production of what, in that case, would affect us like a new and equal poem.

ANOTHER, and to us, a fresh volume of American verse, comes to us with a very timely title. *Snow Bound; a Winter Idyll, with five Photographic Illustrations taken from American Scenery. By John Greenleaf Whittier.* (Alfred Bennett). We always procure, with pleasant expectations, Mr. Whittier's true, tender, fresh and flowing verses. Here we have a portrait of the amiable and admirable author; but the photographs are not so clear and distinct as the verses; they tell the story, always an attractive one, of household life among the snows. "A Flemish picture of old days," a picture of old American farm-house life —limned by the tender pencil of a poet's memory, abounding in sweet pathetic touches; bright flashes of firelight and leaden-coloured cloud shades; life indoors and out; the snow becomes to the bright vision of the author "A weird palimpsest," and he sees the life beneath the monotonous and obscuring snow wreath:—

Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

There is rich felicity of description in these easy happy verses; they flow as freely as a river; and, like the waters of some quiet inland river, they soothe, rest, and engage:—

So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.
* * * * *
All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through drizzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak,
A solitude made more intense
By dreary voiced elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

Who they were who sat round the fire, that snow-bound winter time, and thoughts of where they are now, and of the changed world they have left behind them: what stories were told in those days, what books were read:—

From painful Sewell's ancient tome,
Beloved in every Quaker home,
Of faith firewinged by martyrdom,
Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint,—
Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint!

Such is the tale the poet tells in his "Life's late afternoon;" with a deep love of, and clear insight into, nature's ways and teachings, a Christian hope "full of immortality," lightening all his verses; a beautiful poem for any time, a song of faith and hope, especially appropriate for winter time.

Clasp, Angel of the backward look
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book;
The weird palimpsest old and vast,
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past,
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
The characters of joy and woe;
The monographs of outlived years,
Of smile-illumed or dim with tears,
Green hills of life that slope to death,
And haunts of home whose vistaed trees
Shade off to mournful cypresses
With the white amaranths underneath.
Even while I look, I can but heed
The restless sands' incessant fall,
Importunate hours that hours succeed,
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,
And duty keeping pace with all.
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
I hear again the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears:
Life greatens in these later years,
The century's aloe flowers to-day!

Yet, haply, in some lull of life,
Some Truce of God which breaks its strife,
The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,
Dreaming in throngful city ways
Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
And dear and early friends — the few
Who yet remain — shall pause to view
These Flemish pictures of old days;
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!
And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
The traveller owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

From The New York Weekly Times.

EDITORIAL ASPIRANTS.

One of the most common delusions of the large number of unemployed, or inadequately employed persons in our city, is that which subjects us, meaning the proprietors and editors of this paper, to a great deal of annoyance and much loss of time. We refer to the idea which is so strangely prevalent, that almost anybody who is capable of writing with tolerable correctness, has some education, and either has, or imagines that he has, a large stock of ideas and considerable store of information, is qualified to perform editorial duties, and may, without presumption, solicit employment on some daily newspaper, and have the right to feel surprised, and even hurt, if his offers are not accepted. To such an extent has this delusion obtained, that many persons are willing to abandon occupations and professions for which they have qualified themselves by practice and study, in order to embark in one of which they have no experience, and, for which they have had no training. This arises from the idea that editors and newspaper writers do not require practice and training — that regular course of study and apprenticeship which are demanded in other trades and callings — that an editor springs into existence somewhat in the manner of Minerva's birth — fully prepared by nature and education to do battle with the veteran and skilled masters of the profession, without the slightest previous discipline and drill, that in fact the old Latin maxim is a misprint, and instead of "poeta" should read "editor nascitur, orator fit."

Unhappy infatuation! Unhappy for the victim; unhappier for the public, and unhappiest for the conductor of a daily newspaper, who has to devote a large portion of his valuable time to the unpleasant task of declining, and giving the gentlest reason he can imagine for declining, the offers of scores of misguided aspirants for editorial fame who daily and hourly favor him with visits.

Were it not for the obviously innocent motives and good intentions of some of these parties, we might be provoked, our *amour propre* offended, by the apparent superciliousness or depreciatory estimate of the labors, the duties and demands of our profession indicated by this very erroneous and contemptuous view of its necessities qualifications. A greater folly and delusion never prevailed among intelligent people than this idea. The editorial conduct of a daily paper, a successful and popular one, requires a longer experience and a rarer combination of qualities, intellectual and moral, more general knowledge, fact, and industry, than are demanded in any of the professions and callings in which our people are engaged. Such editors, too, are

more difficult to find — are, in fact, notwithstanding the demand, fewer than the number of competent persons in other employment. Good lawyers, skilful and learned physicians, eloquent and able divines, artisans of great skill, machinists of wonderful powers of invention, merchants profoundy versed in all the laws of trade and all the intricacies of finance, abound in large communities, but editors, capable, able, fully qualified to conduct an independent daily newspaper, have to be sought for with great diligence and perseverance, and are very rarely found in the largest, most enlightened, and highly educated communities. The editorial talent is the rarest of all other talents among even this highly gifted and versatile people of ours. Writers, able, learned, elegant, and witty, are as numerous as butterflies in summer, but when, with their qualifications, we seek to find combined the judgment, tact, skill, and readiness needed in the editor of a daily journal, our quest is rarely indeed rewarded with success, and the exacting nature of the standard of competency in the profession is painfully brought home to us

We hope that this view of the subject will now be duly and properly considered, and reflected upon by the scores of young men who are seeking places in the editorial department of newspapers, and that they will perceive the folly and misapplication of their talents and energies when they embark in a profession in which they will be subjected to such severe tests, without the strongest assurances and conviction of their ability to meet all its demands in a creditable and efficient manner.

From the Spectator.

CHARACTER AND EXPRESSION.

To the Editor of the Spectator.

SIR, — I have not seen the curious entertainment by Mr. Ernst Schulz which has led to the interesting remarks on "The Clothes of the Mind" in your current number, but taking your account of the effects produced to be faithful, it seems to me that their *vera causa* lies, not in the mind, which works through the features of Mr. Schulz, but in the minds worked upon, which in the freedom of their own constructive power shape the materials offered to them to their own imaginings, and therefore "sit loose to the mechanism of expression." The case is an illustration of that production of "being out of seeming," ably discussed by the late Professor Grote in a remarkable paper published in *Macmillan's Magazine* for this month.

Mr. Schulz's own character I conceive to be truly indicated by the "sensible, observant, slightly humorous, otherwise not very remarkable face," which you describe. Endow such a mind with flexible facial muscles, and it has all that it requires for putting on the marked lines commonly associated with particular characters. These lines Mr. Schulz makes *conspicuous* by intensifying the light and shadows, and 'on this hint' the imagination of the spectators immediately acts, building *all* the lines of his face into the types supposed to belong to the particular characters indicated. Let a Lavater criticize the performance, and probably he would tell us that nine-tenths of Mr. Schulz's face was out of keeping with the rest; that Mr. Schulz's own natural expression, which you observe that you could "trace clearly enough beneath the new one, until the intense light of the lamps was cast upon it," was the only one which his face ever really indicates, because the only one consistent with itself. But ordinary spectators are not Lavaters, and give free reins to their imaginations in interpreting human expression, from the want of sufficient knowledge of its subtle varieties to hold them in check.

The secret of the whole effect is, I suspect, spoken in your own observations upon the apparant change of expression produced by slight changes of accessories in forms of countenance otherwise absolutely unaltered, namely, "how much our natural interpretation of the meaning of certain lines and attitudes of the face depends . . . on the context in which we find them, which is made [*i.e.*, taken occasion of by our imagination] to suggest to us an interpretation of its own." Mr. Schulz is no doubt very clever in conjuring with the signs of character, but the true magician is in ourselves.

March 4, 1867. E. V. N.

From the Eclectic.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL'S ESSAYS.*

It is really very pleasing to find such a man as Sir John Herschel publishing such a volume as this; a little collection of most readable, and to ordinarily cultured minds, simple papers; opening up some of the great vistas and results, and further speculations of modern science, from the pen of one of the chief scientific sages of our day — himself occupied in those deeper and wider fields of mathematical and scientific thought, in which only *savants* and sages can accompany him. Sir John Herschel has long deserved and received this double meed of gratitude; he is not only known and revered as a distinguished veteran in the ranks of the higher observers and discoverers, but as the author of that priceless little book, which is still unique as a piece of healthful reading and discipline, for minds first exercising themselves in clear and right thinking — *The Discourse on Natural Philosophy*,† and that other equally valuable and invaluable, as an introduction to the subject to which it refers, his discourse on *Astronomy*. The volume before us is of a much more miscellaneous character, but it is written in a like popular and entertaining manner, and is composed of lectures given to village audiences and Mechanics' Institutions, or papers contributed to *Good Words*, or other such magazines. There is something, we say, very right and healthful in such a man teaching the more rudimentary principles of science to the people; for it is to be regretted that readers in general seldom feel interested in scientific in subjects, except in the matter of merely professional routine; the almost infinite conclusions upon which men of science are occupying themselves, the boundless fields which open on every hand, are, in general almost unknown; while even scientific men themselves, it is to be thought, permit themselves to follow one particular line of rail, and take partial views of the universe — failing, in the routine and persistency of their own particular department of enquiry, to perceive the great correlations of other departments lying outside of their own. The study of science usually awakens in ordinary minds little interest, until it definitely answers some *cui bono* question — until it is shown to be related to some immediate increase of worldly fortune; while, meantime, it is pushing its experiments and observations upon regions of thought and discovery, which perhaps few learn to regard as interesting; but which produce in the mind, hovering even momentarily in their neighbourhood, impressions of profoundest wonder and awe — perhaps it is the case that most persons have some fear of science, and scientific results — religious, but partially educated people cherish a trembling and hesitating dread, under the impression that science will, in the end, despoil the soul of some of its most cherished conclusions, and essential hopes; and we believe the best cure for such fears is to accustom the mind to come often and reverently face to face with those results of number, calculation, enquiry, and observation which may certainly infinitely enlarge the horizon of human knowledge, but which, inasmuch as they only increase the fullness and intensity of human consciousness, and serve to enlarge the perception man has of the boundaries of his own powers and spiritual being, can never, by a really thoughtful mind, be regarded as his foes. All the papers in this volume seen to have such an influence on the mind; none of them can be read for the purposes of mere amusement; sensational excitement and scientific discovery can never be regarded as exactly twins, but there is a marvel felt in the mind, which even tingles along the nerves and through the blood, and produces upon the spirit even what may be called a sensation of rapture and wonder; and if less human than than some of the miserable plots and counterplots which go to make up man's conception of romance, yet wing the spirit with a sense of the wonderfulness of nature's ways, more wildly and marvelously romantic than anything which even Dante could dream, or Doré describe. "That only is little," says our author, "which cannot rise to great conceptions." One of the highest marks of an extended civilisation is the creation of want and desires higher than material gratification, and the desire of "extending knowledge *for the sake of knowing*; the cravings after a larger grasp, a clearer insight, a more complete conception in all its relations, of the wondrous universe of which we form a part." And Sir John, in the paper on *Celestial Measurings and Weighings*, furnishes us at once with one of the most singular and beautiful illustrations both of this

* *Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects.* By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart., K.H., &c., &c. Alexander Strahan.

† If we had the honour of speaking to Sir John Herschel, we would take the liberty to beg him to publish in these, his later, ripe, and still we are glad to know most healthful days, a new, somewhat enlarged, and revised edition of this beautiful and noble compendium, which, published about forty years since, has never been retouched. We are not aware if it be now in print.

desire and its gratification — the solution of that wondrous enigma, the distance of the stars; the problem upon which astronomers with their glasses have exercised themselves with such almost miraculous, and certainly exquisite delicacy and refinement. The achievements of trigonometry, or the process of Triangulation, must seem to ordinary readers almost as wonderful as to the savage seemed "the Talking Chip," as he called it; the two or three scratches upon a bit of shaving, which brought to the missionary from a distance of miles the tools and appliances he needed for the carrying on of the building of his boat. The grand discovery of the planet Neptune, by the calculations of Leverrier and Adams simultaneously proceeding seems almost to yield in its splendour to the discoveries more recently made in the neighborhood of that great landmark of astronomers, the star Sirius, that "superb Star," as our author well designates it, whose light, which it takes twenty of our years to transmit to us, and whose glories it would take four hundred such suns as ours to kindle, has been for a long time one of the great landmarks of astronomic observation. Certain undulations of regular recurrence perceived in it, and which could not be ascribed to parallax, were by anticipation ascribed to the attraction of *an Unseen companion;* and, in January 1862, Mr. Alvan Clarke of New York, discovered in its neighborhood a minute star which had eluded all previous observation. Its real existence has now been verified, and Sir John believes there is every reason to regard this as the unseen companion, the presence of whose mild power awakened the mystic palpitations in the fiery planet — forty-seven times the distance of the sun from the earth, calculations have fixed this dim and remote stranger. What an illustration does it furnish of those refined celestial measurements to which we have referred; but even the sun himself, who seems so near and essential to us, so much our daily neighbour and companion that we regard him with more familiar minds, furnishes a perfect retinue of wonders. The paper in this volume, entitled "*The Sun,*" is full of what the author calls "statements so enormous in all their proportions, that I dare say, before I have done some of my hearers will almost think me mad; or intending to palm upon them a string of rhodomontades, like some of the mythical stories of the Hindoos." What an astonishing paragraph, for instance, is the following: —

But how shall I attempt to convey to you any conception of the scale on which the great work of warming and lightning is carried on in the sun? It is not by large words that it can be done. "All word-painting" must break down, and it is only by bringing before you the consideration of great facts in the simplest language, that there is any chance of doing it. In the very outset here is the greatest fact of all, — the enormous waste, or what appears to us to be waste — the excessive, exorbitant prodigality of diffusion of the sun's light and heat. No doubt it is a great thing to light and warm the whole surface of our globe. Then look at such globes as Jupiter and Saturn and the others. This, as you will soon see, is something astounding; but then look what a trifling space they occupy in the whole sphere of diffusion around the sun. Conceive that little globe of the earth such as we have described it in comparison with our six feet sphere, removed 12,000 of its own diameters, that is to say, 210 yards from the centre of such a sphere (for that would be the relative size of its orbit)! why, it would be an invisible point, and would require a strong telescope to be seen at all as a thing having size and shape. It occupies only the 75,000th part of the circumference of the circle which it describes about the sun. So that 75,000 of such earths at that distance, and in that circle placed side by side, would all be equally well warmed and lighted, — and, then, that is only in one plane! But there is the whole sphere of space above and below, unoccupied; at any single point of which if an earth were placed at the same distance, it would receive the same amount of light and heat. Take all the planets together, great and small; the light and heat they receive is only one 227-millioneth part of the whole quantity thrown out by the sun. All the rest escapes into free space, and is lost among the stars; or does there some other work that we know nothing about. Of the same fraction thus utilised in our system, the earth takes for its share only one-10th part, or less than one-2,000-millioneth part of the whole supply.

This paper, on *The Sun*, while it is perhaps most simply written, is also the most startling in the volume. The telescope has revealed wonderful things in this great friend and most essential force of our whole system, in whose being — we trust we may say, without irreverence — we live and move and have our being; and in a manner and to an extent of which very few units compared with the thousands of millions of our race, have ever had any conception. It is remarkable that experiment has been brought with such an infallible refinement to bear upon that immense and distant orb that, by the operation of its powers we have become aware of the very materials of which it is composed. The paper under notice is a simple, readable essay, such as might beguile a parlour fireside of its dulness. Pro-

fessor Tyndall more elaborately, in his essay on *Heat considered as a mode of motion*, evolved from the solar spectrum, by decomposing the light of the sun, the remarkable calculation that "the chances are more than 1,000,000,000,000,000,000, to 1, that is in the atmosphere of the sun."

Professor Kirchhoff has carried this splendid generalization forward to the discovery of calcium, magnesium, sodium, chronium, and other metals in the solar atmosphere; although others, and with us the rarer and more valuable, have as yet been undetected. The records of science are now full of these mysterious achievements and adventures of the human mind. Navigators discovering unknown shores strike upon our human sense of interest, but that solar spectrum, most beautiful and marvellous phenomenon, has led even, like a wonderful ship, to a strange coasting about upon the shores of that great continent of heat and light, seeming to bring its constitution and material a little nearer to us; and still, how almost less than nothing do we know. Most of our readers must be, at any rate, popularly acquainted with this interesting modern marvel of light; yet we think they will like to read Sir John Herschel's very popular description of it:—

A ray of light is a world in miniature, and if I were to set down all that experiment has revealed to us of its nature and constitution, it would take more volumes than there are pages in the manuscript of this lecture.

When the sun's light is allowed to pass through a small hole in a dark place, the course of the ray or sunbeam may be traced through the air (by reason of the small fine dust that is always floating in it), as a straight line or thread of light of the same apparent size, or very nearly so, from the hole to the opposite wall. But if in the course of such a beam be held at any point the edge of a clear angular polished piece of glass called a *prism* the course of the beam from that place will be seen to be bent aside in a direction towards the thicker part of the glass — and not only so bent or *refracted*, but spread out to a certain degree, so that the beam in its further progress grows continually broader, the light being *dispersed* into a flat fan-shaped plane: and if this be received on white paper, instead of a single white spot which the unbroken beam would have formed on it, appears a coloured streak; the colours being of exceeding vividness and brilliancy, and following one another in a certain fixed order —graduating from a pure crimson red at the end least remote from the original direction (or least *deviated*), through orange, yellow, green and blue, to a faint and rather rosy violet. This beautiful phenomenon — the *Prismatic Spectrum*, as it is called — strikes every one who sees it for the first time in a high degree of purity, with wonder and delight; as I once had the gratification of witnessing in the case of that eminent artist the late Sir David Wilkie, who, strange to say, had never seen a "Spectrum" till I had the pleasure of showing him one; and whose exclamations, though a man habitually of few words, I shall not easily forget. I shall not attempt to give any account of the theory of this *prismatic dispersion* of the sunbeam; but an illustration of it may be found in a very familiar and primitive operation — the winnowing of wheat. Suppose I had a sieve full of mixed grains and other things — shot, for instance; wheat grains; sand; chaff; feathers; and that I flung them all out across a side wind, and noticed where they fell. The shot would fall in one place, the wheat in another, the sand in another, the chaff in another, and the feathers anywhere — nowhere; but none of them in the straight direction in which they were originally tossed. All would be *deviated*; and if you marked the places of each sort, you would find them all arranged in a certain order — that of their relative lightness — in a line on the ground, oblique to the line of their projection. You would have separated and assorted them, and formed a *spectrum*, so to speak, on the ground; or a picture of what had taken place in the process; which would in effect have been the performance of a mechanical analysis of the contents of your basket.

Sir John touches, but does not discuss, the often-mooted question "whether the material universe be finite or infinite." Of course any answer only leaves the question still unanswerable. What we do know is, that light bears testimony to the uniform and all-pervading energy which sustains the universe; the evidence for gravitation fails us beyond the region of the double stars; or only leaves us with a moral conviction, amounting to a presumption, in its favour; but light bears testimony for unity of design and action throughout the wide system of the material universe. The lectures on "light" in this volume, form the most elaborate and lengthy papers: and here again we are brought face to face with marvels. One of these is the singular phenomenon — or idiosyncrasy, as the author calls it, inherent in the molecules of material bodies — of "right and left-handedness;" also in colourless, transparent, and perfectly homogeneous fluid, which are found able to deviate the plane of polarisation of a ray passing perpendicularly through them.

Still stranger that it should do so constantly in one direction for the same fluid, but in opposite directions for different fluids; strangest of all, that even vapours should be found possessing the same property; such is the case. Thus

oil of turpentine and its vapour turn the plane of polarization to the right hand, solution of sugar to the left, and so for a variety of other substances. This property has been made the basis of an elegant instrument called the saccharometer, by which the quantity of sugar contained in a given solution is ascertained by simple inspection of the tint so produced.

Such are among the wonders of which this little volume discourses — in that calm, reverent, and yet popular spirit, which can only produce upon the mind of the reader — a healthy wonder, rather than a vain curiosity. It is impossible to do more, in the space of a page or two, than merely to indicate its character, as really what it purports to be, a series of familiar papers, touching upon some of those great potential speculations; like the modern theories of heat, for instance, and its relation to the generation of every kind of force — speculations and discoveries which, as we said in the commencement of the paper, are like an entrance upon an infinite forest of thought, and creative essences and forms.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

PARTON'S FAMOUS AMERICANS.*

The New York Times publishes the following card from Mr. Parton: —

"The Times has been so indulgent in noticing my performances, that perhaps I ought to submit in silence to its censure, and I would do so if those censures related merely to the literary execution of my articles on Famous Americans. But when you accuse me of writing 'recklessly' you bring against me a moral charge of which I know I am not guilty. It is with me an invariable rule never to begin to write until I have exhausted every source of information accessible to me. If, in the use of the material thus accumulated, I commit errors, which of course I do, it is always from want of ability, never from want of care. Nor can I feel it to be true that I have 'no respect for anything human.' I trust that for every kind of human excellence, I have the respect that is due to it. I do not respect a reputation not founded upon merit, nor talent ignobly employed. Valor, self-control, integrity, perseverance, consideration for others, I hold in the deepest respect, by whomsoever those virtues are exhibited. I respect Henry Clay because he possessed them; I do not respect Daniel Webster, because he had them not. I respect poor John Randolph, because, with all his foibles, he was a man of honor. I cannot respect Calhoun, because I cannot believe he was sincere. Above all, I respect the people of the United States too much ever to presume to address them recklessly.

"JAMES PARTON.

"New York, Monday, March 25, 1867."

Brief as this epistle is, it is characteristic of the writer. He says what he wants to say plainly, and in language that commands the attention of ordinary readers, who are pleased by his regard for their opinion. The active writer hurries on from one telling sentence to another, until he reaches a triumphant conclusion. He is not perplexed himself, neither does he embarrass his readers with nice distinctions or subtle qualifications. He answers the charge of recklessness with the assertion that he reads all the books that bear upon his subject, and then writes with what he considers care, but does not tell us what share the thinking faculty takes in his work, nor whether he uniformly aims at truth, never at effect. He answers the charge that he has "no respect for anything human" — we should rather undertake to maintain that he has too much respect for things human — by specifying certain qualities which he admires, and declaring that two of his great men possessed them and that two others possessed them not. It is true that he does not consider Clay absolutely faultless nor Webster altogether without merit; but the one is to be praised and the other to be condemned. Before he takes up his pen, if not, indeed, before he commences to read for an essay, the author has made up his mind. Wishing the reader to be of his opinion, he sets up on every page a guide-post, which points to the foregone conclusion.

In the opening sentence of the article upon Henry Clay, Mr. Parton says: "The close of the war removes the period preceding it to a great distance from us, so that we can judge its public men as though we were the posterity to which they sometimes appealed." But it is certain that Mr. Parton is incapable of judging the great men of whom he writes, in this impartial spirit. His biographies would have been what they are if written before the attack upon Fort Sumter. No views are presented which were not familiar to the newspapers ten

* *Famous Americans of Recent Times*, by James Parton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1867, pp. 473.

years ago. Everybody knew that Mr. Clay was a leader of men, and that he was the author of certain compromises which from landmarks in our political history; that Mr. Calhoun sowed the dragon's teeth which sprung up in the form of armed men; and that Mr. Webster was more remarkable for strength of statement, than for fertility of invention. Upon the value of Mr. Clay's leadership and the utility of his compromises, upon the sincerity of Mr. Calhoun and upon the quality of Mr. Webster's intellect different opinions obtained years ago, as they still obtain. Mr. Parton gives a popular expression to views long held in political circles, but he contributes nothing new. The most striking portions of his article upon Webster, for example, those which have excited most controversy, were evidently inspired by Theodore Parker's well known sermon. What Mr. Parton has done is to translate Mr. Parker's language into his own vernacular and to find illustrations of his views in trivial incidents. His narrative is thus colored and the reader's mind is made up for him without his knowledge. It is not thus that a great man's character should be approached. The hidden sources of his strength, the hidden springs of his conduct, the real inspiration of his language must be sought in a spirit of love and reverence. It does not do to cut the Gordian knot of such a man's complex motives. It must be patiently untied. A "speaking likeness" which says nothing to those who know the subject best is not a portrait that will live.

We might not have thought of making these suggestions had not Mr. Parton invited them. He ought to be content with a popular reputation, and not undertake to play the part of "posterity" for which he is in no respect qualified. As a popular writer he has great merits. Nobody goes to sleep over his articles. His commonplace is vitalized. His crude and frequently erroneous generalizations are soon forgotten in the bustle of the narrative. He just fails of being an excellent writer. He does not take the pains to condense or to prune, perhaps has not the discrimination necessary to judicious criticism of himself. He always writes just about so well, appearing to have no aspirations above a certain level. It would be difficult to find one felicitous expression in his last volume, or one graphic picture; yet there are numerous expressions that just fail of being felicitous, and sketches that just fail of being pictures: —

> "Oh, the little more and how much it is!
> And the little less and what worlds away."

Nor has Mr. Parton the culture which to some writers supplies the place of genius. He was not educated and he does not educate himself upon good models. We do not mean to say that he never reads classical authors, but that he does not assimilate the best qualities of what he reads. Aiming at popularity, he resorts to such means for its acquisition as are employed by other sensational writers. He strives for effect and obtains it. He has been saved thus far from the fate of many popular authors by his industry, his skilful choice of subjects, his activity of mind, his clearness of statement, and by his common sense, when he gives himself time to use it.

The North American Review has been censured for admitting Mr. Parton's articles into the numbers which they enlivened, and undoubtedly our leading quarterly ought to be a model for its readers in point of taste as well as in point of temper and of scholarship; but it is, first of all, necessary that it should have readers, and these Mr. Parton attracted.

JOHN PENINTGON.

Mr. John Penington, of Philadelphia, who died on the 18th inst., was the last, if not the only, American bookseller who represented the old traditional booksellers. A scholar of fine parts, thorough in his knowledge of bookselling, with judgment and skill, a bibliographer in its broadest and best sense, he was an honor to the craft, and he took pride in it. He was a man of fine taste, of large reading, and of exhaustless service to all who were curious in scholarship or earnest in the study of letters. Descended from one of the old, respected, and wealthy Quaker families of Philadelphia, it was accident that made him a bookseller. His father's large fortune was suddenly lost. During his youth Mr. John Penington had gathered a valuable collection of books, and had frequently contributed to the literary proceedings of the various learned societies of his native town. Not caring for general mercantile pursuits, and suddenly thrown on his own resources, he quietly turned his library into his stock in trade, and with it opened one of the best bookstores of the country. Proud of his books, and contented with his shop and the fair profit which it brought him, he never allowed himself to be tempted from his chosen pursuit. His shop became the gathering place of scholars and men with a taste for letters, and one generation after another grew up almost under his

eyes in the various branches of literature which he supplied. His business did not stop with supplying books to his customers; they were all his friends; they knew that to him they could turn for help in everything that related to books, and that his knowledge was only surpassed by his readiness to impart it; and his help was never refused to the earnest seeker after knowledge, no matter how small his requirements of Mr. Pennington's services as a bookseller. Bookselling with him was not so much a trade as an art; books with him were valuable for their real, substantial merit; the book-buyer was precious in his eyes who knew what he wanted and why he wanted it. He never got rid of his old love of books for their own sake, and that love was too well founded in a knowledge of books ever to be lost in a poor ambition to become a great bookseller — a mere trader in so many thousand volumes of which he knew nothing and thought less. One of the matters of his trade in which he took pride was the fact that his list of subscribers to the new edition of Brunet was the largest outside of Paris, and thus he brought together the oldest bibliographer of the Old World and the youngest student in the New. With Brunet and with Bossange, as with all the other leading booksellers in Europe, his relations were intimate, and ripened always into fast friendships, each man finding in the other much to like and to respect. The sound judgment which characterized him in his private business was not lost in other things; and in political and public matters his advice was always safe. He was frequently called upon to assist members of Congress in framing such parts of the successive tariffs as were within his special business knowledge, and his recommendations were never biassed by his own interests. The loss of such a man, capable in his business, proud of it, and making himself dear to his friends, is at all times a great one. Particularly is this the case now and here, when study and scholarship are taking their accustomed places, from which they had been seriously disturbed by five years of war. The trade of book-selling in his hands was elevated to the dignity that it really acquires in the hands of competent men. Such men are rare everywhere. Here, unfortunately, they are growing rarer every day. In growing great rapidly we are not always growing wise, and the men who mean to study and want a book-shop and a bookseller to furnish them with the tools they need, will look long and vainly for such help as they always got from John Penington, of Philadelphia. It is beside our present purpose to speak of him except as a bookseller; but we should do wrong to forget that patriotic Philadelphia during the last five years contained no man more sincere, and few men more forward, in every good work that civil war imposed upon lovers of the country. — *The Nation*, 28 *March*.

From the Saturday Review.

M. THIERS ON FRENCH POLICY.

M. THIERS has attacked the foreign policy of the Empire in a speech which will be read with breathless interest by most Frenchmen. Seldom has there been a more vigorous or skilful invective delivered against the conduct of the French Foreign Office. The moment was not inopportune. Half France has been wondering whether it is possible that the newfangled policy of Imperialism is, after all, a series of suicidal blunders, and that NAPOLEON III. is an overrated man. M. THIERS has seized the critical occasion to pronounce with all the authority of a connoisseur that, considered as a diplomatist, the EMPEROR is a failure. The old tribune, which this year has reappeared by Imperial permission in the Chamber, seems to have been restored just in time. The veteran debater and ex-Minister spoke of the familiar rostrum as of an old and valued friend, and, standing where he had not stood for twenty years, seemed like the ghost of old French Governments inveighing against the spirit of the new. M. ROUHER, himself no mean orator, was scarcely equal to the task of coping with the complete and polished essay of his animated antagonist. The admiration of the Chamber was equitably divided between the two opposite harangues, but the vehement address of the Opposition leader has produced out of doors a deep impression which the assurances and protestations of the Minister have not yet removed.

The charge brought by M. THIERS against the policy of the Empire is that it is not the policy of common sense. It has only succeeded, he thinks, in leaving France stranded and isolated in the middle of the Continent. Her true interest, he conceives, is not to preside over the rise of nationalities or the agglomeration of nations, but to stand by the balance of European power. Reduced to plain terms, this means nothing more than that, when Europe is weak, the French Empire will be strong. The "balance of power" is only a courteous way of expressing the hopeless division of the Con-

tinent; and M. THIERS's principle amounts to a return to the old principles and ideas of former *régimes*. Frenchmen are sorely tempted at present to adopt this line of thought. It has long been obvious to spectators that the military terrorism exercised by France must wane as her success in revolutionizing the Continent succeeded. When Italy accomplished her unity she founded her political independence; and as the Austrian frontier has receded in the Italian peninsula, French influence has receded in proportion. The same process has since taken place in Germany, as M. THIERS predicted three years ago would be the case. It is in vain for M. ROUHER, in despair, to urge that the German Confederation in past years was as menacing a danger upon the French frontier as the new military league which is starting into existence under the auspices of Prussia. For purposes of self-defence the old Bund may have been equal to its new substitute. For offence, however, it was useless; and so long as Germany was tripartite, she resembled a house divided against itself. M. THIERS is therefore right in maintaining that the battle of Sadowa has appreciably altered the situation of affairs; and even M. ROUHER, in a moment of candour, confessed during the debate that, for one moment after the defeat of BENEDEK, the Imperial Government itself experienced "a patriotic qualm." If this be so, it is natural that France should be disposed to sympathize with M. THIERS when he asserts that France has blundered. Ten years ago, after the Crimean war—a war of which, with all the instinct of an Old World politician, M. THIERS heartily approves—Europe, side by side with the French nation, seemed as weak as water. NAPOLEON III. held the destinies of the world within the hollow of his hands. Russia was paralysed, Austria terrified, Prussia feeble and inactive, and the French EMPEROR sat in the midst like ÆOLUS in the centre of his windy cave. Now everything has altered, and, if M. THIERS is correct, has altered for the worse. Italy, thanks to French intervention, has grown to maturity, and threatens to illustrate in her policy the old maxim of the ingratitude of nations. The peace of Villafranca, for which NAPOLEON III. is responsible, led indirectly to the recent Prusso-Italian alliance, and the consequent humiliation and defeat of Austria in Germany. Prussia, victorious and swollen with territorial annexations, is at the head of thirty millions of Germans. Lastly, roused into activity at the sight, and spirited to action by the changed conditions of Prussia and Austria, Russia is once more manœuvring among the Christian subjects of the Porte, and stretching her arm towards Constantinople. Meanwhile France has exhausted her purse, and fatigued her army in distant and fruitless military expeditions to Mexico and Rome. Her rulers have not had the nerve to arrest betimes the unwelcome progress of events. The friendship of Russia they forfeited by a chimerical agitation in favour of Polish revolution. They might, it is added, had they not thought themselves pledged to the doctrine of nationalities, have stayed the ambitious course of Prussia by an interference, in concert with the English people, on behalf of the Duchies of the Elbe. They did not even cast the sword of France into the scale when the fate of Austria was weighed last summer in the balance. The result is that France is nowhere. In the words of M. THIERS, "il n'y a plus une seule faute à commettre."

The French Government is in this curious dilemma, that it cannot answer this cogent argument without appearing to confess that the vast scheme introduced by the French EMPEROR for turning the whole able-bodied population into an armed militia is uncalled for. M. JULES FAVRE, with the eye of a lawyer, saw this weakness in the Ministerial position, and drove his spear into the opening of the joint. *De deux choses l'une.* Either France is not in imminent peril or she is. If she is, who brought the calamity upon her? If she is not, why all these armaments, and these evident preparations for a coming contest? To this M. ROUHER had really no answer ready. Nor was his language by any means as reassuring or as pacific as was necessary for the maintenance of his theory that France had remained unshaken by the altered equilibrium of Germany. He asserted indeed that the relations between France and the Cabinet of St. Petersburg never had been more friendly. But he went on in a tone of veiled menace to add that Russia must abstain from those very ideas of ambition the mere rumour of which has been agitating political circles, both in London and in Paris, for the last few months. In like manner he professed the most utopian wishes for the welfare and happiness of Prussia. But he added, with an air of mystery, that Count BISMARK must not turn his thoughts towards the Zuyder Zee. It is difficult to decide whether this sort of tone is more soothing or alarming. It certainly is not an answer

to M. THIERS. The Minister's reply to the averment that matters might have happened differently had the Imperial Government acted with greater force and promptitude, when stripped of its oratorical ornaments, is very simple. As far as M. THIERS is concerned, who on a famous occasion adopted the same reasoning when he was Minister himself, it is a fair specimen of the *argumentum ad hominem*. GOD is great, says M. ROUHER, and the current of events has been irresistible. The French Foreign Office could not fight against it. The stream carried France along with it, and it is not a crime to have been washed away. So far from every single fault having been committed which ingenuity could commit, there has been no fault at all. The increase of Germany has been the will of ALLAH. This is a remarkable defence in the mouth of a prudent French Minister. One may be allowed to wonder what Germany will think of it. Count BISMARK will scarcely deserve the character he has acquired for shrewdness if he is not as much forewarned as flattered by the free and homely bluntness of the spokesman of the Cabinet of the Tuileries. If the statement of M. ROUHER does not prove that the Empire has been wise in its diplomacy, it suggests to the plainest understanding the reason why the Empire is about to arm.

Natural as is the feeling of dissatisfaction at the rise of Prussia which France exhibits no less than M. THIERS, it cannot be viewed with other than very melancholy misgivings by all lovers of European peace. It has often been said, and with considerable truth, that the tranquillity of the continent cannot be secured if the nation is ill content. That discontent prevails among ordinary French politicians is obvious from the temper with which the diatribe of M. THIERS was received. It is no use pausing to argue that the principles put forward by him are selfish and interested. Of course they are, and M. THIERS does not hesitate to acknowledge it. We sometimes hear English statesmen taking a feeble credit to themselves for refusing to look at foreign politics from any except a purely British standpoint. An exact parallel may now be seen, on the opposite side of the Channel, in M. THIERS. To all theories about the interest of peoples and the rights of nationalities he has one convincing answer — *J'aime mon pays*. The patriotic point of view is the only one that he consents to recognise. To tell him that he ought to be a cosmopolite, and not merely a Frenchman, is to talk to him in a language which he does not care to speak. He looks on all ambitious schemes of foreign policy with the sceptical eye that Mr. LOWE directs in England towards the doctrines of flesh-and-blood Reform. The cheers he elicits and the sensation he creates are significant and full of warning. They show that the French Chamber and the French nation are deeply affected by what he says. So much might have been expected; but it is indeed a subject of anxiety when we find Imperial Ministers themselves a prey to the agitation which they pretend in public to repudiate.

And the attitude of M. ROUHER, reassuring though it is designed to be, is above all things an admirable specimen of the real folly of which the French Government during the last twelve months has been guilty. It has vacillated between action and inaction. If it had boldly intervened to prevent the march of Prussia and the "agglomeration" of Germany, it might have marred or adjourned a great reform, but it would at all events have acted upon a consistent and intelligible plan. From so trenchant and, let us add, so unprincipled a move, the EMPEROR was preserved by his caution, his reason, and perhaps his conscience. But if he did not do this, the only statesmanlike course left was to accept heartily and freely the events which he had not the power or the will to avert. We fear that this has not been done. France remained in the condition which always makes France dangerous — silent, but agitated and uneasy. She would not forbid Prussia's success, but she would not sympathize with it. M. ROUHER could not bring himself last week to sympathize with it, even for the sake of winning a debater's victory over M. THIERS. The proffer of an English-French alliance so kindly held out to us by M. THIERS and M. ROUHER with both hands must, accordingly, be estimated at its true worth. Before entering on enterprises of great pith and moment, England will probably insist upon understanding for whom she is expected to pull the chestnuts out of the fire, and whether the balance of power in Germany and the restoration of a French hegemony on the Continent is a matter in which she has as keen an interest as others that might be named. In many ways the French are a noble people. They cannot at present show their nobility better than by ceasing to repine at the altered fortunes of their neighbors, and by consigning the theories of M. THIERS to the library shelves appropriated to select morsels of perilous and seductive eloquence.

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☞ "Out of Charity," in a separate form, is nearly ready for publication.

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A LETTER NEVER SENT.

I.

THESE longing eyes may never more behold
Thee,
These yearning arms may never more enfold
Thee,
To my sad heart I never more may press Thee,
But day and night I never cease to bless Thee.

II.

I do not envy those who may be near Thee,
Who have that joy supreme — who see Thee,
hear Thee;
I bless them also, knowing they, too, love Thee,
And that they prize no earthly thing above
Thee.

III.

I do not even hope again to meet Thee,
I never dare to think how I should greet Thee,
Low in the dust should I fall down before Thee,
And kneeling there, for pardon should implore
Thee.

IV.

Alas! 'twould be a sin to kneel before Thee! —
A sin to let Thee know I still adore Thee!
I kneel and pray that Heaven may bless and
guide Thee:
Love of my life! to Heaven's care I confide
Thee.

— *Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE WEDDING RING.

I CLIMBED the hill, and looked around:
The prospect stretched out wide —
Green vales, rich woods, and shining sea,
Beauty on every side.

So fair, so far, so boundless all,
My spirit was oppressed;
My glance roamed round, now here, now there,
And knew not where to rest.

Then from my finger, half in play,
My wedding ring I drew,
And through that golden circle small
Looked out upon the view.

I saw a wreath of cottage-smoke,
A church-spire rising by,
A river wind through quiet woods —
Above, a reach of sky.

This little picture I had made
Both cheered and calmed my soul;
True, I saw less, but what I saw
Was dearer than the whole.

More vivid lights, more solemn shades,
Such limits seemed to bring; —
My portion of the world be still
Framed by my wedding ring!

— *Macmillan's Magazine.* L. C. S.

THE BEST WAY TO MAKE COFFEE. — Coffee may be prepared in three different manners, either by filtration, by infusion, or by decoction. Infusion, according to Liebig, often produces, though not always the case, good coffee. When the operation is performed, viz., when the boiling water is poured slowly upon the powdered coffee, the drops become impregnated with a large quantity of air, oxygen having by this sufficient time to dilute the aromatic qualities, and even destroy them entirely. It is therefore necessary in such a case to make use of an air-tight vessel. By filtration the water dissolves but 7 to 10 per cent. of matter instead of 20 to 21 per cent. of the berry, and the loss consequently rises from 10 to 13 per cent. The infusion is produced by boiling water and throwing into it coffee which has been ground, immediately removing the vessel containing it from the fire and allowing it to settle for five or six minutes. This method gives a light-coloured but very aromatic coffee. Decoction. This manner is principally used in the East. It produces, according to Liebig, an exquisite beverage. The pulverized coffee is thrown into cold water, and the whole is placed upon the fire until it begins to boil. The coffee which floats at the top is then drunk with the prepared liquid. Many persons would certainly not like to see their cup filled with the brown deposit of the powdered coffee; we, therefore, prefer the following method, which is at the same time an infusion and a decoction: — Take the same proportion of coffee and water as you are accustomed to use, and, which depends entirely upon the taste of the customer, but 15 grams. of coffee will produce two cups of moderate strength. The berries ought to be ground just before being used. Divide the powdered coffee into two parts, then throw about three parts of it into cold water, and let it boil for ten minutes; then throw in the small remaining quantity and raise it immediately from the fire, cover it and allow it to settle for about fifteen minutes when it will be ready for use. The liquid may be quickly strained through muslin, if the small quantity of powder floating at the top is objected to. Coffee thus prepared ought to be of a bright brown colour, but not black. It is always thick, like chocolate, when mixed with water. The thickness of the liquid does not proceed from the small quantity of coffee which floats at the top, but from a fatty matter analogous to butter, of which powdered coffee contains about 12 per cent. of its weight. This is the best method for obtaining good aromatic coffee. Experimentalists sometimes do not succeed, but they may be certain that they will not fail in proving the truth of Baron Liebig's assertions. — *M. de Parville in the Constitutionnel.*

From the Saturday Review.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

ONE more step has been taken to the demolition of the Ottoman Empire, by the compulsory evacuation of Belgrade. The Turkish flag is, under the new arrangenent, to be still hoisted on the fortress, but there is little to regret in the certainty that it will not float there long. The provincial independence which existed under the shadow of mediæval dynasties is too exceptional to survive in modern Europe. Erance and Germany formerly contained counties and dukedoms which were connected with the Crown only by an elastic bond of feudal allegiance. In one kingdom the great fiefs were successively annexed, while the German King became, by an opposite process, the nominal head of a lax Confederation. The SULTAN has long been undergoing the gradual dissolution which proved fatal to the power of his former Imperial neighbour; and he suffers an additional disadvantage in the hostile feeling of his vassals, and in the intriguing and encroaching policy of their foreign protector. For internal enemies he would, with the aid of his Mahometan subjects, still be more than a match; but it is more difficult to counteract the ambitious projects of Russia since instigation of rebels has been substituted for periodical invasions. The Cretans are likely to succeed in their enterprise, and the withdrawal of the Turkish garrisons from Servia, though it involves no material loss, is a confession of diplomatic weakness. Belgrade, which was formerly important as a defence against Austria, has for many years served only as a boundary-stone to remind Europe that the Turkish frontier had not yet receded. The force which it contained might ostensibly be designed to take a Servian insurrection in the rear, but pratically it would only have provided an enemy with hostages who could scarcely have effected their escape. The evacuation proves, not that Russia cultivates disaffection in Servia, but that Austria, after long resistance, has succumbed to Russian pressure. ALEXANDER I. and NICHOLAS, with good reason, regarded Prince METTERNICH as their most irreconcilable enemy; and Prince SCHWARZENBURG, after accepting Russian assistance against Hungary, uttered a threat of gigantic ingratitude which was fully performed by his successors in 1855 and 1856. For more than fifty years Austria has been the ally and protector of Turkey, and the change of system which is indicated by the concurrence of the Austrian Government in the demand of concessions to Servia and Crete is a political revolution.

The capacity of Baron BEUST will be tested by the final result of combinations which at present apppear to be bold, consistent and comprehensive. All the recent measures of the Austrian Government are inspired by a determination to prepare for a decisive struggle by removing, at any cost which may be necessary for the purpose, all domestic and foreign embarrassments. The Constitutional King of HUNGARY has entered his capital in the midst of plaudits which had, in all the previous course of his reign, never been accorded to the chief of the Austrian Empire. The Diet has almost unanimously voted a large contingent to the army; and unless new difficulties intervene, the whole power of a warlike kingdom will be disposable for a future German campaign. Baron BEUST judiciously abstained from accompanying his Sovereign to Pesth, lest it might be suspected that the head of the Vienna Cabinet interfered with the counsels of the responsible Hungarian Ministers. Experience will prove hereafter whether it is possible for a modern ruler to govern two independent kingdoms; but for the present, the recognition of Hungarian rights, if it has dislocated the Empire, at least secures to Austria a powerful and loyal ally. If the Western provinces can be conciliated with equal success, the recovery of an independent position will perhaps allow the Austrian Government to resume its traditional policy of protecting Turkey; but in the meantime Baron BEUST has thought it prudent to become the ally and instrument of Russia. The Russian sympathy for oppressed compatriots and co-religionists in neighbouring countries, which has so often disturbed the tranquillity of Turkey, has lately been extended to some of the Austrian provinces. The benevolent solicitude of the Russian Government was especially directed to the relief of any political and religious grievances which might be felt by the mixed population of Galicia. As Count BELCREDI and his colleagues had courted and favoured the Poles, Russian priests and political agents cultivated the discontent of the Ruthenian peasantry, and there was reason to fear that in time of war an Eastern rebellion might be stirred up while the attention of Austria was absorbed by the necessities of a Western struggle. The unscrupulous diplomacy of Russia has been rewarded by perfect success in the object which probably formed the motive of the agitation in Galicia. Baron BEUST, surren-

dering unconditionally, has advised the Turkish Government to abandon Belgrade, and to concede the administration of their own affairs to the Christians in Crete. He had probably received an assurance that the religious and national rights of the non-Polish Galicians should, in return, be consigned to temporary oblivion. The Austrian Government receives the additional advantage of provisional relief from the responsibility of Eastern affairs. Active aid to Russia in the dismemberment of Turkey would involve thankless and superfluous labour.

While France is wavering between jealousy of Russia and fear of losing the confidence of the Eastern Christians, the English Government yields to a pressure which could only be resisted by force. Lord DERBY lately anticipated an inquiry of Lord RUSSELL'S by informing the House of Lords of the intended surrender of Belgrade to the Servians. He also stated with due official gravity that Lord LYONS had once more recommended the Porte to keep its promises to its Christian subjects, and that the GRAND VIZIER had solemnly engaged to introduce reforms which have long since been prescribed by the SULTAN'S authority and by law. The Turks are to be admonished to respect neighbours whom they despise, and the Christians are in turn to forget their hereditary hatred of their conquerors. As an earnest of the impartial favours which are to be shared by meritorious unbelievers, a Christian functionary has been charged with the pleasant duty of unravelling the puzzles of Turkish finance. Similar promotions are to be made in the various provinces, and in this way a cork is to be applied to the leakage of the Eastern sieve. The English Ambassador could not but express his satisfaction with the liberal assurances of the VISIER, and Lord DERBY and Lord RUSSELL exchanged congratulations at the attainment for the hundredth time of a verbal result which will not interrupt for a moment the machinations of Russia. As the country is not disposed to engage in a second Crimean war, it is perhaps judicious to profess to be contented with empty phrases. The defection of Austria renders active resistance to Russia for the moment almost impossible; and, in default of an active policy, sanguine politicians will hope the best from the emancipation of the Sclavonic tribes in Northern Turkey, and from the growing influence of the Greek race in the South. The Servians, though they are but partially civilized and few in number, are a manly and warlike race, with heroic traditions of their own, and possibly they may be capable of forming the nucleus of a nation. Having enjoyed real independence for two or three generations, they will perhaps become less hostile to the Porte when their sole grievance is removed by the recall of the Turkish garrisons from the Servian fortresses. Their resources are wholly inadequate to the invasion of the Turkish provinces, although in conjunction with the highlanders of Montenegro they might prove formidable auxiliaries to a Russian army, or even to an insurgent force. The prospects of Servia would be brighter if European politics give uncultivated races time to rise gradually into civilization. Democratic constitutions suddenly imported into Greece and the Danubian Principalities have only produced anarchial confusion, and the alternative of becoming a Russian province would be still more undesirable.

If the autonomy which is demanded for the Greeks meant only municipal independence, it might perhaps be found, in some provinces, not incompatible with the sovereignty of the Porte. The Turks, with all their faults, possess in a high degree the Oriental virtue of not being busybodies. Under Turkish rule the Greeks were exposed to violence and injustice, but not to officious meddling; and consequently they are skilful in parochial business, although they have hitherto failed utterly in the management of a State. The most competent observers considered that the chief fault of the Government of Athens has consisted in the imitative centralization which has suppressed local independence; and it is possible that the Islanders of Crete might thrive better under a Pasha than under a King of the Greeks, if they were secured in the possession of full municipal liberty. During a late insurrection in Thessaly the rebels or invaders were refused admission to a Christian village, which was apparently not sufficiently sensible of the grievances of Turkish supremacy. The Russian proposal of extending self-government to the Christians in all the European provinces would be impracticable wherever the two hostile races occupy the same districts. It is, in fact, obvious that the demands of Russia would not serve their purpose if they were likely to be conceded. The wildest credulity can scarcely accept the pretence of religious sympathy which faintly colours a policy of usurpation and aggrandizement. Incidentally the Russian Government may wish to organize its Christian clients before the final struggle

for the control of the Danube and the possession of Constantinople. Without the active aid of Russia, the Christian population would almost certainly be defeated in the internecine struggle with the united Mahometan force. The sick man will be long in dying unless the operations of nature are aided by timely strangulation.

From the Saturday Review.

THE NORTH-GERMAN PARLIAMENT.

In these days, when the English Ministry appears in so poor a light, when there is so much weakness and vacillation, and such a total want of anything like statesmanship in those who have the guidance of what Mr. Bright calls the "Mother of Parliaments," it is instructive to turn to North Germany, and watch the career of a minister who, with all his faults, can lead men, can impress large views on common minds, and, knowing what he wants, can get it. Count Bismark is by no means a hero. Debating societies would pronounce that he certainly is not a good man, and probably is not a great man. But he indisputably is a very considerable Minister, and a masterly leader of Parliaments. His management of the new Parliament of North Germany has been in many ways admirable, and has been characterized by that peculiar quality of thought and conduct which divides statesmanship from mere political ability. His mode of treating the various questions which necessarily force themselves on him at the outset is well worthy of attentive consideration. On large and remote questions he is cautious, courteous, and yet firm in his patriotism. On near questions, which divide and haunt the minds of his hearers, he is resolute, bold, and even arrogant. On open questions, on questions of the future of Germany, on questions that present themselves in many ways, however vaguely, to the minds of those whom he is leading, he is neither encouraging nor discouraging, neither great nor small. He looks only at that which for the moment is practical, and forces all around him to confine themselves to the sphere of that which is immediately possible. Prussia is now a great Power, second perhaps to none in Europe. Her new position brings her into new relations with her great neighbors. She has to consider very carefully how she stands towards Russia and towards France. As to Russia, Count Bismark seems perfectly easy. He does not fear that Russia will quarrel with the only power which, if it got hold of more of Poland, could keep it. Towards France he is neither defiant nor humble. He extends the courtesy of an equal to an equal; and if he feels, as he must feel, a keen thrill of exultation at finding a French Minister candid enough to avow that the Battle of Sadowa cost France a pang of bitter humiliation, he does not show that he is sensible of his triumph. He is studiously moderate in speaking of Limburg and Luxemburg. He would not for the world coerce a little Power like Holland. He has no wish to wound the susceptibilities of France. If the people of Limburg and Luxemburg do not wish to belong to the Confederation of North Germany, he is the last man to trifle with their feelings. He is quite content that things should go on quietly as they are, and that no offence should be given to any one, more especially as Prussian troops already garrison the fortress of Luxemburg; and to keep things quiet is really to get all he desires. If he is aware that France is meditating schemes adverse to Prussia, he betrays neither knowledge nor fear of them. It is said that the Emperor is planning a Confederation of his own, and that he intends, if possible, to gather the States adjacent to France under his wing, just as Prussia has got under her protection the minor States of North Germany. It is by no means impossible that France may think it feasible to conclude an alliance with Belgium and Switzerland, like that which Prussia has concluded with Saxony. But if Count Bismark sees that this is possible, he does not seem afraid of it. He quietly pursues his own way. It appears that long ago he concluded treaties with Baden and Bavaria, by which, in case of war, the resourses of these two States were placed at the disposal of Prussia. He has been acting, while others have only been thinking of acting; and he feels that he can afford to be magnanimous, and can take things coolly, whatever may be plotted or imagined against him.

In the little doubtful questions of home politics, however, Count Bismark assumes a very different tone. He is just the man to snub Poles and Danes and their adherents. The woes of Poles and Danes are by no means imaginary, and they may easily confuse the minds of more sensitive and more dubious men. Ought the Prussian Poles to belong to the Confederation of North Germany? Have not the Danes of

North Schleswigs a sort of European title to be left to live and die under which King they please? The arguments that go to prove that Prussian Poles ought to be left out of the Confederation and that the Danish Schleswigers ought to belong to Denmark are excellent arguments, and eminently calculated to puzzle a German Parliament man new to public life. It is true, he might say to himself, that these Poles are Prussian subjects; and if Prussia did not make their ancestors her subjects in a very equitable way, it is too late to repair the mischief. They cannot be Poles if they cease to be Prussians; they could only be Russians, and this would be a worse fate than that which they now endure. But they have nothing to do with Germany as apart from Prussia. They are of a different race, talk a different language, belong to a different religion from that which prevails in North Germany — why should they be made to enter a North-German Confederation? Count BISMARK's answer is very simple. His answers always are very simple. He only replies that they are to belong to the North German-Confederation because it suits Prussia that they should so belong. Prussia has no notion of holding herself out as a composite State like Austria. She is not going to have a diamond edition of Hungary — a province which she acknowledges not to be German, and which Germans may insist on keeping out of Germany. She, with all her territories, all her resources, and all her inhabitants, is the head of Germany; and she will not for a moment endure that the Poles should make her headship weaker, her resources smaller, and her claim to govern Germany more disputable. Then, again, the Schleswig Danes seem to have a good case; and the grievances of these Danes have attracted the attention of the new Parliament. They consider themselves wronged, and therefore they cry out; but they consider they have with them something much more powerful than justice. They have a sort of European guarantee. France more especially has piqued herself on having secured them the right of deciding their own fate by a vote. This pretension of France is treated by Count BISMARK with the most sublime contempt. He does not recognize France in the matter at all. The engagement of Prussia was with Austria, and with no one else. He owns that the Emperor of AUSTRIA has, if he pleases, a right to interest himself in the fate of the Danish Schleswigers. Only he gives the EMPEROR plainly to understand that he will do these Danes extremely little good by interesting himself about them. In determining their fate, Prussia, as Count BISMARK announces, will only consider what it will suit her that they should have. She is not going to let her own interests be prejudiced. She has no notion of being obliged to conquer Düppel again. The case of the Danes therefore comes to this. No one can interfere on their behalf except the Emperor of AUSTRIA. He has had about enough of interfering adversely to Prussia, and if he did interfere he could do the Danes no possible good. The Danes therefore are disposed of as happily as the Poles are, and Count BISMARK and the Parliament are free to attend to German matters.

Count BISMARK has apparently overcome all serious opposition to his scheme, and he has done so by convincing every one, whether friend or enemy, that the only practical thing is to approve his scheme and make the best of it. He has conquered his adversaries by forcing them to look to one thing, and to one thing only — to the practical possibilities of their position. To all the objections urged against his plan, to all the ingenious amendments suggested, to all the appeals to principles made against him and his measures, he has replied that the projected Constitution must be accepted or abandoned; and that, if abandoned, there is no prospect of a different Constitution being offered except after a new political struggle between the States, and after a most deplorable waste of precious time. This is exactly what a new Parliament wants to have said to it. It wants some limit of discussion imposed upon it. When there are no Parliamentary traditions, no accepted leaders of parties, no clear ideas of national expediency as tested by experience, there is a very great advantage in a popular assembly having a definite issue put before it, and in its leader confining its attention to the rejection or adoption of a proposal that will bear neither serious delay nor serious modification. On one or two points Count BISMARK has given way. He has consented that the military budget should only be fixed for three years, so that the Parliament may hope to have some day, before long, a greater control over the policy of the Confederation that it can pretend to have now. But he will not for a moment suffer any alteration in the main features of his scheme; and the Deputies fall into his views, not only because they cannot help themselves, but because they see that Count BISMARK is right. Count BISMARK has so often put

down the Prussian Liberals, has behaved so arrogantly to them, and has acted so repeatedly in defiance of their wishes, that it it easy to forget that he has also done something of which they most approve, independently of that exaltation of their country which must go far to wipe out his offences in the mind of every Prussian. In the first place, he has won a great victory over the small States. The new Confederation must have been in the highest degree distasteful to many of these; and if the Liberals are in some respects obliged to adopt the proposed Constitution against their will, so also are many of the minor princes. The victory which Count BISMARK is winning is therefore a victory not so much over the Liberals as over their old enemies, the petty Sovereigns; and, when people are beaten, it is always refreshing to know that some other people whom they hate are beaten still more severely. And, in the next place, the Liberals must perceive that Count BISMARK, by leading his own party after his own fashion, has quite changed the tone and temper of the Conservatives. He has given them, at any rate for a time, new views and new aims. He liberalized them for a moment, however superficial their liberalism may be. They are no longer content with mere stagnation, and with a senseless, bitter opposition to everything that does not find favour in the melancholy world of the Prussian aristocracy. This is a great thing to have achieved, and the Prussian Liberals are sensible of it, and they know that they have to thank Count BISMARK for it. If they do not love him, they have learnt to do something more than tolerate him; and no one who looks at what he has done for them and for his country can say they are wrong.

Form the Saturday Review.

LEISURE.

The cultivation of leisure as an art seems to be in danger of dying out amongst us, not so much for want of appreciation of its value, which in theory at least we are more likely to exaggerate than to under-estimate, but for want of its being generally recognised as an art which comes, not by nature, but, by practice. Busy people are apt to think that you have only to take away business, and what remains will be leisure. But daily experience shows that this is by no means the case. Life is composed of an elastic material, and wherever a solid piece of business is removed, there the surrounding atmosphere of trifles rushes in as certainly as the air into a bottle when you pour out its contents. If you wish to exhaust the air from any given spot, you must enclose it in a vessel of texture as firm, and as carefully secured, as can be required for the protection of the most precious and delicate substance; and most people have to guard an hour's leisure by as strong a barrier of resolution and precaution as can be needed for hours of study or business. Indeed hours of business or study in a measure guard themselves, but leisure has no natural protector except sleep, which robs it, in exchange, of half its charms and all its individuality. You can no more calculate upon finding the possession of leisure in connexion with a life of small amount to the outer world, than upon its being a necessary accompaniment of great and important occupations; indeed the latter would be the safer presumption of the two. The power of entirely laying aside business and marking off intervals of complete relaxation is, like the power of taking sleep at will, connected both as cause and effect with great powers of working hard. It is most severely tried by a life without necessary occupations. In such a life there are no natural barriers to stem the tide of trivial interruptions and distractions, from within and from without, which are as great a hinderance to leisure as to business. A man whose life is spent in conducting affairs of large national importance will often sit for an hour talking, with a perfectly disengaged mind, upon some trivial matter of domestic interest; while a lady who lives upon her sofa, and has no creature dependent upon her, will tell you that she has waited week after week for leisure to answer a note. And this is not necessarily either a false pretence or a morbid fancy. It is a form of weakness. Method no doubt facilitates the closer packing of the hours, and the quality of their contents will vary according to each person's mental calibre; but the quantity, whether of business or leisure, which can be compressed into them depends chiefly on nervous energy. People who have but a small or an intermittent supply of this have really a smaller quantity of life than others, whatever may be the space over which it is spread; and the more brains and method they have, the more clearly will they recognise the impossibility of increasing (beyond a certain

point) the quantity of their activity within any given time without injury, not only to its quality, but in the long run to the actual amount accomplished. They absolutely require vacant intervals in which to allow for the replenishing of their stock of energy. Their hours of activity are like bits of china, which must be packed separately in a great deal of hay or wadding; and their hours of leisure are like some kinds of plants, which will not blossom freely unless set in plenty of space and in a rich light soil.

These assertions of course imply a distinction, which will be readily admitted, between leisure and mere inaction. Indeed the difference between business and leisure is not really either in the nature or the amount of the things done, but in the pace at which they are done, and in the manner of doing them. The most important transactions may be carried on in a leisurely manner, and those studies which are supposed to be *par excellence* the employment of leisure hours may be converted (by an impending examination for instance) into business of the most pressing and arduous kind. Leisure corresponds, not to emptiness, but to spaciousness; it is opposed, not to quantity, but to crowding of affairs; and as the largest room conveys no impression of spaciousness, except by means of the proportion between it and the furniture and other things which it contains, so the greatest quantity of spare time gives no sense of leisure until it is occupied by some pursuit for which it affords ample opportunity.

The perfection of leisure, that state of things in which any pursuit expands to its fullest beauty and perfection, depends upon three conditions. The first and most obvious is such abundance of time for the pursuit in hand as shall leave no temptation even to hurry over, much less actually to abridge or omit, any of its details. For this reason we rarely enjoy the true flavor of leisure when engaged in the serious cultivation of any science or art. The feeling which such serious aims tend to produce is that "art is long and life is short," and this is the very opposite feeling to that of a mind really at leisure. The very essence of leisure is a luxurious sense of a boundless superabundance of time. It is the sense of the infinity of time as opposed to the sense of the infinity of the objects of knowledge or pursuit. And this will naturally be enhanced by occupation in employments limited enough to be not only calmly carried on, but calmly and fully completed. In any art, however, it is possible (and where perfection is manifestly unattainable it may be easy) so to limit one's aims as to exchange the eagerness of aspiration for a leisurely pursuit. And although the active prosecution of such studies may be generally incompatible with perfect leisure, yet their effect on the mind, and the tastes which they foster and stimulate, are highly favorable to its enjoyment. The second condition necessary to the perfection of leisure is that the matter upon which it is spent be regarded, not as a means, but as an end. That state of mind in which the book, the musical performance, the walk in the country, or the conversation with a friend, or whatever else may be the occupation of the hour, is read, listened to, or gone through, for the sake of an ulterior object, is not true leisure. As a certain singleness of effect is necessary to the perfection of any work of art, so singleness of interest is necessary to the perfection of leisure. It is quite as certain that what is done as a means to an end will be always liable to be sacrificed, or at least curtailed, for the sake of that end, as it is that what is done in too short a time will be done in a hurry. And no hours deserve the name of leisure of which the contents are in any way, or for any purpose, cramped or curtailed. And besides this, the mere strain upon the mind of any ulterior aim, the mere fact of the complication of feeling which it introduces, destroys the play and freedom and beauty of real leisure. And this brings us to the third condition of which we have spoken — namely, that the mind itself be at a certain happily pitched degree of tension, neither overstrained nor relaxed, but elastic, ready to vibrate to every breath of pleasure, of association, of emotion — not pre-occupied so as to be insensible to suggestions from without, nor indolent so as to be unready to respond to them. Such elasticity implies a healthy state of mind, and a due supply of nervous energy. This accounts for the curious contrast to which we have already referred, between the faculty of being at leisure which is often seen in busy people, and the very common want of it in those who have nothing to do. Too little work is as fatal as too much to that lightness and alacrity of spirit which are needed for the conversion of spare time into hours of leisure worthy to be so called. And the same fact affords a fairly good, if not quite a certain, test of the way in which health is being affected by hard work. A man can scarcely be very seriously overworked who is able keenly to enjoy a holiday.

Leisure is not only, when thus obtained in perfection, a state of extreme enjoyment, but it is a necessary condition of certain graces and charms of mind, or at least of their fullest development. One of these is the love of beauty in all its forms, from the cultivation of art (or rather that part of the cultivation of art which depends upon sensibility to beauty) down to the most evanescent graces of manner and the observance of delicate fitness in the smallest details of every-day life. Life can never be made beautiful while it is being got through in a hurry, although the hurry which leaves no room for beauty in its details may be a splendid sacrifice to a worthier object than mere beauty of detail. The price may be well worth paying, but it should not for that reason be ignored. Another gift, the exercise of which in perfection depends upon leisure, is sympathy. This faculty can never reach its greatest degree, either of intensity or delicacy, in a pre-occupied mind, and any degree of hurry is apt to be fatal to its manifestation. It requires a degree of hardiness verging upon insensibility to go on pouring out your griefs to a friend who, while restrained by kindness or civility from interrupting you, is yet unable to resist occasional glances at the clock. It is not much more comforting when the uppermost layer of genuine sympathy in your friend's mind fails to conceal from you the fact that you are [illegible] constrained or imperfect attention. [illegible] is equally obvious how unfavorable [illegible] pathy are both fatigued and [illegible] states of mind. The sympathy which [illegible] really healing is that which [illegible] such a prodigality of time, such [illegible] of interest, and such an [illegible] as we have already [illegible] necessary conditions of leisure.

For these and similar [illegible] who, by reason either of [illegible] their sex, are at leisure [illegible] of their own activity, would [illegible] member what they throw [illegible] suffer themselves to be [illegible] eral tide of hurry which [illegible] who do not resolutely [illegible]

They throw away the [illegible] ing flowers and fruits which [illegible] except in the rich soil of [illegible] activity. And these [illegible] leisure in return [illegible] activity which [illegible] The sense of leisure [illegible]

insight which flourish in [illegible] are among the strongest [illegible] ive work in self-culture [illegible] and help of others. [illegible] relaxes sufficiently to [illegible] and more or less [illegible] life as a whole, is apt [illegible] mere hand-to-mouth [illegible] and can be justified [illegible] And the very [illegible] means a purely [illegible] of the most [illegible] of pleasures. [illegible] pany is a [illegible] ence hurry [illegible] is past, and [illegible] of refreshment [illegible] is produced by [illegible] feel each [illegible] be turning [illegible] crowd it with [illegible]

The [illegible] [illegible] † [illegible] n [illegible] be [illegible] ier. [illegible] but [illegible] were [illegible] con- [illegible] and she [illegible] affection [illegible] heart [in [illegible] ng silence [illegible] ely liberty [illegible] in find com- [illegible] Dudley Ven- [illegible] list — the man [illegible] us of whose na- [illegible] the hardest of [illegible] all to himself the [illegible] destiny. "What [illegible] ong martyrdom was [illegible] ing his cross in utter [illegible] not tell his griefs. He [illegible] even with those who [illegible] springs. . . . How could [illegible] old physician and the old [illegible] rrow and a terror which but [illegible] strike dumb the lips of Con- [illegible] True misery, writes one of [illegible] thinking and deepest feeling [illegible] women, is ashamed of itself; [illegible] and does not complain. You [illegible] it by that," she says.‖ In [illegible] of one who by various ties and [illegible] was almost one of the Lake Poets:

> [illegible] a smile upon my lip,
> I teach my voice a careless tone,
> My cup of woe I lightly sip,
> Nor let its harsh contents be known.

* Causeries, du Lundi, t. vi. p. 332.

† Irving's Life and Voyages of Columbus, book xiii. ch. iv.

‡ Dred, ch. xxxviii.

§ Elsie Venner, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, ch. xx.

‖ Rahel Levin (von Ense).

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ABOUT CONSUMING ONE'S OWN SMOKE.

A QUAINT TEXT PRACTICALLY APPLIED.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

There is a period in the inner-life history of Mr. Carlyle's great clothes'-philosopher, Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo, when his passionate soul, agitated with all the problems of this unintelligible world, precipitated through "a shivered Universe," has only one of three things to propose for him to do next: establish himself in Bedlam; take to writing Satanic Poetry; or blow out his brains. In the progress towards either of which consummations, do not less philosophical readers, it is asked, anticipate extravagance enough; "breast-beating, brow-beating (against walls), lion-bellowings of blasphemy, and the like, stampings, smitings, breakages of furniture, if not arson itself?" But nowise so does Teufelsdröckh deport him. "What ragings and despairings soever Teufelsdröckh's soul was the scene of, he has the goodness to conceal under a quiet opaque cover of Silence." The first mad paroxysms past, he "buttoned himself together," we are told; was meek, silent, or spoke of the weather and the journals: only by a transient knitting of those shaggy brows, by some deep flash of those eyes glancing one knew not whether with tear-dew or with fierce fire, — might you have guessed what a Gehenna was within; that a whole Satanic School were spouting, though inaudibly, there. "To consume your own choler, as some chimneys consume their own smoke; to keep a whole Satanic School spouting, if it must spout, inaudibly, is a negative yet no slight virtue, nor one of the commonest in these times."*

The very head and front of this offending in the Satanic School, Byron himself, has he not said,

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms: mute
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence, — not bestow'd
In vain should such examples be: if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear, — it is but for a day.†

Byron was twitted, however, by Dr. Chalmers, with having wailed upon the housetop.

Depend upon it, said Dr. Johnson to Bennet Langton — and he was constantly saying the same thing *et pour cause*, to too demonstrative James Boswell, — depend upon it, that if a man *talks* of his misfortunes, there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him; for when there is nothing but pure misery, there never is any recourse to the mention of it.* To Boswell the Dr. writes in 1778: "When any fit of anxiety, or gloominess, or perversion of mind, lays hold upon you, make it a rule not to publish it by complaints, but exert your whole care to hide it: by endeavouring to hide it, you will drive it away."† A year and a half later he renews and re-enforces the admonition: "You are always complaining of melancholy, and I conclude from those complaints that you are fond of it. No man talks of that which he is desirous to conceal, and every man desires to conceal that of which he is ashamed. Do not pretend to deny it; *manifestum habemus furem;* make it an invariable and obligatory law to yourself, never to mention your own mental diseases. . . . . . From this hour speak no more about them."‡ Next year Mr. Boswell is found pestering himself and his friend with obstinate questionings and dismal misgivings all about fixed fate, free-will, and fore-knowledge absolute; and an impatient epistle from Johnson opens with "Dear Sir, — I hoped you had got rid of all this hypocrisy of misery. What have you to do with Liberty and Necessity? Or what more than to hold your tongue about it."§

Horace Walpole professed himself an adherent, on principle, to the silent system, in times of trouble. Nature takes care, he says, that hopeless grief should not be permanent; "and I have seen," he tells Lady Ossory, "so much affectation of lamentation where little was felt, and I know so well that I have often felt most where I have discovered least, that I will profane my affection to my lost friend‖ with no ostentation. . . . I live enough in solitude to indulge all my sensations, without troubling others."¶

Sir Walter Scott, in his manly, unaffected way, adverts at the close of one of his poems to the solace the composition of it had afforded him in hours of secret depression —

* Sartor Resartus, book ii. ch. vi.
† Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, canto iv.

* From Langton's Johnsoniana.
† Johnson to Boswell; Nov. 21. 1778.
‡ Ibid., April 8, 1780.
§ Ibid., March 14, 1781.
‖ Mme. du Deffand.
¶ Walpole to the Countess of Ossory, Sept. 27, 1780.

Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.*

At the time of his severe illness, in 1819, when dictating one of his novels to William Laidlaw, the physical agony he endured the while made it a marvel to his amanuensis — and to a second one, John Ballantyne — how he could possibly nerve his mind to the exigencies of composition. The affectionate Laidlaw, as Mr. Lockhart describes the scene, implored him to stop dictating, when his audible suffering filled every pause. "Nay, Willie," he answered, "only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen."† Miss Martineau, in her essays written from a sick-room, declares that she knows of no comfort, at the end of a day of suffering, comparable to that of feeling that, however it may have been with one's self, no one else has suffered, — that one's fogs have dimmed no one's sunshine; "and when this grows to be the nightly comfort of weeks, months, and years, it becomes the most valuable element in the peace of the sufferer, and lightens his whole lot."‡ Pathetically Mrs. Browning tells the poet Cowper's story:

How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how, when one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.§

The French moralist, Vauvenargues, is seen in his biography, prematurely closed, "malade, mourant, ne se plaignant jamais devant ses amis." So of Madame Necker the foremost of French critics tells us that "une sensibilité qui se contraignait et se refoulait souvent en silence et avec douleur,"‖ went far to age her before her time. As the same accomplished writer observes in an essay on *Les Regrets*, "Les natures moins délicates ou moins maîtresses d'elle-mêmes ne peuvent se retenir; il en est qui s'exhalent en propos vifs et outrageants, d'autres tournent au tendre et à l'élégie. M. de Chauteaubriand," (to illustrate this diversity of temperament by examples from a political crisis in French history) "éclatait tout haut avec rage et menaces; M. de Martignac avait des bons mots et des soupirs; M. de Serre, emportant, sa blessure au foie en silence, s'en allait mourir à Naples."*

When Columbus was arrested at San Domingo, and put in irons by order of Bobadilla, he conducted himself with characteristic magnanimity under these and many like injuries heaped upon him. There is says his biographer, a noble scorn which swells and supports the heart, and silences the tongue of the truly great when enduring the insults of the unworthy. Columbus "bore all his present indignities in silence."†

Mrs. Stowe represents in Edward Clayton one of those natures whose fate seems to be that they cannot speak of what they suffer. It is not pride nor coldness, she says, but a kind of fatal necessity, as if the body were a marble prison in which the soul is condemned to bleed and suffer alone. And she accounts it "the last triumph of affection and magnanimity when a loving heart [in another] can respect that suffering silence of its beloved, and allow that lonely liberty in which only some natures can find comfort."‡ Contrast with this the Dudley Venner of another American novelist — the man of acute sensibility, to persons of whose nature passive endurance is the hardest of trials, but who has to keep all to himself the terrible secret of Elsie's destiny. "What made it still more a long martyrdom was the necessity for bearing his cross in utter loneliness. He could not tell his griefs. He could not talk of them even with those who knew their secret springs. . . . How could he speak with the old physician and the old black about a sorrow and a terror which but to name was to strike dumb the lips of Consolation?"§ True misery, writes one of the highest thinking and deepest feeling of German women, is ashamed of itself; hides itself, and does not complain. You may know it by that,' she says.‖ In the words of one who by various ties and affinities was almost one of the Lake Poets:

I wear a smile upon my lip,
I teach my voice a careless tone,
My cup of woe I lightly sip,
Nor let its harsh contents be known.

* Lady of the Lake, canto vi.
† Lockhart's Life of Scott, ch. xliv.
‡ Life in the Sick-room. Essays by an Invalid, p. 32.
§ Cowper's Grave.
‖ Sainte-Beuve.

* Causeries, du Lundi, t. vi. p. 332.
† Irving's Life and Voyages of Columbus, book xiii. ch. iv.
‡ Dred. ch. xxxviii.
§ Elsie Venner, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, ch. xx.
‖ Rahel Levin (von Ense).

I will not droop to worldly eyes
As if my grief their pity craves,
Though here* I breathe my lonely sighs,
Within this solemn field of graves.

For mine are woes that dwell apart,
And human sympathy reject;
Too sacred to the jealous heart
To seek compassion's cold respect.†

There are a good many symbols, as Dr. Holmes has it, that are more expressive than words: witness his mention of a young wife of his acquaintance, who, having to part with her husband for a time, did not write a mournful poem; indeed, she was a silent person, he tells us, and perhaps hardly said a word about it; but she quietly turned of a deep orange colour with jaundice. "A great many people in this world have but one form of rhetoric for their profoundest experiences, — namely' to waste away and die.‡" Like the poet's Valeria who

——Breathes away her weary days and nights
Among cold, hard-eyed men, and hides behind
A quiet face of woe.§

Of Lord Lytton's Adele we read, that, as she never complained, and as the singular serenity of her manners seemed to betoken an equanimity of temperament which, with the vulgar, must have passed for indifference, her sufferings had so long been borne unnoticed, that it ceased to be an effort to disguise them.‖ One of Mr. Dickens's autobiographic heroes bears record, of a darksome period in his chequered career: "That I suffered in secret, and that I suffered exquisitely, no one ever knew but I. How much I suffered, it is . . . . utterly beyond my power to tell. But I kept my own counsel and I did my work."¶ Byron is the designed original of Mr. Disraeli's boy-hero, who, constrained, at times by home troubles, to lock himself up in his room and weep, would at any rate allow no witnesses of that weakness. "The lad was very proud. If any of the household passed by as he quitted the saloon, and stared for a moment at his pale and agitated face, he would coin a smile for the instant, and say even a kind word, for he was very courteous to his inferiors, and all the servants loved him; and then take refuge in his solitary woe."** An elder master of the sentimental novel in like manner records of an older sufferer, that his melancholy, deep as it was, disturbed not the circle of those around him, so that few observed anything peculiar in his behaviour. "But he holds it not the less sacred to himself; and often retires from the company of those whom he has entertained with the good humor of a well-bred man, to arrange the memorials of his much-loved Emily, and call up the sad remembrance of his former joys."* The heroine of the same story thus refers, in one letter of the series, to her *souffrante* mother, who, suffering, makes no sign: "I met my mother in the parlour, with a smile of meekness and serenity on her countenance. . . . What an angel this woman is! Yet I fear, my friend, she is a very woman in her sufferings."†

Horace Walpole is strenuous in his admiration of "poor Lady Suffolk's" repression of shows of grief or grievance. "She bore *knowingly* the imputation of being covetous, at a time that the strictest economy could by no means prevent her exceeding her income considerably. The anguish of the last years of her life, though concealed, flowed from the apprehension" of debt. In his account of her last hours, he checks himself in saying that she complained of pains all over her, by the parenthesis, interjected at the word "complained" — "but you know she never did complain."‡ To another correspondent he writes to the same effect — that her fortune, always less than was supposed, of late years was so diminished, as to have brought her into great difficulties. "Yet they were not even suspected, for she had a patience and command of herself that prevented her ever complaining either of fortune or illness."§ Of another "perfect martyr" to the pains of rheumatism, "that very amiable unfortunate Mrs. Robinson" — the use of whose lower limbs was quite gone, and who was carried from her room like an infant, yet, "had the nerve to control her bodily sufferings" in a remarkable degree, Mr. Boaden, the biographer of the Kembles, tells us, that, at the pleasant parties she gave in St. James's-place, she "disdained to intrude upon conversation any evidence of pain actually suffered at the moment. So that at the jest of others, and sometimes during her own repartee, the countenance preserved its pleasant expression, while a cold dew was glistening upon the forehead."‖

* English burial-ground at Oporto.
† Edward Quillinan's Poems, p. 257.
‡ The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, p. 152.
§ The Second Brother, by T. Lovell Beddoes, Act I. Sc. 2.
‖ Zanoni, book v. ch. iv.
¶ David Copperfield, ch. xi.
** Venetia, ch. xii.

* Henry Mackenzie's Julia de Roubigne, letter xxix.
† Ibid, letter iii.
‡ Walpole to the Earl of Strafford, July 29, 1767.
§ Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, July 31, 1767.
‖ Boaden's Life of Kemble, ii. 130.

Madame de Charrière, still read by students of French literature, and an ever-memorable name in the career of Benjamin Constant, is said by a distinguished critic to have had "une vieillesse assez triste et qui renfermait stoïquement sa plainte."* She carried out in person the self-restraint described by one of her best drawn characters: † "La plainte commencèe meurt sur mes lèvres, et dans le silence auquel je me force, mon âme se raffermit." To apply what is said of Cordelia:

> It seem' she was a queen,
> Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
> Sought to be king o'er her.‡

Or again, a stanza from *In Memoriam:*

> You thought her heart too far diseased;
> You wonder when her fancies play
> To find her gay among the gay,
> Like one with any trifled pleased.§

Or one from Mrs. Browning:

> But in your bitter world, she said,
> Face-joy's a costly mask to wear,
> And bought with pangs long nourished
> And rounded to despair.
> Grief's earnest makes life's play, she said. ||

The same poetess feelingly, though quaintly, depicts the effort of an unhappy young mother to hide her sorrow from her child:

> It is not wholesome for these pleasure-plats
> To be so early watered by our brine . . .
> And so I've kept forever in his sight
> A sort of smile to please him, — as you place
> A green thing from a garden in a cup,
> And make believe it grows there.¶

Mr. Thackeray, in his story of Caroline — since expanded and completed, no longer as a shabby-genteel story — describing the hardships of her early life, says of her misery that it was dumb and patient, and such as thousands and thousands of women in our society bear, and pine, and die of; made up of sums of small tyrannies, and long indifference, and bitter wearisome injustice, "more dreadful to bear than any tortures that we of the stronger sex are pleased to cry 'Aι! αι! about. In our intercourse with the world . . . we get a glimpse behind the scenes, from time to time, and alas for the wretched nature that appears there! — among women especially, who deceive even more than men, having more to hide, feeling more, living more than we who have our business, pleasure, ambition, which carries us abroad."* Most uneasy may lie the female head that wears a crown, in such cases, deceiving and being deceived; like that gentle Elizabeth Alexejiona, empress of Alexander I., of whom the historian tells us, that, under a calm and serene air, and the occupations of a life entirely devoted to deeds of benificence, she concealed, as perhaps only women can, a heart wasted by sorrow and disappointment. Mr. Thackeray is copious of illustrations of this feminine self-restraint in high and low. Look at his patient Emmy in "Vanity Fair," after detailing some of whose griefs, he adds: "Nobody ever heard of these griefs, which had been part of our poor little woman's lot in life. She kept them secret from her father, whose improvidence was the cause of much of her misery. She had to bear all the blame of his misdoings, and indeed was so utterly gentle and humble as to be made by nature for a victim.†" If the same author's Harry Esmond divines my lady's sorrows and wrongs, it is only through his affection leading him easily to penetrate the hypocrisy under which Lady Castlewood generally chooses to go disguised, and see her heart aching while her face wears a smile. "'Tis a hard task for women in life, that mask which the world bids them wear. But there is no greater crime than for a woman who is ill-used and unhappy to show that she is so. The world is quite relentless about bidding her to keep a cheerful face; and our women, like the Malabar wives, are forced to go smiling and painted to sacrifice themselves with their husbands; their relations being the most eager to push them on to their duty, and, under their shouts and applauses, to smother and hush their cries of pain."‡ Even at the stake, pyre, suttee, it behoves them to consume their own smoke.

Tenderly the same tender-hearted master of satire remarks of Washington Irving and his early, irreparable bereavement, that the very cheerfulness of his long after-life adds to the pathos of that untold story. "To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers

* Portraits des Femmes, par C. A. Sainte-Beuve.
† Constance in the *Lettres de Lausanne.*
‡ King Lear Act. IV. Sc. 3.
§ In Memoriam, § lxv.
|| The Mask.
¶ Aurora Leigh, book vi.

* A Shabby-Genteel Story, ch. i.
† Vanity Fair, ch. lix.
‡ History of Henry Esmond, ch. xi.

grow over the scarred ground in due time."* Dr. Robertson was held by many to be deficient in warmth of heart, because he was, on principle and in practice, opposed to exhibitions of sorrow. In society they were altogether misplaced and mistimed, he maintained. In the words of his biographer, "he considered, and rightly considered, that if a person labouring under any afflictive feelings be well enough at ease to go into company, he gives a sort of pledge that he is so far recovered of his wound, or at least can so far conceal his pain, as to behave like the rest of the circle. He held, and rightly held, that men frequent society not to pour forth their sorrows, or indulge their unwieldy joys, but to instruct, or improve, or amuse each other by rational and cheerful conversation."† If a man be gloomy, says Mr. Disraeli, let him keep by himself: no one has a right to go croaking about society, or, what is worse, looking as if he stifled grief. "These fellows should be put in the pound. We like a good broken heart, or so, now and then; but then one should retire to the Sierra Morena mountains, and live upon locusts and wild honey, not 'dine out' with our cracked cores, and while we are meditating suicide, the Gazette, or the Chiltern Hundreds, damn a vintage, or eulogise an entrée."‡

Of course the Sierra Morena mountains remind us of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, how they differed on the expediency, if not the practicability, of consuming one's own smoke; and how to the Don's assurance that if he did not complain of the pains he suffered, it was because knights-errant are not allowed to complain, be their extremity ever so great, Sancho answered, in his frank, simple, genial way, that, for all that, he should be glad to hear his worship complain when anything ailed him; adding, "As for myself, I must complain of the least pain I feel,"§—or he would be glad to know the reason why *not*.

Distinguo, in such matters, was Sénac de Meilhan's cue: "Je n'aime point à me montrer à mes amis sous un côté défavorable. . . . . Il faut donc cacher ses plaies, dissimuler les grandes impuissances de la vie: la pauvreté, les infirmités, les malheurs, les mauvais succès. . . . 'Il ne faut confier que les malheurs éclatants, qui flattent l'amour propre qui les partage et s'y associe." ‖

* Nil Nisi Bonum.
† Lord Brougham's Lives of Men of Letters: Dr. Robertson.
‡ Disraeli, The Young Duke, book v. ch. i.
§ Don Quixote, ch. viii.
‖ Portrait de lui-même.

Both in sentiment and expression this very French.

So, in another style, is the exclamation of Mélac Père in one of Beaumarchais's domestic *drames*, when a sympathising friend is counselling a more confiding spirit; "Mon ami, l'expérience de toute ma vie m'a montré que le courage de renfermer ses peines augumente la force de les repousser; je me sens déjà plus faible avec vous que dans la solitude."* This is pretty much, again, what Miss Austen's Elinor feels, in her time of trouble. From the counsel or conversation of even her nearest friends she knows she can receive no assistance; their tenderness and sorrow must add to her distress, while her self-command would receive encouragement neither from their example nor from their praise. "She was stronger alone, and her own good sense so well supported her, that her firmness was as unshaken, her appearance of cheerfulness as invariable, as, with regrets so poignant and so fresh, it was possible for them to be."†

Mr. Trollope is effective in his description of the demeanour of Lucy Robarts, in her sore distress—how her grand and slow propriety of carriage lasted her until she was well into her own room. There are animals who, as he says, when they are ailing in any way, contrive to hide themselves, ashamed, as it were, that the weakness of their suffering should be witnessed. "Indeed, I am not sure whether all dumb animals do not do so more or less; and in this respect Lucy was like a dumb animal. Even in her confidences with Fanny she made a joke of her own misfortunes, and spoke of her heart-ailments with self-ridicule. But now, having walked up the staircase with no hurried step, and having deliberately locked the door, she turned herself round to suffer in silence and solitude—as do the beasts and birds."‡ Like one in a poem of Charlotte Brontë's,

> Pale with the secret war of feeling,
> Sustained with courage, mute, yet high;
> The wounds at which she bled, revealing
> Only by altered cheek and eye,
> She bore in silence.§ . . . .

A subject, this, with which Currer Bell was practically conversant, and which she has treated with force and all the emphasis of earnest iteration in more than one of her works. Take "Shirley" by way of exam-

* Les Deux Amis, Acte vi. Sc. 7.
† Sense and Sensibility. ch. xxiii.
‡ Framley Parsonage, ch. xxxi.
§ Poems by Currer Bell: Mementos.

ple. In an early chapter of that elaborate story she pictures the case of a disappointed "lover feminine"—one who, expecting bread, gets a stone, and must break her teeth on it, not shriek because her nerves are martyrised; who, holding out her hand for an egg, receives a scorpion, yet must show no consternation, but close her fingers firmly on the gift, let it sting through her palm. "Never mind: in time, after your hand and arm have swelled and quivered long with torture, the squeezed scorpion will die, and you will have learnt the great lesson how to endure without a sob. . . . . Nature is an excellent friend in such cases; sealing the lips, interdicting utterance, commanding a placid dissimulation; a dissimulation often wearing an easy and gay mien at first, settling down to sorrow and paleness in time, then passing away, and leaving a convenient stoicism, not the less fortifying because it is half bitter."* Later in the work we read of Caroline Helstone, in her misery, that she refused tamely to succumb; there was native strength in her girl's heart, and she used it. "Men and women never struggle so hard as when they struggle alone, without witness, counsellor, or confidant; unencouraged, unadvised, and unpitied.

"Miss Helstone was in this position. Her sufferings were her only spur; and being very real and sharp, they roused her spirit keenly. Bent on victory over a mortal pain, she did her best to quell it. Never had she been so busy, so studious, and, above all, so active."†

So, and yet not so, with Shirley Keeldar, when *her* turn comes. Wasting with wretchedness, she scornfully ridicules the idea of her spirits being affected: she makes every sort of effort to appear quite gay, and is indignant at herself when she cannot succeed; "brief, self-spurning epithets burst from her lips when alone. 'Fool. Coward!' she would term herself. 'Poltroon!' she would say: 'if you must tremble—tremble in secret. Quail where no eye sees you!'" That lad knew Shirley Keeldar better than most, who declared his belief that, if she were dying, she would smile and aver, "Nothing ails me."‡ The Ellis Bell who wrote "Wurthering Heights,"—the Emily Brontë who was to Charlotte so dear in sisterhood and so near in genius—was the original in fact of this portrait in fiction.

* Shirley, ch. vii.
† Shirley, ch. xi.
‡ Ibid., ch. xxviii.

From the London Review.

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.*

Though still only four-and-thirty, Dr. Hayes, the commander of the last American expedition to the North Seas, has had considerable experience in Arctic exploration. He was in the Polar regions in 1858, and he was surgeon to Dr. Kane's expedition in 1855. Dr. Kane being now dead, Dr. Hayes appears to have succeeded him as the leading Transatlantic investigator of the problems so jealously kept by Nature amidst the snow and ice of the extreme North. He is not yet satisfied with the existing state of our knowledge of this inhospitable region, and dreams of an undiscovered land, possibly peopled by races of which we have no conception, lying beyond the waves of the open sea now known to extend beyond the vast and dreary ice-belt which girdles that part of the globe. It was to discover this land, if it exist, or at any rate to explore the open sea, that Dr. Hayes undertook the expedition which he here relates. Though not entirely successful, for he was unable to embark on the sea which laves the Pole, he reached its shores, and has extended still farther into the North our knowledge of the wild and awful lands which lie within the Polar Basin. Nearly five years elapsed between the return of the Kane expedition and the departure of that which was originated and commanded by our author; for in the meanwhile there had been a reaction of public feeling with respect to such enterprises, and Dr. Hayes was forced to kindle again the general interest once felt in Arctic adventure. Having, however, at length obtained subscriptions enough to purchase a schooner, subsequently called the *United States*, he and his fourteen companions set sail from Boston on the 7th of July, 1860. The date by this time looks almost primitive in connection with America; for the first election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency had not then taken place, and the earliest notes of the civil war had not yet been heard. Dr. Hayes and his fellow voyagers left their country profoundly at peace, and, on their return in the autumn of 1861, they heard for the first time at Upernavik, in Greenland, that it was convulsed with civil war. To the war, and to the fact that Dr. Hayes had for some time

* The Open Polar Sea. A Narrative of a Voyage of Discovery towards the North Pole, in the Schooner *United States*. By Dr. I. I. Hayes. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

the command of an army hospital, is to be attributed the delay in the production of this volume, which, however, does not suffer in interest and value on that account. The work has been printed in America, and is illustrated with some maps, and with some excellent woodcuts, from designs and photographs by the author and others.

On the second day out from Boston, the explorers were enveloped in a dense fog, which continued for seven days. Subsequently, a succession of southerly gales carried them on bra..ly, and they soon had the coast of Greenland on their right. On the 29th of July, they encountered their first iceberg, and on the following day they passed the Arctic Circle. This imaginary line was crossed at eight o'clock in the evening, and the great event was signalized by a salute from the signal gun, and a display of bunting. The weather shortly afterwards became rough, and in Davis's Straits they lost their fore fife-rail, and were very nearly capsized. Greenland at length appeared through a veil of fog, which lifted after awhile, when they were greeted by a splendid scene of glittering icebergs, countless in number, fantastic in shape, bright and various in colour, and now glowing like burnished metal or solid flame beneath a soft blue sky, radian as that of Italy. The air was warm and pleasant, and sea and land were bathed in an atmosphere of crimson, and gold, and purple. These northern latitudes can sometimes put on a right royal aspect, more gorgeous even than the sunny south or sumptuous orient. The two Greenland towns at which the wanderers stopped for a few days, however, were sufficiently dull and austere places. Their object in putting in at both these stations - Pröven and Upernavik — was to procure dogs for their sledges. The latter is the more important town; and here Dr. Hayes had the melancholy duty of interring one of his men, who had died suddenly in the night. The burial ground of Upernavik lies on the side of a steep hill, and consists of a series of rocky steps, on which the coffins are deposited, and covered with piles of stones, for there is no earth. The spot is inexpressibly dreary but Upernavik has some cheerful places also. At the parsonage, Dr. Hayes found, besides a kind and genial welcome, a room that was "redolent of the fragrant rose and mignonette and heliotrope, which nestled in the sunlight under the snow-white curtains. A canary chirped on its perch above the door, a cat was purring on the hearth-rug." Immediately after leaving Upernavik (where they took some of the natives on board), they got among a perfect forest of icebergs, with which they had to battle for four days, and on one of which they had a narrow escape of being wrecked:—

"At last we succeeded in extricating ourselves, and were far enough away to look back calmly upon the object of our terror. It was still rocking and rolling like a thing of life. At each revolution fresh masses were disengaged; and as its sides came up in long sweeps, great cascades tumbled and leaped from them hissing into the foaming sea. After several hours it settled down into quietude, a mere fragment of its former greatness, while the pieces that were broken from it floated quietly away with the tide.

"Whether it was the waves created by the dissolution which I have just described, or the sun's warm rays, or both combined, I cannot pretend to say, but the day was filled with one prolonged series of reports of crumbling icebergs. Scarcely had we been moored in safety when a very large one about two miles distant from us, resembling in its general appearance the British House of Parliament, began to go to pieces. First a lofty tower came plunging into the water, starting from their inhospitable perch an immense flock of gulls, that went screaming up into the air; over went another then a whole side settled squarely down; then the wreck capsized, and at length after five hours of rolling and crashing, there remained of this splendid mass of congelation not a fragment that rose fifty feet above the water. Another, which appeared to be a mile in length and upwards of a hundred feet in height, split in two with a quick, sharp, and at length long rumbling report, which could hardly have been exceeded by a thousand pieces of artillery simultaneously discharged, and the two fragments kept wallowing in the sea for hours before they came to rest. Even the berg to which we were moored chimed in with the infernal concert, and discharged a corner larger than St. Paul's Cathedral

"No words of mine can adequately describe the din and noise which filled our ears during the few hours succeeding the encounter which I have narrated. . . . .

"It seemed, indeed, as if old Thor himself had taken a holiday, and had come away from his kingdom of Thrudwanger and his Winding Palace of five hundred and forty halls, and had crossed the mountains with his chariot and he-goats, armed with his mace of strength, and girt about with his belt of prowess, and wearing his gauntlets of iron, for the purpose of knocking these giants of the frost to right and left for his own special amusement."

After being temporarily blocked up by the ice, they entered Melville Bay on the 23rd of August, by which time the sun was no longer above the horizon at midnight.

Here they fell in with the "pack ice," which is "made up of drifting ice-floes, varying in extent from feet to miles, and in thickness from inches to fathoms. These masses are sometimes pressed close together, having but little or no open space between them; and sometimes they are widely separated, depending upon the conditions of the wind and tide. They are always more or less in motion, drifting to the north, south, east, or west, with the winds and currents. The penetration of this barrier is usually an undertaking of weeks or months, and is ordinarily attended with much risk." This vast accumulation of ice stopped Dr. Hayes and his party for some hours, and it was doubtful whether they would get through at all: but, after a violent snow-storm, the sun shone out, the ice parted, a favourable wind sprang up, and in fifty-five hours they were in the North Water. Other encounters with icebergs and ice-packs, however, succeeded; but they were survived, though not without considerable damage to the schooner, and great peril to all hands. On reaching Hartstene Bay, Dr. Hayes determined to take up his winter quarters in a harbour which he denominated Port Foulke, in honour of a friend of his (now deceased) who had greatly helped him in fitting out the expedition:—

"The ice soon closed around us.

"My chief concern now was to prepare for the winter, in such a manner as to insure safety to the schooner and comfort to my party. While this was being done I did not, however, lose sight of the scientific labours; but, for the time, these had to be made subordinate to more serious concerns. There was much to do, but my former experience greatly simplified my cares.

"Mr. Sonntag, with Radcliffe, Knorr, and Starr to assist him, took general charge of such scientific work as we found ourselves able to manage; and Jensen, with Hans and Peter, were detailed as an organized hunting force. Mr. Dodge, with the body of the crew, discharged the cargo, and carrying it to the shore, swung it with a derrick up on the lower terrace, which was thirty feet above the tide, and there deposited it in a store-house made of stones and roofed with [illegible]. This was a very laborious operation. The beach was shallow, the bank [illegible] and the ice not being strong enough to bear [illegible] a channel had to be kept open for [illegible] between the ship and the shore. [illegible] the schooner for our [illegible] upon Mr. McCormick, with [illegible] and such other assistance as he [illegible]. After the sails had been unbent, [illegible] and the topmasts housed, [illegible] — making a house [illegible] and six and a half at the side. A coating of tarred paper closed the cracks and four windows let in the light while it lasted, and ventilated our quarters. Between decks there was much to do. The hold, after being floored, scrubbed, and whitewashed, was converted into a room for the crew: the cook-stove was brought down from the galley and placed in the centre of it under the main hatch, in which hung our simple apparatus for melting water from the snow or ice. This was a funnel-shaped double cylinder of galvanized iron connecting with the stove-pipe, and was called the 'snow-melter.' A constant stream poured from it into a large cask, and we had always a supply of the purest water, fully ample for every purpose.

"Into these quarters the crew moved on the 1st of October, and the out-door work of preparation being mainly completed, we entered then, with the ceremony of a holiday dinner, upon our winter life. And the dinner was by no means to be despised. Our soup was followed by an Upernavik salmon, and the table groaned under a mammoth haunch of venison, which was flanked by a ragout of rabbit and a venison pasty."

Their life in this savage solitude was not wanting in pleasurable incidents. They read, they chatted, they sang, they published a weekly journal of *facetiæ*, and at Christmas they feasted and were right merry. Then there were journeys of exploration over the ice-fields in sledges drawn by the dogs, and these were extremely interesting, and have added to our knowledge of the region, its boundaries, and the approaches it offers to the open sea towards the North Pole. Such expeditions, however, can only be conducted at the expense of great danger, and enormous physical fatigue: and so it was with Dr. Hayes and his friends. The most melancholy incident that occurred was the death Mr. Sonntag, the second in command, in an attempt to reach some of the Esquimaux settlements, with a view to obtaining a further supply of dogs: but this appears to have been purely accidental. The long unbroken night terminated on the 18th of February, 1861, when the sun once more appeared above the horizon, after an absence of one hundred and twenty-six days: and nothing could surpass the glory and majesty of his rising, or the enthusiasm of the boat's crew as they all watched eagerly for the first gleam of the great luminary. It was not, however, until some months later that Dr. Hayes attained the most northern limit of his explorations, on the shores of the open sea. After a toilsome journey in a dog-sledge, with only one companion — a journey lasting forty-six days from the time of leaving the winter

harbour — the doctor reached, on the 19th of May, a locality which he thus describes : —

"Standing against the dark sky at the north, there was seen in dim outline the white sloping summit of a noble headland — the most northern known land upon the globe. I judged it to be in latitude 82° 30′, or four hundred and fifty miles from the North Pole. Nearer, another bold cape stood forth; and nearer still the headland, for which I had been steering my course the day before, rose majestically from the sea, as if pushing up into the very skies a lofty mountain peak, upon which the winter had dropped its diadem of snows. There was no land visible except the coast upon which I stood.

"The sea beneath me was a mottled sheet of white and dark patches, these latter being either a soft decaying ice, or places where the ice had wholly disappeared. These spots were heightened in intensity of shade and multiplied in size as they receded, until the belt of the water-sky blended them all together into one uniform colour of dark blue. The old and solid floes (some a quarter of a mile, and others miles, across) and the massive ridges and wastes of hummocked ice which lay piled between them and around their margins, were the only parts of the sea which retained the whiteness and solidity of winter.

"I reserve to another chapter all discussion of the value of the observations which I made from this point. Suffice it here to say that all the evidences showed that I stood upon the shores of the Polar Basin, and that the broad ocean lay at my feet; that the land upon which I stood, culminating in the distant cape before me, was but a point of land projecting far into it, like the Ceverro Vostochnoi Noss of the opposite coast of Siberia; and that the little margin of ice which lined the shore was being steadily worn away; and within a month the whole sea would be as free from ice as I had seen the north water of Baffin Bay, — interrupted only by a moving pack, drifting to and fro at the will of the winds and currents.

"To proceed further north was, of course, impossible. The crack which I have mentioned would, of itself, have prevented us from making the opposite land, and the ice outside the bay was even more decayed than inside. Several open patches were observed near the shore, and in one of these there was seen a flock of Dovekie. At several points during our march up Kennedy Channel I had observed their breeding places, but I was not a little surprised to see the birds at this locality so early in the season. Several burgomaster-gulls flew over head, making their way northward, seeking the open water for their feeding grounds and summer haunts. Around these haunts of the birds there is never ice after the early days of June."

They then turned their faces southwards, after leaving a record of their discovery beneath a cairn of stones; but Dr. Hayes says he quitted the spot with regret : —

"It possessed a fascination for me, and it was with no ordinary sensations that I contemplated my situation, with one solitary companion, in that hitherto untrodden desert; while my nearness to the earth's axis the consciousness of standing upon land far beyond the limits of previous observations, the reflections which crossed my mind respecting the vast ocean which lay spread out before me, the thought that these ice-girdled waters might lash the shores of distant islands where dwell human beings of an unknown race, were circumstances calculated to invest the very air with mystery, to deepen the curiosity, and to strengthen the resolution to persevere in my determination to sail upon this sea and to explore its furthest limits; and as I recalled the struggles which had been made to reach this sea — through the ice and across the ice — by generations of brave men, it seemed as if the spirits of all these worthies came to encourage me, as their experience has already guided me; and I felt that I had within my grasp 'the great and notable thing' which had inspired the zeal of sturdy Frobisher, and that I had achieved the hope of matchless Parry."

The return voyage was safely performed during the summer months, and in October Dr. Hayes was once more in Boston. He contemplates yet another expedition, to facilitate which, and Arctic investigations generally, he proposes the establishment of a colony, with scientific associates, at Port Foulke. We wish him all success in his grand and daring schemes, and trust we may live to receive from his pen another work as interesting as the present, which is written with great picturesqueness, and in the spirit of a true investigator of the perilous and the unknown.

Part III.

CHAPTER VIII. — YOUNG POWYS.

Mr. Brownlow took his new clerk into his employment next morning. It is true that this was done to fill up a legitimate vacancy, but yet it took everybody in the office a little by surprise. The junior clerk had generally been a very junior, taken in rather by way of training than for any positive use. The last one, indeed, whom this new-comer had been taken to replace, was an overgrown boy in jackets, very different, indeed, from the tall, well-developed Canadian whose appearance filled all Mr. Brownlow's clerks with amazement. All sorts of conjectures about him filled the minds of these young gentlemen. They all spied some unknown motive underneath, and their guesses at it were ludicrously far from the real case. The conveyancing clerk suggested that the young fellow was somebody's son "that old Brownlow has ruined, you know, in the way of business." Other suppositions fixed on the fact that he was the son of a widow by whom, perhaps, the governor might have been bewitched, an idea which was speedily adopted as the favourite and most probable explanation, and caused unbounded amusement in the office. They made so merry over it that once or twice awkward consequences had nearly ensued; for the new clerk had quick ears, and was by no means destitute of intelligence, and decidedly more than a match, physically, for the most of his fellows. As for the circumstances of engagement, they were on this wise.

At the hour which Mr. Brownlow had appointed to see him again, young Powys presented himself punctually in the outer office, where he was made to wait a little, and heard some "chaffing" about the governor's singular proceedings on the previous day and his interviews with Inspector Pollaky, which probably conveyed a certain amount of information to the young man. When he was ushered into Mr. Brownlow's room, there was, notwithstanding his frank and open countenance, a certain cloud on his brow. He stood stiffly before his future employer, and heard with only a half-satisfied look that the lawyer, having made inquiries, was disposed to take advantage of his services. To this the young backwoodsman assented in a stilted way, very different from his previous frankness; and when all was concluded, he still stood doubtful, with the look upon his face of having something to say.

"I don't know what more there is to settle, except the time when you enter upon your duties," said Mr. Brownlow, a little surprised, "You need not begin to-day. Mr. Wrinkell, the head-clerk, will give you all the necessary information about hours, and show you all you will have to do, ——— Is there anything more you would like to say?"

"Why, yes, sir," said the youth abruptly, with a mixture of irritation and compunction. "Perhaps what I say may look very ungrateful; but ——— why did you send a policeman to my mother? That is not the way to inquire about a man if you mean to trust him. I dont say you have any call to trust me ——

"A policeman!" said Mr. Brownlow, in consternation.

"Well, sir, the fellows there," cried the energetic young savage, pointing behind him, "call him Inspector. I don't mean to say you were to take me on my own word; any inquiries you like to make we were ready to answer; but a policeman — and to my mother!

Mr. Brownlow laughed, but yet this explosion gave him a certain uneasiness. "Compose yourself," he said, "the man is not a policeman, but he is a confidential agent, whom when I can't see about anything myself —— but I hope he did not say anything or ask anything that annoyed Mrs. — your mother," Mr. Brownlow added, hurriedly; and if the jocular youths in the office had seen something like a shade of additional colour rise on his elderly cheek, their amusement and their suspicions would have been equally confirmed.

"Well, no," said young Powys, the compunction gaining ground; "I beg your pardon, sir; you are very kind. I am sure you must think me ungrateful — but ——"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Brownlow; "it is quite right you should stand up for your mother. The man is not a policeman, — and I never — intended him — to trouble — your mother," he added, with hesitation. "He went to make inquiry, and these sort of people take their own way; but he did not annoy her I hope?"

"Oh, no!" said the youth, recovering his temper altogether. "She took it up as being some inquiry about my father, and she was a little excited, thinking perhaps that his friends — but never mind. I told her it was best we should depend only on ourselves, and I am sure I am right. Thank you; I shall have good news to tell her to-day."

"Stop a little," said Mr. Brownlow, feeling a reaction upon himself of the compunction which had passed over his young companion. "She thought it was something about your father? Is there anything mysterious, then, about your father? I told you there was a Lady Powys who had lived here."

"I don't think there is anything mysterious about him," said the young man. "I scarcely remember him, though I am the eldest. He died quite young — and my poor mother has always thought that his friends —— But I never encouraged her in that idea, for my part."

"That his friends could do something for you?" said Mr. Brownlow.

"Yes, that is what she thought. I don't think myself there is any foundation for it; and seeing they have never found us out all these years — five-and-twenty years —— "

"Five-and-twenty years!" Mr. Brownlow repeated, with a start — not that the coincidence was anything, but only that the mere

sound of the words startled him, excited as he was.

"Yes, I am as old as that," said young Powys, with a smile, and then he recollected himself. "I beg your pardon, sir; I am taking up your time, and I hope you don't think I am ungrateful. Getting this situation so soon is everything in the world to us."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Brownlow; and yet he could not but ask himself whether his young visitor laid an emphasis upon *this* situation. What was *this* situation more than another? "But the salary is not very large, you know — do you mean to take your mother and her family on your shoulders with sixty pounds a-year?"

"It is *my* family," said the young man, growing red. "I have no interest separate from theirs." Then he paused for a moment, feeling affronted; but he could not bear malice. Next minute he relapsed into the frank and confidential tone that was natural to him. "There are only five of us after all," he said — "five altogether, and the little sisters don't cost much; and we have a little money — I think we shall do very well."

"I hope so," said Mr. Brownlow; and somehow, notwithstanding that he intended in his heart to do this young fellow a deadly injury, a certain affectionate interest in the lad sprang up within him. He was so honest and open, and had such an innocent confidence in the interest of others. None of his ordinary clerks were thus garrulous to Mr. Brownlow. It never would have occurred to them to confide in the "guv'nor." He knew them as they came and went, and had a certain knowledge of their belongings — which it was that would have old Robinson's money, and which that had given his father so much uneasiness; but that was very different from a young fellow that would look into your face and make a confidant of you as to his way of spending his sixty pounds a-year. John Brownlow had posessed a heart ever since he was aware of his own individuality. It was that that made him raise his eyes always, years and years ago, when Bessie Fennel went past his windows. Perhaps it would have been just as well had he not been thus moved; and yet sometimes, when he was all by himself and looked up suddenly and saw any passing figure, the remembrance of those moments when Bessie passed would be as clear upon him as if he were young again. Influenced by this same organ, which had no particular business in the breast of a man of his profession at his years, Mr. Brownlow looked with eyes that were almost tender upon the young man whom he had just taken into his employment — notwithstanding that, to tell the truth, he meant badly by him, and in one particular at least was far from intending to be his friend.

"I hope so," he said; "and if you are steady and suit us, there may be means found of increasing a little. I don't pledge myself to anything, you know; but we shall see how you get on; and if you have any papers or anything that may give a clue to your father's family," he continued, as he took up his pen, "bring them to me some day and I'll look over them. That's all in the way of business to us. We might satisfy your mother after all, and perhaps be of some use to you."

This he said with an almost paternal smile, dismissing his new clerk, who went away in an enthusiasm of gratitude and satisfaction. It is so pleasant to be very kindly used, especially to young people who know no better. It throws a glow of comfort through the internal consciousness. It is so very, very good of your patron, and, in a smaller way, it is good of you too, who are patronised. You are understood, you are appreciated, you are liked. This was the feeling young Powys had. To think that Mr. Brownlow would have been as good to anybody would not have been half so satisfactory, and he went off with ringing hasty steps, which in themselves were beating a measure of exhilaration, to tell his mother, who, though ready on the spot to worship Mr. Brownlow, would naturally set this wonderful success down to the score of her boy's excellences. As for the lawyer himself, he took his pen in his hand and wrote a few words of the letter which lay unfinished before him while the young man was going out, as if anxious to make up for the time lost in this interview; but as soon as the door was closed John Brownlow laid down his pen and leaned back in his chair. What was it he had done? — taken in a viper to his bosom that would sting him? or received a generous, open, confiding youth, in order to blind and hoodwink and rob him? These were strong — nay, rude and harsh words, and he did not say them even to himself; but a kind of shadow of them rolled through his mind, and gave him a momentary panic. Was this what he was about to do? With a pretence of kindness, even generosity, to take this open-hearted young fellow into his employment, in order to keep him in the dark, and prevent him from finding out that the fortune was his upon which Brownlows and all its grandeur was founded? Was this what he was doing? It seemed to John Brownlow for the moment as if the air of his room was suffocating, or rather as if there was no air at all to breathe, and he plucked at his cravat in the horror of the sensation. But then he came to himself. Perhaps, on the other hand, just as likely, he was taking into his house a secret enemy, who, once posted there, would search and find out everything. Quite likely, very likely; for what did he mean by the emphasis with which he said *this* situation, and all that about his father, which was throwing dust into Mr. Brownlow's cautious eyes? Perhaps his mind was a little biassed by his profession — perhaps he was moved by something of the curious legal uncertainty which teaches a man to plead "never indebted" in the same breath with "already paid;" for amid the hurry and tumult of these thoughts came another which was of a

more comforting tendency. After all, he had no evidence that this boy was that woman's son. No evidence whatever — not a shadow. And it was not his duty to go out and hunt for her or her son over all the world. Nobody could expect it of him. He had done it once, but to do it over again would be simply absurd. Let them come and make their claim.

Thus the matter was decided, and there could be no doubt that it was with a thrill of very strange and mingled interest that Mr. Brownlow watched young Powys enter upon his duties. He had thought this would be a trouble to Him — a constant shadow upon him, — a kind of silent threat of misery to come; but the fact was that it did not turn out so. The young fellow was so frank and honest, so far at least as physiognomy went — his very step was so cheerful and active, and rang so lightly on the stones — he was so ready to do anything, so quick and cordial and workmanlike about his work — came in with such a bright face, spoke with such a pleasant respectful confidence, as knowing that some special link existed between his employer and himself; Mr. Brownlow grew absolutely attached to the new clerk, for whom he had so little use, to whom he was so kind and fatherly, and against whom — good heavens! was it possible? — he was harbouring such dark designs.

As for young Jack, when he came back to the office after a few days on the ice, there being nothing very important in the way of business going on just then, the sight of this new figure took him very much by surprise. He was not very friendly with his father's clerks on the whole — perhaps because they were too near himself to be looked upon with charitable eyes; too near, and yet as far off, he thought to himself, as if he had been a duke. Not that Jack had those attributes which distinguished the great family of snobs. When he was among educated men he was as unassuming as it is in the nature of a young man to be, and never dreamed of asking what their pedigree was, or what their balance at their bankers. But the clerks were different — they were natural enemies — fellows that might set themselves up for being as good as he, and yet were not as good as he, however you chose to look at the question. In short, they were cads. This was the all-expressive word in which Jack developed his sentiments. Any addition to the cads was irksome to him; and then he, the young prince, knew nothing about it, which was more irksome still.

"Who is that tall fellow?" he said to Mr. Wrinkell who was his father's vizier. "What is he doing here? You don't mean to say he's a *permanence*? Who is he, and what is he doing there!"

"That's Mr. Powys, Mr. John," said Mr. Wrinkell, calmly, and with a complacent little nod. The vizier rather liked to snub the heir-apparent when he could, and somehow the Canadian had crept into his good graces too.

"By Jove! and who the deuce is Mr. Powys?" said Jack, with unbecoming impatience, almost loud enough to reach the stranger's ear.

"Hush," said Mr. Wrinkell, "he has come in young Jones's place, who left at Michaelmas, you know. I should say he was a decided addition; steady, very steady — punctual in the morning — clever at his work — always up to his hours —— "

"Oh, I see, a piece of perfection," said Jack, with, it must be confessed, a slight sneer. "But I don't see that he was wanted. Brown was quite able for all the work. I should like to know where you picked that fellow up. It's very odd that something always happens when I am absent for a single day."

"The frost has lasted for ten days," said Mr. Wrinkell, with serious but mild reproof — "not that I think there is anything in that. We are only young once in this life; and there is nothing particular doing. I am very glad you took advantage of it, Mr. John."

Now it was one of Jack's weak points that he hated being called Mr. John, and could not bear to be approved of — two peculiarities of which Mr. Wrinkell was very thoroughly aware. But the vizier had many privileges. He was serious and substantial, and not a man who could be called a cad, as Jack called his own contemporaries in the office. However tiresome or aggravating he might be, he had to be borne with; and he knew his advantages, and was not always generous in the use he made of them. When the young man went off into his own little private room, Mr. Wrinkell was tempted to give a little inward chuckle. He was a dissenter, and he rather liked to put the young autocrat down. "He has too much of his own way — too much of his own way," he said to himself, and went against Jack on principle, and for his good, which is a kind of conduct not always appreciated by those for whose good it is kept up.

And from that moment a kind of opposition, not to say enmity, crept up between Jack and the new clerk — a sort of feeling that they were rather too like each other, and were not practicable in the same hemisphere. Jack tried, but found it did not answer, to call the new-comer a cad. He did not, like the others, follow Jack's own ways at a woeful distance, and copy those things for which Jack rather despised himself, as all cads have a way of doing; but had his own way, and was himself, Powys, not the least like the Browns and Robinsons. The very first evening, as they were driving home together, Jack, having spent the day in a close examination of the new-comer, thought it as well to let his father know his opinion on the subject, which he did as they flew along in their dogcart, with the wicked mare which Jack could scarcely hold in, and the sharp wind whizzing past their ears, that were icy cold with speed.

"I see you have got a new fellow in the office," said Jack. "I hope it's not my idleness that made it necessary. I should have gone back on Monday; but I thought you said —— "

"I am glad you didn't come," said Mr. Brownlow, quietly. "I should have told you

had there been any occasion. No, it was not for that. You know he came in young Jones's place."

"He's not very much like young Jones," said Jack — "as old as I am, I should think. How she pulls, to be sure! One would think, to see her go, she hadn't been out for a week."

"Older than you are," said Mr. Brownlow — "five-and-twenty; and he gave an unconscious sigh — for it was dark, and the wind was sharp, and the mare very fresh; and under such circumstances a man may relieve his mind, at least to the extent of a sigh, without being obliged to render a reason. So at least Mr. Brownlow thought.

But Jack heard it, somehow, notwithstanding the ring of the mare's hoofs and the rush of the wind, and was confounded — as much confounded as he durst venture on being with such a slippery animal to deal with.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the groom, "keep her steady, sir; this here is the gate she's always a-shying at."

"Oh, confound her!" said Jack — or perhaps it was "confound you" — which would have been more natural; but the little waltz performed by Mrs. Bess at that moment, and the sharp crack of the whip, and the wind that whistled through all, made his adjuration less distinct than it might have been. When, however, the dangerous gate was past, and they were going on again with great speed and moderate steadiness, he resumed —

"I thought you did not mean to have another in young Jones's place. I should have said Brown could do all the work. When these fellows have too little to do they get into all sorts of mischief."

"Most fellows do," said Mr. Brownlow, calmly. "I may as well tell you, Jack, that I wanted young Powys — I know his people; that is to say," he added hastily, "I don't know his people. Don't take it into your head that I do — but still I've heard something about them — in a kind of a way; and it's my special desire to have him there."

"I said nothing against it, sir," said Jack displeased. "You are the head, to do whatever you like. I only asked, you know."

"Yes, I know you only asked," said Mr. Brownlow, with quiet decision. "That is my business; but I'd rather you were civil to him, if it is the same to you."

"By Jove, I believe she'll break our necks some day," said Jack, in his irritation, though the mare was doing nothing particular. "Going as quiet as a lamb," the groom said afterwards in amazement, "when he let out at her enough to make a saint contrairy." And "contrairy" she was up to the very door of the house, which perhaps, under the circumstances, was just as well.

CHAPTER IX. — NEW NEIGHBOURS.

Perhaps one of the reasons why Jack was out of temper at this particular moment was that Mrs. Swayne had been impertinent to him. Not that he cared in the least for Mrs Swayne; but naturally he took a little interest in the — child — he supposed she was only a child — a little light thing that felt like a feather when he carried her in out of the snow. He *had* carried her in, and he "took an interest" in her; and why he should be met with impertinence when he asked how the little creature was, was more than Jack could understand. The very morning of the day on which he saw young Powys first, he had been answered by Mrs. Swayne standing in front of her door, and pulling it close behind her, as if she was afraid of thieves, or something. "She's a-going on as nicely as could be, and there ain't no cause for anxiety, sir," Mrs. Swayne said, which was not a very impertinent speech after all.

"Oh, I did not suppose there was," said Jack. "It was only a sprain, I suppose; but she looked such a delicate little thing. That old woman with her was her mother, eh? What did she mean travelling with a fragile little creature like that in the carrier's cart?"

"I don't know about no old woman," said Mrs. Swayne; "the good lady as has my front parlour is the only female as is here, and they've come for quiet, Mr. John, not meaning no offence; and when you're a bit nervish, as I knows myself by experience, it goes to your heart every time as there comes a knock at the door."

"You can't have many knocks at the door here," said Jack; "as for me, I only wanted to know how the little thing was."

"Miss is a-doing nicely, sir," Mrs. Swayne answered, with solemnity; and this was what Jack considered a very impertinent reception of his kind inquiries. He was amused by it, and yet it put him a little out of temper too. "As if I could possibly mean the child any harm," he said to himself, with a laugh; rather, indeed, insisting on the point that she was a child in all his thoughts on the subject; and then, as has been seen, the sudden introduction of young Powys and Mr. Brownlow's calm adoption of the sentiment that it was *his* business to decide who was to be in the office, came a little hard upon Jack, who, after all, notwithstanding his philosophical indifference as to his sister's heiress-ship, liked to be consulted about matters of business, and did not approve of being put back into a secondary place.

Thus it was with a sense of having done her duty by her new lodgers, that Mrs. Swayne paid her periodical visit in the afternoon to the inmates of the parlour, where the object of Jack Brownlow's inquiries lay very much covered up on the little horsehair sofa. She was still suffering from her sprain, and was lying asleep on the narrow and uneasy couch, wrapped in all the shawls her mother possessed, and with her own pretty red cloak thrown over the heap. It was rather a grim little apartment, with dark-green painted walls, and coarse white curtains drawn over the single window. But the inmates probably were used to no better, and cer-

tainly were quite content with their quarters. The girl lay asleep with a flush upon her cheeks, which the long eyelashes seemed to over-shadow, and her soft rings of dark hair pushed back in pretty disorder off her soft, full, childlike forehead. She was sleeping that grateful sleep of convalescence, in which life itself seems to come back — a sleep deep and sound and dreamless, and quite undisturbed by the little murmur of voices which went on over the fire. Her mother was a tall meagre woman, older than the mother of such a girl ought to have been. Save that subtle, indefinable resemblance which is called family likeness, the two did not resemble each other. The elder woman now sitting in the horsehair easy-chair over the fire, was very tall, with long features, and grey cheeks which had never known any roses. She had keen black passionate eyes, looking as young and full of life as if she had been sixteen instead of nearly sixty; and her hair was still as black as it had been in her youth. But somehow the dead darkness of the hair made the grey face underneath look older than if it had been softened by the silvery tones of white that belong to the aged. She was dressed as poor women, who have ceased to care about their appearance, and have no natural instinct that way, so often dress, in everything most suited to increase her personal deficiencies. She had a little black lace cap over her black hair, and a black gown with a rim of greyish white round the neck, badly made, and which took away any shape that might ever have been in her tall figure. Her hands were hard, and red, and thin, with no sort of softening between them and the harsh black sleeve which clasped her wrists. She was not a lady, that was evident; and yet you would not have said she was a common woman after you had looked into her eyes.

It was very cold, though the thaw had set in, and the snow was gone — raw and damp with a penetrating chill, which is as bad as frost, — or worse, some people think. And the new-comer sat over the fire, leaning forward in the high-backed horsehair chair, and spreading out her hands to the warmth. She had given Mrs. Swayne a general invitation to come in for a chat in the afternoon, not knowing as yet how serious a business that was; and was now making the best of it, interposing a few words now and then, and yet not altogether without comfort in the companionship, the very hum of human speech having something consolatory in it.

"If it's been a fever, that's a thing as will mend," said Mrs. Swayne, "and well over too; and a thing as you don't have more nor once. When it's *here*, and there's decline in the family —" she added, putting her hand significantly to her breast.

"There's no decline in my family," said the lodger, quickly. "It was downright sickness always. No, she's quite strong in her chest. I've always said it was a great blessing that they were all strong in their chests."

"And yet you have but this one left," said Mrs. Swayne. "Dear, dear! — when it's decline, it comes kind of natural, and you get used to it like. An aunt o' mine had nine, all took one after the other, and she got that used to it, she'd tell you how it would be as soon as e'er a one o' them began to droop; but when it's them sort of masterful sicknesses as you can't do nothing for — Deary me! all strong in their chests, and you to have had so many and but this one left."

"Ay," said the mother, wringing her thin hands with a momentary yet habitual action, "It's hard when you've reared them so far; but you said it was good air here?"

"Beautiful air, that's what it is," said Mrs. Swayne, enthusiastically; "and when she gets a bit stronger, and the weather gets milder, and he mends of his rheumatics, Swayne shall drive her out in his spring-cart. It's a fine way of seeing the country — a deal finer, *I* think, than the gentry in their carriages with a coachman on his box perched up afore them. I ain't one as holds by much doctoring. Doctors and parsons, they're all alike; and I don't care if I never saw one o' them more."

"Isn't there a nice clergyman?" said the lodger — "it's a nice church, for we saw it, passing in the cart, and the child took a fancy to it. In the country like this, it's nice to have a nice clergyman — that's to say, if you're Church folks."

"There was nothing but Church folks heard tell of where I came from," said Mrs. Swayne, with a little heat. "Them as says I wasn't born and bred and confirmed in the Church don't know what they're talking of; but since we come here, you know, along of Swayne being a Dissenter, and the Rector a man as has no sympathy, I've give up. It's the same with the doctors. There ain't one as I haven't tried, exceptin' the homoepathetic; and I was turning it over in my mind as soon as Swayne had another bad turn to send for him."

"I hope we shan't want any more doctors," said the mother, once more softly wringing her hands. "But for Pamela's sake" ——

"Is that her name?" said Mrs. Swayne; "I never knew no one of that name afore; but folks is all for new-fashioned names nowadays. The Pollys and the Betsys as used to be in my young days, I never hear tell of them now; but the girls ain't no nicer nor no better behaved as I can see. It's along o' the story-books and things. There's Miss Sairah as is always a-lending books" ——

"Is Miss Sairah the young lady in the great house?" asked the stranger, looking up.

Mrs. Swayne assented with a little reluctance. "Oh! yes, sure enough but they ain't the real old Squires. Not as the old Squires was much to brag of; they was awful poor, and there never was nothing to be made out of them, neither by honest trades-folks nor cottagers, nor nobody; but him as has it now is nothing but a lawyer out of Masterton. He's made it all, I should'nt wonder, by cheating poor folks out

of their own; but there he is as grand as a prince, and Miss Sairah dressed up like a little peacock, and her carriage and her riding-horse, and her school, as if she was real old gentry. It was Mr. John as carried your girl indoors that time when she fell; and a rare troublesome one he can be when he gets it in his head, a-calling at my house, and knocking at the knocker when, for anything he could tell, Swayne might ha' been in one of his bad turns, or your little maid a-snatching a bit of sleep."

"But why does he come?" said the lodger, once more looking up; "is it to ask after Mr. Swayne?"

Mr. Swayne's spouse gave a great many shakes of her head over this question. "To tell you the truth," she said, "there's a deal of folks thinks if Swayne hadn't a good wife behind him as kept all straight, his bad turns would come very different. That's all as a woman gets for slaving and toiling and understanding the business as well as e'er a man. No; it was not for my husband. I haven't got nothing to say against Mr. John. He's not one of the sort as leads poor girls astray and breaks their hearts; but I wouldn't have him about here, not too often, if I was you. He was a-asking after your girl."

"Pamela?" said the mother, with surprise and almost amusement in her tone, and she looked back to the sofa where her daughter was lying with a flush too pink and roselike for health upon her cheek. "Poor little thing; it is too early for that—she is only a child."

"I don't put no faith in them being only children," said Mrs. Swayne. "It comes terrible soon, does that sort of thing; and a gentleman has nice ways with him. When she's once had one of that sort a-running after her, a girl don't take to an honest man as talks plain and straightforward. That's my opinion; and, thank Providence, I've been in the way of temptation myself, and I know what it all means."

Mrs. Swayne's lodger did not seem at all delighted by these commentaries. A little flush of pride or pain came over her colourless cheek; and she kept glancing back at the sofa on which her daughter lay. "My Pamela is a little lady, if ever there was a lady," she said, in a nervous undertone; but it was evidently a question she did not mean to discuss with her landlady; and thus the conversation came to a pause.

Mrs. Swayne, however was not easily subdued; and curiosity urged her even beyond her wont. "I think you said as you had friends here?" she said, making a new start.

"No, no friends. We're alone in the world, she and I," said the woman, hastily. "We've been long away, and everybody is dead that ever belonged to us. She hasn't a soul but me, poor dear, and I'm old. It's dreadful to be old and have a young child. If I was to die—— but we're not badly off," she continued, with a faint smile in answer to an alarmed glance all round the room from Mrs. Swayne, "and I'm saving up every penny for her. If I could only see her as well and rosy as she used to be!"

"That will come in time," said the landlady. "Don't you be afeard. It's beautiful air; and what with fresh milk and new-laid eggs, she'll come round as fast as the grass grows. You'll see she will—they always does here. Miss Sairah herself was a puny a bit of a child as ever you set eyes on, and she's a fine tall lass with a colour like a rose—I will say that for her—now."

"And I think you said she was about my child's age," said the mother, with a certain wistful glance out of the window. "Perhaps she and my Pamela—— But of course a young lady like that has plenty of friends. Pamela will never be tall—she's done growing. She takes after her father's side, you see," the poor woman added, with a sigh, looking round once more to the sofa where her child lay.

"And it ain't long, perhaps, since you lost your good gentleman?" said Mrs. Swayne, curiosity giving a certain brevity to her speech.

"He was in the army," said the lodger, passing by the direct question, "and it's a wandering sort of life. Now I've come back, all are gone that ever belonged to me, or so much as knew me. It feels dreary like. I dont mind for myself. if I could but find some kind friends for my child."

"Don't you fret said Mrs. Swayne, rising. "She'll find friends, no fear; and it's ridiklus to hear you talk like an old woman, and not a grey hair on your head—— But I hear Swayne a-grumbling, Mrs. Preston. He's no better nor an old washerwoman, that man isn't, for his tea."

When the conversation ended thus, the lodger rose, partly in civility, and stood before the fire, looking into the dark little mirror over the mantelshelf when her visitor was gone. It was not vanity that moved her to look at herself. "Threescore and ten!" she was saying softly—"threescore and ten! She'd be near thirty by then, and able to take care of herself." It was a sombre thought enough, but it was all the comfort she could take. "The child" all this time had to all appearance lain fast asleep under her wraps, with the red cloak laid over her, a childlike, fragile creature. She began to stir at this moment, and her mother's face cleared as if by magic. She went up to the little hard couch, and murmured her inquiries over it with that indescribable voice which belongs only to doves, and mothers croodling over their sick children. Pamela considered it the most ordinary utterance in the world; and never found out that it was totally unlike the usually almost harsh tones of the same voice when addressing other people. The girl threw off her coverings with a little impatience, and came with tottering steps to the big black easy chair. The limpid eyes which had struck Jack Brownlow when they gazed wistfully out of the carrier's cart, were almost too bright, as her color was almost too warm, for the moment; but it was the flush of weakness and sleep, not

of fever. She too, like her mother, wore rusty black; but neither that poor and melancholy garb, nor any other disadvantageous circumstance, could impair the sweetness of the young tender face. It was lovely with the sweetness of spring as are the primroses and anemones; —dew, and fragrance, and growth, and all the possibilities of expansion, were in her lovely looks. You could not have told what she might not grow to. Seeing her, it was possible to understand the eagerness with which the poor old mother, verging on threescore, counted her chances of a dozen years longer in this life. These dozen years might make all the difference to Pamela; and Pamela was all that she had in the world.

"You have had a long sleep, my darling. I am sure you feel better," she said.

"I feel quite well, mamma," said the girl; and she sat down and held out her hands to the fire. Then the mother began to talk, and give an account of the conversation she had been holding. She altered it a little, it must be acknowledged. She omitted all Mrs. Swayne's anxieties about Jack Brownlow, and put various orthodox sentiments into her mouth instead. When she had gone on so for some ten minutes, Pamela, who had been making evident efforts to restrain herself, suddenly opened her red lips with a burst of soft ringing laughter, so that the mother stopped confused.

"I am afraid it was very naughty," said the girl; "but I woke up, and I did not want to disturb you, and I could not help listening. Oh, mamma, how clever you are to make up conversation like that, when you know Mrs. Swayne was talking of Mr. John, and was such fun! Why shouldn't I hear about Mr. John? Because one has been ill, is one never to have any more fun? You don't expect me to die now?"

"God forbid!" said the mother. "But what do you know about Mr. John? Mrs. Swayne said nothing——"

"She said he came a-knocking at the knocker," Pamela said, with a merry little conscious laugh; "and you asked if he came to ask for Mr. Swayne. I thought I should have laughed out and betrayed myself then."

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Preston, steadily, "why shouldn't he have come to ask for Mr. Swayne?

"Yes, why indeed?" said Pamela, with another merry peal of laughter, which made her mother's face relax, though she was not herself very sensible wherein the joke lay.

"Well," she said, "if he did, or if he didn't, it does not matter very much to us. We know nothing about Mr. John." "Oh, but I do," said Pamela; "it was he that was standing by that lady's chair on the ice — I saw him as plain as possible. I knew him in a minute when he carried me in. Wasn't it nice and kind of him? and he knew — us; — I am sure he did. Why shouldn't he come and ask for me? I think it is the most natural thing in the world."

"How could he know us?" said Mrs. Preston, wondering. "My darling, now you are growing older you must not think so much about fun. I don't say it is wrong, but—— For you see, you have grown quite a woman now. It would be nice if you could know Miss Sara," she added, melting; "but she is a little great lady, and you are but a poor little girl——" "I must know Miss Sara," cried Pamela. "We shall see her every day. I want to know them both. We shall be always seeing them any time they go out. I wonder if she is pretty. The lady was, that was in the chair."

"How can you see everything like that, Pamela?" said her mother, with mild reproof. "I don't remember any lady in a chair."

"But *I've* got a pair of eyes," said Pamela, with a laugh. She was not thinking that they were pretty eyes, but she certainly had a pleasant feeling that they were clear and sharp, and saw everything and everybody within her range of vision. "I like travelling in that cart," she said, after a moment, "if it were not so cold. It would be pleasant in summer to go jogging along and see everything — but then, to be sure, in summer there's no ice, and no nice bright fires shining through the windows. But, mamma, please," the little thing added, with a doubtful look that might be saucy or sad as occasion required, "why are you so dreadfully anxious to find me kind friends?"

This was said with a little laugh, though her eyes were not laughing; but when she saw the serious look her mother cast upon her, she got up hastily and threw herself down, weak as she was, at the old woman's knee.

"Don't you think if we were to live both as long we could and then to die both together!" cried the changeable girl, with a sudden sob. "Oh, mamma, why didn't you have me when you were young, when you had Florry, that we might have lived ever so long, ever so long together? Would it be wrong for me to die when you die? why should it be wrong? God would know what we meant by it. He would know it wasn't for wickedness. And it would make your mind easy whatever should happen," cried the child, burying her pretty face in her mother's lap. Thus the two desolate creatures clung together, the old woman yearning to live, the young creature quite ready at any word of command that might reach her to give up her short existence. They had nobody in the world belonging to them that they knew of, and in the course of nature their companionship could only be so short, so short! And it was not as if God saw only the outside like men. He would know what they meant by it; that was what poor little Pamela thought.

But she was as lively as a little bird half an hour after, being a creature of a variable mind. Not a magnificent little princess, self-possessed and reflective, like Sara over the way — a little soul full of fancies, and passions, and sudden impulses of every kind — a kitten for fun, a heroine for anything tragic, such as she, not feared, but hoped, might perhaps fall in her way.

And the mother, who understood the passion, did not know very much about either the fun or the fancy, and was puzzled by times, and even vexed when she had no need to be vexed. Mrs. Preston was greatly perplexed even that night after this embrace and the wild suggestion that accompanied it, to see how swiftly and fully Pamela's light heart came back to her. She could comprehend such a proposal of despair; but how the despair should suddenly flit off and leave the sweetest fair skies of delight and hope below was more than the poor woman could undertand. However, the fact was that hope and despair were quite capable of living next door in Pamela's fully occupied mind, and that despair itself was but another kind of hope when it got into those soft quarters where the air was full of the chirping of birds and the odours of the spring. She could not sing, to call singing, but yet she went on singing all the evening long over her bits of work, and planned drives in Mr. Swayne's spring-cart, and even in the carrier's waggon, much more joyfully than Sara ever anticipated the use of her greys. Yet she had but one life, one worn existence, old and shattered by much suffering, between her and utter solitude and destitution. No wonder her mother looked at her with silent wonder, she who could never get this woeful possibility out of her mind.

CHAPTER X. — AT THE GATE.

It was not to be expected that Sara could be long unconscious of her new humble neighbors. She, too, as well as Jack, had seen them in the carrier's cart; and though Jack had kept his little adventure to himself, Sara had no reason to omit due notice of her encounter. It was quite a new sensation to her when she saw for the first time the little face with its dewy eyes peeping out at Mrs. Swayne's window. And the ticket which offended Sara's sight had been promptly taken down, not by Mrs. Swayne, but by her lodgers themselves. Sara's impulse was to go over immediately and thank them for this good office; but, on second thoughts, she decided to wait another opportunity. They might not be "nice," — or they might be ladies, and require more ceremonious treatment, notwithstanding the carrier's waggon. The face that peeped from Mrs. Swayne's window might have belonged to a little princess in disguise for anything that could be said to the contrary. And Sara was still of the age which believes in disguised princesses, at least in theory. She talked about them, however, continually; putting Jack to many hypocritical devices to conceal that he too had seen the little stranger. Though why he should keep that fact secret, nobody, not even himself, could tell. And he had confided it to young Keppel, though he did not think of telling the story at home. "I don't know if you would call her pretty, but her eyes are like two stars," was what Jack said; and he was more angry at Keppel's jocular response than was at all needful. But, as for Sara she was far more eloquent. "She is not pretty," that authority said; "all girls are pretty, I suppose, in a kind of a way — I and Fanny Hardcastle and everybody — I despise that. She's *lovely*; one would like to take and kiss her. I don't in the least care whether I am speaking grammar or not; but I want to know her, and I've made up my mind I'll have her here."

"Softly, Sara," said Mr. Brownlow, with that indulgent look which Sara alone called into his eyes.

"Oh yes, papa, as softly as you please; but I shall never be like her if I were to live a hundred years. I'd like to cut all my hair off, and wear it like that; but what's the use, with this odious light hair?"

"I thought it was golden and Titianesque, and all sorts of fine things," said Jack, "besides being fashionable. I've heard Keppel say ——"

"Don't, please; Mr. Keppel is so stupid," said Sara; and she took in her hand a certain curl she had, which was her favorite curl in a general way, and looked at it with something like disgust. "It isn't even the right colour for the fashion," she said, contemptuously. This was at breakfast, before the gentlemen went to business, which was a favourite hour with all of them, when their minds were free, and the day had not as yet produced its vexations. Mr. Brownlow, for his part, had quite got over any symptoms of discomposure that his children might have perceived on his face. Everything was going on well again. Young Powys was safely settled in the office, and his employer already had got used to him, and nothing seemed to be coming of it; and every day was helping on the year, the one remaining year of uncertainty. He was very anxious, but still he was not such a novice in life but that he could keep his anxiety to himself.

"Don't forget to make everything comfortable for your visitors," was what he said, as he drove away; and the fact was, that even Mr Brownlow cast a glance over at Mrs. Swayne's windows; and that Jack brought the mare almost on her haunches, by way of showing his skill, as she dashed out at the gates. And poor little Pamela had limped to the window, for she had not much to amuse her, and the passing of Mr. Brownlow's dogcart was an event. "Is that the girl?" said Mr. Brownlow; why, she is like your sister, Jack."

"Like Sara!" Jack gasped in dismay. He was so amazed that he could say nothing more for a full minute. "I suppose you think everything that's pretty is like Sara," he said, when he had recovered his breath.

"Well, perhaps," said the father; "but there's something more there — and yet she's not like Sara either for the matter of that."

"Not the least bit in the world," said Jack decisively; at which Mr. Brownlow only smiled, making no other reply.

Sara, of course, knew nothing of this; and notwithstanding her admiration for the stranger, it is doubtful whether she would have been flattered by the suggestion. She made great preparations for her visitors. There was to be a dinner-party, and old Lady Motherwell and her son Sir Charles were to stay for a day or two—partly because it was too far for the old lady to drive back that night, and partly, perhaps, for other reasons, which nobody was supposed to know anything about. In her own mind, however, Sara was not quite unaware of these other reasons. The girl was so unfortunate as to be aware that she was considered a good match in the county, and she knew very well what Sir Charles meant when he came and mounted guard over her at county gatherings. It was commonly reported of Sir Charles Motherwell that he was not bright—but he was utterly opaque to Sara when he came and stood over her and shut out other people who might have been amusing; though, to tell the truth, Miss Brownlow was in a cynical state of mind altogether about amusing people. She thought they were an extinct species, like mastodons, and the other sort of brutes that lived before the creation. Fanny Hardcastle began to unfold her dress as soon as breakfast was over, and to look out her gloves and her shoes and all her little ornaments, and was in a flutter all day about the dinner at Brownlows. But as for Sara, she was not excited. By way of making up to herself for what she might have to suffer in the evening, she went out for a ride, a pleasure of which she had been debarred for sometime by the frost; and little Pamela came again to the window and watched—oh, with what delight and envy and admiration!—the slender-limbed chestnut and the pretty creature he carried, as they came down all the length of the avenue.

"Oh, mamma, make haste—make haste! it is a prettier sight than Mr. John," cried the little girl at Mrs Swayne's window, her cheeks glowing and her eyes shining; "what fun it is to live here and see them all passing!" Probably she enjoyed it quite as much as Sara did. When she had watched the pretty rider as far as that was possible, she sat down by the window to wait till she came back—wondering where she was going—following her as she went cantering along the sunny long stretches of road which Pamela remembered watching from the carrier's cart. What a strange kind of celestial life it must be to be always riding down stately avenues and playing golden-stringed harps, and walking about in glorious silken robes that swept the ground! Pamela laughed to herself at those splendid images—she enjoyed it more than Sara did, though Sara found all these good things wonderfully pleasant too.

"What are you laughing at?" said her mother, who was working at a table at the other end of the room.

"What fun it is to live here!" repeated Pamela. "It is as good as a play; don't you like to see them all riding out and in, and the horses prancing, and the shadows coming down the avenue?—it was the greatest luck in the world to come here."

"Put up your foot, my dear," said her mother, "and don't catch cold at that window. I've seen somebody very like that young lady, but I can't remember where."

"That was Miss Sara, I suppose," said Pamela, with a little awe; and she put up her weak foot, and kept her post till the chestnut and his mistress came back, when the excitement was renewed; and Mrs. Preston herself took another look, and wondered where she had seen some one like that. Thus the life of Brownlows became entangled, as it were, in that of the humble dwellers at their gate, before either were aware.

Lady Motherwell arrived in a very solid family coach, just as the winter twilight set in; and undoubtedly, on this occasion at least, it was Pamela who had the best of it. Sara awaited the old lady in the drawing-room, ready to administer to her the indispensable cup of tea; and Sir Charles followed his mother, a tall fellow with a moustache which looked like a respirator. As for Lady Motherwell, she was not a pleasant visitor to Sara; but that was for reasons which I have already stated. In herself she was not a disagreeable old woman. She had even a certain *esprit du corps* which made it evident to her that thus to come in force upon a girl who was alone, was a violent proceeding, and apt to drive the quarry prematurely to bay. So she did her best to conciliate the young mistress of the house, even before she had received her cup of tea.

"Charley doesn't take tea," she said. "I think we'll send him off, my dear, to look at the stables, or something. I hate to have a man poking about the room when I want a comfortable chat; and in this nice cozy firelight, too, when they look like tall ghosts about a place. You may go and have your cigar Charley. Sara and I have a hundred things to say."

Sir Charles was understood to murmur through his respirator that it was awful hard upon a fellow to be banished like this; but nevertheless, being in excellent, training, and knowing it to be for his good, he went. Then Lday Motherwell took Sara in her arms for the second time, and gave her a maternal kiss.

"My love, you're looking lovely," she said. "I'm sorry for poor Charley, to tell the truth; but I knew you'd have enough of him tonight. Now tell me how you are, and all about yourself. I have not seen you for an age."

"Oh, thank you, I'm just as well as ever," said Sara. "Sit down in this nice low chair, and let me give you some tea."

"Thank you," said Lady Motherwell. "And how is Jack and the good papa? Jack is a gay deceiver; he is not like my boy. You should have seen him driving the girls about the ice in that chair. I am not sure that I think it very

nice, do you know, unless it was a very old friend or — somebody *very* particular. I was so sorry I could not come for you —— "

" Oh, it did not matter," said Sara; " I was there three days. I got on very well; and then I have more things to do than most girls have. I don't care so very much for amusements. I I have a great many things to do."

" Quite a little housekeeper," said Lady Motherwell. " You girls don't like to have such things said to you nowadays; but I'm an old-fashioned old woman, and I must say what I think. What a nice little wife you will make one of these days! That used to be the highest compliment that could be paid to us when I was your age."

" Oh, I don't mind it at all," said Sara; " I suppose that is what one must come to. It is no good worrying one's self about it. I am rather fond of housekeeping. Are you going to be one of the patronesses for the Masterton ball, Lady Motherwell? Do you think one should go?"

" No, I dont think one should go," said the other lady, not without a very clear recollection that she was speaking to John Brownlow the solicitor's daughter; " but I think a dozen may go, and you shall come with me. I am going to make up a party — yourself and the two Keppels —— "

" No," said Sara, " I am a Masterton girl, and I ought not to go with you grand county folks — oh no, papa must take me; but thank you very much all the same."

" You are an odd girl," said Lady Motherwell. " You forget your papa is one of the very richest of the county folks, as you call us. I think Brownlows is the finest place within twenty miles, and you that have all the charge of it —— "

" Don't laugh at me, please — I don't like being laughed at. It makes me feel like a cat," said Sara; and she clasped her soft hands together, and sat back in her soft velvet chair out of the firelight, and sheathed her claws as it were; not feeling sure any moment that she might not be tempted to make a spring upon her flattering foe.

" Well, my dear, if you want to spit and scratch, let Charley be the victim, please," said the old lady. " I think he would rather like it. And I am not laughing in the least, I assure you. I think a great deal of good housekeeping. We used to be brought up to see after everything when I was young; and really, you, know, when you have a large establishment, and feel that your husband looks to you for everything " —

" We have not all husbands, thank heaven," said Sara, spitefully; " and I am sure I don't want a situation as a man's housekeeper. It is all very well when it's papa."

" You will not always think so," said Lady Motherwell, laughing; " that is a thing a girl always changes her mind about. Of course you will marry some day, as everybody does."

" I don't see," said Sara, very decidedly, " why it should be of course. If there was anybody that papa had set his heart on, and wanted me to marry — or any *good* reason — of course I would do whatever was my duty. But I don't think papa is a likely sort of man to stake me at cards, or get into anybody's power, or anything of that sort."

" Sara, you are the most frightful little cynic," cried Lady Motherwell, laughing; " don't you believe that girls sometimes fall in love?"

" Oh yes, all the silly ones," said Sara, calmly, out of her corner. She was not saying anything that she did not to a certain extent feel; but there is no doubt that she had a special intention at the moment in what she said.

Lady Motherwell had another laugh, for she was amused, and not nearly so much alarmed for the consequences as the young speaker intended she should be. " If all girls had such sentiments, what would become of the world?" she said. " The world would come to an end."

" I wish it would," said Sara. " Why shouldn't it come to an end? It would be easy to make a nicer world. People are very aggravating in this one. I am sure I don't see why we should make ourselves unhappy about its coming to an end. It would always be a change if it did. And some of the poor people might have better luck. Do you think it is such a very nice world?"

" My dear, don't be profane," said Lady Motherwell. " I never did think Mr. Hardcastle was very settled in his principles. I declare you frighten me, Sara, sitting and talking in that sceptical way, in the dark."

" Oh, I can ring for lights," said Sara; " but that isn't sceptical. It's sceptical to go on wishing to live for ever, and to make the world last for ever, as if we mightn't have something better. At least so I think. And as for Mr. Hardcastle, I don't know what he has to do with it — he never said a word on the subject to me."

" Yes, my dear, but there is a general looseness," said the old lady. " I know the sort of thing. He lets you think whatever you like, and never impresses any doctrines on you as he ought. We are not in Dewsbury parish, you know, and I feel I ought to speak. There are such differences in clergymen. Our vicar is very pointed, and makes you really feel as if you knew what you believed. And that is such a comfort, my dear. Though, to be sure, you are very young, and you don't feel it now."

" No, I don't feel it at all," said Sara: " but Lady Motherwell, perhaps you would like to go to your room. I think I hear papa's cart coming up the avenue — will you wait and see him before you go?"

Thus the conversation came to an end, though Lady Motherwell elected to wait, and was as gracious to Mr. Brownlow as if he had been twenty county people. Even if Sara did not have Brownlows, as everybody supposed, still she would be rich and bring money enough with her to do a vast deal of good at Motherwell, where the family for a long time had not been

rich. Sir Charles's father, old Sir Charles, had not done his duty by the property. Instead of marrying somebody with a fortune, which was clearly the object for which he had been brought into the world, he had married to please a fancy of his own in a very reprehensible way. His wife herself felt that he had failed to do his duty, though it was for her sake; and she was naturally all the more anxious that her son should fulfil this natural responsibility. Sir Charles was not handsome, nor was he bright, nor even so young as he might have been; but all this, if it made the sacrifice less, made the necessity more, and accordingly Lady Motherwell was extremely friendly to Mr. Brownlow. When she came down for dinner she took a sort of natural protecting place, as if she had been Sara's aunt, or bland, flattering, uninterfering mother-in law. She called the young mistress of the house to her side, and held her hand, and patted it and caressed it. She told Mr. Brownlow how pleased she was to see how the dear child had developed. "You will not be allowed to keep her long," she said, with tender meaning; "I think if she were mine I would go and hide her up so that nobody might see her. But one has to make up one's mind to part with them all the same."

"Not sooner than one can help," said Mr. Brownlow, looking not at Lady Motherwell, but at his child, who was the subject of discourse. He knew what the old lady meant as well as Sara did, and he had been in the way of smiling at it, wondering how anybody could imagine he would give his child to a good-tempered idiot; but this night another kind of idea came into his mind. The man was stupid, but he was a gentleman of long-established lineage and he could secure to Sara all the advantages of which she had so precarious a tenure here. He could give her even a kind of title, so far as that went, though Mr. Brownlow was not much moved by a baronet's title; and if anything should happen to endanger Brownlows it would not matter much to Jack or himself. They could return to the house in Masterton, and make themselves as comfortable as life, without Sara, could be anywhere. This was the thought that was passing through Mr. Brownlow's mind when he said, "Not sooner than one can help." He was thinking for the first time that such a bestowal of his child might not be so impossible after all.

Beside her, in the seat she had taken when she escaped from Lady Motherwell, Sir Charles had already taken up his position. He was talking to her through his hard little black mustache — not that he said a great deal. He was a tall man, and she was seated in a low chair, with the usual billows of white on the carpet all round her, so that he could not even approach very near; and she had to look up at him and strain her ear when he spoke, if she wanted to hear — which was a trouble Sara did not choose to take. So she said, "What?" in her indifferent way, playing with her fan, and secretly doing all she could to extend the white billows round her; while he, poor man, bent forward at a right angle till he was extremely uncomfortable, and repeated his very trivial observations with a vain attempt to reach her ear.

"I think I am growing deaf," said Sara; "perhaps it was that dreadful frost — I don't think I have ever got quite thawed yet. When I do, all you have been saying will peal out of the trumpet like Baron Munchausen, you know. So you didn't go to the stables? Wasn't that rather naughty? I am sure it was to the stables your mamma sent you when you went away."

"Tell you what, Miss Brownlow," said Sir Charles, "you are making game of me."

"Oh, no," said Sara; "or did you go to the gate and see such a pretty girl in the cottage opposite? I don't know whether you would fall in love with her, but I have; I never saw any one look so sweet. She has such pretty dark little curls, and yet not curls — something prettier; — and such eyes ——"

"Little women with black hair are frights," said Sir Charles — "always thought so, and more than ever now."

"Why more than ever now?" said Sara, with the precision of contempt; and then she went on — "If you don't care either for pretty horses or pretty girls, we shan't know how to amuse you. Perhaps you are fond of reading; I think we have a good many nice books."

Sir Charles said something to his mustache, which was evidently an expletive of some kind. He was not the sort of man to swear by Jove, or even by George, much less by anything more tangible; but still he did utter something in an inarticulate exclamatory way. "A man would be difficult to please if he didn't get plenty to amuse him here," was how it ended. "I'm not afraid ——"

"It is very kind of you to say so," said Sara, so very politely that Sir Charles did not venture upon any more efforts, but stood bending down uneasily, looking at her, and pulling at his respirator in an embarassed way; not that he was remarkable in this, for certainly the moment before dinner is not favourable to animated or genial conversation. And it was not much better at dinner. Sara had Mr. Keppel of Ridley, the eldest brother at her other side, who talked better than Sir Charles did. His mother kept her eye upon them as well as that was possible from the other end of the table, and she was rather hard upon him afterwards for the small share he had taken in the conversation. "You should have amused her and made her talk, and drawn her out," said the old lady. "Oh, she talked plenty," Sir Charles said, in a discomfited tone; and he did not make much more of it in the evening, when young Mrs. Keppel and her sister-in-law, and Fanny Hardcastle, all gathered in a knot round the young mistress of the house. It was a pretty group, and the hum of talk that issued from it attracted even the old people to linger and listen, though doubtless their own conversation would have been much more worth lis-

tening to. There was Sara reclining upon the cushions of a great round ottoman, with Fanny Hardcastle by her, making one mass of the white billows; and opposite, Mrs. Keppel, who was a pretty little woman, lay back in a low deep round chair, and Mary Keppel, who was a little fond of attitudes, sat on a stool, leaning her head upon her hands, in the centre. Sometimes they talked all together, so that you could tell what they said; and they discussed everything that ought to be discussed in heaven and earth, and occasionally something that ought not; and there was a dark fringe of men round about them, joining in the babble. But as for Sir Charles, he knew his *consigne*, and stood at his post, and did not attempt to talk. It was an exercise that was seldom delightful to him; and then he was puzzled, and could not make out whether, as he himself said it was chaff or serious. But he could always stand over the object of his affections, and do a sentinel's duty, and keep other people away from her. That was a *métier* he understood.

"Has it been a pleasant evening, Sara?" said Mr. Brownlow when the guests had all gone, and Sir Charles had disappeared with Jack, and Lady Motherwell had retired to think it all over and invent some way of pushing her son on. The father and daughter were left alone in the room, which was still very bright with lights and fire, and did not suggest any of the tawdry ideas supposed to hang about in the air after an entertainment is over. They were both standing by the fire, lingering before they said good-night.

"Oh yes," said Sara, "if that odious man would not mount guard over me. What have I done that he should always stand at my elbow like that, with his hideous mustache?"

"You mean Sir Charles?" said Mr. Brownlow. "I thought girls liked that sort of thing. He means it for a great compliment to you."

"Then I wish he would compliment somebody else," said Sara; I think it is very hard, papa. A girl lives at home with her father, and is very happy and doesn't want any change; but any man that pleases — any tall creature with neither brains nor sense, nor anything but a mustache — thinks he has a right to come and worry her; and people think she should be pleased. It is awfully hard. No woman ever attempts to treat Jack like that."

Mr. Brownlow smiled, but it was not so frankly as usual. "Are you really quite sure about this matter?" he said. "I wish you would think it over, my darling. He is not bright — but he's a very good fellow in his way — stop a little. And you know I am only Brownlow the solicitor, and if anything should happen to our money, all this position of ours in the county would be lost. Now Sir Charles could give you a better position ——"

"Oh, papa! could you ever bear to hear me called Lady Motherwell?" cried Sara — young Lady Motherwell! I should hate myself and everybody belonging to me. But look here; I have wanted to speak to you for a long time. If you were to lose your money, I don't see why you should mind it so very much. *I* should not mind. We would go away to the country, and get a cottage somewhere, and be very comfortable. After all, money don't matter so much. We could walk instead of driving, which is often far pleasanter, and do things for ourselves."

"What do you know about my money?" said Mr. Brownlow, with a bitter momentary pang. He thought something must have betrayed the true state of affairs to Sara, which would be an almost incredible addition to the calamity.

"Well, not much," said Sara, lightly; "but I know merchants and people are often losing money, and you have an office like a merchant. I should not mind *that;* but I do mind never being able to turn my head even at home in our very own house, without seeing that man with his horrid mustache."

"Poor Sir Charles!" said Mr. Brownlow, and the anxiety on his face lightened a little. She could not know anything about it. It must be merely accidental, he thought. Then he lighted her candle for her, and kissed her soft cheek.

"You said you would marry any one I asked you to marry," he said, with a smile; but it was not a smile that went deep. Strangely enough he was a little anxious about the answer, as if he had really some plan in his mind.

"And so I should, and never would hesitate," said Sara, promptly, holding his hand, "but not Sir Charles, please, papa."

This was the easy way in which the girl played, on what might possibly turn out to be the very verge of the precipice.

CHAPTER XIX.

RALLYING AFTER A DEFEAT.

We must now go back to Deverington Hall. Better acquainted than Mrs. Ferrier or Miss March with the danger so well escaped, we know that, besides Mr. M'Quantigan, Eva had one enemy, and but one enemy, then and there hunting after her life. During those few, but eventful minutes, what had that still bitterer foe of Eva's been doing?

Her apartment, as we said, was somewhat remote from that which, after careful considering, she had managed to assign Miss March. And she did not venture, at the crisis of the affair, to attend at the scene of events, "lest occasion should call, and show her to be a watcher." When all the house had appeared quiet, she had stolen down the narrow staircase, with a box of matches in her hand, had lighted the lamp in the vestibule below (which her ally would extinguish on his going out again), had opened the glass door, which had a spring lock, had placed the square-shaped bottle of chloroform beside the lamp, and had then retreated to her own chamber, to await the successful issue of the deed preparing.

The very wisest plan of all might have been to lie down, and (if she could) sleep till the morning should bring its great discovery. But something kept her from doing this. I know not if it was remorse. It must not be supposed that this wretched woman could rush, unhampered by all restraining scruples, into deep and unfamiliar guilt. Uncomfortable she certainly did feel, but scarcely remorseful. It is surprising what a hardness of soul may come of the constant brooding over thoughts and longings which are altogether selfish. Miss Varnish was, indeed, unselfish in one thing,— in her baleful affection for her Irish seducer. She looked upon Eva as a younger and more beautiful rival; and thus her genuine love was the parent of her liveliest hate. The one garrish flower that bloomed over all the bleak waste of her heart was a thing distilling deadliest poison. That Eva's other pretensions might bring ruin to her designs on Mr. Campion, was a much less cause of offence, though it had its influence over her. In every point of view Miss March was detestable, a being brought into existence in order to blight her own; and therefore her enemy prepared to crush her without compunction. She felt tolerably confident of the success of the design. All hitherto had gone so well. The greater difficulties had been so utterly smoothed away. Mr. M'Quantigan, crafty and bold at the same time, was so entirely to be depended upon; his own interest in the young woman's death was (as Miss Varnish understood it) so deap and dreadful, that he would surely allow no blunders of his own to hinder him from succeeding. But Miss Varnish thought she should be more tranquil could she know that all was accomplished, ere she so much as laid her head on the pillow; and such assurance she might obtain, without ever stirring from her chamber.

The streak of lamplight, which ran through the glass door into the garden, was visible from Miss Varnish's own window, and its extinction would be to her the signal that the Orangeman had done his work, and withdrawn his presence from the house. She sat by that window, with no light in the room, holding aside a corner of the blind, and looking at the bar of yellow light which dashed the pale radiance of the moon.

When she had waited awhile, she saw a shadow cross that light, and vanish, as into the house. The distance of the room in which she sat from the glass door prevented her from seeing his figure more distinctly. Yet it was enough to know that he was come, and that a very few minutes might now deliver them both from their greatest danger. She scarcely expected to hear his footsteps in the house. Her chamber was very distant from Eva's, and the man would move and act with all the quiet which the awful nature of his task demanded. But she let the blind drop into its place, and listened, in case any sound should reach her ears. She heard nothing — nothing certainly that would have arrested the attention of any watcher not on the alert for sounds. She would remain exactly where she was, and, in five minutes, or ten, look and see if the light had vanished. Had she kept her eyes on that garden all the while, she would have seen, but a few minutes later, a second shadow cross the stream of light, and also vanish into the house, like the former one; and a sight so strange and alarming might have led her into some sudden action on her own side. No footfall smote her ears. In fact M'Quantigan ascended those stairs with such a cautious pace that it took him several minutes to pass to Eva's room. Mrs. Ferrier, though arriving so far behind him at the Hall, was therefore quite in time to interrupt the deed ere it was well begun; and her tread, hurried as it was, had been soft enough to escape the ears of the anxious watcher in that distant chamber. That person, after several minutes, looked

out to see if the light were gone. No, it was there still. But nothing untoward could have happened. The unbroken stillness of the house was a sufficient warrant that all had gone, or was going, well. She held her face to the glass, and waited to see that patch of yellow light disappear. Still it burnt on. Miss Varnish began to be rather uneasy. That her confederate might prefer a still later hour of the night would not have been any wonder at all. But he was certainly come. He was in the house. What could be detaining him? Of his own accord he had appointed a somewhat earlier time than that suggested by Miss Varnish, because he should have so many hours more to quit the neighborhood before daylight came.

The house-clock struck one; the dewy moon was shining down on that garden, with its many-coloured asters and other autumnal flowers; and still that desecrating bar of yellow crossed the silver sheen of the night. The woman sat up for a long while after, now turning her ear to catch any sounds from within, and then once more looking down at the light which would never go out.

Yet, surely, he could not be waiting in the house all this while? Miss March had certainly been somewhat sleepy when she retired; it was hardly possible that, since lying down she had become wakeful again, and only that could have hindered or delayed the work in hand. Miss Varnish felt she could not, dared not, lie down, with all this terrible uncertainty upon her. But, very likely, all was as simple as possible. M'Quantigan, successful in the great matter, had omitted the minor precaution of extinguishing the lamp as he left the house. Miss Varnish waited a few minutes more, and looked again. The light was burning yet. As she had seen his coming in, so now she felt sure that he had accomplished his awful purpose, and had gone out. But if it were so, the lamp must be extinguished by herself. Mr. Campion was a fussy, suspicious man, and would promptly couple the fact of Eva's being found dead in her bed with any little irregularity in matters of household arrangement. At all events, the risk must not be run. When her belief had grown into certainty, Miss Varnish, still without any light in her hand, softly opened her door, stepped forth into the passage, and listened. All was as still as a house wrapt in sleep ever can be.

To reach Eva's chamber, she must walk the whole length of a long passage, then through a swinging baize door, to the head of a short flight of stairs, down those stairs, and along a shorter passage, to the door so carefully indicated by her in her directions to M'Quantigan. She walked this way, advancing and listening alternately, until she was close to the door of the fatal room. One thing was evident. Whatever her accomplice had forgotten, he had remembered to manage the thing quietly. Nobody had been disturbed; indeed, nobody slept very near that room. The nearest appartment occupied by any one was that of poor Mrs. Campion herself; and to her eyes sleep was wooed by the soporific draughts regularly administered by order. Miss Varnish glided on. She did not purpose entering the room. All, no doubt, had been done, and thoroughly done. But it was a cruelly careless thing of her friend to forget the lamp, and so entail upon herself this task, which might threaten danger and discovery. She was turning towards the staircase up which the light came; and in so doing, came exactly opposite the door of that room.

What had possessed the Irishman? He had left it open, wide open. He was not there; for the streaky moonshine which came in at the window was the only light there present. Whither had all his caution betaken itself? She had a yet more serious cause for asking the question, as she stepped forward to close the door. Just in a patch of moonlight on the floor, a letter was lying. Coming forward, and stooping to look at it, she saw that it was the letter which she herself, two days before, had written to Murphy at Leamington. Mrs. Ferrier had, indeed, brought it with her, as evidence of the fearful danger which really impended over Miss March; and to avoid all possible delay, she had carried it into the house in her hand. In the unexpected confusion of the actual issue she had dropped it on the floor, and forgotten it until too late. When she reflected, she was not quite sorry that one or both of the conspirators would be sure to pounce upon it, and, for their own sakes, destroy it. Miss Varnish clutched it with a bewildering mixture of anger and surprise. It was well to know that M'Quantigan had not quitted Leamington too late to receive this. But why had he been so mad as to retain it — to carry it with him? Or, if he needed it, as a guard against his mistaking the room, it was not like his usual caution to have left it in that place. Why, it might have lain there until morning, to be an evidence against herself of the most damning kind! However, the danger so unaccountably hazarded, was averted. She had the letter in her hands,

and — the work was surely done. No sleep, which has an awakening, was ever so still as the soundless slumber of this room. And yet, so unlike himself had the murderer proved, that it would be well to see if any other matter had been left to breed suspicion.

The room was pervaded with the sickly pungency which proceeds from chloroform. Groping on the floor Miss Varnish detected the broken bottle which had held it. Now it occurred to her that Mr. M'Quantigan, so foolishly blind to the most obvious precautions, might have forgotten another thing equally important, and not quite so obvious. He might have let the bottle fall at such a a distance from the dead woman as would clearly prove that *her own hand* could never have administered it. Apparently, he had committed this blunder also. The fragments of glass were much too distant from the bed across which the victim was surely lying. No doubt, all this botching of his work was attributable to the great hurry of it. Possibly some special reason had presented itself which made it important for him to get quickly away; and, satisfied with the principal thing, he had trusted to his vigilant Emma to keep in and detect and remedy all minor deficiencies. It was a compliment to her sagacity, but one which might have been bought at the very highest price at which a compliment was ever sold. Then a worse fear took hold of her. In such haste to get away, was it certain that M'-Quantigan had made all safe in the main thing? Chloroform, before it can bring to pass the reality of death, must produce what is only a semblance of it. Now, might it be that the worker had left his work undone? Miss Varnish had never seen another person under the influence of that anæsthetic; and she knew not but that the stupefaction soon to pass away, might, while it lasted, be undistinguishable from actual death. Eva lay still it was certain; but was it, indeed, the stillness not to be broken? It cost her a shudder; but Miss Varnish felt that she must discover this at once. The bed was a French bed, with a curtain flowing over the head and over the foot. Miss Varnish stepped on tiptoe to the side.

Gracious Heaven! The bed was deserted. Living or dead, her enemy and rival was *not there!* Not there, nor as there was light enough to show her, in any other part of the room!

It was a discovery for which nothing had in anywise prepared her. Her mind and her body reeled alike under the awful shock. A stab, more piercing still, went through her heart when she recovered sense enough to ask herself — "What can it all mean?" Too surely, as she supposed, was the meaning of it all to be apprehended. M'Quantigan had played the part of a double diabolical deceiver. He had professed himself anxious to destroy Eva; he had really been anxious to repossess her. Very likely he had known that into Mrs. Torring's house he would not be admitted, and he had played this series of tricks only to get hold of Eva when nobody was by to interfere with her; and so together they had eloped, and gone, and she was the wretched, miserable dupe of them both!

How they must be laughing at her credulity now! And there was her letter, left on purpose to bring her to utter ruin; or (at the very best), as a hint that silence would be wisdom on her own part. There was a moment of utter desperation, when she resolved that, happen what might to her, they should not peacefully enjoy their infamous success. But it was hard to find a way of baffling them; she had very carefully destroyed all his letters to her; and if not, the perfidious wretch could appeal to what he had done as a proof that his intentions had been innocent all along. He might, indeed, get great honour out of the thing, as one who professed to enter into an atrocious design that he might more surely prevent it. But could it — could it be — that he had been thus treacherous all along? Perhaps compunction had won him over at the last moment. But then it was torturing to think that Eva's beauty should have so much power, and she become nothing to him in her rival's presence. There was not a drop of comfort for her raging, burning heart, decide the matter which way she would. What would become of her? Perhaps it was well that the situation imposed on her the necessity of securing her own safety. After standing, she knew not how long, in the deserted room, she hastily looked about for any further indications of what had occurred. The chamber had little or nothing to tell. The elopement, it would seem, had been a hasty one; a thing for which her own presence under the same roof very amply accounted. She crept away out of it, leaving the door as she had found it; for the absence of Eva must and would be detected. She went down the stairs, and put out the light in the vestibule, then retreated to her own room, and all the while without hearing a single sound that threatened discovery. She was in an agony of humiliation, to be duped and deserted thus; but that she need fear detection seemed scarcely a probable

thing. Her letters to M'Quantigan had not been so plainly expressed but that she might repudiate a criminal meaning. The last and most dangerous of them was now in her hands. Eva herself had bought the chloroform, and the bottle, now in fragments on the floor, might still be identified as one that stood in Eva's room at Chelford, and there would only be Miss March's own word for her enemy's having requested her to buy it; and, safest of all, the girl had many enemies, as, indeed, a beautiful light-minded young woman was very certain to have. Mrs. Dowlas (a near relation) and Mrs. Ferrier (seemingly an intimate acquaintance) were her very bitter foes. No simulated enmity there; and no fear but that, by most of her own sex, her complaints would be scouted and discredited. So Miss Varnish might calculate that Eva had done her worst already. A bitter "worst" indeed it was.

She crushed up the letter in her hand, and prepared to burn it. The newspaper extract was inside, as she had sent it. She took a match from off the chimney-piece, struck it against the rough surface of the grate, then lighted with it the letter she was holding in her other hand. When it was fairly ablaze, she threw it along with the match, inside the fender, and watched it burning away. It filled the room with light for a minute, and then the flame died out. Just at that very moment, a loud and piercing scream, as of some one in mortal agony or terror, rang through the house with a sound which (the listener thought) would surely leave not a single sleeper undisturbed within it. She listened again. That dreadful cry was not repeated, but the spell of night was broken by it, as she expected.

Feet began to shuffle; doors to open; and voices, in various accents of surprise and alarm, to echo from floor to floor. Should she herself rush out and inquire, or should she wait to be aroused by some one else? While she was still considering, the tread and the voices sounding nearer and louder from minute to minute, a hand was on the lock of her door, and somebody entered unbidden. She knew at once that it was Mrs. Prudden, the housekeeper. The woman was wringing her hands, and groaning. She struggled to tell what she had to tell.

"Oh, Miss Varnish! Oh! have you heard? Oh! dreadful!"

"Heard? No. What is the matter? I was lying down fast asleep, and I thought I heard a noise. Is anybody ill?"

"Ill? Oh, dear! Oh dear! Poor Lady! Oh! Miss Varnish, she's dead—she' dead!"

"She's dead? Where? How? What? Has she——? She looked very well all the evening."

"Oh! Miss Varnish, what do you mean? She never could be called well. But, oh! I never thought it would come like this. Oh! awful—awful!"

"But where is she?—where is she?"

"Where! Oh! in her own room, to be sure, miss. There she lies, struck all in a moment, poor dear lady! Poor master! he's with her now, and they've sent for a doctor. But there's no hope—no hope: not if she had all the doctors alive. And poor miss Emily to be away from home. But perhaps it's as well she should be. Oh! my poor dear lady! Oh! my poor, dear, good mistress!"

"Who? What? What has happened to her?"

"What must happen one day both to you and to me, Miss Varnish. But, Oh! I hope not in this awful and sudden manner. I know Miss, you must think it too dreadful to be true. But it is true. She went off, and all, as it would seem, in a moment!"

"How very awful!" And Miss Varnish, at that moment, really felt it to be so. How did it all happen? What was the cause of it?"

"Oh! Miss—that, indeed, we can't tell. Betsy, who slept in the next room to her, as usual, thought she heard her walking about, and looked round the room, but saw nobody there. And then, all of a sudden, she heard her scream out in that dreadful way. It awoke me miss; and, I should think, must have awoke you, Miss. And whatever it was—whether she had had a fright in her sleep, or whatever it might be—Betsy found her gone already—as the doctors said, you know, Miss, if she ever had any great fright she was likely to go. Oh! dear, dear, Miss! It's upset me that awful that I don't know where I am, nor what I am doing. And so, I'm sure, it's the same with all. Poor, dear lady!"

Miss Varnish considered whether it would be wise to be the first in alluding to their guest. Mrs. Prunden unconsciously helped her out of it.

"Pray, Miss, do you know whether any one has been to Miss March all this time? Poor young lady! She'll be very frightened. Shall I go to her?"

"I think you'd better not: better not disturb her."

"Oh! miss, she can't be asleep, I'm sure.

Why, you know my poor, dear mistress's room is near hers. I think I'll go."

"Very well—perhaps you had better do so."

Mrs. Prudden went; and presently she returned to say that Miss March's room was empty. It did not strike her with any great surprise. Eva, awakened by the dreadful sound, and made aware of its cause, had become too nervous to remain alone, and was, perhaps, with one of the servants at that moment. And we may notice at once that no very great astonishment was felt when, on the following morning, it was found that Eva had left the house altogether. It was no very unaccountable act, after all. A stranger to the family, and admitted as a guest for only one night, she had been startled with tidings the most mournful and terrible. Embarassed at the thought how inopportune, at such a moment, was her presence, and, it might be, with a shrinking abhorrence of the presence of death, she had hurried home to Chelford on foot, and in the middle of the night. And had there been more in her departure to puzzle the household, that awfully sudden death left them little thought for any other thing.

It was, after all, more awful than astonishing. His wife's existence, Mr. Campion had long been warned, hung upon a slight string which the shock of a moment might snap. That the fatal stroke should have come in this manner was wonderful indeed. What terror could have been there to visit her? Some startling dream—some fantastic posture of the light and shadow, suggesting terrible thoughts to her half-awakened eyes? To such a cause was the now irremediable mischief to be surely attributed. There was something solemn and awesome in the thought of destruction thus walking in the darkness. It seemed, as no other kind of death would have seemed, a summons direct from the invisible world.

Poor Mr. Campion, in his worse than widowed state, had allowed his fancy to stray towards the pleasures of a second and more genial union. Yet his grief was thoroughly sincere and hearty, now that the separation had really come. And for a long while after, he only thought how lively and happy, before the mysterious blight fell upon her, Eliza had made his home for him. Poor Emily was sent for from Dieppe; and she actually arrived on the Friday night. An inquest was, of course, rendered necessary. It occupied no long time. The lady had died from disease of the heart. The dreadful shriek which had wrung through the house proceeded either from the sudden terror which might have wrought the evil, or from the momentary agony of the fatal crisis. The disease, but for that utter collapse into which her nervous systen had fallen, might have continued dormant and harmless for as many years as are given to man.

The funeral arrangements were conducted as is usual. The ceremony was to be a very quiet one, and the day was fixed for the following Tuesday, the 21st of the month. Miss Varnish (and it was really well for her) was cumbered with much unusual occupation. The purchase of mourning, the preparation for the guests of next Tuesday, and, indeed, the whole machinery of management, rested now, more than ever, upon herself. And it was well to be forced away from her inward thoughts, uncomforting as many of those thoughts had been rendered.

But in the pauses which always occur in the greatest stress of business, and which were given to her in the bustle of that week, she did consider within herself—what were her prospects now? Mrs. Campion was dead: and if Mr. Campion were not a shameful deceiver, he would, after a decent interval, put Emma Varnish in her place. Mr. Campion was the one good card which, in all the game of life, this miserable woman had played well. She had not, indeed, had many opportunities, but she had had her chances; we do not mean of marrying, but of general well-doing.

She had attended a good school, and had read novels instead of her lessons. Her old aunts had inundated her with good advice—really good advice, though they knew not any way of making it palatable; and she had allowed its taste to blind her to its excellence. She had held good situations, and lost them again, through her incurable addiction to deceitful dealing. She had made shipwreck of her self-respect in her friendship with Murphy M'Quantigan. But at Deverington Hall she had really learnt so much wisdom as to avoid all censurable proceedings; and, favoured by a rare combination of circumstances, she had almost secured the reversion of a most excellent position and establishment: which reversion had suddenly fallen in. Now, how would her prospects be affected by the *other* event of that most awful night?

If her enemies—for she must count M'Quantigan as such now—if her enemies restrained themselves from accusing her to the utmost, it would, she felt, be on their own account, not hers. Perhaps they would shrink from dragging their dishonourable love into the light of day; and safe from

her jealousy in future, would accord a contemptuous oblivion to the past. But, supposing them bent on revenge, could they bring the conspiracy home to her? Upon the whole, she thought they hardly could; and aware of their impotency, would probably abstain from the effort. Miss Varnish did, however, think that she should like to enquire after Eva. How far had that old Mrs. Torring been taken into the confidence of that guilty pair? She was much too respectable to countenance the affair in its actual aspect. She, probably, had been made a dupe, as Miss Varnish had, although in a different way. It might be of very great consequence to enlighten her on Eva's real character, and win her opinion, if not on Miss Varnish's side, at all events, from the side of the enemy. To pay a visit to Chelford, before the funeral, might be a slightly irregular proceeding; but Mrs. Torring was an old friend of the deceased lady, and it was very easy to contrive an occasion for such a thing. So, on Thursday, Miss Varnish, having requested the presence of the coachman, James, expressed the necessity which lay upon her of taking a drive to Chelford.

"I'm sorry, James," she said, "to trouble you at such a time; and it's painful, in this melancholy state of things, to be seen abroad; but there are one or two things which must be got, and I also want to call on old Mrs. Torring. You know how intimate poor Mrs. Campion and she once were. I haven't asked Mr. Campion — really, I can't have the heart to trouble him — he's so overwhelmed with grief; but I am certain he would wish it."

Now, every servant in Deverington Hall was well aware that Miss Varnish might, by-and-by, command their services with a much more absolute authority. And she had been wisely humble in all her dealings with them, and they were ready to serve her without grumbling.

So James had the carriage ready when desired. It was the close carriage, as best befitted that occasion. Miss Varnish left it at old Mrs. Torring's garden-gate, and walked alone to the door. It was opened by Patterson, who, in another instant, made as if she would shut it again in the visitor's face; however, she kept it open, but not as inviting Miss Varnish to enter.

For Mrs. Ferrier's sake, Mary Patterson had not been informed of all the wickedness meditated by Miss Varnish against Eva. She did, neverthelsss, know that she stood before one who was the deadly enemy of her beloved young mistress — for in such a light she always looked on Eva; and it needed not Mrs. Torring's positive orders to inspire her in guarding the door at this moment.

"I called," said Miss Varnish, "to tell Mrs. Torring that the funeral is fixed for Tuesday. I hope Mrs. Torring is well. Can I see her?"

"No, ma'am — that I am very sure you can't; and it would be as much as my place is worth to let you in. I'll give her your message."

"Oh, dear! I fear your mistress is very ill. I'm truly sorry."

"No, ma'am — she ain't ill; but she said you wasn't to come in. Had you any other message to leave, ma'am?"

"Well — yes. I hope Miss March got her things, which were sent after her, all safely. But couldn't I see Miss March for a minute or two?"

"Miss March, as you call her, ma'am, is gone away from here. Her things have been sent after her. They came here all right."

Just at this moment a door within was partly opened, and Mrs. Torring's voice was heard, inquiring —

"Patterson, who is it? What is it?"

"Please, ma'am, it's — it's Miss Varnish."

"Oh, law!" And from the sound of what followed, it seemed that the speaker had retreated further back.

"Oh, law! you mustn't let *her* in. I'm a very old woman, but I'm not quite tired of living yet. When I am, I'll send for her, you may tell her. There: look and see if the things in the hall are safe, and shut the door upon her. Shut the door in her face — in her face, Patterson!"

And shut the door was. And Miss Varnish had nothing to do but to screw her face into some composure, and return to the carriage at the gate. She informed James that she had found poor Mrs. Torring too ill to see her, and entered the brougham, to be driven elsewhere.

It may be a wonder that Mrs. Torring did not feel her personal safety somewhat questionable with all that had come to pass; but she thought that neither Mr. M'Quantigan nor Miss Varnish would be very desirous of attracting the further notice of Chelford; and the one policeman of whom Chelford boasted was deep in love with Mrs. Torring's servant — not Mary, but the younger one; so her house was guarded, above all others in the town, from every evil-doer of the night.

As Miss Varnish drove home, she considered whether Mrs. Torring had it in contemplation to do her any serious harm.

"She has hardly the power," Emma thought, "of bringing me under the law: only, just when the time comes for me to reap my great good fortune, suppose that horrid old witch should step in, and tell Mr. Campion he is going to marry a murderess?"

But there was little good in meeting misfortune half way. Months must elapse ere the matter forthcoming could be decently whispered about; and Mrs. Torring's blabbing tongue might, ere then, have met with its lasting quietus. Still, she was such an eccentric old woman, so audacious in saying and doing things inadmissible with most people, that one was never safe at her hands. However, calamities which cannot be averted by effort must be left to the chapter of accidents. There was a flower of safety to be plucked, if Miss Varnish had the resolution, out of this nettle danger. She might, and she must, cast the Irishman out of her heart now. It could not be too hard — it should not be too hard — to rend herself away from all regard for that faithless, selfish, perfidious, brutal love of hers; and, thus forgetting and scorning him, she might hope to subside into a tranquil and decorous happiness. She thought in her heart —

"If I do get married to Mr. Campion — if I do become mistress of this house, and am rich for life — I will not abuse my position. I'll make nobody else unhappy. On the contrary, I'll do a great deal of good amongst the poor, &c. I'll be no unkind stepmother to that poor Emily. So far from that, if it depends upon me, she shall be allowed to marry at her own desire. It will be enough for me to know that my miserable days of dependence are over; and that I am to be tossed about from stranger to stranger no more."

Occupied by thoughts like these, Miss Varnish passed the days which intervened before Tuesday. Mr. Campion had intimated to her that his brother Herbert would possibly be a mourner at his sister-in-law's grave. He was expected in England at this very time; and a letter had been already despatched to the hotel at which he was likely to arrive on reaching London. Nevertheless, his return was so far a matter of uncertainty, that the ceremony would be fixed without any reference to him.

Emily, as we said, came home on the Friday; and her real sorrow put out of mind — at least, for a while — the dislike that existed between herself and her ex-governess. Towards Friday or Saturday, Miss Varnish began to think that she detected a certain air about the household for which even the sudden and serious bereavement scarcely altogether accounted. The servants, with whom she came into contact, appeared to walk and speak as under the constraint of some invisible peril. In addressing her, they were absent and hesitating, and her evil conscience leaped at once to the terror that something about Miss March had become known to them, and that they were all regarding herself with an abhorrence hardly to be suppressed. Too desperately anxious to pass the matter in silence, Miss Varnish actually questioned Mrs. Prudden, the housekeeper. She said —

"I am afraid, Mrs. Prudden, I may have neglected something which I ought to have done. Will you kindly put me right if I have? I should be sorry to be wanting to this sad occasion."

"I don't know, miss, but that you've done every mortal thing that you could have done; and I'm sure there's nothing undone which *I* can point out."

"Is there not? Oh, dear! I'm so relieved to hear you say so! But I really did fancy that the servants were annoyed at something. I'm sure I only wish them to speak, if I *have* been careless in any thing."

"Oh, dear! miss, indeed it's nothing which you could have helped. They all know that you've done your very best, miss."

"But what *is* the matter, Mrs. Prudden?" For that the housekeeper was anxious to cut the interview short was, from her manner, a thing beyond all doubt.

"Well, well, miss, I should say it's just — just nothing at all. Servants have their fancies, miss, you know; and this dreadfully sudden death has been such an upset to all of us! But there's none of them but says that you've been equal to the trial, and that master may be thankful he had you by him at the time. If you please, miss, I'm very anxious you should give me some directions about the luncheon on Tuesday, you know, miss. Can you let me know how many there are to be?"

A mystery there evidently was. But if it touched no secret of her own (and Mrs. Prudden's word might be taken for that), it need not, and should not, perplex Miss Varnish. So she followed in the housekeeper's diversion, and plunged into the arrangements entailed by the melancholy gathering of the following Tuesday.

One fear Miss Varnish did really succeed in driving out of her mind. She felt certain that Eva's pretensions to the Campion

name were all baseless altogether. Endowed with such rank and prospects, she would never have received or maintained in favour such a lover as Murphy M'Quantigan. At any rate, she would not have gone away with him under circumstances which would ban her from good society forever.

The Tuesday came; and the friends came. It was expected, from a letter received that morning by Gerald from his brother, that that brother would certainly be present at the funeral.

To enlarge the opportunity, the ceremony was postponed until the latest hour compatible with a sufficient remnant of daylight. They were to start for the church at four o'clock. A carriage was kept in waiting at Bridgewater all the day; but, much to the wonder of his brother and his niece, Mr. Campion did not come. It was not to be easily accounted for; but the arrangements had been made, and the funeral must go on.

The company did not return from church until past five; and the luncheon that awaited them was somewhat in the nature of an anachronism. It was eaten, however, in full proportion. And it was between eight and nine in the evening before the house was cleared of the guests who had attended. Poor Mr. Campion had already retired; so also had Emily. Miss Varnish had enjoyed a little supper in her own room, wherein a fire had been lighted. She sat resting after the day's fatigues, reading a very enchanting novel. Hope now predominated in her above fear. Mr. Campion, only that morning, had said to her —

"My dear Miss Varnish, may you be fully rewarded for the comfort your excellent conduct has ministered to a sorrowing and broken-hearted man!"

And who so fitly the minister of that full reward as himself? Mrs. Prudden had half explained the mysterious demeanour of the servants by the presence of ghostly and nocturnal noises which had been heard, from time to time, since the night of the awful visitation. But now that the last honours had been so duly rendered, those noises would no longer have any pretence for existing, and cease they surely would. The servants of the house were to have their supper, and a few *convives* of their own station to eat it. For once in a way, the plate set out in the dining-room would remain there all the night; otherwise the servants' treat must be postponed to a most untoward hour. There was little thought of burglars at Deverington. Even that glass door, through which Mrs. Ferrier had followed Mr. M'Quantigan, was left frequently shutterless. Mr. Campion, an early riser, chose to have an exit which he could use without trouble. So stood matters below stairs on that night.

Apart from all this downstairs festivity, Miss Varnish sat by her comfortable fire over her book. She found it even more entertaining than she had expected. It was a story which it was difficult to lay down unfinished, and she continued reading on and on. The night advanced from hour to hour; the supper was over, and all the servants had retired upstairs; and footsteps were heard no longer, whether above or below. Miss Varnish laid down the second volume, and took up the third: she would read the story through before she laid herself down, and on, with unabated interest, she went from leaf to leaf.

Hark! What was that?

A footfall was audible in the house; and it was coming near her own room. It seemed to advance along the passage from the stairs which led towards the attics. It came nearer — stopped. In spite, or in consequence, of her extreme terror, she uttered no sound of inquiry or alarm. The handle of the door was gently turned, and the door was partly opened, not so widely as to show who or what was behind it. Through the narrow chink between the door-post and the nearly-closed door came a hoarse, low whisper —

"Emma — Emma! Pray, Emma, are you there?"

Could she mistake the voice, though believing the speaker to have deserted her for ever?

"Who? What are you? How dare you come here?"

"Hus — h! They're likely to be sound asleep to-night of all nights; but you'll wake some of them, if you don't take care. Are you all alone? And can I come in?"

And, presupposing an encouraging reply, the speaker pushed the door still further open. And there was revealed to view, embellished with a beard of the growth of several days, the face of Murphy M'Quantigan.

Miss Varnish was alarmed no longer, but intensely angry.

"How dare you insult me, sir? Go away — however you came — or I'll alarm the house at once. I will! And if I ruin myself, your character won't be mended by it. Go back to Miss March!"

"Hush! and do be a sensible girl. I'd very much like to know where to find Miss March, that I might just throttle her with-

out any chloroform at all! Don't talk of her the murdering vixen! I want *you*."

"How dare you tell me such lies? You took her away with you. How else could she have got away? Oh, you needn't keep putting your finger up, to tell me to keep quiet. If I get into disgrace now, it shall be as your enemy, and not as your accomplice. Get away, before you drive me further!"

"Now, what d'ye mean by going and saying that I took the creature away? Why I haven't stirred out of the house myself all the while!"

Emma thought of the mysterious noises which, ever since that night, had alarmed and impressed the servants, and she a little wavered in her unbelief; but she was not convinced.

"Perhaps, sir, you'll tell me that Miss March is here too, all this while. Go to her, I say. You preferred her interests to mine. You left my very letter lying on the floor, to betray me; — the letter you must have got the morning you left Leamington."

"Letter? I got no letter *that* day. — But I'll tell you what — I now just see how it came about. That old hag, Mrs. Ferrier, got hold of the letter herself, and that's what set her upon following me down here; and follow me she did, just in time to spoil all."

During this conversation, the Irishman had slowly advanced into the room, and they were now close together.

Oh, M'Quantigan! Now, do you expect me to believe all that? Mrs. Ferrier follow you down here, and into the house? Why, I was listening all the while!

"Perhaps you were. If I hadn't been a fool, I should have been listening too." And then he narrated the sudden interruption and entire defeat of their infamous design. It was, in itself, improbable. But there was this important fact in its favour. It told against the narrator himself. It placed him in a light even more contemptible than atrocious. He had been frightened by one woman, and locked out by another. It was a story he would never have invented. Besides, it comforted Miss Varnish to believe it; and now she thoroughly did believe it; and, indeed, a thought, fully and fearfully corroborating the story, arose in her mind at that very instant.

"Murphy! Tell me — how did you manage to get out of that room?"

"Why, I found that, in the wall, there was a door which had been papered up. And when I thought it might be safe, I ripped up the paper with my knife; — managed to open the door, without any very great noise, and got into a small back passage, and then into a room ——"

"Oh, yes. And so you frightened poor Mrs. Campion to death. Why did you do that?"

"I never went to do it. It was all an accident. I got myself first into the room where the maid-servant was. I found that I had woke her; so I shuffled away, through the open-door, into the next room. The poor lady opened her eyes and saw me; — most ladies are pleased with the sight of me, and like to look again. She screamed as if I'd been the Pope of Rome, and the screaming must have killed her. I took myself back to that closet; and since then I've been living, anyhow, in one of the spare rooms all the day, and up and down the house at nights, and I've been forced to live upon the scraps of the larder. To-night I've managed a little better."

"Oh, how dangerous! What could possess you to do so?"

"Sure, my dear creature, it would have been more dangerous than all to have ever gone out of the house. Why, how could I tell what those women would be up to next? And they'd never think of my being here all this while. Besides, I've hardly any money left me; that vile old reprobate, Mrs. Ferrier, has cheated me through and through. I thought, by staying, that we might get hold of something; and so, I promise you, we will. I've wanted, night after night to get a word with you; but you always seemed asleep, before I could venture to come here; and the servants didn't seem to sleep well at all."

"No, indeed — they heard you walking about; you know how superstitious that kind of people are, and they've been living in mortal terror the whole week."

"Bless their mortal superstition, I say, with all my soul! I rather thought that they'd be too much frightened ever to find me out. But it's been rather a dull week that I've passed. This night shall make up for it. I suppose you know that there's all the family plate, or the best of it, left out on the dining-room table?"

"The plate! — and you think — good heavens, Murphy! You never can mean *that?*"

"Yes, but I do mean *that*. I intend to carry all that plate away with me, as a small remembrance of my visit at this house. Sure, they owe me some compensation; it's so little attention they've paid me while Iv'e been a guest."

"Murphy! you shall not be so mad as to ruin yourself and me at the same time. You'd never escape. Mr. Campion would spend hundreds upon hundreds, or his brother would spend it for him, rather than submit to such a loss as that."

"Don't you set up to be wiser than your ancestors, Miss Emma, as I always say at our Protestant meetings. I know what's safe, and what's not safe. I've got that about me which would keep these Campion people from bothering me, if I were to take the very clothes they stand in."

"Murphy! What can you mean? You are insane, I am sure."

"My dear creature, you remember telling me that that poor unlucky lady who had the bad taste to be frightened to death at the looks of myself; that she had something locked up in her drawers which she was desperately afraid of anybody else getting hold of. What you said came into my thoughts at the time; so, several hours after the event, when the room was left all quiet and nobody likely to come in, I got hold of the poor lady's keys — they were close to the bed, and nobody had thought of taking them away; and I just looked from drawer to drawer, to see if I could not find something worth finding. I did find something worth finding. I found a paper that it seems she had written to be read after her death, and its just the same as if she'd left me a legacy of a thousand pounds — me having that paper in my hands."

"You don't say so, Murphy? But what really, is it?"

"Never you mind just now. Don't ask what the pudding is until you're going to eat it. You'll find it a good one. But we've another duty on hand now. Help me to pack the best of the plate, and one or two other things and I'll be off at once. You shall share in the profit of it, if you'll share the trouble."

"Murphy — Murphy! It may be safe enough for you; but it would ruin me."

"Stuff! Who's to think that *you've* had any hand in it? They'll suppose, of course, that some fellow contrived to come in, and secrete himself, while they were arranging the funeral. They know nothing here about what went on last Monday night. They can't hear us where we are now, I'm certain."

"No: but listen, Murphy. You say you are sure of making money by that paper you found in Mrs. Campion's drawer. If you are, why on earth should you run the risk — well, take the trouble, if you are even sure there is no risk — why should you take the trouble of robbing the house this night, as you propose to do."

"I'll tell you why, Miss Emma: because I shan't be able to turn this paper into money just at once. It's not this Mr. Campion that I expect to pay me for it: it's the other, who, I overheard the servants say, was expected home to the funeral, and did not come. It's he to whom I shall take it, as soon as I can get hold of him; but, perhaps, he'll wait a little while to make sure it's no forgery, and I all the while, shall be without my money. Of course, I mustn't let it go out of my hands — this paper, I mean — until he lets the money go into my hands. And all that fencing and contriving will take some time; though I know I shall manage all right in the end. But I shall be wanting money to go on with. I'm very hard up; and this is the only way of getting it just now. So now you quite understand my actions."

"No; hardly that. I don't understand why you choose to keep that paper for Mr. Herbert Campion. But you won't even tell me what it refers to?"

"I'll tell you a little of it: it's about the elder Mr. Campion's daughter."

"His daughter! What! — then he has a daughter after all?"

"Ay; be you very sure that he has a daughter. You may just put away all your thoughts of ever settling down as mistress of this great house. They'll never come to anything. I can tell you, full sure."

In truth, unworthy of sympathy as this wretched woman may have been, her case was truly deplorable at this time. If she disentangled herself out of one danger, another peril, uncalculated and unprepared for, lay in wait to overwhelm her. But an hour before she had strengthened herself to cast Mr. M'Quantigan — base, faithless and ungrateful as he had apparently proved himself — from out of her heart for ever; and satisfied that Miss March was verily nothing more than an impudent impostor, she had beheld her way clear to a life of prosperity and good behaviour in all her future.

And now, another revolution! Mr. M'Quantigan, selfish as he might really be, merited no reproach in this matter. But the Campion family secret had gathered itself, again, a dark cloud over her future fortunes. And — M'Quantigan again beside her, and with his seeming treachery explained away — the old influence was drawing her towards him once more. But she could not at once believe the gloomy prediction last uttered by him.

"Murphy, dear Murphy, why will you alarm me so? I cannot believe that that vile girl, Eva — that's her nonsensical name — Eva March they called her — I cannot believe that she has anything to do with the Campion family; or, indeed with any respectable family anywhere."

"Can you not, indeed, Miss Varnish? Then I'll just tell you that there are others that can think so, and do think so. And I fancy they're right."

"Oh, I understand; you're her lover, and may marry her, if you like. Well: go to her this instant! Campion, or no Campion, she can't very well refuse you!"

"What are you talking of, Miss Varnish? It's ungrateful you are; blackguarding me in this way. You're just like those Papists at Limerick when I burnt an image of the Virgin, in front of the Popish chapel there, by way of showing them what idolators they were: they stoned me with stones, and would have made a martyr of me. And you're something like them. I give you a faithful warning, and you're angry."

"Angry! But, Murphy, you know you were in love with her. It's no manner of use your denying it. I saw a letter written by her aunt, a Mrs. Dowlas; and she said everybody was talking how you went on with Miss Roberts. That, it seems, was Miss March's Carnarvonshire name. And, I daresay, the hussey has an alias for every county up and down the kingdom!"

"You think yourself exceedingly wise, Miss Varnish! You're wrong altogether about that girl. It's no use bothering myself about explaining this and that, when we've other affairs on hand. Only, I tell you it was never any such thing. But I will let you know what makes me sure that Miss March is the real and true Miss Campion. That deceitful old creature, Mrs. Ferrier, with whom I scraped acquaintance at Leamington, you know, — she promised me four hundred pounds if I'd put Miss March out of the way. You may wonder; but it's true. Mrs. Ferrier's son was mad upon marrying the girl, it seems; and his mother was crazy herself at the thought of it. Well, as I've told you already, she came tearing down here, after all; and stopped me, just at the time. Now, what should make her so very different all of a sudden? Why, it's as clear as the nose on one's countenance. She must have suddenly found out that Miss March (to call her so) was no such outcast as she imagined her; that, instead of being a low, bad match for her son, she'd be as good a one as any nobleman need find. I heard her praying the girl to forgive her, and begging her to treat her as a friend, and go along with her. And they went away all loving and friendly, I'm aware. Now, putting this and other things together, I'm certain that the world will hear of her soon as Miss Campion. And — and then, you see, she'd have a better right to be here than any which your Mr. Campion could give you."

"Indeed, I fear it's only all too true. But, Murphy, I have more than once considered your interest rather than my own. Will you not think a little of me now? Why should you use that paper against me, when you might use it for me?"

"Tear it up, or burn it, you mean? Can't possibly afford such a waste, my dear. From what you tell me of this Mr. Gerald of your's, I don't fancy he'd pay us a farthing to hush the matter up; and, if he would, the matter has gone a great deal too far to be hushed up. That lost Miss Campion will come forward and get her father to turn his brother out of this house, even if I were to burn that paper at this very minute."

"Then, Murphy, what earthly good can it do you with the girl's father, Mr. Campion's brother? It can only confirm what he knows — on your showing — to be true already."

"I don't say, my good girl, that the paper's wanted to make *him* the more certain of it. But I've heard you say the property is the elder Mr. Campion's and is entailed?"

"Yes, that I am certain is the case."

"Very well. Now, as long as that Mr. Herbert is alive, of course if he chooses to consider the girl his daughter, he can keep her here, and allow her what he thinks proper. But, unless he would have her deprived of the estate after his death — unless he would have his brother cut her out of it — he must have proof enough to satisfy the law. He will never think that he's got an atom of proof too much; and this paper, that I've got in my pocket, will be immensely useful to him, so why should it not be immensely useful to *us*?"

"To us? Then, Murphy, you really and truly think of me as well as of yourself?"

"I do. I've said you shall share in the advantage if you'll only share in the trouble. But we're sinfully wasting our time here, talking. Let's get at once to our work; let us take the things, and pack them up."

"But, Murphy, it's really too dangerous; it may be all very well to say that, with the paper you've got, you can make your terms with the family. But just only consider; it'll all be found out here, and inquiry be

From the British Quarterly Review.

THE WORKS OF MRS. GASKELL.

(1.) *Mary Barton:* A Tale of Manchester Life.
(2.) *North and South.*
(3.) *Cranford.*
(4.) *The Grey Woman, and other Stories.*
(5.) *Round the Sofa.*
(6.) *Ruth.*
(7.) *A Dark Night's Work.*
(8.) *Life of Charlotte Brontë.*
(9.) *Sylvia's Lovers.*
(10.) *Cousin Phillis, and other Stories.*
(11.) *Wives and Daughters.*

'Quand une lecture vous élève l'esprit, et qu'elle vous inspire des sentiments nobles et courageux, ne cherchez pas une autre règle pour juger de l'ouvrage; il est bon, et fait de main d'ouvrier.' This dictum of Jean de la Bruyère is peculiarly applicable to the works of Mrs. Gaskell, whose too brief literary career was closed by death early in the past year. It is hardly possible to read a page of her writing without getting some good from it. The style is clear and forcible, the tone pure, the matter wholesome. Under her guidance we are always taken into cleanly company, and need never feel ashamed to say where we have been — a comfortable consciousness that does not remain with us after the perusal of certain younger authors, who yet set up for moralists. She is never afraid of degrading her subject by homely details, and on whatever she touches she leaves the artist-mark of reality. Other novel-writers of her generation have more poetry, more scholarship, more grace, eloquence, and passion, but in the art of telling a story she has no superior — perhaps no equal.

It is nineteen years since Mrs. Gaskell made her first essay in fiction in 'MARY BARTON,' a tale of Manchester Life, which but yesterday was adapted to the stage under the name of 'The Long Strike' — a remarkable testimony to its abiding popularity. Novels have been styled Week-day Sermons, novelists Week-day Preachers, and in more than one of her stories Mrs. Gaskell takes up the parable of Dives and Lazarus with the avowed object of telling one half of the world how the other half lives, that knowledge may breed sympathy, and sympathy bring about redress for those sufferings which arise from ignorance, misconception, or wilful wrong. She by no means thinks it her mission simply to amuse. For motto to 'MARY BARTON' she takes these words of Carlyle: '"*How knowest thou,*" *may the distressed Novel-wright exclaim,* "*that I, here where I sit, am the foolishest of existing mortals; that this my Long-ear of a fictitious Biography shall not find one and the other, into whose still longer ears it may be the means, under Providence, of instilling somewhat?*" *We answer,* "*None knows, none can certainly know: therefore, write on, worthy Brother, even as thou canst, even as it is given thee.*"' Thus encouraged Mrs. Gaskell does write on, and does instil somewhat, well worth hearing and laying to heart; and that her words, and others like them, have been laid to heart, and have brought forth the fruit of good deeds, witness the universal charity that prevailed during the recent cotton famine, and contrast it with the angry distrust that existed between rich and poor during the calamitous years of 1846–47–48 when she first began to teach and to preach.

> Words are things; and a small drop of ink,
> Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
> That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.'

Those were days of great trouble and upsetting both in the social and the political world. In Ireland there was famine and rebellion; in France there was revolution, out of which rose the Second Empire; in England there was commercial distress, such as always bears most heavily on the multitudes whose daily labour is their daily bread. In the preface to the cheap edition of 'MARY BARTON' Mrs. Gaskell tells us how, living in Manchester, she learnt to feel a deep sympathy with the care-worn men thronging its busy streets, who looked as if doomed to struggle through their lives in strange alternations of work and want, tossed to and fro by circumstances, apparently in even a greater degree than other men; she tells us how this sympathy opened to her the hearts of one or two of the more thoughtful amongst them; how she saw that they were sore and irritable against the prosperous, especially against the masters whose fortunes they had helped to build up; and how they were possessed by a strong belief that the privations and miseries that they suffered were the result of the injustice and hardness of the rich, the even tenor of whose seeming happy lives appeared to increase the anguish caused by the lottery-like nature of their own. She saw the thoroughness of this belief manifested from time to time in acts of deadly revenge; and the consequences were so cruel to all parties, that the more she reflected on them the more anxious she be-

came to give utterance to the dumb agony of the people, and to disabuse them of their bitter misapprehensions; for they seemed to her to be left in a state wherein lamentation and tears were put aside as useless, but in which the lips were compressed for curses and the hands clenched and ready to smite.

Mrs. Gaskell's vocation was that of a peacemaker. She compels us to feel not how different men are, but how much they are alike when the accidents of wealth and poverty are put by. She utters her voice often through tears, but always to a most wise and Christian purpose, and throughout 'MARY BARTON' her cry is for Patience with the Poor. The discussions she strove to pacify, the difficulties she strove to smooth, are cropping up again in these days with quite another light upon them, and it is not always easy to get at her original point of view, but when we do get at it, we see that it was the just point for that time, whatever modifications and changes twenty years may have wrought in the respective positions of masters and men. The literary merits of the story are great, but the moral of it, the deep, direct, earnest intention that underlies the story, which has performed its mission and become out of date, is its most forcible part.

The conversion of the masters is accomplished now. Their power is effectually circumscribed by public opinion and public government; their consciences are better informed than they were half a century ago, and few rich men would care to assert at this hour an absolute right to do what they like with their own. The individual artisan also is wiser, abler, more willing to see straight than his fathers were; but bodies of artisans banded in trades' unions are what they always were — parts of a machine without heart, without brain, without conscience. Terrible trade outrages, the perpetrators of which remain undiscovered, still occur at intervals, startling the nation with a revival of the worst symptoms of a treacherous old disease, and almost justifying the belief of the unaffiliated that it is radical in the constitution of these societies.

Such an outrage is one of the leading events in the story of 'MARY BARTON.' The plot is woven on the back-ground of a long strike, Mary, her father, and her two lovers being the most prominent actors in it. John Barton is a busy member of his union, a man not naturally harsh or bitter, but one whose sufferings have turned the milk of human kindness in his heart to gall. His mother had died of want, his little lad had 'clemmed to dead' before his eyes. Hating factory work for women, he had 'prenticed his dear little Mary to a dressmaker, and she grew up so bonny, blithe, and attractive that she not only engaged the affections of Jem Wilson, a suitor in her own rank of life, but also drew on herself the less honourable admiration of young Mr. Carson, the son of a wealthy cotton-spinner. She lets her fancy run on the notion of being a lady, and discourages Jem, though she does not love his rival, and while matters stand in this position comes the crisis of the story — the murder of young Carson in fulfilment of a unionist oath of vengeance against the masters, and the arrest of Jem Wilson for the crime. The circumstances that immediately preceded its commission we will quote. The first scene is a meeting of masters and delegates from the men, with a view to putting an end to the strike which was ruining both.

'The door was opened, and the waiter announced that the men were below, and asked if it were the pleasure of the gentlemen that they should be shown up. They assented, and rapidly took their places round the official table. Tramp, tramp, came the heavy clogged feet up the stairs, and in a minute five wild, earnest-looking men, stood in the room. Had they been larger-boned men you would have called them gaunt; as it was, they were little of stature, and their fustian clothes hung loosely on their shrunk limbs. In choosing their delegates, the operatives had had more regard to their brains and power of speech than their wardrobes. It was long since many of them had known the luxury of a new article of dress; and air-gaps were to be seen in their garments. Some of the masters were rather affronted at such a ragged detachment coming between the wind and their nobility; but what cared they?

'At the request of a gentleman hastily chosen to officiate as chairman, the leader of the delegates read, in a high-pitched, psalm-singing voice, a paper containing the operatives' statement of the case at issue, their complaints and demands, which last were not remarkable for moderation. He was then desired to withdraw for a few minutes, with his fellow-delegates, to another room, while the masters considered what should be their definitive answer. The masters would not consent to the advance demanded by the workmen. They would agree to give one shilling per week more than they had previously offered — the delegates positively declined any compromise of their demands.

'Then up sprang Mr. Henry Carson, the head and voice of the violent party amongst the masters, and addressing the chairman, even before the scowling operatives, he proposed

some resolutions — firstly, declaring all communication between the masters and that particular trades' union at an end; secondly, declaring that no master should employ any workman in future, unless he signed a declaration that he did not belong to any trades' union. Considering that the men who now stood listening with lowering brows of defiance were all of them leading members of the union, such resolutions were in themselves sufficiently provocative of animosity; but not content with simply stating them, Harry Carson went on to characterize the conduct of the workmen in no measured terms, every word he spoke rendering their looks more livid, their glaring eyes more fierce.

'Now there had been some by-play at this meeting. While the men had stood grouped near the door, on their first entrance, Mr. Harry Carson had taken out his silver pencil, and had drawn an admirable caricature of them — lank ragged, dispirited, and famine-stricken. Underneath he wrote a hasty quotation from the fat knight's well-known speech in Henry IV. He passed it to one of his neighbours, who acknowledged the likenesses instantly, and by him it was sent round to the others, who all smiled and nodded their heads. This proceeding was closely observed by one of the men. He watched the masters as they left the hotel (laughing, some of them were), and when all had gone, he went to the waiter, who recognised him — "There's a bit on a picture up yonder, as one of the gentlemen threw away; I've a little lad at home as dearly loves a picture; by your leave I'll go up for it."'

Having obtained possession of the caricature he produces it the same evening in an assembly of working-men — like himself out of work — John Barton being amongst the number.

'The heads clustered together to gaze at and detect the likenesses.

'"That's John Slater! I'd ha' known him anywhere by his big nose. Lord! how like; that's me, by God, it's the very way I'm obligated to pin my waistcoat up, to hide that I've gotten no shirt. That is a shame, and I'll not stand it!"

'"Well!" said John Slater, after having acknowledged his nose and his likeness; "I could laugh at a jest as well as e'er the best on 'em, though it did tell agen mysel', if I were not clemming, and if I could keep from thinking of them at home, as is clemming," (his eyes filled with tears; he was a poor, pinched, sharp-featured man, with a gentle and melancholy expression of countenance); "but with their cries for food ringing in my ears, and making me afeard of going home, and wonder if I should hear 'em wailing out if I lay cold and drowned at th' bottom of th' canal, there — why, man, I cannot laugh at aught. It seems to make me sad that there is any as can make game on what they never knowed; as can make such laughable pictures on men whose very hearts within 'em are so raw and sore as ours were and are, God help us."

'John Barton began to speak; they turned to him with great attention. "It makes me more than sad, it makes my heart burn within me, to see that folk can make a jest of starving men; of chaps who comed to ask for a bit o' fire for th' old granny as shivers i' th' cold; for victuals for the childer, whose little voices are getting too weak to cry aloud wi' hunger. I've seen a father who had killed his child rather than let it clem before his eyes; and he were a tender hearted man!"'

Brooding and talking over this wound to their self-love kindles their vindictive passions. Barton suggests that instead of beating poor "knobsticks,' or blinding them with vitrol, they should 'have at' the masters — set him to serve out the masters and see if he will stick at aught.

'And so with words, or looks that told more than words, they built up a deadly plan. Deeper and darker grew the import of their speeches as they stood hoarsely muttering their meaning, and glaring, with eyes that told the terror their own thoughts were to them, upon their neighbours. Their clenched fists, their set teeth, their livid looks, all told the suffering which their minds were voluntarily undergoing in the contemplation of crime, and in familiarising themselves with its details.

'Then came one of those fierce terrible oaths which bind members of trades' unions to any given purpose. Then under the flaring gaslight they met together to consult further. With the distrust of guilt each was suspicious of his neighbour, each dreaded the treachery of another. A number of pieces of paper (the identical letter on which the caricature had been drawn that very morning) were torn up, and *one was marked*. Then all were folded up again looking exactly alike. They were shuffled together in a hat. The gas extinguished; each drew out a paper. The gas was re-lighted. Then each went as far as he could from his fellows, and examined the paper he had drawn without a word, and with a countenance as stony and immovable as he could make it.

'Then, rigidly silent, they each took up their hats and went every one his own way. He who had drawn the marked paper had drawn the lot of the assassin! and he had sworn to act according to his drawing. But no one, save God and his own conscience, knew who was the appointed murderer.

Harry Carson is the victim selected, and the evening but one after the swearing of the secret oath, he is shot dead on his way home. At this crisis the dramatic interest of the story quite runs away with its morality. Jem Wilson, falsely accused of the murder and brought to trial, gets a safe de-

liverance in one of the finest scenes of the book, but the real criminal goes unpunished of human justice, the wickedness of his act is dissimulated, and the law is mocked. That such crimes, done in the supposed interest of communities, occasionally evade discovery, is a fact too patent to be denied, but in a work of fiction written for a great purpose, where points are strained here and strained there to fit imaginary circumstances, we would rather this point had been strained also, and that the murderer of Harry Carson had expiated his crime upon the gallows, a warning and example to others, tempted and tried as he was tempted and tried, at whatever cost of feeling to writer and readers. The book, as we have said, still enjoys a wide popularity, and as we have allowed to it the credit of having wrought true sympathy for the poor in the hearts of their richer neighbours, we venture also to express a fear that it may have wrought real mischief in the hot heads of angry unionists by granting impunity to murder.

The sacrifice of what is eternally right to what is temporally agreeable is liable to be often demanded by the exigencies of romance, and therefore is it that so many critics set their faces against moral aims in novels, and declare that it is their sole mission to be entertaining. In her earlier works Mrs. Gaskell never consented to this, and 'North and South' is a second illustration of the quarrel between Manchester masters and operatives as it was in the times that are past. But here the quarrel is incidental to another story, designed to set forth the different fibre of Hampshire and Lancashire men—to the distinct advantage of the latter. It is easy to see where Mrs. Gaskell's heart is, and where also was her truer and fuller knowledge at this period of her career.

The scene opens on the eve of a wedding in London, and we are introduced first to the bride elect, a pretty young lady afraid of anybody who does anything for conscience' sake, and her cousin, the heroine, Margaret Hale, who has been brought up with her in Harley Street. We make a passing acquaintance with the bridegroom, a brave, handsome noodle; with his brother, a clever, ambitious barrister; and with the bride's mother, Mrs. Shaw, who having married for position, has all her life since professed regret for what she missed in not marrying for love like her sister, Margaret's mother, who having accepted an amiable clergyman, has moped with him in affectionate discontent and obscurity ever since at Helstone, a parish in the New Forest, and in such straitened circumstances that she cannot attend her niece's marriage, because it would not be prudent to buy new clothes for the occasion, and she will not disgrace it by going shabby. After the wedding we are taken down to Helstone with Margaret Hale and her father, not greater strangers to the heroine's home than she is herself; and here occur some of those sweet descriptive bits of country which betray that if Mrs. Gaskell's lot was cast in murky Manchester, her imagination made its brightest holidays in the woods and fields.

'It was the latter part of July when Margaret returned home. The forest trees were all one dark, full, dusky green; the fern below them caught all the slanting sunbeams; the weather was sultry and broodingly still. Margaret used to tramp along by her father's side, crushing down the fern with a cruel glee, as she felt it yield under her light foot, and send up the fragrance peculiar to it,—out on the broad commons into the warm-scented light, seeing multitudes of wild, free, living creatures, revelling in the sunshine, and the herbs and flowers it called forth. This life—at least, these walks—realised all Margaret's anticipations. . . . Her out-of-doors life was perfect. Her indoors life had its drawbacks.'

And very serious drawbacks they were;—the shadow of a dear son, lost to home and country, an exile and fugitive under sentence of death, for the leading part he had taken in a mutiny on board a king's ship; failing health and broken spirits for the bereaved mother, and sad doubts and unrest on the part of Mr. Hale, which bring him to a resolution to give up Helstone and his office as a minister of the Church of England. And here we think there is some haziness and exaggerated sentiment. As a man of honour and conscience, Mr. Hale could certainly not any longer hold a cure under a religious system that he believed contrary to right (what his special difficulties were we are not told), but it is a curious misconception of Anglicanism to set forth as one of its principles that to leave the Church of England is to be severed from the Church of God. We had hitherto rested in peace under the belief that all the reformed congregations, at home and abroad, whatever their government, were of the same household of faith as ourselves. To be sure, it is by the lips of Margaret Hale that the new notion is promulgated, and that may account for its eccentricity; heroines are commonly nice girls and good

practical Christians, but they are not often strong in doctrine or in ecclesiasticism.

From the sunny parsonage in the New Forest to a dreary little house in a dull suburb of Milton-Northern, Darkshire, is a long step, but Mr. Hale takes it, with delicate wife and reluctant daughter, and one faithful tyrannical servant, Dixon, Mrs. Hale's confident, and her maid before her marriage. Mr. Hale proposes to eke out his slender private income by giving lessons in the classics to any manufacturers or sons of manufacturers who can be induced to spare an hour now and then from the universal business of money-making. Through an old college friend, Mr. Bell, Margaret's godfather, he gains his first and best pupil, Mr. Thornton, of Marlborough Mills, the representative granite man of the North, of whom his mother — more granite than himself — says with honest pride: 'Go where you will — I don't say in England only, but in Europe, — the name of John Thornton of Milton is known and respected by all business men. Of course it is unknown in the fashionable circles,' she continued, scornfully. 'Idle ladies and gentlemen are not likely to know much of a Milton manufacturer, unless he gets into Parliament or marries a lord's daughter.'

This John Thornton plays hero admirably to Margaret Hale's heroine, and they begin in the most promising way with a little aversion. How this aversion becomes interest, admiration, and something more, is the substance of the story; and a perfectly charming story it would be, but for what strikes us as a wanton degradation of Margaret by putting her into circumstances where she is driven to think a lie better policy than the truth — necessary, indeed, to save her brother's life — a tricky expedient for raising interest which blemishes more than one of Mrs. Gaskell's works We know how Sir Walter Scott dealt with a similar difficulty in 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' and what a profound effect he creates by making Jeannie Deans tell the truth, and trust God for the consequences.

The subordinate characters in 'NORTH AND SOUTH,' chiefly factory-folk, are touched in with force and distinctness, and this remark applies no less to 'MARY BARTON,' than to all the later productions of our author. As a pathetic example of the home-life of the 'hands,' in whose joys and sorrows she had so keen a sympathy, we will quote a scene between a weaver on strike and his daughter, whom Margaret Hale has gone to visit as she lies sick, and slowly wearing away to the 'Land o' the leal.'

'A great slatternly girl, not so old as Bessy, but taller and stronger, was busy at the wash-tub, knocking about the furniture in a rough, capable way, but altogether making so much noise that Margaret shrunk, out of sympathy with poor Bessy. . . . .

'"Do you think such life as this is worth caring for?" gasped Bessy at last. Margaret did not speak, but held the water to her lips. Bessy took a long, feverish draught, and then fell back and shut her eyes. Margaret heard her murmur to herself: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat."

'Margaret bent over and said: "Bessy, don't be impatient with your life, whatever it is, — or may have been. Remember who gave it you, and made it what it is."

'She was startled by hearing Nicholas speak behind her; he had come in without her noticing him.

'"Now, I'll not have my wench preached to. She's bad enough as it is, with her dreams and her methodie fancies, and her visions of cities with golden gates and precious stones. And if it amuses her I let a' be, but I'm none going to have more stuff poured into her."

'"But surely," said Margaret, facing round, "you believe in what I said, that God gave her life, and ordered what kind of life it was to be."

'"I believe what I see and no more. That's what I believe, young woman. I don't believe all I hear — no! not by a big deal."

'Bessy had been watching Margaret's face; she half sat up to speak now, laying her hand on Margaret's arm with a gesture of entreaty. "Don't be vexed wi' him — there's many a one thinks like him; many and many a one here. If yo could hear them speak, yo'd not be shocked at him; he's a rare good man, is father — but oh!" said she, falling back in despair, "what he says at times makes me long to die, more than ever, for I want to know so many things, and am so tossed about wi' wonder."

'"Poor wench — poor old wench — I'm loth to vex yo', I am; but a man mun speak out for the truth; and when I see the world going all wrong at this time o'day, bothering itself wi' things it knows nought about, and leaving undone all the things that lie in disorder close at its hand — why, I say, leave a' this talk about religion alone, and set to work on what yo' see and know. That's my creed. It's simple, and not far to fetch nor hard to work."

'But the girl only pleaded the more with Margaret. "Don't think hardly on him, — he's a good man, he is. I sometimes think I shall be moved wi' sorrow even in the City of God, if father is not there." The feverish colour came into her cheek, and the feverish flame into her eye. "But you will be there, father!

terioration of conduct and character. His always liberal expenditure has become lavish, his easiness in business has become neglect, and a clerk from London, Dunster by name, has been installed in the attorney's office to educe order out of the confusion into which his affairs and those of others intrusted to him professionally, have fallen. Dunster is a reserved man, very persistent in having things exactly done; and his precision proves a constant vexation to his superior, who finds it easier by-and-by to admit him to partnership and responsibility than to keep him in his subordinate place. Such is the position of the chief personages of the story when the dark night's work is done, which gives it a name.

Mr. Dunster returns from a dinner-party with Mr. Wilkins to talk over some business matter; a disagreement arises and Wilkins strikes his adversary a sudden blow — a fatal blow. Down from her chamber comes Ellinor, and finds Dunster dead on the floor, of her father's study; and they two, at the suggestion and with the assistance of Dixon, Mr. Wilkens's factotum, bury the body in the flower-garden. The police of Hamley do not appear to have been very shrewd detectives, for they and everybody else credit the first rumour explaining Dunster's disappearance — namely, that he has decamped to America with so much of his principal's private and professional property, that his affairs are thrown into irretrievable confusion. But the three who have conspired to conceal what was no crime — or, at the worst, manslaughter — have spoiled their lives utterly. Terrors assail them on every side; their home is become a haunted place, Ellinor loses her lover, Mr. Wilkins dies insolvent, and seventeen years after, when, in making a cutting for a railway, Dunster's body is discovered, Dixon is arrested and tried for murder. The old servant keeps counsel so far as to let himself be condemned to death, but Ellinor flies to the rescue, and things are so pleasantly arranged in the end for the survivors of the dark night's work, that it seems as if Dunster had been only rightly served for making himself disagreeable. It is true that their consciences have been irksome; but, for the public good, it has been found so essential to supplement the work of conscience with penal inflictions, that we feel troubled in our sense of justice when Mrs. Gaskell lets off assassins and their accessories without any pains and penalties beyond what looks most like the dread of being found out; for in this instance the torment of conscience does not lead to confession — the only trustworthy sign of a real repentance.

Shortly after the death of Charlotte Brontë in 1855, Mrs. Gaskell was requested to write the life of that gifted woman, and in the biography she produced, we have one of the fullest yet simplest and most touching records in our language — a record known and popular wherever our language is spoken. She had a subject in which all the world could feel an interest — a woman possessed of the highest intellectual power, whose conscientiousness and family affection withstood every temptation which extraordinary literary success throws in the way of women; ambitious and world-famed, yet living and suffering obscurely; the moral of her life, 'the unconquerable strength of genius and goodness.'

Mrs. Gaskell's fine appreciation of scenery, especially of the wild, bleak hill-country of Yorkshire and Lancashire, enables her to set before us in vivid relief the moorland parsonage of Haworth, where Charlotte Brontë was born and died, where her great faculties found their nurture, and where all the love of her passionate heart was garnered up. The biography was almost universally accepted as tender, just, and true, and if it had appeared to some that the happy-tempered, genial, motherly writer did not get at the core of the recluse, all whose joys were spiritual, all her miseries physical and external, it may arise from the fact that their personal intimacy was not close, more than from the lack of sympathy. A biography, written so immediately on the death of its subject, risks many perils, and of these it cannot be said that Mrs. Gaskell steered quite clear even of the most obvious. Reading the book now, we are impressed with the intense pain and mortification it must have inflicted on living persons, and with the absence of the judicial spirit which would have discerned that there must be something to be said on the other side of those matters of fact of which we are shown but one. In later editions the defects arising from prejudice or from partiality have been abated; and coming to the story with a calm mind, after the lapse of ten years, we are not always so far influenced by Mrs. Gaskell's power of narrative that we cannot perceive primary causes other than those she sets forth to account for the family tragedy she has to record. We should ascribe to the needless privations and hardships of their early childhood, rather than to the neglects of Cowan Bridge, the foundation of that physical debility which marred the brief

lives of all the Brontë girls, and to the absence of due paternal care and guidance in boyhood, the going astray of their unhappy brother. It is to be observed that in the selection made from Miss Brontë's letters, we have no word of causes, but only of consequences; that she lays no blame anywhere, and offers no plea in extenuation of the misconduct which made her home worse than a prison-house. Whether it was fair to reveal a half-truth with insinuations, where it was impossible to reveal the whole truth, is a matter for private rather than for critical opinion. In a literary point of view, we think the interest and reality of the life might have been retained with much less of painful reflection upon persons beyond the four walls of Haworth parsonage. But with all its over-statements or under-statements, the work undoubtedly remains what it was pronounced to be at the time of its publication, 'one of the best biographies of a woman by a woman,' that we possess.

We come now to Mrs. Gaskell's novels in her last manner, 'SYLVIA'S LOVERS,' and 'WIVES AND DAUGHTERS,' with the exquisite short story of 'COUSIN PHILLIS' between. In 'SYLVIA'S LOVERS' we are carried back to the war-time at the end of the last century, and to Monkshaven, a town on the north-eastern coast, which a hundred delicate descriptive touches enable us to identify with Whitby. We are made as well acquainted with its amphibious population as with the operatives of Manchester, and Sylvia Robson, the bonnie only child of a man who was a little of a farmer, a little of a seaman, a little of a smugler, is as real to us in her joys and sorrows as Mary Barton, or any of the factory lasses with whom Mrs. Gaskell was personally familiar. She has the art of thoroughly clothing her conceptions in flesh and blood, of putting into their mouths articulate speech, individually appropriate, so that we are impressed by them and moved as by the doings and sufferings of men and women whom we have actually known. As we read, they are not fictitious characters to us, but persons whose sentiments, motives, conduct, we feel inclined to analyze and discuss as if they had a literal bearing upon our own. Sylvia Robson is a charming rustic lassie for a heroine, and is first introduced to us perplexed with the prettiest and most innocent of feminine vanities, the choice of a new cloak — shall it be scarlet, shall it be grey? Her young love for a bit of gorgeous colour inclines to scarlet, but her mother has spoken up for grey. She is on her road to Monkshaven, with Molly Corney, a neighbour's daughter, to sell her butter at the Market Cross, and by the way the girls debate the purchase which is to follow the sale of the butter.

The girls were walking barefoot, and carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands during the first part of their way, but as they were drawing near Monkshaven they stopped and turned aside along a foot-path that led down from the main road to the banks of the Dee. There were great stones in the river about here, round which the waters gathered and eddied and formed deep pools. Molly sat down on the grassy bank to wash her feet, but Sylvia, more active (or perhaps lighter-hearted with the notion of the cloak in the distance), placed her basket on a gravelly bit of shore, and giving a long spring, seated herself on a stone almost in the middle of the stream. Then she began dipping her little rosy toes in the cool rushing water and whisking them out with childish glee.

'"Be quiet wi' the', Sylvia. Thou'st splashing me all over, and my feyther'll noane be so keen o' giving me a new cloak as thine is seemingly."

'Sylvia was quiet, not to say penitent, in a moment. She drew up her feet instantly, and, as if to take herself out of temptation, she turned away from Molly to that side of her stony seat on which the current ran shallow and broken by pebbles. But once disturbed in her play, her thoughts reverted to the great subject of her cloak. She was now as still as a minute before she had been full of gambolling life. She had tucked herself up on the stone as if it had been a cushion, and she a little Sultana. Molly was deliberately washing her feet and drawing on her stockings, when she heard a sudden sigh, and her companion turned round so as to face her, and said, "I wish mother had'nt spoken up for t' grey."

'"Why, Sylvia, thou wert saying as we topped t' brow, as she did nought but bid thee think twice afore settling on scarlet."

'"Ay! but mother's words are scarce, and weigh heavy. Feyther's liker me, and we talk a deal of rubble; but mother's words are liker to hewn stone. She puts a deal o' meaning in 'em. And then," said Sylvia, as if she was put out by the suggestion, "she bid me ask Cousin Philip for his opinion. I hate a man as has gotten an opinion on such-like things."

'"Well! we shall never get to Monkshaven this day, either for to sell our stuff and eggs, or to buy thy cloak, if we're sitting here much longer. T'sun's for slanting low, so come along lass, and let's be going!"

'"But if I put on my stockings and shoon here, and jump back into yon wet gravel, I'se not be fit to be seen," said Sylvia, in a pathetic tone of bewilderment, funnily child-like. She stood up, her bare feet curved round the curving surface of the stone, her slight figure balancing as if in the act to spring.

'"Thou knows thou'll just have to jump back barefoot, and wash thy feet afresh, without

making all that ado; thou shouldst ha' done it at first, like me and all other sensible folk. But thou's gotten no gumption.

'Molly's mouth was stopped by Sylvia's hand. She was already on the river's bank by her friend's side.

'"Now dunnot lecture me; I'm none for a sermon hung on every peg o' words. I'm going to have a new cloak, lass, and I cannot heed thee if thou dost lecture. Thou shall have all the gumption, and I'll have my cloak!"

A great event in Monkshaven — the coming into port of the *Resolution*, the first whaler of the season, from the Greenland seas — delays the purchase of the cloak, but it is accomplished at last, and scarlet wins the day, in spite of the advice of the shopman — that Cousin Philip, in Sylvia's contemptuous dislike of whom we feel inclined to sympathize, from the moment we hear that he was a serious young man, tall, but with a slight stoop in his shoulders, and a long upper lip, which gave a disagreeable aspect to a face that might otherwise have been good-looking.

Sylvia's sweet warm-heartedness and sympathy are beautifully brought out in the events that ensue on the arrival of the whaler, down upon whose newly returned men — husbands, fathers, sons, lovers — pounces the press-gang. These legalized kidnappers furnish the tragedy of the story, which needs all the bright pictures strewn along its pages to lighten and relieve the ever-deepening gloom of the back-ground.

Sylvia's lovers are her cousin Philip Hepburn, and Charley Kinraid, specksioneer to the whaling-ship *Good Fortune*, who has made himself a hero in other eyes than hers by his gallantry in resisting the press-gang, in the course of which resistance he received a severe wound. He is carried to Moss Brow, nursed into health and strength again, and during this process it is that he and Sylvia grow into love with each other. Philip prosecutes his suit by teaching Sylvia to read and write against her inclination, and by insinuating evil stories against his rival — a method of courtship which fails as it deserves to fail, while Kinraid's prospers without an effort. The girl's aversion to the young draper, who is so pious, proper, and demure that everybody else approves of him, is a just instinct. He sees the press-gang lurking in ambush for Kinraid, has the chance of warning him, and does not do it; he sees the luckless fellow caught and carried of to a man-o-war's boat; he even accepts a message from him to give to Sylvia — 'Tell her I'll come back to her. Bid her not forget the great oath we took together this morning; she's as much my wife as if we'd gone to church; I'll come back and marry her afore long.' But when he hears that the specksioneer is supposed to have been overtaken by the tide and drowned on the shore, because his hat has been found drenched with sea water, he holds his peace, and lets Sylvia with the rest, though he sees her grieving all the day long, believe her lover dead.

'When sorrows come, they come not single spies but whole battalions.' Daniel Robson gets into a fight with the press-gang to release some seamen whom they have captured very treacherously; an officer is killed, and Robson being brought to trial, as leader of the fray in which the disaster occurred, is condemned and executed. The forlornness of his widow and poor Sylvia makes Philip Hepburn's opportunity. He can give them protection and a good home, and for her mother's sake Sylvia consents to marry him — her heart yearning all the time with tenderest regret for Kinraid. There is an affecting scene within twenty-four hours after their engagement where she betrays this, and bespeaks Philip's patience.

'Sylvia sat down on the edge of the trough, and dipped her hot little hand in the water. Then she went in quickly, and lifting her beautiful eyes to Philip's face, with a look of inquiry — "Kester thinks as Charlie Kinraid may have been took by the press-gang."

'It was the first time she had named the name of her former lover to her present one since the day, long ago now, when they had quarrelled about him; and the rosy colour flushed her all over; but her sweet trustful eyes never flinched from their steady unconscious gaze. Philip's heart stopped beating; literally, as if he had come to a sudden precipice, while he had thought himself securely walking on sunny greensward. He went purple all over from dismay; he dared not take his eyes away from that sad earnest look of hers, but he was thankful that a mist came before them and drew a veil before his brain. He heard his own voice saying words he did not seem to have framed in his own mind.

'"Kester's a d—d fool," he growled.

'"He say's there s mebbe but one chance in a hundred," said Sylvia, pleading, as it were, for Kester; "but oh, Philip, think ye there's just that one chance?"

'"Ay, there's a chance, sure enough," said Philip, in a kind of fierce despair that made him reckless what he said and did. There's a chance, I suppose, for everything i' life as we have not seen with our own eyes as it may not ha' happened. Kester may say next as there is a chance your father is not dead, because we none on us saw him ——"

'"Hung," he was going to have said, but a touch of humanity came back into his stony heart. Sylvia sent up a little sharp cry at his words. He longed at the sound to take her in his arms and hush her up, as a mother hushes her weeping child. But the very longing, having to be repressed, only made him more beside himself with guilt, anxiety and rage. They were quite still now. Sylvia looking sadly down into the bubbling, merry, flowing water; Philip glaring at her, wishing that the next word were spoken, though it might stab him to the heart. But she did not speak.

'At length, unable to bear it any longer, he said, "thou sets a deal o' store on that man, Sylvia."

If "that man" had been there at that moment, Philip would have grappled with him, and not let go his hold till one or the other were dead. Sylvia caught some of the passionate meaning of the gloomy miserable tone of Philip's voice as he said these words. She looked up at him.

'"I thought yo' knowed that I cared a deal for him."

'There was something so pleading and innocent in her pale troubled face, so pathetic in her tone, that Philip's anger, which had been excited against her as well as against all the rest of the world, melted away into love; and once more he felt that have her for his own he must at any cost. He sat down by her, and spoke to her in quite a different manner to that which he had used before, with a ready tact and art which some strong instinct or tempter close at his ear supplied.

'"Yes, darling, I know yo' cared for him. I'll not say ill of him that is — dead — ay, dead and drowned — whatever Kester may say — before now; but if I chose I could tell tales."

'"No! tell no tales; I will not hear them," said she, wrenching herself out of Philip's clasping arm. "They may misca' him forever' and I'll not believe them."

A few days later, when Philip comes entreating her forgiveness for a starving wretch whom her father had succoured to the saving of his life, and whose evidence had hanged his benefactor, she turns round on him furious. '"I've a mind to break it off for iver wi' thee, Philip. Thee and me was never meant to go together. When I love, I love, and when I hate, I hate; and him as has done harm to me, to mine, I may keep fra striking, fra murdering, but I'll niver forgive!"' They are married, a child is born to them, and soon after Kinraid re-appears, and all Philip's baseness is laid open to his wife, who makes a vow in her wrath, never to hold Philip for her lawful husband again, nor ever to forgive him for the evil he had wrought her, but to hold him as a stranger, and one who had done her heavy wrong. How God takes her at her word, and suffers no peacemaker to intervene but death, is the rest of this pathetic story — as true as it is pathetic, and as beautiful as true.

'COUSIN PHILLIS' is less remarkable for story than for consummate grace and delicacy of execution. Here we escape the shock of soul-destroying sorrows; we breathe sweet country air amongst good people who live above the temptations of an evil world; people to whom God has given neither riches nor poverty, but a full measure of content; who live laborious days, rising with a prayer, lying down with a blessing. The characters are few but instinct with vigour and action. First there is the teller of the tale — Paul Manning, an engineer, married, middle-aged — who gives it as a beautiful sad memory of his 'prentice youth, when he lodged in a little three-cornered room over a pastry-cook's shop in the market-place of the county town of Eltham, and had for his master a far-travelled, clever fellow named Holdsworth, whose talk was like 'dram-drinking,' and himself one of the most loveable and delightful of men. Then there is the family at Hope Farm — Minister Holman, his wife and their daughter, the Cousin Phillis of the story, 'a stately, gracious young woman, in the dress and with the simplicity of a child.' So young Manning thinks when he sees her on his first visit to the farm, and finds her father in the fields at the end of the day's harvest work, closing it with a psalm, 'Come all harmonious tongues,' sung to 'Mount Ephraim' tune. It is a lovely picture.

'The two labourers seemed to know both words and music, though I did not; and so did Phillis: her rich voice followed her father's as he set the tune; and the men came in with more uncertainty, but yet harmoniously. Phillis looked at me once or twice with a little surprise at my silence; but I did not know the words. 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 woodpigeons were cooing; blue distance seen through the ash trees on the other.'

We might multiply citations of such tender, suggestive scenes, for the whole story is a series of them, but we will refrain. Cousin Phillis goes through a great sorrow, but God will not suffer her heart to be broken, and everybody tries to console her. The farm-servant Betty — one of Mrs. Gaskell's typical rough, sweet-natured creatures

—gives her some excellent advice when she sees her in tears.

'"Now, Phillis," said she, coming up to the sofa, "we ha' done a' we can for you, and th' doctors has done a' they can for you, and I think the Lord has done a' He can for you, and more than you deserve, too, if you don't do something for yourself. If I were you, I'd rise up and snuff the moon, sooner than break your father's and mother's hearts wi' watching and waiting till it pleases you to fight your own way back to cheerfulness. There, I never favoured long preachings, and I have said my say."

'A day or two after Phillis asked me, when we were alone, "If I thought my father and mother would allow her to go and stay with them a couple of months." She blushed a little as she faltered out her wish for change of thought and scene.

'"Only for a short time, Paul. Then—we will go back to the peace of the old days. I know we shall; I can, and I will."

With 'WIVES AND DAUGHTERS' we shall bring our reviewal of Mrs. Gaskell's works to a close. It was the last of them. She had but one chapter to write when death arrested her cunning hand, and the tale was left unfinished though not so incomplete but that we can discern how happily it would have ended had she been spared to work it out. In this story of every-day life her literary art attained its highest excellence. The moral atmosphere is sweet, bracing, and invigorating; the human feeling good and kind throughout. We do not hesitate to pronounce it the finest of Mrs. Gaskell's productions; that in which her true womanly nature is most adequately reflected, and that which will keep her name longest in remembrance. This generation has produced many writers whose books may live long after them as pictures of manners in the reign of good Queen Victoria; but we call to mind none save Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Dickens, George Eliot, and Mr. Anthony Trollope, in their best moments, to whom the future will be so much indebted for its knowledge of how we lived and moved in the middle of the nineteenth century as to Mrs. Gaskell.

As for the tribe of authors to whom the catch-penny nickname of 'Sensation Novelists' is indiscriminately applied (let them be never so dull), we make little account of their chance of enduring reputation. Their figures are out of drawing, their accessories are out of keeping; antic gestures stand for passions, blotches of red and black paint for colour. The majority of their works remind us of nothing so much as those frantic essays at art which throng the walls of the Pantheon Bazaar, or delight young men and women from the country in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's Wax-Work Show. They are a fashion—like enamelled faces, dyed hair, hoop-petticoats and *chignons*. They have their admirers, people who, like themselves, never went, save in imagination, across any threshold in Belgravia, but who are flattered in the notion that they have a monopoly of all the virtues and graces, while the vices and furies reign exclusively amongst the nobility and gentry. Miss Braddon, herself an adept in sensation-writing, has revealed to us, in her novel of 'The Doctor's Wife,' the secrets of their workmanship, and has told us that they have been promoted from the ranks of the cheap low-class magazines, which were quite unknown to Mr. Mudie's library and polite readers a dozen years ago. We can believe it on her authority, and we shall not be sorry when the rage for them in society dies out; for though we feel sure that good household morality, such as the authors of 'John Halifax' and the 'Chronicles of Carlingford' supply us with, is more widely read and approved than these florid romances, the latter do attract many readers, and spoil their taste for what is better.

We cannot, for instance, imagine any one enchanted with the adventures of Lady Audley and Miss Gwilt turning with relish to Mrs. Gaskell's 'WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.' Sweet Molly Gibson, loyal, unselfish, duty-loving, duty-doing, would seem, by comparison, a mere bread-and-butter miss. Cynthia, the incarnation of a flirt, who cannot help charming, who changes her lovers as easily as her gloves, who subsides into successful matrimony without any obliteration of her spots, or any change of her disposition, would suggest only lost opportunities for 'blood-and-thunder' writing. Those who could study the passion of Mr. Bashwood without sick-loathing of heart, would find no delight in the company of Mr. Gibson and of Squire Hamley and his sons. And yet what excellent company it is! how purifying, how vivifying! We may cite again here, with special force, the dictum of the old French court-moralist and philosopher with which we began our article. As we read this every-day story, our minds are raised, noble sentiments inspire us, we know we are receiving benefit, and we seek no other rule for judging the work; it is *good*, and done by the hand of a workman.

There are characters in this book as difficult to portray as ever novelist attempted, and Mrs. Gaskell's success in portraying them is as great as ever novelist achieved. We have no wish either to add or to diminish — they are perfect in their strength and in their weakness — people whom we know and think of as if they were our personal acquaintances. We love Molly, and are satisfied that she and Roger Hamley were born for each other; we have not the heart to be angry with Cynthia — nay, we sympathize in her prejudice against a husband who would keep her always on moral tiptoes, straining to be more purely good than complex nature meant her to be. Mrs. Gibson is odious in her selfishness and double-facedness, but the character rings true to life from first to last. Indeed, all the women are natural, from the rigid old countess, her sensible daughter Lady Cuxhaven and her brusque daughter Lady Harriet, to poor, suffering Mrs. Hamley, and the group of village gossips, Mrs. Goodenough, Mrs. Daws, the Misses Browning, and their neighbours. And if the women are excellent, the men are no less admirable. We do not know that it has ever been charged on Mrs. Gaskell that she drew her characters from the life, but they are all so distinctly individualized that a real model might have sat for each portrait. And there is a complete gallery of them to study. Mr Gibson, the country doctor, shrewd, sarcastic, disappointed in his frivolous wife, is good, but better are Squire Hamley, the Tory of old lineage, and his despised neighbour, the Whig Earl of Cumnor, whose family dates no higher in county annals than Queen Anne's days; and best of all are the brothers Osborne and Roger Hamley, so dissimilar yet so clearly akin; the elder, like his mother, beautiful, poetical, with a strain of his father's wilfulness; the younger, strong-featured and rugged like the Squire, laborious, most generous and tender, fulfilling all the hopes that Osborne had disappointed, bearing his own grievances like a man. Mr. Preston is well painted too, insolent, handsome, boastful, redeemed by a vein of honest passion; and for 'lad-love' red-headed Mr. Coxe, who begins with a desperate caprice for Molly, and after two years of absence and fidelity, forgets her in a week under the fire of Cynthia's charms, is without a rival.

We shall not endeavour to give any outline of this every-day story, for the merit of it is that it carries out its name — it is a story of such simple loves and doings and sacrifices as we see around us; it progresses by days and weeks and months and years as our lives progress; it is not rounded into any completeness of plot, though each event grows out of its predecessors as inevitably as real events grow, and brings about its natural results, in the fulness of time, such as we anticipate will be brought about. But we will quote one of its most salient and beautiful passages to show that the genius which created Mary Barton and Ruth, Margaret Hale and Mr. Thornton, Cousin Phillis and Sylvia Robson, had lost none of its fire, none of its force when its work was suddenly arrested by death.

Roger Hamley is going away to Africa on a scientific mission, and coming to bid the doctor's family good-bye, he cannot resist the temptation to tell Cynthia he loves her, and the following scene ensues between the fortunate coquette and poor Molly as soon as he has left the house.

" Molly saw him turn round and shade his eyes from the level rays of the westering sun, and rake the house with his glances — in hopes, she knew, of catching one more glimpse of Cynthia. But apparently he saw no one, not even Molly at the attic casement; for she had drawn back when he had turned, and kept herself in shadow; for she had no right to put herself forward as the one to watch and yearn for farewell signs. None came — another moment — he was out of sight for years.

'She shut the window softly, and shivered all over. She left the attic and went to her own room; but she did not begin to take off her out-of-door things till she heard Cynthia's foot on the stairs. Then she hastily went to the toilet-table and began to untie her bonnet-strings; but they were in a knot, and took time to undo. Cynthia's step stopped at Molly's door, she opened it a little and said, " May I come in, Molly?"

'"Certainly," said Molly, longing to say "No" all the time. Molly did not turn to meet her, so Cynthia came up behind her, and putting her two hands round Molly's waist, peeped over her shoulder, pouting out her lips to be kissed. Molly could not resist the action — the mute entreaty for a caress. But in the moment before she had caught the reflection of the two faces in the glass; her own, red-eyed, pale, with lips dyed with blackberry juice, her curls tangled, her bonnet pulled awry, her gown torn — and contrasted it with Cynthia's brightness and bloom, and the trim elegance of her dress. "Oh' it is no wonder!" thought poor Molly, as she turned round, and put out her arms round Cynthia, and laid her head for an instant on her shoulder — the weary aching head that sought a loving pillow in that supreme moment! The next she had raised herself, and had taken Cynthia's two hands, and was holding her off a little the better to read her face.

'"Cynthia, you do love him dearly, don't you?"

'Cynthia winced a little aside from the penetrating steadiness of those eyes.

'"You speak with all the solemnity of an adjuration, Molly," said she laughing a little at first to cover her nervousness, and then looking up at Molly. "Don't you think I've given a proof of it? But you know I've often told you I've not the gift of loving; I said pretty much the same thing to him. I can respect, and I can admire, and I can like, but I never feel carried off my feet by love for any one, not even for you, little Molly, and I am sure I love you more than ——"

'"No, don't!" said Molly, putting her hand before Cynthia's mouth, in almost a passion of impatience. "Don't, don't — I won't hear you — I ought not to have asked you — it makes you tell lies

'"Why Molly!" said Cynthia, in her turn seeking to read Molly s face, "what s the matter with you? One might think you cared for him yourself."

'"I?" said Molly, all the blood rushing to her heart suddenly; then it returned and she had courage to speak, and she spoke the truth as she believed it, though not the real actual truth. "I do care for him; I think you have won the love of a prince amongst men. Why, I am proud to remember that he has been to me as a brother, and I love him as a sister, and I love you doubly because he has honoured you with his love."

'"Come, thats not complimentary!" said Cynthia, laughing, but not ill-pleased to hear her lover s praises, and even willing to depreciate him a little in order to hear more. "He s well enough, I dare say, and a great deal too learned and clever for a stupid girl like me; but even you must acknowledge he is very plain and awkward; and I like pretty things and pretty people,"

'"Cynthia, I won't talk to you about him. You know you don't mean what you are saying, and you only say it out of contradiction, because I praise him. He shan't be run down by you, even in joke.

'"Well, then, we won't talk of him at all. I was so surprised when he began to speak — so;" and Cynthia looked very lovely, blushing and dimpling up as she remembered his words and looks. Suddenly she recalled herself to the present time, and her eye caught on the leaf full of blackberries — the broad green leaf so fresh and crisp when Molly had gathered it an hour or so ago, but now soft and flabby and dying. Molly saw it too, and felt a strange kind of sympathetic pity for the poor inanimate leaf.

'"Oh! what blackberries! you've gathered them for me, I know," said Cynthia, sitting down and beginning to feed herself daintily, touching them lightly with the tips of her fingers, and dropping each ripe berry into her open mouth. When she had eaten above half she stopped suddenly short.

'"How I should like to have gone as far as Paris with him," she exclaimed. "I suppose it would not have been proper; but how pleasant it would have been. I remember at Boulogne" (another blackberry) "how I used to envy the English who were going to Paris; it seemed to me then, as if nobody stopped at Boulogne but dull, stupid school-girls."

'"When will he be there?" asked Molly.

'"On Wednesday, he said. I am to write to him there; at any rate he is going to write to me." 'Molly went about the adjustment of her dress in a quiet, business-like manner, not speaking much; Cynthia, although sitting still, seemed very restless. Oh! how much Molly wished she would go.

'"Perhaps, after all," said Cynthia, after a pause of apparent meditation, "we shall never be married."

'"Why do you say that?" said Molly, almost bitterly. "You have nothing to make you think so. I wonder how you can bear to think you won't, even for a moment."

'"Oh!" said Cynthia, "you must not go and take me *au grand serieux*. I dare say I don't mean what I say, but you see everything seems a dream at present. Still, I think the chances are equal — the chances for and against our marriage, I mean. Two years! it's a long time; he may change his mind, or I may; or some one else may turn up and I may get engaged to him; what should you think of that, Molly? I'm putting such a gloomy thing as death quite on one side, you see; yet in two years how much may happen?"

'"Don't talk so, Cynthia; pleased on't," said Molly, piteously. "One would think you did not care for him, and he cares so much for you."

'"Why, did I say I did not care for him? I was only calculating chances. I am sure I hope nothing will happen to prevent the marriage. Only, you know it may, and I thought I was taking a step in wisdom, in looking forward to all the evils that might befall. I am sure all the wise people I have ever known thought it a virtue to have gloomy prognostics of the future. But you're not in a mood for wisdom or virtue, I see; so I'll go and get ready for dinner, and leave you to your vanities of dress."

'She took Molly's face in both her hands, before Molly was aware of her intention, and kissed it playfully. Then she left Molly to herself.'

This scene, in which are so finely contrasted the characters of the two heroines of the story, must serve as an ensample for the whole, which is, indeed, too fresh in popular remembrance and favour to need a lengthened commendation. It makes us keenly regret that the world will have no more amusement, no more wise instruction from the same masterly pen. Mrs. Gaskell leaves a place vacant in the literary world, as Thackeray left a place vacant the year before her — as all men and women of genius and power like theirs, do leave vacant places which never seem to find quite adequate successors.

From the Spect tor, 30 March.

THE . EUROPEAN POSITION.

Every grown man in Germany outside Austria competent to bear arms is to become a drilled soldier. The King of Prussia is *ex officio* Commander-in-chief of all such soldiers. That is the substance of the Treaties between Prussia, Bavaria, Wurtemburg, and Baden which have this week created such excitement in Paris and throughout France. It appears that immediately after the agreement of Nikolsburg which followed the battle of Sadowa, the Southern States began to tremble for their existence. Deserted by Austria and menaced by France, with Prussia threatening their capitals and their own subjects half inclined to summon the friendly invader, unwilling to be excluded from Germany and apprehensive for their dynastic position, the petty Kings turned to an alliance with Prussia as their only hope, and in the last weeks of August signed secret treaties with their great opponent placing their armies in time of war at his absolute disposal. It was understood also, though not provided by treaty, that these armies should be organized for the future upon the Prussian system, and a Bill with that end has, we believe, been introduced into the Bavarian Parliament. In return the King of Prussia guaranteed their possessions from every enemy except himself, a guarantee invaluable to Bavaria, whose Palatinate lies across the Rhine and within the grip of France; but not so valuable to Wurtemburg, whose dominions are absolutely encircled by German populations. To avoid exciting still further the susceptibilities of France these treaties were kept quiet, so quiet that Count von Bismarck actually allowed all Germany to lament its division by the Main without hinting that he had already secured a union indefinitely stronger than that of the old Confederation. Germany outside Austria had become for military purposes one great State, under an organization which sends every able-bodied man when needful into the field. These treaties were known to the Austrian Government immediately after their completion, and it is difficult to believe that they were not also known to the Emperor Napoleon, to whom it was Austria's clear interest that they should be at once revealed. Whether they were or were not, the Emperor permitted M. Rouher in the debate on the interpellation put forward by M. Theirs to assert that Germany, so far from being strengthened by Sadowa, had been weakened by that great victory; that seventy millions had shrunk to thirty; that the Confederation, formally one, had been divided into three branches — Austria, the Southern States, and Germany North of the Main. Either fearful of the effect of these statements in Germany, which is sensitive on the subject of dismemberment, or enraged at M. Rouher's assumption that a word from France had checked the Prussian career, or embarrassed by the disposition exhibited in the North German Parliament to mould public policy in order to attract into Germany States already secured, M. Bismarck immediately on M. Rouher's speech caused the treaties to be published in the *Gazette*, informed France and the world, as it were officially, that despite all external opposition the unity of the Fatherland had been already secured. Bavaria existed and Baden, the King of Wurtemburg was no tributary and the Grand Duke of Hesse no dependent, but the Hohenzollern was nevertheless master for war of the whole German race. The treaties create an alliance at once offensive and defensive, but even if they did not the result would still be the same. While Prussia marches to battle, the Southern Army, 150,000 strong, will remain in garrison, and Germany is as unsafe to attack as if her entire population obeyed a single ruler and were represented in a single parliament.

The blow is a most serious one, alike for France and for M. Rouher. The latter indeed is unmistakably checkmated. If he had heard of the Treaties, which is most probable, he based his whole argument upon an assumption which he knew to be unfounded, and may be taunted at any moment with a rhetorical victory won at the expense of concealing a truth essential to the debate. If he was not aware of the treaties, he must admit that in diplomacy, as in war, his master is no fitting match for the audacious Prussian squire who has dared on French frontiers to make a nation without the permission of France. Frenchmen of course, are not responsible either for Napoleon's diplomatic defeats or M. Rouher's parliamentary apologies, but they will feel most bitterly the changed position of France. The unity of Germany does more than threaten her military ascendancy in the world. It reduces her to the English position — to a positive inability to move on the Continent until she has first secured an ally. Whatever the question at issue, in the East or in the West, at Constantinople or at the Hague, the opposition of Prus-

sia will suffice to reduce her to one of two alternatives — a galling quiescence, or a war in which defeat might involve an alteration of frontier. France, no doubt, is a great nation, and the French are a military people; the fortune of war is uncertain, and a great General is worth, as Wellington said of Napoleon, an extra fifty thousand men. But judging on the rules by which soldiers and statesmen usually judge, it is by no means clear that France must win in a conflict with Germany, by no means certain that she might not sustain a defeat which would compel her to surrender Alsace or Lorraine, a defeat which, even if she surrendered nothing, would unseat the dynasty. A war with a power organized for battle as Germany now is with an army of at least three-quarters of a million, and an armed population behind her of forty millions, is an enterprise which no people not alarmed for its existence or wounded in its honour would be willing to undertake. Frenchmen must surrender all hope of their "natural boundary," the frontier of the Rhine, all expectation of obtaining Belgium except with Prussian consent, all claim to decide alone on the future distribution of the Sultan's dominions. Those hopes and expectations and claims may all be unreasonable, or absurd, or selfish, but they are entertained by Frenchmen, were avowed by a man so moderate as De Tocqueville, are cherished by the rank and file of France as Americans cherish their hope of ruling America from the Isthmus to the Pole. There are signs abroad that Frenchmen are beginning to hate Prussia as they once hated England, and their hatred is by no means wholly devoid of fear. Strange as it seems to Englishmen, Frenchmen have never forgotten 1815, never quite rid themselves of the belief that an invasion from the North, a successful invasion, is not beyond the limits of possibility. They listened to rumours about the absorption of Holland, the annexation of German Switzerland, an offensive and defensive alliance between Berlin and St. Petersburg, an agreement between Von Bismarck and Ricasoli, till they begin to feel as men felt when the First Bonaparte was on the throne, as if nothing were too horrible to be beyond their enemy's dreams. Accounts of plans drawn up by Baron von Moltke for the invasion of France are greedily received, and photographs of M. Thiers, who denounces Germany as a danger, are demanded in such numbers that even Parisian photographers are overworked. They see, too, some substantial evidence for their fears — a Government Bill, for instance, which sends every able-bodied Frenchman into the ranks, a studious abstinence of the *Moniteur* from any allusion to the treaties with the South. If Napoleon be not alarmed, why does he risk his popularity with peasants? If he is not indignant, why does he silence the *Moniteur*, usually so careful to reprint all official news?

The higher the popular estimate of the Emperor's sagacity, the deeper will be the apprehensions of all who believe in him, till they feel at last as if they, Frenchmen, the race of all others proudest of its military fame, were refusing a challenge, are half inclined, like the peasants of Turuy, to propose a *levee en masse* to defend the soil. That is not a healthy condition of mind for a great military people, and least of all for a great military people ruled by a dynasty to which success is as the breath of life. It will make war easy on the first occasion, and there are occasions in plenty. Without believing all the rumours which now load the air of every Continental capital, it may, we think, be taken for granted that Napoleon and Bismarck are at this moment engaged in a diplomatic war for the possession of Luxemburg. The King of Holland, to whom the Duchy belongs, is willing, it is said, to sell his rights, and the Dutch, who dread entanglements with Germany, are willing that it should be sold. The only difficulty in the way is Prussia, which garrisons the fortress, which regards it as an outwork of Germany, which dare not surrender one inch of strictly German soil, and which hopes, and from the necessity of its geographical position will always continue to hope, that Holland may one day be attracted within the Germanic circle. To seat a united Germany upon the Atlantic is a dream no German will willingly resign, and the Prussian King, though of course officially most desirous of peace, may object very strenuously to surrender Luxemburg. Napoleon cannot bear to be always baffled; the American complication is over; the French are in the dangerous mood which the idea that their influence is waning always inspires; England is paralyzed by internal dissensions, and indisposed in any event to interfere with France; Germany is exalted till it will bear no menace; the East is stirring and heaving with excitement; all things point to that greatest of earthly calamities — a general European war. We have still three months, for Napoleon must give the signal, and the Exhibition does not close till August; but if he lives, and "the unforeseen does not arrive,"

Germany will yet be welded into a harder unity by blows from the outside. Already the mere rumour of menace is doing Count von Bismarck's work, the Federal draft is passing as rapidly as if the North German Parliament were filled with soldiers, and, when it is proclaimed, the King of Prussia is Emperor of Germany, with a military Dictatorship for three years. And we wonder that on all Bourses there are uneasiness and hesitation!

From the N. Y. Evening Post, April 11.

THE NOMADIC NEGROES OF THE SOUTH.

In the very general interest that attaches to the enfranchisement of the freedmen by the Reconstruction act the public, north and south, has almost lost sight of the important fact that thousands of the negroes will be unable, at present, to avail themselves of the advantage offered to vote for delegates to the state conventions to frame the constitutions which are subsequently to be submitted to Congress for approval. The law provides that the delegates shall be elected by the male citizens of the state, twenty-one years old and upward, of whatever race, color or previous condition, "who have been resident in said state for one year previous to the day of such election." The present remarkable and general migration of freedmen from the border and other states to the extreme south and southwest, and especially of the very class of negroes who would be voters will disqualify these nomads, for want of the requisite residence, from taking part in the formation of the conventions, or in other words, in the primary and important step in the scheme of reconstruction that the law itself evidently intends. We have not seen this really important point made known in any journal, north or south, nor do we propose to press it now; but rather to show the extent of and reasons for this remarkable migration of the freedmen.

The border states, Virginia and Kentucky, were naturally the first to suffer from this southward movement. There has been, of course, no census in Virginia since the last decennial returns in 1860; but the returns from the Commissioners of Revenue to the State Auditor show a remarkable decrease in the colored population within six years, and the Auditor, in his report estimates it at full two hundred thousand. The increased mortality, presumed to result from the war, from the neglect of the aged negroes, from insufficiency of food in some sections, and from epidemic diseases, fails to account for so large a diminution in the number of negroes. The nearness to the federal lines during the war opened loop-holes for thousands of them to slip through to Washington and to the North, but the real exodus has taken place since the war closed. With the removal of all restraint the negroes have wandered at will, sometimes towards the cities, but generally southwards. Late statistics show that in some counties in Virginia the number of laborers have been reduced full one-half, and throughout the state the negroes have noticeably thinned out. No figures are given in Kentucky to show the extent of the exodus from that state, but there is a general complaint of the loss of labor, and the local journals say that all the best field-hands are going to the southern cotton grounds.

From states south of Kentucky and Virginia the negro movement is still southward. Within a year the two Carolinas are estimated to have lost from one-fourth to one-third of their negro population, though the Charleston *News* thinks that only twenty-five thousand field-hands have gone from South Carolina, and these went, it says, to Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Texas, and Florida. Still further south, the Macon *Telegraph* is confident that Georgia has lost one-third of her negroes, and that the loss of North Carolina and South Carolina is still greater. The Augusta *Constitutionalist* says, "if a correct census should be taken of the negro population of Georgia, a startling exhibit of decrease would be manifest," and that "one of the chief causes of this decrease is migration to the south and southwest." Even in Alabama, which would seem, at least in summer, about as far south as the most aspiring or perspiring colored laborer would desire to go, there is a marked scarcity of labor, which the Selma *Times* explains by stating that the depletion is due to the agents who are everywhere "offering extraordinary inducements to the negroes to go to Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas."

Naturally enough this extraordinary tidal flow of freedmen to the far South must ebb somewhere, and there is now a strong setting back from Texas to other states. At the beginning of the war the population of Texas was between 600,000 and 700,000; the best local estimates now make it at least

1,200,000. This enormous increase is owing partly to the number of planters who have emigrated to that state to begin life anew, in a smaller way and on smaller farms, but mainly to the thousands of negroes sent from other states during the war for the security the vast area of Texas afforded against the advances of the Union armies. Now large numbers of these negroes are returning to their old homes on the Mississippi. *Flake's Galveston Bulletin* stated not long ago, that from Christmas to mid-February at least sixteen thousand freedmen had gone from the northern counties in Texas to Louisiana, " because the Louisiana laws are more just and equitable for the freedmen than those of Texas."

It may be mentioned, incidentally, that there is also a comparatively slight movement of negroes to the western states. The Augusta (Georgia) *Chronicle* says that negroes are daily passing through that city for the West; " most of them young, healthy and hearty, in fact, the best class of field hands," and that " they are principally from Virginia and the Carolinas, though many have gone from Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas." The great tide of this travel, however, is towards the South.

This general migration is a marked incident in the southern situation, and is a noteworthy phase of the new labor system. It is by no means owing to a restless disposition on the part of the freedmen, or to a mere desire to use or abuse their new-found freedom. It may be due, in a degree, to the isothermal theory of the natural tendency of the negro race towards the tropics. But there is a simpler solution than all this — the law of demand and supply that governs labor. The rich fertility and productiveness of the bottom lands of the Gulf states invite labor from the over-worked and wornout northern soil, and this invitation is supplemented by the promise of the best pay for labor.

The journals which complain of the exodus of negroes from Virginia, Kentucky, the Carolinas and Georgia, admit that the freedmen migrate under the incentive of higher wages. The Gulf states, from their natural advantages, can afford to pay better labor-prices, and such is the demand for labor, and so great the competition to secure the services of the in-flocking immigrants, that larger rates of pay are offered this season than last year or the year before. Generally, too, the pay is now offered in money — so much by the day, or month, or season; and the plan of offering shares in the crop, which was sometimes unfavourable to the employer, and oftener unjust to the laborers, has given place to the better method of paying for the work [illegible] it is worth.

Those who deny to the [illegible] cient sagacity to rightly estimate [illegible] of the elective franchise, will at least [illegible] that he has intelligence enough to [illegible] what his labor is worth, and energy [illegible] to go where his labor will bring the [illegible] remuneration. The southern empl[illegible] likely to learn this lesson from the negr[illegible] and when they do, there will be no [illegible] complaint of the scarcity of field-hands, for there will be a large and fixed population of freedmen in every place where labor brings its proper price.

It is rumoured that a knighthood is likely to be conferred on Mr. Henry Russell, the composer of " Cheer, boys, cheer," and of nearly six hundred other songs. Some of Mr. Russell's compositions have passed into a standard repute, and of their own class are unrivalled. Such an honour is far better bestowed on a musician who has successfully interpreted by his art the common and generous instincts of a wide public than upon an alderman who has eaten his way to a mayoralty, and who gains a yet higher distinction by having the good fortune to enjoy his year of office and turtle-soup during an exhibition or a marriage festival. — *London Review.*

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SONG.

I.

All through the corn-fields,
'Neath the blue sky,
Under green hedges,
My love and I.

Down by the mill stream,
'Neath the oak tree,
Through shine and shadow,
Singing went we.

In the cool evening,
Down by the sea,
In the soft moonlight,
Loving were we.

II.

Down the bleak moorland,
'Neath a dark sky,
Under bare branches,
Lonely am I.

Through the chill north-wind
Up from the sea,
In the sad twilight,
Parted were we.

Over those green waves,
Far, far from me,
In a strange country,
Faithless was he.

— *Dublin Univ. Mag.*

FAILURE.

Victor from the fight disrobing,
Lover, now that heaven's attained —
Ere the shouts be lost in sobbing,
The clear heaven with storm-clouds stained —

Mind ye — 'mid your golden sunset,
Or triumphant trumpet's sound —
Hearts as brave, yet broken in onset,
Lovers, but with love uncrowned.

Heed not: pay no vain recital —
Tithes of pity, praise, or tears —
Glorious in their unrequital,
Richer for the world's arrears!

Though your fame wax old before ye,
Though Love's leaf with frost be curled,
Justice bares for these her glory,
Veiled but from the vulgar world.

Where they strawed who reap but stubble,
Silent and unseen She stands,
With a look that makes more noble
Than the kiss of sceptred hands.

And a crown she weaves for ever —
Bloodless thorn and sweetened rue —
For each noble lost endeavour
Of the souls that died to do.

— *April* 2. J. R.

— *Spectator.*

APRIL.

I hear through all the solemn pines
The South wind's pleasant flow,
And see the clouds, like happy things,
O'er fields of azure go,
While all the sorrow from the earth
Seems melting with the snow.

The robin and the bluebird sing
O'er meadows brown and bare;
They cannot know what wondrous bloom
Is softly budding there;
But all the joy their hearts outpour
Seems pulsing in the air.

And *we* will sing, though all our days
Seem dark with pain and loss;
We know that Sorrow's furnace-heat
Consumes alone our dross;
We know that our dear Father's love
Gives both our crown and cross.

Oh, while beneath the snow-drift buds
The flower we love the best,
And on the wind-tossed bough the bird
Still builds its happy nest,
Praise God for all the good we know,
And trust Him for the rest!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ELIZABETH AND MARY.

These two names thus linked together suggest, in the first place, one of the sweetest idyllic pictures of those matchless pastorals which cluster round the origin of our religion. But it is not the Elizabeth and Mary of Galilee, of many a painter's imagination, and of many a reverential and tender thought, whom we are about to discuss. The Elizabeth and Mary of British history are as different as can be conceived from those two Hebrew women, whose encounter at the supreme moment of their lives is so well known and dearly interesting to us all. Yet they were women standing in a similar connection, each other's nearest relatives, the most prominent figures in the story of their time — women with the same blood in their veins, with similar energies and ambition, who might have been dear friends, and who were deadly enemies, each other's rivals, opponents, most dangerous foes. It is impossible so much as to think of the story of one without finding involved in it fatal tangles of the life of the other. The story of their period has, doubtless, many details of solid interest unassociated with them. It was a great, probably the greatest, crisis of national life in both the southern and northern countries. Great national forces, vast human interests, but dimly comprehended even by those who were helping to bring them into being, were rising on every side around them; but yet amid all those heavings and convulsions of humanity, it is upon the figures of these two women that every eye is fixed. Their personal conflicts and individual passions stand out prominent above the profounder stream of story in which the interest of millions is involved. Two more solemn chapters were never written in the great and various tragedy of life. History, indeed, has so linked them together that we might say it was but one chapter which bears this fatal conjunction of names. Had they been men, it is probable that their inevitable struggle would have been attended with those commoner elements of tumult and bloodshed which cease to be exciting by long repetition, and that their strength would have been matched in a ruder way, and come to a more ordinary and practical result. Being women, these two queens, without sacrificing in the smallest degree their importance in history, enter into a more delicate sphere. They are rivals, not only in politics, but in person, in mind, and in fortune. It is a subtle drama of individual existence woven into the larger web of historical narrative. All the metaphysical, all the tragic interest that belongs to personal story mingles in their persons with the vast concerns of national life. Without diminishing its grandeur, they give to it an intensity which is demonstrated by the fact that the partisans of Mary and Elizabeth are almost as ready as ever to carry their contest to extremity; and that the woman of these two who was richest in all the attractions that bind mankind, is still fought for by defenders as enthusiastic and knights as chivalrous as if she were present to rain influence and adjudge the prize. Elizabeth has not been so fortunate. In death as in life she has been one of those women who win no man's heart and gain no disinterested devotion; but still her champions are in earnest, and fame has not withheld from her a certain compensation. Thus there remains before us, embalmed in our national chronicles, the story of a struggle, not only between differing creeds and rival successions, not only dynastic and political, but a struggle between two women, not unfitly representing at the same time the two classes of their sex between which the world is divided: the women who possess and those who do not possess that wonderful power of attraction and fascination which, beyond beauty, beyond genius, is precious to woman and interesting to man. Mary, be she innocent or be she guilty, is the woman for whom men will overturn and shake the foundations of the earth, with or without reason. Elizabeth is the woman penetrated to the heart with the certainty that no man will waste life or heart for her. There are circumstances in which it is the neglected heroine who is the most interesting to the spectator; but in this great historical episode such is not the case. The two types stand bare and unsoftened before us — the one with little excellence to second her attractions; the other with no tenderness to touch our hearts. It is a tragedy, as all history is; and it is a tragedy which opens depths of speculation as much to the metaphysician as to the romancist. Yet the strangely typical character of the struggle, and its interest to others beside the students of history, do not in the slightest degree impair its historical importance. It is at the same time a struggle of the old faith against the new — of the bold and lucky Tudor race against the chivalrous and unprosperous Stuarts — of an insular population tenacious of its individuality against the mazes of European intrigue and Continental influence. The genius of Allegory never made more

perfect use of its favorite medium of impersonation than Nature and Providence have done in this wonderful crisis, making the old world of romance and marvel, of brilliant self-indulgence and adventure, of love and crime and picturesque effect, fall with Mary; and the new world, with its harder every-day elements, its thrift, its industry, its aspirations, its sense of duty, its harshness and self-seeking, come in with Elizabeth. At such supreme moments Providence would seem to avail itself in the grandest way of a certain mighty adaptation of pictorial art, illustrating its meaning by such types and combinations as even the most ignorant must somehow understand.

The early history of these two queens is as subtly contrasted as the course of their after life. Mary grew up in her beauty in the refined if polluted atmosphere of the French Court, a princess not only in rank, but by nature endowed with every gift that makes a woman a queen—'lovely, brilliant, accomplished, trained not only in every pleasant art, but in all the deepest wiles of statemanship, fully aware of the importance of her own position, and carefully educated to fill it. Morality was not much the fashion in that brilliant world, yet even in the most depraved society a girl in her teens can scarcely be much corrupted. Her powers of fascination were such that men yielded to her as if by magic, not in consequence of the craft in which the Guises had trained their niece, so much as from that sweet craft of youth and delightful sense of power, which made the fair young creature put forth her natural wiles, with that pretty mingling of a desire to please and a desire to rule which makes a beautiful young woman, when she knows what she is about, and has a proportionate purpose, one of the strongest and most dangerous of powers. Notwithstanding her turbulent kingdom and orphan state, and all the unknown forces rising up against her, the youth of Mary Stuart was that of a favourite of fortune. Queen by birth of one nation—queen by marriage of another—presumptive heir, both by natural right and the preference of a great mass of the people, of a third,—no woman ever held a more magnificent position. It is true that her own native people were a difficult handful for the most wise sovereign, and that Elizabeth was but little older than herself, and at that time likely enough to have heirs of her own person; but at the same time Elizabeth was in the belief of most devout Catholics illegitimate; and, with the readiness common even to the wisest of believing in everything that favours their own views, the disposition of the English towards Mary and their indifference to her rival seem to have been held as proved in France. Mary herself, always and at all stages of her career a good Catholic, no doubt believed unfeignedly that she herself was rightful Queen of England, and with the confidence of her age was ready to confront Elizabeth, to make a triumphant progress through her rival's kingdom, and steal from her the hearts of her subjects. Nor was there anything wonderful in this confidence. She was not Queen of Scots alone, but queen of hearts; she was used to see everybody within the range of her influence yield to its wonderful fascination. Her ears were more familiar with honeyed adorations than with discussion or criticism. Even the misfortune which changed her position in France and drove her back to her own distracted kingdom, gave a more tender interest to her person, and awoke anew all those not unpleasing uncertainties which surround a beautiful unwedded girl. There is no particular evidence that the death of Francis moved her very profoundly; and pretty and pathetic as is the tale of her tender farewell to the *charmant pays de France*, yet Mary was too much a Stuart, and took too naturally to adventure and novelty, to be without comfort in her entrance to so new and strange and exciting a life as that which awaited her at Holyrood. The fair, fearless, bewitching creature came back to her poor kingdom with such a confidence in her own powers as is in itself a fortune. If she wept when the Scots Reformer remained impervious to her magic, the tears were tears of girlish petulance and vexation rather than of real suffering. Up to the moment when fatal passion and self-will involved her in the earliest meshes of that tragic web from which she never escaped, it is impossible to think of Mary Stuart otherwise than as prosperous and fortunate. Her career looked bright before her, full of bracing and exciting difficulties, full of a thousand opportunities for proving her courage, her skill, all the powers of which she was conscious. The finest succession in Europe, and probably the most magnificent match in Europe, were open to her. She was not afraid of the grim lords who had as yet no deadly quarrel with her. She felt herself a match, even perhaps more than a match, for Elizabeth; and there was every prospect that she might achieve great things for the cause, which, if she cared at all for any abstract cause, was that which lay nearest her heart. And she retained her light

heart in the midst of her perplexities, supporting merrily the serenade of psalms given her by the Edinburgh citizens, and riding off gaily on her Highland expedition at the head of her ladies and her soldiers, not much troubled apparently by the knowledge that it was a fellow-Catholic against whom her gay and prompt little army went forth, and wishing in the exhilaration of the sudden raid that she were a man, "to know what life it was to lie all night in the field, or to walk on the cawsey with a Glasgow buckler and a broadsword." A tissue of misfortunes from beginning to end her life has been called; but in this picture, save for the fact of widowhood — a fact which does not seem to have pressed very heavily upon the nineteen-years-old beauty — misfortune, either actually or in shadow, has little place. Indeed, if one did not know the wretched tragedy in which it ended, there would be a certain sense of exhilaration and sweet daring, and inextinguishable hope in this vision of the girl-queen, in her stormy court and adventurous life. She did not know what was coming to her, as we do. She was no more afraid of her fate than any other gay creature of her years. Altogether, history is too stern about this brilliant and sweet vignette in the midst of all its stormy pictures; and we may admit that the brightness was real while it lasted, very real and very bright, and utterly uninvaded by any prophetic uprolling of the despair in which her sun went down.

Everything is changed when we turn to the early history of Elizabeth. The circumstances attending her youth were stern and troubled. Her girlhood knew no frank gaiety, no admiration and adoration such as that which attended her rival almost from her birth. The stain of illegitimacy hung over Anne Boleyn's daughter. She was hated and feared by her sister; held in doubtful honour by a great mass of her people; regarded by the European community as a heretic and a bastard. A prisoner sometimes in terror of her life, the helpless, spectator of events and movements which went far to ruin her country and throw discredit upon her own rights; shut out from all the youthful delights to which Mary gave herself so joyously: taught by long misfortune to distrust her destiny; driven out of self-confidence and promptitude by the multitude of conflicting interests round her, — Elizabeth attained her independence only in conjunction with such a host of difficulties as might have discouraged the stoutest heart. She was as brave and able as any of her race — accomplished, young, not uncomely, and with sufficient personal character to have made her in any position a person of note. But, with all this, she wanted entirely that power of attraction in which Mary was so rich. She beguiled no disaffected lord out of his discontent, won no wavering retainer, exercised no witchery over men. Much has been made of the supposed roughness of Knox to Mary; but, at its worst, it could have been nothing to the ceaseless and persistent bullying with which Elizabeth was assailed by her brother-in-law Philip and his Spanish emissaries. These men worried her at every point of her policy; dictated to her; interfered with her; meddled with her most intimate concerns; trafficked with her disaffected subjects; did everything that pertinacity and superior wisdom could do to drive her frantic. Her kingdom was not romantically turbulent like Scotland, but full of an uneasiness and untrustworthiness far beyond anything ever known in the little northern kingdom so inveterately faithful to its native dynasty. Elizabeth knew that to many of her subjects her title to the crown was in the highest degree doubtful. Her arms and style had been openly adopted by her rival under her very eyes, as it were, and her existence ignored; and notwithstanding this, the same rival demanded to be acknowledged as her heir, the heir of a young and vigorous woman of five-and-twenty, to whom all the happier events of life — husband and children, heirs and descendants of her own — were still fully possible. To withstand such assaults without bitterness would have been a hard task for the sweetest temper. And Elizabeth was a Tudor, proud, passionate, and high-spirited, and taking no credit for sweet temper. Her foreign advisers, notably the troublesome Spaniards, took care that the precariousness of her seat on the throne should be kept continually before her, and even those of her councillors most devoted to her service could not assure her of safety or continuance. Mary had her astute uncles to back her in the beginning of her career, the alliance of France, the support of the Church, and the sympathy of all Catholic nations. Elizabeth stood alone against the world. She had to struggle as she best could to neutralize the action of France, to restrain the intrusions of Spain, to hold her own independence and that of her people in the face of all foreign intrigues and encroachments. And, save in moments of great excitement, she had the disadvantage of seeing too clearly both sides of the question, a disadvantage as great to an active ruler and practical agent as the want

of this faculty is to a philosophical observer. She was the representative of the Reformation, but she was not a thorough-going and bigoted Protestant as Mary was a Catholic. The system which it was her duty and policy to establish was not deeply rooted in her convictions. The same great difficulty existed in most of her undertakings. She was too clear-sighted to be a partisan; she could not make up her mind to support the Lords of the Congregation, because her reason perceived what a fatal precedent it would be for any one disposed to aid her own malcontents; and yet she could not desert them, for it was evidently apparent to her understanding that they were her best bulwark against the insolent pretensions of France, and the claims of Mary as the legitimate and Catholic heir. The same mixture of motives urged her on and held her back in respect to the Protestants in France, leading her into a line of conduct which disgusted all and contented none. Thus her training, her antecedents, the oppression of her youth, the constitution of her mind, were all against her. She was as little endowed with that rapidity of decision and action in which Mary's brilliant, daring, and reckless soul was strong, as with Mary's personal fascinations. Notwithstanding the ultimate success and even wisdom of many of Elizabeth's measures, she wearied her best friends with perpetual uncertainties. She was chidden, menaced, and bullied on all sides, and knew herself to be little beloved and much censured. It was thus that Elizabeth began to reign. So far as this point all the advantages were on Mary's side. Her kingdom was poorer, her position less influential in the world; but nobody assailed her title, no one claimed to be acknowledged her successor. It seemed to be tacitly acknowledged on all sides that the survivorship, the heirs, all human joys and advantages, were to be hers; and yet Elizabeth was but some five or six years older, of a vigorous race, and in perfect health. Such tacit understandings are not unusual in the world. In humbler spheres and under ordinary circumstances, it is an affair of every day to see all the good things of life accorded as by instinct to one, and all the endurances to another. Such seems to have been the unspoken instinctive arrangement of all parties in respect to these two women. When the one to whom the harder lot falls receives it sweetly and patiently, the world does not refuse to bestow a certain sympathy; but when there is any rebellion against fate, nobody has any patience with the rebel. Such at the beginning of their respective careers was the position of these two young queens.

Their early acts do but carry out and intensify this contrast. For Mary there was no very hard task to be done in her kingdom. In the religious question she had little to do, only to endure and tolerate — no doubt a sufficient trial, but yet distinct, and involving few complications. She had to bear with the psalm-singing serenaders, and she did it with wonderful self-command, no doubt making up for it fully in her gay little Court when the gates were shut upon the Whig mob, and the fair and gallant household was left to itself. She had to win over her intolerant lords, no disagreeable task. "I perceive by your anger," says one of the Campbells to Lord Ochiltree, "that the fine edge is not off you yet; but I fear, after the holy water of the Court be sprinkled on you, ye shall become as temperate as the rest. I have been here five days, and at the first I heard every man say, Let us hang the priest; but, after they had been twice or thrice at the Abbey, all that fervency was passed. I think there is some enchantment by which men are bewitched." This was one of the things Mary had to do, and probably her success made up to her for the suffering involved in the abominable religious persecution to which she was subjected — a persecution very detestable to us in the nineteenth century, but not so wonderful an occurrence in the age of St. Bartholomew. The cheerfulness with which she seems to have set forth on the raid against Huntly is a proof that her light heart was not moved to disregard more weighty considerations by her preference for a Catholic. But the two chief objects of her life were the personal objects of getting herself splendidly married and getting herself proclaimed Elizabeth's heir. These, beyond all necessities of national policy or exigencies of government, seem to have employed her thoughts and energies. A brilliant match and an unparalleled inheritance were the great objects before her — matters both, in which she had every prospect of the highest success. With these great ideas in her mind, she does not seem to have allowed herself to be much disturbed by lesser cares. She was irritated by Knox, tantalized by Elizabeth, and made to shed tears on various occasions, with an apparent facility not unusual to her age; but there was nothing in these annoyances to give her any serious discouragement. And she bore with patience and a good grace the only real troubles she had — the insults to her faith and her priests. She bore them, looking forward to a day when

the tables should be turned upon the stern and cruel Presbyters — an anticipation which, according to all the ideas of the time, was perfectly natural and justifiable; and thus occupied with her personal affairs, went on lightly with neither fear nor foreboding to her fate.

With Elizabeth it was very different. Her religious difficulties were not to be managed in any passive way. She had to take a bold initiative, to set her hand to the work without loss of time or failure of courage. She was not, as we have said, an earnest Protestant; but her policy, and indeed her very existence as a queen, depended upon her adoption of this cause. She set about its accomplishment in the face of the disapproval of entire Christendom, and the passive resistance and discontent of half of her people. Her bishops were worthless, her clergy unsubordinate, her own heart but half in the work. Yet, notwithstanding these obstacles and many more, she accomplished this great revolution, finally constituting and establishing the Anglican Church. And she had a world of intricate foreign complexities to manage. She had to keep Spain at arm's length, without breaking finally with Philip, and to struggle with France for an impossible and undesirable restoration of Calais, making such a fatal and horrible muddle in the mean time of her occupancy of Havre as would have done much to harm a less lucky sovereign. She had to maintain her own seat, to keep a wary eye on her disaffected subjects, to restrain the pretensions of Mary, and to endure the continual mortification of being called upon, both by friends and enemies, to decide upon her own successor. And she too had the question of her marriage perpetually before her, but in another shape from that which pleased the imagination of Mary. In Elizabeth's case it was complicated by an unhappy and unworthy love. This woman was of flesh and blood like other women. And, notwithstanding her genius, her clear perceptions, her sense of what was due to her rank and her country, she loved, as many another woman has done, a man no way her equal, neither in blood — which was in some respects an indifferent matter — nor in character. His weakness, his wickedness, his many imperfections, were fully known to her; and yet she loved him with that fatal persistence which even women who have most command over themselves sometimes display. A hasty soul like that of Mary would not have hesitated to act upon such a preference; but this was impossible to the slow uncertain doubting intelligence of Elizabeth. Thus the fair array of possible husbands which Mary inspected at Holyrood with a certain gay natural excitement mingled with deeper calculations, were passed over languidly and with more fright than pleasure by Elizabeth's preoccupied eyes. "The fair vestal throned by the west," was anything but "fancy-free." She was, on the contrary, entangled in the bonds of a passion which her pride, or her sense of duty, or her conviction of the danger of such a step, prevented her yielding to, but which disgusted her with every reasonable proposition, and kept her in a state of painful excitement and uncertainty. As for Mary, she considered the subject with more natural sentiments. She had the splendid possibility before her of wedding the heir of Spain as she had wedded the heir of France — a possibility never open to Elizabeth; and she had, in common with Elizabeth, the choice of an Archduke or two — German princes, such as have since been found so useful for royal marriages. It was Mary who was fancy-free; she looked at the subject with her bright eyes, keen as wit and intelligence could make them, and meditated her choice, while the poor English queen, lovelorn, with no such confidence in herself, turned blank looks upon the princely gentlemen, and made such pretence as she could of an abstract love for her maiden state. It was a clumsy pretence, and deceived no one. Yet it is but just to remember that Elizabeth, helped no doubt by her native indecision and lack of power to dare, was the one who did surmount her inclinations, and conquer in this most difficult struggle.

Up to this moment, however, Mary would seem to have been not only the sweeter and fairer woman, but the more successful and satisfactory sovereign. She managed her turbulent subjects more wisely than her wise counsellors in France would have done it for her. She bore with them, tolerated them, and endured their intolerance in a manner quite remarkable — as different from all the preconceived notions of what so young a woman, naturally looking upon heresy with horror, and strong in the absolutism of her age and her rank, would do, as it is possible to conceive. She had the good sense to give up, or at least to postpone, the dangerous delight of reprisals. The great object she had most at heart she pursued at least with candour and openness. To demand that your nearest relative, whom you profess to regard with affection and friendship, should acknowledge you as her heir, is not a gracious nor pleasant request; yet it was made honestly, and with all the softenings possible,

much womanly caressing and tenderness, and submission of the younger to the elder. Mary was ready to marry as her good sister wished, or at least so she said — she was ready to take her good sister's advice and to be entirely guided by her — always if her own first condition was granted. Nothing that Elizabeth could ask would be too much for the Queen of Scots to give, as long as the matter was commenced by the recognition of her ultimate claims. This pertinacity was natural enough when the magnitude of the inheritance is considered, and it was at the same time a matter of policy, and one which rallied round her her entire nation, unanimous, if not heroic. The idea had seized upon the mind of Scotland. The hope of uniting both kingdoms under one sway had at last entered the obstinate and pugnacious intelligence of the country; but it was a union only to be accomplished through their own dynasty When this thought had once been taken hold of, it became the fixed idea of the Scottish mind. Even the courtly Lethington insisted on demonstrating to Elizabeth the advantages of this union with an apparent insensibility to the fact that only Elizabeth's death, childless, could bring about so desirable a consummation. But Mary was a woman of delicate insight, and made no such mistake. She plead her own cause persistently, steadily, but tenderly. She threw herself upon Elizabeth's affection, professed unbounded devotion to her, probably felt a certain desire to please and satisfy the woman who could serve her interests so mightily. She was ready to be treated as daughter or younger sister, to receive Elizabeth's advice, recommendation, almost commands. Very possibly there was in all this submission a sting which the elder woman, not so much older after all, would feel profoundly; for in everything that was said there was an unconscious setting aside of Elizabeth, a relegation of her own person and existence into the settled, elderly, unchangeable condition, which no woman cares to recognize or to see recognized as her own inevitable lot. But there is no evidence that Mary meant this. She did her spiriting gently, and with many a profession of tenderness, giving all honour to her sister, although her own claims naturally overtopped, in her estimation, those of all the world beside.

Elizabeth's reception of all these appeals was neither sisterly nor candid. She met Mary's requests, not by a distinct negative, but by those artful compromises that were natural to her. She hung, as it were, the prize so much longed for on an unattainable peak, which receded farther and farther the more the eager pursuers hastened after it. On one condition or another it might or should be granted; but something always occurred to make the condition impossible, or leave an opening for escape. About the marriage she was suspicious, jealous, uneasy. Unable to come to any decision on the matter for herself, she watched the prompter counsels of Mary with mingled fear and envy, putting her veto upon every suitor who had a chance of satisfying the ambition of the Scottish queen. When she had exhausted all other means of putting a stop to these plans of marriage, she took the remarkable and unexplainable step of offering the man whom she herself loved, Robert Dudley, to her beautiful rival. Whatever her motive might be, this was the final way she took of interposing in Mary's concerns. Whether it was with the bitter irony of desperation, as one who would throw her last and best gift into the lap of a successful opponent — a kind of bitter outcry of Take all! — whether it was to beguile her own subjects as to her own inclinations, and prove her entire appreciation of the impossibility of marrying him herself; or whether it was finally the supreme self-sacrifice of an impassioned woman, eager, if she could not give him the greatest, at least to secure the next greatest position for the object of her love — it is impossible to decide. But the fact is that she did offer to her cousin and rival the man whom she did not hesitate to say she would have married herself, had that been possible. Probably the offer was not meant to be accepted. At all events, it was made. "You like better yonder long lad," she said, disdainfully, comparing the stripling Darnley with the mature and princely Leicester. It is not to Elizabeth that natural sympathy turns in all this intricate business; and yet, setting prejudice aside, there is a human interest about this woman of a profounder kind than that which attends the bright footsteps of Mary in this preference of her fate. Mary as yet is but the fairy princess, the perennial heroine of romance, born to be adored, to be the fairest of the fair, and to marry the bravest of the brave — the first primitive conception of poetry. But in Elizabeth all the complications exist that are necessary for a higher strain of art. A tragic struggle is going on within her. Though she is supreme, she has to yield, bending her proud neck, and subduing her imperious will; she has to bear the consciousness that all the sweeter gifts are for her rival, and to take what consolation she can by making a virtue of neces-

sity. She is mortified in her own person, mortified in the object of her affection, upon whom no man will look with such respect as she thinks his due. She has to suffer all natural and seemly opportunities of mating herself, and giving heirs to her crown, to pass by. It was her own will, yet it is not to be supposed that the possibility was relinquished without a pang; while continually it is Mary, Mary, that is being dinned into her ears — Mary, who is to succeed her, to replace her on her virgin throne, to have the love, the children, the happiness, as well as the kingdom — Mary, who has already assumed her title, whose claim all good Catholics prefer to her own, and whose proclamation as heir would probably put into some assassin's hand the weapon which should end Elizabeth's life. She said it was like her death-knell ringing in her ears, and no one can wonder that she did so. She was not a woman to attract affection or to win hearts. She was capable of infinite dissimulation, of downright lying, and of vacillation unspeakable. She has no such hold upon the tenderness of mankind as the fair and brilliant creature in Holyrood, who steered her gentle bark with such skill and daring, and carried with her such a freight of hopes. Yet the deeper interest rests with Elizabeth — for within her, as around her, the agony and struggle of life was in full progress; her heart was contending with its mysteries, her will subdued, and yet struggling with its stern necessity. A higher sense of truth, a little more natural sweetness, would have made Elizabeth at this moment one of the most touching and interesting figures in all history.

The historian may well pause at this epoch of these two lives, while still all is uncertain, while yet no Fate has thrown its coming shadow upon either of these royal women. Passion as yet had not entered into the field as an active agent; where it existed it was kept in bounds by the thousand restraints which govern a mature mind and affect a great position. If any spectator had essayed the perilous gift of prophecy, it would probably have been, according to the ordinary rules of vaticination, Elizabeth who was to fall. She it was whose politics and purposes were colored by an attachment unworthy of her, and to which everybody about her believed she might have succumbed at any moment. She might have married Leicester any day of all those days, and nobody would have been surprised; and she might have lived to find out his unworthiness, and fall into dark plots for ridding herself of him, as her father had done. The Tower might have received a queen's husband as it had received a king's wife, or an English Kirk-of-Field might have blazed up into the midnight sky, and driven the world wild with horror. All this might have been, and probably looked like enough to the bystanders. While, on the other hand, Mary of Scotland, a sage and irreproachable princess, might have chosen, from the highest motives, the most likely of her suitors, and reigned with him, knowing no delirium of either happiness or anguish. Such would have been the likeliest prognostication — for the severest wisdom seemed to preside over the Scottish Queen's matrimonial deliberations. She would have married the mad and melancholy Carlos of Spain, and the thought of it drove England and France alike into hysterics. She had even thoughts of marrying her brother-in-law, Charles IX., should that turn out to be the best arrangement. Prudence, national policy, calm reason, was to guide this marriage. It was to be made on the soundest principles; inclination and all foolish thoughts of personal happiness being sublimely set aside. Mary discussed even the Archdukes, harmless ancestors of all our German husbands, with majestic equanimity. She would even, perhaps, have married Leicester, had the acknowledgment of her rights come with him. And there was another Englishman whom it would be politic for her to marry — the long lad of whom Elizabeth had made contemptuous mention — and who, next after Mary herself, had the best hereditary claim upon the English throne. Mary discussed young Darnley along with her Archdukes. And he was more near at hand, and could be had to look at, which doubtless was an advantage. He was the only man who could strengthen her claim upon England, that great centre of her desires, and union with him was the most startling menace which could be given to Elizabeth. All these political reasons were discussed and made apparent before the arrival of the hero on the scene; and, up to this time, every step Mary had taken, every project she had made, had been dictated by good sense and prudence. Indeed, it would be but just to believe that it was more than this — that she had been honestly trying to do her best, with ulterior designs no doubt, but such as were no shame to her, and that it was a certain sweet influence of youth and happiness which had brightened the air about Holyrood, and conciliated the nation. She had no struggle within herself to hamper her. The adversaries and the conflicts were without, and did not daunt

her brave spirit. Credit has been given her at once for less and for more than seems honestly her due. She was not a perfect high-minded heroine, neither was she an artful and sensual witch. She was very daring, very reckless, very inconsiderate, and at the same time very subtle, wily, and *fine*. She could manage everything wisely enough but her own passions, which exploded in spite of her, and left her no time for self-restraint. Elizabeth, on the contrary, could manage her own passions, and little else, at least in the same degree. The lesson is a trite one, but yet it is deeply marked, and gains a certain picturesque effect from the contrast of persons — wit, ingenuity, high intellectual powers, almost genius, sinking into a secondary place before the severe virtue of self-command, the chief of all gifts to one who has to command others.

But Darnley appeared, and the scene changed. Most historians seem to take it for granted that all Mary's sage plans were put to flight by her sudden passion for this "long lad;" but there seems really little foundation in fact for this supposition. She may have been frantically in love with him according to the received idea, but it is certain that his claims had been discussed along with those of her other suitors, and that, Don Carlos being out of the question, the King of France, or rather the Queen-Mother of France, indisposed to the match with Charles IX., and the Archdukes not worth the risk, Darnley was, from Mary's point of view, her most likely wooer. She married him, perhaps stimulated thereto by a violent personal passion, and daring, when she had made up her mind to it, the opposition of Murray and his party, the fury of Elizabeth, and the disquiet of all true Protestants, as lightly as if they had forbidden her a hunting party or a Court masque. This was the tide in the affairs of men which determined her fate. It had a twofold effect upon her. It changed all her political relations, withdrew from her her wisest councillor, Murray; began the conflict for death and life with Elizabeth which, up to this moment, if inevitable, had not fully begun; and threw her upon the sympathy and help of her foreign allies, always a perilous position for a sovereign, and doubly so to the sovereign of an insular nation, differing in so many and such complex ways from all other peoples. And this marriage was as fatal to Mary in her personal existence as in her political. It separated her for ever from the disengaged future and innocent thoughts of youth. She had been, to all public certainty, innocently adventurous, naturally light-hearted, doing much for a purpose, and a great deal without a purpose — a spontaneous woman on the whole, committed to no sort of tragical conclusion. When all the world is still open before the mind, and no bond of fact limits its possibilities, it is perhaps easy to be innocent. The severe test of a fixed destiny and established life was now upon the Scottish Queen, and it was a test which she could not bear. For a short time her triumph, her activity, the rapid movements and joyful vigour natural to a happy outset in life, are conspicuous in her. She springs up out of her council-chamber, out of her deliberations, with a burst of delightful freedom and audacity. Murray, who, by the encouragement of Elizabeth, had taken up arms against the match, was driven before her to melancholy rout and humiliation. She pursued him to the English border, herself riding at the head of her army with pistols at her saddle-bow. And such was her force of action and new spring of energy and influence that everything gave way to her. With her commons awed into acquiescence, her nobility, all except five exiled earls and three barons, unanimous in supporting her, and France and Spain, who were united in nothing else, giving her their joint approval, Mary forgot her prudence, forgot the better inspiration which had guided the beginning of her reign. With her victories her Catholic zeal rekindled. Everything seemed possible to her in the first flush of her triumph. She recalled the banished bravo Bothwell, who had already touched, as it were, a corner of her career, and commended himself to her as a devoted and unscrupulous follower. She held high terms with Elizabeth, and insulted her envoy. She began to plan the re-establishment of Catholicism, and even, with the help of the Pope and Spain, an assertion of her own and her husband's united rights to the throne of England. She joined the Catholic League. In the height of her courage and confidence she even dreamt of carrying her "raid" into England itself, and dictating terms to Elizabeth at the gates of London. She did all this while Elizabeth, alarmed and amazed, had been only taking into consideration what to do. And if it had so happened, in the course of Providence, that Darnley had been a man capable of retaining Mary's affections, or of himself exercising any influence in public affairs, with all Catholic Christendom to back them, and a right acknowledged by so many in England, with Mary's rapid thought and prompt action, and her power of influencing men,

it is impossible to say what the difference in the history of our island and the fate of our race might have been.

But Mary was a woman, and it was at this point that individual ill-fortune stepped in to balk all her brilliant plans and defeat her ambition. There is one chapter in the chronicles of humanity that has still to be written, and that is a chapter which shall treat of the influence of Fools upon history. If it should ever be compiled by any conscientious writer, the character of Darnley may be done full justice to. Mary Stuart had not been married for six months when she found that she was "sprighted with a fool" — "sprighted and angered worse," she might have said, and indeed did say, in action at least, in the bitterness of her disgust and disappointment. Darnley importuned her for the crown matrimonial, as a child might have done for a toy; he revolted her by his evil habits, drinking, and violence. While she was maturing her plans for the great enterprises she was about entering upon, the foolish youth, instead of sharing her counsels, wearied her with his personal requirements. She turned from him with a disgust and disdain as natural to her lively and rapid spirit as her previous love had been. She seems to have intended him no harm, and done nothing positively prejudicial to him; but she was fairly launched upon the new career inaugurated by her marriage, and in the midst of her many engagements, his childish, jealous, passionate babble wearied and wore her out. She seems to have suffered him to go his own way, and to have buried herself more and more in her plans, in all of which Rizzio, her secretary, was almost more deeply involved than herself. The Queen, as became her dignity, made no sort of wail, so far as the public were aware, over the failure she had made. She shunned the man who was unworthy of her — perhaps showed her disdain as such a woman could — perhaps shot at him those poisoned arrows of irony in which she was so strong. On one occasion at least "she left the place with tears" after a remonstrance which had been ineffectual. But the immediate result of her disappointment was that she threw herself more and more into the affairs of state, and the projects which were now of such magnitude and importance. Rizzio is said to have been in the pay of the Pope — he was certainly her adviser in all the steps she took towards a closer alliance with the Catholic Powers. He knew all her secrets of state, and could follow and aid her in her counsels. To seek consolation in the grand Catholic conspiracy of the age, and in her own private designs against her neighbour's crown, when the society of the fool she had so rashly married became sickening and could be borne no longer, was perhaps as wise a thing as a queen could have done. But of all the brutal forces in existence there is no power so deadly, no opposition so hopeless to encounter, as the blind passion of a fool. What were affairs of state, the ambition of a monarch, or the excitement of a conspirator, to Darnley in his insignificance? All that he could see in the business which absorbed his wife was, that it was business in which a man aided her. And the prosecution of the design which had coloured her whole life appeared to the eyes of this contemptible boy as a mere pretext to cover her wanton inclinations. Thus, in the very step which secured, as she thought, her personal independence and left her free to defy her enemies, Mary had taken her first step towards the precipice. Her marriage, triumphantly as it was accomplished, brought with it all her misery, her crimes both political and social, her punishment, and her death.

Rizzio was murdered, as all the world knows, in his mistress's very chamber, clinging to her dress and demeaning himself like a miserable coward. That awful night turned Mary Stuart's blood to gall. It was an outrage not to be forgotten or forgiven. She promised her unworthy husband in her passion that she would never rest until she had given him as sorrowful a heart as she had at that moment. And with the minutest fidelity she kept her promise. From that moment the tenor of her life changed — the Queen disappeared in any large political sense. She put aside her business, her ambition, her hopes and claims. A passionate desire for revenge took possession of her. All the guile of the Guises, all the craft which she had been legitimately enough practising in the former part of her career, suddenly came to life in its darkest form within her, and with all the more dread intensity that it was directed not on public but on personal ends. She was an outraged woman, an insulted wife, and her personal affairs came uppermost in this moment of supreme exasperation. When the devil takes possession of a soul it is strange if instruments be not found to do his work, and worse devils still to spur him on. Mary had her familiar at her elbow. He had done her service ere now — most likely ere now he had conceived for her the violent and audacious passion which, to a woman bound to such a

futile fool as Darnley, must have had, even in its guiltiness, a certain terrible refreshment and renewing power. When her miserable husband brought back upon her the men she had banished, and shut her up in close confinement in her own palace, Bothwell with ready wit escaped at once and prepared to do her active service. When she too escaped, bowing her pride to the revolting length of wooing back Darnley's affection, Bothwell, with the aid of his friends, had collected an army for her succour, and once more secured her triumph. He kept by her side in the interval that followed, ever bold, ready, and devoted. He had been her right hand in the brilliant little campaign against Murray with which her married life commenced. She had interfered in arranging a marriage for him, as ladies, themselves happily married, love to do for such favourites. She had decked his bride as Guenevere decked Enid. And he in return had been her most watchful and trustworthy follower ready to fight or lie, or even die, for her should occasion offer. He might be licentious, uncultured, even brutal, though authorities are by no means unanimous in so representing him; but at least he was a man, and Mary's lot had been to be cursed with the volatile affection of a boyish and trifling imbecile. "In fact," says Mr. Burton, in his 'History of Scotland,' "but for the crimes which paved the way to the conclusion, the union of Bothwell and Mary would have been the natural winding-up of a legitimate romance. Remove the unpleasant conditions that both were married, and that there was a husband and a wife to be got rid of ere the two could be united, substitute honour and virtue for treachery and crime, and here are the complete elements out of which the providence which presides over romance develops the usual happy conclusion."

Thus the gradual approach to each other of these two fated souls was not so unnatural as many people have supposed. Mary began to love, probably for the first time in her life — for her attachment to Darnley, if she was in reality attached to him, must have been little more than a passing fancy. Francis of France had been, like Darnley, a boy and a weakling. The men who had hitherto mingled deeply in her life had been silken personages of the bower and council-chamber. Here, for the first time, was a man, a soldier, ready for her sake to dare everything, not battle merely or death, but crime itself. The despicable Darnley did all he could to emphasize the difference between his wretched person and that of Mary's saviour and chief champion. He betrayed his associates, informed upon them, like a dishonourable coward, and swore, liar that he was, that he had had no share in Rizzio's murder, an act which disgusted his friends, and scattered his last supporters from his side. "He passed up and down his lane, and few durst bear him company." He fell into the sullen despair of a weak nature, having nothing but futile reproaches and miserable complaints to make to the woman who was weary to death of his intolerable presence. And Bothwell was by, ready to carry out whatsoever plan she might suggest — prompt and fearless in her service, knowing no scruples, no conscience, no duty, except to his queen. She was won by this devotion, as was not unnatural; possibly it was a kind of comfort to her in her disappointment and rage, to feel that there was yet one man in the world who would serve her as man had never served her before, and who loved her more than honour or safety, more than life or wife, more than his own soul. The casket of letters about which there has been so much discussion, and which, if they are genuine, prove beyond all doubt Mary's complicity in the murder of Darnley, are yet in another sense her *pièces justificatives*. They prove her crime; but they prove at the same time the profound tragic passion which, even in its deepest criminality, has something sublime. The crime even without them is but too credible — but the bare history fills the reader with horror alone; whereas he will be hard-hearted who can read these letters without an infinite pity for the miserable woman so wonderfully gifted, so fatally doomed. Crime and outrage turned her aside out of the higher path of state which she was so busily pursuing, into personal struggles and an injured woman's revenge; and by crime and outrage she retaliated. Henceforward for a time the story leaves the high places of history. France and Spain and the Catholic League, and the English Succession, fade off from the lurid skies. Mary's misery, Mary's hatred, Mary's tragic love and aching heart, as if she were a peasant girl, whose story of the heart was all her story, become the only things to see.

While this terrible brief chronicle of marriage and murder was going on in Scotland, and the miserable drama began to shape itself to the conclusion, no personal event worth noting had happened to Elizabeth. Her life, though full of so many great interests, looks tame and flat by the side of one in which so much was happening

— a difference made still more apparent by the contrast between the rapid movements and quick conclusions of Mary, and the slow, vacillating, and uncertain action of Elizabeth. Perhaps the difference lay in character alone; perhaps the vaster concerns with which Elizabeth had to deal impeded her movements. But there can be little doubt that the comparison between the two is in every respect to the advantage of Mary. Even Froude admits that though the Queen of Scots deceived her enemies, "she had never betrayed a friend." Elizabeth's treachery, on the contrary, had become clumsily systematic. A certain reluctance to tell the truth, to carry out any negotiation to a distinct and faithful end, seems to have taken possession of her. Her conduct at the time of Mary's marriage was as miserable and discreditable as it is possible to conceive. She encouraged Murray and his followers to take up arms, keeping them hanging on in wretched suspense after they had done so; used every subterfuge to avoid keeping her promises, and shifted and shuffled as it is scarcely possible to imagine a woman so able could have permitted herself to do. Her mind alone, without any asistance from the moral qualities, might have been sufficient to prove to her the utter futility of her wickedness; but such was not the case. This was apparently her theory of state-craft to postpone to the last possible moment everything she had to do; to encourage and lead others into mischief, and then to leave them in the lurch to bear the brunt as they could; to strike covert blows at her enemies when fallen, and miserably to disavow them when the overthrown were raised up, and the unsuccessful became strong. Such was Elizabeth's "way." When driven to extremity, she adopted the mean expedient of instructing her commander on the borders to give a little niggardly succour, *as if from himself*, to the Scots lords whom she had beguiled into dependence on her. Now and then she threw them secretly a dole of money instead of the support and countenance she had promised, and then denied that she had done so to the French ambassador, whose assistance she sought in her perplexity. In short, Elizabeth — so wise, so politic, so great a sovereign as she was — behaved herself in a very great emergency as a very silly woman might behave in a household squabble, through which she hoped by management to steer, with a finger in everybody's pie, yet without offending any one. So deep did she carry her treachery, that after Murray had been hopelessly routed by Mary, and driven from the kingdom, Elizabeth concocted a highly dramatic scene, to which the foreign ambassadors were invited, to see her receive and lecture the fugitive on the enormity of his sin in rebelling against his sovereign. It was rumoured, she said, that she had instigated or encouraged the insurrection in Scotland. She would not have done such a thing to be sovereign of the universe. All this Murray had to listen to, making a meek little preconcerted speech of assent and submission. The Queen then assured the ambassadors that this was the exact truth, and as such had better be transmitted to their respective courts; and with her own hand wrote to Mary wishing her sister could only have been present to have heard how she put the rebellious subject down. Anything more ludicrous, more pitiful, more meanly feminine, could not be conceived. One seems to hear the voluble declaration of a humble scandal-monger, professing to have given "a bit of her mind" to the third party who has made all the mischief. Of course nobody was deceived. But the consequence of such incidents is, that whereas Mary is too generally allowed, even by those who take her part romantically in the darker portion of her history, to have been full of wile and witchcraft and polished falsehood, she is, in fact, a very model of truth by the side of Elizabeth, to whom in every emergency a lie seemed to have presented itself as the most natural weapon.

And yet, again, the doubtful clouds of her policy, and the still darker mysteries of her character, break and open. And this strange woman once more appears before us, surprised, by a sudden pang of nature, back again into humanity, into a sphere accessible to pity and tenderer thoughts. Mary's son had just been born, and the proud Scotch messenger carrying the news went post-haste to Greenwich, where the English Court was, to tell Elizabeth of the new heir. She was in the midst of her brilliant Court, probably putting aside care for the moment, and trying to forget her troubles. When the news was told a sudden pang struck her; she fell back in her chair, and hid her face and cried out in a momentary agony. There are few things in history more pathetic than this exclamation, wrung out of her heart in her surprise and sudden bitter sense of contrast. "The Queen of Scots is the mother of a fair son, and I am but a barren stock," cried the heart-struck woman — an exclamation which no one who has ever known those sudden pangs of self-pity produced by an unlooked-

for contrast can hear, even over the calm distance of three centuries, without a thrill of compassion.

And here again the wonderful contrast between Elizabeth as a queen and Elizabeth as a woman cannot but strike the observer. She was false to every principle of honour as applied to her public conduct. Yet she held for years, and in the face of countless obstacles, to that sacred point of honour to a woman — the impossibility of marrying one man while she loved another. Whenever her throne and power were more than usually menaced, she made a languid fuss about matrimony, and professed to be winding herself up to the pitch of marrying — the Archduke, or whoever else might be in question. But every pretence which could justify procrastination was eagerly seized. She could not give up her love. To marry him — though she made painful pitiful efforts to sound everybody on the subject, and test the temper of her subjects whether they would bear it — she dared not. But she kept faithful to him, in spite of all the greater questions that were involved. She displayed the highest truth and constancy of romance, along with the most thorough dissimulation. She even took pleasure in deception in public matters; while in this greatest personal matter she was romantically, fantastically true. At this special moment of the infant's birth, Elizabeth had many special causes for bitterness. Not to say that the one thing of all others which she detested was that her relatives — possible heirs to her crown — should marry and multiply while she did not, — the mere fact that Mary had a son increased her popularity at once tenfold. What the nation wanted was an heir; and here was a woman who had proved herself capable of giving to the nation what it wanted. What had Mary done that she should have all these advantages? — that to her should be given to marry the man she had chosen to marry, and to produce the child whom it was so necessary to produce? Providence itself seemed in the league with the fairer, younger, bolder rival, who was but waiting the earliest favourable opportunity, not so much of succeeding as of dethroning Elizabeth. The ominous Catholic League was rising like a great shadow across the Channel — her quick-witted and daring enemy lay in wait across the Border. No man could tell when these forces might join — when the disaffected half of England might rise — when the legitimate Catholic queen, with her invaluable infant, might ride to the gates of London as she had threatened, and sweep away into prison or overthrow the illegitimate Protestant, who was but a barren stock. These were the thoughts that moved Elizabeth. She did not know that Providence, which she thus upbraided, was about to work for her in the most appalling and tragic way; that the days had come which changed Mary Stuart's career, hitherto so promising and successful, and set horror and fear, instead of hope and expectation, to be the attendants of her life.

The story of Darnley's murder is too well known to require re-description here — if indeed such a repetition would not be presumptuous in presence of Mr. Burton's clear and vivid narrative, and the wonderfully impressive picture given by Mr. Froude. We know of no corresponding event in history. Murders there have been enough in all ages, and conspiracies of as unmitigated blackness; but anything involving such a rush and whirl of human passion has but rarely occurred on this generally temperate earth. The act itself — the pale figure of the unhappy boy, on whom his death, and that alone, throws a certain interest — altogether fades before the amazing tragical excitement with which posterity for all these years has looked back upon the miserable woman who was the inspiration, the prize, and the victim of this extraordinary crime. For our own part, we find it difficult to realize even the manner of intelligence which can conclude Mary to be innocent. If she was innocent, her entire nature was changed, and her position becomes not the awful and tragic position which has since enthralled the world, but a contemptible and unintelligible secondary place, as alien to her nature as in contradiction of all the facts of the terrible story. For those who recognize only the black and white, the absolutely bestial and absolutely angelic, in human nature, it may be necessary to take up this poor hypothesis; but for every observer who appreciates the infinite complexities of the heart, no such begging of the question can be satisfactory. Mr. Burton has wisely constructed his narrative without reference to the contents of the famous casket of letters — so did the Lords, who, after their pause of horror, were driven to arms in defence of justice, and in vindication of the insulted and outraged country; but few people can read the clear, dispassionate, and candid examination given by the historian of these letters, when he comes to the period of their discovery, without feeling at once the strength of their internal evidence, and the

wonderful light they throw upon a heart and spirit driven onward by such a force of passion as — hideous as its consequences were — can scarcely exist save in connection with a certain grandeur of soul. We have said they are the *pièces justificatives* on which Mary's reputation rests. Perhaps this is too bold a statement; yet if there be any pity, if there be any softening, if any apology can be for an act so hideous, here is her awful plea. For ourselves, we confess that our interest in Mary, apart from the national prejudice of all true Scots, is founded more upon this extraordinary self-revelation than on any other point in her history. Mr. Froude, though he loves not Mary, is almost touched by these wonderful documents. He says that one of them "could have been invented only by a genius equal to that of Shakespeare," and that they occasionally reach "that strange point where the criminal passion of a woman becomes almost virtue in its utter self-abandonment." On Mr. Burton, though our readers are aware he is very far from being a sentimental historian, they produce a similar effect.

"Nowhere else, perhaps," he says, "has the conflict of the three passions, love, jealousy, and hatred, been so powerfully stamped in utterance. Somewhat impoverished though it may be in the echo of a foreign medium, we have here the reality of that which the masters of fiction have tried in all ages with more or less success to imitate. They have striven to strip great events of broad, vulgar, offensive qualities, and to excite sensations which approach to sympathy with human imperfections. And indeed these letters stir from their very foundation the sensations which tragic genius endeavours to arouse. We cannot, in reading them, help a touch of sympathy, or it may be compassion, for the gifted being driven in upon the torrent of relentless passions, even though the end to which she drifts is the breaking of the highest laws, human and divine."

If such is the feeling of a writer so self-controlled and unsentimental, so much more disposed towards the prose than the poetry of history, there can be little doubt as to the power of the productions which extort this testimony from him. It is, as Mr. Burton ably points out, almost impossible that they could have been invented. Buchanan, who has been accused of it, is evidently quite incapable of any such effort of genius. His *Detectio* paints everything in downright black, earthly, sensual, and devilish. In the letters themselves, in the very midst of the prolonged description of her treacherous visit to Darnley, Mary breaks into piteous self-excuses, pathetic protestations that she hates herself for it, yet it is all for her lover's sake.

"I must go forward," she says, "with my odious purpose. You make me dissemble so far that I abhor it, and you cause me to do the office of a traitress. If it were not to obey you I had rather die than do it; my heart bleeds at it. * * * * Have no evil opinion of me for this," she adds, with a true woman's instinct, "you yourself are the cause of it; for my own private revenge I would not do it to him. Seeing, then, that to obey you, my dear love, I spare neither honour, conscience, hazard, nor greatness, take it, I pray you, in good part. Look not at that woman whose false tears should not be so much regarded as the true and faithful labour which I am bearing to deserve her place, to obtain which, against my nature, I betray those that may hinder me. God forgive me, and God give you, my only love, the happiness and prosperity which your humble and faithful friend desires for you. She hopes soon to be another thing to you. It is late. I would write to you forever; yet now I will kiss your hand and end."

Still more touching is the letter written just before her marriage, which we add below, * and in which it is apparent that the

* "MONSIEUR, — Si l'ennuy de vostre absence, celui de vostre oubli, la crainte du dangier tant promis d'un chacun a vostre tant ayme personne peuvent me consoller, je vous en lesse a juger; veu le malheur que mon cruel sort et continuel malheur m'avoient promis, a la suite des infortunes et craintes tant recentes que passes, de plus longue main les quelles vous scaves. Mais pour tout cela je ne vous accuserai ni de peu de souvenance, ni de peu de soigne, et moins encore de vostre promesse violee ou de la froideur de vos lettres; m'estant ya tant randue vostre que ce qu'il vous plaist m'est agreable; et sont mes penses tant volonterement aux vostre asubjectes, que je veulx presupposer qui tout ce que vient de vous procede non par aulcune des causes desusdictes, ains pour telles qui sont justes et raisonnables, et telles qui je desire moymesme; qui est l'ordre qui m'aves promis de prendre final pour la seurte et honorable service du seul soubtien de ma vie, pour qui seul je la veux conserver, et sans lequel je ne desire que breve mort; or est pour vous tesmoigner combien humblement sous vos commandement je me soubmetz, je vous ay envoie en signe d'homage par Paris l'ornement du chief, conducteur des aultres membres, inferant que vous investant de la despoille luy qui est principal, le rest ne peult qui vous estre subject; et avecques le consentement du cœur, au lieu du quil, puis que la vous ay ja lesse, je vous envoie un sepulcre de pierre dure, peinct du noir, seme de larmes et de ossements. La pierre je la compare a mon cueur qui comme luy est talle en un seur tombeau, ou receptacle de vos commandements, et sur tout de vostre nom et memoire, qui y sont enclos comme mes cheveulx en la bagne, pour jamais n'en sortir que la mort ne vous permet faire trophee de mes os; comme la bagne en est remplie, en signe que vous aves fayt entiere conqueste de moi de mon cueur, et jusque a vous en lesser les os pour memoir de vostre victoire et du mon agreable perte.

"Les larmes sont sans nombre, ainsi sont les craintes de vous deplair; les pleurs de vostre ab-

man for whom she had made such terrible sacrifices did not even repay her with love and constancy. She was indeed, to all appearance, as wretched with as without this miserable villain, passionately as she loved him — a result which, perhaps, was to be expected. There was no comfort for her after she had once taken the awful step. A whirl of passion and horror sweeps up all the incidents of this wonderful crisis into one. It is like a lurid mist, through which the fatal explosion of the Kirk-of-Field — the midnight cries of vengeance in the Edinburgh streets — the dumb pause of baffled justice and paralysed power — the incredible marriage, with all its accessories of shame — the Queen's elaborate public explanations, her pretended abduction, her real flight, the transports of her love, and the cries of her disappointment,— mingle in one wild confusion. Even at the moment when she has attained her object, she is heard to weep, and ask for a knife to kill herself. Dreadful and heart-rending is the picture; but it is grand only because it is guilty — because this frenzy of hope and despair, this wild struggle against the impossible, is the very climax of life to the chief actor — because she has set her heart on the cast, and has staked everything — name, fame, innocence, existence, salvation. A white angelic victim, sacrificed to a villain's plots and passions, naturally interests all gentle and unsophisticated souls. But to represent Mary Stuart in this light, is to take away everything that is characteristic, everything that is unique, out of the magnificent but baleful picture. Innocence has little to do with such grand tableaux of history. She is grand in her passion, in her struggle, in her self-abandonment, in her guilt.

This marvellous and breathless tale naturally takes the colour out of the calm progress of affairs in England and Elizabeth's unprogressive life. Not that these were calm in themselves. No doubt, many things were going on in England, of equal, it might be even of superior, importance in the history of the world — settlements of many weighty matters, which still tell upon our actual life. But the great tragedy going on in Scotland was for the moment the point to which the eyes of Christendom were directed. Horror and amazement filled the minds of men. And other sovereigns and other nations — England and Elizabeth principally, who were the nearest and most interested — became, as it were, for the moment spectators of this wonderful outburst of human passion. It cannot be said, however, that Elizabeth treated her rival in any ungenerous way. She was stunned, like everybody else, by the catastrophe — but, perhaps disgusted by the extravagance of dissimulation into which her last tampering with the Scotch Lords had led her, she refused to interpose, and contented herself with offering her advice to Mary in such terms as became their relationship and her maturer age. When, however, the short fever of the marriage with Bothwell had come to an end, when Mary, for the first time unsuccessful in the field, had been compelled to yield to the Lords, to part with her villanous husband, and to yield herself up to the tender mercies of her outraged subjects, Elizabeth's conduct came to be of the most equivocal character. She plead so hotly, so fiercely, so pertinaciously for her sister's liberation, that Mary's life had all but paid the penalty of her impetuosity. It was the first time the Scottish Queen had been, so to speak, in Elizabeth's power; and had she kept silent, and allowed events to take their course, it would have been all that the beautiful culprit could have expected from her. Yet all at once we see her becoming Mary's advocate to such a point of fervour as almost to drive the Lords to do their utmost against their Queen, by way of showing their independence of Elizabeth's counsels. There were people found to assert that the English Queen exerted herself with this intent — a hypothesis of which there is no proof. What her motive was, was hidden in the depths of her own spirit. It might be that a secret longing to see the rival, the successor who had so long and sadly troubled her, cut off at once in so just a way without any responsibility of hers, might have consciously or unconsciously moved Elizabeth — an idea not at all out of keeping with her character; or it might be simply that her creed about the sacredness of princes was her motive in her fervent championship. Anyhow she

sense et le deplaisir de ne pouvour estre en effet exterieur vostre comme je suys sans falutyse de cueur et d'esprit; et a bon droit quand mes merites seront trop plus grands que de la plus parfayte que jamais feut, et telle que je desire estre; et mettray peine en condition de contrefair pour dignement estre employee soubs vostre domination. Resents la donc mon seul bien en aussi bonne part comme avecques extreme joie, j'ay fait vostre mariage qui jusque celui de nos corps en publie ne sortira de mon sein, comme merque de tout ce que j'ay ou espere ni desire de felicite en ce monde. Or craignant mon cueur de vous ennuyer autant a lire que je me plaise descrir, je finiray, apres vous avoir baise les mains d'aussi grande affection, qui je prie Dieu o le seul soubtien de ma vie vous la donner longue et heureuse, et a moy vostre bonne grace comme le seul bien que je desire et a quoy je tends." — MSS. Mary Queen of Scots, vol. ii. No. 66. Rolls House.

pressed the point so hotly, that she had to be prayed for Mary's sake to desist. If, however, her motive was such as malicious critics said, the result, though delayed for years, was, after all, according to her wishes. For it was Elizabeth's eager intercession on her behalf which tempted the fugitive to throw herself upon the doubtful hospitality of England, when, after her romantic escape from Lochleven and momentary stand against her enemies, she finally fled after the battle of Langside. Elizabeth, who had more than once tempted the Scots Lords into humiliation and ruin by fair words and promises of support, thus played a similar game with Mary. She never seems to have intended to give real aid to either party; and when they threw themselves upon her generosity and her promises, the process of undeceiving them was a sharp and bitter one. Murray had but lately felt the smart in its most poignant shape; but even Murray's experience was nothing to that of the fugitive Queen, who went for a shelter and protection, and found a judge, a prison, and death at the end.

Perhaps the severity of Elizabeth's proceedings was quickened by the fact that the north of England, still largely Catholic, received the beautiful fugitive with enthusiasm. More than a year had elapsed since the murder of Darnley; and in a year people forget many things, especially such things as have happened out of their immediate ken. And the Cumberland gentlemen showed signs of utter subjugation to this unlooked-for visitor. This had been all along the bugbear of Elizabeth's life. She had known that it would be so. Since the moment when the young widow of France had asked permission to pass through England, it had been Elizabeth's policy to keep so dangerous a visitor out of her kingdom. And now, with the great crime in which she was involved half-forgotten, and with all the interest and romance of her misfortunes surrounding her, here she was, in the most dangerous district, holding a kind of sudden court, and witching all men who approached her. What but sure guard and strong bars should keep such a danger in check? So far as Elizabeth herself was concerned she would, Mr. Froude thinks (though her professions are the only p oof of this, and nobody better than Mr. Froude knows what her professions were worth), have received the stranger in her own court, and treated her as a sister. But her advisers were of a wiser opinion; and it was ruled that she could not be received by Elizabeth until she had proved her innocence. Various conditions were suggested, various half-bargains made, in the beginning of her imprisonment. And among other emissaries sent to her was Sir Francis Knolly's, who has left the following remarkable account of the woman with whom he was thus called upon to deal:—

"This lady and princess is a notable woman. She seemeth to regard no ceremonious honour besides the acknowledgment of her estate-royal. She showeth a disposition to speak much, to be bold, to be pleasant, to be very familiar. She showeth a great desire to be avenged of her enemies. She shows a readiness to expose herself to all perils in the hope of victory. She desires much to hear of hardiness and valiancy, commending by name all approved hardy men of her country, although they be her enemies; and she concealeth no cowardice, even in her friends. The thing she most thirsteth after is victory; and it seemeth to be indifferent to her to have her enemies diminished either by the sword of her friends, or by the liberal promises and rewards of her purse, or by divisions and quarrels among themselves. So that, for victory's sake, pain and pleasure seem pleasant unto her, and in respect of victory, wealth and all things seem to her contemptible and vile. Now, what is to be done with such a lady and princess, or whether such a princess and lady be to be nourished in our bosom, or whether it be good to halt or dissemble with such a lady, I refer to your judgment. The plainest way is the most honourable, in my opinion."

"The thing she most thirsteth after is victory." These words show a clearer insight into Mary's character than is often to be met in the observations of contemporaries. Knollys, it is apparent, had been profoundly impressed with the power and vigour and courage of the woman whom he was sent to lecture and threaten; and perhaps of all points in her character this wonderful power of continuance and self renovation is one of the most remarkable She had passed through the whirlwind and the fire. Passion such as few can feel had rent her very soul, and the awful stamp of murder had touched her brow. The tragedy had been played to its end, the floor had been heaped with slain. Nemesis had come forth in her sternest aspect, and the curtain had fallen — when lo! but one year after, the heroine has taken up her life again, and bursts out of the clouds as fair, as fascinating, as full of untamable force and vitality, as if these things had been a dream. But a year, and Bothwell had disappeared like a mist from her path. He had been master of her very soul and fate — the parting from him had driven her almost mad;

yet but a few months' seclusion in the solitude of Lochleven, and light has come back to her eyes, and courage to her heart. Her after-life is that of a woman who has survived herself. And a certain sense of cold and self-sufficing power lying underneath that volcano comes over us as we gaze. To live on for years after the tragedy was over, to carry with her for half a lifetime the recollection of Darnley's sickbed, of Bothwell's embrace, and, after all and over all, still to thirst for victory! No poet, even the highest, dared invent such a character. It stands before us almost awful in the vitality which nothing can impair.

The story of Mary's captivity, with all its attendant schemes and intrigues, it is impossible to impress into our limited space. The circumstances of her case are quite enough to prove, even had no actual results encumbered the record, how dangerous an inmate she was. A large number of the English peers, so far as any conception of true loyalty was possible to them at all, were more loyal to her than to their actual sovereign. She set the imagination of the young aglow, and exercised upon the common people that vague witchery which beauty, misfortune, a gracious presence, and a romantic story, have over all uncultured intelligences. She was Elizabeth's natural heir, always a difficult position; and Scotland itself, her native kingdom, was, and had been at all times, but a secondary object with her in comparison with England. Even the last and worst threat to a woman, the threat of publishing her guilt to the world, scarcely could move her to give up her claim to that succession which had been the leading idea of all her life. That she carried on incessant conspiracies with everybody who could be tempted to conspire, at first with the most triumphant hope and confidence, being yet young and of unbroken courage, afterwards by fits and starts, with failing assurance, yet still a spirit ready to stick at nothing, cannot be disputed even by her warmest partisans. The sight is one which must, merely as an exhibition of human vigour and indomitable will, strike every beholder with a certain amazed admiration. With such awful memories lying behind her, with victims falling for her love almost at every step she takes, with the prospect before her of ever and ever a gloomier prison, perhaps a scaffold, her infinite activity of mind, her brave spirit, her unbounded resources, never fail. When one attempt has been quenched in blood, on the morrow she is as ready to try again as if the deadly game she was playing was but a summer sport interrupted by a chance shower. Nor can any just spectator blame the captive, unless it be for a certain indifference to the blood shed in her cause, and the misery made by her countless conspiracies, which was not actual indifference after all, so much as the unconscious velocity with which such a spirit, set like a planet in its orbit, rushes on by nature through the rustling vacancy of space. She was not callous to the lost heads and aching hearts that fell on her way, but her career was too impetuous to leave her much time for mourning. It was natural that she should struggle for what she conceived to be her rights. The one dreadful episode in her life which hangs like a persistent shadow over her memory, and recurs naturally to every mind when Mary's name is named, did after all occupy little more than a year of that busy and full existence; and there seems every reason to believe that it held a much less important place in Mary's memory than it does in ours. Consciences were robust in those days, and the conscience of the Queen of Scots was perhaps even more than usually robust. It seems to have glided naturally off her memory, as the peccadilloes of our youth do glide. She had suffered bitterly for it and got done with it. She left it behind her as utterly as she had left Dunbar and Holyrood. At Bolton, at Tutbury, at Wingfield, wherever she was, she was the captive representative of legitimacy, of a sovereign's divine rights, of the Catholic religion. There seems no reason to suspect that she did not in good faith conceive herself to be so. Therefore her conspiracies were not only justifiable, but a glory and honour to her. Even the last, in which the assassination of Elizabeth was aimed at, if indeed she knew of this particular, was nothing to startle a woman in her position. It was but a clearer and more distinct (as became her nature) recognition of the fact which her great rival found out and acted on so soon after. Elizabeth and Mary could not exist in one sphere. They were incompatible each with the other. This was the plain issue to which it came at last.

Thus there was nothing unnatural in Mary's continual struggle to free herself and reclaim her position, had that been possible. But she was a shrewd inmate to the embarrassed neighbour who could neither trust her nor get rid of her. It is hard to see what Elizabeth could have done other than what she finally did to dispose safely of her troublesome guest. In England she was even, in her prison, a centre of disaffection.

Free, she would have been at the head of a Catholic army, and civil war would have desolated the country. Whether, had she been suffered to escape to France, she might have done less harm is a problem now impossible to solve; but Elizabeth, in her own opinion at least, would have been, as she said, acting like a fool in letting her go. And Scotland would not have her at any price. What was to be done with her? The theory that Elizabeth's revengeful passions were satisfied by the humiliation and murder of her rival — that she inveigled Mary into her hands, and tortured her slowly to the brink of the grave before she satisfied her vengeance by the final blow — is one of those primitive and simple minded conceptions which arose before the age of historical criticism. The Queen of England was no monster: she was a woman of a troublesome temper, a very uncertain mind, an immense pride, and a wonderful horror of the idea of anything or anybody outliving and succeeding herself. She stands amid the curious revelations of moden history a strange gigantic specimen of that class of managing women which keeps the world in general in so much hot water. Mr. Froude, for his part, who is considered a champion of Elizabeth, has done the most curious office by her that ever champion did for his liege lady. The world has been generally of opinion for a century or two, as many simple-minded persons are at this moment, that she was the vainest, the cruelest, the most envious and malignant, but also one of the ablest of women. We have looked upon her as an ogress persecuting to the death a beautiful forlorn princess whose chief fault (beyond a few doubtful extravagances of youth) was that of being lovelier, sweeter, in every way more delightsome to the eye and to the mind, than her grim adversary; but at the same time we have given to that grim adversary all the strength and determination necessary to the character. The fact seems to have been that Elizabeth's great faculty in this world was that of making what is vulgarly called a mull of everything she touched. When she has made a move in one direction she seems to feel it necessary instantly to make a move in the opposite to neutralise the first. She plays her right hand against her left, makes strategic movements at one and the same moment in advance and in retreat, and sometimes labours even under the difficulty of forgetting which string she pulled last, and whose turn it is to be managed. A kind of forlorn attempt to get at the middle course, which is the safe and sure one, seems to be the inspiration of her life; but in her struggles after this *juste milieu*, she drags everybody into the mire, and is herself always seen labouring out of it, muddy and halting, when any emergency happens. Thus in the examination made into the charges against Mary after her arrival in England, Elizabeth contrives to secure a general breakdown, and the discomfiture of everybody — accusers, accused, judges, witnesses, herself included. She will manage it in her own way. She will have the crime proved, and yet not proved; fixing Mary's assailants before the world half as righteous pursuers of wickedness, half as rebels and false accusers, and leaving Mary herself in the anomalous position of a culprit neither acquitted nor found guilty. As long as any good end could be served by keeping silence about so great a scandal, Elizabeth pushed on the investigation; and when the moment came that made a full and clear judgment a public necessity, her other demon had seized her, and her fatal faculty of interference confused the lengthy and elaborate process into a hopeless muddle. After the proofs of Mary's complicity, the fatal letters, had been seen, examined, and received as indisputable by the Commission which investigated them, a sudden compunction seized Elizabeth about their publication to the world. This she would still spare "her sister;" and she did so, leaving for herself as well as Mary the consequences of this incomplete judgment to wear their lives out, and to perplex posterity. Whether, had those strange documents been published, the revelation of Mary's mind which they made would have sufficed to neutralise the fascination of Mary's person and position, is perhaps doubtful; but anyhow, Elizabeth lost the fruit of her pains, and left a delusive uncertainty to hang over the whole matter, and to aid in those softening effects of time and forgetfulness which did the Queen of Scots such service. Such acts form the ordinary strain of Elizabeth's life. It seemed impossible for her to let anything alone, to suffer anything to proceed to its natural issue, to take any step at the right time; and yet, strangely enough, the nature of the age was such that this shuffling and uncertain career realised most of the efforts of wisdom. Her double action made Elizabeth slow in all her decisions, and ere her doubtful mind was made up, Providence had so often settled the question that procrastination almost seemed a virtue. But to everybody surrounding her — to her councillors, her commanders, all the imperial agents

who had to suffer for her mistakes, and act as scapegoats for her on all occasions — she was a continued hindrance and embarrassment. Her private life was as unsuccessful as that of Mary, even in prison and banishment, was triumphant. The enthusiasm inspired by the captive never, except in the unsavoury shape of a mob's applause, rose round the English Queen. Her vanity was poorly satisfied, if it was satisfied at all, by the princely candidates among whom she was so vainly entreated to choose a husband. Her love was more poorly satisfied still, since Leicester, the object of so faithful an affection, seems, between the intervals in which she entertained the idea of marrying him, to have solaced himself with three wives. Yet in all this she was but reaping as she sowed. Into no action of her life did she ever throw herself fully with her entire heart and will, and from nobody did she receive, or perhaps could she receive, more than she gave. A mind always under the sway of secondary motives cannot expect and has no right to the power of calling forth the profounder primitive emotions in others. After three hundred years, Mary, guilty and miserable, has yet the ear and the interest of the world. Elizabeth, great and prosperous, has nothing to set off against the attractions of her rival. The life of the one was glorious, wretched, shameful, detestable, magnificent; the life of the other was great, sombre, monotonous — monotonous even in the most exciting crises, and amid the grandest events — awaking political rather than personal feeling — the life of one, as we have already said, who awoke no enthusiasm and won no man's heart.

Nothing, however, can be more contemptible than the attempt of unphilosophical history to speak scandal of Queen Elizabeth, and to throw upon a woman whose life proves her so self-controlled, and who was strong enough to conquer her inclinations even in the height of youth, the imputation of silly and senile loves in her age. It seems doubtful, notwithstanding her intense affection for him, whether she ever went the length of desiring to marry even Leicester. His society, his conversation, the daily sight of him, was necessary to her. Probably she cared for no more. There are such women, though it is a fashion to doubt their existence.

The last scene of all came to these two rivals with the same wonderful and picturesque force of contrast which was apparent through their lives. Mary had lived potentially all her existence, and she had the faculty of dying greatly — a faculty which belonged to her race. No more solemn picture has ever been drawn by history than that of the hall at Fotheringay, where the worn but princely woman, calm and splendid, completed, as people say, her long expiation. She had received the intelligence of her doom without the tingling of a nerve or a change of colour. She spent her last night in this world as a saint might have done, gravely, sweetly, with the profound composure and hush of all emotion which such a certainty brings to a great heart. She had a great heart, though she had sinned as few women have sinned — and now the fever and the fret were over. With a tender natural grace such as never failed her, she pledged her weeping servants after her last meal. She was the only one among the strange assembly in the gray February morning who preserved her calm. Her priest was denied her, and alone, kneeling in her little oratory, she read the death-psalms, interrupted by the summons of her executioners. Then she went down, feeble of limb but strong of heart, to where the block was prepared for her. Even these hideous details waken no tremor of imagination in her royal self-command. The voice of the English dean, who, in default of the exhortation which she declined to listen to, had begun to read the burial service of the English liturgy, mingled with her utterance as she said on her knees the penitential psalms, but did not disturb her solemn abstraction. Then uncovering her fair neck, she stretched it out to the fatal stroke. There were present two English earls, two weeping women of Mary's chamber, the dean, the executioner. Her little dog had crept under her skirts as she knelt, and was found there. Such is all the tale. Her high courage had stood her instead at many a harder emergency, and it did not fail in this last sharp but effectual remedy for all trouble. Thus she died, a fatal woman who had brought death to wellnigh all the councillors of her youth, all her lovers and champions. She had seen them fall on her path, man by man, yet had never failed of again another and another. And now her last act was done with such nobility, with such solemnity, as has all but awed the world out of recollection of the stormy scenes before. For our own part we offer no plea for Mary Stuart, nor attempt to veil the crimes of her career; but as she stands we know of no more wonderful figure in all the long panorama of history. Had she but

been a man, the chances are our chronicles would have preserved her name as that of the greatest of all the Stuart kings.

When Mary was thus put out of her way, something of the spell which had been upon Elizabeth broke off from her. The Armada came and brought with it the greatest personal success of her waning life. The great stimulus of invasion quickened the blood in her veins, and she both spoke and acted, as she had seldom done in her life, in a way befitting a sovereign prince. Hereafter no rival vexed her; but the long struggle about the succession, which had been, as she said, like her death-knell, continued year by year, kept up on one side by the most pertinacious importunity, on the other by an obstinate and unreasonable resistance, which, now that no Catholic heir was by to change succession into supercession, and no direct heir was possible to Elizabeth, was more a sign of personal weakness than of policy. By death, by freaks of sudden rebellion sharply and hardly punished, her friends dropt off from her. Leicester, long loved, had died, and in the callousness of her age she had mourned him little. Essex, her bright young favourite, had given his head as the penalty of his rash trick of rebellion. At last the time came when Elizabeth too felt the touch of mortal weakness. Perhaps on account of a superstition, perhaps from reluctance to yield to the weakness she felt stealing over her, she refused to go to bed, and placed herself "on cushions on the floor, neither sitting nor lying, her eyes open and fixed on the ground" — silent, nobody with her to win her last confidences, to give her the last tribute of tears. To the last day of her life the endless question of the succession was still dinned into her ears. Then, with a characteristic burst of impatience, she gave the answer which only that last agony could tear from her. Who could it be but her cousin of Scotland? Let them trouble her no more. But the men were human, and knew that they would have their answer to make and their life to live after the last palpitations of this worn-out existence were over; and they did trouble her more, coming back again to seek a plainer answer. It was after the very priests had left her, when the dying woman could have but the last charity of being left in peace. When the unwelcome demand, the last that she was to hear in this world, as it had been the accompaniment of her life for nearly fifty years, fell on her ear, she raised herself in her bed, throwing up her withered arms over her head with a gesture of impatience or despair. This was the last sign or token of life in her. Pursued to the very brink of the grave by this insatiable claim — loveless, old, solitary, worn out by time and care, the great Elizabeth, with this pathetic gesture, dumb appeal to God or man, went forth, as we have all to go in our time. She died in her bed, as most people think it easiest and most seemly to die. Yet few will say of this deathbed scene that it is less mournful, less pitiful, than that of the Fotheringay scaffold, while to grandeur or solemnity it has no pretension. Mary had kept her advantage to the last. And she and hers had won in the long and weary struggle.

We are aware that we have done no full justice in this sketch to the character of Elizabeth. In the contrast, the more vigorous individuality, the more exciting life, unconsciously carries away the sympathy of the writer, as perhaps of the reader also. Our interest goes with Mary, of all women, of all human creatures known to modern history, one of the most marvellous. But our pity remains with Elizabeth. The beautiful creature who perplexed and confused the existence of the English Queen had everything that this world could give — everything a woman prizes, love, adoration, enthusiasm, passion — the indulgence of all her wishes, everything she chose to have, except the English crown; and at the end time and space to "expiate," as the word goes, all her ill-doing, and go grandly out of the world, as a martyr might have gone. Elizabeth had none of these things. She has now no enthusiast to make a stand for her, no one, now or ever, to take up her cause. Yet she had the heart to deny herself, to give up what she most wished for the sake of her country, and, by the help of Providence and Cecil, to make that country greater than it had ever been before. Her life, notwithstanding its magnificence, is one of the saddest of lives. It is hard, when one comes to think of it, that Mary, having had all the good things of a woman's existence, should have all the pity too.

From the Examiner.

A Journey to Ashango-Land and Further Penetration into Equatorial Africa. By Paul B. Du Chaillu. John Murray. 1867.

THIS book, if less romantic in incident than M. Du Chaillu's previous work, is far better written, and greatly superior in knowledge and trustworthiness. He undertook the enterprise, of which he renders an account in the volume before us, after a careful preparation for it by three years' education in England and America. He had a constitution found by previous trial to be equal to contend against an African equatorial climate, with its heat, its insects and its privations; he had a knowledge of the languages and manners of the rude people he was to encounter, and with his greatly increased scientific knowledge, we may safely assert that no previous African traveller had ever engaged in the task he undertook with so many advantages.

It was the comprehensive design of M. Du Chaillu to have commenced his journey at about the tenth degree of west longitude, within a few miles of the equator, to have travelled over some eighteen degrees of latitude and, pursuing a north-easterly course, to have struck some tributary of the Nile which would have conveyed him into the great river, and thence to the Mediterranean and to Europe. It was, however, but a very small, indeed a very minute, portion of this grand enterprise which circumstances permitted M. Du Chaillu to accomplish. After a wreck at the dangerous bar of the river Fernand Vaz, by which he lost his astronomical instruments, and which obliged him to await a fresh supply from England, M. Du Chaillu's entire journey, from its commencement to its unlucky termination in the death of a man and woman by an accidental shot from the musket of one of his careless followers, which forced him to a precipitate retreat in which he lost nearly all his valuable acquisitions, seems, to judge by the map of his route, not to have exceeded 120 miles in a direct line. To perform this distance took ten months, one which would have been accomplished by an English express train in a couple of hours, and which a well-equipped European army would have marched in ten days. The unparalleled delay was produced by the obstacles of devious paths — or no paths at all — the passage of hills, woods, morasses, rivers, among tribes of half savage men, hostile to each other, and above all, perhaps, delay was caused by the difficulty of obtaining porters to convey on their bare backs the hundred loads of the travellers' cumbrous luggage. At M. Du Chaillu's rate of travelling it would have taken him probably not less than ten years to have reached the Nile!

The procrastination to which M. Du Chaillu was subjected had, at least, one good effect. It gave an opportunity of acquiring a more intimate acquaintance with the people than a visitor travelling more conveniently could possibly have acquired; and, indeed, his account of the social condition of the people he held intercourse with forms the valuable part of his work, and one, in fact, in which no African traveller equals him. The negro people described by M. Du Chaillu are in a very primitive state, having no direct intercourse with strangers, for the Christian and Mahomedan missionaries have left them untouched, nor have they any immediate intercourse with the European slave-traders. Their condition is lower than we had imagined of any negro tribes. Their country is the most sweltering region of the equator, and consists of dense forests, interspersed here and there with open prairies, and is composed of low plains, divided by mountain ridges, abundantly supplied with rivers, but with none of magnitude. The country is scantily inhabited by man, beast, and bird, the denizens of the forest being, for the most part, confined to monkeys, reptiles, and insects, while the large quadrupeds of the grassy plains are chiefly the elephant, the hog, and a wild ox peculiar to this region.

But our chief interest is in the man of the soil. Physically he seems not to differ from the other negroes of the western side of Africa. As in other parts of Africa, or America, and, indeed, wherever man is in the earlier stages of his progress, he is scanty in number, and divided into many separate tribes, generally speaking different languages, and very generally also at war with each other. The highest attainment in art which the people of this part of Africa have reached consists in the fabrication of malleable iron, an invention which, as no men in a condition so low have ever made it elsewhere for themselves, they have probably received from some more advanced people. Their agriculture is certainly of the humblest order. They have no knowledge of any cereal or any pulse, and for food they chiefly cultivate the banana or musa, and, more scantily, the manioc and the ground-pea, or Arachis hypogœa, three coarse plants grown abundantly with little care or skill. The banana is indeed their daily bread, —

what wheat is to Europeans, and rice to tropical Asiatics. The luxuries of their husbandry consist of cotton, little cultivated and certainly an exotic, and of the pine-apple and tobacco, assuredly brought in comparatively modern times and through European agency from the new world.

As to texile art, the equatorial negroes of the west coast are acquainted with the loom; but the usual material of clothing is not cotton, but a thread obtained from the leaves of a palm, the name of which M. Du Chaillu does not give, for although he is a zoologist he is not a botanist. Of the art of weaving with this curious material, he gives the following interesting account:

The Ishogo people are noted throughout the neighbouring tribes for the superior quality and fineness of the *bongos*, or pieces of grasscloth, which they manufacture. They are industrious and skilful weavers. In walking down the main street of Mokenga a number of ouandjas, or houses without walls, are seen, each containing four or five looms, with the weavers seated before them weaving the cloth. In the middle of the floor of the ouandja a wood-fire is seen burning, and the weavers, as you pass by, are sure to be seen smoking their pipes and chatting to one another whilst going on with their work. The weavers are all men, and it is men also who stitch the *bongos* together to make *denguis* or robes of them; the stitches are not very close together, nor is the thread very fine, but the work is very neat and regular, and the needles are of their own manufacture. The bongos are very often striped, and sometimes made even in check patterns; this is done by their dyeing some of the threads of the warp, or of both warp and woof, with various simple colours; the dyes are all made of decoctions of different kinds of wood, except for black, when a kind of iron ore is used. The bongos are employed as money in this part of Africa. Although called grass-cloth by me, the material is not made of grass, but of the delicate and firm cuticle of palm-leaflets, stripped off in a dexterous manner with the fingers.

The domestic animals of these rude people are restricted to the dog, the goat, and the common fowl, and M. Du Chaillu observes that he saw the domestic hog only in a single village. The author gives us the following graphic description of Negro ignorance on this and similar subjects:

Mayolo after his recovery became more friendly than ever. He was naturally of an inquisitive turn of mind, and in his frequent conversations with me occupied all my time in answering his questions. One day he came with all his people and all the women of the village, to ask me a number of questions. He first asked how the women worked our plantations? I told him women did no field-work with us. They were astonished to hear this, and still more to hear that plantains and cassava were almost unknown in my country. They all shouted, "Then what do you eat?" I explained to them that we had always plenty to eat. I told them that we had bullocks like their wild cattle, which remained tame in our villages like their goats, and that we taught them to carry things. They would hardly believe me, when I added that in their own country there were tribes of black men who owned tame oxen. Continuing the subject, I said that there were countries in which even elephants were tamed, and taught to carry people on their backs. At this a wild shout of astonishment arose from the assembly, and remembering that I had a copy of the *Illustrated London News* containing an Indian scene with elephants, I went and fetched it to prove that I told them the truth. There was a rush foward to look at the picture over Mayolo's shoulders. They all recognised the animals as elephants, and expressed their astonishment at the men on their backs; above all they wondered to see the animals represented as tied by the feet and kept quiet.

As to architecture, the dwellings of the Equatorial negroes of the West are mere huts of the most perishable materials, easily burnt down and easily rebuilt. No negro has ever made a brick or hewn a stone, and their temples are but smaller and meaner huts than their houses. Their warlike weapons are the spear and the bow and arrow. The blow-pipe, so frequent among the barbarous tribes of Eastern Asia, seems to be unknown, and iron is probably too scarce to admit of the use of swords. Fire-arms, which had reached the barbarians of Eastern Asia four centuries ago, M. Du Chaillu found to be totally unknown in the interior of the country he travelled in.

M. Du Challlu gives the following account of the use of poisoned arrows, in the narrative of his retreat:

We now breathed more freely. We halted, laid down our loads and rested, keeping a sharp look-out at the same time. I examined Igala's wound and my own. The blood had run very copiously from my finger, and my clothes were quite saturated with it; but the flow of blood appeared to have carried off the poison, for I felt no further ill effect from the wound except the pain, and it was healed in about three weeks afterwards. The action of the poison used by the natives is not very rapid; it causes corruption of the flesh around the wound, discharge of matter, and eventually gangrene; when an arrow or spear penetrates into the bowels, death is, of course, certain to ensue, but if the wound is only an external one it is very seldom fatal. The arrow-head which had pierced my side was

found, when wrenched from the wound, to have been poisoned; but the coating of poison had been fortunately scraped off it in passing through the leather, and my wound, though extremely painful, was not a dangerous one. Igala's wound was still very painful; indeed towards night it got much worse, and I was afraid he would become lame. I had no medicine to give him, for all had been left behind. I began to fear for the safety of this brave and faithful negro. If he lost his life in this affair, I felt that I should never forgive myself.

Now, for our own parts, we are disposed to be somewhat sceptical about our author's poisoned arrows. A mere flesh wound with a barbed arrow would be painful enough without being poisoned, and if the intestines were pierced the wound would be fatal, whether the weapon were poisoned or not. To poison a weapon so as to make a wound with it fatal is no easy matter, and, we suspect, beyond the skill of the savages of Equatorial Africa. The most intense vegetable poison that we know of is the "upas" of Java, and it must be skilfully prepared, be used fresh, and the weapon charged be left in the wound. Used in this manner, it will take half an hour to kill a hen, and twelve hours to kill a buffalo. A cobra or a rattlesnake would produce death in half the time, although they do not leave their fangs in the wound. Upon the whole, then, we must conclude that M. Du Chaillu and his faithful friend, Igala (the man, by the way, through whose careless use of his musket the fatal accident occurred which made the disastrous retreat necessary), only fancied themselves poisoned, and this view is strengthened when we find them able, after their wounds, to make a long and hasty march, and "to breathe freely."

The tribes visited by M. Du Chaillu are, like all other negroes, intense believers in witchcraft. It would seem to be with them the substitute for a religion, and the ills and misfortunes of life which other rude nations ascribe to malevolent gods, they ascribe to witches and wizards. Their only priests are the pretended discoverers of sorcery. M. Du Chaillu's account of this pest of negro life is excellent. Arriving at a particular station of his journey, he observes:

As usual I heard a harrowing tale of witchcraft in the course of the day. Few weeks pass away in these unhappy villages without something of this kind happening. A poor fellow was singing a mournful song, seated on the ground in the village street; and on inquiring the cause of his grief, I was told that the chief of a village near his having died, and the magic doctor having declared that five persons had bewitched him, the mother, sister and brother of the poor mourner had just been ruthlessly massacred by the excited people, and his own house and plantation burnt and laid waste.

The process of detecting witchcraft is thus fully and graphically described:

The "finding out" or trial in the witchcraft case came off on the 27th of April; Máyolo being convinced that neither himself, nor his wife, nor his nephew, would have been ill if some one were not bewitching them, and seeking to cause their death. A celebrated doctor had been sent for from a distance, and appeared in the morning decked out in the most fantastic manner. Half his body was painted red and the other half white, his face was daubed with streaks of black, white, and red, and of course he wore around his neck a great quantity of fetiches. The villagers were assembled and the doctor had commenced his divinations when I arrived at the place, a witness once again of this gloomy ceremony, which was different to that of the Commi people seen formerly by me as related in 'Adventures in Equatorial Africa.' The doctor counterfeited his voice when speaking, in order to impress upon the people a due sense of his supernatural powers of divination; all the painting, dressing and mummery have the same object in view, namely to strike awe into the minds of the people. A black earthenware vessel filled with water, and surrounded by charmed ochre and fetiches, served the purpose of the looking glass used by the coast tribes. The doctor, seated on his stool, looked intently and mysteriously into the water, shook his head, then looked into a lighted torch which he waved over it, made contortions with his body, trying to look as ugly as he could, then smoked the condoquai (pipe), repeated the mummeries over again, and concluded by pronouncing that the persons who were bewitching the village were people belonging to the place. This oracular saying put the people into great consternation; they all began to appear afraid of each other; the nearest relatives were made miserable by mutual suspicions. Máyolo then rose and exclaimed in an excited manner that the mboundou must be drunk, appointing the following morning for the ceremony, as the people had eaten to-day, and the poison must be drunk on an empty stomach. At sunrise the next morning the village was empty. All had gone to a little meadow encircled by woods, a short distance away, to take part in the ceremony. Who were the suspected persons was kept secret, partly because they were afraid I would interfere. I thought it, however, better policy not to do so, but attended to witness the proceedings and to ascertain whether they differed from those followed on similar occasions near the coast. On entering the assembly I gave them the usual salutation, and shook hands with Máyolo. It soon appeared that the suspicions of the people fell upon three of Máyolo's nephews, his consecutive heirs, it being thought nat-

ural that they should wish to get rid of him. I noticed that the whole body of the people took an active part in the affair; the doctor not openly naming anybody as the guilty parties. It was the people themselves who originated the suspicions, and they showed by their clamour how they thirsted for victims. Máyolo and the doctor remained silent. The nephews in vain protested that they were innocent, and declared that the accusation was a lie; but they added that there were others who wanted to bewitch their uncle. They became enraged at the pertinacity of their accusers, and swore that the people should pay dearly for making them drink the mboundou. They said they were not afraid to drink it, for they were not wizards and would not die. Some of the relatives of the nephews and some of the people of the village now retired to a short distance to prepare the poison. Roots of the mboundou were then scraped, and the vessel filled with the fragments on which water was poured; a kind of effervescence then took place, and the water became of a red colour, like the root itself. Sufficient was made to serve as a good draught for each of the accused. When the water becomes red, it is considered good mboundou, and ready to kill any wizards. The drinkers of the mboundou are not allowed to witness the preparation, but their representatives may, to see that fair play is used. When at length the poor fellows were brought into the middle of the circle of excited spectators, it was horrid to see the ferocity expressed in the countenances of the people; it seemed as though their nature had entirely changed. Knives, axes, and spears were held ready to be used on the bodies of the victims if they should succumb under the ordeal; if the accused should become unsteady under the influence of the poison and stumble, the now quiet crowd would become suddenly frenzied and unmanageable. All seemed eager for the sacrifice of victims to their superstitious fears. It is chiefly through the immunity with which they can drink the poison that the doctors obtain such power over the people; and no wonder; when so many people die under it. The mboundou is a most violent poison. This was proved by the analysis of its roots which I caused to be made after my former journey. A breathless silence prevailed whilst the young men took the much-dreaded cups of liquid and boldly swallowed the contents; the whispering of the wind could be heard through the leaves of the surrounding trees. But it was only of short duration. As soon as the poison was drunk, the crowd began to beat their sticks on the ground, and shout, "If they are wizards, let the mbounduo kill them; if innocent, let it go out!" repeating the words as long as the suspense lasted. The struggle was a severe one; the eyes of the young men became bloodshot, their limbs trembled convulsively, and every muscle in their bodies was visibly working under the potent irritation. The more acute their sufferings became, the louder vociferated the excited assembly. I was horror-stricken, and, although I would gladly have fled from the place, felt transfixed to the spot. I knew that if they fell I should have no power to save them, but should be forced to see them torn limb from limb. At length, however, the crisis came — a sudden shiver of the body and involuntary discharge — and the first intended victim had escaped. The same soon after happened to the second and to the third. They gradually came back to their former state, but appeared very much exhausted. Some people never get over the effects of drinking the mboundou, although they pass the ordeal without giving way. They linger for a long time in a sickly condition, and then die. The trial was over, and the doctor closed the ceremony by himself drinking an enormous quantity of the poison, with a similar result to that which we had witnessed in the young men, only that he appeared quite tipsy; in his wild and incoherent sayings, whilst under the influence of the drink, he stated that the bewitchers of Máyolo and the bringers of the plague did not belong to the village, a decision which was received with great acclamation. Máyolo was rejoiced that the wizards or witches did not belong to his own people, and the whole people were wild with joy: guns were fired, and the evening passed with beating of drums, singing, and dancing.

To protect the village from the wizards who might enter it from the neighbouring villages, and who had been accused as the cause of Máyolo's troubles, the doctor, accompanied by the whole of the people, went to the paths leading to Mayolo from other villages, and planted sticks at intervals across them, connecting the sticks by strong woody creepers, and hanging on the ropes leaves from the core of the crowns of palmtrees. It is a recognised law among these people that no stranger can come within these lines. When I asked Máyolo what he would do if any one was to force the lines, he said that there would then be a grand palaver, but that there was no fear of such an event, for it never happened. Another reason for planting the lines was of a sanitary nature: smallpox was prevalent in several neighbouring villages, and Mayolo wished to prevent the relatives of the wives of his villagers (for people generally marry girls of distant places) from coming on a visit to them. I learnt to-day that the Otanda man, who had accompanied me from Olenda, had since died of the plague, and the people of other villages had naturally come to the conclusion that his being in contact with me was the cause. He was one of Máyolo's fathers-in-law. It is marvellous how firm Máyolo adheres to the faith that I have nothing at all to do with the introduction of the plague. His influence is so great amongst his people that many have now come round to his opinion, and others dare not openly declare the contrary.

M. Du Chaillu concludes his work with the following judicious observations respecting the character of the negro:

As to his future capabilities, I think extreme views have prevailed among us. Some hold the opinion that the negro will never rise higher than he is; others think that he is capable of reaching the highest state of civilization. For my own part, I do not agree with either of these opinions. I believe that the negro may become a more useful member of mankind than he is at present, that he may be raised to a higher standard; but that if left to himself, he will soon fall back into barbarism, for we have no example to the contrary. In his own country the efforts of the missionaries for hundreds of years have had no effect; the missionary goes away, and the people relapse into barbarism. Though a people may be taught the arts and sciences known by more gifted nations, unless they have the power of progression in themselves, they must inevitably relapse in the course of time into their former state. Of all the uncivilized races of men, the negro has been found to be most tractable and the most docile, and he possesses excellent qualities that compensate in great measure for his bad ones. We ought therefore to be kind to him and try to elevate him. That he will disappear in time from his land I have very little doubt; and that he will follow in the course of time the inferior races who have preceded him. So let us write his history.

In all this we heartily agree, saving the last few sentences, from which we as heartily dissent. The negro will not "disappear in time from his land." He is possessed of a strength of constitution and a capacity of increase which for ages have defied every form of bad government, including slavery and compulsory expatriation; and we are satisfied that he will continue to live and multiply. Had the strength of the mind been equal to that of the body, the African negroes would have surpassed Hindus and Chinese in civilization. There exists no people capable of supplanting them in their sweltering climate. The European race cannot live and labour in Africa. The Arabs who conquered Persia, and Egypt, and Mauritania, ought to be more likely to succeed; but they have produced but little influence on the negro, and have nowhere absolutely supplanted them, although by intermixing with them they have somewhat improved them.

To M. Du Chaillu's work is appended a scientific essay on African skulls, of which our traveller has brought back with him a copious, and, we suppose, a precious supply. The appendix is by a great anatomist and naturalist, no less a person than Professor Owen, the man of European fame. The professor has evidently a high opinion of the human brain, but would seem to be rather sceptical touching the intrinsic worth of the case that contains it, and the shape of which has been, without apparent profit, a subject of learned discussion for nearly a whole century. "How often," says the professor, "one feels the desire to ask an author the meaning in which the word 'type' is applied to cranial configuration: the grades or shades of transition are such that the choice of any one step in the series for a term of comparison must be arbitrary." It has pleased some ethnologists to express the grades or shades in the form of the skull by Greek terms, signifying the various proportions between length and breadth of skulls. Of these knotty strangers, some of which run the length of seven syllables, the professor, without approving of them, gives a list of two-and-twenty, which, however, by the use of supplemental epithets, may be increased to eighty-eight! Even this is not all, for we have "also dolichorhinous, brachichorinous and platyrhinous, or platyrhinal," &c. &c. Alas for the unhappy ethnologist who has to get this uncouth vocabulary by heart, and is called by it to distinguish the skull of an Arab from that of a Hindu, or that of an Esquimaux from that of a Chinese! Professor Owen is charitably disposed to the inventors of such terms, for he observes:

There is no particular harm in such array or display of terms of art — save where they are extended from signifying a gradation or variety of cranial form to the constant character of a race, a nation, a family, or a period — in the absence of that extent and amount of observation which is absolutely requisite to prove or disprove such constancy.

M. Du Chaillu again saw, and shot, and stuffed, and sent the gorilla to England, and has satisfactorily shown that he is the greatest, although not the wisest beast of his family. The work, we should add, has a satisfactory map of the author's route, and a score of highly characteristic illustrations, the result of his own photographic observations.

PART IV.

CHAPTER XI. — THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

After all, no doubt, it is the young people who are the kings and queens of this world. They don't have it in their own hands, nor their own way in it, which would not be good for them, but all our plots and plans are for their advantage whether they know it or not. For their sakes a great deal of harm is done in this world, which the doers hold excused, sometimes sanctified, by its motive, and the young creatures themselves have a great many things to bear which, no doubt, is for their advantage too. It is the least invidious title of rank which can exist in any community, for we have all been young — all had a great many things done for us which we would much rather had been let alone — and all suffered or profited by the plans of our progenitors. But if they are important in the actual universe, they are still more important in the world of fiction. Here we cannot do without these young heroes and heroines. To make a middle-aged man or woman interesting demands genius, the highest concentration of human power and skill; whereas almost any of us can frame our innocent little tale about Edwin and Angelina, and tempt a little circle to listen notwithstanding the familiarity of the subject. Such is the fact, let us account for it as we may. The youths and maidens, and their encounters, and their quarrels, and their makings-up, their walks and talks and simple doings, are the one subject that never fails; so, though it is a wonder how it should be so, let us go back to them and consider their young prospects and their relations to each other before we go further on in the real progress of our tale.

The way that Sara made acquaintance with the little dweller at her gate was in this wise. It was the day after the dinner-party, when the Motherwells were still at Brownlows. Sara had gone out to convey some consolation to old Betty at the gate, who was a rheumatical old woman. And she thought she had managed to escape very cleverly out of Lady Motherwell's clutches, when, to her horror, Sir Charles overtook her in the avenue. He carried in his manner and appearance all the dignity of a man whose mind is made up. He talked very little, certainly, to begin with — but that was his way; and he caressed his abrupt little black mustache as men do caress any physical adjunct which is a comfort to them in a crisis. Sara could not conceal it from herself that something was coming, and there was no apparent escape for her. The avenue was long; there was nobody visible coming or going. Had the two been on a desert island, Sir Charles could scarcely have had less fear of interruption. I do not pretend to say that Sara was entirely inexperienced in this sort of thing, and did not know how to snub an incipient lover or get out of such a dilemma in ordinary cases; but Sir Charles Motherwell's was not an ordinary case. In the first place, he was staying in the house, and would have to continue there till to-morrow at least, whatever might happen to him now; and in the second, he was obtuse, and might not understand what anything short of absolute refusal meant. He was not a man to be snubbed graciously or ungraciously, and made to comprehend without words that his suit was not to be offered. Such a point of understanding was too high for him. He was meditating between himself and his mustache what he had to say, and he was impervious to all Sara's delicate indications of an indisposition to listen. How could he tell what people meant unless they said it? Thus he was a man with whom only such solid instruments as Yes and No were of any use; and it would have been very embarrassing if Sara, with at least twenty-four hours of his society to look forward to, had been obliged to say No. She did the very best she could under the emergency. She talked with all her might and tried to amuse him, and if possible lead him off his grand intention. She chatted incessantly with something of the same feelings that inspired Scherazade, speaking against time, though not precisely for her life, and altogether unaware that, in so far as her companion could abstract his thought from the words he was about to say, when he could find them, his complacent consciousness of the trouble she took to please him was rising higher and higher. Poor dear little thing! he was saying to himself, how pleased she will be! But yet, notwithstanding this comfortable thought, it was a difficult matter to Sir Charles in broad daylight, and with the eyes of the world, as it were, upon him, to prevail upon the right words to come.

They were only half-way down the avenue when he cleared his throat. Sara was in despair. She knew by that sound and by the last convulsive twitch of his mustache that it was just coming. A pause of awful suspense ensued. She was so frightened that even her own endeavour to ward off extremities failed her. She could not go on talking in the horror of the moment. Should she pretend to have forgotton something in the house and rush back? or should she make believe somebody was calling her, and fly forward? She had thrown herself forward on one foot, ready for a run, when that blessed diversion came for which she could never be sufficiently thankful. She gave a start of delightful relief when they came to that break in the trees. "Who can that be?" she said, much as, had she been a man, she would have uttered a cheer. It would not have done for Miss Brownlow to burst forth into an unlooked-for hurrah, so she gave vent to this question instead, and made a little rush on to the grass where that figure was visible. It was a pretty little figure in a red cloak; and it was bending forward, anxiously examining some herbage about the root of a tree. At the sound of Sara's exclamation the stranger raised herself hurriedly, blushed, looked confused, and finally, with a certain shy promptitude, came forward, as if, Sara said afterwards, she was a perfect little angel out of heaven.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "perhaps I ought not to be here. I am so sorry; but — it was for old Betty I came."

"You are very welcome to come," said Sara, eagerly — "if you don't mind the damp grass. It is you who live at Mrs. Swayne's? Oh, yes, I know you quite well. Pray, come whenever you please. There are a great many pretty walks in the park."

"Oh, thank you!" said little Pamela. It was the first time she had seen the young great lady so near; and she took a mental inventory of her, all that she was like, and all that she had on. Seeing Miss Sara on foot, like any other human creature, was not a thing that occurred every day; and she took to examining her with a double, or rather triple, interest — first, because it *was* Miss Sara, and something very new; second, to be able to describe minutely the glorious vision to her mother; and, thirdly, out of genuine admiration. How beautiful she was! and how beautifully dressed! and then the tall gentleman by her side, so unlike anything Pamela ever saw, who took off his hat to her — actually to *her!* No doubt, though he was not so handsome as might have been desired, they were going to be married. He must be very good, gallant, and noble, as he was not so *very* good-looking. Pamela's bright eyes danced with eagerness and excitement as she looked at them. It was as good as a play or a story-book. It was a romance being performed for her benefit, actually occurring under her very eyes.

"I know what you were doing," said Sara, "but it is too early yet. 'Round the ashen roots the violets blow' — I know that is what you were thinking of."

Pamela, who knew very little about violets, and nothing about poetry, opened her eyes very wide. "Indeed," she said anxiously, "I was only looking for some plantain for Betty's bird — that was all. I did not mean to take any — flowers. I would not do anything so — so — ungrateful."

"But you shall have as many violets as ever you like," said Sara, who was eager to find any pretence for prolonging the conversation. "Do come and walk here by me. I am going to see old Betty. Do you know how she is to-day? Don't you think she is a nice old woman? I am going to tell her she ought to have her grandchild to live with her, and open the gate, now that her rheumatism has come on. It always lasts three months when it comes on. Your Mr. Swayne's, you know, goes on and off. I always hear all about it from my maid."

When she paused for breath, Pamela felt that as the tall gentleman took no part in the conversation it was incumbent upon her to say something. She was much flattered by the unexpected grandeur of walking by Miss Brownlow's side, and being taken into her confidence; but the emergency drove every idea out of her head, as was natural. She could not think of anything that it would be nice to say, and in desperation hazarded a question. "Is there much rheumatism about here?" poor Pamela said, looking up as if her life depended on the answer she received; and then she grew burning red, and hot all over, and felt as if life itself was no longer worth having, after thus making a fool of herself. As if Miss Brownlow knew anything about the rheumatism here! "What an idiot she will think me!" said she to herself, longing that the earth would open and swallow her up. But Miss Brownlow was by no means critical. On the contrary, Sara rushed into the subject with enthusiasm.

"There is always rheumatism where there are so many trees," she said, with decision — "from the damp, you know. Don't you find it so at Motherwell, Sir Charles? You have such heaps of trees in that part of the county. Half my poor people have it here. And the dreadful thing is that one does'nt know any cure for it, except flannel. You never can give them too much flannel," said Sara, raising her eyes gravely to her tall companion. "They think flannel is good for everything under the skies."

"Don't know, I'm sure," said Sir Charles. "Sure it's very good of you. Don't know much about rheumatism myself. Always see lots about in our place; flannel pettic — hem — oh — beg your pardon. I'm sure ——"

When he uttered that unfortunate remark, poor Sir Charles brought himself up with a sudden start, and turned very red. It was his horror and embarrassment, poor man, and fear of having shocked his companion's delicacy. But Sara took the meanest advantage of him. She held out her hand, with a sweet smile, "Are you going?" she said; "it is so kind of you to have come so far with me. I hope you will have a pleasant ride. Please make Jack call at the Rectory, and ask if Fanny's cold is better. Shall you be back to luncheon? But you never are, you gentlemen. Are you never hungry in the middle of the day as we are? Till dinner, then," she said, waving her hand. Perhaps there was something mesmeric in it. The disappointed wooer was so startled that he stood still as under a spell.

"Did'nt mean to leave you," he said; "don't care for riding. I'd like to see old Betty too."

"Oh, but that would be much too polite," cried Sara. "Please, never mind me. It is so kind of you to have come so far. Good-bye just now. I hope you will have a pleasant ride." She was gone before he could move or recover from his consternation. He stood in dumb amazement for a full minute looking after her; and then poor Sir Charles turned away with the obedience of despair. He had been too well brought up on the whole. His mother had brought him to such a pitch of discipline that he could not choose but obey the helm, whosesoever hand might touch it. "It was all those confounded petticoats," he said to himself. "How could I be such an ass?" which was the most vigorous speech he had made even to himself for ages. As for Sara, she relaxed from her usual dignity, and went along skipping and tripping in the exhilaration

f her heart. "Oh, what a blessing he is gone! —oh, what a little angel you were to appear just when you did!" said Sara; and then she gave a glance at her new companion's bewildered face, and composed herself. "But don't let us think of him any more," she continued. "Tell me about yourself. I want to know all about yourself. Wasn't it lucky we met? Please tell me your name, and how old you are, and how you like living here. Of course, you know I am Sara Brownlow. And oh, to be sure, first of all, why did you say ungrateful? Have I ever done anything to make you grateful to me?"

"Oh yes, please," said Pamela. "It is so pretty to see you always when you ride, and when you drive out. I am not quite strong yet, and I don't know anybody here; but I have only to sit down at the window, and there is always something going on. Last night you can't think how pretty it was. The carriage-lamps kept walking up and down like giants with two big eyes. And I can see all up the avenue from my window; and when I looked very close, just as they passed Betty's door, I could see a little glimpse of the ladies inside. I saw one lovely pink dress; and then in the next, there was a scarlet cloak all trimmed with swansdown. I could tell it was swansdown, it was so fluffy. Oh, I beg your pardon, I didn't mean to talk so much; but it is such fun living there, just opposite the gate. And that is why I am so grateful to you."

Sara, it was impossible to deny, was much staggered by this speech. Its frankness amazed and yet attracted her. It drove her into deep bewilderment as to the rank of her little companion. Was she *a lady?* She would scarcely have taken so much pleasure in the sight, had it been within the range of possibility that she could herself join such a party; but then her voice was a refined voice, and her lovely looks might, as Sara had thought before, have belonged to a princess. The young mistress of Brownlows looked very curiously at Pamela, but she could not fathom her. The red cloak was a little the worse for wear, but still it was such a garb as any one might have worn. There was no sort of finery, no sort of pretension, about the little personage. And then Sara had already made up her mind in any case to take her pretty neighbour under her protection. The end of the matter was, that in turning it over in her mind, the amusing side of the question at last caught her eye. How strange it was! While the awful moment before dinner was being got through at the great house, this little creature at the gate was clapping her hands over the sounds and sights out of doors. To her, it was not heavy people coming to dinner, to be entertained in body and mind for three or four mortal hours; but prancing horses and rolling wheels, and the lamps making their shining progress two and two, and all the cheerful commotion. How odd it was! She must be (whatever her "position") an original little thing to see so tedious a business in such a novel light.

"It is very odd," said Sara, "that I never thought of that before. I almost think I shouldn't mind having stupid people now and then if I had thought of that. And so you think it fun? You wouldn't think it fun if you had to watch them eating their dinner, and amuse them all the evening. It *is* such hard work; and then to ask them to sing when you know they can't sing, no more than peacocks, and to stand and say Thank you when it is all over! I wonder what made you think of looking at the lamps. It is very clever of you, you know, to describe them like that. Do you read a great deal? Are you fond of it? Do you play, or do you draw, or what do you like best?"

This question staggered Pamela as much as her description had done Sara. She grew pale, and then she grew red. "I am — not in the least clever," she said, "nor — nor accomplished — nor — I am not a great lady like you, Miss Brownlow," the little girl added, with a sudden pang of mortification. She had not been in the least envious of Sara, nor desirous of claiming equality with her. And yet when she thus suddenly perceived the difference, it went to her heart so sharply that she had hard ado not to cry.

As for Sara she laughed softly, not knowing of any bitterness beneath that reply. She laughed, knowing she was not a great lady, and yet a little disposed to think she was, and pleased to appear so in her companion's eyes. "If you were to speak like that to Lady Motherwell, I wonder what she would say," said Sara; "but I don't want you to be a great lady. I think you are the prettiest little thing I ever saw in my life. There now — I suppose it is wrong to say it, but it is quite true. It is a pleasure just to look at you. If you are not nice and good, it is a great shame, and very ungrateful of you, when God has made you so pretty; but I think you must be nice. Don't blush and tremble like that, as if I were a gentleman. I am just nineteen. How old are you?"

"Seventeen last midsummer," said Pamela, under her breath.

"I knew you were quite a child," said Sara, with dignity. "Don't look so frightened. I mean to come and see you almost every day. And you shall come home with me, and see the flowers, and the pictures, and all my pretty things. I have quantities of pretty things. Papa is so very kind. I have no mother; but that — that — old — lady — is your mother, is she? or your grandmother? Look, there is old Betty at the door. Wicked old woman! what business has she to come out to the door and make her rheumatism worse? Come along a little quicker; but, you poor little dear, what is the matter? can't you run?"

"I sprained my ancle," said Pamela, blushing more and more, and wondering if Mr. John had perhaps kept that little incident to himself.

"And I trying to make you run!" cried the penitent Sara. "Never mind, take my arm. I am not in the least in a hurry. Lean upon

me — there's a good child. They should not let you come so far alone."

Thus it was that the two arrived at Betty's cottage, to the old woman's intense amazement. Pamela herself was flattered by the kind help afforded her, but it is doubtful whether she enjoyed it; and in the exciting novelty of the position, she was glad to sit down in a corner and collect herself while her brilliant young patroness fulfilled her benevolent mission. Betty's lodge was a creation of Miss Brownlow's from beginning to end. It was Sara's design, and Sara had furnished it, up to the pictures on the wall, which were carefully chosen in accordance with what might be supposed to be an old woman's taste, and the little book-shelf which was filled on the same principles. The fact was, however, that Betty had somewhat mortified Sara by pinning up a glorious coloured picture out of the 'Illustrated News,' and by taking in a tale of love and mystery in penny numbers, showing illegitimate tastes both in literature and art. But she was suffering, and eventually at such a moment her offences ought to be forgiven.

"You should not stand at the door like that, and go opening the gate in such weather," said Sara. "I came to say you must have one of your son's children to help you, — that one you had last year."

"She's gone to service, Miss," said Betty, with a bob.

"Then one of your daughter's, — the daughter you have at Masterton — she has dozens and dozens of children. Why cannot one of them come out and take care of you?"

"Please, Miss," said Betty, "a poor man's childer is his fortune — leastways in a place where ther's mills and things. They're all a-doing of something, them little things. I'm awful comfortable, Miss, thanks to you and your good papa" — at this and all other intervals of her speech, Betty made a curtsy — "but I ain't got money like to pay 'em wages, and saving when one's a bit delicate, or that ——"

"Betty, sit down, please, and don't make so many curtsies. I don't understand that. If I had a nice old grandmother like you" — said Sara; and then she paused and blushed, and bethought herself — Perhaps it might be as well not to enter upon that question. "Anyhow it is very easy to pay them something," she said. "I will pay it for you till your rheumatism is better. And then there is your other son, who was a tailor or something — where is he?"

"Oh, if I could but tell!" said Betty. "Oh, Miss, he's one o' them as brings down gray hairs wi' sorrow — not as I have a many to lose, though when I was a young lass, the likes o' me for a 'ead of 'air wasn't in all Dewsbury. But Tom, I'm afeard, I'm afeard, has tooken to terrible bad ways."

"Drinking or something?" asked Sara, in the tone of a woman experienced in such inevitable miseries.

"Worse than that, Miss. I don't say as it ain't bad enough when a man takes to drinking. Many a sore heart it's giv' me, but it allays comes kind o' natural like," said Betty, with her apron at her eyes. "But poor Tom, he's gone and come out for a Radical, Miss, and sets hisself up a-making speeches and things. It's that as brought it on me so bad. I've not been so bad before, not sin' his poor father died."

"Then don't stand and curtsy like that, please," said Sara. "A Radical — is that all? I am a little of a Radical myself, and so is papa."

"Ah, the like of you don't know," said Betty. "Mr. John wouldn't say nothing for him. He said, 'That's very bad, very bad, Betty,' when I went and told him; and a young gentleman like that is the one to know."

"He knows nothing about it," said Sara; "he's a University man, and Eton, you know; he is all in the old-world way; but papa and I are Radicals, like Tom. Are you? — but I suppose you are too young to know. And oh, here it is just time for luncheon, and you have never told me your name. Betty, make haste and send for Tom or somebody to help you. And there's something coming in a basket; and if you want anything you must send up to the house."

"You're very kind, Miss," said Betty, "and the neighbours is real kind, and Mrs. Swayne, though she has queer ways —— And as for Miss Pammly here ——"

"Pamela," said the little girl, softly, from her chair.

"Is that your name?" said Sara. "Pamela — I never knew any one called Pamela before. What a pretty name! Sara is horrible. Every soul calls me Sairah. Look here, you are a little darling; and you don't know what you saved me from this morning; and I'll come to see you the moment Lady Motherwell goes away."

Upon which Sara dropped a rapid kiss upon her new friend's cheek and rushed forth, passing the window like an arrow, rushing up the long avenue like a winged creature, with the wind in her hair and in her dress. The little lodge grew darker to Pamela's dazzled eyes when she was gone.

"Is that really Miss Brownlow, Betty?" she said, after the first pause.

"Who could it be else, I would like to know?" said Betty; "a-leaving her orders like that, and never giving no time to answer or nothing. I wonder what's coming in the basket. Not as I'm one o' the greedy ones as is always looking for something; but what's the good o' serving them rich common folks if you don't get no good out of them? Oh for certain sure it's Miss Sara; and she has taken a fancy to you."

"What do you mean by common folks?" asked Pamela, already disposed, as was natural, to take up the cudgels for her new friend.

"She is a lady, oh, all down to the very tips of her shoes."

"Maybe as far as you knows," said Betty, "but Iv'e been here off and on for forty years,

and I mind the old Squires; not saying no harm of Miss Sara, as is very-openhanded; but you mind my words, yo' ll see plenty of her for a bit — she's took a fancy to you."

"Do you think so, *really*, Betty?" said Pamela, with brightening eyes.

"What I says is for a bit," said Betty; "don't you take up as I'm meaning more — for a bit, Miss Pammly; that's how them sort does. She's one as 'ill come every day, and then, when she's other things in hand like, or other folks, or feels a bit tired ——"

"Yes, perhaps," said Pamela, who had grown very red; "but that need not have any effect on me. If I was fond of any one, I would never, never change, whatever they might do — not if they were to be cruel and unkind — not if they were to forget me ——"

Here the little girl started, and became very silent all in a moment. And the blush of indignation on her cheek passed, and was followed by a softer sweeter colour, and her words died away on her lips. And her eyes, which had been shining on old Betty with all the magnanimity of youth, went down, and were covered up under the blue-veined, long-fringed eyelids. The fact was, some one else had come into the lodge — had come without knocking, in a very noiseless, stealthy sort of way — "as if he meant it." And this new-comer was no less a person than Mr. John.

"My sister says you are ill, Betty," said Jack; "what do you mean by being ill? I am to send in one of your grandchildren from Masterton. What do you say? Shall I? or should you rather be alone?"

"It's allays you for the thoughtful one, Mr. John," said Betty, gratefully; "though you're a gentleman, and it don't stand to reason. But Miss Sara's a-going to pay; and if there's a little as is to be arned honest, I'm not one as would send it past my own. There's little Betsy, as is a tidy bit of a thing. But I ain't ill, not to say ill, no more nor Miss Pammly here is ill — her as had her ankle sprained in that awful snow."

Mr. John made what Pamela thought a very grand bow at this point of Betty's speech. He had taken his hat off when he came in. Betty's doctor, when he came to see her, did not take off his hat, not even when Pamela was present. The little girl had very quick eyes, and she did not fail to mark the difference. After he had made his bow, Mr. John somehow seemed to forget Betty. It was to the little stranger his words, his eyes, his looks, were addressed. "I hope you are better?" he said. "I took the liberty of going to your house to ask, but Mrs. Swayne used to turn me away."

"Oh, thank you; you are very kind," said Pamela; and then she added, "Mrs. Swayne is very funny. Mamma would have liked to have thanked you, I am sure."

"And I am sure I did not want any thanks," said Jack; "only to know. You are sure you are better now?"

"Oh, much better," said Pamela; and then there came a pause. It was more than a pause. It was a dead stop, with no apparent possibility of revival. Pamela, for her part, like an inexperienced little girl, fidgeted on her chair, and wrapped herself close in her cloak. Was that all? His sister had a great deal more to say. Jack, though he was not inexperienced, was almost for the moment as awkward as Pamela. He went across the room to look at the picture out of the 'Illustrated News;' and he spoke to Betty's bird, which had just been regaled with the bit of plantain Pamela had brought; and, at last, when all those little exercises had been gone through, he came back.

"I hope you like living here," he said. "It is cold and bleak now, but in summer it is very pretty. You came at the worst time of the year; but I hope you mean to stay?"

"Oh yes, we like it," said Pamela; and then there came another pause.

"My sister is quite pleased to think of having you for a neighbour," said Jack. It was quite extraordinary how stupid he was. He could talk well enough sometimes; but at this present moment he had not a syllable to say. "Except Miss Hardcastle at the Rectory, she has nobody near, and my father and I are so much away."

Pamela looked up at him with a certain sweet surprise in her eyes. Could he too really think her a fit friend for his sister? "It is very kind of Miss Brownlow," she said, "but I am only — I mean I don't think I am — I — I am always with my mother."

"But your mother would not like you to be shut up," said Jack, coming a little nearer. "I always look over the way now when I pass. To see bright faces instead of blank windows is quite pleasant. I dare say you never notice us."

"Oh yes," cried Pamela. "And that pretty horse! It is such fun to live there and see you all passing." She said this forgetting herself, and then she met old Betty's gaze and grew conscious again. "I mean we are always so quiet," she said, and began once more to examine the binding of her cloak.

At this moment the bell from the great house began to tinkle pleasantly in the wintry air: it was another of Pamela's amusements. And it marked the dinner-hour at which her mother would look for her; but how was she to move with this young man behind her chair? Betty however, was not so delicate. "I always sets my clock by the luncheon-bell," said old Betty. "There it's a-going, bless it! I has my dinner by it regular, and I sets my clock. Don't you go for to stir, Miss Pammly. Bless you, I don't mind you! And Mr. John, he's a going to his lunch. Don't you mind. I'll set my little bit of a table ready; but I has it afore the fire in this cold weather, and it don't come a-nigh of you."

"Oh, mamma will want me," said Pamela. "I shall come back another time and see you." She made Jack a little curtsy as she got up, but to her confusion he came out with her and

opened the gate for her, and sauntered across the road by her side.

"I am not going to lunch — I am going to ride. So you have noticed the mare?" said Jack. "I am rather proud of her. She *is* a beauty. You should see how she goes when the road is clear. I suppose I shall have to go now, for here come the horses and Motherwell. He is one of those men who always turn up just when they're not wanted," Jack continued, opening the gate of Mrs. Swayne's little garden for Pamela. Mrs. Swayne herself was at the window up-stairs, and Mrs. Preston was at the parlour window looking out for her child. They both saw that wonderful sight. Young Mr. Brownlow with his hat off holding open the little gate, and looking down into the little face, which was so flushed with pleasure and pride, and embarrassment and innocent shame. As for Pamela herself, she did not know if she were walking on solid ground or on air. When the door closed behind her, and she found herself in the dingy little passage with nothing but her dinner before her, and the dusky afternoon, and her work, her heart gave a little cry of impatience. But she was in the parlour time enough to see Jack spring on his horse and trot off into the sunshine with his tall companion. They went off into the sunshine, but in the parlour it was deepest shade, for Mr. Swayne had so cleverly contrived his house that the sunshine never entered. Its shadow hung across the road stretching to the gate of Brownlows, almost the whole day, which made everything dingier than it was naturally. This was what Pamela experienced when she came in out of the bright air, out of sight of those young faces and young voices. Could she ever have anything to do with them? Or was it only a kind of dream, too pleasant, too sweet to come to anything? It was her very first outset in life, and she was aware that she was not much of a heroine. Perhaps it was only the accident of an hour; but even that was pleasant if it should be no more. This, when she had told all about it, and filled the afternoon with the reflected glory, was the philosophical conclusion to which Pamela came at last.

CHAPTER XII. — NEWS OF FRIENDS.

"But you must not set your heart upon it, my darling," said Mrs. Preston. "It may be or it mayn't be — nobody can say. And you must not get to blame the young lady if she thinks better of it. They are very rich, and they have all the best people in the county coming and going. And you are but my poor little girl, with no grand friends; and you mustn't take it to heart and be disappointed. If you were doing that, though it's such good air and so quiet, I'd have to take my darling away."

"I won't, mamma," said Pamela; I'll be good. But you say yourself that it *may* be" —

"Yes," said the mother; "young creatures like that are not so worldly-minded — at least, sometimes they're not. She might take a fancy to you; but you mustn't build on it, Pamela. That's all, my dear. We're humble folks, and the like of us don't go visiting at great houses. And even you have not got the education, my darling; and nothing but your black frocks" —

"Oh, mamma, do you think I want to visit at great houses?" cried Pamela. "I should not know what to say nor how to behave. What I should like would be to go and see her in the mornings when nobody was there, and be her little companion, and listen to her talking, and to see her dressed when she was going out. I know we are poor; but she might get fond of me for all that" ——

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Preston, "I think she is a very nice young lady. I wish her mamma had been living, Pamela. If there had been a good woman that had children of her own, living at that great house, I think it would have been a comfort to me."

"Mamma, I can't think why you should always be speaking like that," said Pamela, with a cloud on her brow.

"You would soon know why if you were as old as me," said the mother. "I can't forget I'm old, and how little strength I've got left. And I shouldn't like my pet to get disappointed," she said, rising and drawing Pamela's pretty head to her, as she stood behind her chair; "don't you build upon it, dear. And now I'm going into the kitchen for five minutes to ask for poor Mr. Swayne."

It was a thing she did almost every night, and Pamela was not surprised; perhaps it was even a relief to her to have a few minutes all to herself to think over the wonderful events of the day. To be sure, it had been about Sara alone; and her overtures of friendship, that the mother and daughter had been talking. But when Pamela was by herself, she recollected, naturally, that there had been another actor on the scene. She did not think of asking her mother, or even herself, if Mr. John was to be depended on, or if there was any danger of disappointment in respect to him. Indeed, Pamela was so wise that she did not, as she said to herself, think at all about this branch of the subject; for, of course, it was not likely she would ever make great friends with a young gentleman. The peculiarity of the matter was that, though she was not thinking of Mr. John, she seemed to see him standing before her, holding the gate open, looking into her face, and saying that Motherwell was one of the men that always turned up when they were least wanted. She was not thinking of Jack; and was it her fault if this picture had fixed itself on her retina, if that is the name of it? She went and sat down on the rug before the fire, and gazed into the glow, and thought it all over. After a while she even put her hands over her eyes, that she might think it over the more perfectly. And it is astonishing how often this picture came between her and her thoughts; but, thank heaven, it was only a picture! What-

ever Pamela might be thinking of, it was certainly not of Mr. John.

Mrs. Swayne's kitchen was by far the most cheerful place in the house. It had a brick floor, which was as red as the hearth was white, and a great array of shining things about the walls. There was a comfortable cat dozing and blinking before the fire, which was reflected out of so many glowing surfaces, copper, pewter, and tin, that the walls were hung with a perfect gallery of cats. Mrs. Swayne herself had a wickerwork chair at one side, which she very seldom occupied; for there was a great multiplicity of meals in the house, and there was always something just coming to perfection in the oven or on the fire. But opposite, in a high-backed chair covered with blue and white checked linen, was Mr. Swayne, who was the object of so much care, and was subject to the rheumatics, like Betty. The difference of his rheumatics was, that they went off and on. One day he would be well — so well as to go out and see after his business; and the next day he would be fixed in his easy-chair. Perhaps, on the whole, it was more aggravating than if he had gone in steadily for a good long bout when he was at it, and saved his wife's time. But then that was the nature of the man. There was a visitor in the kitchen when Mrs. Preston went in — no less a personage than old Betty, who, with a daring disregard for her rheumatics, had come across the road, wrapped in an old cloak, to talk over the news of the day. It was a rash proceeding, no doubt; but yet rheumatics were very ordinary affairs, and it was seldom — very seldom — that anything so exciting came in Betty's way. Mrs. Swayne, for her part, had been very eloquent about it before her lodger appeared.

"*I'd* make short work with him," she said, "if it was me. *I'd* send him about his business, you take my word. It ain't me as would trust one of 'em a step further than I could see 'em. Coming a-raging and a-roaring round of a house, as soon as they found out as there was a poor little tender bit of a lamb to devour."

"What is that you say about a bit o' lamb, Nancy?" cried Mr. Swayne; "that's an awful treat, that is, at this time of the year. I reckon it's for the new lodgers and not for us. I'll devour it, and welcome, my lass, if you'll set it afore me."

Mrs. Swayne gave no direct answer to this question. She cast a glance of mild despair at Betty, who answered by lifting up her hands in sympathy and commiseration. "That's just like the men," said Mrs. Swayne. "Talk o' something to put into them, and that's all as they care for. It's what a poor woman has to put up with late and early. Always a-craving and a-craving, and you ne'er out of a mess, dinner and supper — dinner and supper. But as I was a-saying, if it was me, he should never have the chance of a word in her ear again."

"It's my opinion, Mrs. Swayne," said Betty, unwinding her shawl a little, "as in those sort of cases it's mostly the mother's fault."

"I don't know what you mean by the mother's fault," said Mrs. Swayne, who was contradictory, and liked to take the initiative. "She never set eyes on him, as I can tell, poor soul. And how was she to know as they were all about in the avenue? It's none o' the mother's fault; but if it was me, now as they've took the first step" ——

"That was all as I meant," said Betty, humbly; "now as it's come to that, I would take her off, as it were, this very day."

"And a deal of good you'd do with that," said Mrs. Swayne, with natural indignation; "take her off! and leave my parlour empty, and have him a-running after her from one place to another. I thought you was one as knew better; I'd brave it out if it was me — he shouldn't get no advantages in my way o' working. Husht, both of you, and hold your tongues; I never see the like of you for talk, Swayne — when here's the poor lady out o' the parlour as can't abide a noise. Better? ay, a deal better, Mrs. Preston: if he wasn't one as adored a good easy-chair afore the fire" ——

"And a very good place, too, this cold weather," said Mr. Swayne, with a feeble chuckle. "Nancy, you tell the lady about the lamb."

Mrs. Swayne and Betty once more exchanged looks of plaintive comment. "That's him all over," she said; "but you're one as understands what men is, Mrs. Preston, and I've no mind to explain. I hear as Miss Sara took awful to our young Miss, meeting of her promiscuous in the avenue. Betty here, she says as it was wonderful; but I always thought myself as that was how it would be."

"Yes," said the gratified mother; "not that I would have my Pamela build upon it. A young lady like that might change her mind; but I don't deny that it would be very nice. Whatever is a pleasure to Pamela is twice a pleasure to me."

"And a sweet young lady as ever I set eyes on," said Betty, seizing the opportunity, and making Mrs. Preston one of her usual bobs.

Pamela's mother was not a lady born; the two women, who were in their way respectful to her, saw this with lynx eyes. She was not even rich enough, poor soul, to have the appearance of a lady; and it would have been a little difficult for them to have explained why they were so civil. No doubt principally it was because they knew so little of her, and her appearance had the semi-dignity of preoccupation — a thing very difficult to be comprehended in that region of society which is wont to express all its sentiments freely. She had something on her mind, and she did not relieve herself by talking, and she lived in the parlour, while Mrs. Swayne contented herself with the kitchen. That was about the extent of her claim on their respect.

"I suppose you are all very fond of Miss Sara, knowing her all her life," Mrs. Preston said, after she had received very graciously Betty's tribute to her own child. Though she warned Pamela against building on it, it would be hard to describe the fairy structures which

had already sprung in her own mind on these slight foundations; and though she would not have breathed his name for worlds, it is possible that Pamela's mother, in her visions, found a place for Mr. John too.

"Fond! I don't know as we're so fond of her neither," said Mrs. Swayne. "She's well, and well enough, but I can't say as she's my sort. She's too kind of familiar like — and it ain't like a real county lady neither. But it's Betty as sees her most. And awful good they are, I will say that for them, to every creature about the place."

"Ah, mum, they ain't the real old gentry," said Betty, with a touch of pathos. "If I was one as had come with 'em, or that —— but I'm real old Dewsbury, me, and was at the Hall, coming and going, for twenty years afore their time. I ain't got nothing to say again' Miss Sara. She comed there, that's all — she wasn't *born*. It makes a difference when folks have been forty years and more about a place. To see them pass away as has the right," said Betty, growing sentimental, "and them come in as has only a bag o' money!"

"Little enough money the old Squire had," said Mrs. Swayne, turning her head, "nor manners neither. Don't you be ungrateful, Betty Caley. You was as poor as a church-mouse all along o'your old Squires, and got as fat as fat when the new folks come and put you all comfortable. Deny it, if you can. I would worship the very ground Miss Sara sets foot on, if I was you."

"Ah, she ain't the real old gentry," said Betty, with a sigh.

Perhaps Mrs. Preston had a weakness for real old gentry too, and she had a dull life, poor woman, and was glad of a little gossip. She had heard the story before, but she asked to hear it again, hoping for a little amusement; for a woman, however bowed down to the level of her fortune, gets tired sometimes, even of such a resource as needlework. She would not sit down, for she felt that might be considered lowering herself to their level. But she stood with her hand upon the back of an old high wooden chair, and asked questions. If they were not the real old gentry, and were such upstarts, why was it that the place was called by their name, and how did they come there?

"Some say as it was a poor old creature in Masterton as give him the money," said Mrs. Swayne, "away from her own child, as was gone off a-soldiering. I wouldn't say it was money that would thrive. He was called to make the will for her, or something; an old miser, that was what she was; and with that he bought the place. And the folks laughed, and said it was Brownlow's. But he ain't a man to laugh at, ain't Mr. Brownlow hisself. A body may have their opinion about the young folks. Young folks ain't nothing much to build upon, as you was a-saying, Mrs. Preston, at their best; but I wouldn't be the one as would cross *him* hisself. He's terrible deep, and terrible close, like all them lawyers. And he has a way of talking as is dreadful deceiving. Them as tries to fight honest and open with the likes of him hasn't no chance. He ain't a hard neighbour like, nor unkind to poor folk; but I wouldn't go again, him, not for all the world, if it was me."

"That's all you know, you women," said Mr. Swayne; "he's the easiest-minded gentleman going, is Mr. Brownlow. He's one as pays your little bits o' bills like a prince, and don't ask no bothering questions — what's this for, and what's that for, and all them niggle-naggles. He's as free with his money —— What are you two women a-shaking of your heads off for, as if I was a-saying what isn't true?"

"It's true, and it ain't true," said Mrs. Swayne; "and if you ever was anyway in trouble along of the young folks, Mrs. Preston, or had him to do with, I give you my warning you'll have to mind."

"I shall never have anything to do with Mr. Brownlow," said the lodger, with a half-frightened smile. "I'm independent. He can't have anything to say to me."

Mrs. Swayne shook her head, and so did Betty, following her lead. The landlady did not very well know why, and neither did the old woman. It was always a practicable way of holding up the beacon before the eyes of Pamela's mother. And that poor soul, who was not very courageous, grew frightened, she could not tell why.

"But there was something to-day as made me laugh," said old Betty — "not as I was in spirits for laughing — what with my back, as was like to split, and my bad knee, and them noises in my ears. But just to see how folks forget! Miss Sara she came in. She was along of your young miss, mum, and a-making a fuss over her; and she says, 'Betty,' says she, 'we ain't a-going to let you open the gate, and your rheumatics so bad; send for one of them grandchildren o' yours.' Atween oursels, I was just a-thinking o' that; for what is enough for one is enough for two, and it's allays a saving for Polly. My Polly has seven on 'em, mum, and hard work a-keeping all straight. So I up and says, 'A poor man's children is his fortin, Miss,' says I; 'they're all on em a-working at summat, and I cant have 'em without paying.' And no more I oughtn't to, serving rich folks. 'What! not for their grandmother?' says she. 'If I had a nice old grandmother like you'" —

"Law!" said Mrs. Swayne, "and her own grandmother living in a poky bit of a place in Masterton, as everybody knows — never brought out here for a breath of fresh air, nor none of them going a-nigh of her! To think how little folks is sensible when it's themselves as is to blame!"

"That's what it is," said the triumphant Betty. "When she said that, it was her conscience as spoke. She went as red as red, and stopped there and then. It was along of old Mrs. Fennell, poor old soul! Why ain't she a-living out here, and her own flesh and blood to

make her comfortable? It was on my lips to say, Law! Miss, there's old Mrs. Fennell is older nor me."

"Fennell?" said Mrs. Preston; "I ought to know that name."

"It was her own mamma's name," said Betty, "and I've met wi' them as seen the old lady with their own eyes. Hobson, the carrier, he goes and sees her regular with game and things; but what's game in comparison with your own flesh and blood?"

"Perhaps the mother died young," said Mrs. Preston, with some anxiety—"that breaks the link, like. Fennell? I wonder what Fennells she belongs to. I once knew that name well. I wish the old lady was living here."

"You take my word, she'll never live here," said Mrs. Swayne. "She ain't grand enough. Old grandmothers is in the way when young folks sets up for lords and ladies. And it ain't that far to Masterton but you could go and see her. There's Hobson, he knows; he'd take you safe, never fear."

Mrs. Preston shrank back a little from the suggestion. "I'm not one to pay visits," she said. "But I'll say good-night to you all, now. I hope you'll soon be better, Mr. Swayne. And, Betty, you should not be out of doors on such a cold night. My child will be dull, all by herself." So saying, she left them; but she did not that moment return to Pamela. She went up-stairs by herself in the dark, with her heart beating quick in her ears. "Fennell!" she was saying to herself—"I ought to know that name." It was very dark on the road, and there was nothing visible from the window but the red glow from Betty's lodge, where the door stood innocently open; but notwithstanding Mrs. Preston went and looked out, as if the scene could have thrown any enlightenment upon her thoughts. She was excited about it, unimportant though the matter seemed. What if perhaps she might be on the trace of friends—people who would be good to Pamela? There was once a Fennell—Tom Fennell—who ages ago— No doubt he was dead and gone, with everybody who had belonged to her far-off early life. But standing there in the darkness, pressing her withered cheek close to the window, as if there was something to be seen outside, it went through the old woman's mind how, perhaps, if she had chosen Tom Fennell instead of the other one, things might have been different. If any life could ever have been real to the liver of it, surely her hard life, her many toils and sufferings, must have been such sure fact as to leave no room for fancy. Yet so truly, even to an unimaginative woman, was this fantastic existence such stuff as dreams are made of, that she stopped to think what the difference might have been if— She was nearly sixty, worn even beyond her years, incapable of very much thinking; and yet she took a moment to herself ere she could join her child, and permitted herself this strange indulgence. When she descended the stairs again, still in the dark, going softly, and with a certain thrill of excitement, Mrs. Preston's mind was full of dreams more unreal than those which Pamela pondered before the fire. She was forming visions of a sweet, kind, fair old lady who would be good to Pamela. Already her heart was lighter for the thought. If she should be ill or feel any signs of breaking up, what a comfort to mount into the carrier's cart and go and commend her child to such a protector! If she had conceived at once the plan of marrying Pamela to Mr. John, and making her at one sweep mistress of Brownlows, the idea would have been wisdom itself in comparison; but she did not know that, poor soul! She came down with a visionary glow about her heart, the secret of which she told to no one, and roused up Pamela, who looked half dazed and dazzled as she drew her hands from before her face and rose from the rug she had been seated on. Pamela had been dreaming, but not more than her mother. She almost looked as if she had been sleeping as she opened her dazzled eyes. There are times when one sees clearer with one's eyes closed. The child had been looking at that picture of hers so long that she felt guilty when her mother woke her up. She had a kind of shamefaced consciousness, Mr. John having been so long about, that her mother must find his presence out—not knowing that her mother was preoccupied and full of her own imaginations too. But they did not say anything to each other about their dreams. They dropped into silence, each over her work, as people are so ready to do who have something to think of. Pamela's little field of imagination was limited, and did not carry her much beyond the encounters of to-day; but Mrs. Preston bent her head over her sewing with many an old scene coming up in her mind. She remembered the day when Tom Fennell "spoke" to her first, as vividly in all its particulars as Pamela recollected Jack Brownlow's looks as he stood at the door. How strange if it should be the same Fennells! if Pamela's new friends should be related to her old one—if this lady at Masterton should be the woman in all the world pointed out by Providence to succour her darling. Poor Mrs. Preston uttered praises to Providence unawares—she seemed to see the blessed, yet crooked, ways by which she had been drawn to such a discovery. Her heart accepted it as a plan long ago concerted in heaven for her help when she was most helpless, to surprise her, as it were, with the infinite thought taken for her, and tender kindness. These were the feelings that rose and swelled in her mind and went on from step to step of further certainty. One thing was very confusing, it is true; but still when a woman is in such a state of mind, she can swallow a good many confusing particulars. It was to make out what could be the special relationship (taking it for granted that there was a relationship) between Tom Fennell and this old lady. She could not well have been his mother; perhaps his wife—his widow! This was scarcely a palatable thought,

but still she swallowed it—swallowed it, and preferred to think of something else, and permitted the matter to fall back into its former uncertainty. What did it matter about particulars when Providence had been so good to her? Dying itself would be little if she could but make sure of friends for Pamela. She sang, as it were, a "Nunc dimittis" in her soul.

Thus the acquaintance began between the young people at the great house and little Pamela in Mrs. Swayne's cottage. It was not an acquaintance which was likely to arise in the ordinary course of affairs, and naturally it called forth a little comment. Probably, had the mother been living, as Mrs. Preston wished, Sara would never have formed so unequal a friendship; but it was immaterial to Mr. Brownlow, who heard his child talk of her companion, and was pleased to think she was pleased: prepossessed as he was by the pretty face at the window which so often gleamed out upon him, he himself, though he scarcely saw any more of her than that passing glimpse in the morning, was taken with a certain fondness for the lovely little girl. He no longer said she was like Sara; she was like a face he had seen somewhere, he said, and he never failed to look out for her, and after a while gave her a friendly nod as he passed. It was more difficult to find out what were Jack's sentiments. He too saw a great deal of the little stranger, but it was in, of course, an accidental way. He used to happen to be in the avenue when she was coming or going. He happened to be in the park now and then when the spring brightened, and Pamela was able to take long walks. These things, of course, were pure accident, and he made no particular mention of them. As for Pamela herself, she would say, "I met Mr. John," in her innocent way, but that was about all. It is true that Mrs. Swayne in the cottage and Betty at the lodge both kept very close watch on the young people's proceedings. If these two had met at the other end of the parish, Betty, notwithstanding her rheumatics, would have managed to know it. But the only one who was aware of this scrutiny was Jack. Thus the spring came on, and the days grew pleasant. It was pleasant for them all, as the buds opened and the great chestnut-blossoms began to rise in milky spires among the big half-folded leaves. Even Mrs. Preston opened and smoothed out, and took to white caps and collars, and felt as if she might live till Pamela was five-and-twenty. Five-and-twenty is not a great age, but it is less helpless than seventeen, and in a last extremity there was always Mrs. Fennell in Masterton who could be appealed to. Sometimes even the two homely sentinels who watched over Pamela would relax in those lingering spring nights. Old Betty, though she was worldly-minded, was yet a motherly kind of old woman; her heart smote her when she looked in Pamela's face. "And why shouldn't he be honest and true, and marry a pretty lass if it was his fancy?" Betty would say. But as for Mrs. Swayne, she thanked Providence she had been in temptation herself, and knew what that sort meant; which was much more than any of the others did, up to this moment—Jack, probably, least of all.

CHAPTER XIII. — A CRISIS.

All this time affairs had been going on very quietly in the office. Mr. Brownlow came and went every day, and Jack when it suited him, and business went on as usual. As for young Powys, he had turned out an admirable clerk. Nothing could be more punctual, more painstaking than he was. Mr. Wrinkell the head-clerk was so pleased that he invited him to tea and chapel on Sunday, which was an offer the stranger had not despised. And it was known that he had taken a little tiny house in the outskirts, not the Dewsbury way, but at the other side of the town — a little house with a garden, where he had been seen planting primroses, to the great amusement of the other clerks. They had tried jeers, but the jeers were not witty, and Powys's patience was found to have limits. And he was so big and strong, and looked so completely as if he meant it, that the merriment soon came to an end and he was allowed to take his own way. They said he was currying favour with old Wrinkell; they said he was trying to humbug the governor; they said he had his pleasures his own way, and kept close about them. But all these arrows did not touch the junior clerk. Mr. Brownlow watched the young man out of his private office with the most anxious mixture of feelings. Wrinkell himself, though he was of thirty years' standing in the office, and his employer and he had been youths together, did not occupy nearly so much room in Mr. Brownlow's favour as this "new fellow." He took a livelier interest even in the papers that had come through his *protégé's* hands. "This is Powys's work, is it?" he would say, as he looked at the fair sheets which cost other people so much trouble. Powys did his work very well for one thing, but that did not explain it. Mr. Brownlow got into a way of drawing back the curtain which covered the glass partition between his own room and the outer office. He would draw back this curtain, accidentally as it were, the least in the world, and cast his eyes now and then on the desk at which the young man sat. He thought sometimes it was a pity to keep him there, a broad-shouldered, deep-chested fellow like that, at a desk, and consulted with himself whether he could not make some partial explanation to him, and advance him some money and send him off to a farm in his native Canada. It would be better for Powys, and it would be better for Brownlows. But he had not the courage to take such a direct step. Many a thought was in his mind as he sat glancing by turns from the side of the curtain — compunctions and self-reproaches now and then, but chiefly, it must be confessed, more selfish thoughts. Business went on just the same, but

yet it cannot be denied that an occasional terror seized Mr. Wrinkell's spirit that his principal's mind was "beginning to go." "And young John never was fit to hold the candle to him," Mr. Wrinkell said, in those moments of privacy when he confided his cares to the wife of his bosom. "When our Mr. Brownlow goes, the business will go, you'll see that. His opinion on that Waterworks case was not so clear as it used to be — not near so clear as it used to be; he'll sit for an hour at a time and never put pen to paper. He is but a young man yet, for his time of life, but I'm afraid he's beginning to go; and when he goes, the business will go. You'll see young John, with his fine notions, will never keep it up for a year."

"Well, Thomas, never mind," said Mrs. Wrinkell; "its sure to last out our time."

"Ah! that's just like women," said her husband — "after me the deluge; but I can tell you I do mind." He had the same opinion of women as Mrs. Swayne had of men, and it sprang from personal superiority in both cases, which is stronger than theory. But still he did let himself be comforted by the feminine suggestion. "There will be peace in my time;" this was the judgment formed by his head-clerk who knew so well of Mr. Brownlow's altered ways.

All this went on for some months after the admission of young Powys, and then all at once there was a change. The change made itself apparent in the Canadian, to begin with. At first it was only like a shadow creeping over the young man; then by degrees the difference grew more and more marked. He ceased to be held up as a model by the sorrowing Wrinkell; he ceased to be an example of the punctual and accurate. His eyes began to be red and bloodshot in the mornings; he looked weary, heavy, languid — sick of work, and sick of everything. Evidently he had taken to bad ways. So all his companions in the office concluded, not without satisfaction. Mr. Wrinkell made up his mind to it sorrowing. "I've seen many go, but I thought the root of the matter was in him," he said to his domestic counsellor. "Well, Thomas, we did our best for him," that sympathetic woman replied. It was not everybody that Mr. Wrinkell would have asked to chapel and tea. And this was how his kindness was to be rewarded. As for Mr. Brownlow, when he awoke to a sense of the change, it had a very strange effect upon him. He had a distinct impression of pain, for he liked the lad, about whom he knew so much more than anybody else knew. And in the midst of his pain there came a guilty throb of satisfaction, which woke him thoroughly up, and made him ask himself sternly what this all meant. Was he glad to see the young man go wrong because he stood in his own miserable selfish way? This was what a few months of such a secret had brought him to. It was now April, and in November the year would be out, and all the danger over. Once more, and always with a deeper impatience, he longed for this moment. It seemed to him, notwithstanding his matured and steady intellect, that if that day had but come, if that house were but attained, his natural freedom would come back to him. If he had been consulted about his own case, he would have seen through this vain supposition; but it *was* his own case, and he did not see through it. Meanwhile, in the interval, what was he to do? He drew his curtain aside, and sat and watched the changed looks of this unfortunate boy. He had begun so innocently and well, was he to be allowed to end badly, like so many? Had not he himself, in receiving the lad, and trading as it were on his ignorance, taken on himself something of the responsibility? He sat thinking of this when he ought to have been thinking of other people's business. There was not one of all his clients whose affairs were so complicated and engrossing as his own. He was more perplexed and beaten about in his own mind than any of the people who came to ask him for his advice. Oh, the sounding nothings they would bring before him; he who was engaged in personal conflict with the very first principles of honour and rectitude. Was he to let the lad perish? was he to interfere? What was he to do?

At the very height of his perplexity, one of those April days, Mr. Brownlow was very late at the office. Not exactly on account of the confusion of mind he was in, and yet because the intrusion of this personal subject had retarded him in his business. He was there after all the clerks were gone — even Mr. Wrinkell. He had watched young Powys go away from that very window where he had once watched Bessie Fennell passing in her thin cloak. The young man went off by himself, taking the contrary road, as Mr. Brownlow knew, from that which led to his home. He looked ill — he looked unhappy; and his employer watched him with a sickening at his heart. Was it his fault? and could he mend it or stop the evil, even were he to make up his mind to try? After that he had more than an hour's work, and sent off the dogcart to wait for him at the Green Man in the market-place. It was very quiet in the office when all his people were gone. As he sat working, there came over him memories of other times when he had worked like this, when his mother would come stealing down to him from the rooms above; when Bessie would come with her work to sit by him as he finished his. Strange to think that neither Bessie nor his mother were upstairs now; strange to believe, when you came to think of it, that there was nobody there — that the house was vacant, and his home elsewhere, and all his own generation, his own contemporaries, cut off from his side. These ideas floated through his mind as he worked, but they did not impair the soundness of the work, as some other thoughts did His mind was not beginning to go, though Mr. Wrinkell thought so. It was even a wonder to himself how quickly, how clearly he got through it; how fit he was for work yet, though the world was so changed. He had finished while it was still

good daylight, and put away his papers and buttoned his coat, and set out in an easy way. There was nothing particular to hurry him. There was Jack's mare, which flew rather than trotted, to take him home. Thus thinking, he went out, drawing on his gloves. Opposite him, as he opened the door, the sky was glowing in the west after the sunset, and he could see a woman's figure against it passing slowly, as if waiting for some one. Before he could shut the door, it became evident that it was for himself that she was waiting. Somehow he divined who she was before she said a word. A comely, elderly, motherly woman, dressed like a farmer's or a shopkeeper's wife, in the days when people dressed like their condition. She had a large figured shawl on, and a bonnet with black ribbons. And he knew she was Powys's mother — the woman on earth he most dreaded — come to speak to him about her son.

"Mr. Brownlow," she said, coming up to him with a nervous movement of her hands, "I've been waiting about this hour not to be troublesome. Oh! could you let me speak to you ten minutes? I won't keep you. Oh please, if I might speak to you five minutes *now*."

"Surely," he said; he was not quite sure if it was audible, but he said it with his lips. And he went in and held the door open for her. Then, though he never could tell why, he took her up-stairs — not to the office which he had just closed, but up to the long silent drawing-room which he had not entered for years. There came upon his mind an impression that Bessie was surely about somewhere, to come and stand by him, if he could only call her. But in the first place he had to do with his guest. He gave her a chair and made her sit down, and stood before her. "Tell me how I can serve you," he said. It seemed to him like a dream, and he could not understand it. Would she tell her fatal name, and make her claim, and end it all at once? That was folly. But still it seemed somehow natural to think that this was why she had come. The woman he had hunted for far and wide — whom he had then neglected and thought no more of — whom lately he had woke up to such horror and fear of, his greatest danger, his worst enemy, — was it she who was sitting so humbly before him now?

"I have no right to trouble you, Mr. Brownlow," she said; "it's because you were so kind to my boy. Many a time I wanted to come and thank you; and now — oh, it's a different thing now!"

"Your son is young Powys," said Mr. Brownlow — "yes; I knew by — by the face. He has gone home some time ago. I wonder you did not meet him in the street."

"Gone away from the office — not gone home," said Mrs. Powys. "Oh, Mr. Brownlow, I want to speak to you about him. He is as good as gold. He never had another thought in his mind but his sisters and me. He'd come and spend all his time with us when other young men were going about their pleasure. There never was such a son as he was — nor a brother. And oh, Mr. Brownlow, now it's come to this! I feel as if it would break my heart."

"What has it come to?" said Mr. Brownlow. He drew forward a chair and sat down facing her, and the noise he made in doing so seemed to waken thunders in the empty house. He had got over his agitation by this time, and was as calm as he always was. And his profession came to his help, and opened his eyes and ears to everything that might be of use to him, notwithstanding the effect the house had upon him in its stillness, and this meeting which he had so much reason to fear.

"Oh, sir, it's come to grief and trouble," said the poor woman. "Something has come between my boy and me. We are parted as far as if the Atlantic was between us. I don't know what is in his heart. Oh, sir, it's for your influence I've come. He'll do anything for you. It's hard to ask a stranger to help me with my own son, and him so good and so kind; but if it goes on like this, it will break my heart."

"I feared there was something wrong," said Mr. Brownlow; "I feared it, though I never thought it could have gone so far. I'll do what I can, but I fear it is little I can do. If he has taken to bad ways ——"

But here the stranger gave a cry of denial which rang through the room. "Bad ways! — my boy!" said the mother. "Mr. Brownlow, you know a great deal more than I do, but you don't know my son. He taken to bad ways. I would sooner believe I was wicked myself. I am wicked, to come and complain of him to them that don't know."

"Then what in the name of goodness is it?" said the lawyer, startled out of his seriousness. He began to lose the tragic sense of a dangerous presence. It might be the woman he feared; but it was a homely, incoherent, inconsequent personage all the same.

Mrs. Powys drew herself up solemnly. She too was less respectful of the man who did not understand. "What it is, sir," she said, slowly, and with a certain pomp, "is, that my boy has something on his mind."

Something on his mind! John Brownlow sank again into a strange fever of suspense and curiosity and unreasonable panic. Could it be so? Could the youth have found out something, and be sifting it to get at the truth? The room seemed to take life and become a conscious spectator, looking at him, to see how he would act in this emergency. But yet he persevered in the course he had decided on, not giving in to his own feelings. "What can he have on his mind?" he asked. His pretended ignorance sounded in his own ears like a lie; but nevertheless he went on all the same.

"That's what I don't know, sir," said Mrs. Powys, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. "He's been rummaging among my papers, and he's maybe found something, or he's heard

some talk that has put things in his head. I know he has heard things in this very house — people talking about families, and wills and all that. His father was of a very good family, Mr. Brownlow. I don't know them, but I know they're rich people. Maybe it's that, or perhaps — but I don't know how to account for it. It's something that is eating into his heart. And he has such a confidence in you! It was you that took him up when we were strangers, and had nobody to look to us. I have a little that my poor husband left me; but it's very little to keep four upon; and I may say it's you that gave us bread, for that matter. There's nothing in this world my boy wouldn't do for you."

Then there was a pause. The poor woman had exhausted her words and her self-command and her breath, and stopped perforce, and Mr. Brownlow did not know how to reply. What could he say to her? It was a matter of death and life between him and her boy, instead of the indifferent question she thought. "Would you like me to speak to him?" he said at last, with a little difficulty of utterance; "should I ask him what is occupying his mind? But he might not choose to tell me. What would you wish me to do?"

"Oh, sir, you're very good," said Mrs. Powys, melting into gratitude. "I never can thank God enough that my poor boy has met with such a kind friend."

"Hush!" said Mr. Brownlow, rising from his chair. He could not bear this; thanking God, as if God did not know well enough, too well, how the real state of the matter was! He was not a man used to deception, or who could adapt himself to it readily. He had all the habits of an honest life against him, and that impulse to speak truth and do right which he struggled with as if it were a temptation. Thus his position was awfully the reverse of that of a man tempting and falling. He was doing wrong with all the force of his will, and striving against his own inclination and instinct of uprightness; but here was one thing beyond his strength. To bring God in, and render Him, as it were, a party, was more than he could bear. "I am not so kind as you think," he said, hoarsely. "I am not — I mean your son deserves all that I can do."

"Oh, sir, that's kind — that's kindness itself to say so," cried the poor mother. "Nothing that could be said is so kind as that — and me, that was beginning to lose faith in him! It was to ask you to speak to him, Mr. Brownlow. If you were to ask him, he might open his heart to you. A gentleman is different from a poor woman. Not that anybody could feel for him like me, but he would think such a deal of your advice. If you would speak and get him to open his heart. That was what I wanted to ask you, if it's not too much. If you would be so kind — and God knows, if ever it was in my power or my children's, though I'm but a poor creature, to do anything in this world that would be a service to you —"

God again. What did the woman mean? And she was a widow, one of those that God was said to take special charge of. It was bad enough before without that. John Brownlow had gone to the fireless hearth, and was standing by it leaning his head against the high carved wooden mantelpiece, and looking down upon the cold vacancy where for so many years the fire that warmed his inmost life had blazed and sparkled. He stood thus and listened, and within him the void seemed as cold, and the emptiness as profound. It was his moment of fate. He was going to cast himself off from the life he had lived at that hearth — to make a separation for ever and ever between the John Brownlow, honest and generous, who had been trained to manhood within these walls, and had loved and married, and brought his bride to this fireside — and the country gentleman who, in all his great house, would never more find the easy heart and clear conscience which were natural to this atmosphere. He stood there, and looked down on the old domestic centre, and asked himself if it was worth the terrible sacrifice; honour and honesty and truth — and all to keep Brownlows for Sara, to preserve the greys, and the flowers, and the park, and Jack's wonderful mare, and all the superfluities that these young creatures treated so lightly? Was it worth the price? This was the wide fundamental question he was asking himself, while his visitor, in her chair between him and the window, spoke of her gratitude. But there was no trace in his face, even if she could have seen it, that he had descended into the very depths, and was debating with himself a matter of life and death. When her voice ceased, Mr. Brownlow's self-debate ceased too, coming to a sharp and sudden end, as if it was only under cover of her words that it could pass unnoted. Then he came towards her slowly, and took the chair opposite her, and met her eye. The colour had gone out of his face, but he was too self-possessed and experienced a man to show what the struggle was through which he had just come. And the poor woman thought it so natural that he should be full of thought. Was he not considering, in his wonderful kindness, what he could do for her boy?

"I will do what you ask me," he said. "It may be difficult, but I will try. Don't thank me, for you don't know whether I shall succeed. I will do — what I can. I will speak to your son, perhaps to-morrow — the earliest opportunity I have. You were quite right to come. And — you may — trust him — to me," said Mr. Brownlow. He did not mean to say these last words. What was it that drew them — dragged them from his lips? "You may trust him to me," He even repeated it twice, wondering at himself all the while, and not knowing what he meant. As for poor Mrs. Powys, she was overwhelmed by her gratitude.

"Oh, sir, with all my heart," she cried, — "him, and all my hopes in this world!" And then she bade God bless him, who was so good

to her and her boy. Yes, that was the worst of it. John Brownlow felt that but too clearly all through. It was hard enough to struggle with himself, with his own conscience and instincts; but behind all that there was another struggle which would be harder still — the struggle with God to whom this woman would appeal, and who, he was but too clearly aware, knew all about it. But sufficient unto the moment was its own conflict. He took his hat after that, and took his visitor downstairs, and answered the amazed looks of the housekeeper, who came to see what this unusual disturbance meant, with a few words of explanation, and shook hands with Mrs. Powys at the door. The sunset glow had only just gone, so short a time had this conversation really occupied, though it involved so much, and the first magical tone of twilight had fallen into the evening air. When Mr. Brownlow left the office door he went straight on, and did not remember the carriage that was waiting for him. He was so much absorbed by his own affairs, and had so many things to think of, that even the strength of habit failed him. Without knowing, he set out walking upon the well-known way. Probably the mere fact of movement was a solace to him. He went along steadily by the budding hedgerows and the little gardens and the cottage doors, and did not know it. What he was really doing was holding conversation with young Powys, conversations with his children, all mingled and penetrated with one long never-ending conflict with himself. He had been passive hitherto, now he would have to be active. He had contented himself simply with keeping back the knowledge which after all it was not his business to give. Now, if he was to gain his object, he must do positively what he had hitherto done negatively. He must mislead — he must — contradict — he must lie. The young man's knowledge of his rights, if they were his rights, must be very imperfect. To confuse him, to deceive him, to destroy all possible evidence, to use every device to lose his time and blind his eyes, was what Mr. Brownlow had now to do.

And there can be no doubt that, but for the intervention of personal feelings, it would have been an easy thing enough to do. If there had been no right and wrong involved, no personal advantage or loss, how very simple a matter to make this youth, who had such perfect confidence in him, believe as he pleased; and how easy after to make much of young Powys, to advance him, to provide for him — to do a great deal better for him, in short, than he could do for himself with old Mrs. Thompson's fifty thousand pounds! If there was no right and wrong involved! Mr. Brownlow walked on and on as he thought, and never once observed the length of the way. One thing in the world he could not do — that was, to take away all the sweet indulgences with which he had surrounded her, the delights, the luxuries, the position, from his child. He could not reduce Sara to be Brownlow the solicitor's daughter in the dark old-fashioned house at Masterton. He went over all her pretty ways to himself as he went on. He saw her gliding about the great house which seemed her natural sphere. He saw her receiving his guests, people who would not have known her, or would at least have patronized her from a very lofty distance, had she been in that house at Masterton; he saw her rolling forth in her pretty carriage with the greys, which were the envy of the county. All these matters were things for which, in his own person, John Brownlow cared not a straw. He did not care even to secure them for his son, who was a man and had his profession, and was no better than himself; but Sara — and then the superb little princess she was to the rest of the world! the devoted little daughter she was to him! Words of hers came somehow dropping into his ears as the twilight breathed around him. How she had once said —— Good heavens! what was that she had said?

All at once Mr. Brownlow awoke. He found himself walking on the Dewsbury road, instead of driving, as he ought to have been. He remembered that the dogcart was waiting for him in the market-place. He became aware that he had forgotten himself, forgotten everything, in the stress and urgency of his thoughts. What was the galvanic touch that brought him back to consciousness? The recollection of half-a-dozen words once spoken by his child — girlish words, perhaps forgotten as soon as uttered; yet when he stopped, and turned round to see how far he had come, though he had been walking very moderately and the evening was not warm, a sudden rush of colour, like a girl's blush, had come to his face. If the mare had been in sight, in her wildest mood, it would have been a relief to him to seize the reins, and fight it out with her, and fly on, at any risk, away from that spot, away from that thought, away from the suggestion so humbling, so saving, so merciful and cruel, which had suddenly entered his mind. But the mare was making everybody very uncomfortable in the market-place at Masterton, and could not aid her master to escape from himself. Then he turned again, and went on. It was a seven-miles' walk, and he had come three parts of the way; but even the distance that remained was long to a man who had suddenly fallen into company with a new idea which he would rather not entertain. He felt the jar in all his limbs from this sudden electric shock. Sara had said it, it was true — she had meant it. He had her young life in his hands, and he could save Brownlows to her, and yet save his soul. Which was the most to be thought of, his soul or her happiness? — that was the question. Such was the sudden tumult that ran through John Brownlow's veins. He seemed to be left there alone in the country quiet, in the soft twilight, under the dropping dew, to consider it, shut out from all counsel or succor of God or man. Man he himself shut out, locking his secret in his own breast — God! whom he knew his last struggle was to be with,

whom that woman had insisted on bringing in, a party to the whole matter — was not He standing aside in a terrible stillness, a spectator, waiting to see what would come of it, refusing all participation? Would God any more than man approve of this way of saving John Brownlow's soul? But the more he tried to escape from it the more it came back. She had said it, and she had meant it, with a certain sweet scorn of life's darker chances, and faith unbounded in her father, of all men, who was God's deputy to the child. Mr. Brownlow quickened his pace, walked faster and faster, till his heart thumped against his breast, and his breath came in gasps; but he could not go so fast as his thoughts, which were always in advance of him. Thus he came to the gate of Brownlows before he knew. It was the prettiest evening scene. Twilight had settled down to the softest night; big stars, lambent and dilating, were coming softly out, as if to look at something out of the sweet blue. And it was no more dark than it was light. Old Betty, on her step, was sitting crooning, with many quavers, one of her old songs. And Pamela, who had just watered her flowers, leant over the gate, smiling, and listening with eyes that were very like the stars. Somehow this picture went to Mr. Brownlow's heart. He went up to the child as he passed, and laid a kind hand upon her pretty head, on the soft rings of her dark hair. "Good-night little one," he said, quite softly, with that half-shame which a man feels when he betrays that he has a heart in him. He had never taken so much notice of her before. It was partly because anything associated with Sara touched him to the quick at this moment; partly for her own sake, and for the sake of the dews and stars; and partly that his mind was overstrained, and tottering. "Poor little thing," he said to himself, as he went up the avenue, "she is nobody, and she is happy." With this passing thought, Mr. Brownlow fell once more into the hands of his demon, and, thus agitated and struggling, reached his home.

The Jew in Literature. — An interesting monograph might be written on the figure made by the Hebrew in the gallery of Fiction. As a strongly marked individual he has, at one time or other, tempted almost every fertile novelist who has dealt with serious passages and incidents. It is noticeable, however, that he has principally figured in one of two types, and those of the wildest contrast — either as a cunning and vengeful fiend or as an oppressed sage and benefactor, his diabolical or celestial qualities alike taking form and color from what may be called the fatalities of his race. It is further to be observed, that the rehabilitations, so to say, with which the Hebrew has been justly credited in fiction, have frequently been consequent on representations made by his people as to the injustice of such wholesale "blackening of their faces." Miss Edgeworth owns herself to have written "Harrington" at the request of an Israelite lady aggrieved by what she thought to have been too cruel representations of "the tribes" in that acutely observant moralist's former novels. It has been whispered that Riah, in "Our Mutual Friend," was evoked by way of answer to a similar remonstrance, sincerely tendered to Mr. Dickens; and no one can wonder at such protest who recollects that most abominable of abominable Jews, his Fagin, the receiver, in "Oliver Twist," and the tremendous trial and death scenes closing the miscreant's life of crime. In all these creations, whether they are written with the intent of blessing or of banning, enters an element of pain, a taint more or less engendered by the evil spirit of persecution.

A Clergyman's Letter. — A clergyman in England offers £25 a year for a governess with the following qualifications:

"What religious authors do most exactly coincide with Miss H.'s opinions of scriptural truth? What living preachers are thought by Miss H. to be the most faithful and scriptural in their method of setting forth their opinions? Does Miss H. consider the doctrine of general redemption to be scriptural, or is she at all inclined to believe that of particular redemption, held by persons called Calvinists, to be more scriptural? Does Miss H. instruct in music, thorough bass, French, Italian, geometry, Greek, Latin, natural history, botany, drawing, globes, needlework, &c., &c., Does Miss H. judge herself capable of finishing the instruction of young ladies, without the aid of masters? Is Miss H. heartily desirous of framing her whole life, privately and openly, to the will of God, contained in the word of God? Mr. D. wishes to add that if her replies to these inquiries be satisfactory and full, perhaps further communications may follow, otherwise not."

CHAPTER XX.

CONFUSION — AND CONCLUSION.

It was bright morning, too bright indeed for the after promise of the day. The sun had not yet appeared. The moon, high in the heaven, was visible still, though rapidly paling away. The morning-star was blazing its last, every other star having already gone out. The hedges, brown, yellow, and crimson, with fading leaves, and ripe berries, stretched in long double lines up and down the Somersetshire roads. Along one of those roads there walked one who had scanty regard for the peculiar beauties of that hour. She had remained in her own room for some time after the fatal and crushing discovery which had thus unexpectedly come upon her. Deverington Hall could now, indeed, be no longer a home to her. Not even as the lowest servant could she continue there, or, indeed, enter any other respectable house. And Murphy; he had promised that, sharing the peril, she should also share the profit; and he had observed his promise, by darting from her side with as much as he could secure of the profit, and leaving her to face the whole of the peril! Indeed, he had coolly calculated from the first, that such peril should be hers only; for he had retained in his exclusive possession that paper which would enable him, after all wrong-doing whatsoever, to make his peace with the Campion family. So now, with this miserable woman, the hopes that had failed her in the one direction found no compensation, no consolation, in the other.

Now, should she remain where she was, and struggle to face it out, or should she run away? Overtaken as she had been, to brazen through the affair was not a very hopeful project. Mr. Campion would not very readily disbelieve his own eyes and ears. And the lantern, carried by the lodgekeeper, must have cast its light upon herself, when just assisting Mr. Murphy M'Quantigan to place the second hamper upon his back. That gentleman was at least as largely gifted with impudence as she was; and he had had nothing for it, but to turn, and run away. Deverington Hall was truly a fatal place to Mr. M'Quantigan. Twice within its precincts had that brazen audacity, seldom or never at fault before, been put to flight when most thoroughly needed. No wonder that Miss Varnish despaired of putting any gloss upon the very awkward attitude in which Mr. Campion had found her. Should she, therefore, make her escape? Very likely no resistance would be opposed to her; at all events, not if she were prompt about it. When she was turning away, dumb-foundered and half-stupefied, from the presence of the two brothers, she had heard the elder of them say to the younger, that a strange affair of absorbing interest had hindered him from coming the day before; but that, acting on the possible chance of the funeral having been adjourned, he had travelled down by the night-train. There was evidently matter a-foot in the Campion family which would make even the loss of its choicest plate a thing of secondary moment; and when that latter affair came in question, it was to the fugitive M'Quantigan, and not to the captive Emma, that they must direct their first attention. What thereafter was to become of her, she did not know — she could not conjecture; only it did appear that the further away from Deverington the better it was likely to be for her. She would not be destitute all at once. She had plenty of money, secure about her, for any present necessity. She would go while a choice remained to her.

She softly opened her door, as gently went along the passage, and so towards the narrow staircase, of which mention has been made already. She was compelled to pass near the drawing-room door. It was open at its widest, and a housemaid was there, sweeping away the feathers which had got there, everybody knows how. The servant stared very hard at the retreating criminal, but made no attempt at detaining her. Nor, indeed, when that same servant reported, a moment later, that she had seen Miss Varnish go out into the garden, was any pursuit set on foot or suggested. The plunder which Mr. M'Quantigan had left behind him was now in safe and faithful custody. Mr. Gerald Campion had very excellent reasons for wishing that the links between Deverington and Miss Varnish should be broken as quietly as possible. Mr. Herbert's heart and soul were taken up with matters far more affecting and absorbing. So a contemptuous forbearance was, with little or no hesitation, accorded the fugitive woman; and protected by this negative shelter, she walked on her miserable way to Bridgewater. She went along the high road. The broken down, or common, by which Mrs. Ferrier had been prevented from travelling, might prove rather muddy and wet. She was coming very near to Bridgewater, and was descending a somewhat steep hill, when the sound of wheels behind her arrested her quick and terrified

attention. Turning at once round, she saw a fly driving slowly down the hill; of a more rapid pace the nature of the ground there would not admit. When the fly came up abreast with her, which she presently allowed it to do, she saw it held one passenger, and that Mr. Murphy M'Quantigan was he. It was so. But a person with fewer reasons for remembering him might have possibly left him unrecognized. He had found occasion, this man of rapid and ready expedient, to rid himself of the beard which had grown during his week at Deverington. He had also procured a new wide-awake, and gloves. She could see inside what she rightly guessed was the hamper, wrapped in a covering of canvas. To think how lightly he appeared to trip over all the dangers which were pitfalls of destruction for her; this tortured and enraged her, as nothing else had done that horrible morning.

"Murphy! Mr. M'Quantigan! No; I will speak to you! You cruel, cowardly, bad man! Don't expect me to consider you, who have never considered me. Whatever may become of me ——"

"Hush, now! — do hush, my good creature! I'll speak to you all soon enough, if you choose, but not for a third person to hear us. Come! I'll get out, and walk down the hill with you."

The driver had stopped at Miss Varnish's invitation, and the Irishman got out, and joined her at the side of the road; and they two — most assuredly *not* agreed — walked, nevertheless, together.

"Mr. M'Quantigan, your behaviour is base beyond all believing!"

"Then you shouldn't believe it, my dear. What better could I have done? I fancy that fellow who came upon us was the elder Mr. Campion — was he not?"

"Yes, he was. You may talk about it as coolly as you please, but it has ruined me. I am running away, heaven knows where; and you — you'll take care of yourself, I know."

"I hope I shall, indeed, my dear; I humbly endeavour to do so. But it's just your fault that I could not take better care of myself this morning than I did."

"*My* fault? Well! It shouldn't surprise me, I'm aware. There's nothing too false or too shameful for you to say!"

"And I mean to say, over again, madam, that it was your fault entirely. We had all but done the thing. Five minutes more — ten, at the most — would have allowed us a good start, with all that our industry had gained us. And twice or thrice that time did you go on dwadling, the early part of the night, pretending that you couldn't make up your mind to the thing. Just see how different it would have been if you had followed my advice at once!"

"Well, Murphy, but how have you managed to get here in this manner?"

"Why, the very moment I saw that the game was up at the house, I went off to the dog-cart in the stable-yard, got out the hamper that I had put there already, and took it on my shoulders to Chelford. I walked with it all the way. There I got to a decent inn, made myself comfortable, got hold of a piece of canvas to wrap the hamper in; and bought — early as it was — one or two little articles for myself. I was tired enough with walking, so I took a fly, as you see."

"But you're not going to wait for the next train to London?"

"I rather think I shall be off by the next train of all, go wherever it may, my dear. And now we're at the bottom of the hill, I'll get in again, and wish you good-bye."

"Murphy! Murphy! can you have the heart to leave me in this dreadful condition? At least allow me to get in with you, that I may have a chance of escaping. Murphy, there was a time when my company was not so unwelcome to you."

"I doubt, Miss Varnish, I haven't any room. You'll very soon walk it. I suppose you've saved pretty considerably?"

"God help me! — no. What I have will be gone in a very few months. It's not so much as fifty pounds."

"Not fifty pounds! Ah, then, I'm sorry to say there is no room for you here; and so we must say good morning at once."

And opening the chaise-door, he took his seat therein, shut the door again, and told the driver to proceed. In that very instant, the woman, who (at least from him) deserved better treatment, formed a passionate resolution what she should do. Time and thought must enable her to master the details of her sudden scheme. The present necessity was to follow him so closely to the station, that she might secure a seat in the very train which carried himself.

The fly that he had hired at Chelford had a board at the back, on which, without any great discomfort, it was possible to sit. Reckless of everything save her main purpose, Miss Varnish placed herself thereon as the fly was driving away. She remained unmolested during the rest of the journey. No uncharitable tell-tale called out "Whip behind!" or in any graver way called at-

tention to the supernumerary passenger. As the vehicle slackened its pace in turning into the station-yard (the town did not lie in their course), Miss Varnish got again upon her feet, and contrived to watch M'Quantigan pass through the booking-office on to the platform beyond. She quickly ascertained that the train shortly to start was going in the direction of Bath: to Bath it was therefore probable that the excellent Murphy would proceed. But she took a way of ascertaining this more surely. "First class to Bath," she said to the clerk at the ticket-stand. The clerk handed the ticket, and named the sum required. She affected surprise at it: "So much as that! I thought I heard you tell that gentleman only five-and-sixpence?"

"It was *second* class the gentleman took, ma'am."

And, satisfied that the gentleman was really bound for Bath, the lady, with no more demur, laid down the full fare demanded of her. She strove to keep out of sight of M'Quantigan, until, in separate carriages, they should start upon the same journey. Even if he should detect her presence, he might possibly be too supercilious to imagine that it boded any mischief to him. As far as she was ever aware, she managed to conceal herself from him until they were both in the train and on their way. And, to all appearance, the like good fortune attended her when, at Bath, they both alighted at the station there. She saw him engage a cab, heard him order it to be driven to the "Ostrich Head" inn, and, at the mention of that house, it occurred to her that, at some recent period, and in some peculiar association, she had heard its name before. She stood for a minute or two considering how it came to be familiar to her. When the recollection occurred, it gave her great encouragement, for it promised no trivial assistance to the project already forming in her mind. Ere quitting the station, she ascertained at what hour the return train started for Bridgewater. Its time was exactly at eleven, and now it was half-past eight; two hours and a half were therefore permitted her to mature and execute the scheme of getting the one good card out of Mr. M'Quantigan's hands into her own. The Irishman had doubtless betaken himself to the "Ostrich Head" with a view of remaining the day, if not the next night there. Almost his first act would surely be to take a bed, and enter on the actual enjoyment of it. He had had a sleepless night and a wearisome walk; moreover, for a full week past, his relations with bed had been of a very imperfect and desultory character indeed. It might be rather rash to leave traces behind him at the station, but he might fancy that he had fairly cut them off in his early morning flight from Deverington. And Miss Varnish knew that, more than once in his life, her *quondam* friend had, in devotion to the comforts of the present, allowed his greater interests to lapse; so she felt very certain that the "Ostrich Head" would shelter him long beyond the time at which she purposed waiting on him there. It took her not long to reach it on foot. It was for his precious hamper, and not for himself, that M'Quantigan's cab had been needed.

Miss Varnish took special note of the situation and entrance of the inn, and, for the present, turned away from it. She quickly found another and a humbler hostel. Stepping in there, she took a hasty but substantial breakfast. You will not wonder that she greatly required it. There was no real reason for hurrying. Indeed, she must defer her attack until her enemy was likely to be as helpless as she could hope to find him. And, while securing her departure by the proper train, the less time that intervened between her execution of the task and her quitting Bath, the better and the safer for her; for, of course the less would be the chance of the good Murphy's detecting and pursuing her. Having breakfasted, she went about making one or two purchases. They were as various as a number so small could very well be. What they were, they shall declare for themselves in the using.

Just at ten o'clock, the rain, too faithfully heralded by the transient brightness of the morning, began to fall steadily down. The stately amphitheatre, which rises above Old Bath, and which Czar Alexander named "the drawing-room of Europe," was now bedimmed and beshrouded, like a drawing-room put into mourning. At this very time, and along a back street near the "Ostrich Head," there walked a woman, carrying in her hands something entirely covered over with paper. By a back entrance, she glided unquestioned into the inn. Nothing could indeed be more respectable than the dress (entirely black) which was upon her. And we are wont to feel that questioning the good intentions of one who comes arrayed in black is something of a sacrilege,—suspicion intruding upon ground which ought to be sacred to sympathy. In a suitably dark passage, our Emma whipped her bonnet off her head, and crushed it under her dress, tossed off, at the same time, the paper that shrouded what she was carrying; and

stood revealed in a most responsible-looking cap, and with a glass of whiskey on a small tray in her hand. She went her way, thus accredited, to the front portion of the "Ostrich Head." She had little fear that the landlady would detect the false colour she carried. For the name of that inn had reminded her how, about three weeks before, she had read, in the "Bridgewater Beacon," of the recent marriage of Mr. Featherwelsh, the landlord. The announcement had impressed itself on her mind by its unreasonable length and pomposity. Therefore, the landlady was a stranger at present, and not too well acquainted with the appearance of those who served her. But were this a false calculation, the inn was a rather dark place. The day was dark also, and the chances of her detection far from considerable. Dodging about from door to door, she then walked up to the bar window. Inside it was a pretty young woman in lilac silk, whom the volunteer housemaid rightly took to be the new Mrs. Featherwelsh.

There are occasions, on which audacity is the most genuine caution, and Miss Varnish took her present position to be one of them. Up to the newly-made mistress she walked with the tray in her hand.

"If you please ma'am, would you tell me where I shall find the gentleman as ordered this whiskey, ma'am? He's a tall gentleman, and speaks something like an Irish gentleman, I think, ma'am."

Mrs. Featherwelsh put the inquiry to somebody in the rear, and succeeded in getting the information, to be duly imparted to Miss Emma.

"That gentleman has gone to bed, I understand; he said he had only just arrived in England after a long voyage, and was rather ill."

Miss Varnish recognized her once friend, now enemy — telling falsehoods, even before they were needed. But she must urge on her design.

"But please, ma'am, he said he should want it just at ten o'clock; and I really think, ma'am, he talked as if he'd be very much put out if it was not taken to him."— a characteristic of Mr. Murphy, which Miss Varnish knew she might safely insert at any time.

The landlady inquired again, and informed her servant that she might take it up to the gentleman in Number 15, on the second floor. So, tray in hand, upstairs Miss Emma went. She made a feint of knocking at the door, lest any one should be observing her, and then put her hand to the handle of it. It was not locked, and she softly opened it, and entered in. He was sleeping heavily, as she knew he was likely to be doing. Tucked up underneath his pillow was a coat. Thus it was instantly and certainly revealed to her where the coveted treasure was to be found. She set the waiter down; and then, from her bosom, drew out a little glass bottle. Its contents, for the colour of them, might have claimed identity with the whiskey in the tumbler. But it was only chloroform. Nobody will greatly wonder how the idea of employing this agency entered into Miss Varnish's head. It must be skilfully and dexterously used; for to fail was certain disgrace, and possible death. She must not wake him, for there was no limiting the injury, which, in his sudden desperation and fury, he might do her. She had heard enough of the practice on such occasions to guide her (as she thought) in administering chloroform.

At first, she held her handkerchief saturated with the liquid, at a little distance from his nostrils. He gave a gasp, and a start, as if he were on the point of awaking. Now was the fearful juncture. She called up the thought of her forlorn and desperate position, to give her courage in the dangerous crisis. "Let him kill me," she thought. "My life is not so fraught with hope, that I should cling to it very fondly." He did not awake; and she ventured to hold the handkerchief nearer — still nearer. It really seemed as though his natural sleep were changing into that mysterious loss of sense which of late has been so mercifully placed within our attaining. She wetted the handkerchief again, and boldly applied it close to his face. She saw him sinking off into something which was at once like sleep, and not like sleep. A little more, and she felt certain that now the process was fully accomplished. She ran a pin into his shoulder, by way of experiment. He neither started nor gave any other sign. "It would be a pleasure to hurt him," thought she, "but the proof is complete; my grand difficulty is safely over."

With that, she dragged from under the pillow the coat which had attracted her eye; — looked into its breast-pocket, drew thence a folded paper addressed to "Gerald Campion, Esq., to be read by him after my death;" — which paper she also saw was written in the deceased Mrs. Campion's handwriting. Of this she promptly took possession. And now — for she was perfectly aware that the effects of the anæsthetic were very transient, — the sooner she was out of the room and away, the safer and the better for her. As she turned to the door

of the room, she noticed the canvas-wrapped hamper lying close to a large old wardrobe, which had the key in its lock. This suggested a supplementary performance to her. In half a minute, she had popped the heavy hamper inside, locked the wardrobe door, and placed the key side by side with the packet in her bosom. Then she opened the door, and quitted the room; perceiving, as she did so, that M'Quantigan yet lay motionless and undisturbed. She greatly wondered what the immediate consequence of his recovery from the chloroform would be. Would he awake altogether; or would the heavy natural slumber in which she had found him, resume its superseded influence? On this great physical question all her future prospects might hang.

With a few hours' start, she might present herself at Deverington Hall, with a double title to the forgiveness and forbearance of the Campion family. If the Orangeman had time to overtake her (for he would guess in what direction she would be gone), he might mar her triumph, if he could not compass one of his own. No fear of consequences, she very well knew, would deter him from the most violent and brutal vengeance, did she come within reach of him again.

She got herself out of the "Ostrich Head" without any suspicion or questioning, and then she retreated to the house, at which she had left her few belongings. In very good time, and wearing a thick black veil, she presented herself at the station, and took her seat in a carriage at the first opportunity. Glad indeed she was to feel herself again in motion. She was out of Bath, and safe. Safe? Yet, when Murphy awoke, and guessed who had robbed him, and whither she had fled, perhaps he would telegraph to have her detained at Bridgewater. No, never could she think herself safe until (it was a strange idea, after all that had happened), until she reached the shelter of Deverington Hall. The day was soaking wet now. She looked, with a sort of troubled awe, on those never-ending wires, now dripping with the rain. She thought of the message, fraught with her utter destruction, which might be speeding its invisible way along them, as she looked.

At one time she considered that Mr. M'Quantigan was much too deeply compromised before the law himself, to think of calling it in thus upon his own behalf? Then, again, she thought of his passionate, audacious character; and how readily he might impose his own statement on the people at his inn, and on the police.

It was a slow train; and every stoppage made her tremble, as every new start gave her fresh courage. Before the way was nearly ended, it occurred to her that she might make her position a little surer by mastering the contents of that strange and important paper she now carried with her. She therefore took it out, and read it as she travelled on. Deeply occupied as she was with vital concerns of her own, the matter of it interested her; and presuming that it will have its interest for others, we will transcribe it in this very place.

At the head of its first page was written:—

"I entreat my too kind husband to read what I am going to write, to the very end, before acting upon it, or shewing it to any other person."

Then the main narative began:—

"*Deverington Hall*, 14*th May*, 1854.

"My dear Gerald:—When this meets your eye, you will be fully made aware of what is daily troubling and consuming me. You will come to know how profitless and vain have been all your affectionate efforts to relieve or assuage the disorder that has settled upon me;—how profitless they were *sure* to be;—since no care, no cure, can minister to a guilty and torturing conscience.

"Such a conscience, my dear Gerald, it has been my miserable doom to carry about with me for some time, and must be my wretched fate to bear within me as long as I live. I *cannot* confess my sin with my lips. I am warned that my life may be ended in the stroke of a moment. And I truly believe, did I set myself the task of acknowledging the wrong in your presence, the breath would quit my body before I could deliver myself of the words. So be merciful and considerate, although my confession, backward as it may be, will only furnish an additional proof of my shameful weakness and selfishness.

"You well remember, Gerald, our visit, shortly after our marriage in 1837, to your father in this house. My poor mother had wispered to me that, though you were the younger son, it was probable that your father's partiality would put you in the place of the elder. Do not, I implore you, consider me baser than I am. I did not marry you for money. Though I do acknowledge that my poor mother's foolish words ran greatly in my mind, and the sight of this beautiful home, which (were they really fulfilled) would be ours,—this

urged me to desire that it might even happen so.

"I hardly think I was ever capable of wishing to benefit by a deliberate injustice. But I did not allow to myself, that your father would be unjust in so devising his estate. He might have very good reasons for disinheriting your brother. He was kind and cordial towards me; and I settled in my own mind, that, if he passed over your brother in your favour, we might credit him for acting with good cause, and might acquiesce in such fortune, without any qualms of conscience.

"The presence of Mrs. Herbert Campion at that time, did not lessen these thoughts. We were not fond of one another. I fancied her haughty and distant. I can now very well believe, that, as a wife living absent from her husband, she found it needful to be very watchful and cautious in her behaviour, and that I unjustly mistook her laudable reserve for pride.

"That she might never put me in the wrong, I was careful, on every occasion, to recollect that, as the elder brother's wife, she had a right to every precedence. When our little Emily was born, while my sister-in-law continued childless, — I confess I exulted over her greatly. Whatever your father might decide, to our branch the property would ultimately come. My bitter disappointment, when a child was born at last to your brother, can hardly have escaped you at the time. When your father died, his intentions toward you — as I had allowed myself to reckon on them — were not carried out, after all. Into Deverington Hall, inasmuch as Herbert's wife was now the mistress of it, I could no more enter with any pleasure; and I was absurd enough to consider myself ejected from a rightful home. You recollect, as well as I do, going down to Brighton in the March, and awaiting your brother's return from Constantinople. You also remember the dreadful agitation in which he appeared, and the astounding and horrible tidings which had awaited him in London, and the nature of which he presently explained to us. You know he told us that the testimony of twenty thousand people would not have weighed with him against one word of straightforward denial on the part of his wife; but that — most dreadful to tell — she had met his agonized inquiry with words which betokened rather a confession than a refutation. You, at the time, knew not what to believe. I — and bitter have been the consequences to me — I at once accepted the story as entirely and undoubtedly true. Gerald, let me write at once what I shall show you more fully by-and-bye. *I now know my injured sister-in-law to be innocent.* At that time, I truly thought that I saw very much to corroborate the shocking discovery. Adela had long continued childless. She may have had some idea that her prospects, as to your father's estate, might be secured if she became a mother. She might fear the decline of her husband's affection. Then I gave her credit for being bitterly envious of myself, to whom a child had really been given. I recalled to mind the sudden manner in which the event had been announced to us; and the secrecy in which it was my sister-in-law's pleasure to live, and for which, as I now understand, her motives were excellent. She was in a delicate and difficult position. Moreover, little Teresa's apparent age was greatly over that assigned to her. The only thing which much perplexes me now is that Adela should have been thus cowed and humiliated before a charge of which I am now assured she was never guilty. But let me not doubt but that all might be fully explained — so much having been already made clear to me. I must not deny that the discovery which distracted Herbert was no unwelcome one to me. Now I had an entire right to exalt myself over my sister-in-law; and Deverington was, in a great degree, more likely some day to be ours. But it was an embarrassing reflection that we should not do enough, in assuring ourselves of the matter. We must satisfy the law besides. Your father's estate had been left in tail, and your brother's child stood before you. She would continue to stand before us, unless the evidence of her spurious birth should amount to real substantial proof. Your brother, disturbed as he was, announced that, before he could think of acting on the story, he must have a more distinct confession from his wife. The woman who claimed to be the true mother, was (he said) a poor, feeble, hysterical woman, who, by her own account of herself, was an easy prey to delusions; but from Adela it was no promising task to obtain any fuller acknowledgment. She had been terribly affected by your brother's first words to her, and had been lightheaded ever since. The physician then called in considered that the attack would prove but a temporary one. He recommended quiet, and darkened rooms. I was in a perfect agony of suspense and jealousy. As I hope — for I do even dare to hope — that my sin may find forgiveness hereafter — I then felt certain that Adela was guilty. But I believed that, when she recovered, she would choose to unsay what,

when taken unawares, she had hastily said; and would persist in denial, and obtain credence from her husband; and so our rights would give way to the wrong doing of a wicked deceiver. This was atrocious injustice; and no weapon which could defeat it ought to be considered unfair.

"You may reccollect that it was but a very few days after Herbert's arrival, when you, and himself, and Dr. Delune came into the drawing-room (darkened as it was) where you had left Adela lying, and seemingly somewhat calmer. While you were away she had grown rather restless; and the nurse who watched her had removed her to bed. I myself had taken her place on the sofa. I very well knew that your purpose in coming in, was to ascertain, on the doctor's report, how far Mrs. Herbert's reason had recovered itself. Now, I had just been fancying that she would very likely, to shield herself from present responsibility, affect an insanity which was more than real; and, all in one evil moment, I thought how, if such were her purpose, I might destroy all credit in it beforehand. When Dr. Delune, supposing me to be Mrs. Herbert, put a question to me, by way of testing my sanity, I put on her voice and her tones (you are aware I had a decided gift for such imitations), and gave him such a reply as betokened a complete recovery. At that moment, I meditated no more extensive deception. But then the doctor went his way, and your brother, in your presence, demanded of me (as his wife) a full acknowledge, or a full denial —— Gerald! I need not write out my guilt in any plainer words. You know already, now, the frank acknowledgment that settled the question — was uttered by *me;* and you now need no telling, that, whereas you saw Mrs. Herbert's signature to a written confession afterwards, what she *really* wrote was an intreaty that she might see her husband, and converse with him alone. But with all that, I only thought that, with guile, I was protecting you, and our daughter, and myself, against a most infamous injustice. I write as a dying woman, — indeed, I shall be dead already before you read this, — and I beseech you to believe that such only were my thoughts. All passed as you know; and Deverington Hall became almost our property, and altogether our home. And I — at least in part — succeeded in persuading myself that I had only acted in self-defence. But a dreadful time of remorse was in waiting for me. And I must tell you the manner of its coming.

"Little Teresa bore no striking resemblance to either of her parents; and that was, to me, a negative assurance that she was indeed an intruder amongst us. One evening, not two years ago, I was turning over that large portfolio of prints at our friend Mrs. Torring's, when I came to a portrait, which might have been Teresa's own. On my asking whose it really was, Mrs. Torring told me that it was a picture of Miss Julia Somerby, taken when she was a girl. Both she and I were aware that Julia Somerby was Mrs. Herbert's sister. I was thunderstruck. The memory of that fearful moment will never leave me, except with my life. The memory! It is as present with me now, and ever will be, as at the very time. Whatever proofs presented themselves on the other side, that marvellous likeness outweighed them all. I had not defeated wrong. I had committed most foul wrong. Need I explain any further? Need I say why I shrink, not only from the world, but from my very dearest friends? — from you, whose affection would change into loathing, if you knew in what injustice I had involved you — from Emily, on whom my sin, once known, will cast a disgrace, and whom I must see indulging in hopes which may prove deceitful ones. Of your kindred, whom I have most directly wronged, I dare not speak or think. It were too presuming in me, so deeply guilty myself, to point at another a finger of suspicion. But I do feel impelled to set down, that I am made uncomfortable (over and above my secret sorry,) by the presence of Miss Varnish. I feel she is one who would rejoice to get hold of this matter, and turn it to her own advantage. Gerald! I have forfeited every right to council you, or so much as hint a dying request. But I do implore you, be not too ready to trust this woman. Teach our daughter to abhor deceitful dealing, by my example. Gerald! you have rated me far above my deserts in life — be as forbearing as you can, when you think of me after death.

"Your unhappy wife,

"ELIZA CAMPION."

Miss Varnish did not read this confession word for word, but she skimmed the cream of it; and took in the opinion of herself. By this time the train that arrived her was nearing Bridgewater station. She folded up the paper, and replaced it in her bosom. Then, bethinking herself of another thing, she took from her pocket the bottle of chloroform she had used, and threw it out of the window. The train stopped. Now what would happen?

Would the policeman walk up and express an irresistible desire for her company? Not any such thing. She was left to herself; and she rapidly engaged a fly to take her over to Deverington. And, much happier than in the morning, yet feeling still insecure from Mr. M'Quantigan's pursuit, Miss Varnish resought the house from which, not seven hours before, she had run away as from death.

We may anticipate her experience of the next hour, by saying that no visitation from Mr. Murphy disturbed her at the time, or indeed, at any future time of her life. Not many minutes after her successful raid in his bedroom, the Orangeman awoke to a partial consciousness of being somewhat sick and queer. But, though the chloroform had spent its numbing power, his fatigue was hardly diminished at all; and he was not stirred to wonder or inquire what had befallen him. Nothing more common with him than to have a sensation of headachy sickness pervading his hours of slumber. He was soon as soundly asleep as before, and it was afternoon, and the sun was going down, ere he seriously thought of getting up. Of course, he discovered, by-and-bye, that both his paper and his plunder were gone; and his distracted anger carried him only into a a fresh misfortune.

Out of his room he came — it is terrible to tell — and presented himself, in a shockingly undeveloped state of attire, before young Mrs. Featherwelsh, assailing her with language which could have been but faintly justified, if flung at the actual robber.

Mrs. Featherwelsh, as we said, was a wife, and something more than a wife. She was a bride. And her bridegroom, the landlord, was as furious as his semi-celestial position demanded he should be. The Ostrich Head was the scene of as decided a row as ever graced a house of entertainment. Mr. Murphy was very nearly being kicked into the street, without the option of retiring and amending his toilet. When a lull in the tempest occurred, it was discovered that a stranger falsely assuming to be a servant of the establishment, had really appeared there, and that the tale of robbery was therefore, probably, no fictitious one. But Mrs. Featherwelsh, obliged to admit so much, could also testify that, strange as the intruding woman might be to that house, she was not unacquainted with Mr. M'Quantigan. She had described his manner and appearance in a way which argued knowledge of him; and all were convinced that if the Irish gentleman had been robbed, it was under circumstances which were much more disgraceful than pitiable. Besides, in his first frantic exclamations, he let fall a few words which did not agree with his former statement, that he had landed in England only the previous day. Chiefest of all, the policeman, who was summoned to the inn, could draw no positive statement from him about the articles he complained of losing; for the almost certain ruin in which he would involve himself, if he described the contents of that hamper, flashed before him, crazy as he was.

Everybody was convinced that he was at least as much sinning, as sinned against; moreover, that he was a dangerous, murderous scoundrel, of whose presence the Ostrich Head could not be too speedily delivered; and Mr. M'Quantigan might count himself happy in being permitted to go out in full possession of his clothes, and his liberty. The same policeman saw him safe out of the house; and with the scanty remnant of money that belonged to him, he betook himself to London that very evening. There fresh discouragements awaited him. His Orange employers were greatly offended with him. For a month and more, he had neglected the work he had accepted at their hands, and had been dawdling in (they knew not what diversion) at Leamington. Confiding in the permanent good luck which Mrs. Ferrier's favour would bring him, he had turned up his nose at his late employers; and they were not at once to be conciliated.

From Mrs. Ferrier he could now expect no more. Mrs. Roberts was protected against him, by the dangerous knowledge in possession of her brother-in-law; and, for a while, Mr. M'Quantigan was in a very abject condition indeed. He tried some genteel begging. He was too tall for a shipwrecked sailor; but, as a wounded soldier from the Crimea, he lived on the public for a considerable time. But the tide turned. Inferior imitators brought reproach and question on his claims; and the trick would work no longer. Then he took to going, Sunday by Sunday, to various churches in London; choosing a seat with marked humility; weeping profusely at the sermon, and staying behind to implore a word with the preacher. This answered well for a time; but he once came under the eye of a preacher whom he had solicited before at another place, and the caution against him flew about from church to church. Beadles, pew-owners, &c., were warned to spy out and discourage him. And the eighteen-pence, which was to start him on a new and honest course each time, was not any longer available.

This fountain of benevolence was also dried up in its turn. But better days came back to him. He made his peace with the promoters and proprietors of the "Protestant Guard." And he was taken into favour, as one whom none could rival in fearless and vehement denunciation of religious error. After seeking rest in vain for so long, he has found his way into the old habitation, — I must not say with any spirits yet more wicked than himself. You may hear him at meetings in which people, at once worthier and sillier than himself find an unaccountable source of satisfaction; or you may behold him, any Sunday, glaring with unutterable anger, at the ceremonial of some ritualistic church. It is a pity that any, whether in sympathy or opposition, should elevate him into importance.

But important, after a fashion, he really is; and in prosperity he may be said to exist; nor need we suppose that it will ever fail him. Alas! Is the child yet born who shall behold the day when profit can be no longer made out of religious bigotry, religious error, and religious hatred? But the course of our friends — the friends of this history — was never again crossed or impelled by the presence or influence of Mr. Murphy M'Quantigan. And so he vanishes out of our narrative for ever and for evermore.

Miss Varnish must detain us yet a little longer. She stopped the fly at the gate in the wood. She felt she must enter as secretly as possible, or she might not be permitted to enter at all. She found the way open before her into the grounds, and she stepped into the Italian garden, mentioned so often before. The rain was long since over, and the clouds were breaking all over the sky. Mr. Gerald Campion was pacing slowly up and down, that garden, alone. He looked very grave and sad; nor did his countenance brighten when he saw her suddenly appear before him. She burst forth with an appeal, which had been calculated beforehand, but which was by no means utterly insincere.

"Mr. Campion! I entreat, I implore of you to listen to me. I know I have behaved basely — infamously — detestably. I have been under the power of a most atrocious villain; but I come here now to make amends — full amends."

"Miss — Miss Varnish, I will not say how exceedingly painful this affair has been to me. I'm sure I shall — hem — listen with pleasure to any explanation tending — tending to — set the matter in a better light."

"Oh, sir — dear, kind sir, I've no excuse to offer that can at all avail me. But what atonement can be made I am come to make. Here is the key of a cupboard — a cupboard in an inn at Bath, in which — at least, I confidently believe so — you will find what was taken away from the house this morning. And — and there's something besides. This paper was stolen out of poor Mrs. Campion's desk after she died." And Miss Varnish put it into Mr. Gerald's hands. It needed only such acquaintance as a minute could ensure, to teach him that it merited all his attention. Then, putting it away for the moment, he turned to the person who had brought it.

"I — I, of course, am gratified — truly gratified, Miss Varnish, to see that — hem — better feelings have asserted themselves over temptations which have — which have proved somewhat alarmingly powerful. And I would not withhold — "

Miss Varnish brightened up at these last words.

"I would not withhold my sincerest hopes, that the future spent in a somewhat distant scene, may — may furnish a happy contrast with the deplorable events of the recent past; and to that good resolution I would commend you. It cannot be your wish that I should detain you."

"I have forfeited all claims to your consideration, Mr. Campion, I am but too well aware; yet, I know you have a kind and generous heart. May I — may I hope that you will not stand in the way of my gaining a living elsewhere?"

"I would not injure you, on any account, Miss Varnish. If you mean to ask for a recommendation — why, you see, I would not pain you more than I can avoid, but" —

"But do consider, sir. I have made the promptest amends in my power. It was not without difficulty, not without danger — dreadful, deadly danger, that I rescued your property from that atrocious villain's hands; and, remember, that I might have kept it."

"Yes, Miss Varnish; I have no desire to undervalue the amends you have made, nor the — ha — hum — recovered sense of duty, which induced you to make it. Well, suppose you were to go — let us say — to London, and let me communicate with you?" For Mr. Gerald was very fidgetty indeed to get the lady out of his presence, — a feeling for which his premature admiration, recently very strong in him, accounts in the fullest manner.

Miss Varnish had taken this open and confiding way, instead of hinting at what

she could do, and bargaining for terms — because she was really for the time, quite sick of doing wrong, and because her horrid deceit had met with such a shameful failure. Just as kings enjoy playing at obscurity from time to time, so this unfortunate woman at that hour craved the luxury of doing an honest and open action. But she was no more heartily honest than such a king is really desirous of abandoning his throne for a shop or a plough; and I fear the paper, whose contents Miss Varnish had skimmed, gave her one joy which was not commendable. She gathered from it that her ex-pupil, Emily, whom she had never liked, and who never liked her, would be no longer heiress to Deverington Hall; and she felt a spiteful joy to think of it.

Mr. Gerald shortly asked her, if she had money for present necessities. Her affirmative answer did not appear to displease him; and, after a few more words, they parted — parted for ever. They were severed asunder as surely and irrevocably as they had, at one time contemplated the being united together. Death alone should then have parted them. Only in the world after death, can they be brought together again.

Miss Varnish walked away towards the carriage she had left at the gate, and was driven in it, not to Bridgewater, but to a small station somewhere beyond.

"And with much less of self-denial," she mused within herself, as she was borne on her way; "with one half of the care, pains, and contrivance I have gone through, I might have been quitting this house with the affectionate regrets of every one in it; and with everything done to smooth my future course, which a wealthy and well-descended family can do — which, in England, is a very great deal."

Her ultimate fortunes may be rapidly told. Somehow or other she did contrive to gain a situation, a few months later, in an English family residing in Algeria. The steamer in which she took her journey thither was wrecked on the African shore, and those who had known her in England read her name amongst the names of those who perished. This was her end.

Mr. Gerald Campion read, through and through, the confession of his unhappy wife. Whence it had been stolen, he could not tell. Indeed, he had not been aware that any such paper had been written. Not a momentary doubt of its being authentic ever crossed his mind. Her handwriting, and the minute narration of circumstances known to himself, were assurances not to be gainsaid. A little while ago, the imminent loss of Deverington and its estates would have had a large share in the grief and shame with which he read the miserable story. But his feelings were strangely modified now. The embarrassment of being known to have contemplated making a very unworthy woman his wife; — the fear lest his own daughter, Emily, presuming on her heirship to an entailed estate, should outrage all prudence in marrying, — these thoughts made Deverington Hall and its belongings, things very much less precious to him than they had been. It will be recollected, that when Lady Dalby, at Dieppe, had suggested that Mrs. Herbert Campion might possibly be no longer living, her brother-in-law had resented the idea with a somewhat startling vehemence. The thought was often in his mind — "What if my brother, released by death from all ties to the wife who has deceived him, should enter on another marriage, and become the actual father of an heir to Deverington?" Very uncomfortable had this thought been. But his urgent appeal to Madame Durange, not to mention his having travelled with her, was only dictated by his fear lest his daughter's forbidden lover should gain a knowledge of her retreat. He did not feel so certain but that the sudden journey of Madame to England might have been just a devise of Miss Emily's. He had painful reasons for thinking that his daughter had grown somewhat artful and deceitful. When his eyes were open to the real nature of Miss Varnish, he felt (as we must do) much more allowance for the wrong-doing of one put under her influence; and he thought he could behold, with nearly as much pleasure as pain, the resumption of Deverington by his brother, — now gifted with an heir of his own.

Had he felt very differently, it is due to him to say, that he would never have thought for one moment of concealing the discovery. He placed the paper before his brother Herbert the very instant he had himself read it through. How agitating it proved to the elder brother, we should be wasting words in seeking to describe. But we may now explain that Mr. Campion's behaviour to his daughter, though actuated by a complete and frightful mistake, was in no way so harsh or heartless as it may have appeared. Fully believing her to be Mrs. Roberts's daughter, he had prepared, in strict justice, to give the child into her hands. She had a right to it. His wife's terrible prostration, at his first allusion to the story, had destroyed his hope, his lively hope, that the tale was a horrid calumny; her subsequent aberration of mind, partial and transitory as

it was, had interfered to prevent an explanation; and Eliza's wicked fraud, wrought, indeed, with no worse purpose than to prevent a wrong, had most fatally sealed the perpetration of a wrong.

Mr. Campion had seen, early in April, 1842, Mr. Ferrier's advertisement of the little girl, lost and found near Euston Square. The place, and the detailed appearance of the child assured him that she was none other than the one whom he had so long considered as his own. Nor did the desertion of her mother appear so very strange a thing to him. He had noted the weak, wayward, nerveless character of poor Mrs. Roberts. Nobody, with much less discernment than his, could be five minutes in her company and not perceive it. It was not unlikely that, one day devoured with anxiety to recover her lost child, she would the next day be murmuring that she had taken such a burthen upon herself. In truth, Mrs. Roberts had imagined Mr. Campion to be privy to his wife's device, and had never intended that matters should be so summarily reversed. As it fell out, we know that she was guiltless of thrusting the child upon the world; but Mr. Campion most naturally thought her guilty. She disliked the burden; she had no stable affection for the girl; and she had thrown her off in the quickest and surest manner. When Mr. Campion saw into what excellent hands the child had fallen, he thought he could do no better than leave her where he found her. It was a dreadful idea, that he could not claim her for his own; but at least he felt no more bound by any duty to betray the sad history. He trusted Mr. Ferrier; but, even then, he did not withdraw all watch over Eva. He heard, through making secret inquiries, that she was growing up in good health, with an excellent education; and (after her patron was dead), in the protection of a satisfactory home; and then he heard that she was likely to be married to Mr. Ferrier's nephew and heir. Assuredly, the very best service he could do her was to be silent upon her origin altogether — and she was his daughter all the while!

After some consultation with his brother, he quitted Deverington Hall for London that very evening: the Wednesday evening, you know; and it was the 22nd of October, 1856. He found Mr. Dykhart awaiting him there. Mr. Ballow's professional duties had recalled him to Minchley. Mr. Campion told the Vicar of Croxton how wonderful and important a confirmation of the strange story had awaited him at Deverington Hall, and what a narrow escape they had had of losing it, without ever knowing that they possessed it. His brother Gerald, much more than disinterested in the belief, admitted that his wife's confession was neither a forgery nor a falsehood, and was ready to acknowledge his niece, as heir to Deverington, in place of himself. And on the very next day (Friday), and at no late hour, they went down into Cambridgeshire, and halted at the station which lay nearest to Marlby. And now we may reckon ourselves to have done with the sorrows and mischiefs of which mutual treachery — mutual weakness — may have been the guilty or unhappy causes. Let us put them away, and refresh ourselves with a foretaste of that happier time, to which we shall shortly consign our friends for ever.

Come to Leamington, and to the house of our friend, Mrs. Ferrier; for now, I hope, she is our friend again.

It is early evening, and Saturday, the twenty-fifth of October. Mrs. Ferrier is at her worsted-work, thinking, moreover, that ere the chrysanthemums bloom again in her garden, it will have become time to use her needle in behalf of a certain baby. For Richard is there, and Eva is beside Mrs. Ferrier; and that lady is finding out new perfections in Eva, hour by hour, and wondering more and more however she could have thought so differently. She says — and you would never convince her that she was mistaken — that had Richard's bride been akin to all the rogues in London, she would have been but little less acceptable than as she is now. Richard was never informed how horribly near his mother had been to the sleeping partnership in a plotted murder. He may be just aware that Eva's enemies, getting hold of Mrs. Ferrier's strong prejudice, wickedly tried to bend it into an instrument in their hands. But that is all he knows; nor will he ever know more.

Mrs. Ferrier was quickly satisfied that Eva's forgiveness was hearty and complete.

"When she has children of her own," thought her future mother-in-law, "she will understand much of what I felt. God, indeed, forbid that she should copy me in that! but she will understand it; and then, even if not now, she will cease to think hardly of me."

Mrs. Ballow was there. Mrs. Ferrier could not rest until she had sought and found a reconciliation in that quarter too. She was sorry not to have Mr. Ballow also; but Minchley wanted him. Sickness would not cease in Buckinghamshire, just because a lady in Warwickshire had turned over a

new leaf. So the party in that drawing-room numbered only four. Although a very happy party, they were all a little grave; but it was rather with excess of joy, than with any foreboding of sorrow. That morning had brought the news that a most important confirmation of Eva's claims had suddenly and most strangely offered itself. Any day, any hour might bring Eva into the presence of one or both of her long-lost parents.

Mrs. Ballow, sitting there, thought of her old romantic visions of the carriage-and-four which would one day come to fetch Eva to a princely home of her own. And, after all, she had not been quite wrong. That event — which had looked, indeed, very much like a mere novel-reader's fancy — was coming truly now. Every friend of Eva was eagerly looking for it.

Hark! wheels before the door! A stop — a ring — and then the opening of the door, and voices. Susan comes into the room. Susan has kept up with the sentiments of her mistress, and can see no fault in Miss March, as before she could see no good.

"Please, ma'am, a lady and a gentleman want to see Miss March."

The lady and gentleman are in the hall, and are to be conducted into the dining-room. Miss March will meet them there. It was an overpowering moment; but Eva nerved herself for it, and, in a minute more, went out to meet and greet those who had summoned her. They were her father and her mother. After many years of sorrow and separation their deliverance had now come, and they were joined together by God, as in a holier wedlock than before.

The friends whom Eva has left in the drawing-room are well aware by whom she has been summoned. Mrs. Ballow recollects her early prophecy of such a *denouement* as this, and knows that "the carriage-and-four" has verily come.

It is the carriage-and-four, and not the carriage-and-four. Mr. and Mrs. Campion have come, in a hired and very unassuming conveyance, from the station; but the ending is none the less a real one; and when our heroine returns to the drawing-room, she is, by the full acknowledgment of her father, no longer Eva March, but Teresa Campion. Mrs. Ballow, as she always said she should, feels "horribly jealous" of the parents who have thrust her a step backward in Teresa's heart. But then she bethinks herself that a full revenge will be hers: the real and true parents will pretty soon find out that they are not quite the first favourites. Were it possible for Teresa to have been claimed by twenty thousand papas and mammas, that Richard would have cut them out entirely and altogether.

Eva — she will not be offended if we continue to call her so — Eva soon satisfied Mrs Ballow that the dearest of new friends would never make her insensible to the old friends of her childhood and youth. Thrice, within little more than three months, has it befallen her to change one name for another; and she has certainly not done with such changes yet. She is Miss Campion now — but that name is but a transitionary one; and, if Richard had his way, she would not bear it even so long as she bore the pseudonym of Roberts.

Mrs. Ferrier was gratified by retaining Mr. and Mrs. Campion to supper. The party were really all too happy to be cheerful. Mrs. Ferrier looked back to that other party, given by herself in July, at which Mrs. Ballow and Eva had also been guests. What a revolution circumstances — some sad, some joyful — had brought about in her feelings since then! And Richard's mother could only bow in thanksgiving to the Ordainer who had overruled her blind resistance, and out of so much evil appointed so much good.

Mr. and Mrs. Campion remained at Leamington but a few days. There was much to do, as well as much to enjoy. There were explanations due to friends — for instance, to the Leyburns of Bestworth. There must be no misunderstanding left which it was at all possible to remove. Nothing must be undone which could enable Mrs. Campion, with security and ease, to resume her place in her family and in society. The Leyburns did their part; and a week was passed by our heroine and her parents at Bestworth Rectory. All were aware that no unworthy persons would ever be admitted into that most comfortable house. And a service was done to Adela, which more genial, trustful people, could never have rendered her; but she would much rather have spent the week at Croxton.

The Marlby Home soon found a new and efficient mistress, and its beneficent career goes on widening still. With one painful remembrance upon him, Mr. Dykart is very happy; for the Campion family are much indebted to him for the dispersion of that fearful and fatal mystery which overhung and blighted them so long.

The younger branch of that family must receive a little further notice from us here. Gerald resigned himself to the loss of Deverington Hall. We need scarcely say that

he was not abandoned to anything resembling poverty; and the upright, honourable course pursued by him in late events, won him not only a more cordial esteem from his brother Herbert, but also a general popularity long coveted by him in vain. So, if he had a fall, he fell as soft as applause and gratitude could enable him to do.

Nor did the fall bring any diminution of happiness to his daughter Emily. Her forbidden lover sowed his wild oats, and (as Emily was no longer a great heiress), won her papa's gradual and cautious approval. Mr. Larking had a moderate estate still left him. Emily would have her mother's fortune; and, in course of time, Lady Dalby would doubtless, leave her something. That, indeed, really came to pass about four years ago.

Our heroine could not endure to think that her cousin Emily might feel herself unjustly deposed; and, at her very earnest desire, Herbert Campion added greatly to the fortune which his niece would bring to her husband. And Emily, certain that as heiress to Deverington Hall, she would never — never have been permitted to marry Rupert, Emily thinks to this hour, that all has happened for the best; and would not envy her cousin for the world. There was a grand Christmas kept at Deverington that year. In the height of its happiness, Miss Campion received a letter, bordered with deep black; and with the Carnarvon postmark on it. Mr. Dowlas's acquired wealth — really the temptation to say so is too great — his wealth was doubly blest to him: it gained him the loss of his wife. A prolonged series of champagne suppers brought on a fever, of which poor Mrs. Dowlas died. Her widowed husband's letter, while stating the fact of his bereavement, said nothing about its cause. Eva wrote back as sincere a condolence as truth permitted her to frame. A pleasanter duty was imposed upon her about a year after that.

Winifred Williams, the faithful and long-enduring servant at Llynbwllyn, gave warning to Mr. Dowlas, as soon as her mistress was buried. Now, her master would have no difficulty at all in gaining or retaining a successor to herself; and she thought she was getting too old for service, and would prefer keeping a small shop. At Mr. Dowlas's urgent desire, she withdrew her warning for just one month longer. By and-bye, after three or four repetitions of this process, Mrs. Winifred one day affirmed her notice to quit in a manner which announced the decision to be final; and then Mr. Dowlas put the question, whether it were not as well that they should be man and wife; and Winifred was not too obstinate to say, that if Mr Dowlas were sure he was in earnest, she should not so much mind. And so married they were. And neither they, nor Mr. Dowlas's four children, have ever repented of the same.

Those children all turned out tolerably well — very well, indeed, considering the disadvantages of their former years. Poor Mrs. Roberts is living still; — calmer and happier, her brother-in-law declares of her, than at the former time. She is but fifty years old now; and a happy, serene old age — a bright autumn succeeding a dreary summer — is very likely in store for this long afflicted woman.

Mr. Dowlas lives at Lllynbwllyn no longer. He has a better living, very near to Tremallyoc. Our heroine has more than once visited the latter place. Tremallyoc House is now, you know, the property of her cousins, the Leyburns. She could never bear to visit Lllynbwllyn; but there is, at all times, a cordial feeling between herself and the Dowlas family — once falsely received by her as her kindred.

Let me see! Is there anybody else, whose destiny ought to be written down, before we dismiss them for ever? I scarcely know of any. The Ballows continue to prosper, as they deserve. Mrs. Check rejoices in her young friend's due exaltation, and calls everybody to witness the fulfilment of her own predictions — predictions which were never made. But the good woman has no idea of saying anything but the truth. And so, we may come to the final fact of all.

It will be remembered that the six months' delay insisted upon by Eva, would have terminated on the 7th January, 1857. That time of waiting, as things had declared themselves, was robbed of all significance now. Nevertheless, by a rather curious coincidence, the 7th of January was the day on which it was ultimately decided that Richard and Eva should be joined together. They were united at Deverington Church. Mr. Dykhart, assisted by Leyburn, did all the Church required. Although it was January, the sun shone liberally on the bride, and not through any frosty sky, but through a soft, kind air, such as April itself does not always bring.

They were married; and now what more is there left for us to say? That they were very happy? Very happy they were; very happy they are. Very happy, we are permitted to hope, they will always continue to be. Happy, with no such impossi-

ble happiness as forms the vain vision of some to whom the world is utterly unknown. They know — our two friends know — that for trouble, for sorrow, even, they must from time to time, be prepared. But this we may safely say of them, that the troubles which, as told in our story, have been given them to bear, have served to fortify them against any common sorrow, which may, from time to time, rise up to vex their spirits. Certainly, there is little cause for supposing that the trials to come will approach in painfulness the trials which have gone; and, having surmounted and survived so much, they will not readily give way to any distressful forebodings. And, in joy or in sorrow, nothing possible to man will ever, in heart or spirit, pluck them asunder one from another. They are no more two, but one. And alone, whatever betide them in life, they never can truly be. The love, which rose into being one April Sunday at Minchley will abide unbroken for ever; not to perish out of existence — even when the common doom overtakes them, and the days of their years be themselves like a tale that is told.

Cardinal Cullen, in his Lenten pastoral, inveighs against novel reading, "the dangerous amusements of the theatre," and "those improper and immodest dances unworthy of any Christian Society." The Cardinal regards waltzing with horror and the opera with detestation, and yet, curious enough, when the Italian company pays its periodical visit to Dublin his Eminence permits them to sing in his metropolitan church, so that his fair parishioners who have courage enough to go and hear Mozart's "Don Giovanni" on Saturday night may hear the same artists in Mozart's No. 12 on Sunday afternoon. Of course it would not do to let the devil have the best of music, but if the Cardinal permits the ceremonies of his Church to be aided by a theatrical company it is rather hard to abuse the play-house in which their living is obtained. — *London Review.*

A Long River in Russian America.— The largest, most important, and the chief and queen of all the rivers west of the Rocky Mountains, and north of 49 degrees north latitude, is the great Knitchpek, which enters into Behring's Sea, between 64 and 65 degrees north latitude, by several mouths, and on the parallel of 165 degrees west longitude. This great river has an easterly course for some five degrees, then bends abruptly to the north some four degrees, thence nearly east to a point not far distant from the British frontier, where it receives the Porcupine or Rat River, from the northeast, and the Yukon from the southeast; the junction of these two rivers forms the Knitchpek; it is navigable to the sea, a distance of one thousand miles, by steamboats. This river had never been seen by white men in its whole course previous to explorations for the construction of the Russian-American Telegraph; in fact on many maps the Yukon was traced as an affluent of an imaginary river emptying into the Arctic Ocean, but explorations have determined the great geographical face which places the Knitchpek at the head of all rivers on the northwest coast, and giving Russian America the largest river north of 49 degrees.

Lessing.— Since Luther, Germany has given birth to no such intellectual athlete — to no son so German to the core. Greater poets she has had, but no greater writer, no nature more finely tempered. Nay, may we not say that great character is as rare a thing as great genius, if it be not even a nobler form of it? For surely it is easier to embody fine thinking, or delicate sentiment, or lofty aspiration, in a book than in a life. The written leaf, if it be as some few are, a safe-keeper and conductor of celestial fire, is secure. Poverty cannot pinch, passion swerve, or trial shake it. But the man Lessing, harassed and striving life-long, always poor and always helpful, with no patron but his own right hand, the very shuttlecock of fortune, who saw ruin's ploughshare drive through the hearth on which his first home-fire was hardly kindled, and who, through all, was faithful to himself, to his friend, to his duty, and to his ideal, is something more inspiring for us than the most glorious utterance of merely intellectual power. The figure of Goethe is grand, it is rightfully preëminent, it has something of the calm, and something of the coldness, of the immortals; but the Valhalla of German letters can show one form, in its simple manhood, statelier even than his.— *North American Review.*

From the Philadelphia Press.

DICKENS'S DEALINGS WITH AMERICANS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS has always been loud in his complaints against what he calls the "piracy" of American publishers. We see it announced in the *New York Tribune* that, when Ticknor & Fields issued the first number of their Diamond edition of Dickens, they sent him two hundred pounds, in order that he should share the profits, and that Mr. Dickens wrote back, saying, "I think you know how high and far beyond the money's worth I esteem this act of manhood, delicacy, and honor. I have never derived greater pleasure from the receipt of money in all my life." No doubt, he was surprised as well as pleased at receiving £200, which he had not bargained for, but the above statement, and particularly the quotation from the letter, might convey the idea that it was an unusual thing for Mr. Dickens to receive money from the United States on account of his writings.

Such an impression would be entirely erroneous, for Mr. Dickens has derived a considerable part of his income from monies paid him for advance sheets of his various works. A long time ago Harper Brothers of New York, desirous of securing and retaining in their own hands the exclusive sale of his works, have paid him large sums for each as it appeared. Since the first issue of *Harpers' Magazine*, and, subsequently of *Harpers' Weekly*, each new work by Dickens has been published in these periodicals, by special arrangement with the author, almost simultaneously with their appearance in London. Impressions of the illustrations, chiefly on steel, were sent over here with the advance sheets, and put in the hands of good artists, who copied and reproduced them on wood. In the instance of "A Tale of Two Cities," which appeared in London without any illustrations, Harper & Brothers, had sixty-four original designs made for that work and engraved on wood, at a cost of $2,000. Yet, in recent notices of a new edition of that story, the newspaper critics of New York and Boston rarely said more than that it had "some cuts." New designs were also made by Mr. McLenan for "Great Expectations," and paid for on the same liberal scale.

After Harper & Brothers had got their money's worth out of Mr. Dickens's successive works, by issuing them in the manner above mentioned, they transferred the engravings and their interest in the works, to T. B. Peterson & Brothers of this city, who shared their payments to Mr. Dickens and the cost of engraving the illustrations here. It is well known that, in this manner, Messrs. Peterson have acquired a possession, which was generally accepted, until lately, as equivalent to copyright, of Dickens, and, under this they have published various editions.

Mr. Dickens, who is overcome with the "greater pleasure" of a £200 gift, knew how to drive a pretty hard bargain with Harper & Brothers, and (through them) with T. B. Peterson. He has received many thousand pounds, in gold, for advance-sheets. Not having access to Messrs. Harpers' books, we cannot name the exact amount, but happen to know that, for his last three books alone, he was paid £3,250, in gold. The sums he received were £1,000 for "A Tale of Two Cities," £1,250 for "Great Expectations," and £1,000 for "Our Mutual Friend." At the average price of gold while these three works were paid for, and at the rate of exchange, the sum disbursed to Mr. Dickens, for these alone, was over $24,000 in greenbacks, and we dare say, the various sums remitted to him, for advance-sheets only, by Harpers and Petersons, from first to last, will be found, when added up, to make a total of over $60,000. But any one reading his letter would naturally fancy that the £200 sent him from Boston was *all* that he had ever received from American publishers. The sum of £3,250, in hard cash, for advance-sheets of his three latest works, tells a very different story.

From The London Review, 30 March.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

It has been well said that if we combine Moffatt with Mungo Park, the result would resemble David Livingstone. In him we have seen the zeal of the Christian missionary united with the ardour of the explorer; and for a period of nearly thirty years he has traversed the African continent with his Bible in one hand and his rifle in the other. The great aim of his life has been to open up the interior of Africa to commerce, civilization, and religion; though the difficulties of his mission must have been almost insuperable. In accomplishing the Herculean task which he thus devised, he has made remarkable additions to our geographical knowledge of the continent; he has discovered vast inland seas, chains of mountains, and a waterfall which dwarfs Niagara. The last expedition which he undertook was one which, if successful, would have been a worthy *coup de grace* to the exploits of such a man. He was deputed by the Royal Geographical Society to solve the great problem of geography — *Nili quærere caput* — and thus to settle the acrimonious dispute which occurred between Captain Burton and Captain Speke. In the year 1858, Burton and Speke discovered Lake Tanganyika, which the former declared probably flowed northward, and was thus the real head of the Nile. Speke, on the contrary, maintained that his Victoria N'yanza was the source of that river, and expressed his opinion that the Tanganyika drained towards the south. The altitude of the latter lake they determined to be 1,844 feet; but if this be correct, it is absolutely impossible, judging from the altitudes determined by Sir Samuel Baker, that it can have any connection whatever with the Nile. The altitudes of Burton and Speke were, however, fixed by means of a very imperfect instrument, and no reliance could evidently be placed on their correctness. To decide the dispute, it therefore became necessary to send out an expedition to determine the watershed of that part of Central Africa; and it was on this splendid enterprise that Dr. Livingstone was despatched, with earnest hopes for his success. The plan laid out for his expedition was to ascend the Rovuma river, to examine the northern end of his own Lake Nyassa, to explore the country between that and the Tanganyika, and on arriving at the latter lake, to build boats and proceed to its northern end, so as to discover really in what direction its waters flow. If he found the lake draining towards the south, it would be evident that it could have no connection with the Nile; but if he discovered it flowing towards the north, there would then be no doubt of its being the source of that river. But while the most sanguine hopes were entertained that success would crown his labours, we have received the appalling intelligence that the gallant explorer has been added to the number of brave men who have fallen victims to African savagery.

All hope that Dr. Livingstone is yet alive and vigorously exploring the interior is not, however, altogether lost, though the prospect of his ever returning is gloomy in the extreme. The report of his death was brought to Zanzibar in December last by nine Johanna men, who had been employed on the expedition as baggage porters. Their story was plausible enough, though great doubts have since been cast on their veracity. The party is stated to have left the western shore of the Nyassa, and entered a district haunted by the Mazite, a tribe of wandering Zulus. Dr. Livingstone's escort was reduced to twenty by deaths, desertions, and dismissals. As they approached the scene of the asserted tragedy, the Doctor, as usual, led the way, his body-guard of a few faithful negroes followed, while his Johanna porters were far in the rear. Suddenly, a band of the Mazite appeared, and instantly came on to the attack. Ali Moosa, the chief of the porters, who tells the story, says that as the Mazite came on with a rush, Dr. Livingstone fired, and killed two of his savage assailants; his boys also fired, but did no execution. In the mean time Moosa had nearly come up with them, and concealing himself behind a tree was about to fire, when Dr. Livingstone was struck down by a blow from an axe, which came from behind, and nearly decapitated him. Seeing his leader fall, Moosa did not then betray himself by firing, but fled along the path he had come. His Johanna friends threw down their loads and fled with him into the deeper forest, where they concealed themselves. As night came on, they crept from their hiding-place and sought their baggage, but it was gone. They then stole towards the spot where Dr. Livingstone lay dead. In front of him were the Mazite whom he had killed, while four or five of his faithful boys were scattered about their leader's corpse. A grave was dug, the body was buried, and the Johanna men made their way back to the coast, whence they were sent on to Zanzibar. These are the chief features of the sad story, which, if true, will create a pro-

found sensation of regret wherever it is read. On the receipt of this mournful intelligence, Dr. Seward, our acting consul at Zanzibar, and Dr. Kirk, the vice-consul, who accompanied Dr. Livingstone on his Zambesi expedition, proceeded to Quiloa, a port on the main land, in order to institute inquiries among the Nyassa traders, whereby the truth might, if possible, be elicited.

The result of these inquiries, and the evidence of travellers both at home and abroad who are acquainted with the Johanna people, afford us those rays of hope to which we still cling. Dr. Seward says that the information he has obtained tends to throw discredit on the entire story. The Nyassa traders express their belief that when Dr. Livingstone was about to enter what was known to be a Mazite-haunted country, the nine Johanna men deserted him, and invented the story of his murder to screen themselves from punishment, and to obtain sympathy from the people on the coast. Moosa, who is rather more intelligent than the majority of his race, is well known to some of the members of the Zambesi expedition, to which he and some of his friends were attached. We believe that all who have ever come in contact with these Johanna people unite in describing them as infamous liars, on whose word no reliance whatever can be placed, while Moosa himself — who says he saw Dr. Livingstone fall — is described as the "prince of liars." His superior intelligence only assists the lying propensities of his nature to a more cunning application, though he does not always escape detection. It is, therefore, obvious that we should hesitate before we give up Dr. Livingstone for dead simply on the evidence of these Johanna people. They all agree in stating that the Doctor was killed by a single gash across the neck, and that they buried him; but there are glaring inconsistencies in other parts of their story. It is by no means improbable that on this occasion they may have exhibited a weakness for which they have credit — viz., that of deserting their leader and inventing a story about his death. This story once coined, it is usually repeated around the camp-fires at night until each has learnt it by heart, and thus uniformity is secured in the tale which each may be called upon to tell. If, as they assert, Dr. Livingstone is really dead, why, it is asked, did they not bring back some relic which should authenticate their statement? And as they assert that some of the Doctor's faithful negroes also escaped, why have they not found their way to the coast, as well as the Johanna people, to confirm the tale? These considerations buoy us with some hope that Dr. Livingstone has not at this time met the tragic end that has before been reported of him, but that he is even now prosecuting his task in the interior, if he be not actually on the Tanganyika. Should he be alive, some months must necessarily elapse before we can hear from him, unless some chance Arab trader should be passing on his way to the coast. Until we have stronger confirmatory evidence of his death, we will not chant the requiem over this brave explorer, whom report has more than once killed before.

We must confess, however, that the probabilities are against our hopes. Dr. Kirk, the companion of Livingstone, does not conceal his belief in the story which the Johanna men have told him. There is no man who is more thoroughly acquainted with their peculiar characteristics, or whose sagacity would be less likely to be deceived by any of Moosa's fabrications. He had, moreover, the acquaintance of Moosa on the Zambesi expedition, and would not fail to make due allowance for a certain extravagance of statement. He knew, besides, what a sensation a report of Dr. Livingstone's death would create in England, and would certainly hesitate before he became the medium of its transmission if he were not convinced of its correctness. His subsequent investigations only appear to have confirmed his worst fears, and his opinions are shared by Sir Samuel Baker, Mr. Baines, and other eminent men who are qualified to express themselves on the subject. The Mazite are a savage tribe who wander about in the part of Africa indicated as the scene of Dr. Livingstone's murder, and make it a practice to slaughter everything that comes in their way, to maintain the terror of their name. The Doctor came in contact with them on the Shire, and in the fray some of them were killed. This they would not be likely to forget, but would take the first opportunity of getting revenge. Dr. Livingstone was also known to be a strenuous and determined opponent to the slave trade, and had probably excited the hatred and hostility of the tribe engaged in that nefarious traffic. These influences acting on their own savage natures would be quite sufficient to induce the Mazite to attack and murder him whenever they had the chance of doing so. A great deal of nonsense will undoubtedly be written with reference to this unhappy report, and a remark has already appeared in print which ought to be noticed. It has been said that Dr. Livingstone's death by the blow of an axe is highly improbable,

since the tribes of Southern Africa do not use axes. This may be true of some of the savages inhabiting the southern portion of the continent, but not of all; and those who are stated to have killed Dr. Livingstone carry a weapon of the kind which would easily kill a man in the manner described.

At present, as we have shown, the chances are against Dr. Livingstone's return, and the rays of hope are very faint. Yet, as Sir Roderick Murchison insists, those rays are not altogether gone, and may possibly brighten into reality. If such should happily be the case, the whole civilized world will rejoice at his safety; but if the brave explorer has really fallen a martyr to African research, there will be few who will deny that, of all who have penetrated the wilds of that savage land, it may well be said of Livingstone as Macaulay said of Chatham, "Few have left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name."

From the Spectator, 6 April.

LUXEMBURG.

There is a scent of danger in this Luxemburg business. The demi-official accounts are still not entirely in accord, but none of them tend to diminish the gravity of the situation. It appears to be quite certain that the Emperor of the French, who is aware that every enlargement of their frontier is acceptable to Frenchmen, and who three years ago bought Mentone from its Sovereign, the Duc de Valentinois, Prince de Monaco, or whatever the heir of the Grimaldis calls himself, agreed to buy the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg from its Grand Duke, the King of Holland, for four millions sterling. Whether the transaction commenced with an offer from the King-Duke, who has dissipated his share of the vast private fortune accumulated by his predecessor out of his colonial monopolies, or with the Emperor himself, is still unknown, but the latter is the most probable. The natural course for the King-Duke was to offer his property to Germany. Prussia, he must have known, would have bought the Duchy, as Count von Bismarck acknowledged, and such a sale would have created no outcry and opened no loophole for the interference of Europe. Luxemburg belonged to the old Bund, and its inclusion within the new one would have involved no menace either to Holland, to Belgium, or to France, — would, in fact, have been scarcely noticed, except by the Dutch, happy to be relieved of their Sovereign's Schleswig-Holstein. It is probable, therefore, that the Emperor commenced the negotiation; but be that as it may, it was commenced and was carried to a conclusion as far as Holland was concerned. The King-Duke agreed to sell his rights and the Emperor agreed to buy them, and all that remained was to persuade the Luxemburgers to vote for annexation and to obtain the assent of the Prussian Court. The Luxemburgers, though Germans by race and language, are Catholic by creed, and what with the priests and the merchants, the hope of Catholic education and the certainty of free trade with France, they might not have proved quite so inexorable as they believe themselves to be. At Berlin, again, the Emperor, for some inexplicable reason, appears to have hoped for success. He cannot, indeed, exactly believe what he makes the *Moniteur* say, that on the dissolution of the Germanic Confederation Luxemburg became the absolute property of the House of Orange, for he knew that its capital was garrisoned by Prussians, who, whether as reversionary heirs of the Bund, or as invaders, or as allies acting under the Treaties of 1815, had, at all events, some rights. As a matter of strict legality, we believe Prussia has a right, under a still existent treaty between her and Holland, to garrison the fortress as a German outpost; but, at all events, there she is, and garrisons cannot be withdrawn without orders from the States they represent. Still the Emperor, who always hears soothing things from the Prussian Ambassador in Paris, may have imagined that Prussia would not contend for a territory so small, would, at all events, leave the matter to be decided by a popular vote. He forgot, it would almost seem, the special position of Prussia, as chief of a federation. Luxemburg, whether within the new Confederation or not, is clearly German, as German as Bavaria, which also is outside the new pale, and to allow its cession to a non-German power would be a fatal precedent. Bavaria might one day sell the Palatinate, or Hesse its Trans-Rhenan districts, and Prussia would have no moral ground for arresting a cession which would destroy its moral claim to supremacy as avowed Protector of the whole German race. There is not the slightest evidence that Count von Bismarck, unscrupulous and despotic as he may be, is not as German as the most learned Professor of Heidelberg or

Berlin, and in this matter his interest is clear. The greatest obstacle to the success of his plans is the lurking suspicion that his object is not to "make Germany," but only to aggrandize Prussia — a suspicion which his consent to the sale of any German territory whatsoever would change into a certainty. It is essential, if his master is ever to be elected Emperor, that he should show himself ready to defend every inch of the Imperial dominion as zealously as he would defend any Prussian province, and the King has repeatedly and publicly pledged himself not to surrender so much as a German village. Count von Bismarck's reply to the Liberals in the North German Parliament who asked if he intended to part with German soil was, therefore, couched in unmistakable terms. He did not wish to wound the "susceptibilities" of France unnecessarily, and the fierce language of the Liberal spokesman, Herr von Bennigsen, a Hanoverian, who seems destined to be the Prussian Liberal chief, though "worthy of a representative of the people was not diplomatic." But he trusted that no Government entertained a design of invading the "indubitable rights of Germany," and should any negotiations be opened, he would first of all ask the representative assemblies of Germany to take the matter into consideration. Their decision might be anticipated, and the Parliament broke up in a fever of enthusiasm, understanding well that Count von Bismarck, while abstaining alike from menaces and boasts, forbids the annexation of Luxemburg to France.

Napoleon is therefore compelled to adopt one of two equally dangerous courses. He may persist in demanding the cession, on the ground that Luxemburg belongs to the House of Orange, that Prussia has no more right of suzerainty there than in Alsace or Lorraine, and that her claim to exercise one is an assumption injurious to the honour of France and manacing to the independence of all neighboring States. In this event we shall have war, perhaps before the Exhibition closes, for the French are exasperated beyond measure at Prussian success; and the idea so sedulously inculcated by the Emperor's friends in the Press, that Prussia, if threatened, will give way, is, we are convinced, unfounded. So strong is German feeling upon the subject, that the Emperor of Austria has found it needful formally to assure the Prussian Court that in the event of invasion it may count upon its good faith, and Bavarians are holding public meetings to sanction war for Luxemburg. The stake, too, is neither so trifling, nor the pretext quite so dishonourable, as some journals seem to imagine. The war would be described as a campaign undertaken to defend Europe against exorbitant pretensions, to protect, as Napoleon would probably say, the "independence of States, and the security of thrones," while the stake would be neither more nor less than the frontier of the Rhine. War with Prussia is war with Bavaria under the Treaties of August, and the Emperor, if victorious, would be master of Rhenish Prussia, Luxemburg, and the Palatinate besides. On the other hand, the Emperor may recede silently from his project; but if he does, he will have received another and most severe check, the pride of France another and an exasperating wound. The sense of suffocation of which M. Forcade once complained will be intensified, and all France will perceive that Napoleon is no longer the arbiter of Europe, France no longer able to move in her own strength and independent of any ally. Neither the French nor their Emperor are likely to bear that position long without a distinct trial of strength, for which both parties are, as many believe, silently preparing their resources. The re-arming of France goes forward at a constantly accelerating speed, while Prussia is urging the South to reorganize itself on the Prussian scheme till the Bavarian Premier tells his Parliament that if it chatters so much over his Army Bills he must perforce resign. When of two conterminous frontiers one is full of suspicion, the other of mortified pride, a very little incident may produce the explosion which both expect, and almost desire. Ordered out of Mexico, defeated at Nikolsburg, defied in Schleswig, resisted in Luxemburg, abused in Auxerre, with no liberties to offer to France, and new sacrifices to demand from his people, the Emperor, to keep his seat, must accomplish some great thing. His claim to reign is Success, and in Mexico and Germany, at home and abroad, he has of late been unsuccessful.

From The Spectator.

THE IMAGINATION OF ELEPHANTS.

THE reperusal of Sir J. Emerson Tennent's delightful chapters on the Wild Elephant * reprinted in a separate form from his great work on Celyon, suggests one of the most curious questions connected with the study of animal psychology, — how far the imagination is relatively weaker or stronger in the higher order of animals (relatively, we mean, to their other mental faculties) than in man himself. Mr. Bagehot in his acute essays on "The English Constitution" has remarked with much justice, that when we say that men are governed by their imaginations, we very often mean by the *weakness* of their imaginations, *i.e.*, we suppose, by failing to conceive as vividly and as truly as they might, from their own knowledge of what human nature and human passions are like, the hollow interior of those really feeble but apparently potent constitutional fictions by the showiness of which the larger part of mankind are still overawed. Feeble imaginations, Mr. Bagehot means, we suppose, fill in the background behind great state and dignity with such really unique qualities as would seem to justify an assumption of unique state and dignity, while stronger imaginations, building on better realized facts, such as the essential likeness and ultimate identity of human nature in all phases, realizes the hollowness of the interior in question, or at least convinces itself that there is no exceptional grandeur of mind and heart corresponding to the exceptional grandeur of mere external position and hereditary honours. The weaker imagination, in this case, paints a grander conception than the stronger imagination, because the one builds on mere conventional signs, the other on signs which it has itself tested, and of which it has explored the full significance. Keeping this distinction in view, there is little doubt that the higher order of animals, the Elephants especially, have what we should call the weaker sort of imagination in men, but have it very strongly, more strongly in proportion to their reasoning faculties and general power of mind than even the masses of men in barbarous States. No one can read Sir Emerson Tennent's striking chapters without noticing that elephants have in a very high degree, that peculiar kind of imagination which gives so wonderful a validity to the conventional laws of human society. Their timidity, — just like the timidity of children in relation to the magnificent self-assertion of a parish beadle or a country policeman, — is due to the curious activity of an imagination dominated by the external appearances and shows of things. In Sir Emerson Tennent's description of the corral, in which whole herds of wild elephants are taken captive, with a view to training for the service of man, he shows us thousands of people hazarding their lives on the mere strength of their (well grounded) conviction that the elephants enclosed in the corral would not really try the strength of the boundary which held them in, and which was absolutely incapable of resisting the charge of even one resolute and full-grown elephant. Indeed, the wild elephants showed much more superstitious fear of weak white wands pointed at their heads, than town urchins of the baton of a policeman. Where is there in civilized society so complete a paralysis produced by imaginative timidity as is produced in the wild elephant by that quality? —

"There was a strange combination of the sublime and the ridiculous in these abortive onsets; the appearance of prodigious power in their ponderous limbs, coupled with the almost ludicrous shuffle of their clumsy gait, and the fury of their apparently resistless charge, converted in an instant into timid retreat. They rushed madly down the enclosure, their backs arched, their tails extended, their ears spread, and their trunks raised high above their heads, trumpeting and uttering shrill screams, yet when one step further would have dashed the opposing fence into fragments, they stopped short on a few white rods being pointed at them through the paling; and, on catching the derisive shouts of the crowd, they turned in utter discomfiture, and after an objectless circle through the corral, they paced slowly back to their melancholy halting-place in the shade. The crowd, chiefly composed of young men and boys, exhibited astonishing nerve and composure at such moments, rushing up to the point towards which the elephants charged, pointing their wands at their trunks, and keeping up the continual cry of '*Whoop! whoop!*' which invariably turned them to flight."

The elephant here clearly attaches to the pointed wands, to the noise of the multitude, and the glare of the lights a completely false conception of power. It takes a show for reality, and when measuring against the showy forces which it fears its own huge strength distrusts itself, as civilized men always distrust themselves when in collision with social conventions. And it is not only

* *The Wild Elephant, and the Method of Capturing and Training it in Ceylon.* By Sir. J. Emerson Tennent, Bart. London: Longmans.

in moments of excitement and confusion that the elephant displays this remarkable imaginative timidity. Sir Emerson Tennent points out a much more curious case of the same tendency in the wild elephant, even when he is not disturbed by any tumult or display of force, to respect, in deference we suppose to some traditional elephantine convention, any artificial fence of sticks, however weak: —

"There is something still unexplained in the dread which an elephant always exhibits on approaching a fence, and the reluctance which he displays to face the slightest artificial obstruction to his passage. In the area of the fine old tank of Tissa-Weva, close by Anarajapoora, the natives cultivate grain, during the dry season, around the margin where the ground has been left bare by the subsidence of the water. These little patches of rice they enclose with small sticks an inch in diameter and five or six feet in height, such as would scarcely serve to keep out a wild hog if he attempted to force his way through. Passages of from ten to twenty feet wide are left between each field, to permit the wild elephants, which abound in the vicinity, to make their nocturnal visit to the water still remaining in the centre of the tank. Night after night these open pathways are frequented by herds, but the tempting corn is never touched, nor is a single fence disturbed, although the merest movement of a trunk would be sufficient to demolish the fragile obstruction. Yet the same spots, the fences being left open as soon as the grain has been cut and carried home, are eagerly entered by the elephants to glean amongst the stubble. Sportsmen observe that an elephant, even when enraged by a wound, will hesitate to charge an assailant across an intervening hedge, but will hurry along it to seek for an opening."

This can only be due to the activity of the imagination in suggesting some peculiar danger latent in the fence, unless indeed it be, which is quite conceivable in such a creature as the elephant, a real respect for the property of man, and a generous reluctance to deprive him of his chosen food when the elephant's own food is so much more plentiful. If this, however, were the true explanation, it would imply a very much more powerful and just imagination, building up a true impression of human wants by sympathy than the other supposition of a timid and *apprehensive* imagination disposed to regard certain indications of human care and vigilance as threatening danger to the race of elephants. That this apprehensive imagination is not mere senseless cowardice is shown by the fact that in other cases of artificial signs of human agency the elephant, so far from superstitious avoidance, examines them with anxious curiosity. The Ceylon engineers say that when they survey ways through the forests and plant wooden tracing pegs to mark the levels taken during the day, their tracing pegs are generally removed during the night by the elephants, who are uneasy till they understand these novel symptoms of human agency. It is clear, then, that the elephants are rendered uneasy, troubled in their imaginations, by these curious marks of special and unexplained human interest in their dwelling-place, just as Morgiana in the *Forty Thieves* was rendered uneasy by seeing the chalk mark on her master's door; and though they have not the cleverness to imitate Morgiana's device by pegging in like manner a number of diverging ways through the forest to puzzle their supposed enemies, they show none of the special respect to *these* marks of human agency which they show to the artificial fence. Indeed, it is a recognized and very generally successful way to escape a vicious elephant to throw down anything complicated in his path, which, in his caution, he will examine so carefully before he proceeds as to give his chase time to escape. Colonel Hardy in 1820 saved himself from a vicious "rogue" elephant by throwing down his dressing-case which the creature in question waited to force open and examine minutely instrument by instrument. Hence it is clear there is something *conventional* in the elephant's special respect for a weak fence, which one wrench or blow of his trunk would either root up or break a gap in.

How strong the conventional imagination of the elephant is, is seen, even without respect to man, in his intense respect for the organic unity of a single herd or family, which he shows both positively and negatively. One herd will never, even when united by a common danger, admit another herd, or even a single individual of another herd, into the limits of its own group.

Even when more than one herd are captured in the same corral, they will never unite or join in the same charges against the barrier. Any attempt to join them on the part of a stray elephant is resisted pertinaciously, even by blows. Here is the same high value attached to conventions which induced some fashionable man to assign as a reason for not saving another from drowning, — that he had never been introduced to him. We should explain it by saying that the elephants attach a higher superstitious or imaginative value to the strict unities of elephantine States or na-

tionalities, than to the immediate result of life or death to any one such State or nationality. It is not a *want* of value for the power of organization. The wonderful description of the placing of a picket by the leader of a herd of elephants anxious to bathe near a human encampment, and the anxious generalship with which the leader examined his outposts, and himself surveyed the ground in advance, sufficiently proves this. Besides, whenever a herd of elephants is at bay it always follows one leader, and if that leader is slain, follows the next, and so on till the last is left in isolation. The imaginative insight into the value of organization is evidently fully possessed by the elephant. But with this positive and strong imagination he also combines that weakness of imagination which exaggerates the value of particular conventions to which he is accustomed; and this prevents him from concluding a treaty of alliance with another endangered herd, — or elephantine nation, — in the hour of common peril; — therein inferior to some human Philistines, for did not even the *Record* combine with Dr. Pusey against the Essayists and Reviewers? The imaginative value for unity is exaggerated by him into the imaginative superstition of exclusiveness, rather than violate which he will perish. And the same imaginative sensitiveness is shown in the negative form by the result to the nerves and mind of an elephant of being thus separated from his own State, and not allowed to join any other. Creatures so isolated are called by the hunters "rogue elephants," and always betray the vicious qualities of human misanthropes. Their solitude so preys upon them that, instead of sharing the generally gentle, timid, and generous nature of the elephant, they become insane, furious, and vicious, and are the dread of all the neighborhood in which they live. It is evidently even more true that 'it is not good for the elephant to live alone,' than for man himself. Solitude distorts his imagination till it becomes quite morbid and destructive. The "rogue" elephant is even more dangerous than the "rogue" politician who acts with no party. The political Timons are mildness itself to the elephantine Timons — the lonely miselephants of the Ceylon forests.

There are other animals besides the elephant which the imagination sometimes paralyzes by its excitability. You will find with many dogs that while, for instance, they delight in being blown about in a high wind, if you blow at them even in play they will exhibit every sign of horror and profound depression. What this may be due to it is impossible to say, — possibly some magnetic influence of the breath, — possibly some feeling that the cold sensation which comes from you is a sign of displeasure. So, too, many horses are said to be influenced in a very intense and inexplicable manner by whispering in their ear, to which they attach, as the dog does to the puff of air from the mouth, some superstitious signification.

On the whole, all animals alike have that earlier and weaker form of imagination which we may call the *conventional*, which makes them attribute a great over-importance to the regular and ordinary signs and sometimes to extraordinary signs of either danger, or hostility, or kindness, or displeasure, and which makes them observe certain laws and habits in the obedience to which they have been brought up with an almost superstitious nicety; in other words, they have precisely the kind of imagination of what the Germans call "Philistine" human beings. But there are very rare signs of that higher imagination which distrusts and disbelieves the most conspicuous and ostentatious signs of things, when there are trifling but much more trustworthy signs of a different condition of things to guide them. Elephants evidently, like many human beings, have an implicit faith in the power which can raise a great noise and dust, and no sufficiently sceptical elephant has yet arisen to teach them that these things are usually symptoms rather of brag and weakness than of real strength. They have not the sceptical imagination which distrusts ostentatious symptoms, nor have they apparently the still higher imagination which can discover an order at the root of apparent disorder, a government and a purpose behind seeming confusion and anarchy. The highest effort of purely creative imagination of which we know in any animal is that which induces it, for instance, to feign death in order to escape captivity, of one instance of which in an elephant Sir Emerson Tennent tells us. The elephant in this case, after capture, deliberately lay down and so entirely suppressed all movement, that all his captors thought him dead, and two of them leaned against the corpse, as they thought it, while the others took off the ropes. They had not advanced many feet from the place where his body lay than he jumped up, and fled swiftly back to the jungle, with loud cries of excitement. In cases like these the animal must clearly apprehend that its captors can do nothing with it, and will be induced to abandon it,

if they believe it dead, and also must clearly conceive what the signs of death are. This is the only case we can remember of animal imagination working counter to the direction of immediate impressions and past habits, — to which usually the imagination of animals and of elephants, as the most docile of all animals, attaches too much importance.

THE OLD ENGLISH CHRONICLERS. — Sometimes such chroniclers' tales of the supernatural are more tragic, yet with a dash of the grotesque in their tragedy. The cellarer of a certain monastery had been defrauding the defunct members of their masses, in order to feed more sumptuously the living brotherhood. One time that he was passing the empty chapter-house, as he thought it, a voice that made his flesh creep summoned him to come in. He entered trembling, as well he might; for there sat the dead abbot at the head of the table, with the dead monks around him, and the cowering sinner who had robbed them was first rebuked and then flogged. But the most awful stories are those in which the Devil and his subordinate devils appear: sometimes dragging corpses from their graves; sometimes vainly attempting to bully good and pious men; almost always triumphant over those who by wickedness had become their legitimate prey. The Devil was no abstraction, no principle of evil, no figure of speech, in the days of the chroniclers, but a real ubiquitous being, ever on the watch to ruin man, and endowed with indefinite powers of metamorphosis for the purpose. All mischief that was done, was done *Diabole suadente* or *instigante;* and even in politics he was so influential that he fairly ranked as a European Power, like the Emperor or the King of France. Long after the dates of which we have been chiefly speaking, that is, the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, Luther habitually talked of the Devil along with the Pope and the Turk, as the chief of a kind of Triple Alliance. This materialistic view, so to speak, of the Enemy is the real explanation of the intense credulity of our ancestors about witchcraft, which ceased to be believed in when the rigidity of the conception they had formed of him began to be refined away. In reading story after story illustrative of the prodigious superstitions which the chroniclers recorded and shared — how, when Richard I. approached his father's corpse, it began to bleed, and the Lion-Heart, who feared nothing human, instantly wept with horror like a child — in reading such things, we say, it is difficult to fancy how men breathed freely or enjoyed life at all. But the truth is that the counteracting elements were proportionately vigorous. There was a very active animal life, and a great deal of rude roystering jollity, for one thing; while, of course, if one set of superstitions stimulated fear, another set encouraged hope; and the Church was a vast standing army against the powers of hell, just as the feudal militia was always ready for service at short notice against foreigners. The point of view, then, from which the chroniclers regarded things in general was the antithesis of the scientific one. They did not deal with "causes," "tendencies," "currents of opinion," and so on, like the modern philosophical historian, at all. With an ever-living sense of the continuous action of Infinite Power on human affairs, they hardly grasped at all the idea of Law. They saw in Providence a force like that of the kings and barons under whom they lived, striking in at every moment to do justice in some incomprehensible way; and they saw such special intervention in a thousand cases in which nobody now would venture to say that he sees anything but the operation of general principles long since recognised as universal and unchangeable. — *Cornhill Magazine.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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HOW TO RAISE A REVENUE. — The article from the N. Y. Evening Post, upon Mr. Atkinson's striking pamphlet, deserves the attention of Members of Congress, and of all who vote for them.

Spreading the taxation over thousands of articles, which in many cases do not pay the cost of collection, is entirely opposed to the experience of Great Britain. Sir Robert Peel struck off his list of taxables all but some leading articles which yielded much revenue, thus avoiding unprofitable friction, and saving to the public at large very much more than was given up by the government. We now know that excessive taxation is not necessary, and ought to learn from experience a simpler system of revenue. Let all persons who suffer from the high price of necessaries of life, aid in making this reform, and work besides for a reduction of national bank notes, as the best way of reducing our redundant currency.

We give in this number of The Living Age, a translation of Count de Montalembert's "Victory of the North," which many persons have wished to see in English. If any of our readers think it takes up too much room, we pray them to notice that we have *added* thirty pages to the number, so that it costs them nothing. A memoir of the author is appended.

"OUT OF CHARITY," 75 cents, and "THE VICTORY OF THE NORTH," 25 cents, will be published immediately.

Preparing at the Living Age Office —
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From the N.Y. Evening Post.

TAXES ON SIXTEEN THOUSAND ARTICLES!

Our tax system is now felt by the people to be so oppressive as to be exhausting to industry. It interferes in every part of every business; it raises prices unnecessarily, by taxing products at successive stages of their manufacture; it interferes with production and with sale, disables us from competing in foreign markets with other nations; and has already almost exterminated several of our most useful and important industries, and driven millions of capital out of the country, because it can be more profitably employed in Canada and elsewhere than at home.

Suppose that we could raise all the money we need without all this oppression, injury, and loss? Would not that be one of the greatest boons possible to be conferred on the American people? Few men will deny this; but the most will refuse to believe that it can be done: yet it is quite possible, as the Evening Post has asserted again and again. Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, shows in a pamphlet, "on the Collection of Revenue," * which he has just published, how it can be done; and we cannot do a better service to the public than to make a statement of the facts he gives, and recommend the pamphlet itself to all who feel the burden of taxation, and desire to have it eased.

Under our present revenue system, the number of articles which pay internal revenue, according to a statement of Commissioner Wells, is "not less than ten thousand!" and the number of articles on which a tariff is levied amounts to six thousand!

Consider what an enormous amount of clerical force alone is needed, besides spies and informers, to collect taxes — all of them heavy — on sixteen thousand different articles! Consider what vexatious interference with production and consumption is involved in the collection by the government of taxes on sixteen thousand articles! Consider that each one of these sixteen thousand articles furnishes an occasion for an error and a chance for a bribe!

And then consider this: With an economical administration of the government, we need the sum of three hundred millions per annum to pay all our expenses, including interest on the debt, and to pay a small part of the principal. Now, Mr. Atkinson tells us that during the last fiscal year the revenue, internal and external, derived from the following eighteen articles — incomes, stamps, licenses, banks and insurance companies, legacies and successions, gross receipts of railroads, canals, lotteries, telegraph companies, &c., tea, coffee, sugar, spices, spirits and wines, fermented liquors, tobacco, and manufactures of silk — amounted to $260,000,000, of which $80,000,000 was in gold.

Count this for only $250,000,000, and we need to raise only another $50,000,000 to complete the sum required; and this Mr. Atkinson proposes to raise by a low tariff — strictly laid for revenue — to be lowered as the wealth and consumption of the country increases.

Under this system, our whole home manufactures could be at once relieved of the internal revenue tax; our tariff would be reduced within such a compass that it would no longer vexatiously and wastefully interfere with commerce; our tax system would be simplified at a blow, and industry and commerce, now prostrate, would revive and increase.

We commend Mr. Atkinson's pamphlet to members of Congress and politicians. It deserves their attention. The people are already grumbling at the monstrous tax system which oppresses them. The last Congress refused them relief. If the present Congress, at its next session, does not move in this direction, the people will demand to know the reason why.

The manufacturers of this country have shown themselves a powerful and industrious body — for the futherance of their peculiar interests. They groan dolorously over the burden of internal taxation they are compelled to bear. They have always had the opportunity to relieve themselves of special taxation — as we have often told them. Will they now, with these facts before them, join the people in an effort to simplify the tax system in such a manner that home manufactures shall be relieved of special taxation?

The Southern people, who will, we hope, be represented in the next Congress, have in this a means of relieving themselves from the injurious and oppressive tax on cotton. Let them make haste to reconstruct their State governments, that they may help in Congress to repeal this tax on their home industry.

We may so adjust our burden of taxation that we shall scarcely feel it. Let the people see to this; let them instruct and command their representatives in Congress that as soon as they meet in December they shall take measures to perfect and adopt a system founded on just principles. Unless the people command it, it will not be done, for all reform in this direction depends upon them. They have the summer and fall to talk with their representatives; let every member of Congress be instructed that before all else his constituents want to be relieved of a burden which is totally unnecessary and fatally injurious.

* "On the Collection of Revenue." By Edward Atkinson. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

Translated from Le Correspondant.

THE VICTORY OF THE NORTH IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY CTE. DE MONTALEMBERT, OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

DURING the last days of the debates upon the address, an orator, forever illustrious, charmed our minds and our hearts in pleading the best of causes; whilst borne upon the wings of justice and of truth, he hovered over unaccustomed heights and bore aloft with him his enchanted audience, news happy and glorious above all other traversed seas, and brought to faithful souls, smitten with liberty, the pulsations of a joy and of a consolation too long unknown.

The immense mourning, which has impressed upon the triumph of the Northern States a sacred character, could not change this joy. It must survive the consternation, the terror, that the assassination of President Lincoln has produced over all the universe,—a victim sacrificed upon the altar of victory and of the country, in the bosom of one of those catastrophes supremely tragical, which crown certain causes and certain existences with an incomparable majesty, in adding the mysterious grandeur of expiation, and of an expiation unmerited, to the virtues and the glories that humanity esteems the most.

Let us greet, then, with a satisfaction without alloy, the happy victory which secures in the United States the triumph of the North over the South; that is to say, of legitimate power over an inexcusable revolt, of justice over iniquity, of truth over falsehood, of liberty over slavery.

It is well known that we are not accustomed to pay homage to victory, to applaud conquerors. It is the first time that this has occurred for more than thirty years; it is very certain that we shall not abuse this novelty, and that we shall not make it a custom. May we be permitted, then, now to abandon ourselves to a joy so rare in associating present emotions with those days too quickly passed, in which the constitution of 1814, the freedom of Greece, the emancipation of the English Catholics, the conquest of Algeria, the creation of Belgium, came to honor the youth of this age, to rejoice and strengthen liberal hearts, and mark the steps of true progress. Behold again, after too long an interval, a happy victory. Behold, once at least, evil conquered by good, forever triumphing in the service of right, and yielding us the unwonted and supreme enjoyment of aiding in this world in the success of a good cause effected by good means and gained by honest men.

Let us, then, thank the God of armies for this glory and this happiness. Let us thank him for this great victory that he has granted for the consolation of the friends of justice and of liberty; for the everlasting confusion of the varied and numberless classes of those who impose upon and oppress their fellow-men by servitude as well as by corruption, by falsehood as well as by cupidity, by sedition as well as by tyranny.

But already I hear the murmur of surprise, of displeasure, of protestation. Even in the Catholic camp, the cause of the North has been, is still, unpopular. At the report of her victory, this shameful cry, "*The more's the shame!*" related by the *Moniteur* * as uttered in the bosom of the Corps Legislatif, it has perhaps escaped from more than one breast, from more than one heart accustomed to beat as ours for the cause we love and that we serve from the cradle.

Is it necessary, then, we are asked, must we, then, truly rejoice and bless God for this victory? Answer without fear: Yes, we must. Yes, we should thank God because a great nation is raised again; because she is purified forever from a hideous leprosy which served as a pretext and as an excuse to all the enemies of liberty to disparage and to defame her; because she justifies now all the hopes which reposed upon her; because we had need of her; and because she is restored to us, repentant, triumphant, and saved.

Yes, we must thank God that the leprosy of slavery has disappeared under the sword of the conquerors of Richmond, extirpated forever from the only great Christian peoples who, except Spain, were still infected by

* In its report given of the session of April 16, 1865.

it; because that great mart of men is closed, and that we shall never see again, upon the glorious continent of North America, a human creature, made in the image of God, put up at auction to be bid off, and abandoned as prey, with his wife and children, to all that is arbitrary, to cruel selfishness, to infamous lucre, to the vile passions of one of his own kind.

Yes, we should thank God, because in restoring and purifying herself, America has justified, honored, glorified France and the French policy, her true policy, the old honest and courageous policy of our best times, those that sent forth the chivalric and liberal *élite* of our noblesse, upon the footsteps of La Fayette, to the camp of Washington; because, that there, at least, the generous devotion of our fathers will not have ended, as elsewhere, in a bloody and cruel failure; because there results from it one crown more for Louis XVI., for the martyr king, for him who was among us the expiatory victim of a great revolution, — victim all the more touching and more sacred, that, instead of disappearing as Lincoln in the midst of universal mourning, he was outraged before being immolated; that these outrages remain still; and for this reason he carries our admiration and our pity to a point where there is none above it save the crucified Lord.

Yes, we must thank God, because in this great and terrible struggle between servitude and liberty, it is liberty which has remained victorious, — liberty which, with us, is so much mingled with contempt, treason, and disorder, compromised and dishonored by so many false friends and unworthy champions, required retribution, — and that it should suddenly dazzle all eyes by its inestimable merit. Yes, it is necessary to thank God, that from reports, well attested, victory has remained pure; because the good cause has neither been tarnished by any excess nor soiled by any crime; because that its advocates have not to blush for its soldiers, nor these soldiers for their chiefs, nor these chiefs for their fortune, nor fortune herself for having crowned mean cupidity or base conspiracies.

Yes, finally we must thank God because the aggressors have been conquered; because that those who first drew the sword, have perished by the sword; because impunity has not been granted to the instigators of an iniquitous revolt, of an impious war; because this time, at least, audacity and cunning did not suffice to make honest people ridiculous; because the authors of crime have been the victims of it; because in passing the Rubicon of law they have found upon the other shore defeat, death; because that, having risked the fortunes of their country, with the temerity of an adventurer and the adroitness of a conspirator, *alea jacta est* has not profited them, and that in this impious and bloody game they have not succeeded. They have played and they have lost. Justice is done.

I.

Let us resume and persist. We do not allow ourselves to be blinded by the momentary dissatisfactions of the adversaries of the American cause and of ours. We do not believe them really converted or enlightened. In proportion as the dazzling light which has burst so suddenly upon Europe, the taking of Richmond, followed by the tragic death of Lincoln, decreases; as the clouds, inseparable from all victory and every human cause, appear above the horizon, we shall hear again these invectives, these diatribes of which the United States in general, of which the Northern States in particular, have been the object. Raillery and calumny will resume their assault in order to reanimate that malevolence of opinion that we have seen so skilfully, so learnedly, maintained within and without. This perverse joy, so often uttered by all the enemies of liberty, since they believed the fall of the great republic possible, would again become noisy and powerful at the first embarrassment, at the first terror of our friends beyond the sea.

Now all the world defends itself from wishing, or ever having even wished, the preservation of slavery; but the arguments and the interests favorable to slavery have not ceased to maintain their empire.

This has been no ordinary lesson, to see how from the first days of the breaking out of the conflict between the North and the

South the classifying of opinions has operated. I do not say, God forbid, that all the friends of the South should be the enemies of justice and liberty; still less do I say that all the partisans of the North should be taken for true and sincere lovers of liberty. But I say that an instinct, involuntary perhaps, all-powerful and invincible, has immediately ranged upon the side of the slaveholders all the avowed or secret partisans of fanaticism or absolutism in Europe, — I say that all the enemies, open or secret, political or theological, of liberty, have been for the South. It would be useless and puerile to deny that the United States count a certain number of adversaries amongst the Catholics, and notwithstanding the prodigious and gratifying progress of Catholicism in that republic, a progress * seen nowhere else since the first ages of the Church. I shall abstain from fathoming the causes of this unpopularity of America in general and of the American Abolitionists in particular. This investigation will lead me too far: I shall limit myself to the remark that men of my time have always met upon their way an opinion falsely religious and blindly conservative. It was so in 1821 with Turkey against Greece, in 1830 with Holland against Belgium, in 1854 with Russia against Poland; it is the same now with the slaveholders of the South against the Abolitionists of the North. The events at first, then the sympathies of the mass of the clergy and of the Catholics enlightened by events, have inflicted, by this tendency, cruel falsehoods and humiliating recantations upon the Eastern, the Belgic, and the Polish question. I am convinced that the same thing will happen some day or other for the American question. But it is hard that it should come often so slowly to the assistance of justice and of truth: if, with the exception of the learned and eloquent Dr. Brownson, we shall not discover amongst the Catholics of the United States any champion of the emancipation of the blacks, we have at least the small consolation of being able to state that there has not come from their ranks any apology for American Slavery. I object to recognize the sacerdotal character in the author of a recent and anonymous work entitled, *On Slavery in the Confederate States, by a missionary.** If the author of this shameful book was really a priest, and if he was contented as he affirms to live amongst the American planters for twenty-four years, to extol highly the utility and the legitimacy of the slavery of the blacks, in order to see even in their servitude the only possible barrier to their licentiousness, the fact alone of such a perversion of the moral sense and the sacerdotal conscience, would constitute the most cruel argument against the social and religious régime of the slave country.

But, independent of the question of slavery and even before this question had occupied the mind, there existed amongst too large a number of Catholics an instinctive aversion against America, of which we might perhaps trace the origin to the Count de Maistre. This influence, it is known, upon the greatest as upon the less important questions, has been incontestably the most powerful upon all those which the Catholics of the nineteenth century have left. This great man, like many others, owes more of his fame to his exaggerations than to his great mind. His paradoxes have gained more favor and a louder response than the genius and good sense, of which he has left upon most of his works the ineffaceable impress.

There is too little known of the exquisite tenderness of his charming spirit, and still less of the proud independence, the mind at the same time chivalric and liberal, the luminous politics often far in advance, which his varied correspondence recently published, has revealed. But he did not admire the United States; their origin and progress contradicted some of his most cherished theories; he did wrong by transforming his repugnances into prophecies. The fate of those is known that he uttered

* In 1774 in all the English colonies, afterwards the United States, there were only 19 priests. The first bishop came there in 1790.

In 1839, the church counted in the United States, 1 province, 16 dioceses, 18 bishops, 487 priests, 418 churches. In 1849, 3 provinces, 30 dioceses, 26 bishops, 1,000 priests, 966 churches. In 1859, 7 provinces, 45 dioceses, 2 vicariats, 45 bishops, 2,108 priests, 2,554 churches.

See besides the article of "M. Rameau in the Correspondent" of January, 1865.

* Chez Dentu, 1865, in 8vo.

upon the capital of the United States: "Either this city will fall, or it will be called by another name than that of Washington." He was wiser when he limited himself to an expression of impatience with which the ultra admirers of the new American people inspired him. "*Allow*," said he, "*allow this infant in swaddling clothes to grow.*"

Ah, well! we can say in our turn, The infant has grown: it has become a man, and the man is a giant. This despised people, scorned, calumniated, and ridiculed, has shown, in the most formidable crisis that any nation could pass through, an energy, a devotion, an intelligence, a heroism, which have confounded its adversaries and surprised its most ardent friends; it ascends to the first rank amongst the great people of the world. M. de Maistre is dead, and in presenee of the increasing grandeur of the United States we seek for other arguments in order to decry them. It was said, "Do not speak of your America with her slavery!" Ah, well! our America, behold her henceforth without slavery. Let us speak of her, then, although many would wish, without doubt, to speak of her less than ever.

They say to us especially: The American people will not know how to make war. And if they do make it, victorious or vanquished, they will fall a prey to a fortunate general, to some Bonaparte, who first the dictator will end a despot; whom his fellow citizens will supplicate to save them; and who, instead of this preservation, will demand of them, what all Cæsars demand, honor and liberty. Now the trial has been made, at least upon this point, and never has a prophecy received a more sanguinary denial.

The Americans have known how to make war; they have done it with an incontestable energy, brilliancy, and perseverance; they have been the prey of no general, of no dictator, of no Cæsar. They have carried on the most difficult and the most terrible of all wars, a civil war. They have achieved it in displaying all the qualities, all the virtues, which form great military nations. They have made it upon an immense scale. No modern nation, not even revolutionary France with its fourteen armies, has raised and hurled upon its enemy forces proportionably as numerous, as well disciplined, as well equipped, as firm in action. These merchants have thrown their fortunes as a prey to the exigencies of the war, with as much prodigality as the English *shop-keepers* in their struggle against Napoleon; and their children with as much heroic self-sacrifice as did France of 1792 in its struggle against Europe. Whilst contemptuous detractors denounced in Europe these pretended armies of *mercenaries*, inflicted upon them the same stigma as upon our young compatriots of Castel Fidando, more than a million of volunteers took arms upon one side for the defence of the Union and republican institutions; upon the other for the maintenance of* their independence and of their local franchise; and of this million of armed men, not one, thank heaven, has become the executioner of his brother or the satellite of a dictator. These forces have been commanded by improvised generals, of whom many have shown themselves worthy to march in the footsteps of the most celebrated of our republican generals; by men who have not only been masters in tactics and in strategy, but heroes of courage and of moderation, great statesmen and noble citizens. Grant and Lee, Burnside and Sherman, M'Clellan and Beauregard, Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson, have inscribed their names on the great book of history. I name designedly the distinguished of the chiefs of the two hostile armies; for I acknowledge, with pleasure, that to the American people, taken as a whole, is due, in this respect at least, the homage of our admiration. The two parties, the two camps, have shown the same courage, the same indomitable tenacity, the same wonderful energy, the same intrepid resolution, the same abnegation, the same spirit of sacrifice. All our sympathies are for the North, but they

* The report of the Secretary of War, in December, 1862, stated that there were already eight hundred thousand men in the Federal army, of whom nineteen-twentieths were enrolled volunteers. After that time, the proportion must have changed, and the conscription was called for, as in France, to fill the vacancies caused by a most sanguinary war. These figures do not include the Confederate army, inferior in number, but equal in courage and in discipline to the Federal army.

take nothing from the admiration with which the heroism of the South inspires us; displayed in the service of injustice and error, this is no less heroism.

It undoubtedly appears certain that the South has shown more military merit, more energy and talent, more brilliancy and dash, than their enemies, especially in the first days of the struggle. We cannot but admire them in regretting that such high and rare qualities were not consecrated to a cause more irreproachable! Daughters, wives, mothers, these American ladies of the South have revived, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the patriotism, the devotion, the abnegation, of the Roman women of the best times of the Republic. The Clelias, the Cordelias, the Portias, have found their rivals in many boroughs, many plantations of Louisiana and Virginia. We have seen, even with us, feeble girls, modest women, separated from their neighbors, despoiled of their fortune but proud of their poverty, resigned to distress; to ruin, to exile; happy in offering thus their sacrifice to the national cause, repulsing with indignation the last idea of a transaction, of a concession; bearing in their passionate regards the incontestable mark of the determination which constitutes the manly races. Such heroines teach us more than all the visions of oratory what soldiers composed the army of the Confederation, and what prodigies of resolution and of perseverance must have been required to attain the end.

These prodigies have been performed but at the price of efforts and of sacrifices which established the stubborn and wonderful bravery of the soldiers of the South. Four years of effort and seven hundred thousand men were necessary to take Richmond, the capital of the South. No fortress, not even Sebastopol, has cost so much effort; and as for the European capitals it is not necessary to speak. It is known how they fell, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, Paris, remain to tell it.

The war had begun unfortunately for the North. This sudden eruption had brought all the refuse to the surface of the social State and placed it in authority. Corruption, treason, have selfishly carried on their trade. But soon they were denounced, restrained, destroyed, and passed into oblivion; conquered much sooner than the enemy of whom they were the best auxiliaries, they have disappeared. As it often happens to good causes, to the causes that God blesses, experience has profited by that of the Americans, has purified, warned, and corrected them. Thus then this republic that was believed to be absorbed in trade and agriculture, enervated by lucre and self-interest, incapable of efforts and sacrifices that war demands, this republic has already shown herself the equal and the rival upon the battlefields of the Roman and the Grecian republics, as for the latter, she has already had her two heroic wars, her Medique and her Peloponnesian wars. The war of 1774 to 1782 which created her nationality, and the war from 1860 to 1865 which has destroyed slavery, have engraved her name in the first rank of military glory. That will suffice for her. May she leave off there in this bloody and perilous way! But these military qualities as rare and heroic as they may be, appear inferior and insignificant by the side of the civic virtues with which the American race has shown itself endowed, during the progress of this formidable war. No liberty restrained, no law violated, no voice stifled, no guaranty abandoned, no dictatorship implored, — here is the great marvel, and the mighty victory. Listen and behold, people of Europe, — people lost when an internal danger menaces; people heroic also upon battlefields, but timid and demoralized by all civil danger; servile people, that a temporary dictator suffices neither to sustain nor to console, and who feel no ease, no safety, except in abdication.

Alas! where is the European nation who has borne with such calmness and resolution the formidable experiences of this civil war and this military excitement? It is not France certainly, our dear country, she that the apprehension alone of these trials has reduced to such strange extremities, she who has not been able to support three days of storm, three years of doubt, without making confusion of all ideas, of all institutions, of all guaranties, which she had so often proclaimed, reclaimed, or applauded with unrestrained passion.

Let us imagine France a prey during four months only to an intestine war like that which for four years has ravaged a part of the United States. Let us picture to ourselves our cities bombarded, our roads torn up, our fields devastated, our chateaus pillaged, our villages burnt or ravaged by an irritated soldiery, our rivers and canals intercepted, our railroads demolished, our rails destroyed, our commerce suspended, our industry laid waste, all our business obstructed and all our interests endangered, and all this for a question of constitutional right or of religious humanity. Yes, let us imagine the present France submissive to such a régime! Let us avow it frankly, there would be no violence, no extremity, that would not seem legitimate to terminate it. There would be no inferior officer, no impostor of sufficiently bad repute, not to be regarded as a Saviour upon the sole condition of putting an end to the contest, of restoring peace and order at any price. Under all the reigns which have succeeded each other amongst us, political crimes have always served as a motive or pretext for revolutions in legislation. After the crime of Louvel, as that of Fieschi and Orsini, exceptional laws, increase of penalty, changes of jurisdiction, measures proclaimed for general security, have been immediately demanded and decreed. If to-morrow the arm of a regicide should destroy by cowardly assassination the life of a sovereign that the country has given, one half of France would immediately demand that the other half should be imprisoned. The American democracy experienced neither panics nor frenzy. A villain caused suddenly to disappear, in the midst of a fête, the chief of the State, the man who attracted all regards, reigned in all hearts, calmed all anxieties. But neither consternation nor indignation caused this truly great nation to lose its self-control. The day after the crime, as on the evening before, it remained master of itself and of its destiny: not one law is violated or changed; not a journal is suppressed or suspended; not one measure, violent or exceptional, disturbs the regular and natural movement of society.* Everything remains in its accustomed order. America, calm and self-sustained in the midst of its poignant grief, presents this noble spectacle with a legitimate pride to these official journals of Paris, — bribed panegyrists of all the repressions and usurpations, who dare to preach to her moderation! The American people did not dream of resorting to suicide in order to escape from the anguish of fear and of doubt. It has not imitated those despondent sufferers who prefer immediate death to the prolongation of their sufferings. Unlike those senseless persons of whom St. Augustine speaks † who, fearing to lose their earthly treasures, forget those that are heavenly, and thus lose all, the Americans have preserved before all others the noblest gifts, honor and liberty. But at no price have they wished to sacrifice them to the rest, and the rest has been given to them or restored, with interest. They have lost nothing: they have saved everything. Still more they

* What precedes was written when the news reached Europe, of the premium offered for the arrest of Jefferson Davis, and the detestable provocations to vengeance and to punishment which disgrace a portion of the American press. If these provocations are followed, we shall have a new mistake, a new grief, to inscribe upon the annals of modern humanity, by the side of the crimes and the follies of the French Revolution. Now, henceforth we share the horror which such excesses cause in all impartial people. But if, as we wish, — still hope, this violent language, inexcusable even after a crime so monstrous as the murder of Mr. Lincoln, should not lead to any act of inhumanity, we must be permitted to see a new proof of the moral strength of the public mind in America, that shall be able to resist such unworthy excitement.

As for the reward offered for the suspected accomplices of the assassination, we should remember, while we condemn this vestige of a barbarous legislation, that it is a form of procedure arising from the absence of any public ministry or gendarmery in the countries inhabited by the Anglo-Saxon race; it is made use of everywhere in England, and was so not long since, on occasion of an assassination committed upon a railroad in the environs of London, and the author of which sought refuge in America. It should be observed that the question is only concerning the arrest of the culprit, and not of his outlawry. The sum is offered to him who will procure the arrest, and not to him who will bring a head, as we might suppose from certain versions. Let us hope that there will be no question whatever, only measures simply comminatory, and destined to delude the excited passions of the masses without satisfying them, like the orders of arrest that we saw affixed to all the walls of Paris, in 1848, against MM. Guizot and Duchatel.

† Temporalia perdere timuerant, et vitam eternam non cogitaverunt, et sic utrumque amiserunt.

have given to the world the glorious and consoling example of a people who has saved itself without a dictator and without proscription, without Cæsar and without Messiah, without becoming unfaithful to its history and to itself.

The statue of Liberty, to use the terrorist vocabulary, has never been veiled. The state of siege has been unknown in all the cities which were not besieged or immediately menaced by the enemy. Unless our information should be disproved, it must be acknowledged that legal order has been everywhère maintained and respected. All the journals have continued to appear without any restriction or censure whatever: still more, the correspondents, well known of the foreign journals the most hostile to the cause of the North, have continued to write and despatch their letters to Europe without incurring any danger or meeting with any obstacle. Outside of localities where military operations were pursued, individual liberty has not incurred any diminution; the freedom of society has experienced no opposition; and no class, no combination of citizens has been declared suspected or without the protection of law. The violence of the outlawed mob, brutal and formidable in all democracies, produced lamentable scenes, acts of isolated oppression; but who would wish to confound these aberrations, always temporary, though justly odious, with the crimes of which the regular powers, the legislative assemblies have taken, elsewhere, the initiative and the responsibility.

If there has been a suspension of privileges in certain localities by military chiefs, they have been re-established as soon as possible by civil rulers, and everywhere the generals have shown the most exemplary submission towards the magistrates. Everywhere they have listened to the voice of civil authority and quietly obeyed its laws. We are unable to cite one example of arrogance or insubordination. Victorious or conquered, during this long and cruel struggle, no one has outraged the fundamental law of this free and well-ordered country; no one has shown the least symptom of realizing the predictions of false prophets. "We shall see what Wellington will now do," said Napoleon, after his arrival at St. Helena: this great scorner of the human conscience did not understand that one could content himself to live as an honest man and a simple peer of England, faithful to the laws of his country, after having gained the battle of Waterloo. "We shall see what Grant will do and the other victorious generals," say now the detractors of America and her institutions, in an under-tone. The glorious conqueror of Richmond has already answered them. Placed at the head of the principal federal army seven months since, and already invested with a commanding popularity, Grant refused to allow himself to be set up as a competitor with Lincoln at the last presidential election; he refused the chance of becoming the chief of the republic, in place of the "rail-splitter" who had intrusted to him the sword of the country in order to save it,—and in effect he has saved it. But what touches, what consoles, what delights, is that even now this victory has remained pure, — as pure as legitimate. Admit as we must, that there has been on both sides, in the blindness of combat, excesses and outrages deeply regretted that seem to sanction still amongst nations the most civilized, the right of war. Let us admit that certain soldierly brutalities although provoked, have justly surprised and offended the proud independence of the men, and especially the women, of the South. Let us admit, on the part of the people of the North, certain acts of devastation or of reprisal that we reprove, placing all of them much below the ferocity of the Southerners against the colored prisoners of the Federal army. It is clearly demonstrated that never, in any epoch of history, a great political struggle has been begun, that never a great politica cause has been gained, at so little sacrifice to justice, to humanity, to the human conscience. Never was a great war conducted with more humanity. Let us take for example our religious and revolutionary wars.

There also, as in the America of our days, it became necessary to reduce by force, a portion of the insurgent country, in the sixteenth century against the ancient order, in the nineteenth century against the new order. What horrors, what menaces,

what punishments, during those inauspicious days; and of which the consequences weigh still upon our national life! Let us compare, especially, the measures decreed by the Convention and the horrors committed by the terrorist generals against La Vendée, compare the crimes committed lately by the Emperor of Russia and his agents against insurgent and expiring Poland, with the laws and the acts of the American government against the Secessionists. Nothing more analogous than the situation, nothing more different, thanks to heaven, than the repression. What a contrast, at the same time lamentable and glorious! There in Vendée, in Poland, and let us add to it, the address of the English detractors of their brothers beyond the sea, in the Irish insurrection of 1798, everything that the diabolical imagination of tyrants and executioners could invent of punishments, of outrages, of attempts against life, modesty, conscience and human pity! Here in contemporaneous America, not a crime, I mean, not a public crime, avowed, official for which the nation could be rendered responsible, not a prisoner massacred, not a political scaffold. Nothing, absolutely nothing, parallel to the acts of the terrorists or of the Russians. Neither banishment nor tortures nor military executions, nor discharges of musketry, nor noyades, nor discharge of grape-shot. Liberty, civilization, democracy, have done nothing to cause a blush. These republicans beyond the sea have neither adopted or applied the odious maxim which justifies the end by the means. In that, they have hollowed out an abyss, not only between them and many monarchs and monarchists but between them and so many republicans, authors, accomplices, or panegyrists of the excesses which have dishonored the French Revolution in its struggle against an insurrection, otherwise more holy and much more legitimate than that of the South.

It is especially by the treatment of prisoners and of the wounded, that the progress of true humanity and of Christian civilization is manifested. Nowhere has this progress been more brilliant than with the Americans during this last war. The prisoners, that the European nations, emulous of pagans and barbarians, believe themselves authorized to kill, to shoot, whilst carrying on a civil war as not only the terrorists did in Vendée, the Russians in Poland, but in our days and for so long a time the Spanish Christionists or Carlists — the prisoners of the civil war in America are treated with the regard manifested for so long a time by Christian nations for suffering bravery. No one has been really ill-treated; no one, especially, has incurred the risk of life, and we shall see them reappear and take again freely, their social rank in their country, conquered, but not humbled.

What is there more beautiful than the correspondence published by all the journals between Grant and Lee, between the two great chiefs of the two armies, at the moment of the capitulation of the Confederates, from the 7th to the 9th of April? What mutual regard, what respect, what delicacy in the expression, what scrupulous care for the laws of honor, at the same time as for the laws of humanity! But especially what a happy union of dignity and grace! We may call it a reproduction, after the battle, gained of the famous meeting of the French and English guards at Fontenoy, were there not here a deeper sentiment which answered to the gravity of the interests engaged in struggle, and to the moral and spontaneous conviction of all these valiant men, voluntarily engaged in the conflict for which they all felt themselves responsible before God and their conscience.

As to the care of the wounded, the immense progress of humanity in this respect, it is necessary to read the work that an American, well known and much esteemed by Frenchmen, published in Paris. Under a modest title,* this volume conceals treasures of consolation and of admiration. There does not exist, perhaps, any work which renders a better account of the wonders that disciplined enterprise can accomplish. None shows better what a manly nation can do, inspired by religion and liberty, earnestly brought up in the school of spontaneous ef-

* The Sanitary Commission of the United States its Origin, its Organization and its Results, with a Notice of the Military Hospitals in the United States; and upon the Sanitary Reform in the European Armies, by Thomas W. Evans, Paris. Dentu: 1865.

fort and self-confidence. By the side of the perpetual struggle of individual devotion against red-tapism are seen admirable and entirely new inventions of human industry and of Christian generosity, to relieve heroic sufferings. Sixty million of francs raised by voluntary collectors, so many other articles of use, prepared or gathered by the American women; all these resources, dispensed, with as much good sense as presence of mind, by an army of surgeons, lawyers, chaplains, merchants, students, eager to give all their time, their devotion, their intelligence to the service of their fellows; all distributing, without distinction, these kind favors to enemies as to friends, lying side by side in the same ambulances upon the same bed of suffering. Here is truly a picture which does honor to the human race, but also a spectacle which fills the heart with the sweetest and purest emotions. Bless God for this incontestable progress, for this anguish spared, for these tears wiped away, for all this misery relieved by an inspiration that should assuredly be permitted to rise even to him! * In view of this union of military and civil virtues in the bosom of the same nation, had we not reason to affirm that the people of the United States has gained the right to be placed in the first rank of great modern nations? This greatness will still for a long time be contested and detested; but every day it should become clearer to generous hearts, to hearts truly Christian, for having been definitely founded upon the great act of contemporaneous history, upon the abolition of slavery amongst Christians. Yes, as was said in the Chamber by an honorable man whose heart and talent have gained the sympathy, even of those who do not embrace all his opinions: the victory of the North, having as a result the emancipation of slavery, is the page of honor of the nineteenth century.†

Yes, slavery is abolished, and it will never exist again, where it has been once abolished. No man will be found sufficiently daring in America to make the freed negro bow down again, under the fetters and the lash, as the First Consul Bonaparte did in the Antilles. It is well to insist upon it, to recur to it without ceasing; for if any one in France, at least, does not wish to be accounted now among the apologists of the slavery of the blacks, it is not long since men called to sit there, and afterwards amongst the chosen of the nation, defended openly, and for reward, colonial slavery.

For this blessing accomplished, the blacks have no more cause for congratulation than the whites, subjected, by the possession of the blacks, to the basest passions and the most miserable sophisms with which humanity * can be infected.

It is to those especially, who have been rendered, in spite of themselves, the most signal and earnest service. But it is also the human race and all the Christian world that are to be congratulated. Thanks, then, be rendered to the Almighty, that a young and great, a Christian nation has extirpated from its bosom this monstrous institution, which substitutes the drove for a family! Under what a mass of culpable prejudices, of interested falsehoods, of immoral casuistry, a human heart must be buried, not to leap with joy at the mere thought of a revolution so salutary, not to comprehend and to bless God for all these ransomed souls! "If Slavery is not wrong," said Lincoln, "nothing is wrong." And, besides, what Christian soul can fail to recognize in this great drama the arm of an avenging God, and, accompanied with this divine vengeance, the power and the efficacy of prayer? For these slaves have prayed — they are not idolators or savages. They are Christians subjected to other Christians. They have prayed, and God has granted their prayer. "There is a place," said Burke, — the greatest of men of modern times, — in speaking of the peers of England, of the victims of the tyranny of the vassals of the East India Company, "There is a place where these crippled and disabled hands will act with resistless power. What is it that they will not pull down,

* Dr. Evans, devoted to the cause of the North, renders full justice to similar efforts which manifest the zeal and devotion of the Southerners for the material, moral, and religious interests of their armies.

† M. Eugene Pelletier. Moniteur, April 16, 1865.

* "In beginning, I was moved by the fate of the oppressed, of that poor race which has made the fortune of those who perpetuate its misery. In concluding, I do not intend to pity the oppressors; I conjure them to have pity upon themselves." — Augustus Cochin, Abolition of Slavery.

when they are lifted to heaven against their oppressors? Then what can withstand such hands? Can the power that crushed and destroyed them? Powerful in prayer, let us at least deprecate, and thus endeavor to secure ourselves from, the vengeance which these smashed, disabled hands may pull down upon us. My lords, it is an awful consideration. Let us think of it." * Yes, as the immortal Lincoln has said in his simple and wise language, in the midst of serenades and illuminations which accompanied the promulgation of this great act, "The American people have given a beautiful spectacle to the world." †

Yes, it had cause: no spectacle could be more beautiful. In the eyes of posterity this, with the abolition of the slave trade, forced upon the world by England, will be the principal conquest of contemporaneous civilization, its title of redemption and of eternal honor. This infamous code and this social institution will have disappeared forever, — this code which without exaggeration as well as all declamation, and setting aside happy exceptions, as well as exceptional atrocities compelled four million of human beings to live deprived of all legal marriage, of the right to appeal to a court of justice; which declared instruction for them a crime, which assimilated them to criminals, more or less well treated according to their value; which condemned the women to promiscuous intercourse, the husbands and wives, the parents and children, to heart-rending separation; which exposed all, at every age and of both sexes, to punishments of which the ignominy was surpassed only by the cruelty! I refer to the excellent work of M. Cochin, upon the *abolition of slavery* all those who desire to refute the commonplace of the apologists of slavery, upon the pretended happiness of negroes, upon the pretended virtue of the slave, or of the whites exposed to the terrible temptations of unrestrained power, upon the pretended impossibility to produce sugar and cotton without slave labor, upon the pretended disasters which would follow emancipation everywhere.

I wish to dwell, for one moment only, upon the points which sometimes perplex honest minds,— upon the supposed inferiority of the black race. Doubtless it is not destined to take the first rank amongst mankind; but everything which has occurred in America proves that the free blacks are perfectly capable of comprehending and practising the duties of Christian and social life, as also to become the free and active servants of the public and of the State. They have all shown, at first, that they were capable of fighting with the knowledge of the cause and for the cause, which was theirs. It is in vain the South has endeavored to arm its slaves and to lead them to battle as to forced labor. "I have heard in my life-time," said, very recently, President Lincoln, with that ironical simplicity which often characterized his discourse, "many arguments why the negroes ought to be slaves; but, if they fight for those who keep them in slavery, it will be a better argument than any I have yet heard. He who will fight for that ought to be a slave. While I have often said that all men ought to be free, yet I would allow those colored persons slaves who want to be; and, next to them, those white people who argue in favor of making other people slaves." But the experiment which Lincoln ridiculed, had no success, whilst the North has formed, with free blacks, excellent regiments, perfectly disciplined and as brave as the black regiments in the service of England, or the heroic companions of Toussaint L'Ouverture.* The emancipation party has never produced an argument more irrefutable, nor with a

* Accusation in the Chamber of Peers against Warren Hastings. 5th day, Feb. 17, 1788.

† See the excellent article of M. Louis Reybaud in the Revue des Deux Mondes, entitled: The War of America and the Cotton Market.

* The "Daily News" of the 24th March, 1864, published a very curious account of the effect produced by the first black regiment which appeared in the streets of New York; it had been raised by a club of that city,—The Union League Club. At the moment of departing for the seat of war, it received its standards from the hands of a company of ladies belonging to the best society of New York. When it appeared in Broadway, music at the head and flags displayed, the enthusiasm was at its height; the negro and mulatto women were bathed in tears, thousands of black arms waved white handkerchiefs over all the line as far as the eye could reach: "What do you think of this?" I heard a colored man say to his neighbor, who answered, "I like it, I like it; and I thank God that I have lived long enough to be a witness to it."

result more decisive. We may be sure that they can be relied upon. Those arms which have borne the sabre and bayonet under the standard of liberty will never more return to ignoble fetters; and these improvised soldiers revealed by their example to the race from which they sprung, the secret of its force, and at the same time of its rights. To begin this great work, now so marvellously accomplished, Providence has made use of instruments, in appearance as obscure as they are weak and insignificant. We certainly do not forget the great writers and the great orators, who have kindled in behalf of the emancipation of the blacks the fire of their eloquence,— that Channing whose noble memory gains new lustre from the triumph of the cause that he served so well; nor the generous and indefatigable Sumner, assaulted in the Senate Chamber by a brutal colleague, with the enthusiastic applause of all the South, and who now feels himself recompensed for * his labours, his ordeals, and his noble wounds; nor Theodore Parker who celebrated the marriage of two fugitive slaves, in giving them, for a wedding present, a Bible and a sword. "Take this," said he, "in order to teach you and your wife to serve God well; and this to defend her against every man who would again claim the right to submit her to his licentiousness and his lash." But what moves us especially is the thought, that the irresistible movement which triumphs now in America over so many obstacles and so many storms has been especially the work of a female novelist and of a man who was hanged. The novel, "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*,' has been read by every one here, and almost all the world admire it; but no one has doubted that a triumphant and legitimate revolution would arise from it. The execution has not excited as much attention as the romance. Few have been interested in this old John Brown, so shamefully calumniated, who ended an adventurous but honest career by expiating upon the gallows the crime of having wished, by exciting a handful of Virginia blacks to insurrection' to signify to the world the horror of American slavery. Those who put him to death on the 2d of December, 1859, thought then that all was over. It was just the contrary; it was the beginning. Nothing was concluded but the scandalous impunity of this homicidal tyranny.

* It is said that a subscription was opened in the South to offer to the author of this gross outrage a hand-whip or club of honor, with this inscription: "Hit him again!" which translated is: "Recommences."

II.

But I am checked. I hear around me murmurs and interruptions from this too numerous crowd,— a mass ignorant and deceived, who persist in repeating with unqualified credulity, that it is not the question of slavery in the struggle between the North and the South; that the war has been brought on by questions upon the tariff, or on local, provincial, and municipal independence! We should pity the ignorance of the people who repeat in good faith these puerilities; but we know not how sufficiently to express contempt for the hypocrisy of those, who, knowing the facts, dare to deny in the face of Europe, that the maintenance of slavery has not been the first, and, in truth, the only motive for the insurrection.

You pretend, I say to them, that it is not the question of slavery. I affirm that it is the only question; and I believe that ten minutes will be sufficient before an assembly of impartial judges to demonstrate it unanswerably.

Is it true, yes or no, that the breeding of human cattle superseded with advantage the slave trade, prohibited by England? The number of slaves had, in the Southern States, quadrupled from 1787 to 1860, and had risen from 700,000 to nearly four millions? *

Is it true, yes or no, that the South, very far from laboring for the gradual emancipation of this increasing multitude of slaves, did not cease to draw closer the meshes of slavery, aggravating it by a penal code, which has been justly defined one of the most terrible monuments of premeditated villany that the world has ever witnessed?

* The exact number from the census, taken 1787, 687,897; 1860, 3,953,751.

Is it true, yes or no, that, especially the laws established by Georgia in 1829, by Alabama and Louisiana in 1830, by Carolina in 1839, by Virginia in 1849, punished with whipping colored people, with imprisonment and fine for the whites for giving any instruction whatever to the free blacks, as well as to the black slaves, in order that the black freed, even as to the body, should remain forever in subjection as to the soul? *

Is it true, yes or no, that, not content with maintaining what was called the *institution* of slavery, the South has devoted itself to propagating it in every way; that the conquest and usurpation of Texas in 1845, the outrages committed in Kansas and California, and in many other territories newly annexed, have been the exclusive work of slave-holding filibusters, intoxicated by the vision of a vast empire founded upon slavery, and which would be extended, as expressed by one of their orators, from the tomb of Washington to the palace of the Montezumas? Is it true, yes or no, that the rupture, — *exclusively* prepared by the exigencies, always springing up, increasing, at the South, as to the pursuit of fugitive slaves, — was *exclusively* provoked by the aggression of the South having at length burst forth? It has been justified in the official manifestos of the Confederate States only by considerations *exclusively* borrowed from the danger, which, according to them, the maintenance of slavery incurred.

Is it true, yes or no, that the hostility of the North against slavery is the *only* cause of grief set forth in the manifesto of South Carolina, Dec. 20, 1860, † in that of Alabama, Jan. 11, 1861, ‡ in that of Texas, Feb. 1, 1861, in that of Virginia, April 17, 1861, and without one word in all these documents, a single word upon the contested measures of the tariff, or of any other question, industrial or political? Is it true, yes or no, that, in the last debate which immediately preceded the rupture, in the report of the Commission of the *thirty three*, so called, which was in session from Dec. 11, 1860, to Jan. 14, 1861, there was not a word, not a single word, upon the tariff or on the impost, and that every thing turned solely upon the maintenance and the guarantees of slavery? Is it true, yes or no, that, in the ultimatum presented by Jefferson Davis in the name of the Southern States, he demanded, that the property of man by man, *property in slaves*, should be the same throughout the extent of the United States, as all other property, and declared inviolable?

Is it true, yes or no, that, in the new Constitution adopted by the Confederate States, after having effected their separation, there were three expressed and solemn clauses destined to sanction and perpetuate slavery? Is it true, yes or no, that, the insurrection has followed exactly the boundary of slavery; that its intensity has been exactly in proportion to the intensity of slavery itself; that, for example, in Virginia, in the principal and most celebrated of the Confederate States, where the landed property is based upon *the slave-breeding, part* have taken up arms, whilst *the free labor portion*, has taken no part in the war? Is it true, yes or no, that, since the beginning of the war, and after their first success, the language publicly and officially held by the orators and writers of the South has proclaimed, more than ever, the absolute necessity and the perpetual lawfulness of slavery? That a hundred clergymen of different sects, united in conference in the capital of the new confederation, at Richmond, declared that the abolition of slavery was usurpation, in opposition to the plans of God? That the *Richmond Enquirer* — "*the Monitor*" of the confederation, of May 28, 1863, publishes these words: "For the three terms of the Republican motto, liberty, equality, and fraternity, we intend expressly to substitute slavery, subordination, and government. There are races born to serve, as there are races created to

* It is in virtue of this law that, since 1850, a young white lady has been condemned to prison for having taught the alphabet to slaves.

† We read in this manifesto that the Carolinians took up arms because the United States elected for President, a man whose opinions and designs are opposed to slavery, and because the Northern Statesmen have preached against slavery as a crime.

‡ I borrow these dates first from the very valuable and useful work of M. Henry Moreau, "French Politics in America," Dentu, 1861; then from two English publications as interesting as they are instructive: the Discourse of the Rev. Joseph Parker at Manchester, June 3, 1863; and the Lecture of M Ernest Jones, on the American war and American slavery, at Ashton Nov. 16, 1863.

govern. Our confederation is a missionary sent of God to re-establish these truths amongst all nations"? That another Virginia Journal, the *South Side Democrat* expresses itself in these terms, which recall a language that we have too often heard upon this side of the Atlantic, since 1848." We detest everything which bears the epithet of *free*, even as it is understood to include free blacks; we detest free labor, free society, free thought, free government, free schools"? At length, is it true, yes or no, that the Vice-President of the new confederation, Stephens, in his address, March 21, 1861, at Savannah, stated as follows, the object and spirit of that confederation: "Our Constitution has regulated, forever, the peculiar institution, *which has been the immediate cause of the rupture and of the revolution*. It declares that African slavery as it exists with us, is the proper condition of the blacks in our civilization. Our government is founded upon this great moral and physical truth, that the black is not the equal of the white, and that slavery is his natural state. Our confederation is thus constituted upon a basis strictly conformed to the laws of nature and to the decrees of Providence. It is by conforming the government, and everything else, to the eternal wisdom of the laws of the Creator, that we best serve humanity. It is for that reason we have made of the stone that our first builders rejected the corner-stone of our new edifice"?

These horrible blasphemies were heard by God: registered in the book of his divine laws, they waited not long to receive a chastisement too well merited.

We will remark the identity, almost entire, of the official language of this second personage in the insurrection with that of the miserable assassin of Lincoln, whose crime I am far from wishing to impute to the confederates, but who, at least, adopted their standard, their principles, and their phraseology. In the letter of November, 1864, in which he announces the project of risking his life in making the attempt upon the person of the chief of abolitionists, he writes these words: "This country was formed for the white, not for the black man. And looking upon African slavery from the standpoint held by the noble framers of our Constitution, I, for one, have ever considered it one of the greatest blessings (both for themselves and us) that God ever bestowed upon a favoured nation."

We see then that the trans-atlantic slaveholders have left to their partisans in Europe the care of disguising their cause in representing them as opposed to the maintenance of slavery. They have disdained this simplicity or hypocrisy. They have not concealed their opinions, and have spoken the truth with a cynical eloquence. They insist upon the contempt that all the people of the North manifest, under all circumstances for the free blacks who reside amongst them, and cite in support of this statement anecdotes more or less important. Let us admit them all as true. What will result from it? That with a portion of the population of the North the customs are not on a level with the laws, and that the North, also, has had something to expiate. Time alone can bring about desirable changes in this order, and time itself will produce with difficulty a complete fusion between two races so distinct. The strongest friend of the blacks would probably always say, as would the French friend of the blacks, "We wish them well as brothers, but not as brothers in law." In the mean time the laws of the North will guarantee to the blacks all the rights, all the civil and political liberty, which the whites enjoy; and it is in order to maintain these laws, or rather to modify them in the interest of the blacks, in order to wrest some poor fugitive slave from the grasp of their masters, that the North has run the risk of a terrible war which has brought them to the verge of ruin. Besides, if the blacks are so ill-treated, so unfortunate in the North, how is it that we have never heard of a single negro who wished to quit the North for the South,— whilst every day we witness the flight of the negroes of the South towards the North, and that in order to seize them and bring them back to the self-styled paradise of the blacks, it was necessary to make the odious laws against fugitives, which brought along with the civil war the providential ruin of the *peculiar institution*? Everything, it may be supposed, is included in two interrogations. If, in the

war which has just terminated, the South had been victorious, can we suppose that slavery would have been abolished by the conquerors? No: the boldest would not dare to maintain it. But it is the North which has conquered; and has not this conqueror decreed abolition and resolved to maintain it? Yes, it is sufficient to settle the question in the eyes of the candidly disposed. *

It must be admitted that, at the beginning of the war, abolition was not in the programme of the North. Immediate and absolute emancipation was resolved upon only after the progress of events, and especially the imprudent arrogance of the South, intoxicated by its first victories have disclosed to every one, that the maintenance of slavery was the source of the political and social evil, which the civil war had revealed in all its intensity.

Here we must admire the direct, mysterious, and unforseen action of Providence. It has terminated the civil war by a result which was not thought of by any one in the beginning; it made an instrument of the guilty, to provoke and make necessary the chastisement which was due to them. Yes, it is here that we must adore the hand of God.

How can we misinterpret, in this wonderful concurrence of circumstances, in which everything reveals an ordering of human affairs superior to all the calculations and to all the intentions of men?

If the people of the South had used moderation, or common prudence, slavery would still be in existence and perhaps would have lasted so for ages. The North had never intended to impose immediate, nor even gradual, emancipation upon the South. Very far from it, — the North had made to the South extreme and even culpable conditions in passing a law for the surrendering of fugitive slaves. * It even used all moderation and delicacy.

It is well known that the North did no, begin the war; it is known that it sustained it only in defence of its life. With the exception of Brown alone, the most ardent of the Abolitionists of the North had never employed or invoked other weapons than persuasion, preaching, the press, and pacific moral and intellectual diffusion of the truth. The people of the South, on the contrary, have always appealed to force, to violence, and to war. Even before the war, they always took the initiative of violence. We repeat it, it required only a slight degree of moderation to give an indefinite duration to their crime. They did not wish it. They have always carried everything to an extremity. When the compromise of Missouri, in 1820, had traced upon the soil of the great republic a line of demarcation between slavery and liberty, by guaranteeing to them, south of this line, the peaceful possession of this shameful property, that did not satisfy them. In 1850 they exacted and obtained the atrocious law which authorized the pursuit of fugitive slaves, even into the free States; still this is not sufficient. They gained moreover in 1859, by the famous Dred Scott lawsuit, a decree of the Supreme Court which recognized the right of every slave-holder to transport his slaves throughout the extent of the territory of the Republic. †

* It seems to me useless to insist upon the measures taken, since the commencement of the war, by President Lincoln and the Northern States in order to abolish legislation against the fugitive slaves, in order to establish gradually emancipation in the States and territories successively occupied by the armies of the North or newly organized. The interest of these details would disappear before these two decisive acts: by right, the unconditional simple, total, and irrevocable abolition of slavery in all the extent of the United States; in fact, the incorporation of one hundred and fifty thousand negroes, most of them old slaves, in the army of the republic.

* In the Roman history, at Rome, of our lamented associate, M. Ampère, a book very seasonable to be read at this time of historic Cæsarism, I find the prophetic language, namely: "We perceive the kind of moderation of Tiberius Gracchus; he carried caution almost to criminality. It is precisely what the United States of the North has done by protecting the slavery of the South,— by the fugitive slave law. The aristocrats showed themselves just as grateful as the Southern States. The aristocrats were cruelly punished for repulsing extreme concessions; as the Southern States, who have taken the same course, will not be less severely punished. Vol. iv. p. 284.

† Dred Scott was a slave who brought by his master into the free state of Illinois, claimed his liberty in the name of the law of that State which prohibited slavery upon its territory. Declared free by the local court, he was, upon appeal, restored to his master with his wife and his children, by sentence of the Supreme Court rendered by Chief Justice Taney presiding, — a sentence which declares that

In gaining this famous cause, God be praised, they have lost slavery. Blinded by their selfish cupidity, they have cast themselves into the abyss; by means of exactions and outrages, they have ended by constraining their too mild, too complaisant, fellow-citizens to oppose, to crush them. They have openly prepared, boldly announced, and voluntarily declared, civil war, — of which they have been the victims. From 1856, the time of the contested election between Fremont and Buchanan, they announced publicly, that if the abolitionist Fremont was elected, the Union would not last an hour after his inauguration. During the four years of the Presidency of their candidate Buchanan, they substituted conspiracy for provocation. Masters of the government, having, for Secretary of War of the United States, the same Jefferson Davis who was afterwards the President of the insurgent Confederation, they were all prepared for securing a disloyal advantage in the future struggle, by intrusting the command of the fortresses and of the arsenals of the republic to slave-holding officers, — consequently, their first victories, which so singularly seduced and misled European opinion. November 6, 1860, the choice of electors to choose a new President of the republic announces that for the first time a *republican*, or in other terms, an abolitionist, would become chief of the executive power. One month after, December 20, 1860, before any act or word whatever, of the new power, South Carolina raised the standard of secession; twelve other states followed. During the four months which passed, before the installation of Lincoln, the Southern States formed a Convention, then a separate Confederation, armed the local militia, laid hands upon the public funds, upon federal property, organized, at their leisure, the revolt.

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen," said the admirable Lincoln to them in his first address, March 4, 1861, "and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war, — the government will not assail you.

"You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors.

"You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it." * To this touching, to this generous appeal, the men of the South answered, by giving the signal for the impious war, in which, by a just judgment of God, they have found the ruin of their dishonorable cause.

The American legislature has not awaited the end of the war in order to decree the abolition of the crime. Upon the proposition of President Lincoln, and by the majority required in order to alter the Constitution of the United States, it has introduced into this Constitution an amendment, declaring that all voluntary or involuntary servitude shall cease to exist in the United States.

Lincoln and the Congress thus invoked a blessing of peace upon the flag of the Union; and God answers from heaven above to this appeal, to this return to the eternal laws. The war which dragged on for four years, in alternate misfortune and doubt, changes, suddenly, its character; a new inspiration, an invincible inspiration, inflames the generals and the soldiers of the North. The march of their armies becomes irresistible. The fortune of war, capricious till now, no longer ceases to smile upon this great, free people, which has decreed the irrevocable enfranchisement of four millions of slaves. The strategy of the Southern leaders, hitherto superior, becomes powerless. The circle of fire formed by the forces of the North grows narrower, and finally closes around the focus of the rebellion. This rebellion, lately so proud and so strong, reels to its fall. All is trouble and confusion. At length the day of justice dawns; ruin is at hand; Richmond is taken. The South is thunderstruck. God ratifies the decree of Congress by victory, a victory as complete as it was unforeseen, a victory irrevocable.

O Providence! generous, glorious, wise

Africans have no civil or legal right. It is to be remarked that Illinois, which was the theatre of this iniquity, is the same State from which Lincoln came, — the destroyer of slavery.

* See the exact text of this long and admirable address in the work of M. Cochin, B. II. p. 467.

Providence! It is a negro regiment which enters the first, into the capital of the insurgents, into that Richmond so long impregnable. These despised blacks, emancipated by victory, marching at the head of the liberating army, they are saluted by the acclamations of their brothers, of the black slaves that they come to deliver and restore to their rights. Do they wish to avenge the wrongs of their race and their own? Do they wish, at the expense of the whites and the blacks, to avenge the crimes and the infamies inseparable from slavery, what their fathers and their brothers, their mothers and their sisters, have so long endured? No, no! for the completion of their happiness and honor, these slaves of yesterday enter the capital of the slaveholders, they take it, they become — they remain masters of it, and not a shadow of a reprisal tarnishes their victory! Call history to witness: the sun has never shone upon a grander, a more consoling spectacle.

III.

It is necessary, after all which precedes, to refute at length the pretension set up by the apologists of the South of seeing in their clients the representatives of federal rights; of the cause of small states, and even of that decentralization which begins to find favor in the bosom of European democracy. I declare, as for myself, that if this pretension was well founded, if as was said one day by Lord Russell, English minister of foreign affairs, with his proverbial imprudence, if it was true that the South combated for *independence*, and the North for *power*, the South would have no partisan more decided, more sympathizing than myself. I am convinced that the friends and the defenders of liberty should favor, throughout the world, the cause of the small states, so recently and so nobly defended by M. Thiers in the legislative assembly. The true greatness of a people is measured, not by the extent of territory, and the number of its population, but by its liberty and its morality. Now, history demonstrates, unfortunately, that, with the exception alone of England, the liberty of a people decreases and perishes in direct proportion to the increase of its territory and its population. The public intelligence and morality follow too often the same proportion. I desire, and I hope that the United States will give, like England, a fresh denial to this cruel result of the teachings of the past, and will show that liberty can co-exist with material greatness. But, at the risk of causing those amongst the Americans with whom I sympathize most to shudder, I avow that I fear for them the perils of centralization, of unity, and of indivisibility, which are the natural foundations of despotism, monarchical or military. In reserving all question of right, and without approving any rebellion, I should see then, not only without fear and without grief, but with confidence and satisfaction, the division of the immense extent of the whole present republic into several states, of unequal extent, equally free, equally republican, and equally Christian.

American liberty, thus divided into several centres of life, thought, and action, would have many other guaranties of endurance, and would thereby exert better upon the rest of the world an influence as fruitful and salutary as that of the immortal tribes of ancient Greece, or of the Christian and municipal republics of the Middle Ages.

But there is something which speaks louder in every human heart than the experiences of the historian, than the threats or the preferences of the statesman: it is justice, it is humanity. Is it to defend justice and humanity that the Southern States have broken the federal bond which incorporated them with the great American Republic? Certainly not: it was only to trample on both. Having no general right, no natural right, had they in the least degree a right, or even a legal pretext, to revolt? The primitive constitution of the insurgent colonies, of November, 1777, guaranteed the absolute sovereignty of each new State, and limited itself to the establishing a federation of independent republics. But the Constitution in force — that made in 1789 by Washington, and by the men who dared to restrain liberty because they were sure that they did not wish to destroy it, — * has substituted for this collection of sover-

* Tocqueville.

eignties, absolutely independent, one people, sole and entire, not centralized and uniform as ours, but composed of different States, internally as externally restrained by strict obedience to certain obligations, imposed by the fundamental compact. It was never admitted or foreseen by any one, that this compact could be broken at the will of one alone of the contracting parties. No people, no state, no community, could subsist if each of its members should separate voluntarily and without provocation from the social body. In admitting in all its perilous extent the modern right, such as has been proclaimed on both sides in the recent debate upon the Roman question by M. Thiers and M. Rouher, that is to say, — the right to be well governed, and if one is not so, the right, to change his government, — still it must be proved, that one has been badly governed, and so oppressed as to render the rupture of the social tie more necessary and more legitimate than its preservation. Without doubt the separation may be as legitimate as the insurrection but in certain cases extreme and rare. Is it a similar case presented by the Southern States? The evidence, the universal conscience answers, No, a thousand times no! It is impossible for them, or for their apologists, to produce any proof whatever, a single one, of the least attempt to deprive them of their independence. Where are their wrongs, their sorrows, their sufferings? We can defy them to cite a violated right, deprivation of property, liberty restrained, or in the least diminished. Yes, what is it? Is it religion? No! The press? No! Society? No! Elections? No! Education? No! Not even the property of man by man, till by three years of revolt and civil war, they have, in some manner, constrained the legitimate and sovereign authorities of the Republic to decree abolition. Nothing, absolutely nothing, in the history of the relations of the North with the South resembles, in the slightest degree, those violent and oppressive measures against the liberty of faith, of prayer, of education, which constrained the seven Catholic Swiss cantons to form twenty years since, the *Sonderbund* so unjustly, so basely, so miserably crushed in 1847. Nothing, absolutely nothing, has furnished them the shadow of a pretext to break the federal bond, and to refuse to obey in certain extreme cases, but even to acknowledge them as legally constituted powers.

We have had occasion, a thousand times, for saying that we must be cautious not to compare the States which compose the Union with our present or even with our ancient provinces. Each of these States has, and ought to have, an executive power and two elective chambers, a magistracy, tribunals, its own laws, a police, administration of its own finances; finally, a constitution voted for and sanctioned by the people of each State. This it is that constitutes the true foundation of American liberty. Now, have all these fundamental principles been respected by all the Southern States up to the time the war broke out? It is impossible absolutely to deny it. The Northern States have never attempted, nor endeavoured to attempt, the least encroachment upon the legislative independence of the Southern States, *even in regard to slavery*, till war had been declared in the South.

But outside of this local, and as we may say personal, sovereignty of each State, there is, according to the Constitution of the United States a general sovereignty, personified in the President, the Senate, and the House of representatives which have their seat at Washington. The people of the North, have they exercised this general sovereignty to the detriment of the interests of the South? No, and for a reason very plain; because, till 1861 the President of the United States, and the majority of the two chambers, have always belonged to the South. When in 1861, the majority passed over to the North, did the North use or abuse it against the South? Again, no; and, had it wished it, it would not have been able to do so, since the South prevented, it before the North could seize the power, by beginning the war.

Let us resume once more, in a few words, the true state of this question so singularly misunderstood or unknown. The men of the South, wishing *at any price*, not only to maintain, but to propagate slavery, have succeeded, with the co-operation of their friends, the Democrats of the North, in securing, for more than thirty years, the major-

ity in the federal legislature, and the choice of the quadrennial President of the Republic. The day in which, *for the first time*, by means the most legal and most regular, by a movement of public opinion purely moral, the majority elected of the representatives of the people and the presidential electors escaped from them, on that day they broke the federal compact, and raised the standard of revolt. They revolted because they knew that they were no longer masters; and they are no longer regarded as masters, because they foresaw that perhaps the authorities created by the new electors would modify, not the property in slaves in the slave States, but the laws which authorize the the pursuit of slaves *in the free States*. So long as they had, with the complicity of the Democrats of the North, the majority in Congess, and the Presidents, upon their side, they found that the Union was invulnerable. When the tide of opinion has turned against them; when they understood that the North could no longer consent to remain the accomplice and the instrument of slavery; when, for the first time, they saw the legal majority pass over to the side of the republicans or of the abolitionists, — then, but not till then, they declared the Union impossible, and they took up arms to destroy it. It is precisely as if the French socialists had drawn the sword in 1848, after the election of Prince Louis Bonaparte to the Presidency, or in 1849, after the elections of the legislative assembly. It is also precisely what those wished to do who were in the Conservatoire of the arts and trades, June 15th, 1849. We know what France and the world have thought of that enterprise, of which the authors were the first victims, and had the sympathy of no one. Let us dismiss, then, the argument drawn from the pretended zeal of the South, against the despotism of centralization.

Let us send it, then, to join that argument which pretends to make slavery a question foreign to the origin of the war. Let them both be engulfed in that limbo where sleep, buried forever, useless falsehoods and exploded sophisms.

IV.

The most irritating circumstance connected with these sophisms is, especially, to see them repeated and propagated by the English, with a bitterness that the victory of the North must certainly allay, but which has done injury to their good sense as well as their conscience and their national honor. No where, it is well known, has the cause of the North excited a deeper, more universal, more sustained enmity. We ask ourselves by what malice of deposed sovereigns, by what prejudice of caste, or by what family enmity they have so far forgotten their own antecedents, their traditions the most inveterate, good or bad. With what face can those who struggled with all their might against the colonial insurrection which transformed their provinces into sovereign States; those who repressed, with an inexcusable cruelty, the insurrections of Ireland in 1798, and with an excessive though legitimate severity, the revolt of the Sepoys in 1858; with what face can they reproach their American cousins, for the energy of the means employed against the insurgents of the South, and even the principles of the war, sustained by the constituted powers of the Republic against the aggression of the confederates? But especially those, the abolitionists par excellence; those whose susceptibility upon the question of the slave-trade has given birth to the right of search and so many other complications with us and all other maritime nations; those who have given, with a disinterestedness unheard of, the first signal for the emancipation of the black race, at the expense of their own Antilles, how dare they to disown their own glory, by suspecting, by denouncing, by decrying the motives which have guided the American abolitionists? Why did they not perceive that they exposed themselves to giving an excuse to the numerous detractors who have accused them of having undertaken the work of emancipation only for gain, and to have renounced it as soon as the calculation failed? It is one of those sad mysteries that the history of the greatest nations sometimes presents, and before which posterity, as its contemporaries, stands amazed. Let us hope, that, in this respect, it is only a momentary aberration of mind; and let us recall to them that beautiful page of their own history, so well written by one of those

Americans whom they calumniate. "Other nations," said Channing "have won imperishable honors by heroic struggles for their own rights." But there was wanting the example of a nation espousing, with disinterestedness, and amidst great obstacles, the rights of others; the rights of those who had no claim but that of a common humanity; the rights of the most fallen of the race. Great Britain, loaded with an unprecedented debt and with a grinding taxation, contracted a new debt of a hundred million dollars, to give freedom, not to Englishmen, but to the degraded African. This was not an act of policy, not a work of statesmen. Parliament but registered the edict of the people.

The English nation, with one heart and one voice, under a strong Christian impulse, and without distinction of rank, sex, party, or religious names, decreed freedom to the slave. I know not that history records a national act so disinterested, so sublime. In the progress of ages, England's naval triumphs will shrink into a more and more narrow space in the records of our race. This moral triumph will fill a broader, brighter page." *

Yet if the cause of the North and the emancipation of America, has met with adversaries, only amongst the controlling classes of England, in the country of Burke and of Wilberforce, we must admit that it has always been openly and energetically sustained by some of its orators, and by the most prominent of its political men, and in the first rank by Messrs. Cobden and Bright. † We ought especially to acknowledge that the working population of Lancashire, and other great centres of industry, have manifested lively and persevering sympathy for American abolitionists.

Now these populations are precisely those which had the most to suffer from the effects of the war, which, whilst it lasted in the United States, has interrupted the raising of cotton.

Nothing could be more admirable than the attitude of the English operatives during the whole of this crisis, so fatal to the prosperity of the English manufactories, and which has not yet ceased. The labor of the blacks in the United States gave to them bread, by producing the raw material for the business which enabled them to live. They have never thought, never maintained, as certain publicists and certain preachers have, that the negroes were destined by Providence to be always slaves, in order to be the purveyors of European industry. Until the equilibrium had been re-established by the introduction of the culture of cotton in Egypt, by which she has enfranchised and enriched the Fellahs, and in Southern Italy, where it has served, in a manner so strangely unforeseen, the interests of Italian unity; the crisis produced by the interruption of commerce between the Southern States and European ports has been the most cruel, perhaps, of any that has afflicted European industry. The English workmen have supported this crisis, which still continues, with the most magnanimous patience. They have suffered the last extremity of hunger, without the occurrence of any insurrection or outbreak, to realize the prophecies of those who had speculated upon their distress in order to obtain from England the recognition of the Southern States, and the consolidation of slavery. They have suffered without a murmur, without the necessity of any demonstration of military force in order to restrain or intimidate them, without any of the public immunities being suspended, without the freedom of the press or of associations having suffered the least restraint,—these millions of beings, starving and suffering, have preserved heroic calmness and resignation. Forced inaction, distress, and hunger had everywhere taken the place, in this vast hive of English spinning-mills, of labor, ease, the progress of economy, and of domestic prosperity. The profusion of public and industrial assistance lavished by the disinterested sympathy of their neighbors and fellow countrymen *

* Letter to Mr. Clay upon the annexation of Texas, Aug. 1st. 1837, cited by Mr. Cochin. B. 11. 49.

† We notice also the writings of an eloquent Professor of Oxford, Mr. Goldwin Smith, in favor of the North, and especially the protest of Mr. Henry Wilberforce, who, as a true Christian and a worthy son of his glorious father, has remained faithful to the good cause.— See "The Weekly Catholic Register," May 13th, 1865.

* A subscription list, opened in December 1862, headed by the names of Lord Derby for 125,000 francs and by Lord Edward Howard for 75,000.

upon those innocent victims of the American war, seemed only a drop of water in the ocean of this distress. And yet, not only no disturbance, no public agitation, broke out; but, in the numerous *meetings* and the different publications which have alluded to this cruel and so prolonged crisis, no symptom of irritation was manifested against the higher classes, against the government of the country. Enlightened by a good sense which shows the incontestible progress obtained by the diffusion of primary instruction since the bloody riots of 1819, the operatives of the English districts which costitute the largest industrial centre of the world, have readily understood that they had not to impute the calamity of which they were victims, either to the queen, or to the aristocracy, or to the ministry, or to the Parliament, or to any one whatever in England; but truly to a great historic crisis, of which the consequences would be favorable to Christianity and to humanity. They have remained not only docile to the counsels of reason and of patriotism in their attitude, as respects the authorities and other classes of their country, but immovably faithful in their manifestations, and in their petitions to Parliament, in their sympathies for the Northern States, which represented, in their eyes, the cause of justice and of liberty. They have thus given the best proof of their aptitude to public life as well as to the political rights which they cannot fail to obtain, and which we ought to wish for them, whilst we wish also that the regular and peaceful admission of the masses to the electoral suffrage may operate, with the necessary guaranties, to prevent intelligence and liberty from being crushed by the abusive preponderance of numbers.

V.

Let us resume and conclude. We consider that the victory of the North is an event as happy as it is glorious, and we hope we have proved it. But, if we have not succeeded, not one of our readers will deny that this has been the most important event of the present age, and one whose consequences are the most vital to the whole world.

The American federation is henceforth restored to the first rank amongst the great powers of the world. In the future, all eyes will be turned towards her; all hearts will be agitated by the destiny which is reserved for her; all minds will be illuminated by the light of her future; for this future will be more or less ours, and her destiny will, perhaps, decide ours.

Every thing which has occurred in America, from all which is to follow in the future, grave teachings will result for us, lessons of which it is indispensable to keep an account; for, in spite of ourselves, we belong to a society irrevocably democratic, and democratic societies resemble one another still more than monarchical or aristocratic societies. It is true that there are still great differences between all epochs: it is true especially, thank God, that the people as individuals preserve, under all regimes their free will, and remain responsible for their destiny.

To know how to make use of this freedom of opinion, in the midst of an impetuous current, and in appearance irresistible tendencies of the times, — this is the great problem. In order to resolve it, it is especially necessary to take account of these tendencies, either to combat them, to follow them or to direct them, according to the laws of conscience. The question then is, in the study of contemporaneous events, not of preferences, but of teachings. We are not at liberty to choose, here below, between the things which please or displease, but between the things which are. I am not here reasoning with those who have not yet ceased to mourn for the political past of the ancient world, those who dream still of a theocratic, monarchical, or aristocratic reconstruction of modern society. I understand all the regrets; I share more than one of them; I honor many of them, amongst those that I do not share; I have as much as any one the religion, perhaps even the superstition, of the past; but reserving to myself the faculty of distinguishing the past from the future, as death from life, I shall never triumph over the ruin of any thing except of falsehood and of evil, which I have not yet had an opportunity to behold. After that avowal, I mean to offend no one, only

to express what is commonplace, almost trivial, because so evident, in proving that the modern world has fallen to the share of democracy, and that it has to choose only between two forms of democracy, and two forms which differ as much as night and day — between the disciplined democracy, authorative, more or less incarnate, in one all powerful; and liberal democracy, in which all powers are balanced and controlled by unlimited public opinion and individual liberty. In other words, between Cæsarean democracy and American democracy. We do not wish for either: we would prefer something else. Let us be understood.

THE FASTIDIOUS ARE UNHAPPY.

But that is no reason why they should become blind and powerless. Still then, a choice must be made; and we can choose only between these two conditions. All the rest is only the utopian fancies or archæological regrets, infinitely respectable perhaps but perfectly barren. It is well known, my choice is made, and in the same manner as those to whom I would speak.

It is to those, then, that I show, with happiness and pride, the struggle which America has just passed through, and the victory which she has achieved (if this victory remains pure), as a pledge of confidence and of hope. The civil war could make of the American democracy a Cæsarean and military democracy. Now, it is the contrary which has occurred. It is still a liberal and Christian democracy. It is the first great fact, which, in the annals of modern democracy, without reservation, strengthens and consoles, the first which is worthy to inspire confidence in its future, limited confidence, humble and modest, as all human confidence should be, but an intrepid and severe self-reliance, as that of free hearts and honest consciences ought to be. America has just shown, for the first time since the beginning of the world, that liberty can co-exist in a democracy with war, and moreover with an extent of country almost unequalled. This simultaneous existence is always full of perils and shoals; but now it is possible, it is real: it passes, for the time being, from the region of problems into that of facts. The American democracy has beliefs and morals, Christian beliefs, and manly and pure morals: it is, in that respect, very superior to most of the Europeon communities. It professes and practises respect for religious faith, and respect for woman, but, above all, practises and guards liberty to a degree that no nation, except England, has been able to attain, — liberty without restriction and without inconsistency; all liberty, that is to say, domestic liberty, no less than political liberty; civil liberty by the side of religious liberty; to devise property; with the liberty of the press, the liberty of association and of education, with the liberty of speech. Notwithstanding the rudeness of its manners, and a want of moral sense which manifests itself since the death of Washington, it despises or ignores odious and foolish trammels, the hateful and jealous restrictions which our French democrats associate with their strange liberalism. *

Besides it comes nearer than any other contemporary society, to the end that all human society ought to propose to itself; it offers and secures to all the members of a community an active participation in the fruits and advantages of social union. The new President, Johnson, has frankly set forth, in his first address, the fundamental doctrine of a free and Christian country: "I

* I cannot deny myself the pleasure of recalling here the beautiful passage, so appropriate, in which my younger associate and friend, M. Prevost, Paradol has so well characterised the radical infirmity of the French democracy : —

Giboyer declares himself a democrat, and to such a democracy that he wishes to subject all the world. Be it so! and yet what democracy? It is that which can accept every yoke, except the light yoke of the Lord? Resisting God, and yielding to every thing else? This democracy, what does it wish and what does it intend? Shall we live under its standard as free citizens or as enslaved subjects? Does it realize that it is not for its interest, or conformable to justice, to be at eternal war with religion, and to envenom, by constant outrages, a misunderstanding already so fatal. In order that religion should be free, in a free state, it is necessary to obtain its voluntary consent; and to impose upon religion even freedom without its assent has not been possible for any one; that religion teaches, after all, better than human wisdom has even done, how to sacrifice itself, to resign itself, to wait and not to envy the prosperity of a neighbor; to turn from it by a higher hope. And it is the virtues which democracies truly could not dispense with; since man whom, brutal force would bind less closely, should, if possible, be restrained by his own heart.

believe that government was made for man, and not man for the government." In other terms, society is made for man, and not man for society or for the State. It has thus established the sovereign distinction which separates liberty from absolute power, Christian right from pagan right, Roman right from the slaveholder's right. Certainly neither misery nor immorality are unknown in the great Republic. The poison of slavery, with which it has too long been infected; the scum which European emigration brings to it, by which it recruits itself; the dangers and infirmities incident to all democracy, aggravated by the savage rudeness of certain social customs,—all this shakes and threatens it, but does not prevent it from giving to public order and to property a security, if not complete and perfect, at least sufficient, and of which the superficial vacillations are a thousand times preferable to the enervation and corrupting peace of despotism. Certainly we shall never see in the United States, nor in the countries which follow in the same path, the luxurious and effeminate life of the ancient people of the East, or of Southern Europe in the 18th century. There will be troubles, disturbances, burdens, dangers, for all and each. This action, and this censure on all the world, which constitutes the true life and the only useful discipline of a free people, carries with it many cares and sometimes a thousand perils. "The gods" says Montesquieu by the mouth of Sylla, "the gods, who have given to most men a base ambition, have attached to liberty almost as many misfortunes as to servitude. But, whatever the price of this noble liberty, we must pay it to the gods."

America teaches us how we can be cured of this *base ambition*, without renouncing any of the principles, any of the conquests, of Christian civilization. What wounds and disquiets us the most,—we Europeans who study America with the desire of reading there the secret of our future,—is the system, or rather the popular instinct, which drives from power, and often from public life, the most eminent for talent, for character, and for services rendered. It is assuredly a very great evil that this legal and gradual ostracism of the United States has become almost a custom. But I am told that this result is not absolutely unknown in certain countries which have nothing in common with American liberty, and where these victims of ostracism have not even the resource of periodical and constitutional changes, still less the defensive and offensive weapons which guarantee to each citizen of the United States the unlimited liberty of all. Even under ancient royalty has not Saint Simon pointed out to us the delights of self-sacrifice and the special graces of obscurity and of abnegation in the eyes of the master? And, after all, is it necessary to despair of the world because of this phenomenon of the abasement or even the exclusion of the opulent, or the higher classes, as seen everywhere except in England sometimes, as formerly, by their own fault; and then again, in our time especially, without any grave reproaches to be brought against them. That is sad, that is painful, that is unjust; but it is too general not to be a historic law, and the results of this new law are not always or everywhere divested of grandeur. America astonishes the world by placing at the head of a nation of thirty million of men, those who come from the lowest ranks of society, by trusting to these obscure and inexperienced men, armies of a million of soldiers who at the termination of the war return to their homes, without any one being apprehensive of danger to liberty, or taking any preventive against it. A man who has been at first a wood-cutter, then a rail-splitter, then a boatman, then a lawyer, becomes President of the United States, and directs in this capacity a war more formidable, and above all more legitimate, than all the wars of Napoleon. A horrible crime deprived him of life, and immediately, one formerly a tailor's apprentice takes his place, without a shadow of disorder, or a protestation, disturbing the national mourning. That is strange and new; but what is there in it unfortunate or alarming? For my part I see in it a historic and social transformation, as remarkable and less stormy than that which substituted throughout the West the Clovis and Alarics, for the vile prefects of the Roman Empire.

These workmen, now chiefs of a great people are a hundred times less repugnant

to me than the Cæsars with their freedmen and their favourites; I see with tender admiration these laborers metamorphosed into potentates: not at all intoxicated with their elevation. They remained calm, mild, and sensible. Nothing in them which resembles the popular tyrants of former times, nor those pretenders, sent by Providence, who began by the violation of laws, like Cæsar, and ended with madness, like Alexander and Napoleon.*

What repose and what relief to feel one's-self in presence of honest people, simple and truthful, whose power, sustained and controlled, although immense, — does not turn the head, or pervert the heart. Where shall we find true greatness if it is not in these plebeian souls, who, disciplined by responsibility and purified by adversity, appear to grow greater with their situation, and to raise politics even to the heights of moral life.

However gloomy and sad may be her future, and should she perish to-morrow, buried in her triumphs, America will have no less bequeathed to the friends of liberty, immortal hope. Numerous and severe as our own mistakes have been, and however legitimate our apprehensions may have been, she has given us something to believe in and to hope for, for ages to come, in the ideal which in the last century drew our fathers to her standard, — an ideal from which they have made the only true programme of 1789, and which can alone form a tie between the sons of the conquerors, and the sons of the victims of the French Revolution. For this reason I have not feared to say, that, at the present time, the American people, coming out victorious and pure from so formidable an ordeal, should take rank amongst the first nations in the earth, which is far from saying that it is irreproachable. It has not been so in the past: nothing assures us that it will be so in the future. With all the virtues and all the great qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race, we find mingled only too much extravagance and gross defects, cynical and cruel selfishness and brutal instincts. The very moment has arrived when these vices and these faults will menace it more than ever. The blindness of gratified pride, the confidence arising from triumph, expose it to those vices of power, those crimes arising from the abuse of victory, of which democracies are as susceptible as dictatorships. It has still much to expiate, for, during the interval which has separated the war of the revolution from the civil war, the foreign policy of the United States has too strongly resembled the foreign policy of the Romans or of the English; it has been selfish iniquitous, violent, even brutal, and characterized by unscrupulousness. Mexico on one side, on the other native and independent races have been familiar with all the cruel consequences of the preponderance of a race eager for gain and born for conquest. She has now arrived at the decisive hour of her interior life; it must be seen whether the American people, as the Roman people in the time of Publicola and Cincinnatus possess the spirit of conciliation, which causes republics to endure; or if, like the contemporaries of the Gracchi, they wish to open the door which leads to proscriptions and to dictatorship. There is every reason to hope, that, in the first rejoicings over victory, the republican majority will show itself as generous as it has been resolute, according to the beautiful words of Lincoln, in his negotiations with the South, January last, 1864: "May it please God that they may not have recourse after the triumph to the reprisals from which they have been able to abstain during the fury of combat, and which would render inexcusable the prompt submission and the complete dispersion of the conquered armies." The spirit of revenge would infuse into the veins of the great nation a poison more mortal and more difficult to extirpate than that of abolished slavery. Posthumous suppressions, confiscations, proscriptions — after the Russian mode, against the conquered and the prisoners, encroachments upon local liberties or the sovereign independence of the States, would excite universal indignation, and turn aside the sympathies of all the liberals of Europe against the transatlantic emulators of Monravieff. To substitute centralization for liberty, under pretext of guaranteeing the latter,

* Let us recall, how M. Thiers, our *illustrious* and *national* historian, has shown, at the close of his great work, the madness which the exercise of unrestrained power had substituted in the mind of Napoleon for the wisdom of his early years.

would be to condemn America for being a miserable and servile imitator of Europe, instead of being our guide and precursor in the good way. As for the rest, notwithstanding the violence of language, in spite of alarming symptoms, we hope there will be nothing of the kind. Americans will remember, as their defender Burke has said, that greatness of soul is the wisest policy, and that little souls never attain to a great empire. Reconciliation can and ought to be brought about without humiliation, and consequently without difficulty and without delay, between parties that are not separated by antipathies national or religious, arising from language or belief. The occupations and the benefits of peace, the immense industrial movement, commercial and agricultural, that the war could not check,* will seal anew the Union between the North and the South. But will not the reconciled belligerents still display animosity, hereafter useless? The military spirit so rapidly and so wonderfully developed, can it be reduced and restrained within necessary limits? From these disbanded armies, will there not arise troops of adventurers and fillibusters, the terror and scourge of neighbors? Alarming questions of which we ardently desire the pacific solution. For our ardent wishes for the glory and the prosperity of the United States harmonize with those that every friend of well-being ought to form for the consolidation of the new Anglo-American confederation, in which our brothers of Canada, brothers by race and by religion, can play a part so useful and so important.

But our solicitude and apprehensions are concentred much more upon the internal state of the great republic than upon its foreign relations; much more upon the dangers connected with all the elements which constitute it than upon the immediate consequences of the struggle which has just terminated. May she never forget, that the origin of her noble institutions, of her incomparable liberty, of her invincible energy, goes back to the traditional liberties and to the Christian civilization under whose shadow the insurgent colonies of 1775,* have grown great! May she learn the difficult secret of preserving her individual, as her public authority, from that subjection to the omnipotence of majorities which so soon naturally leads the heart to submit to the absolute power of one man. Let us desire for her that susceptibility of the conscience, that delicacy, that chastity of honor, † which are almost always wanting in democratic communities, even when they know how to maintain freedom. Let us wish, that she may escape, or rather resist, one of their, greatest perils, contempt for ideas, for study, for intellectual enjoyment, which the torpor or the sleep of the soul engenders in the noisy, and yet, "monotonous, agitation of local and personal politics. Let us wish that she may renounce, sooner or later, that love of mediocrity, that hatred of inherent and legitimate superiority, the natural consequence of the love of equality, which transports to the centre of democratic assemblies, the spirit of courts and antechambers, and too often reproduces there, the most degraded characters of despotism, perfected and popularized by modern civilization. Let us wish for her that universal suffrage be more invested with all the elective functions, not condemning the enlightened and superior classes to that discouragement, to that political apathy, which ends in excluding them in fact if not by right, from public life. ‡

But especially that nothing ever may lead the Americans to weaken the federative principle which has hitherto constituted their greatness and their liberty, by preserving them from all the rocks upon which Europe has hitherto been wrecked. To limit the central government to functions strictly necessary by scrupulously respecting

* The products of all kinds gathered in the Northern States in 1863 were valued at 955 million of dollars; and those of the year 1864, the most critical of the war, 1.504 million of dollars, — the dollar worth 5 francs 80 cents.

* This, M. Edouard Laboulaye, the faithful champion of liberty, has clearly demonstrated in the first volume of his beautiful history of the United States.

† "That chastity of honor, which feels a stain like a wound," — an expression of Burke in his celebrated portrait of Marie Antoinette.

‡ The last discourse of M. Lowe, upon the electoral reform, in the House of Commons, May 8, 1865, containing excellent information upon the probable absorption of all intellectual or independent elements by uniformity, and still more by the universality, of the suffrage of the working classes.

the local liberties of the different States, that is the first duty and especially the first interest of American statesmen. In truth, immediately after an unjustifiable rebellion and a terrible war undertaken in the name of an abusive and immoral interpretation of the federal principle, of federal rights, the temptation to lessen and to limit this principle, to rush full sail towards a centralized unity, would be thought by many to be a grand achievement; but it is only by resisting this temptation and by preserving an unyielding fidelity to the national, liberal, and federal tradition of the country, that America will remain worthy of her glory and her destiny.* Our chief encouragement against the dangers which menace the republic, or by which she could threaten the world, is the character of the American people. The nation which has passed through such fearful experiences, without giving itself a master, without even thinking of it, has evidently received from heaven a moral constitution, a political temperament, very different from that of those turbulent and servile races who were not able to protect themselves against their own errors save by precipitating themselves from revolution into servitude, and who have no refuge and no relief against the disgrace and the weariness of their domestic servitude, except by bold adventures from without. The best pledge given of this national temperament is the truly unique character that this nation, in the full possession of free will and of its natural sympathies, has given twice consecutively for a chief.

Everything has been said upon Abraham Lincoln. He has offered us, in the midst of the nineteenth, century a new example, which is neither a copy nor a counterfeit of the calm and honest mind of Washington. His glory will not be eclipsed in history, even by that of Washington. He honors humanity no less than the country whose destiny he directed, and for whose return to peace he prepared with such intelligent moderation. His eulogium is everywhere, and we yield only to an imperial appeal to conscience in associating ourselves with it. But it concerns us, especially, obscure advocates of liberty, of which he has been the glorious and victorious champion, to engrave in our souls and to impress on our own lives this pure and noble memory, in order to encourage us, to console us, and to engage us more and more in the laborious field of action upon which we have voluntarily entered. It is important for us to verify what the study of this career, so short, but so resplendent, placed in clear light, namely: this union of integrity and kindness, of sagacity and simplicity, of modesty and courage, which make him a type so interesting and so rare, a type that no prince, no public man of our age, has equalled or surpassed. This woodcutter becomes an advocate; then, placed at the head of one of the greatest nations of the world, has displayed all the virtues of the honest man, with all the qualities of the statesman. His head has not been turned any more than his language; since his accession to the highest position, no one has been able to cite a single word of his,

* The following passage from a speech addressed by the new President of the United States, Mr. Johnson, to the Governor of Indiana indicates it, although no such intention seems to have come to light.

"Upon the idea of destroying States, my position has been heretofore well known; and I see no cause to change it now. Some are satisfied with the idea that States are to be lost in territorial and other divisions, are to lose their character as States; but their life-breath has been only suspended, and it is a high constitutional obligation we have to secure each of these States in the possession and enjoyment of a republican form of government. A State may be in the government with a peculiar institution, and by the operation of rebellion lose that feature; but it was a State when it went into rebellion, and when it comes out without the institution it is still a State.

I hold it as a solemn obligation in any one of these States where the rebel armies have been beaten back or expelled — I care not how small the number of Union men, if enough to man the ship of State, — I hold it, I say, a high duty to protect and secure to them a republican form of government. Now, permit me to remark, that while I have opposed dissolution and disintegration on the one hand, on the other I am equally opposed to consolidation or the centralization of power in the hands of a few."

It appears, from what precedes, that President Johnson conceives the ulterior government of the Southern States as the Athenians and Spartans conceived that of the cities conquered by them in the Peloponnesian war. They installed in the government citizens of the party who were favorable to them. It is perhaps difficult that it should be otherwise, immediately after the federal victory. But it is desirable that this situation should not be unnecessarily prolonged, for that would be oppression and not liberty.

of menace or bravado, a single vindictive or extravagant expression. No hereditary or elective sovereign has spoken language more dignified or more just; no one has shown more calmness and good nature, more perseverance and magnanimity.

"Let us unite" he wrote the 20th of last February to the Governor of Missouri, in order to point out the way to pacify this State, recently submissive and yet cruelly agitated, "let us meet together to look only at the future, without any care for what we have to do, to say, or to think upon the actual war or any matter whatever. Let us agree one with another not to harass any one, and to make common cause against any one who shall persist in troubling his neighbor. Then the old friendship will spring up again in our hearts, then honor and Christian charity will come to aid us."

Honor and Christian charity! Is it not that, everywhere, most wanting in the acts, and most wanting in the words, of politics? What is there more touching than to see this rail-splitter, this laborer of Illinois, recalling the inspirations and the vital conditions, at first to his own people, and thanks to the prestige which has crowned his death, to the whole world which gathers attentively his least word, in order to increase the treasure, — too small, — of the moral lessons which the shepherds of the people bequeath to posterity?

Let us gather in our turn, and seek especially, in those words, that which bears the character of that Christian faith with which he was penetrated, and which all the public men of America profess, so simply and so naturally. With orators and generals, writers and diplomats, — and let us soon add, Northerners and Southerners without distinction,—the thought of God is always present; the need of calling him to witness, and the duty of rendering to him public homage inspires them always. Nothing more clearly demonstrates, in contrast with our European revolutionists, that the most earnest development of ideas, of institutions, and of unbounded modern liberty, has nothing, absolutely nothing, incompatible with the public profession of Christianity, with the solemn proclamations of evangelical truth.

Listen to his farewell to his neighbors and friends on leaving his plain, small dwelling at Springfield, to become for the first time President of the United States.

"No one, not in my position, can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here have I lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me, which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which, success is certain." Listen to him, in the Inaugural Address on becoming President, March 4 1861: "Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulties."

After four years had passed, and four years of a cruel war that he had done everything to avoid, elected for a second time, hear him pronounce March 4, 1865, the wonderful words that we are never weary of repeating: —

"Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and prayed to the same God, and each invoked his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of another man, — a slave; but let us judge not that we be not judged: the prayer of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully, for the Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh. If we shall suppose that American slavery

is one of these offences, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence cometh, shall we discern therein any departure from those Divine attributes, which believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge may soon pass away; yet if God wills that it continue till all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years' unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so, still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity toward all, with firmness in the right, — as God gives us to see the right, — let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." *

Let us listen to the last public words which he uttered, three days before his death, in a speech upon Louisiana, April 11: —

"We meet this evening, not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart. The evacuation of Petersburg, of Richmond, and the surrender of the principal insurgent army, give hopes of a righteous and a speedy peace, whose joyous expression cannot be restrained. In the midst of this, however, He from whom all blessings flow must not be forgotten. A call for a national thanksgiving is being prepared, and will be duly promulgated. Nor must those whose harder part gives us cause of rejoicing be overlooked. Their homes must not be parcelled out with others. I myself was near the front, and had the pleasure of transmitting much of the good news to you. But no part of the honor for plan or execution is mine. To General Grant, his skilful officers and brave men, all belongs."

We always see in this great, honest man, the same humility, the same simplicity, the same charity. I do not believe that since Saint Louis, any one amongst the princes and the nobles has spoken a better language. Let us listen now to his Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, announcing to the people the news of the victory: —

"Friends and fellow-citizens: In this great hour of triumph, my heart as well as yours

* We shall be pardoned for quoting a letter of M. Dupanloup, inspired by this discourse; first, because it shows that we have the honor of agreeing with this great Bishop, upon the American question; then, because, except the Gazette of France, the journals which reproduce the most willingly the acts and the documents of the Episcopate, have not published it.

"To M. Augustin Cochin:

"My Dear Friend, — You have transmitted to me from Mr. Bigelow, Charge d'Affaires of the United States of America, a copy of the address delivered by President Lincoln at his inauguration, as re-elected President, 4th March last.

"I have read this document with the deepest religious emotion, with the most sympathetic admiration. Whatever may be the vicissitudes and the political complications of this great American question, I, a Catholic Bishop, — I ought to desire, — I desire, with all the strength of my heart, the end of a lamentable civil war, and peace, an acceptable peace, to all; for this war has caused much destruction and mourning. At the same time, it has its great side, and, whatever may be the definite result, it will at least have shown the astonishing energy of a great people; it will have struck with death the odious institution of slavery, that you have so strongly and so eloquently combated, — I like to recall it to your honor; it has brought back, my dear friend, men engaged in the wild speculation of trade, to the feet of God; it will have raised above the cupidity of gain the great thought of expiation.

"Mr. Lincoln expresses with a solemn and touching earnestness the sentiments which, I am sure, will penetrate the finest souls of the North as well as of the South. What a beautiful day, when there will be there a union of souls in the true and perfect light of the gospel! But what a beautiful day already, when the chief, twice elected by a great people, holds a Christian language, too little known in our Europe in the official language of our great affairs; announces the end of slavery, and prepares for the embracing of justice and mercy, of which the holy scripture has spoken.

"I thank you for inducing me to read this beautiful page of the history of great men, and I beg you to express to Mr. Bigelow all my sympathy. If he will communicate to Mr. Lincoln my acknowledgment, it will certainly do me honor.

"Wholly yours in our Lord,

† "Felix, Bishop of Orleans."

This letter completes the pastoral letter, directed by the same prelate against slavery, after the first message of Lincoln of March 7, 1862, which proposes immediate abolition.

is penetrated with gratitude to Almighty God for his deliverance of this nation. Our thanks are due to the President, to the army and navy, to the great commanders by sea and land, to the gallant officers and men who have perilled their lives upon the battlefield and drenched the soil with their blood. Henceforth our commiseration and our aid should be given to the wounded, the maimed, and the suffering, who bear the marks of their great sacrifice in this mighty struggle. Let us humbly offer up our thanks to Divine Providence for its care over us, and beseech it that it will guide and govern us in our duties hereafter, as it has carried us forward to victory in the past; that it will teach us how to be humble in the midst of triumph, how to be just in the hour of victory; and that it will enable us to secure the foundations of this republic, soaked as they have been in blood, so that it shall live forever and ever. Let us also not forget the laboring millions in other lands, who in this struggle have given us their sympathy, their aid, and their prayers; and let us bid them rejoice with us in our great triumph. Then having done this, let us trust the future to God, who will guide us, as heretofore, according to His own good will."

Let us listen to his improvised successor, Mr. Johnson, in his inaugural address: "The best energies of my life have been spent in endeavoring to establish and perpetuate the principles of free government. The duties of the chief of the State have become mine. I will fulfil them to the best of my ability. The result is with God."

Let us listen, upon the other side, to his rival, Jefferson Davis, the President of the rebel Confederation, in his last message, March 13, 1865.

"Rising above all selfish considerations, rendering all our means and faculties tributary to the country's welfare, let us bow submissively to the Divine will, and reverently invoke the blessing of our Heavenly Father, that as he protected and guided our sires when struggling in a similar cause, so he will enable us to guard safely our altars and firesides, and maintain inviolate the political rights which we inherited."

Listen also to the brave Lee, general-in-chief of the insurgent army, in his farewell address after the capitulation of April 10.

"Soldiers, you will carry with you the satisfaction of duty faithfully performed; and I pray sincerely that a merciful God may grant you his blessing, and extend to you his protection. With an unbounded admiration for your constancy and your devotion to your country, and with a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration towards me,

I bid you an affectionate farewell.

General R. E. Lee. *

Let us listen to the Minister of the United States in France, Mr. Bigelow, in answer to an address to his fellow-countrymen in Paris, *Moniteur*, May 11. "I thank you for the eloquence and the truth with which you have interpreted our common grief. But there is no crime which may not be considered as an indirect homage to virtue. The war between the principles of good and evil is always going on, and, if the Lamb who has taken upon himself the sins of the world, has borne witness on the cross, why should he who has proclaimed the deliverance of a race of slaves be protected from the perfidious hand of an assassin? Our great national disgrace, — could it receive an end more worthy? Was it not historical justice, that the fall of slavery in the United States should be indicated by a crime, which, whatever may be said, had no other motive than the interests of slavery? Men who have always, like myself, sought for the hand of Providence in all the phases of the life of society, ought to acknowledge, like myself, that God has never been nearer to our people than at the terrible moment, when, humanly speaking, we seem to be most abandoned by Him. "The country of which the represent-

* I do not think that can be the same Gen. Lee from whom the *Moniteur* of May 14, has published a letter addressed to a journal of Montreal, and in which is found the following passage: "I have the great honor to know most of the members of the government of the Confederate States, and of having had frequent official relations with them also; for them (for their personal dignity does not permit them to reply) I swear upon *my Christian faith*, upon my honor as a gentleman, that my sincere belief is, that they are strangers to the murder, as Secretary Stanton himself or Vice-President Johnson."

atives and the civil and military leaders speak in such language, in such a crisis, is a great country, and, I add, a great Christian country. I know not if the eye of God, in looking down upon this earth, could find there, in the times in which we live, a spectacle more worthy of him. All this, some will say, does not rise above a vague and incomplete Christianity; a Christianity too nearly allied to deism, like that of Washington. That may be true, but, as the Bishop of Orleans said, we are still very far from it in Europe. All vague and incomplete as it may be, it seems that the most scrupulous and exacting Catholics can still admire and envy it, since Pope Pius IX. has not disdained to contribute to the monument of Washington.

If it is just to apply to politics the rule laid down by our Lord for the spiritual life: "*By their fruits ye shall know them,*" I think we can look, without too much anxiety, at the future of the United States; and of all nations, who, placed in the same conditions, can follow in the same path. The state of society which produced a Lincoln, and others like him, is a good tree, — an excellent tree, whose fruits cause no envy in the products of any monarchy or of any aristocracy. I know very well that there are other fruits more harsh and less savory, but these are sufficient to authorize the confidence and hope that I feel, and with which we should inspire all those who make a point of having, not only their bones, as Lacordaire says, but their heart and their memory, on the side of virtue. Let us turn our thoughts from everything which in the Old World carries us away, by a too natural propensity, to discouragement, to debasement, and to apathy; and let us seek beyond the Atlantic to inhale the breath of a better future. Those who, like myself, have grown gray in the faith of the future of liberty, and of the necessity of its alliance with religion, ought without ceasing to recall the beautiful words of Tocqueville to Madame Swetchine.

"Effort without one's self, and still more within, is more necessary in proportion as we grow old than in youth. I compare man in this world to a traveller, who walks on without ceasing, to a region more and more cold, and who is obliged to move quicker as he advances farther. The great malady of the soul is coldness, and in order to combat this fearful evil, it is necessary, not only to keep up a lively movement of the mind by labor, but still more, by contact with his fellow-creatures and with the affairs of this world. It is especially in old age, that we are no longer permitted to live upon what we have already acquired; but it is necessary that we should exert ourselves to acquire more, and, instead of resting in ideas in which we should find ourselves, become buried in sleep, place ourselves in constant contact, and in struggle with the ideas that we adopt, and with those that are suggested by the state of society and the opinions of the time."* All this is true, not only of old people, but of old parties, of old opinions, and old creeds. Ours is the oldest in the world. It is her august privilege, it is also her glory and her strength. But, in order that this strength, applied to public and social life, should not fail nor waste itself in vain chimeras, it is necessary to immerse it, without ceasing, in the living waters of the time in which God has brought us into life, in the current of the emotions, of the legitimate aspirations of those whom God has given us for brothers. Let us profit then, by what the Almighty has caused us to witness of this great triumph of liberty, of justice, and of the gospel; of this great defeat of evil, of selfishness, of tyranny. Let us thank him for having given to Christian America, sufficient strength and virtue to keep so gloriously the promise. Let us adore his kindness, which has spared us the shame and the grief of seeing miserably abortive this great hope of modern humanity.

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

* Letter of Feb. 2, 1857.

TRANSLATION FROM VAPEREAU'S DICTIONNAIRE DES CONTEMPORAINES.

CHARLES-FORBES, Count de Montalembert, is a Publicist and a French statesman. His father, Marc Rene, was a peer of France. M. de Montalembert who has varied much in the application and the significance of his principles, has always declared himself Catholic and Liberal. At his first appearance, he accepted that alliance of Catholicism and Democracy of which Lammenais was the apostle, and was counted amongst the first writers in the journal *L'Avenir*. Beginning from that time a sort of crusade against the University, he opened on the 2d April, 1831, with MM. de Coux and Lacordaire, a school called *Ecole libre*, which brought them before the police court. During the trial, having become a peer of France by the death of his father, he claimed the high jurisdiction of the Chamber of which he was a member, and was finally tried and condemned to pay a fine of one hundred pounds. His speech in defence, pronounced from such a *tribune*, may be considered as his debut in the political career.

The condemnation of Lammenais in the Roman court, led M. de Montalembert back to the most severe orthodoxy, and he devoted himself to studies on the middle ages, whose influences upon him have been decisive. His famous life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary dates from 1836. In 1842 he combated, to the utmost, the bill of M. Villemain, on the occasion of the discussion in the Chamber of Peers respecting the relations of the Church and the State; he published his *Manifeste Catholique;* and, in the following year, the Union of Church and State; then returned the following year, to deliver in the Chamber of Peers his three speeches upon "The Liberty of the Church," "The Liberty of Teaching," and "The Liberty of the Monastic Orders." In this last speech, he openly defended the Society of Jesus. As another result of his liberal principles, he maintained the cause of oppressed nationalities. In a speech upon *Political Radicalism*, he prophesied the Republic three months from date: it anticipated that time.

M. de Montalembert seemed to rally frankly to the new state of things, and offered his services to the democracy in a manifesto. He presented himself at the elections of the Constituent Assembly, in the department of the Doubs, where his family had great estates; was elected, the last on the list, by twenty-two thousand votes, and took his seat on the extreme right. As a member of the Electoral Committee of the Rue de Poitiers, he generally voted with the moderate party. However, he declared himself with the left against the re-establishment of giving bonds by the journals, and against the maintenance of a state of siege during the discussion of the Constitution; was opposed to the admission of Louis Bonaparte; and refused to approve of the Constitution as a whole. But, at the end of the session, he subordinated singularly one of his two principles, liberty, to the other, authority; supported, in a remarkable speech, the bill for restricting the press, presented by M. Dufause; and gave his unqualified adhesion to the expedition to Rome

Being re-elected to the Legislative Assembly by the department of Doubs, and, at the same time, by that of the Côtes-du-Nord, M. de Montalembert showed still more strongly his lofty personality. Excited by the rival eloquence of M. Victor Hugo, who became, as it were, his natural adversary, he displayed there a remarkable talent as an orator. At the beginning of 1851, at the epoch of the first recriminations of the Assembly against the President of the Republic, he often separated himself from his party, in order to take up the President's defence, by declaring that he was neither his counsellor nor his confidant, but his *witness*, and by protesting "against one of the blindest and least justified ingratitudes of this time." His last grand struggle against M. Victor Hugo took place in June, 1851, at the time of the bill for the revision of the Constitution.

At the time of the *coup d'état* of the 2d December, M. de Montalembert protested against the imprisonment of the Deputies. Nevertheless he took part with the second deliberative commission, and was elected to the Corps Legislatif by the department of Doubs, in 1852. He there represented, almost alone, the opposition. In 1854, upon the occasion of a confidential letter written by him to M. Dupin, published against his will in the Belgian journals and hawked about Paris, the Assembly ordered a prosecution against him, which terminated in an ordinance of *non lieu*. In the last elections of 1857, M. de Montalembert, beaten — notwithstanding all his efforts — by the candidate of the government, has, from that time, been withdrawn entirely from public life.

Aristocrat and Liberal, admirer of English institutions, and devoted to the traditions of the Court of Rome, equally absolute and radical in the most opposite theories, M. de Montalembert has a phase of his own in the midst of contemporary politics, and has more than one kind of influence. Chief of a small fraction of distinguished men whom he has baptized with the militant name of *Catholic party*, he declares himself at the same time a passionate worshipper of liberty. But, confounding it with a certain concession of individual freedom which is nothing less than privilege, he places its golden age in the middle age, in the epoch of *Evêques Seigneurs*. This commingling of principles, more or less reconcilable, has at least allowed him to express successively the most contrary opinions, without appearing in contradiction with himself; but, with the majority, and, nothwithstanding his rupture with L'Univers, his name is now, as it has long been, the symbol of political and clerical authority carried to its highest expression.

As an orator, at once brilliant and full of unction, M. de Montalembert has made himself known; as a writer, by works which have earned for him, at the French Academy, the chair formerly of Droz, Feb. 5, 1852. His discourse, the ideas of which M. Guizot, who was appointed to reply to him, was eager to adopt as his own, was a very spirited attack against the conquests of 1789, and, in general, against the Revolution.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

CHARLES LAMB: GLEANINGS AFTER HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

The life of Lamb is a subject which many have attempted, and in which no one, as it seems to us, has been very happy. We do not get at the man in any of these pen-and-ink paintings; and that is precisely what we should wish to get at. They are as unsatisfactory as his portraits, which are all unlike one another, and none of them very like the original. All that has been done hitherto in this direction has helped, more or less, to swell the stock of materials, with which somebody hereafter will have to do his best. We must be thankful to Mr. Barry Cornwall for his "Recollections;" and the late Mr. Justice Talfourd laid the world under obligations, to a certain extent, by the "Memorials" which he gave to it of his friend. But neither of these books realizes our conception of what a Life of Lamb ought to be. Miss Lamb, in an unpublished letter to a correspondent, speaks of their — her's and her brother's — *what-we-do* existence. There is want of a volume yet, which should describe that for us, which should paint the Lambs' fireside, and present to us a view, or even glimpses, of those two, as they were and moved, even at the hazard of a little pre-Raphaelitish detail.

The Lambs, we apprehend, were not genteel people in the severely conventional acceptation of the term; and it is to be added that the times in which they lived were, unhappily for them or happily for us, not quite such genteel times as we find ourselves cast in. This delightful and accomplished couple had not only poor and humble antecedents, but at the outset and for some long while after, their own circumstances were poor and humble; and there were certain old-world notions, archaic ways, in which they were born; and with these they grew up and died. A fearful domestic tragedy had darkened their youth, and coloured all their after-life: there was insanity in the blood; and, one day, the mother fell by the daughter's hand. Thenceforth, the brother and sister lived to each other, one and indivisible; and the bond, which was knit in sorrow, was severed only by death.

This is, so far, old ground, and these are familiar facts. It seemed desirable to pursue the beaten rout to a certain distance, and then, if we could, to strike into a fresh track or two.

It would be an ungracious duty, from which on more than one account we rather shrink, to point out all that is capable of being fairly said of the last "Life of Lamb;' and we shall consequently do our best to steer clear of it. An inaccurate account is there given, however, singularly enough, of the origin of the friendship between Miss Lamb and one of her most intimate and valued friends, Miss Sarah Stoddart, who afterwards became the wife of William Hazlitt. The fact is that Miss Lamb and Miss Stoddart had become acquainted some time before the year 1803, and that in that year the two ladies were in active and affectionate correspondense. Lamb had met Miss Stoddart's brother, Dr. Stoddart, at Godwin's and at William Hazlitt's elder brother's in Great Russell Street; and in this way the friendship must have sprung up. Miss Stoddart and William Hazlitt were not married till 1808; and in the intervening five years (1803–1808) a series of letters passed between the future Mrs. Hazlitt and Miss Lamb, of which a few have been preserved. They are those written by Miss Lamb. Miss Stoddart's letters seem to have perished.

The existing remains of this correspondence supply perhaps the most ample and valuable information that we have upon the domestic and fireside life of the Lambs; they are equally admirable, whether we look at them as pictures or as compositions; and heretofore they have been passed over in complete silence, for the simple reason that they have never been printed, and still remain in private hands. They do not, of course, tell us all that we might like to know, but they tell us much, and they suggest to us much. Nor should it be forgotten that the years they illustrate are years for which a biographer is likely to feel grateful by an accession of light.

In September, 1803, Miss Stoddart was fluctuating between one of two gentlemen who were paying her attentions, and to both of whom she appears to have extended a certain share of encouragement. She took Mary Lamb entirely into confidence, and reported to her from time to time how her love-affairs sped. Now it was Mr. ——— who was in the ascendant, and at another, Mr. Somebody else. Miss Lamb took occasion to tell her correspondent candidly that she could not enter so completely into her feelings as she would have wished, for that her ways were not Miss Stoddart's exactly. But there was one point in which Miss Lamb found serious fault with Miss Stoddart, and it was the want of confidence she displayed towards her brother the doctor, and Mrs. Stoddart, and her failure to acquaint them with what she was about.

We are obliged to plunge a little *in medias res;* for the fact is that the correspondence begins abruptly and imperfectly, and the earlier portions might be sought for in vain.

The first article in the series is, in fact, of the 21st September, 1803, and here Miss Stoddart is "my dear Sarah," and the relations are evidently most intimate and cordial. There had been, we may be sure, many previous interchanges of thoughts and gossip. Miss Lamb here says, in reference to Miss Stoddart's, in her opinion, most injudicious reserve: —

"One thing my advising spirit must say — use as little *secrecy* as possible, and as much as possible make a friend of your sister-in-law. You know I was not struck with her at first sight, but upon your account I have watched and marked her very attentively; and, while she was eating a bit of cold mutton in our kitchen, we had a serious conversation. From the frankness of her manner I am convinced she is a person I could make a friend of, why should not you? . . .

"My father had a sister lived with us — of course lived with my mother, her sister-in-law; they were in their different ways the best creatures in the world, but they set out wrong at first. They made each other miserable for full twenty years of their lives. My mother was a perfect gentlewoman; my aunty as unlike a gentlewoman as you can possibly imagine a good old woman to be; so that my dear mother (who, though you do not know it, is always in my poor head and heart), used to distress and weary her with incessant and unceasing attention and politeness to gain her affection. The old woman could not return this in kind, and did not know what to make of it — thought it all deceit, and used to hate my mother with a bitter hatred; which of course was soon returned with interest; a little frankness, and looking into each other's characters at first, would have spared all this. . . . My anut and my mother were wholly unlike you and your sister; yet in some degree theirs is the exact history of all sisters-in-law; and you will smile when I tell you I think myself the only woman in the world who could live with a brother's wife, and make a real friend of her — partly from early observation of the unhappy example I have just given you, and partly from a knack I know I have of looking into people's real characters. . . .

"By secrecy I mean you both [Miss S. and Dr. S.] want the habit of telling each other at the moment everything that happens, where you go, and what you do — that free communication of letters and opinions, just as they arrive, as Charles and I do, and which after all is the only groundwork of true friendship.

"Charles is very unwell" . . .

It is clear enough how this bears upon the early and painful history of the Lambs; and here we have, what we can get nowhere else, Miss Lamb's own sentiments about her mother and the family affairs, almost antecedently to her brother's acquisition of a name. In 1804 — the same year in which Coleridge, it may be recollected, visited Dr. Stoddart at Malta — the doctor's sister also went out on a visit; and she was in fact there to receive Coleridge when he arrived. There are two letters from Miss Lamb to Miss Stoddart during this Maltese trip; and, if we add one more from Lamb himself to Southey (only discovered quite recently), we have before us the entire Lamb correspondence for the year! What Miss Lamb says about her brother and herself, and their common home, in these two communications, may therefore be worth copying out. In the first (9th April, 1804), she says: —

"Charles has lost the newspaper; but what we dreaded as an evil has proved a great blessing, for we have both strangely recovered our health and spirits, since this has happened, and I hope when I write next I shall be able to tell you Charles has begun something which will produce a little money, for it is not well to be *very poor*, which we certainly are at this present writing.

"Is a quiet evening in a Maltese drawing-room as pleasant as those we have passed in Mitre Court and Bell Yard?" . . .

When the second letter was written, Coleridge had arrived out, and his safety had been announced by Miss Stoddart. It must consequently be referred to June, 1804. There had been a misunderstanding between Lamb and Miss Stoddart's mother about the postage of certain letters. It would be a matter scarcely worth notice here, were it not that Miss Lamb, in explaining it to her correspondent, touches interestingly on the character of Charles: —

"My brother," she writes, "has had a letter from your mother, which has distressed him sadly, about the postage of some letters being paid by my brother. Your silly brother, it seems, has informed your mother (I did not think your brother could have been so silly) that Charles had grumbled at paying the said postage. The fact was, just at that time we were very poor, having lost the *Morning Post*, and we were beginning to

practise a strict economy. My brother, who never makes up his mind whether he will be a miser or a spendthrift, is at all times a strange mixture of both; of this failing the even economy of your correct brother's temper makes him an ill judge. The miserly part of Charles, at that time smarting under his recent loss, then happened to reign triumphant, and he would not write or let me write, as often as he wished, because the postage cost two-and-fourpence; then came two or three of your poor mother's letters almost together, and the two-and-fourpence he wished, but grudged, to pay for his own, he was forced to pay for hers. . . . Charles is sadly fretted now, and knows not what to say to your mother. I have made this long preamble about it to induce you, if possible, to reinstate us in your mother's good graces. Say to her it was a jest misunderstood; tell her that Charles Lamb is not the shabby fellow she and her son took him for, but that he is now and then a little whimsical or so." . . .

What has gone before is worth half a biography of itself. It is certainly an admirable passage, and Miss Lamb was as certainly an admirable letter-writer. The bottom of the sheet is occupied by a few lines from Charles himself: —

"My dear Miss Stoddart,— "Long live Queen Hoop — oop — oop — ooo and all the old merry phantoms.

"Mary has written so fully to you, that I have nothing to add but that, in all the kindness she has expressed, and loving desire to see you again, I bear my full part. You will perhaps like to tear this half from the sheet, and give your brother only his strict due, the remainder. So I will just repay your late kind letter with this short postscript to hers. Come over here, and let us all be merry again.

"C. Lamb."

So much for the letters of 1804. In one of 1805, directed to Miss Stoddart at Salisbury, the writer starts with this characteristic passage: — "I have just been reading over again your two long letters, and I perceive they make me very envious. I have taken a bran new pen and put on my spectacles, and am peering with all my might to see the lines in the paper, which the sight of your even lines had well nigh tempted me to rule. I have, moreover, taken two pinches of snuff extraordinary to clear my head, which feels more cloudy than common. . . .

"If I possibly can, I will prevail upon Charles to write to your brother by the conveyance you mention; but he is so unwell, I almost fear the fortnight will slip away before I can get him in the right vein. Indeed it has been sad and heavy times with us lately. When I am pretty well, his low spirits throw me back again; and, when he begins to get a little cheerful, then I do the same kind office for him. . . .

"Do not say anything, when you write, of our low spirits; it will vex Charles. You would laugh, or you would cry, perhaps both, to see us sit together, looking at each other with long and rueful faces, and saying, How do you do? and, How do you do? and then we fall a-crying, and say we will be better on the morrow. He says we are like toothache and his friend gum-boil, which, though a kind of ease, is but an uneasy kind of ease, a comfort of rather an uncomfortable sort.

"Do not, I conjure you, let her [Mrs. S.'s] unhappy malady afflict you too deeply; I speak from experience, and from the opportunity I have had of much observation in such cases, that insane people, in the fancies they take into their heads, do not feel as one in a sane state of mind does." . . .

Here Miss Lamb touches a delicate chord, and in a subsequent letter (14th November, 1805), written after a recovery, she returns to the same ground; in this case, however, explicitly speaking of her own occasional derangements.

She says: "Your kind heart will, I know, even if you have been a little displeased, forgive me, when I assure you my spirits have been so much hurt by my last illness, that at times I hardly know what I do. I do not mean to alarm you about myself, or to plead an excuse, but am very much otherwise than you have always known me. I do not think any one perceives me altered; but I have lost all self-confidence in my own actions; and one cause of my low spirits is, that I never feel satisfied with anything I do. A perception of not being in a sane state perpetually haunts me." . . .

There is further allusion to this illness in a letter of November 18, 1805: —

"I have made many attempts at writing to you, but it has always brought your trouble and my own so strongly into my mind that I have been obliged to leave off, and make Charles write for me. . . . I have been for these few days in rather better spirits, so that I begin almost to feel myself once more a living creature, and to hope for happier times; and in that hope I include the prospect of once more seeing my dear Sarah in peace and comfort. . . . How did I wish for your presence to cheer my

drooping heart when I returned home from banishment! . . . If you have sent Charles any commissions he has not executed, write me word; he says he has lost or mislaid a letter desiring him to inquire about a wig."

In the spring of 1806, Miss Stoddart stayed with the Lambs for a short time; she returned to Salisbury on the 20th February; and on the same day Miss Lamb wrote her a long news-letter, from which we must trouble the reader with some extracts illustrative of the domestic history of Charles and his sister, and of the renowned "Mr. H.":—

"This day" (February 20, 1806), she writes, "seems to me a kind of new era in our time; it is not a birthday, nor a New Year's Day, nor a leave-off-smoking day, but it is about an hour after the time of leaving you, our poor Phœnix, in the Salisbury stage, and Charles has just left me for the first time alone to go to his lodgings.* . . . Writing plays, novels, poems, and all manner of such like vapouring and vapourish schemes are floating in my head, which at the same time aches with the thoughts of parting from you, and is perplexed at the idea of I-cannot-tell-what-about notion, that I have not made you half so comfortable as I ought to have done; then I think I will make a new gown, and now I consider the white petticoat will be better candlelight work; and then I look at the fire, and think, if the irons were but down, I would iron my gowns, you having put me out of conceit of mangling. . . .

"Charles is gone to finish the farce,† and I am to hear it read this night. I am so uneasy between my hopes and fears of how I shall like it that I do not know what I am doing. I need not tell you so, for before I send this I shall be able to tell you all about it. If I think it will amuse you, I will send you a copy." . . .

What follows was written the next day—February 21.

"I have received your letter, and am happy to hear that your mother has been so well in your absence, which I wish had been prolonged a little, for you have been wanted to copy out the farce, in the writing of which I made many an unlucky blunder.

"The said farce I carried (after many consultations of who was the most proper person to perform so important an office) to Wroughton, the manager of Drury Lane. He was very civil to me; said it did not depend upon himself, but that he would put it into the Proprietors' hands, and that we should certainly have an answer from them.

"I have been unable to finish this sheet before, for Charles has taken a week's holidays [from his] lodgings to rest himself after his labour, and we have talked to-night of nothing but the farce night and day; but yesterday [I carri] ed it to Wroughton, and since it has been out of the [way, our] minds have been a little easier. I wish you had [been here, so] as to have given us your opinion; I have half a mind to scr [ibble] another copy and send it you. I like it very much, and cannot help having great hopes of its success.

"Continue to tell us all your perplexities; I do not mind being called Widow Blackacre. All the time we can spare from talking of the characters and plot of the farce we talk of you."

Miss Lamb sent a sort of sequel to this letter on the 14th March, and there she speaks of her brother in terms which must be understood *Lambily:*—

"Charles is very busy at the office; he will be kept there to-day till seven or eight o'clock, and he came home very *smoky and drinky* last night, so that I am afraid a hard day's work will not agree very well with him. . . . I have been eating a mutton chop all alone, and I have been just looking in the pint porter-pot, which I find quite empty, and yet I am still very dry; if you were with me, we would have a glass of brandy and water, but it [is] quite impossible to drink brandy and water by oneself. Therefore I must wait with patience till the kettle boils. I hate to drink tea alone; it is worse than dining alone. . . .

"The lodging, that pride and pleasure of your heart and mine, is given up—*and here he is again*—Charles, I mean, as unsettled and as undetermined as ever. When he went to the poor lodging after the holidays I told you he had taken, he could not endure the solitariness of them, and I had no rest for the sole of my foot, till I promised to believe his solemn protestations that he could and would write as well at home as there. Do you believe this?

"I have no power over Charles; he will do what he will do. But I ought to have some little influence over myself. And therefore I am most manfully resolving to turn over a new leaf with my own mind. . . .

"It is but being once thoroughly convinced one is wrong, to make one resolve to do so no more; and I know my dismal faces have been almost as great a draw-

* Some lodgings C. L. had hired at three shillings a week, under the impression that he could write there with greater facility and less constraint.

† "Mr. H."

back on Charles's comfort as his feverish teasing ways have been upon mine. Our love for each other has been the torment of our lives hitherto. I am most seriously intending to lend the whole force of my mind to counteract this, and I see some prospect of success.

"Of Charles's ever bringing any work to pass at home I am very doubtful; and of the farce succeeding I have little or no hope; but, if I could once get into the way of being cheerful myself, I should see an easy remedy in leaving town and living cheaply almost wholly alone; but till I do find we really are comfortable alone, and by ourselves, it seems a dangerous experiment."

We have printed what is certainly a most remarkable passage, showing that Miss Lamb was in 1806 turning over in her mind the necessity of a separation between her brother and herself. She saw, however, that it might be "a dangerous experiment;" it is superfluous of course to add that it was never tried. What is still more curious, we shall come by-and-by to a letter from Lamb to a friend, which compels us to believe that *he* contemplated at one time, at least, such a parting as a possible contingency.

In a letter of June 2, 1806, is something which will be fresh about the *Tales from Shakespeare*, on which Miss Lamb was already engaged:—

"My Tales are to be published [in] separate story books; I mean in single stories, like the children's little shilling books. I cannot send them you in manuscript, because they are all in Godwin's hands; but all will be published very soon, and then you shall have it *all in print*. . . . Charles has written Macbeth, Othello, King Lear, and has begun Hamlet. You would like to see us as we often sit writing on one table, but not on one cushion sitting, like Hermia and Helena in the 'Midsummer Nights' Dream,' or rather like an old literary Darby and Joan, I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while, and saying he can make nothing of it; which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out he has made something of it. . . .

"If I tell you that you Widow Blackacre-ise, you must tell me I Tale-ise, for my Tales seem to be all the subject-matter I write about; and, when you see them, you will think them poor little baby-stories to make such a talk about." . . .

Miss Lamb concludes with inquiries about Miss Stoddart's still pending love-affairs, and winds up thus: "I have known many single men I should have liked in my life (if it had suited them) for a husband; but very few husbands have I ever wished were mine, which is rather against the state in general." . . .

Out of a letter of July 2, 1806, we select what follows: "The best news I have to tell you is that the farce is accepted. That is to say, the manager has written to say it shall be brought out when an opportunity serves. . . . You must come and see it the first night; for, if it succeeds, it will be a great pleasure to you, and, if it should not, we shall want your consolation. So you must come. . . .

"Charles wants me to write a play, but I am not over-anxious to set about it; but, seriously, will you draw me out a skeleton of a story either from memory of anything you have read, or from your own invention, and I will fill it up in some way or other? . . . I begin to hope the *home holidays* will go on very well." . . .

The last sentence points of course to the abandonment of the three-shillings-a-week apartment, which at first occasioned Miss Lamb considerable misgiving.

There is a letter from Miss Lamb to Miss Stoddart of the 22d October, 1806, which yields the following:—

"I thank you a thousand times for the beautiful work you have sent me. I received the parcel from a strange gentleman yesterday. I like the patterns very much. You have quite set me up in finery; but you should have sent the silk handkerchief too. Will you make a parcel of that, and send it by the Salisbury coach? I should like to have it in a few days, because we have not yet been to Mr. Babb's, and that handkerchief would suit this time of year nicely. . . .

"I have been busy making waistcoats, and plotting new work to succeed the Tales. As yet I have not hit upon anything to my mind.

"Charles took an amended copy of his farce [to] Mr. Wroughton the manager yesterday. Mr. Wroughton was very friendly to him, and expressed high approbation of the farce; but there are two, he tells him, to come out before it; yet he gave him hopes that it will come out this season. But I am afraid you will not see it by Christmas. . . . We are pretty well, and in fresh spirits about the farce. Charles has been very good lately in the matter of *smoking*. . . .

"When you come, bring the gown you wish to sell. Mrs. Coleridge will be in town then, and, if she happens not to fancy it, perhaps some other person may. . . .

"When I saw what a prodigious quantity of work you had put into the finery, I was quite ashamed of my unreasonable request; I will never serve you so again; but I do dearly love worked muslin." . . .

Miss Stoddart had for some time been engaged to William Hazlitt the writer, and the marriage was fixed for the spring of 1808. The Lambs were to be there. Nay, more — Miss Lamb was to be a bridesmaid! This led to a grand paper-discussion upon what she was to wear on the occasion, and a letter of March 16, 1808, is full of nothing else:

"I never heard," says Miss Lamb, alluding to some proposal which her friend had made to her, "in the annals of weddings (since the days of Nausicaa, and she only washed her old gowns for that purpose) that the brides ever furnished the apparel of their maids. Besides, I can be completely clad in your work without it, for the spotted muslin will serve both for cap and hat (*nota bene*, my hat is the same as yours), and the gown you sprigged for me has never been made up; therefore I can wear that. Or, if you like better, I will make up a new silk which Manning has sent me from China." . . .

It appears that Miss Stoddart had given Miss Lamb a gold pin, which Miss Lamb had presented to somebody else. She says: "I repent me of the deed, wishing I had it now to send to Miss H[azlitt] with the border, and I cannot, will not, give her the doctor's pin; for, never having had any presents from gentlemen in my young days, I highly prize all they now give me, thinking my latter days are better than my former. . . .

'Do not ask me to be godmother, for I have an objection to that; but there is, I believe, no serious duty attached to a bridesmaid, therefore I come with a willing mind. . . . What has Charles done that nobody invites him to the wedding?"

Miss Stoddart became Mrs. Hazlitt on the 1st May, 1808, and after this date the letters become less frequent, and, what is more, of less consequence to our present object. We are merely dealing with unpublished details or little known facts in the history of the Lambs. We have already emerged from the very obscure period in the lives of the brother and sister; for, after 1808, we begin to obtain light from other sources. At first, however, that light shines weakly.

In 1809, the Lambs, with Martin Burney and Colonel Phillips, visited Mr. and Mrs. Hazlitt at Winterslow, near Salisbury. Miss Lamb and Martin, it seems, arranged the preliminaries. They went down in October; and here is a wonderfully characteristic bit from a letter of June, setting forth what they had planned between them. After stating that there is a good deal of uncertainty about the time of their starting, Miss Lamb goes on to say: —

"Nor can we positively say we shall come after all, for we have scruples of conscience about there being so many of us. Martin says, if you can borrow a blanket or two, he can sleep on the floor without either bed or mattress, which would save his expenses at the Hut; for, if Phillips breakfasts there, he must do so too, which would swallow up all his money; and he and I have calculated that, if he has no more expenses, he may as well spare that money to give you for a part of his roast beef. We can spare you also just five pounds: you are not to say this to Hazlitt, lest his delicacy should be alarmed.

"Thank you very much for the good work you have done for me. Mrs. Stoddart also thanks you for the gloves. How often must I tell you never to do any needlework for anybody but me?

"I cannot write any more, for we have got a noble 'Life of Lord Nelson' lent us for a short time by my poor relation the bookbinder." . . .

Query, was this the person out of whom Lamb got the basis and first notion of his Essay on "Poor Relations"?

In a former letter of the present series, Miss Lamb propounded to her correspondent a scheme which she had in contemplation for living apart from her brother, and so, as she considered, studying both their happinesses. We now get to a letter from Lamb to Hazlitt himself, of November, 1810 (which Talfourd has not given), in which, after referring a little at length to a very bad illness which his sister is at that juncture labouring under, he writes: —

"Some decision we must come to; for the harassing fever we have both been in, owing to Miss ——'s coming, is not to be borne, and I had rather be dead than so alive." . . .

In the same letter he says: "Coleridge is in town, or at least at Hammersmith. He is writing, or going to write, in the *Courier* against Cobbe[t] and in favor of Paper-Money."

We have nearly done, but first we must convey ourselves by a long jump to 1824, when the Stoddarts were again at Malta, where Dr. Stoddart had been appointed Chief Justice. On one foolscap sheet of paper before us is a twofold letter — one writ-

ten by Miss Lamb to Lady Stoddart, the other by Lamb to Sir John. We must confine ourselves strictly, as usual, to pertinent and neglected particulars.

"What is Henry [Stoddart] about? And what should one wish for him?" demands Miss Lamb in her part of the sheet. "If he be in search of a wife, I will send him out Emma Isola. You remember Emma, that you were so kind as to invite to your ball. She is now with us, and I am moving heaven and earth — that is to say, I am pressing the matter upon all the very few friends I have that are likely to assist me in such a case — to get her into a family as a governess; and Charles and I do little else here than teach her something or other all day long. We are striving to put enough Latin into her to enable her to teach it to young learners. . . .

"I expect a pacquet of manuscript from you — you promised me the office of negotiating with booksellers and so forth for your next work; is it in good forwardness, or do you grow rich and indolent now? . . . I took a large sheet of paper in order to leave Charles room to add something more worth reading than my poor mite."

As Lamb's letter has not hitherto appeared in print, it may not be uninteresting to give it entire (*exceptis excipiendis*):

"DEAR KNIGHT — OLD ACQUAINTANCE, — 'Tis with a violence to the *pure imagination* (vide the 'Excursion' *passim*) that I can bring myself to believe I am writing to Dr. Stoddart once again at Malta. But the deductions of severe reason warrant the proceeding. I write from Enfield, where we are seriously weighing the advantages of dullness over the over-excitement of too much company, but have not yet come to a conclusion. What is the news? for we see no paper here; perhaps you can send us an old one from Malta. Only I heard a butcher in the market-place whisper something about a change of Ministry. I don't know who's in or out, or care, only as it might affect *you*. . . . I have just received Godwin's third volume of the 'Republic' which only reaches to the commencement of the Protectorate. I think he means to spin it out to his life's thread. Have you seen Fearn's 'Anti-Tooke'? I am no judge of such things; you are; but I think it very clever indeed. If I knew your bookseller, I'd order it for you at a venture; 'tis two octavos, Longman and Co. Or do you read now? Tell it not in the Admiralty Court, but my head aches *hesterno vino*. I can scarce pump up words, much less ideas, congruous to be sent so far. But your son must have this by to-night's post. . . . Manning is gone to Rome, Naples, &c., probably to touch at Sicily, Malta, Guernsey, &c.; but I don't know the map. . . . I am teaching Emma Latin. By the time you can answer this, she will be qualified to instruct young ladies; she is a capital English reader, and S. T. C. acknowledges that part of a passage in Milton she read better than he, and part he read best, her part being the shorter. But, seriously, if Lady St—— (oblivious pen, that was about to write *Mrs.!*) could hear of such a young person wanted (she smatters of French, some Italian, music of course), we'd send our loves by her. My congratulations and assurances of old esteem. C. L."

So much for the Lamb and Stoddart correspondence between 1803 and 1824. It supplies, with what we propose to jot down by way of concluding, a certain number of *lacunæ*, which will be of service to whoever, with Rembrandtish pen, shall portray hereafter the life of Lamb.

It has been of late, and since the appearance of Mr. Barry Cornwall's book, somewhat authoritatively declared that the mystery respecting the young girl Alice W——, with whom Lamb was in love, will never be unravelled, and is irrecoverably buried. Not *quite* so, we should say. In a memorandum, partly in Lamb's hand, and furnishing for some correspondent a key to the names of persons mentioned in the first series of "ELIA" by their initials, occurs — Alice W——? That is, the querist asks Lamb who she is, leaving a vacant space for the solution. Lamb replies: Alice W. feigned (Winterton); by which we apprehend that he meant to convey to the inquirer that Winterton was *not* the real name.

Now a conjecture arises out of this, that, if Winterton was not the real name, it was a name something similar to it. Lamb, in one or two passages of the "Essays," where she is alluded to, brings her in as "Alice W . . n," leaving us to guess that only two letters require to be supplied to arrive at what we want. Our own conclusion is, that the name was *Winn*—Alice Winn.

Who Miss Winn was is equally doubtful. But she afterwards married Mr. Bartrum, the pawnbroker, of Princes Street; Coventry Street; and Lamb was seen by an intimate friend, subsequently to his Alice be-

coming Mrs. Bartrum, to wander up and down outside the shop, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the object of his passion.

One of Leigh Hunt's Familiar Epistles in Verse to certain of his friends is addressed to Lamb; it touches very prettily on the visits which Charles and his sister used to pay to Hunt at Hampstead in all weathers; and it might have supplied a hint or two to a biographer who was desirous of tracing the relations between these two eminent contemporaries. There are several letters, also, extant from Lamb to Hunt; which is a circumstance which might have been advantageously brought under the notice of Mr. Cornwall. The visits which the author of "Rimini" received in 1813, during his confinement in Horsemonger Lane Gaol, from the Lambs, are very feelingly and gratefully recorded in Leigh Hunt's "Autobiography."

There is one very extraordinary incident which befell Lamb during his residence at Enfield, which his biographers have either overlooked or suppressed.

It so happened that a lady and her sister came over from Edmonton one day to see the Lambs at Enfield, and in the evening Charles saw them part of the way home. He left them at a certain point, and, said he should go back straight to Mary. To Mary, however, he did *not* go straight back, but went into a roadside tavern, and called for some liquor. He sat down to his refreshment near two men, who, like himself, were drinking beer or spirits, and got into conversation with them. He did not know them, nor they him. Nothing more passed for the time. Lamb paid his reckoning, and went away.

A horrible murder had been perpetrated at Edmonton that very day. A man had been killed and robbed, and his body thrown into a ditch. The men with whom Lamb had been were the murderers! Very soon after he had quitted their society, they were arrested on the charge, and the next morning Lamb himself was apprehended on suspicion of being an accomplice! The matter, of course, was explained, and he was set at liberty; but the episode was a remarkable one, and it is now for the first time put forward, as we had it from the lips of one of the ladies whom he escorted home on that eventful evening.

The late Mr. J. B. Pulham possessed two curious and highly valuable volumes, sold after his decease, containing portions of Mr. Gutche's Bristol reprint of George Wither's works, interleaved with large quarto paper. Upon these blank sheets Mr. Gutch himself, Dr. Nott, and, we believe, Mr. Pulham, in a few instances, wrote comments illustrative of the old poets, extending to considerable length; and to those comments Charles Lamb, to whom the volumes were forwarded by Gutch, added comments upon comments, or remarks upon remarks. Of these some were very pungent and severe, and Lamb in several places puns at Dr. Nott's expense, and passes upon that gentleman rather vigorous strictures. The two volumes are a great curiosity, but their history would be rather obscure, if it was not elucidated by a passage in Gutch's *Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*, 1847, where a letter from Lamb to Gutch is printed, not found in Talfourd's collection.

The pencil-jottings in the interleaved Wither formed the *prima stamina* of the article "On the Poetical Works of George Wither," in the common editions of Lamb's works, but with a difference!

The story of Lamb and Martin Burney's dirty hands is too well known to need repetition here. We believe that the *jeu d'esprit* was not Lamb's at all, but was made by a gentleman who never uttered a second witticism in the whole course of his life, and who thought it *a little* hard to be robbed of this unique achievement! The real person, we have understood, was the father of the present Mr. Commissioner Ayrton.

There are several notices of Lamb, worthy of the attention of any future biographer, in Leigh Hunt's *London Journal*. One is a sketch by the editor; another consists of Mr. Moxon's recollections; and many pages are occupied by a narrative, based on personal intimacy, from a third pen. We observe, too, in one place—or, to be plain, at page 348 of the second volume a saying or two which should not be lost sight of.

Mr. Patmore's "Reminiscences" are also deserving of a perusal, and the same may be said of Mr. Alsop's "Recollections of S. T. Coleridge."

In the tenth volume of the third series of *Notes and Queries*, again, there is an interesting paper on the subject of Lamb, from the pen of Thomas Westwood, Lamb's landlord at Enfield. Surely all these sources ought to be exhausted, and will prove more or less informing and suggestive.

Lamb's uncollected pieces are very numerous indeed, and of very unequal worth. Perhaps he was nearer to the truth than he imagined, when he said of the second series of "Elia" that all the humour of the thing had evaporated, if there was ever any hu-

mour at all, after the first publication in 1823. He never did anything which approached in merit the contents of that admirable volume during the eleven years from 1823 to 1834.

All his periodical writings, all his plays, and all his poems are necessary, however, to a complete edition of his works; for our own part, we should be satisfied with "Elia," "Rosamund Grey," "John Woodvil," the "Farewell to Tobacco," and the "Letters." We must have the last, not as Talfourd has given them to us, but as Lamb wrote them — *ipsissimis verbis*. Talfourd has helped us to bits of them—those bits which he thought nicest and prettiest; but, if we could have the true text, we should be better pleased on the whole. Upon a moderate calculation, the collection found by Talfourd does not represent *a moiety* of the total. Where, let us ask, is the correspondence with Hone, with the Holcrofts, with Cottle, with Hunt, with Collier, and with Novello? A contemporary of Lamb's was lately, and may be yet, living, who possesses a series of letters, not one of which has seen the light.

From the Saturday Review.

GALLIOS.

A GOOD deal of ingenuity has been spent upon the whitewashing of various historical characters who are thought to have been treated by posterity with unnecessary injustice. Some of them, by means of the pertinacious efforts of their apologists, have almost been set upon their legs again; while others, like Mary Queen of Scots and Henry VIII., still furnish an inexhaustible subject of literary controversy. There is, however, a considerable opening for any diligent theologian who will make it his duty to repair and varnish some of those whom we may perhaps, without irreverence, be permitted to call the black sheep of Scripture. We do not for a moment allude to anybody of whose wickedness we are authoritatively assured by sacred writers. But outside the category of these there are a number of persons on whose moral or religious merits the Bible does not pronounce, but who, from some cause or another, have nevertheless come to be regarded as good for nothing and sinful creatures. Every educated person is aware of the arguments that have been urged in favour of the sincerity of Pontius Pilate, and even of Judas Iscariot. Without going to such lengths as this, it is only fair to call attention to the very ambiguous and unsatisfactory position of a man whose name really does not seem to deserve to have become a byword of reproach. It is a little strange, in this age of civil and religious liberty, that nobody should have a good word for Gallio. His hard lot has been to be taken as a type of carelessness and of scepticism, and to be thundered at from all the pulpits of the Christian world. If we inquire carefully into what is recorded about him, it turns out that he is a strangely underrated man. His whole crime appears to consist in his having refused to listen to the accusations against the Apostle Paul, and having looked on with profound indifference at a bastinado inflicted upon the chief ruler of the synagogue. It is possible that a modern magistrate would have felt it his duty to interfere to prevent any and every breach of the peace; but a beating is not a serious matter among Oriental communities, and when inflicted upon a Jew it would be deemed a bagatelle; and at all events, as far as the Apostle was concerned, Gallio can claim the posthumous credit of having released him from his captors without even waiting to call on him for his defence. The sole political principle which we hear of his enunciating on the occasion was, according to modern political ideas, a sound one. It was nothing more or less than the non-interference of the State in matters of purely religious discipline and controversy — *Libera chiesa in stato libero.* "If it were a matter of wrong or wicked lewdness," said Gallio to St. Paul's accusers, "reason would that I should bear with you; but if it be a question of words and names and of your law, look ye to it, for I will be no judge of such." And so saying, Gallio drave them from the judgment seat; or, in other words, dismissed the prosecution, and ordered the Court to be cleared. Such being his decision, it became wholly unnecessary for him to hear the prisoner at all. We do not even know that the Apostle wished to be heard, but in any case Gallio did nothing beyond what the strictest and most orthodox Bow Street magistrate of the nineteenth century would have done. The text usually flung at the head of the much-abused deputy of Achaia has no reference at all to his treatment of the religious ideas of Paul. The "thing" for which he is said not to have cared was the beating of Sosthenes. The Church has not since attached to it much more importance than Gallio did; and so long as the whole circumstances of the chas-

Sosthenes are not before us, jus- us to impute Gallio's indiffer- ous levity. The sole fact which against his character seems to be that he does not appear to have been converted to Christianity before the Apostle opened his mouth to convert him. This, after all, is not very much; and, at any rate, it is a fault which he must share in common with others. The opportunities of religious investigation which he enjoyed were not extensive; and, provided that he discharged with propriety the only secular duty he was called on to perform, he does not merit the opprobrium of being a careless thinker, any more than that of being an unjust judge.

The charge of indifference to religious truth, so far as Gallio is concerned, must accordingly be considered as not proven. Apart from this, it is a charge which is singularly inconsistent in the mouths of those who prefer it against him. It is illogical in ecclesiastical commentators to upbraid the Executive of the Roman Empire at one time for interfering, and at another for not interfering, in the early controversy between Christianity and its assailants. One of two things is obvious — either that the Imperial Government was lax or not lax upon subjects of Pagan orthodoxy; but it is idle to accuse its agents simultaneously of scepticism and of tyranny. The truth is that the line drawn by Gallio between what was and what was not a matter for State inquiry was conformable to the principles of Imperial Rome. One of the accidental merits of educated Paganism was that it generally was tolerant, just as Alexander the Great was tolerant, and as all who attempt to establish a world-wide empire must be tolerant. Rome could not afford, with her enormous frontier and her system of outlying provinces, to be anything else. The subsequent persecutions of Jews and Christians were political rather than religious in their inception. Polytheism is usually anything but an exclusive system. The worship of the gods of the hills is not essentially incompatible with a toleration of the worship of the gods of the valleys. But, unfortunately for the lives and liberties of its early followers, Christianity could not co-exist with any other form of religious creed. Neither Jew nor Christian could consent to admit the statue of the Emperor to stand on the altar of the one true God; and both Judaism and Christianity were thus driven into direct conflict with the political requirements of the Roman Empire. Still later on, when it had grown to more substantial proportions, the Christian Church became a State danger. As its acknowledged aim was the extirpation of all other creeds, it was not strange that it should be thought a standing menace to them or to State tranquillity. The tone adopted towards it by the Emperor Julian shows what was thought by a rational adherent to old systems of belief. As time went on, a battle *à outrance* began between the old and the new. It was war to the knife between them, and, if we are to believe history, some acute observers had seen this from the first. But the distinction drawn by Gallio between matters of opinion and matters of State cognizance was not a visionary one. Such was the view of Rome. The departure from it in the case of Christian persecutions was a matter not of sectarian bitterness so much as of State policy. Indeed Gallio's theory, good or bad in the abstract as it may be, was one which, at that particular moment, the early Christians had every reason to approve. If Gallio had chosen to investigate Paul's orthodoxy, he would have had to investigate it not merely from a Jewish point of view. It would have been his business to examine whether the Apostle's opinions were consistent or inconsistent with allegiance to the Roman Emperor. His abstinence from unnecessary inquisitiveness was therefore rather a political virtue than a theological vice. That it was conformable to the maxims of the Empire is evident from the subsequent history of St. Paul. It was the spontaneous appeal of the Apostle to "Cæsar" which led him into captivity at Rome, not any interference by Imperial agents with private liberties and rights. After hearing his exposition of Christian doctrine, Agrippa and Festus agreed between them that "this man might have been set at liberty if he had not appealed unto Cæsar."

The same inconsistency which is observable in the reproaches freely poured upon Gallio is also to be seen in the censures lavished on those in our day who are supposed to be like him, and who are usually dubbed by his name. In the proper sense of the appellation, a modern Gallio is, as we have said, a gentleman who disbelieves in a State Inquisition. If so, most people are Gallios. No section of the Church at the present day is anxious to have matters of theology subjected unnecessarily to the careful cognizance of State authority — least of all those sections of the Church which might be expected to inveigh most earnestly against Gallios. Again, if it be suggested that Gallio was indifferent to the welfare of his soul, there is not the vestige of proof that he

was anything of the kind. We come, lastly, to the real derivative sense attached by pulpit orators to the term. Gallio is put forward as the type of people who, on the whole, are sceptical about the advantage of entering upon the discussion of religious controversy. It is somewhat significant that this should form part of the burden of the indictment against Pilate, who is thought to have displayed an improper incredulity as to the possibility of arriving at abstract "truth." Gallio and Pilate, as far as one can judge, were both of them sceptics in the metaphysical sense of the word, though the former seems to have been exempt from the criminal weakness which has rendered the latter an object of infamy to all time. Before condemning, in Gallio's person at all events, the spirit of philosophical scepticism, preachers will do well to consider what philosophical scepticism is, and how far it interferes with or seems contrary to the principles of orthodox religion.

It is worth remarking that the one nation in Europe which is most conservative in matters of theology is the most sceptical about metaphysics. The nation in question is ourselves. Nor is this a pure coincidence. The two things stand to each other very much in the relation of cause and effect. The reason that Englishmen believe in religious truth so firmly is that they do not believe in the attainment of philosophical truth at all. The ordinary theologian of the day makes metaphysical uncertainty, or the impossibility of discovering truth by thinking about it, the basis of his system. It is true that the edifice is not a logical result of the foundation on which it is built, and that a man may doubt everything besides religion without ceasing to doubt about religion itself. But practically, and among a large mass of English men and women, disbelief in the powers of the human mind, and belief in the doctrines taught to them, do go together. There are, however, more rational methods of reconciling Gallios and religion than this. And, in the first place, it is clear that, in declining to discuss theology, Gallios have the sanct.on of a large number of authorities of the Christian Church. Every modern Gallio has a right to say that theology is not his vocation. There are those whose business it is to study it and to investigate its subtleties; but a layman is no more bound to be a theologian, unless he likes, than he is bound to be acquainted with the mysteries of contingent remainders. Newspapers, for example, are continually set down as Gallios, or Sadducees, or both, simply because they feel it best upon the whole to abstain from controversial discussion. Their answer to such abuse is a simple and a conclusive one. They do not profess to deal with those topics any more than Gallio the Roman lawyer did. They are secular, not religious, critics, just as he was a secular, and not a religious, judge. The line they draw is precisely his line. When it comes to be a matter of wrong or of wicked lewdness they interfere, but not till then. It is their duty in the interest of the public to expose ignorance, charlatanism, or immorality, but from subjects of theology pure and simple they keep aloof. Nobody in his senses can maintain that such a view is wicked. It is simply common sense. And Gallio-haters may perhaps feel the cogency of the argument when they reflect on the nature of the other alternative that must be accepted if abstention from theological controversy is to be condemned. The alternative is that every newspaper in England shall be a religious partisan, free to adopt its own theories about religion, and tc enter on a religious propaganda for the sake of persuading the public of their truth. Probably a *régime* of literary Gallios would be far more acceptable, even to theologians.

The position of Gallios in private life is not a bit less tenable than that of Gallios in journalism. It is not a crime, as some people think, to feel no interest in theological controversy. There is a point, indeed, at which such controversy usually becomes interesting. If problems are mooted affecting the future destinies of the Church, and the character of the future religious teaching of the country, people seldom fail to form a view of their own about them. In this respect few of us are Gallios, and least of all those who are oftenest suspected of the crime. But apart from such cases a Gallio point of view is not only very natural, but certainly by no means the reverse of praiseworthy. What would become of the world if every professional man and every educated layman were to strip for the controversial arena, and to desend into the pit in the costume of a theological gladiator, armed with net and dagger for the fray? Such a state of things would be the death of most easy-going country parsons. There was a Turkish Pasha in the Crimean war who expired out of sheer dismay at the fuss made at Balaclava by the Consuls of the Western Powers. A like melancholy end would befall a good many English clergymen if all the laymen in the parish insisted on sifting and controverting all the doctrines laid down, or taken for granted, in the Sun-

day sermon. Does the parson who preaches against Gallios wish for a congregation of Gallios or not? If he does, he is a very rash man. He desires to pass from a calm atmosphere of quiet into a troubled atmosphere of thesis and antithesis, of disputation, mutiny, and rebellion. If he appreciates the utility of Gallios in particular, he ought not in common fairness to preach against Gallios in general. This is especially true in times like the present, when religious tenets are held by most educated people rather as a matter of moral conviction and practical use than of mathematical certainty. If Gallios are to be put down, their place will be filled by far more inconvenient and uncomfortable disputants. Theologians ought to be satisfied with the latitude conceded to the theologians of Corinth. They have full liberty to inflict any spiritual penalties they like on a rival Sosthenes, but it is a fatal mistake on their part to object to the orthodox neutrality of Gallio.

From the Spectator.

MR. DARWIN AT THE ANTIPODES.

"THE native [Maori] saying is, 'As the white man's rat has driven away the native rat, as the European fly drives away our own, as the clover kills our fern, so will the Maoris disappear before the white man himself.'" Thus quotes Dr. Hooker, the eminent naturalist of our Kew Gardens, in a remarkable article in the new number of the *Popular Science Review* on "The Struggle for Existence amongst Plants." "The European house-fly," says Dr. Hooker, "seems to drive out before it the native blue-bottle of New Zealand, so that settlers, knowing its value, carry it in boxes and bottles to their inland stations." So, too, in the vegetable world the vegetable emigration from Europe seems to drive before it the native products of the New Zealand soil. "The noisy train of English migration is not more surely doing its work than the stealthy tide of English weeds, which are creeping over the waste, cultivated, and virgin soil, in annually increasing numbers of genera, species, and individuals." Dr. Hooker quotes a New Zealand correspondent to the same effect:—

"You would be surprised at the rapid spread of European and other foreign plants in this country. All along the sides of the main lines of road through the plains, a *Polygonum* (*avicu-lare*), called 'cow-grass,' grows most luxuriantly, the roots sometimes two feet in depth, and the plants spreading over an area from four to five feet in diameter. The dock (*Rumex obtusifolius* or *R. crispus*) is to be found in every river-bed extending into the valleys of the mountain rivers, until these become mere torrents. The sow thistle is spread all over the country, growing luxuriantly nearly up to 6,000 feet. The watercress increases in our still rivers to such an extent as to threaten to choke them altogether; in fact, in the Avon, a still deep stream running through Christ Church, the annual cost of keeping the river free for boat navigation and for purposes of drainage exceeds 300*l*. I have measured stems twelve feet long and three quarters of an inch in diameter. In some of the mountain districts, where the soil is loose, the white clover is completely displacing the native grasses, forming a close sward."

— and later in his article he tells us the most remarkable fact of all, that,—

"The little white clover, and other herbs, are actually strangling and killing outright the New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*), a plant of the coarsest, hardest, and toughest description, that forms huge matted patches of woody rhizomes, which send up tufts of sword-like leaves, six to ten feet high, and inconceivably strong in texture and fibre. I know of no English plant to which the New Zealand flax can be likened, so as to give any idea of its robust constitution and habit, to those who do not know it; in some respects the great matted *tussocks* of *Carex paniculata* approach it. It is difficult enough to imagine the possibility of white clover invading our bogs, and smothering the tussocks of this Carex, but this would be child's play in comparison with the resistance the Phormium would seem to offer."

It is an illustration of the same process that the European horse so increases in South America as to gain rapidly upon the native animals of these plains, and that in New Zealand the English pig runs wild and multiplies at a rate which is a serious danger to the sheep farmers, whose flocks of lambs the wild hog decimates. That a little and apparently feeble plant like clover should be able to win a complete victory over the formidable sworded flax of New Zealand, and that the English fly should drive out the blue-bottle which is such a nuisance to the settlers, are striking illustrations of the apparent power which human civilization seems to lend to even the animals and plants that have thoroughly adapted themselves to its conditions,—illustrations which inevitably suggest the superstitious view of the subject conveyed

in the Maori presage with which we commenced this article. It seems as if the mere local connection with civilized beings which is implied in buzzing in civilized windows and growing on ploughed fields, were a physical tonic to the constitution of animals and plants which enables them, when put in competition with the native insects, animals, or plants of barbarous countries, to win as easy a victory as civilization wins over barbarism. Does not the English fly contract a cunning from its residence in English larders, which makes it more than the match of the big Maori blue-bottle? Have not the clover and water-cress imbibed, by the process of selection, structural habits of economizing the juices of the comparatively poor English soil, which gives them an advantage over the plants that have grown up for ages in a soil too rich to need any such provisions for assimilating all the most nutritious elements of growth? It is quite conceivable that in an old and much tilled country only the more hardy species, those which have the most powerful attraction for the juices in the soil on which they live, will succeed in yielding good crops, while in a very rich country, — especially when combined with a milder climate, — this process of contest between the more and less vigorous species will go on much more tranquilly and slowly, so that the race between one plant and another for nutrition may not have elaborated anything like such special powers of competition for sap. Dr. Hooker tells us that seedlings of the cedar and the maple come up even with us in the early spring by thousands in the grass-ground where they are planted, but then, as soon as the grass begins to grow again, the grass draws away all their supplies of nourishment, and they die away. This seems to show that perennial grasses have a much stronger relative attraction for the nutritious elements of the earth than seedling trees; but in New Zealand it would seem, from Dr. Hooker's account that even *annuals* from Europe often beat New Zealand perennials in the race. That is, it may be, the seeds of the European plants obtain in a few months as strong a hold of the ground as the native perennials have gained in many years, and then by virtue of their "naturally selected" species, assimilate with more rapidity and effect than their perennial neighbours the juices of the soil, and so starve the plants in their vicinity. The vegetable which in England has gone through centuries of competition for existence with other vegetables, has lost by the death of the weaker plants all the more languid and feeble elements of its physiology, while the New Zealand perennial, living undisturbed in a milder climate and much richer soil, has been left comparatively without any process of competitive selection, till, like the luxurious man who has had all his comforts and necessaries at his elbow, when competing for existence against the trained hunter who has lived by his knife and gun, it is worsted at every turn by the hardier rival. It would be easy, of course, to suggest a similar account of the success of the European fly and European rat in competing against the native blue-bottle and the native rat. In neither case, probably, is it due to greater strength or ferocity, greater aptitude for war, but to instincts trained through successive generations under more difficult circumstances. Those European flies and rats which have not been able to adapt themselves to their condition in a country where the most nourishing food is usually jealously guarded, and where all wild animals have less and less chance every year, have died out, and only those remained which by hardier constitution, greater caution, less offensive habits, and more subtle instincts, have been able, while supporting themselves, sufficiently to avoid the enmity of man to prevent any war of extermination being waged against them. And these trained instincts of course tell greatly in their favour when they come to be pitted against races which have not hitherto needed them for their protection. Such is the apparently most natural inference from Dr. Hooker's strange array of facts to prove that while the plants and animals of the antipodes show no increased fertility when transplanted to Europe, no tendency to run our native plants hard in the struggle for existence, our plants and animals show as much colonizing capacity as man himself when they emigrate with him to New Zealand. We take the case of New Zealand rather than that of any other virgin soil, like South America, because though many of the same phenomena are true of South America also, the conditions of climate are there generally so different that the experiment is disturbed by many other considerations. In New Zealand, on the contrary, though the climate is rather milder, owing to the greater extent of sea, the climatic conditions are exceedingly like those of England.

We have striven purposely to suggest an interpretation of these very curious and as yet unexplained facts which is entirely in the spirit of Mr. Darwin's great work, —

not, of course, as if any suggestion of ours could have the least scientific weight, but because the science of the day evidently inclines to attach more and more value to Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, at least as explaining the *modus operandi* of all those modifications of species which concern the vitality and tenacity of the surviving races. But now what picture does this process really present to us of our little universe? — one, as some of the Darwinians think, of inexorable law sifting out the weak and casting them away as refuse, or one of strangely wise preparation for the dwelling-place of a being in whom the principle of "natural selection" gives way to the higher principle of moral selection? To us the latter seems the true image left upon the mind by the curious process the naturalists indicate to us. Here are a great number of strange laws at work, the total effect of which is to give to all the plants and animals which are least inconsistent with, and most useful to, the life of the most civilized races of men, a direct share in the protection of that civilization. The shield of civilization is as it were in some sense thrown over those inferior races of existences which, themselves incompetent to share it, and generally not even directly protected or guarded by man, are yet at the second remove, as it were, most important, in order to enable him to carry with ease into the still uncultivated and uncivilized parts of the earth the full advantages he has gained by long residence in cultivated and civilized regions. The animal and vegetable train of life which he cannot help drawing after him wherever he goes, the old grasses and weeds and flowers, the old insects and beasts, as well as those more valuable plants and domestic animals which he takes pains to carry with him, have all gained by their conditions of life in the Old World that hardiness which fits them to colonize as well as man himself, and to force their way into his new home without asking his consent, at the expense of the native flora and fauna. Everything not only that man intentionally brings with him, but that crawls after him almost by accident, spreads as he spreads. A moving atmosphere of power clings to his steps, so that even the lowest creatures which he has found useful or even but supportable for centuries in one place, will drive out, without giving him any trouble, the creatures which he would find comparatively useless or insupportable in another. The clover driving the fern and even the sword-flax before it, and so preparing a rich pasture for the sheep, — the little house-fly, transported in boxes and bottles, and then left to supplant the disgusting native blue-bottle by its own energies, are but special illustrations of the general law that all that man has found on the whole — very often unconsciously, as in the case of the fly — suitable and, comparatively speaking, advantageous to him in ages of civilization, has during those ages been acquiring without knowing it the power to follow him successfully into other regions, where the conditions of animal and vegetable life would otherwise be much less favourable to his existence, and so to share the charmed life of civilization without being the objects of his intentional protection. Naturally one would have supposed that by the law of the "conflict for existence," the lush tropical forests of South America, the sworded flax tree and thick ferns of New Zealand, would have struggled with the most tremendous advantages against the foreign growths which civilized man brings with him, and which are so essential to his progress. And so it would be certainly, if art alone were his only dependence; if every animal and vegetable inconsistent with his comfort and safety had to be industriously exterminated, instead of retreating almost as if by magic, before him. But the fact is quite otherwise. The wild animals and wild growths even of the tropical forests yield easily before the weakest invader that has gone through the selecting process inseparable from civilization. The clover follows man into the heart even of South American jungles, displacing the rank grasses it finds there. The horse and the sheep and the pig multiply in these new wastes of vegetation with infinitely more rapidity than the wild animals which are native there. Man, of course, takes his arts with him, but where he might expect to have to fight Nature hardest with his most marvellous efforts, nature seems to acknowledge the mere magic of his preparations, and to yield to him without insisting on any laborious application of them. Even the tangled forests of the Amazon will probably yield to the first sincere effort at immigration with infinitely less difficulty than we expect. Rich, wild, and virgin soils nourish weak and comparatively untenacious forms of life, both animal and vegetable. The very luxuriance of growth is perhaps a sign of this weakness. The hardier and subtler vitality of "selected," — *i. e.*, civilized, — nature, soon beats the luxuriance of wild nature in the race.

And we must remember that this process of "natural" selection, — selection with re-

spect merely to weakness and strength, — is arrested directly we reach man, directly we reach a being endowed with a character which can see that there is a weakness stronger than strength, indeed a strength in weakness itself, when that weakness is the weakness of reverence, self-denial, and love. Our Poor Laws, our hospitals, our healing art, our charities, are all so many agencies for counteracting the process of "natural selection" so soon as we arrive at a stage of culture when we can see that mere strength, mere tenacity of life, is not itself divine. Natural selection stops, or begins to stop, with the very race for whom it has hitherto worked with so beneficial an effect. It prepares a region suitable for civilized man, and enables him to conquer with infinitely greater ease other regions not thus suitable for him, and then the being for whom all this has been done, is taught that after all his highest duty and noblest function in relation to his own race lies in reversing the process, in protecting the weak, in lifting up the hands that hang down, in strengthening the feeble knees, in guarding with the tenderest care every spark of human reason and human love. How should a being placed in the position which man holds on the earth by long ages of merely "natural selection," of struggle for existence, have learned that this very process, this fierce competitive strife, is one of the very lowest of his functions, — the one, indeed, which he shares with the lower order of plants and animals, — if the Providence which had watched over the one process had not been waiting to give the corrective and the great supplement to His own teaching, the moment He had at last prepared for Himself a being worthy of it? To our minds the most wonderful side of the Darwinian theory is, that it shows us, in such strong contrast, what God has really done to perfect our physical and animal nature, and that the being for whom He has done all this, and who is the first to know it, is the first also to know that the law of conflict and competition is the lowest of the laws of *human* nature, and is recognized by us only in learning to keep it well under us. It would be the strangest of all paradoxes if a universe really *accounted for* by the law of competition, was crowned by the one being who, in his highest moments, reverses and repudiates that law.

From Good Words.

MORE ABOUT THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

A Supplementary Lecture, delivered to the Church of England Young Men's Association, in St. George's Hall, Canterbury, Nov. 5, 1866.

WHEN your excellent secretary requested me to open your course of lectures for this season, I naturally went to a shelf where papers await future use, to see whether the Queen's English correspondence was ample enough to warrant another lecture on that subject. I found upwards of fifty letters on questions of more or less interest, and a fair amount of cuttings from newspapers, and memoranda picked up in society and in solitude.

I therefore determined to announce "More About the Queen's English," as my subject, and to go through my file of letters and memoranda, thus forming a supplementary lecture, which might, in the next edition of my little book, either be worked in among its paragraphs, or be printed entire as an appendix at the end.

This being so, I shall not aim at arrangement or classification, but shall simply discuss the matters presented by my correspondents, and the memoranda, as they come before me.

I am asked whether an expression which I had used, "the *first foundation* of an institution," can be right, seeing that an institution can have but one foundation? The reply is to be sought in the general use of expletive, *i.e.*, superabundant words, together with others which already express the meaning required. Thus we have, "O that they would consider their *latter end*," when "their end" would, strictly speaking, have been sufficient. Thus also we say, "the utmost end of the earth," "the first beginning of creation"; the expletive prefix in each case tending to give precision and emphasis, and showing that it is on the fact reasserted by it, that the stress of the sentence is laid.

A notable and very solemn instance of this usage is found in the title, "the most Highest," given to the Almighty in the Prayer-book version of the psalms (Ps. ix. 2; xiii. 6; xxi. 7; etc.) In the Bible version the expression seems not to occur, the "Most High," or "the Highest," being its equivalent. But we have a reduplication of the same kind in Acts xxvi. 5: "After the

most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee." In this place, it is difficult to account for it, as it represents only the simple superlative in the original text. King James's translators seem merely to have retained it from the older English versions, Tyndale's, Cranmer's, and the Geneva Bible.

It may be hard to assign exactly the difference between "*oldest*" and "*eldest*." Whatever it may be, it is clearly matter of idiomatic usage, and not derivable from any distinction in the words themselves. But that there is a difference, may in a moment be shown. We cannot say, "Methuselah was the *eldest* man that ever lived"; we must say, "the *oldest* man that ever lived." Again, it would hardly be natural to say, "his father's *oldest* born," if we were speaking of the first-born. If we were to say of a father, "He was succeeded by his *oldest* son," we should convey the impression that that son was not the *eldest*, but the oldest surviving after the loss of the eldest. And these examples seem to bring us to a kind of insight into the idiomatic difference. "*Eldest*" implies not only more years, but also priority of right; nay, it might sometimes even be independent of actual duration of life. A first-born who died an infant was yet the *eldest* son. If all mankind were assembled, Methuselah would be the oldest: but Adam would be the eldest, of men. Whether any other account is to be given of this than the caprice of usage, I cannot say, but must leave the question to those who are better versed in the comparison of languages. My object is to describe the current coin, rather than to inquire into the archæology of the coinage.

Connected with this inquiry about "oldest" and "eldest" is the subject of a letter which I will give you entire.

"SIR, — When I came on deck the other morning in the Red Sea (very near the place at which Moses and the Israelites are supposed to have crossed), I was seized by three fellow-passengers — a Russian, a Frenchman, and a Swiss — who, *nolentem volentem*, constituted me umpire in a dispute which they were carrying on upon a point of English grammar. The Russian, it seems, was his father's eldest son, and he had four brothers, all, *ex necessitate*, younger than himself. In speaking of the oldest of these four, he called him 'my elder brother'; on which the Frenchman said, 'I thought you were your father's eldest son.' 'So I am,' he replied; 'but I spoke of the elder *of my brothers*. I am not one of my own brothers, and therefore when I speak of my elder brother, I don't include myself. He I spoke of is the oldest of *my* brothers, not the oldest of my father's sons.' To this I replied by quoting Milton — 'Adam the goodliest of his sons since born, the fairest of her daughters, Eve.' That, however, we agreed was only justified by poets' license. Finally, I ruled that though my Russian friend was strictly and grammatically correct, yet, according to common usage, the expression employed by him was rather calculated to mislead. He seemed to think it rather hard that the English people, having constructed a grammar, should not conform to its rules; and hinted that in Russia no such liberty of the subject would be permitted — that when laws were made, people were expected to obey them; and that a man who talked bad grammar would be in danger of the knout.

"Will you be so good as to tell us in your next edition whether the Russian or the Frenchman was right, and whether you approve of my ruling.

"Your obedient servant,

"W. P."

It was somewhat curious that the Russian should have blamed us for inconsistency: for surely "*my elder brother*" must mean "the elder brother of me," just as "*my better half*" means, "the better half of me." We may also hereby illustrate what was just now said about "oldest" and "eldest": "my eldest brother" could never be said by the first-born of a family, seeing that the title belongs to him alone: whereas when "my oldest brother" is said, he excludes himself, and indicates the brother next to him in age.

I am asked why we say "dependent *on*," but "independent *of*"? The answer is surely not difficult. When we make "dependent" into "independent," we not only deny that which "dependent" asserts, but we construct a different word; different in its reference and its government. The "*on*," which we use after "dependent," implies attachment and sequence; as in "hanging on," "waiting on": the "*of*," which we use after "independent," expresses merely the relation of the thing following, as when we say "inclusive of," "exclusive of." In this case, the variation of prepositions might be still further exemplified; we say "pendent *from*," "dependent *on*," "independent *of*." A somewhat similar instance may be found in "with respect *to*," and "irrespective *of*."

The same correspondent who proposed the last question also asks, why we say "contemporary *with*," but "a contemporary *of*"? The answer to this is to be sought from a different source. In "contemporary

with," the "*with*" simply carries on the force of the preposition "*con*," or "*cum*," with which the adjective is compounded. But when that adjective is made into a substantive, it then must be connected with other substantives by the customary preposition "*of*," indicating possession or relation.

A somewhat similar change takes place when substantives which may be used predicatively, are used indicatively. Thus we say "neighbour *to* him," but, "a neighbour *of* him," or, as we commonly express it, "of *his*." If we keep the same preposition in the two cases, the phrase does not retain the same meaning. "He is neighbour to him," means, "He lives near him": but "He is a neighbour to him," means "He behaves to him in a neighbourly manner."

The question at the end of our Lord's parable of the Good Samaritan, "Which of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?" forms not an exception to the rule first mentioned, but rather an example of it. For the conclusion to be drawn from the parable is, that the real claim to the title of neighbour is his who acts in a neighbourly manner. So that the question does not mean, which of these three acted in a neighbourly manner to him? — but which of these three had a right to be called his neighbour — neighbour to him? Then the answer naturally comes, "He that showed mercy on him."

This correspondent also points out the curious difference which is made in the meaning of one and the same word in a sentence, when variously introduced by other words. Thus, if I say of one in India, "He will return for two years," I am rightly understood as meaning that the length of his stay at home will be two years. But if I say, "He will not return for two years," then I do not, by the insertion of the negative, reverse the former proposition, *i.e.*, mean that the length of his stay at home will not be two years, but I imply something quite different: *viz.*, that two years will elapse before his return. By the insertion of the "not," the preposition "for," retaining its meaning of "during," "for the space of," ceases to belong to the length of time during which he will "*come*" and belongs to the length of time during which he will "*not come*."

My correspondent offers another example, which was originally given by the writer of the article on my little book in the Edinburgh Review for June, 1864. "Jack was very respectful to Tom, and always took off his hat when he met him." "Jack was very rude to Tom, and always knocked off his hat when he met him." You will see that "his hat" in the former sentence is Jack's, but in the latter sentence it is Tom's. There is absolutely nothing to indicate this but the context. "Will any one pretend," says the Reviewer, "that either of these sentences is ambiguous in meaning, or unidiomatic in expression? Yet critics of the class now before us, [*i.e.*, those who proceed on the assumption that no sentence is correct, unless the mere syntactical arrangement of the words, irrespective of their meaning, is such that they are incapable of having a double aspect,] are bound to contend that Jack showed his respect by taking off Tom's hat, or else that he showed his rudeness by knocking off his own."

And this is important, as showing how utterly impossible it is for every reference of every pronoun to be unmistakably pointed out by the form of the sentence. Hearers and readers are supposed to be in possession of their common sense and their powers of discrimination; and it is to these that writers and speakers must be content to address themselves.

"How is it," asks still the same correspondent, "that 'excuse my writing more,' and 'excuse my not writing more,' mean the same thing?" We may answer, that the verb to "excuse" has two different senses: one being *to dispense with*, and the other *to pardon*. When a school is called over, the master may excuse (dispense with) a certain boy's attendance: or he may excuse (pardon) his non-attendance. This will be at once seen, if we put, as we properly ought, the *person* as the object of the verb "excuse," as in, "I pray thee have me excused:" the sentence will then stand in the one case, "Excuse me *from* attendance"; but in the other, "Excuse me *for* non-attendance."

A correspondent asks whether the expression "*very pleased*" is admissible. Undoubtedly, the ordinary usage before a participle is "very much": "I was very much pleased." No one would think of saying, "I was very cheated in the transaction." But on the other hand we all say "very tired," "very ailing," "very contented," "very discontented." Where then is the distinction? The account to be given seems to be this: If the participle describe only the action or the suffering implied in its verb, in other words, if it continue a verb, "very" alone will not serve to quali-

fy it. "Very" simply intensifies. And it must have some quality to intensify. You cannot intensify a mere event. In other words, if "very" alone be used, it must be followed by an adjective, or by something equivalent to an adjective. "Tired" is equivalent to "weary": is a participle used as an adjective: therefore we may say "very tired": "ailing" is equivalent to "poorly": both "contented" and "discontented" are qualities and tempers, not merely records of an event which has happened. Judging then "very pleased" by this rule, it is admissible. "Pleased" is a state of mind, carried on beyond the mere occasion which gave rise to it. Introduce marked reference to the occasion, and "very" becomes inappropriate. You cannot say "very flattered," but must say, "very much flattered." I own I prefer "very much pleased," as more conformable to usage.

A difficulty arises as to the proper number of the verb substantive, when it couples a singular nominative case to a plural one. Two correspondents have written on this matter. One cites from a newspaper, "More curates are what we want," and asks whether "*are*" is correct. The other is a printer, and relates that on this sentence being sent for press, — "A special feature of the Reformatory Exhibition were the work-shops and work-rooms," the "Reader" in the office corrected "*were*" to "was"; upon which the Author corrected "was" back again to "were." A dispute arose in the office, some siding with the Reader, some with the Author. The former were the majority: and the minority, though they thought "were" correct, yet acknowledged that "was" would sound better.

And I believe that they were thus not only making an ingenuous confession, but giving the key to the whole question. In most cases of this kind, that which sounds right, is right. And that which sounds right is generally, in the examples before us, that the verb should take the number, be it singular or plural, of the preceding nominative case. "More curates are what we want." But invert the proposition, and we must say, "What we want is, more curates." So in the other case, "a special feature of the exhibition was, the workshops, and work-rooms": but, "the workshops and work-rooms were a special feature of the exhibition."

Still, this rule does not seem to have been always followed by our best writers. In the English Bible, Prov. xiii. 8, we have, "The ransom of a man's life ‹ es": and in Prov. xvi. 25, "Th‹ which seemeth right unto a m end thereof are the ways of de translators' rule seems to have b to use the plural verb-substan either of the nominatives was p have in one and the same sent xvii. 6, "Children's children are t old men: and the glory of c their fathers": where it is pla occurrence of one plural, and n‹ of the substantives, has ruled t of the verb.

Every schoolboy will rememb‹ tium iræ amoris integratio est" ence to which we may notice, th in possesses the advantage of b‹ to arrange the sentence, that th‹ stand close to, and take the nun more important of the two cases.

A correspondent is about to book to a Royal patroness. H‹ express gratitude for "many ki but feeling uncomfortable as to t ness of the expression, is afrai have to write "much kindness," not so well express his meaning ness shown on many occasions."

It is a very easy matter to calm hension, and allow him the full of his gratitude. Nothing is than the making of abstract ı concrete in this manner. I trust member the verse in the Lame Jeremiah, ch. iii. 22, "It is of *mercies* that we are not consume His *compassions* fail not." In chapter we read of "all their i against me." And in Ps. lxxx have the very word in questio where are thy former *loving-* which Thou swarest unto Da truth?"

In all these examples, the v originally signified an attribute, indicate an instance of the exerc attribute. "Loving kindnesse stances of loving-kindness.

A curious case of this license may be seen at present on the w railway stations, where an agent that he has upwards of 500 "*bus* dispose of.

One expression in this last se minds me that a correspondent a Buzzard asks the following "Does *upwards* of a thousand" m than," "above," "in excess of," a or, as some persons here, of good

maintain, "less than," "nearly approaching," a thousand? "I," adds my correspondent, "cannot see any other answer than the first: to me it is self-evident. Your valuable opinion hereon would greatly oblige." I am afraid that either good education must have sunk rather low at Leighton-Buzzard, which is hardly probable, or that my correspondent must be somewhat hard of hearing, and must have mistaken his neighbours. Our practice is always to regard abstract numbers as rising in height, as we see the concrete subjects of numbers do. The ascent is from 1 to 10, 10 to 100, 100 to 1000, and so on; and no one would dream of upwards of a thousand meaning anything else but *more than* a thousand.

Attention has been directed to the erroneous use of adjectives belonging to one bodily sense, with substantives belonging to another. We are told that "a conspicuous voice" is a not uncommon expression. I can testify to having frequently heard "a beautiful smell," and "a beautiful air." Now of course all such expressions will not bear strict investigation: but are they therefore not allowable? Every one speaks of "beautiful music": why may we not say, "a beautiful odour"?

The distinction seems to be this. Any word may be used in that which is called a metaphorical sense: *i.e.*, may be transferred from a material to a mental meaning. Thus "beautiful," being originally a word belonging to the sense of sight, may be transferred to the inward sight, and things may be called beautiful which are apprehended by the mind, with or without the aid of sense. Thus we recognize Beauty in art. Poetry, Painting, Music, are arts: the first apprehended by the eye, the ear, and the thought. — the second by the eye and the thought, — the third by the ear and the thought. In all these the mental vision sees Beauty: we may have beautiful poetry, beautiful painting, beautiful music. But smell is not an art: the mere enjoyment of wholesome air is not an art: in neither is there any scope for Beauty, and consequently of neither must "beautiful" be said. "A conspicuous voice" is even worse: it is an absolute defiance of correctness: a torturing of the machinery of one sense into the grooves of another.

This torturing of words may sometimes be perpetrated where people little suspect it. The Americanism "proclivities" is sometimes a convenient word. It is used as equivalent to "tendencies." But, in reality, it does only half the work of the English term. *Clivus* being Latin for a hill, *proclivis* is an adjective signifying down-hill, while *acclivis* signifies up-hill. We have the term "acclivity" in English, meaning an upward slope. So that when we use "proclivities," we must take care that we confine it to its proper meaning. To speak, as the "Record" did last week, of a statesman having "High Church proclivities," is to make a blunder in terms. A proclivity can never carry a man up on high. The achievment of the man who used to walk up an inclined plane on a rolling globe would be far surpassed by him who through any manner of proclivities should attain to High Churchmanship. I would venture to suggest that as the American term has this defect, it would be better to discard it and employ the English one.

I mentioned in one of my former lectures, that "used to was" and "used to could" were reported as said in some parts of England. I have a confirmation of this in a letter from Derby. My correspondent says both expressions are very common there. "I have even," he says, "heard 'used to did.' Perhaps," he adds, "the following example may be new to you. A young man speaks who has married in haste, and is repenting at leisure:

> "'And when I think on what I am,
> And what I used to was,
> I feel I've throwed myself away
> Without sufficient cause.'"

The same correspondent says, "I should once have sided with your opponents as to 'the *three first* Gospels:' but I am convinced by your arguments." It will be remembered that I defended this expression as equally correct with "the *first three* Gospels." "I think, however," he continues, "you would not defend what we often hear from the pulpit, or even more commonly from the clerk's desk. 'In the third chapter of St. John, the three last verses, are these words:' Or 'Let us sing the three first and the three last verses of the 92nd Psalm.'"

To this I answer, Why not? The "three first" verses are, the three verses whose place, with reference to the rest, is first. It is only a short way of saying, the three verses which come first: and so of the "three last." Look at our daily procession into church. What is the order? The Choristers are first: *First*, is a quality which may be predicated of them just as being in white surplices may be: they are the twelve first in order: or more briefly, they are "*the twelve first*." Then come the Lay Clerks, the twelve next in order, or in brief, "*the*

twelve next." Then come the clergy, the *four*, or *seven*, or *twelve last*.

Hardly any good English expression gets so much wrath expended on it as this "*three first*," or "*three last*." It was but the other day that the present writer had a whole vial of scorn poured over him because he has used it in his edition of the Greek Testament: the Reviewer being of course not aware that this is done of malice prepense, and because it is believed to be right.

A curious mistake is often made in accepting invitations. In full half the notes of this kind which are sent, we see, "I shall be very happy to accept your invitation for the 9th." But the acceptance is not a thing future: the acceptance is conveyed by that very note, and your friend, when she gets it, will put you down as having accepted. The sentence is written in confusion between, "I shall be very happy to come," and "I am very happy to accept," or "I accept with pleasure." And so the former half of the first sentence gets wedded to the latter half of the second.

This kind of confusion sometimes produces comical results. "Pat, does Mr. Flanigan live here?" "Yes, yer honour, he does, but he's dead." "Why, when did he die?" "Well, yer honour, if he'd live till next Tuesday, he'd be dead a fortnight." What the man means is tolerably clear. He would say, "He'll have been dead a fortnight come next Tuesday." But in the case of a living man, any assertion of this class must be made with reserve, because he may not live till next Tuesday; so Pat puts on the reserve, and applies it to the dead, who is beyond the reach of uncertainty.

Answers to invitations are set thick with traps for the careless and the illiterate. Sometimes, instead of "invitation," we find a noun unknown to our language introduced, and the writer is happy to accept the kind "*invite*," of his host. Sometimes, when the invitation is declined, the poor tenses of verbs are mangled in the most ruthless manner.

Take a few forms at random: "I should be happy to come, but——" "I should have been happy to come, but——" I should have been happy to have come, but——"

I believe all these are in use, one about as often as another. Let us examine them one by one.

"I should be happy to come, but I am pre-engaged." There seems, and I believe there is, no error here. The form of accepting would be, "I shall be happy to come, as I am dis-engaged;" and "should" is the strict conditional correlative of shall.

"I should have been happy to come, but I am pre-engaged." This is wrong, and for the following reason: "should have been" is conditional, relatively to something that is *past*. "I should have been in Devonshire last Christmas, but I was ill." And the thing which the writer of the note is speaking of, is future, not past. Had the writer said, "I should have been happy to accept your invitation, but I am pre-engaged," all would have been right: because the act of accepting or non accepting will have belonged to the past, before the host receives the letter.

"I should have been happy to have come, but I am pre-engaged." This is doubly wrong. The "should have been" is wrong, as we have just seen: and "to have come" has really no sense at all. Turn it into an acceptance. What can "I shall be happy to have come," mean? Nothing, surely, if not this, "I shall be rejoiced when the visit is over," which is a poor compliment to one's friend.

It is astonishing what different things people sometimes say from those which they intended to say. There was a letter a short time since, in one of the London papers, concerning a matter which the writer believed to be no credit to the Church. In his opening sentence he intended to announce this. But he made a very comical mistake. He asked the editor of the paper to allow him *to make a statement which was no credit to the Church*. And having done this, he signed himself "A Priest of the Province of Canterbury." So that as far as appeared from the letter, a clergyman had made a discreditable statement. It was the old story, of one going out to commit murder, and committing suicide by mistake.

An odious form of speech has lately crept into our newspapers: "The death is announced of——" "The suspension is reported of——" And sometimes we have the sentence still further divaricated thus, "The death is announced in the Liverpool journals, at his seat in the North of Scotland, of acute bronchitis, of Mr. Blank. The source of this clumsy arrangement must, I suppose, be sought in the fact of our not being able to use the convenient impersonal form of the French, and to say, "They announce." But there are many ways in which the same thing might be better said, and among them the very simple one, of keeping the plain order of the words: "The death of Mr. Blank is announced in the Liverpool journals."

In a lately published volume of verse, I found a still more remarkable form of this license of separating words which ought to stand together: —

"But the crowd at the gate
Still wait and wait,
As they must, for the train is a little bit late
(And I feel I must here of necessity state
That this often occurs at this now present date,
When a train due at six, as our Bradshaws relate,
Will arrive at about twenty minutes to eight:
And I fear this must still for some time be our fate,
Till the railway directors shall sit tête-à-tête,
And shall hit on some plan *to the nuisance abate*)."

Anderleigh Hall: a Novel in Verse.

A correspondent wishes more said on "people" and "persons." He complains that the two are used as synonymous, "to me," he says, "a very offensive vulgarism. It is periodically announced by the clergyman of the church to which I go here, that there will be the usual monthly sermons for the young this afternoon, at which the attendance of 'young people' is particularly requested. Now it seems to me that 'people' is a collective noun of the singular number, and should only be used as such, never for '*persons.*' Should I be right if I said that the latter is the concrete of people?"

I observed in my book (par. 318), that I could not see the distinction, nor did I find it observed by our best writers. Even supposing it to exist, usage has set in so decidedly against it, that it would be pedantry for our age to insist on reviving it. We should have to sing, "All persons that on earth do dwell," which may be a correction, but certainly is not an improvement.

Another correspondent finds fault with a common method of speech in which we make the abstract noun into the concrete: "Twenty clergy walking in procession." But this surely is defensible, nay, is sometimes necessary. "Twenty clergymen walking in procession," may mean the same thing, but does not so plainly indicate that they walked where they did, because they were clergymen. After all, "twenty clergy" is only an abbreviated form of twenty of the clergy, the clerisy, or the clerical profession. In another profession, the adjective is used to perform a similar duty: we speak of calling in the "*military.*"

It is somewhat curious to observe the different forms which have come to designate the professions. Ministers of religion are "the clergy," soldiers are "the military," sailors hardly have a collective name, but are individually known as "Jack" or, if pluralised, "the blue jackets;" lawyers are "the bar," or the "gentlemen of the long robe," though their robes are no longer than those of the clergy; medical men are "the faculty;" judges are "the bench," or "bigwigs." Artists, engineers, architects, seem to be as yet without collective names.

A correspondent in Scotland writes that an English friend questions the correctness of pronouncing *heron*, as a word of two syllables, and affirms that the usage in the south is to pronounce the word as though spelt *hern*. And he enquires, 1, whether, under both forms of spelling, the word is pronounced as of one syllable; 2, whether when spelt and pronounced hĕrŏn it departs from English usage.

My answer was that the spelling *hern* is at present unknown, except in cases presently to be noticed; but the pronunciation *hern* is universal, except rarely in poetry. That this has very long been so is testified by such proper names as Hern Hill (a name not peculiar to the railway junction at Camberwell, but also found in Somersetshire near Ilminster, and I dare say elsewhere) and Herne Bay. Another and a very curious testimony to this is found in the corruption of a proverb in which the bird is mentioned. We now say of a stupid fellow, that "he doesn't know a hawk from a handsaw." But thus the proverb over-does its work: for, out of idiocy itself, such stupidity could not occur, as should confound things so entirely and essentially different. As the proverb originally stood, it described a degree of unversedness in common things which doubtless was, and certainly now is, very common. In the days when hawking was to be seen in almost any neighborhood, not to know a hawk from a *herneshew* (for so the bird at which the hawk was flown was then called) would be well understood. And "*herneshew*" having become "*handsaw*," is another witness to the antiquity of the monosyllabic pronunciation of "heron."

The contraction of "herneshew" into "heron," puts us in mind of the little gentleman in black velvet toasted of old by the Jacobites, whose name "mole," is the only surviving syllable of a much longer word, "*mouldy warp*" or "mould warp," a creature that turns the mould.

A sportsman friend who has long lived (and long may he live) in the most beautiful part of Charnwood Forest in Leicestershire, told me, years ago, that the people round Bradgate Park, when they want to summon a passer-by, call out, not "Hallo" or "Halloo," but "*Halloop!*" and he thought that the exclamation, by this form, betrayed its having come down from the days when one cried to another "A loup,"

or as we say, "wolf, wolf!" This may or may not be the fact; it is at all events interesting.

Considering how commonly ingenious derivations are wrong, it is surprising that any grave writer in these days should allow himself to be taken in by one. Yet no less a person than the present Emperor of the French has fallen into this trap. You know that there is a place on the Thames, above London, called Teddington. It so happens that its situation nearly corresponds with the limit to which the tide ascends in the stream. So some ingenious person made what was little better than a pun upon the name, and called Teddington, Tide-end-town. In process of years, the public, who are always ready to accept a likely-sounding derivation, reported Tide-end-town as the origin of the name. And the Emperor Napoleon, in the 2nd vol. of his Life of Julius Cæsar, has gravely stated the fact, and worked it into his argument. His words are these: —

"The only thing which appears to us evident is, that the Romans did not cross anywhere below Teddington. It is known that this village, of which the name is derived from Tide-end-town, marks, in point of fact, the last point of the Thames at which the tide is felt. It would be impossible to believe that Cæsar exposed himself to the risk of being surprised, during his passage, by the swelling of the water." Vol. ii. p. 191, Eng. transl.

The Edinburgh Reviewer well remarks on the singular simplicity, often observable in the Emperor's book, with which "a cockney myth, such we conceive the popular derivation of Teddington to be, is transformed into a serious piece of archæology."

A very ingenious derivation, but I believe also wrong, has been sent me by a Scottish correspondent, dwelling under the shadow of Ben-Nevis. His letter is too interesting to be abridged, so I give it as it stands: —

"Kilmallie Manse,
by Fort William, N.B.,
24th June, 1864.

"Rev. Sir, — Seeing in your 'Queen's English' mention of the Danish word '*Nabo*' as possibly the original form of the English 'Neighbour,' I am induced to give you the following facts, and a conjecture regarding the further history of that word, hoping they may prove sufficiently interesting to plead my excuse for troubling you.

"In the northern counties of the Highlands the common Gaelic term for neighbour is still, as it has been for time immemorial, this Danish *Nabi*, pronounced *Naabi*; whereas in the southern Highlands a totally different word, and one of pure Celtic lineage, is used.

"Now it is notorious that the Norsemen held the northern Highland counties, as well as the outer Hebrides, for ages, and still there are settlers in Caithness and in Lewis who boast of unmixed Danish blood. There are very few traces of Norse in the common language of the country, but the names of places generally are Scandinavian; and on the whole the wonder is, not that *Nabo* should retain his place in the Highlands, but that there are not many more of his kith and kin along with him.

"Having thus shown that *Nabo* is naturalized in the north Highlands, I proceed to tell how he travelled to the south Highlands. When the Caledonian Canal was being wrought (from about 1800 to 1822), many north-country Highlanders were, as a matter of course, employed on it, and after it was finished several of them went to the *Crinan* Canal — also a Government work — in the south of Argyleshire. There they naturally addressed one another as *Nabi*, just as an Englishman would say 'mate,' or 'comrade,' and the word, quite new to the Argyleshire-men, appeard so outlandish and odd that they fixed it as a nickname on the North-men, calling them all *Naabis*.

"This is a fact of which I have abundant proof, that about forty years ago a set of canal-workers in Argyleshire were called *Naabis*; and my conjecture about the further travels of the word may be easily anticipated — that here we see whence came *Navvy*, about which there is so much disputing. *Navvy* is said to have been originally applied to canal-workers, and hence said to be a contraction of *Navigator*, which I do not consider at all likely. My own Dano-Celtic account appears much more probable; for though I cannot prove that any of the Highland workers went south from Crinan (though their having done so is most likely), I know that the contractors and superintendents were English and Scotch (it being a Government work), and they would easily convey the word with them, even though they knew not its original meaning."

So far my correspondent. Now first, his account does not quite stand upright by itself. For the Northmen, who were "many" when working at the Caledonian Canal, which they left in 1822, became only "several" when they went to the Crinan Canal: and it was they only, not canal men in general, who were nicknamed "*naabies*." So that the English contractors, who seem to be the only link binding on the south to the story, would not be likely to adopt the term as a general name for all canal men when they returned to the south.

Besides, according to this account, the name did not come into England till after the completion of the Crinan Canal. Strangely enough, no history is given of this canal in

Black's or in Anderson's Guide-book: nor is the year of its completion to be found in Haydn's Dictionary of Dates, nor in the cyclopedias. It cannot have been finished till late in the *twenties* of this century. But I myself can remember, before the twenties came in, full fifty years ago, that when the canals were being made in the part of England where I was brought up, a common expression on people's lips was "the system of inland navigation:" and the men who worked at the canals were called at full length, "navigators:" the word had not yet been abridged. This my own remembrance, is to my mind decisive of the question.

The same correspondent mentions an amusing result of provincial pronunciation in the mind of an ignorant man:—

"Many years ago, in the Isle of Skye, I was reasoning with a man who thought himself very religious, who, in common with the class to which he belonged, fancied that he possessed the power of 'discerning spirits,' especially those of preachers, and reckoned it a sacred duty to refuse to listen to any one of whose conversion he felt not fully assured (the test, I am sorry to say, being the use of certain formal phrases, and specially the tone of voice). I said what I could about the truth being God's truth — to be received as such in a meek, humble, and self-searching spirit; and referred to the well-known passage — 'Take heed *how* ye hear,' &c. &c. 'No, no,' says my friend; 'it is take heed *who* (*hoo*) ye hear, and proves I am right.' He had been taught to pronounce *how*, *hoo*. He saw no necessity for *whom* — the objective — before the verb. He was convinced thoroughly that he had floored me with my own weapons, and was more and more confirmed in his spiritual pride."

Two correspondents — one within the last few days — ask for a decision as between "*spoonsfull*" and "*spoonfuls*." The same question clearly involves all similar compounds, — handful, cupful, apronful, &c.

There can be no real doubt about the answer. The composite word "spoonful" has an existence of its own, and must follow the laws of that commonwealth of words to which it belongs. To make its plural "spoonsfull," is to blot out its separate existence as a word. Besides, this form of plural does not convey the meaning intended. "Three spoons full" is a different thing from "three spoonfuls." The former implies that three separate spoons were used: the latter expresses three measures of the size indicated.

There seems to be great uncertainty about the spelling of the verb to *shew* (or, *show*). The following rule was given me, I forget by whom, and I have generally found it observed by careful writers. When the verb is used of outward visible things, spell it with an *o*: "He showed me his house and his pictures." But when the verb is used of things to be manifested to the mind, and not to the sense, spell it with an *e*: "He shewed me the advantage of becoming his tenant." It follows from what has been said, that the substantive, "a show," should always be spelt with an *o*: its meaning being restricted to an outward display made to the senses. On examining the English Bible, I find that "shew" is universal, both as verb and as substantive, as literal and as metaphorical. Nor is this owing to modern printers merely. The same use prevailed through all the ancient English versions: and is found also in the Common Prayer Book. The tendency of the modern printer has been to abandon this spelling altogether, and to use the "*o*" in every case.

A newspaper stated in 1864, that Lord Palmerston had *attained* his eightieth year. On this a household at Beckenham fell out. The ladies maintained that the expression was equivalent to — had *completed* his eightieth year. And matter of fact was with them: for Lord Palmerston, having been born in 1784, was full eighty in 1864. But the gentleman held that, however the fact might seem to bear out the ladies' interpretation, and however the writer may have intended to express the meaning, *attained* and *completed* cannot be the same: but the expression "attained his eightieth year" must properly mean "entered his eightieth year."

It seems to me that the gentlemen were right. A youth has attained his majority the very day he enters upon it, not the day he dies and quits it, his life being complete. A man attains a position in life the moment he is appointed to it, before he has begun any of its duties. And so a man attains his eightieth year the first day that it can be said of him that he is in his eightieth year: not the last day that this can be said: for he has then attained his eighty-first year.

Ought we to say, "*be kind to one another*," or "*be kind one to another?*" The latter is beyond question the more correct, and is found in the English version of the Scriptures in such phrases as, "Be kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love." But the former has become almost idiomatic, and the other would sound pedantic in conversation.

The history of the inaccuracy may be thus traced. When we say, "Love one another," "one another" is not a compound

word in the objective case after the verb, but is two words, the former in the nominative, the latter in the objective case: in Latin, "Diligite alius alium:" one love another. But the ear has become so accustomed to the sound of "*one another*" pronounced together, that we have come to regard that sound as indicating a compound word, and to treat it as such after preposition.

The same is the case with "each other." "Love each other," is "Love each the other:" and so when a preposition intervenes, we ought properly to say, "Each to the other." But we do not, and never shall. Idiom has prevailed, even when established in a mistake, over strict propriety.

A correspondent asks, whether the suppression of the *s* in the third person singular of "*to need*" may be regarded as sanctioned by use?

Certainly, no one in these days would think of saying, "Tell the housemaid she needs not light the dining-room fire to-day." Our practice in this case is to abridge "needs not" into "needn't." But it is to be observed that the *s* is dropped only when another verb follows: we say "He need have the strength of Hercules to lift that stone:" but if we leave out "have," we must say, He needs the strength.

The same correspondent asks whether good writers make "dare" do duty for the past tense of "to dare?"

I do not quite understand this question. I never saw that done which is described. Does my correspondent mean that he doubts whether good writers would say, "They urged him to take the leap, but he dare not?" I imagine that every one would write "he dared not:" I am sure that every one would *say*, "he didn't dare to."

Let me put in a word to rescue "dare" from being treated as we just now saw "need" must be treated. It is not according to the best usage to say, "he dare not do it." The *s* of the third person present must not be suppressed: but we must say, he dares not do it.

In Psalm lxxvii. 14, the Prayer Book version has "Thou art the God that doeth wonders;" whereas the Bible version runs, "Thou art the God that doest wonders." A correspondent asks, which is right?

The answer I think must be, that both are right. The direct construction of the sentence in English requires the Prayer Book rendering, "Thou art the God that doeth wonders:" whereas the other can be accounted for by a not uncommon attraction of subordinate verbs into the form in which the main sentence is cast.

A correspondent requested me to give him an account of the varying plurals of cherub and seraph, as found in our Bible and Prayer Book. I have obtained the following from one whose scholarship I can trust:

"The forms 'cherubs,' 'cherubim,' 'cherubin,' 'cherubims,' and 'seraphs,' 'seraphim,' 'seraphin,' 'seraphims,' are, or profess to be, plurals of the words 'cherub,' and seraph,' respectively. The words themselves are taken directly from the Hebrew, and in that language the plurals are '*cherubim*' and '*seraphim*.' In the English version the plurals appear as cherub*ims* and seraph*ims*, the translators finding cherub*im* (or "*in*") and seraph*im* (or "*in*") in the Latin and Greek versions, and, it may be, thinking that these terminations would not carry to the majority of their readers the plural sense without the addition of *s*. * Cherub*in* and seraph*in* are properly Chaldaic or Rabbinic forms, and are those generally used in the oldest MSS. of the septuagint version (—*ειν*), that version having probably been made by persons to whom the Rabbinic form was most familiar. (The form has, however, in later MSS. and in the editions of the Septuagint, been altered to *im*.) From the Septuagint this form was introduced to the Latin versions, and so found its way into the Te Deum, where it has remained untranslated in the English Prayer Book."

One correspondent asks, whether of these two is right, "Death is obnoxious to men," or "Men are obnoxious to death!" Here the adjective "obnoxious" is used in two different senses. In Latin, "*obnoxius*" means "subject to:" "Omnes homines morti obnoxii sunt,"—All men are obnoxious, subject, to Death. But this meaning has almost vanished out of our English usage, and that of noxious, hurtful, has taken its place. I need not tell scholars that this meaning crept into later Latin probably from the similarity of sound in "noxius" and "obnoxius," and is altogether unknown in the better days of the language.

I have had an amusing letter from which I extract the following: "All you say is indeed most true: I grieve over the changes and innovations in our language I hear daily around me, especially among young people. Young people say '*Thanks*' now, never 'Thank you.' I am sick of '*abnormal*,' and '*æsthetic*,' and '*elected*,' for 'chosen,' all

* The earlier English Bibles have generally cherubins, &c.

›d most absurdly by modern writers. *dvent'* for 'coming' I hate; it seems a ›red word, which ought to be only used our Saviour's coming. Why has '*peo-*' now an *s* added to it? it never used to ›e; we do not yet say '*sheeps;*' and both › nouns of multitude. I can't bear to be ›ed at dinner if Mr. Blank shall assist me anything instead of help, and yet both ›an much the same, but the former smacks 'the commercial gent.' I dare say I uld think of many more follies and vulgar›s, but I shall tire you. I wish you to ›ite a third article on the subject. Excuse old-fashioned single woman (not a *fe-le*) having plagued you with this letter."

We had better take in order the words ›nplained of. "*Thanks*" for "Thank you," ›ms to deserve better treatment than it ›ets with at our good Priscilla's hands. It first, of respectable parentage and broth›ood: having descended from classic lan›ges, and finding both examples in our ›t writers,* and present associates in the ›st polished tongues of Europe. And then, generally used, it serves admirably the ›pose of the generation now coming up, ›o are for the most part a jaunty off›ded set, as far as possible removed from › prim proprieties of our younger days. ›hank you' was formal, and meant to be ›mal: "Thanks" is both a good deal more ›hing for the short time that it takes say›, and also serves the convenient purpose of ›ping off very short any prospect of more ›titude or kindly remembrance on the part the young lady or gentleman from whose ›th it so neatly and trippingly flows. Let ›hanks" survive and be welcome; it is best be satisfied with all we are likely to get.

"*Abnormal*" is one of those words which › come in to supply a want in the precise ›tements of science. It means the same as ›rregular:" but this latter word had be›ne so general and vague in its use, that it ›uld not be sure to express *departure from* ›*e*, which "abnormal" does. Thus far its › is justified, and even the old-fashioned ›ly could hardly complain: but the mis›ief is that the apes of novelty have come substitute it for "irregular" in common ›k; and Miss, at home for the holidays, ›nplains towards the end of breakfast, that ›he post has become quite abnormal of ›e." The effect of this, as of fine talk in ›neral, will be to destroy the proper force the word, and drive future philosophers to ›k a new one, which in its turn will share › like fate with its predecessor.

"*Æsthetic*," again, has its proper use in designating that which we could hardly speak of before it came into vogue. Unfortunately our adjective, formed from the substantive "sense," had acquired an opprobrious meaning: and the attempt to substitute sensuous for it had altogether failed. There was no remedy but to have recourse to the Greek, the language of science, and take the word we wanted. If it has suffered in the same manner as the last, it is no more than might have been expected: but I do not remember to have heard it used, where any other word would serve the turn.

"*Elect*," for choose is one of our modern newspaper fineries: and it is not to be denied that "*Advent*" is rapidly losing its exclusively sacred reference. I am not sure that this is to be regretted, as the popular mind will thus become aware, without explanation, what is meant by the solemn season when it comes round.

The adding of "s" to "people" has been rather a convenience. We always spoke of the English people, the French people, the German people: why then should we not say, the European *peoples?* At all events, it is better than what is now "newspaper" for it, "nationalities."

"Assisting" at dinner is of course what the single lady characterizes it as being,— and even worse. I don't imagine the respectable class whom she somewhat uncourteously snubs would be flattered by the idea that they can descend to any expression so simply detestable. Another correspondent says, "I have been often amused by a host, requesting her guest (this gender is unkind), to *assist himself*." The construction in which the unfortunate verb finds itself in this usage, is somewhat curious. The challenge runs, "Mr. Blank, shall I assist you to beef?" The impression of those who are unacquainted with the vulgarism would be, that "to beef" was a verb, meaning to eat beef, or, as very refined people say, to "partake of" beef.

They do the thing somewhat differently over the water. An English gentleman for the first time seated at the table of an American family, was thus accosted by the lady of the house: "Mr. Smith, sir, do you feel beef?"

I witnessed the other day a curious example of the use of fine words. A blacksmith was endeavouring to persuade the smoke of my kitchen range to go up the chimney instead of filling the room. He tried to explain to me the conditions under which this might be done; and to my astonishment added, "you may always measure the suc-

* It occurs fifty-five times in Shakspeare: and, in › formula "Thanks be to God," four times in the ›glish Bible.

cess of an apparatus of this construction, by the *incandescence of the ignited material*."

In reference to the mispronunciation of Scripture proper names, I have had several anecdotes sent me. The only one worth recounting is, that an informant, whom I well know, heard the name of the returned slave in St. Paul's Epistle to Philemon, read, "One (monosyllable) Simus," instead of Onésimus.

A correspondent is highly offended with the very common expression, "I beg to inform you," "I beg to state," etc., requiring that the word "leave" should be inserted after the verb, otherwise, he says, the words are nonsense.

In this case, I conceive that custom has decided for us, that the ellipsis, "I beg," for "I beg leave," is allowable.

If ingenious derivations are often wrong, so also are ingenious corrections of common readings. I may give as an instance, a correction, often made with some confidence, of a word in the famous passage in Shakspeare's Tempest, beginning, "The cloud-capped towers." We commonly read in the modern editions, "And, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind." No, says the corrector, not wreck, but "rack:" rack being thin floating vapour, such as is seen on the blue sky before a change of weather. Now the original word, it is true, is "*rack*," but there is every probability that by this Shakspeare meant *wreck*, not *floating vapour*. Two reasons may be given for this opinion: 1. In this very play, he calls the wreck of a ship by the name "wrack:" — "The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touched the very virtue of compassion in thee;" and in Measure for Measure, III. i., "her brother Frederick was wracked at sea." 2. The word rack, in the sense of the thin cloud spread over the blue sky, is never found except with the definite article, "*the rack*." Thus in Hamlet, "We often see against some storm, a silence in the heavens, the rack stand still." And Bacon, in his natural history, says, "the clouds above, which we call 'the rack.'" In all other examples given in the dictionaries, the same is the case; and it would appear as contrary to usage to say "*a rack*" as it would be to say "*a north*," or "*a zenith*." This being so, we have no resource but to face the corrector boldly, and to maintain that "leave not a wrack behind," means, leave not behind so much as a ship when she is broken up, — not even a spar to be remembered by.

Another erroneous correction (if one may venture on such an Hibernianism in terms,) is the inserting the word "*may*" in the sentence of the general thanksgiving, "and that we shew forth Thy praise not only with our lips but in our lives." This construction without "may," was not uncommon, when the contemplated result was to be stated. Thus in the first Prayer Book, in the collect for St. Mary Magdalen's day, we have, "Give us grace that we never presume to sin through the example of any creature."

A statement is sometimes made about this word, which is not in accordance with fact. I remember, a short time since, seeing in a book of instructions how to read the Liturgy, that the omission of the word "may" is only a blunder of the printers, for that it exists in the "sealed book," from which our prayer-books ought to be copied. This is true, and it is untrue. It did exist in the sealed book, but was erased by the bishops, who put the pen through it. Thus its omission was no mistake, but a deliberate act, and intended to convey a particular meaning.

I will conclude with a few scraps which I have collected, as specimens of broken or imperfect English.

The first shall be a letter written to a friend of mine by a German not deeply versed in our language.

"Dear Friend, — With pleasure I took out of your kind letter your good arrival at Lausanne, although sleeping.

"I find that the intentions [of your Papa] as to your voyage for England are lightly justified as I think you would renounce upon without many peins.

"Very much more desagréable seems your second plan of a course of mountains, if you must make it only. But I think as much as I hear of politic [& after the jugements of Mr.——] the peax is also retablied. At least the mights are calmed, so that probably your father can accompany you.

"As the sojourn you demand, I, if I had a choose should (scribe) write to some of my schoolcompanions for accompanying you. Perhaps you find on and after I would make a foot-voyage in (Valais) Wales, it is very agreable to journey with good friends. But if weather will remain as it is now, I hold it for the best to go at Basle.

"An other proposition is this. My friends are at——, in the canton of——. That bath after their description is very fine and the country around also very nice. There you find my friends who as I think will remain there still two weeks. You make the knowledge of Mr. Doctor & other Persons you may take baths of cold water which would bee very good fore you for it is said to have been made there since spring very good curs. I know not if there are mountains for making great promenades, may

I write to-day to my friend and will demand him if my councell I give you is acceptable, than I write you without hesitation.

"The (society) company in at bath is to bee very little and there fore familiar. I think that an sojourn as this would bee more agreable because you have knowledges also. And during this bad time you have ever a refuge before rain.

"I am very curious if you agreed with my plan, however you must not delay if you will meet my friends.

"Receive my cordial salutations.

"Your true friend,

"——."

My reason for quoting this letter is, to show you that probably when the average Englishman attempts a letter in French or German, this may be not an unfair representation of his performance.

Really ambiguous sentences are to be found even in our most careful writers. One would think that Miss Austen, if any one, would not be caught tripping in this matter. But I read in "Pride and Prejudice," ch. xxviii. pt. i.: "Mr. Collins and Charlotte appeared at the door, and the carriage stopped at the small gate, which led by a short gravel walk to the house, amidst the nods and smiles of the whole party." And again, ch. xiii. pt. ii.: "Elizabeth hesitated, but her knees trembled under her, and she felt how little could be gained by an attempt to pursue them." I also find in the same novel, ch. xx. pt. ii.: "Each felt for the other, and of course for themselves." In this case the correction is easy, as the two persons were Jane and Elizabeth: "Each felt for the other and of course for herself:" but had the genders been different, it would have been impossible to write the sentence in this form at all.

I find the following sentence in Thackeray's "Virginians," Part IV.:

"He dropped his knife in his retreat against the wall, which his rapid antagonist kicked under the table."

A letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* about a fortnight ago (Oct. 23, 1866), begins, "Sir, I have been spending this autumn in the vicarage of a pleasant village in Blankshire, famous for its cricket, which I have rented during the parson's holiday."

In a review in the same paper of Aug. 24, 1866, we read as follows:

"We defy any sensible bachelor anxious to change his condition, to read Lady Harriett Sinclair's book without drawing a painful contrast in his mind between a future passed with that gifted lady, and with (the writer means, and one passed with) the fast, very fast, young women *with whom* he rides in the morning, plays croquet and drinks tea in the afternoon, *sits by* at dinner, and dances with at night, but wisely abstains from marrying."

One of the commonest of newspaper errors is to use a participial clause instead of a verbal one, leaving the said clause pendent, so that in the reader's mind it necessarily falls into a wrong relation. Thus we had in the *Times* the other day, in the description of the York congress, assembled under the presidency of the Archbishop: "His Grace said, &c., and after pronouncing the benediction, the assembly separated." And again, in the account of the Queen's visit to open the Aberdeen waterworks, "In 1862, the Police Commissioners, headed by the Provost, set themselves in earnest to the work of obtaining a new Police and Water act, and, succeeding in their labours, the splendid undertaking opened to-day is the result."

The notable and often exposed vulgarism "and which," or "and who," when no "which" or "who" has before occurred, seems as frequent as ever. This is an answer to an address presented to the Princess of Wales, and is the composition of an English nobleman:

"H. R. H. the Princess of Wales acknowledges, &c., *and for which she is profoundly recognisant.*"

I quote the following from a novel which shall be nameless: "His having been with Lorenzo at the time of his death, *and who* had wished to confess to him, raised him prodigiously in the opinion of all those who had been the admirers of that prince."

I have received a notice this very day from a London bookseller to this effect:

"A. B. C. begs to announce the above important contributions by Dr. T. to Biblical Criticism as nearly ready, *and which* he will have for sale as soon as published."

Mistakes in the arrangement of words and clauses are found in high quarters not less frequently than of old. In the *Times* of Saturday last, a paragraph is headed "The Late Queen's Huntsman," when "The Queen's Late Huntsman," is intended. A correspondent sends the following from a letter describing the great hurricane at Calcutta in 1864: "The great storm wave which passed up the lower Hooghly is said to have been of the height of a man at a distance of ten miles from the bed of the river."

The ignorant use of one word for another continues to give rise to curious mistakes. A letter to a newspaper says, "There is in the parish of Helmingham, Suffolk, an

ancient graveyard of human skeletons, bearing much resemblance to, *if not identical with* that mentioned in your impression on Thursday last as being recently discovered on the farm of Mr. Attrim at Stratfor-don-Avon."

In this sentence let me notice that "as being discovered" is also wrong. The writer meant, "as having been discovered."

The secretary of a railway publishes in the *Times* of Oct. 17, this year, the following notice. I suppose he is an Irishman. "The *present* service of trains between Three Bridges and East Grinstead, and the coach now running between Uckfield and Tunbridge Wells, *is now* discontinued."

In the leading article of the *Times*, the same day, appeared this sentence: "To our mind it was impossible to entertain any doubt on the subject, at least not since the intimation conveyed by the American minister." You will observe that there is here a "not" too much. The writer meant, "at least since the intimation, &c."

A correspondent sends me a very rich example of this confusion of ideas. It occurs in a leading article of the *Standard*: "The progress of science can neither be arrested nor controlled. Still less, perhaps, in this hurrying nineteenth century, can we expect to persuade men that, after all, the most haste may finally prove the worst speed, and that as a rule it must be of less importance to arrive at your journey's end quickly than it is not to arrive at all." Of course the writer meant, "than it is to make sure of arriving at all."

I have one or two more illustrations of the blunder of using one word when another is meant. In a well-known novel by one of our most popular writers, we read: "He had not learned the *heart* (*sic*) of assuming himself to be of importance wherever he might find himself."

This can hardly be a misprint.

In another novel of the day, we read: "For these pious purposes, a visible and attractive *presentiment* of the newly promoted Saint is indispensable."

The author meant "*presentment*": "*presentiment*" being a foreboding within the mind, not a demonstration before the eyes.

In the *Times* of April 20, of this year, we read: "The prisoners are allowed . . to receive food from their friends outside, an indulgence which has been in many instances abused by the *secretion* of tobacco and written communications in the food sent in."

Had the writer consulted his dictionary, he would have found that *secretion* means "that agency in the animal economy that consists in separating the various fluids of the body." He meant *secreting*."

If our last example presented a physical curiosity, our next even surpasses it. The *Times* Law report of Feb. 13, last year, told us of a plaintiff or defendant. "He, though a gentleman of property, was unhappily paralysed in his lower limbs." What a delightful idea this writer had of the usual exemption of the rich from the ills of humanity!

Nor does the level of physical intelligence rise in our next example, — an advertisement of Keating's Persian Insect-destroying powder. It states that "this powder is *quite harmless to animal life*, but is unrivalled in destroying fleas, bugs, flies, cockroaches, beetles, gnats, mosquitos, moths in furs, and every other species of insect." We thought we had more frequently found the converse mistake made, and the appellation "animals" applied somewhat exclusively to the unlovely genera here enumerated. The advertisement loses none of its richness as it proceeds: "Being the original importer of this article, which has found so great a sale that it has tempted others to vend a so-called article, the public are therefore cautioned to observe that the packets of the genuine powder bear the autograph of Thomas Keating."

One more specimen, and I have done.

"Notice. An advertisement headed Evans and Co., merchants, Shanghae, appears in the London *Daily Telegraph* of June 4th, intimating I was about, or had left, China. I beg to state, I never authorised H. Evans, baker and biscuit maker, to state I had, or intended leaving Shanghae. — John Deverill."

Well, my friends, our evening is over, and if it has amused you, and given you any hints leading to the sensible use of your own language, our purpose is answered. No further results are contemplated. We shall never persuade the *Times* to mend its ways in spelling; on Saturday last it made an English Bishop write of his "*diocess*," while I observe the adjective *diocesan* is commonly left in its correct form; and a few weeks since it spoke, in a leading article, of the book of Revelation*s*. Nor shall we be able to persuade the public to call the kings of Egypt Phar*ao*h and not Phar*oa*h. There are doubtless wise reasons for the constant preference of the latter form.

In this, as in some other matters, "Great is error, and it will prevail." For, as the most facetious of my former censors reminded me, "The progress of language is a thing far mightier than the breath of Deans."

THE STARLING.

BY NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D., EDITOR OF GOOD WORDS.

CHAPTER I.—ADAM MERCER, POACHER AND SOLDIER.

"THE man was ance a poacher!" So said, or rather breathed, Peter Smellie, grocer and elder, with his hard wheezing breath, into the ears of Robert Menzies, a brother elder, who was possessed of a more humane disposition. They were conversing in great confidence about the important "case" of Sergeant Adam Mercer. What that case was, the reader will learn by and by. The only reply of Robert Menzies was, "Is't possible!" accompanied by a start and a steady gaze at his well-informed brother. "It's a fac' I tell ye," continued Smellie, "but ye'll keep it to yersel'—keep it to yersel', for it doesna do to injure a brither wi'oot cause; yet it's richt ye should ken what a bad beginning our freen has had. Pit your thumb on't, however, in the *mean* time—keep it, as the minister says, *in retentis*, which I suppose means, till needed."

Smellie went on his way to attend to some parochial duty, nodding and smiling, and again admonishing his brother to "keep it to himsel'." He seemed unwilling to part with the copyright of such a spicy bit of gossip. Menzies repeated to himself, "A poacher! wha would have thocht it? Yet——" We shall not record the harmonies, real or imaginary, which Mr. Menzies so intuitively discovered between the early and latter habits of the Sergeant.

And yet the gossiping Smellie, whose nose had tracked out the history of many people in the parish of Drumsylie, was in this, as in most cases, accurately informed. The Sergeant of whom he spoke had been a poacher some thirty years before, in a district many miles away. The wonder is how Smellie had found the fact out, or how, if true, it could affect the present character or position of one of the best men in the parish; yet true it was, and it is as well to confess it, not with the view of excusing it, but only to account for Mercer's having become a soldier, and to show how one, "meek as a sheathed sword" in his later years, had in his earlier ones been possessed of a very keen and ardent temperament, whose ruling passion was the love of excitement, in the shape of battle with game and keepers. We accidentally heard the whole story, truly told, and, on account of other circumstances in the Sergeant's later history, it interested us more than we fear it can do our readers.

Mercer did not care for money, nor seek to make a trade of the unlawful pleasure of shooting without a license. Nor in the district in which he lived was the offence then looked upon in a light so very disreputable as it is now; neither was it pursued by the same disreputable class. The sport itself was what Mercer loved for its own sake. and it had become to him quite a passion, For two or three years he had frequently transgressed, but he was at last caught on the early dawn of a summer's morning by the well-known John Spence, who for many years protected the game on the lands of Lord——. John had many assistant keepers, from whom he received reports every now and again of some unknown and mysterious poacher who had hitherto eluded every attempt to seize him. Though rather old for active service, Spence resolved to concentrate all his experience—for, like many a thoroughbred keeper, he had himself been a poacher in his youth—on the securing of Adam Mercer; but how he did so it would take pages to tell. Adam never suspected John of troubling himself about such details as watching poachers, and John never suspected that Adam was *the* poacher; for the keeper was cousin-german to Mercer's mother, and he therefore felt his own credit and honor involved in the capture. The capture itself was not difficult; for John having lain in wait suddenly confronted Adam, who, scorning the idea of flying, much more of struggling with his old cousin, quietly accosted him with, "Weel, John, ye hae catched me at last."

"Adam Mercer!" exclaimed the keeper, with a look of horror. "It canna be you! It's no' possible!"

"It's just me, John, and no mistak'," said Adam, quietly throwing himself down on the heather and twisting a bit about his finger. "For better or waur, I'm in yer power; but had I been a ne'er-do-weel, like Willy Steel, or Tam McGrath, I'd have blackened my face and whammel'd ye ower and pit your head in a well-ee afore ye could cheep as loud as a stane-chucker; but when I saw wha ye war, I gied in."

"I wad raither than a five-pun-note I had never seen yer face! Keep us! what's to be dune! What wull yer mither say? and his Lordship? Na, what wull onybody say wi' a spark o' decency when they hear——"

"Dinna fash yer thoomb, John; tak' me and send me to the jail."

"The jail! What gude will that do to you or me, laddie? I'm clean donnered about the business. Let me sit down aside ye; keep laigh, in case the keepers see ye, and tell me by what misshanter ye ever took to this wicked business, and under *my* nose, as if *I* couldna fin' ye oot!"

"Sport, sport!" was Mercer's reply. "Ye ken, John, I'm a shoemaker, and it's a dull trade, and squeezing the clams against the wame is ill, they tell me, for digestion; and when that fails, ane's speerits fail, and the warld gets black and dull; and when things wad be thus gaun wrang wi' me, I couldna flee to drink: but I thocht o' the moors that I kent sae weel when my faither was a keeper to Murray o'Cultrain. Ye mind my faither? was he no a han' at a gun!"

"He was that—the verra best," said John.

"Aweel," continued Adam, "I used, when doon in the mouth and dowie, to ponder ower the braw days o' health and life I had when carrying his bag, and getting a shot noos and thans as a reward; and it's a truth I tell ye, that the *whirr kick-ic-ic* o' a covey o' muirfowl aye pits my bluid in a tingle. It's a sort o' madness that I canna accoont for; but I think I'm no responsible for't. Paitricks are maist as bad, though turnips and stubble are no to be compared wi' the heather, nor walkin' amang them like the far-aff braes, the win'y taps o' the hills, or the lown glens. Mony a time I hae promised to drap the gun and stick to the last, but when I'm no' weel and wauken and see the gun glintin', and think o' the wide bleak muirs, and the fresh caller air o' the hill, wi' the scent o' the braes, and hear thae whirrin' cratures—man, I canna help it! I spring up and grasp the gun, and I'm aff!"

The reformed poacher and keeper listened with a poorly-concealed smile, and said "Nae doot, nae doot, Adam; it's a' natural—I'm no' denying that; it's a glorious business; in fac', it's jist pairt o' every man that has a steady han' and a guid e'e and a feelin' heart. Ay, ay. But, Adam, were ye no frichtened?"

"For what?"

"For the keepers!"

"The keepers! Eh, John, that's half the sport! The thocht o' dodgin' keepers, jinkin' them roon hills, and doon glens, and lyin' amang the muir-hags, and nickin' a brace or twa, and then fleein' like mad doon aen brae and up anither; and keekin' here and creepin' there, and cowerin' alang a fail dyke, and scuddin' thro' the wood—that's mair than half the life o't, John! I'm no sure if I could shoot the birds if they were a' in my ain kail-yaird, and my ain property, and if I paid for them!"

"I' faith," said John, taking a snuff and handing the box to Adam, "it's human natur'! But, ye ken, human natur's wicked, desperately wicked! and afore I was a keeper my natur' was fully as wicked as yours,—fully, Adam, if no waur. But I hae repentted ever since I was made keeper; and I wadna like to hinder your repentance. Na, na. We mauna be ower prood! Sae I'll——Wait a bit, man, be canny till I see if ony o' the lads are in sicht;" and John peeped over a knoll, and cautiously looked around in every direction until satisfied that he was alone. "—I'll no mention this job," he continued, "if ye'll promise me, Adam, never to try this wark again; for it's no respectable; and, warst o' a', it's no' safe, and ye wad get me into a habble as weel as yersel; sae promise me, like a guid cousin, as I may say, and then just creep doon the burn, and along the plantin', and ower the wa', till ye get intil the peat road, and be aff; but I canna wi' conscience let ye tak the birds wi' ye."

Adam thought a little, and said, "Ye're a gude sowl, John, and I'll no' betray ye." After a while he added, gravely, "But I maun kill something. It's no in my heart as wickedness; but my fingers maun draw a trigger." After a pause, he continued, "Gie's yer hand, John; ye hae been a frien' to me, and I'll be a man o' honor to you. I'll never poach mair, but I'll 'list and be a sodger!"

"A sodger!" exclaimed John.

But Adam, after seizing John by the

hand and saying, "Good-bye!" suddenly started off down the glen, leaving two brace of grouse, with his gun, at John's feet; as much as to say, Tell my lord how you caught the wicked poacher, and how he fled the country.

John told how he had caught a poacher, but never gave his name, nor ever hinted that Adam was the man.

It was thus Adam Mercer poached and enlisted.

One evening I was at the house of a magistrate with whom I was acquainted, when a man named Andrew Dick called to get my friend's signature to his pension paper. I am fond of old soldiers, and never fail when an opportunity offers to have a talk with them about "the wars." Dick had been through the whole Peninsular campaign, with what credit I cannot tell. But on the evening in question, my friend Findlay, the magistrate, happened to say in a bluff kindly way, "Don't spend your pension in drink."

Dick replied, saluting him, "It's very hard, sir, that after fighting the battles of our country, we should be looked upon as 'worthless,' by gentlemen like you."

"No, no, Dick, I never said you were worthless," was the reply.

"Please, yer honor," said Dick, "ye did not *say* it, but I consider any man who spends his money in drink *is* worthless, and, what is mair, a fool — that's to say, he has no recovery in him, no supports to fall back on, but is in full retreat, as we would say, from decency.

"But you know," said my friend, looking kindly on Dick, "the bravest soldiers, and none were braver than those who served in the Peninsula, often exceeded fearfully — shamefully, and were a disgrace to humanity."

"Well," replied Dick, "it's no easy to make evil good; but yet ye forget our difficulties and temptations. Consider only, sir, that there we were, not in bed for months and months; marching at all hours; ill-fed, ill-clothed, and uncertain of life — which I assure your honor makes men indifferent to it; and we had often to get our mess as we best could, — sometimes a tough steak out of a dead horse or dead mule, for when the beast was skinned and dead it was difficult to make out its kind; and after toiling and moiling, up and down, here and there and everywhere, summer and winter, when at last we took a town with blood and wounds, and when a cask of wine or spirits fell in our way, I don't believe that you, sir, or the justices of the peace, or, with reverence be it spoken, the ministers themselves, would have said 'No,' to a drop, and perhaps to more than was good for them. You'll excuse me, sir; I'm free with you."

"I didn't mean to lecture you, or to blame you, Dick, for I know the army is not the place for Christians."

"Begging your honor's pardon, sir," said Dick, "the best Christians I ever knowed were in the army, men who would do their dooty to their king, their country, and their God."

"You have known such?" I asked, breaking into the conversation to turn it aside from what threatened to be a dispute.

"I have, sir! There's one Adam Mercer, in your own town, an elder of your Church — excuse me, sir, I'm a dissenter on principle — for I consider ——"

"Go on, Dick, about Mercer; never mind your church principles."

"Well, sir, as I was saying — though, mind you, I'm not ashamed of being a dissenter — Adam was our sergeant; and a worthier man never shouldered a bayonet. He was no great speaker, and was quiet as his gun when piled; but when he shot — he shot! short and pithy, a crack, and 'right into the argument. He was well respeckit, for he was just and mercifu' — never bothered the men, and never picked oot fauts, but covered them; never preached, but could gie an advice in two or three words that gripped firm aboot the heart and took the breath frae ye. He was extraordinar' brave! If there was any work to do by ordinar', up to leading a forlorn hope, Adam was sure to be on't; and them that kent him, even better than me, said that he never got courage frae brandy — altho' that has its ain gude in *my* opinion — but, as they assured me, though ye'll maybe no believe it, his preparation was a prayer! I canna tell how they found this oot, for Adam was unco quiet; but they say a drummer catched him on his knees afore he mounted the ladder wi' Cansh at the siege of Badajoz, and that Adam telt him no to say a word aboot it, but yet to tak his advice and seek God's help mair than man's."

This narrative interested me much, so that I remembered its facts, and connected them with what I afterwards heard about Adam Mercer many years ago, when on a visit to Drumsylie.

CHAPTER II. — THE ELDER AND HIS STARLING.

When Adam Mercer returned from the wars, nearly half a century ago, he settled in the village of Drumsylie, situated in a remote district in the northern parts of Scotland, and about twenty miles from the scene of his poaching habits, of which he had long ago repented. His hot young blood had been cooled down by hard service, and his vehement temperament subdued by military discipline; but there remained an admirable mixture in him of deepest feeling, regulated by habitual self-restraint, and expressed in a manner outwardly calm but not cold, undemonstrative but not unkind. His whole bearing was that of a man accustomed at once to command and to obey. Corporal Dick had not formed a wrong estimate of his Christianity. The lessons taught by his mother, whom he fondly loved, and whom he had in her widowhood supported to the utmost of his means from pay and prize-money, and her example of a simple, cheerful, and true life, had sunk deeper than he knew into his heart, and, taking root, had sprung up amidst the stormy scenes of war, bringing forth the fruits of stern self-denial and moral courage tempered by strong social affections.

Adam had resumed his old trade of shoemaker, occupying a small cottage, which, with the aid of a poor old woman in the neighborhood, who for an hour morning and evening did the work of a servant, he kept with singular neatness His little parlor was ornamented with several memorials of the war — a sword or two picked up on memorable battlefields; a French cuirass from Waterloo, with a gaudy print of Wellington, and one also of the meeting with Blucher at La Belle Alliance.

The Sergeant attended the parish church as regularly as he used to do parade. Any one could have set his watch by the regularity of his movements on Sunday mornings. At the same minute on each succeeding day of holy rest and worship, the tall, erect figure, with well-braced shoulders, might be seen stepping out of the cottage door — where he stood erect for a moment to survey the weather — dressed in the same suit of black trousers, brown surtout, buff waistcoat, black stock, white cotton gloves, with a yellow cane under his arm — everything so neat and clean, from the polished boots to the polished hat, from the well-brushed grey whiskers to the well-arranged locks that met in a peak over his high forehead and soldierlike face. Never was there a more sedate or attentive listener.

There were few week days, and no Sunday evenings, on which the Sergeant did not pay a visit to some neighbor confined to bed from sickness, or suffering from distress of some kind. He manifested rare tact — made up of common sense and genuine benevolence — on such occasions. His strong sympathies put him instantly *en rapport* with those whom he visited, enabling him at once to meet them on some common ground. Yet in whatever way the Sergeant began his intercourse, whether by listening patiently —and what a comfort such listening silence is! — to the history of the sickness or the sorrow which had induced him to enter the house, or by telling some of his own adventures, or by reading aloud the newspaper — he in the end managed with perfect naturalness to convey truths of weightiest import, and fraught with enduring good and comfort — all backed up by a humanity, an unselfishness, and a gentlemanlike respect for others, which made him a most welcome guest. The humble were made glad, and the proud were subdued — they knew not how, nor probably did the Sergeant himself, for he but felt aright and acted as he felt, rather than endeavored to devise a plan as to *how* he should speak or act in order to produce some definite result. He numbered many true friends; but it was not possible for him to avoid being secretly disliked by those with whom, from their character, he would not associate, or whom he tacitly rebuked by his orderly life and good manners.

Two events, in no way connected, but both of some consequence to the Sergeant, turned the current of his life after he had resided a few years in Drumsylie. One was, that by the unanimous choice of the congregation, to whom the power was committed by the minister and his Kirk Session, Mercer was elected to the office of elder in the parish.* This was a most unexpected compliment, but one which the Sergeant for a time declined; indeed, accepted it only after many arguments addressed to his sense

* Every congregation in the Church of Scotland is governed by a court, recognized by civil law, composed of the minister, who acts as "Moderator," and has only a casting vote, and elders ordained to the office, which is for life. This court determines, subject to appeals to higher courts, who are to receive the Sacrament, and all cases of church discipline. No lawyer is allowed to plead in it. Its freedom from civil consequences is secured by law. In many cases it also takes charge of the poor. The eldership has been an unspeakable blessing to Scotland.

of duty, and enforced by pressing personal reasons brought to bear on his kind heart by his minister, Mr. Porteous.

The other event, of equal — may we not safely say of greater importance to him? — was his marriage! We shall not weary the reader by telling him how this came about; or by tracing out all the subtle magic ways by which a woman worthy to be loved untwined the cords that had hitherto bound the Sergeant's heart; or how she alone tapped the deep well of his affections into which the purest drops had for years been falling, until it gushed out with a freshness, fulness, and strength, which are, perhaps, oftenest to be found in an old heart, when it is touched by one whom it dares to love, as that old heart of Adam Mercer's required to do if it loved at all.

Katie Mitchell was out of her teens when Adam, in a happy moment of his life, met her in the house of her widowed mother, who was confined to a bed of feebleness and pain for years, and whom she had attended, with a patience, cheerfulness, and unwearied goodness which makes many a humble and unknown home a very Eden of beauty and peace. Her father had been a leading member of a very strict Presbyterian body, called the "Old Light," in which he shone with a brightness which no church on earth could of itself either kindle or extinguish; and when it passed out of the earthly dwelling, it left a subdued glory behind it which never passed away. "Faither" was always an authority with Katie and her mother, his ways a constant teaching, and his words an enduring strength, for they were echoes from the Rock of Ages.

The marriage took place after the death of Katie's mother, and soon after Adam had been ordained to the eldership.

A boy was born to the worthy couple, and named Charles, after the Sergeant's father.

It was a sight to banish bachelorship from the world, to watch the joy of the Sergeant with Charlie, from the day he experienced the new and indescribable feelings of being a father, until the flaxen-haired blue-eyed boy was able to *toddle* to him, be received into his waiting arms, and then mounted on his shoulders, while he stepped round the room to the tune of the old familiar regimental march, performed by him with half whistle half trumpet tones, which vainly expressed the roll of the band that crashed harmoniously in memory's ear. Katie "didna let on" her motherly pride and delight at the spectacle, which never became stale or common-place.

Adam had a weakness for pets. Dare we call such tastes a weakness, and not rather a minor part of his religion, which included within its scope a love of domestic animals, in whom he saw, in their willing dependence on himself, a reflection of more than they could ever know, or himself fully understand? At the time we write, a starling was his friend, but one neither deaf nor dumb. This starling had been caught and tamed for his boy Charlie. He had taught the creature with greatest care to speak with precision. It's first, and most important lesson, was, "I'm Charlie's bairn." And one can picture the delight with which the child heard this innocent confession, as the bird put his head askance, looked at him with his round full eye, and in clear accents acknowledged his parentage; "I'm Charlie's bairn!" The boy fully appreciated his feathered confidant, and soon began to look to him as essential to his daily enjoyment. The Sergeant had also taught the starling to repeat the words, "A man's a man for a' that," and to sing a bar or two of the ditty, "Wha'll be king but Charlie."

Katie had more than once confessed that she "wasna unco fond o' this kind o' diversion;" had pronounced it to be "neither natural nor canny," and had earnestly remonstrated with the Sergeant for what she called his "idle, foolish, and even profane" painstaking in teaching the bird. But one night, when the Sergeant announced that the education of the starling was complete, she became more vehement than usual on this assumed perversion of the will of Providence. "Nothing," he said, "could be more beautiful than his 'A man's a man for a' that.'" Katie said "The mair's the pity, Adam! Its wrang — clean wrang — I tell ye; and ye'll live to rue it. What right has *he* to speak? cock him up wi' his impudence! There's many a bairn aulder than him canna speak sae weel. It's no a safe business, I can tell you, Adam."

"Gi' ower, gi' ower, woman," said the Sergeant; "the cratur' has its ain gifts, as we hae ours, and I'm thankfu' for them. It does me mair gude than ye can see when I tak' the boy on my lap, and see hoo his e'e blinks, and his bit feet gang, and hoo he laughs when he hears the bird say, 'I'm Charlie's bairn.' It's a real blessing to me, for it makes our bonnie bairn happy. And when I'm cutting, and stitching, and hammering, at the window, and dreaming o' auld langsyne, and fechting my battles ower again, and when I think o' this and that awfu' time that I have seen wi' brave comrades noo lying in some neuk in Spain; and when I hear the roar o' the big guns, and the splut-

tering crackle o' the wee anes, and see the crowd o' red coats, and the flashing o' bayonets, and the awfu' hell — excuse me — o' the fecht, I tell you its like a sermon to me when the cratur' says, 'A man's a man for a' that!'" The Sergeant would say this, standing up, and erect, with one foot forward as if at the first step of the scaling ladder. "Mind you, Katie, that it's no' every man that's 'a man for a' that;' but mair than ye wad believe are a set o' fushionless, water gruel, useless cloots, cauld sowans, when it comes to the real bit — the grip atween life and death! O ye wad wunner, woman, hoo mony men when on parade, or when singing sangs aboot the war, are gran' hands, but wha lie flat as scones on the grass when they see the cauld iron! Gie me the man that does his duty, whether he meets man or deevil — that's the man for me in war or peace; and that's the reason I teached the bird thae words. It's a testimony for auld friends that I focht wi', and that I'll never forget — no, never! Dinna be sair, gudewife, on the puir bird." — "Eh, Katie," he added, one night, when the bird had retired to roost, "just look at the cratur'! Is'na he beautifu'? There he sits on his *bawk* as roon as a clew, an' his bit head under his wing, dreaming aboot the woods maybe — or aboot wee Charlie — or aiblins aboot naething. But he is God's ain bird, wonderfu' and fearfully made."

Still Katie, feeling that "a principle" — as she *à la mode*, called her opinion — was involved in the bird's linguistic habits, would still maintain her cause with the same arguments, put in a variety of forms. "Na, na, Adam!" she would persistingly affirm, "I *will* say that for a sensible man an' an elder o' the kirk ye'r ower muckle ta'en up wi' that cratur'. I'll stick to it, that it's no fair, no richt, but a mockery o' man. I'm sure faither wadna have pitten up wi't."

"Dinna be fleyting on the wee thing wi' its speckled breast and bonnie e'e. Charlie's bairn, ye ken — mind that!"

"I'm no fleyting on him, for it's you, no him, that's wrang. Mony a time when I spak to you mysel', ye were as deaf as a door nail to *me*, and could hear naething in the house but that wee neb o' his fechting awa' wi' its lesson. Na, ye needna glower at me, and look sae astonished, for I'm perfect serious."

"Ye're speaking perfect nonsense, gudewife, let me assure you; and I *am* astonished at ye," replied Adam, resuming his work on the bench.

"I'm no sich a thing, Adam, as spakin' nonsense," retorted his wife, sitting down with her seam beside him. "I ken mair aboot they jabbering birds maybe than yersel'. For I'll never forget an awfu' job wi' ane o' them that made a stramash atween Mr. Carruthers, our Auld Licht minister, and Willy Jamieson the Customer Weaver. The minister happened to be veesitin in Willy's house, and exhorting him and some neebours that had gaithered ben to hear. Weel, what hae ye o't, but ane o' they parrots, or Kickcuckkoo birds — or hoo d'ye ca' them? — had been brocht hame by Willy's brither's son — him that was in the Indies — and didna this cratur' cry oot 'Stap yer blethers?' just ahint the minister, wha gied sic a loup, and thocht it a cunning device o' Satan!"

"Gudewife, gudewife!" struck in the Sergeant, as he turned to her with a laugh. "O dinna blether yoursel', for ye never did it afore. They micht hae hung the birdcage oot while the minister was in. But what had the puir bird to do wi' Satan or religion? Wae's me for the religion that could be hurt by a bird's cracks! The cratur' didna ken what it was saying."

"Didna ken what it was saying!" exclamed Katie, with evident amazement. "I tell you, I've see'd it mony a time, and heard it, too; and it was a hantle sensibler than maist bairns ten times its size. I was watching it that day when it disturbed Mr. Carruthers, and I see'd it looking roon, and winkin' its een, and scartin' its head long afore it spak; and it tried its tongue — and black it was, as ye micht expek, and dry as ben leather — three or four times afore it got a sound oot; and tho' a' the forenoon it had never spak a word, yet when the minister began, its tongue was lowsed, and it yoked on him wi' its gowk's sang, 'Stap yer blethers, stap yer blethers!" It was maist aufu' to hear it! I maun alloo, hooever, that it cam' frae a heathen land, and wasna therefore sae muckle to be blamed. But I couldna mak' the same excuse for *your* bird, Adam!"

A loud laugh from Adam proved at once to Katie that she had neither offended nor convinced him by her arguments.

But all real or imaginary differences between the Sergeant and his wife about the starling, ended with the death of their boy. What that was to them both, parents only who have lost a child — an only child — can tell. It "cut up," as they say, the Sergeant terribly. Katie seemed suddenly to become old. She kept all her boy's clothes in a press, and it was her wont for a time to open it as if for worship, every night, and to "get her greet out." The Sergeant

never looked into it, but read his Book at the fireside, put his mark into it, prayed, and went to bed in peace. Once, when his wife awoke and found him weeping bitterly, he told his first and only fib; for he said that he had an excruciating headache. A headache! He would no more have wept for a headache of his own than he would for one endured by his old foe, Napoleon.

This great bereavement made the starling a painful but almost a holy remembrancer of the child. "I'm Charlie's bairn!" was a death knell in the house. When repeated no comment was made. It was generally heard in silence; but one day, Adam and his wife were sitting at the fireside taking their meal in a sad mood and the starling, perhaps under the influence of hunger, or, who knows, from an uneasy instinctive sense of the absence of the child, began to repeat rapidly the sentence, "I'm Charlie's bairn!" The Sergeant rose and went to its cage with some food, and said, with as much earnestness as if the bird had understood him, "Ay, yer jist *his* bairn, and ye'll be *my* bairn too as long as ye live!"

"A man's a man for a' that!" quoth the bird.

"Maybe," murmured the Sergeant.

CHAPTER III. — THE SERGEANT AND HIS STARLING IN TROUBLE.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning in spring. The dew was glittering on every blade of grass; the trees were bursting into buds for coming leaves, or into flower for coming fruit; the birds were "busy in the wood" building their nests, and singing jubilate; the streams were flashing to the sea; the clouds, moisture laden, were flying across the blue heavens driven by the winds; and signs of life and joy filled the earth and sky.

The Sergeant hung out Charlie in his cage to enjoy the air and sunlight. He had not of late been so lively as usual; his confession as to his parentage was more hesitating; and when giving his testimony as to a man being a man, or as to the exclusive right of Charlie to be king, he often paused as if in doubt. All his utterances were accompanied by a spasmodic chirp and jerk, evidencing a great indifference to humanity. A glimpse of nature might possibly recover him. And so it did; for he had not been long outside until he began to spread his wings and tail feathers to the warm sun, and to pour out more confessions and testimonies than had been heard for weeks.

Charlie soon gathered round him a crowd of young children with rosy faces and tattered garments, who had clattered down from lanes and garrets to listen to his performances. Every face in the group became a picture of wonder and delight, as intelligible sounds were heard coming from a hard bill; and any one of the crowd would have sold all he had on earth — not a great sacrifice, after all: I should say about a penny at most — to possess such a bird. "D'ye hear it, Archie?" a boy would say, lifting up his little brother on his shoulder, to be near the cage. Another would repeat the words uttered by the distinguished speaker, and direct attention to them. Then, when all were hushed into silent and eager expectancy, awaiting the next oracular statement, and the starling repeated "I'm Charlie's bairn!" and whistled "Wha'll be King but Charlie!" a shout of joyous merriment followed, with sundry imitations of the bird's peculiar guttural and rather rude pronunciation. "It's a witch, I'll wager!" one boy exclaimed. "Dinna say that," replied another, "for wee Charlie's dead." Yet it would be difficult to trace any logical contradiction between the supposed and real fact.

The audience was disturbed by the sudden and unexpected appearance, from round the corner, of a rather portly man, dressed in black clothes; his head erect; his face intensely grave; an umbrella, handle foremost, under his right arm; his left arm swinging like a pendulum; a pair of black spats covering broad flat feet, that advanced with the regular beat of slow music, and seemed to impress the pavement with their weight. This was the Rev. Daniel Porteous, the parish minister.

No sooner did he see the crowd of children gathered at the elder's house than he paused for a moment, as if he had unexpectedly come across the execution of a criminal; and no sooner did the children see him, than with a terrified shout of "There's the minister!" they ran off as if they had seen a wild beast, leaving one or two of the younger ones sprawling and bawling on the road, their natural protectors being far too intent on saving their own lives to think of those of their nearest relatives.

The sudden dispersion of these lambs by the shepherd soon attracted the attention of their parents; and accordingly several half-clad, slatternly women rushed from their

respective "closes." Flying to the rescue of their children, they carried some and dragged others to their several corners within the dark caves. But while rescuing their wicked cubs, they religiously beat them, and manifested their zeal by many stripes, and not a few admonitions: — "Tak' that — and that — and that — ye bad, bad, wicked wean!" "Hoo daur ye! I'll gie ye yer pay, I'se warrant ye!" &c. &c. These were some of the motherly teachings to the terrified babes; while cries of "Archie!" "Peter!" "Jamie!" with threatening shakes of the fist, and commands to come home "immediately," were addressed to the elder ones, who had run off to a safe distance. One tall woman, whose dusty brown hair escaped from beneath a cap black enough to give one the impression that she was humbling herself in sackcloth and ashes, proved the strength of her convictions by complaining very vehemently to Mr. Porteous of the Sergeant for having thrown such a temptation as the starling in the way of her children, whom she loved so tenderly and wished to bring up so piously. All the time she held a child firmly by the hand, who attempted to hide its face and tears from the minister. Her zeal we must assume was very real, since her boy had clattered off from the cage on shoes made by the Sergeant, which his mother had never paid for, nor was likely to do now, for conscience sake, on account of this bad conduct of the shoemaker. We do not affirm that Mrs. Dalrymple never *liquidated* her debts, but she did so after her own fashion.

It was edifying to hear other mothers declare their belief that their children had been at the morning Sabbath School, and now express wonder and anger at their absence from it; more especially as this — the only day, of course, on which it had occurred — should be the day that the Minister accidentally passed to church along their street!

The Minister listened to the story of their good intentions and of the ill doings of his elder with an uneasy look, but promised speedy redress.

Mr. Porteous had been minister of the parish for upwards of thirty years. Previously he had been tutor in the family of a small laird who had political interest in those old times; and through his influence with the patron of the parish, he had obtained the living of Drumsylie. He was a man of unimpeachable character. No one could charge him with any act throughout his whole life inconsistent with the "walk and conversation" becoming his profession. He performed all the duties of his office with the regularity of a well-adjusted, well-oiled machine. He visited the sick, and spoke the right words to the afflicted, the widow, and the orphan, very much in the same calm, regular, and orderly manner in which he addressed the Presbytery or wrote out a minute of Kirk Session. Never did a man possess a larger or better-assorted collection of what he called "principles" in the carefully-locked cabinet of his brain, applicable at any moment to any given ecclesiastical or theological question. He made no distinction between "principles" and his own mere opinions. The *dixit* of truth and his *ipse dixit* were looked upon by him as one. He had never been accused of error on any point, however trivial, except on one occasion in the Presbytery, when a learned clerk of great authority interrupted his speech by suggesting that their respected friend was speaking heresey. Mr. Porteous exclaimed, to the satisfaction of all, "I was not aware of it, Moderator! but if such is the opinion of the Presbytery, I have no hesitation in instantly withdrawing my unfortunate and unintentional assertion." His mind ever after was a round, compact ball of worsted, wound up, and "made up." The glacier, clear, cold, and stern, descends into the valley full of human habitations, corn-fields, and vineyards, with flowers and fruit-trees on every side; and though its surface melts occasionally, it remains the glacier still. So it was with him. He preached the truth — truth which is the world's life and which stirs the angels — but he did so very much as a telegraphic wire transmits the most momentous intelligence; and he held the truth very much as a sparrow grasps the wire by which the message is conveyed. The parish looked up to him, obeyed him, feared him, and so respected him that they were hardly conscious of not quite loving him. Nor was he conscious of this blank in their feelings; for feelings and tender affections were in his estimation generally dangerous and always weak commodities, — a species of womanly sentimentalism, and apt sometimes to be rebellious against his "principles," as the stream will sometimes overflow the rocky sides that hem it in and direct its course. It would be wrong to deny that he possessed his own "fair humanities." He had friends who sympathized with him; and followers who thankfully accepted him as a safe light to guide them, and as one stronger than themselves to lean on, and as one whose word was law to them.

To all such he was bland and courteous; and in their society he would even relax, and indulge in such anecdotes and laughter as bordered on genuine hilarity. As to what was deepest and truest in the man we know not, but we believe there was real good beneath the wood, hay and stubble of formalism and pedantry. There was doubtless a kernel within the hard shell, if only the shell could be cracked. Might not this be done? We shall see.

It was this worthy man who, after visiting a sick parishioner, suddenly came round the corner of the street in which the Sergeant lived. He was, as we said, on his way to church, and the bell had not yet begun to ring for morning worship. Before entering the Sergeant's house (to do which, after the scene he had witnessed, was recognized by him to be an important duty), he went up to the cage to make himself acquainted with all the facts of the case, so as to proceed with it regularly. He accordingly put on his spectacles and looked at the bird, and the bird, without any spectacles, returned the inquiring gaze with most wonderful composure. Walking sideways along his perch, until near the minister, he peered at him full in the face, and confessed that he was Charlie's bairn. Then, after a preliminary *kic* and *kirr*, as if clearing his throat, he whistled two bars of the air, "Wha'll be King but Charlie!" and, concluding with his aphorism, "A man's a man for a' that!" he whetted his beak and retired to feed in the presence of the church dignitary.

"I could not have believed it!" exclaimed the minister, as he walked into the Sergeant's house, with a countenance by no means indicating the sway of amiable feelings.

The Sergeant and his wife, after having joined, as was their wont, in quiet morning worship, had retired, to prepare for church, to their bedroom in the back part of the cottage, and the door was shut. Not until a loud knock was twice repeated on the kitchen-table, did the Sergeant emerge in his shirt sl.eves to reply to the unexpected summons. His surprise was great as he exclaimed, "Mr. Porteous! can it be you? Beg pardon, sir, if I have kept you waiting; please be seated. No bad news, I hope?"

Mr. Porteous, with a cold nod, and remaining where he stood, pointed with his umbrella to the cage hanging outside the window, and asked the Sergeant if that was his bird.

"It is, sir," replied the Sergeant, more puzzled than ever; "it is a favorite starling of mine, and I hung it out this morning to enjoy the air, because"——

"You need not proceed, Mr. Mercer," interrupted the minister; "it is enough for me to know from yourself that you acknowledge that bird as yours, and that *you* hung it there."

"There is no doubt about that, sir; and what then? I really am puzzled to know why you ask," said the Sergeant.

"I won't leave you long in doubt upon that point," continued the minister, more stern and calm if possible than before, "nor on some others which it involves."

Katie, at this crisis of the conversation, joined them in her black silk gown. She entered the kitchen with a familiar smile and respectful curtsey, and approached the minister, who, barely noticing her, resumed his subject. Katie, somewhat bewildered, sat down in the large chair beside the fire, watching the scene with curious perplexity.

"Are you aware, Mr. Mercer, of what has just happened?" inquired the minister.

"I do not take you up, sir," replied the Sergeant.

"Well, then, as I approached your house a crowd of children were gathered round that cage, laughing and singing, with evident enjoyment, and disturbing the neighborhood by their riotous proceedings, thus giving pain and grief to their parents, who have complained loudly to me of the injury done to their most sacred feelings and associations by *you* —— please, please, don't interrupt me, Mr. Mercer; I have a duty to perform, and shall finish presently."

The Sergeant bowed, folded his arms, and stood erect. Katie covered her face with her hands, and exclaimed, "Tuts, tuts, I'm real sorry — tuts."

"I went up to the cage," said Mr. Porteous, continuing his narrative, "and narrowly inspected the bird. To my — what shall I call it? astonishment? or shame and confusion? — I heard it utter such distinct and articulate sounds as convinced me beyond all possibility of doubt — yet you smile, sir, at my statement! — that"——

"Tuts, Adam, it's dreadfu'!" ejaculated Katie.

"That the bird," continued the minister, "*must* have been either taught by you, or with your approval; and having so instructed this creature, you hang it out on this, the Sabbath morning, to whistle and to speak, in order to insult — yes, sir, I use the word advisedly" ——

"Never, sir!" said the Sergeant, with a calm and firm voice; "never, sir, did I intentionally insult mortal man."

"I have nothing to do with your intentions, but with *facts;* and the fact is, you did insult, sir, every feeling the most sacred, besides injuring the religious habits of the young. *You* did this, an elder — *my* elder, this day, to the great scandal of religion."

The Sergeant never moved, but stood before his minister as he would have done before his general, calm, in the habit of respectful obedience to those having authority. Poor Katie acted as a sort of *chorus* at the fireside.

"I never thocht it would come to this," she exclaimed, twisting her fingers. "Oh! it's a pity! Sirs a day! Waes me! Sic a day as I have lived to see! Speak, Adam!" at length she said, as if to relieve her misery.

The silence of Adam so far helped the minister as to give him time to breathe, and to think. He believed that he had made an impression on the Sergeant, and that it was possible things might not be so bad as they had looked. He hoped, and wished, to put them right, and desired to avoid any serious quarrel with Mercer, whom he really respected as one of his best elders, and as one who had never given him any trouble or uneasiness, far less opposition. Adam, on the other hand, had been so suddenly and unexpectedly attacked, that he hardly knew for a moment what to say or do. Once or twice the old ardent temperament made him feel something at his throat, such as used to be there when the order to prepare to charge was given, or the command to form square and receive cavalry. But the habits of "drill" and the power of passive endurance came to his aid, along with a higher principle that flowed into the earthly mould thus prepared for it. He remained silent. When the steam had roared off, and the ecclesiastical boiler of Mr. Porteous was relieved from extreme pressure, he began to simmer, and to be more quiet about the funnel-head.

Sitting down, and so giving evidence of his being at once fatigued and mollified, he resumed his discourse. "Sergeant" — he had hitherto addressed him as Mr. Mercer — "Sergeant, you know my respect for you. I will say that a better man, a more attentive hearer, a more decided and consistent churchman, and a more faithful elder, I have not in my parish" ——

Adam bowed.

"Be also seated," said the minister.

"Thank you, sir," said Adam, "I would rather stand."

"I will after all give you credit for not intending to do this evil which I complain of; I withdraw the appearance even of making any such charge," said Mr. Porteous, as if asking a question.

After a brief silence, the Sergeant said, "You have given me great pain, Mr. Porteous."

"How so, Adam?" — still more softened.

"It is great pain, sir, to have one's character doubted," replied Adam.

"But have I not cause?" inquired the minister.

"You are of course the best judge, Mr. Porteous; but I frankly own to you that the possibility of there being any harm in teaching a bird never occurred to me."

"Oh, Adam!" exclaimed Katie, "I ken it was aye *your* mind that, but it wasna mine, although at last" ——

"Let me alone, Katie, just now," quietly remarked Adam.

"What of the scandal? what of the scandal?" struck in the minister. "I have no time to discuss details this morning; the bells have begun."

"Well, then," said the Sergeant, "I was not aware of the disturbance in the street which you have described; I never, certainly, could have intended *that.* I was, at the time, in the bedroom, and never knew of it. Believe me when I say't, that no man lives who would feel mair pain than I would in being the occasion even of leading any one to break the Lord's day by word or deed, more especially the young; and the young aboot our doors are amang the warst. And as to my showing disrespect to you, sir! — that never could be my intention."

"I believe you, Adam, I believe you; but" ——

"Ay, weel ye may," chimed in Katie, now weeping as she saw some hope of peace; "for he's awfu' taen up wi' guid, is Adam, though I say it."

"Oh, Katie; dinna, woman, fash yersel' wi' me," interpolated Adam.

"Though I say't that shouldna say't," continued Katie, "I'm sure he has the greatest respec' for you, sir. He'll do onything to please you that's possible, and to mak' amends for this great misfortun'."

"Of that I have no doubt — no doubt whatever, Mrs. Mercer," said Mr. Porteous, kindly; "and I wished, in order that he should do so, to be faithful to him, as he well knows I never will sacrifice my principles to any man, be he who he may — never!"

"There is no difficulty, I am happy to say," the minister resumed, after a moment's pause, "in settling the whole of this most unpleasant business. Indeed I promised to

the neighbors, who were very naturally offended, that it should never occur again; and as you acted, Adam, from ignorance — and we must not blame an old soldier *too* much," the minister added with a patronising smile, — "all parties will be satisfied by a very small sacrifice indeed — almost too small, considering the scandal. Just let the bird be forthwith destroyed."

Adam started.

"In any case," the minister went on to say, without noticing the Sergeant's look, "this should be done, because being an elder, and as such a man with grave and solemn responsibilities, you will I am sure see the propriety of at once acquiescing in my proposal, so as to avoid the temptation of your being occupied by trifles and frivolities—contemptible trifles, not to give a harsher name to all that the bird's habits indicate. But when, in addition to this consideration, these habits, Adam, have, as a fact, occasioned serious scandal, no doubt can remain in any well-constituted mind as to the *necessity* of the course I have suggested."

"Destroy Charlie — I mean, the starling?" inquired the Sergeant, stroking his chin, and looking down at the minister with a smile in which there was more of sorrow and doubt than of any other emotion. "Do you mean, Mr. Porteous, that I should kill him?"

"I don't mean that, necessarily, *you* should do it, though *you* ought to do it as the offender. But I certainly mean that it should be destroyed, in any way, or by any person you please, as, if not the best possible, yet the easiest, amends which can be made for what has caused such injury to morals and religion, and for what has annoyed myself more than I can tell. Remember also, that the credit of the eldership is involved with my own."

"Are you serious, Mr. Porteous?" asked the Sergeant.

"Serious! Serious! — Your minister! — on Sabbath morning! — in a grave matter of this kind! — to ask if I am serious! Mr. Mercer, you are forgetting yourself."

"I ask pardon," replied the Sergeant, "if I have said anything disrespectful; but I really did not take in how the killing of my pet starling could mend matters, for which I have already said, and say again, that I am really vexed, and ax yer pardon. What has happened has been quite unintentional on my part, I do assure you, sir."

"The death of the bird," said the minister, "I admit, in one sense, is a mere trifle — a trifle to *you;* but it is not so to *me,* who am the guardian of religion in the parish, and as such have pledged my word to your neighbours that this, what I have called a great scandal, shall never happen again. The least that you can do therefore, I humbly think, as a proof of your regret at having been even the innocent cause of acknowledged evil; as a satisfaction to your neighbour, and a security against a like evil occurring again; and as being what is due to yourself as an office-bearer and to the congregation to which you belong, and, I must add, to *me* as your pastor, and *my* sense of what is right; and, finally, to avoid a triumph to dissent on the one hand, and to infidelity on the other, — it is, I say, beyond all question that you get quit of the *cause* of the offence and destroy that paltry insignificant bird. I must say, Mr. Mercer, that I feel not a little surprised that your own sense of what is right does not make you at once and promptly acquiesce in my very moderate demand. I am almost ashamed to make it."

No response from the Sergeant.

"Many men, let me tell you," continued Mr. Porteous, "would have summoned you to the Kirk Session, and rebuked you for your whole conduct, actual and implied, in this case, and, if you were contumacious, would libel and depose you!" The minister was warming as he proceeded. "I have no time," he added, rising, "to say more on this painful matter. But I ask you now, after all I have stated, and before we part, to promise me this favour—no, I won't put it on the ground of personal favour, but on *principle* — promise me to do this — not to-day of course, but on a week-day, say to-morrow — to destroy the bird, and I shall say no more about it. Excuse my warmth, Adam, as I feared you did not see the gravity of your position and mine." And Mr. Porteous stretched out his hand to the Sergeant.

"I have no doubt," said the Sergeant, "you mean to do what is right, and what you believe to be your duty. But"—— and there was a pause, "but I will not deceive you, nor promise to do what I feel I can never perform. I cannot kill the bird. It is simply impossible! Do pardon me, sir. Do not think me disrespectful or proud. At this moment I am neither, but very vexed to have had any disturbance. Yet"——

"Yet what, Mr. Mercer?"

"Well, Mr. Porteous, I don't wish to detain you; but as far as I can see my duty, or understand my feelings"——

"Feelings! forsooth!" exclaimed Mr. Porteous.

"Or understand my feelings," continued Adam, "I cannot — come what may, let me out with it — I *will* not kill the starling!"

Mr. Porteous rose and said, in a cold, dry voice, "If such is your deliverance, so be it. I have done my duty. On you, and you only, the responsibility must now rest of what appears to me to be *contumacious* conduct—an offence, if possible, worse than the original one. I must wish you good morning. This matter cannot rest here. But whatever consequences may follow, you, and you alone, I repeat, are to blame — *my* conscience is free. You will hear more of this most unfortunate business, Sergeant Mercer." And Mr. Porteous, with a stiff bow, walked out of the house.

Adam made a movement towards the door, as if to speak once more to Mr. Porteous muttering to himself, "He canna be in earnest! — The thing's impossible! — It canna be!" But the minister was gone, and Adam was left alone with his wife. His only remark as he sat down opposite to her was this: "Mr. Porteous forgot himsel', and was too quick;" adding, "Nevertheless it is our duty to gang to the kirk."

"Kirk!" exclaimed Katie, walking about in an excited manner; "that's a' ower! Kirk! pity me! hoo can you or me gang to the kirk? Hoo can we be glowered at and made a speculation o', and be the sang o' the parish? The kirk! waes me! that's a' by! I never, never thocht it wad come to this wi' me or you, Adam! I think it wad hae broken the warm hearts o' our parents. It's an awfu' chastisement."

"For what?" quietly asked the Sergeant.

"For the bird, gudeman. I aye telt ye that ye was ower fond o't, and noo! — I'm real sorry for ye, Adam. It's for *you*, for *you*, and no for mysel', I'm sorry. Sirs me, what a misfortun'!"

"What are you sorry for?" meekly inquired Adam.

"For everything!" replied Katie, groaning; "for the stramash amang the weans; for the clish-clash o' the neeboors; for you and me helping to break the Sabbath; for the minister being sae angry, and that nae doubt, for he kens best, for gude reasons; and, aboon a', for you, Adam, my bonnie man, an elder o' the kirk, brocht into a' this habble for naething better than a bit bird!" And Katie threw herself into the chair, covering her face with her hands.

The Sergeant said nothing, but rose and went outside to bring in the cage. There were signs of considerable excitement visible in the immediate neighborhood. The visit of the minister could mean only a conflict, which would be full of interest to those miserable gossips, who never thought of attending church, except on rare occasions, and who were in want of something to occupy their idle time on Sunday morning. Sundry heads were thrust from upper windows, directing their gaze to the Sergeant's house. Some of the boys reclined on the grass at a little distance, thus occupying a safe position, and commanding an excellent retreat should they be pursued by parson or parents. The cage was the centre of attraction to old and young.

The Sergeant at a glance saw how the enemy lay, but without appearing to pay any attention to the besiegers, he retired with the cage into the house and fixed it in its accustomed place over his boy's empty cot. When the cage was adjusted, the starling scratched the back of his head, as if something annoyed him; he then cleaned his bill on each side of the perch, as if present duties must be attended to; after this he hopped down and began to describe figures with his open bill on the sanded floor of the cage, as if for innocent recreation; then, being refreshed by these varied exercises, he concluded by repeating his confession and testimony with a precision and vigour never surpassed.

Katie still occupied the arm-chair, blowing her nose with her Sunday pocket-handkerchief. The Sergeant sat down beside her.

"It's time to gang to the kirk, gudewife," he remarked, although, from the bells having stopped ringing, and from the agitated state of his wife's feelings, he more than suspected that, for the first time during many years, he would be obliged to absent himself from morning worship — a fact which would form another subject of conversation to his watchful and thoughtful neighbours.

"Hoo can we gang to the kirk, Adam, wi' this on our conscience?" muttered Katie.

"I hae naething on *my* conscience, Katie, to disturb it," said her husband; "and I'm sorry if onything I have done should disturb yours. What can I do to lighten it?"

Katie was silent.

"If you mean," said the Sergeant, "that the bird should be killed, by a' means let it be done. I'll do onything to please you, though Mr. Porteous has, in my opinion, nae richt whatever to insist on my doing it to please *him*; for he kens naething aboot the cratur. But if you, that kens as weel as me a' the bird has been to us, but speak the word, the deed will be allowed by me— I'll never say no."

"Do your duty, Adam," said his wife.

"That is, my duty to *you*, mind, for I owe it to none else I ken o'. But that duty shall be done — so you've my full leave and liberty to kill the bird. Here he is. Tak' him oot o' the cage, and finish him. I'll no interfere, nor even look on, cost what it may." And the Serjeant took down the cage, and held it near his wife. But she said nothing, and did nothing.

"I'm Charlie's bairn!" exclaimed the starling.

"Dinna tell me, Adam, to kill the bird. It's no me, but you, should do sic wark. Ye're a man and a sodger, and it was you teached him, and got us into this trouble."

"Sae be it!" said the Sergeant. I've done mair bluidy jobs in my day, and needna fear to spill, for the sake o' peace, the wee drap bluid o' the puir harmless thing. What way wad ye like it kilt?"

"Ye should ken best yersel', gudeman; killin' is no woman's wark," said Katie, in a low voice, as she turned her head away and looked at the wall.

"Aweel then, since ye leave it to me," replied Adam. "I'll gie him a sodger's death. It's the maist honourable, and the bit mannie deserves a' honour frae our hands, for he has done his duty pleasantly, in fair and foul, in simmer and winter, to us baith, and to ——— I mean, to the hale house. I'll shoot him at dawn o' day, afore he begins whistling for his breakfast; and he'll be buried too. You and Mr. Porteous will no be bothered wi' him lang. So as that's settled and determined, we may gang to the kirk wi' a guid conscience."

Adam rose, as if to enter his bed-room.

"What's your hurry, Adam?" asked Katie, in a half-peevish tone of voice. "Sit doon and let a body speak.

The Sergeant resumed his seat.

"I'm jist thinking," said Katie, "that ye'll maybe no get onybody to gie you a gun for sic a cruel job; and if ye did, the noise sae early in the morning will frichten folk, and mak' an awfu' talk amang neeboors, and look dreadfu' daft in an elder."

"Jock Hall has a gun I could get. But noo that I think o't, Jock himsel' will do the job for *you*, if no for me. I'll send him Charlie and the cage in the morning, afore ye rise; sae keep your mind easy," said the Sergeant, carelessly.

"I wadna trust Charlie into Jock Hall's power — the ne'er-do-weel that he is! Na, na; whatever has to be done maun be done decently by yersel', gudeman," protested Katie.

"As ye said, gudewife, to Mr. Porteous," replied Adam, "I'll do onything to please him and to gie satisfaction for this misfortun', as ye ca'ed it; and since you and he agree that the bird is to be kilt, I see but ae way left o' finishing him."

"What way is that?" asked Katie.

"I'll thraw his bit neck."

"Doonricht cruelty," suggested Katie, "to thraw the neck o' a wee thing like that! Fie on ye, gudeman."

"It's the *only* way left, unless we burn him; so I'll no argue mair about it. There's nae use o' pittin' it aff ony longer; the better day, the better deed. Sae here goes! It will be a' ower wi' him in a minute;" and the Sergeant rose and again took down the cage, which he placed on a table near the window where the bird was accustomed to be fed. Charlie, in expectation of receiving food, was in a high state of excitement, and seemed anxious to please his master by repeating all his lessons as rapidly and correctly as possible. The Sergeant rolled up his white shirt sleeves, to keep them from being soiled by the work in which he was about to be engaged. Being thus prepared, he opened the door of the cage, thrust in his hand, and seized the bird, saying, "Bid fareweel to yer mistress, Charlie."

Katie sprang from her chair, and with a loud voice commanded the Sergeant "to haud his han' and let the bird alane!"

"What's wrang?" asked the Sergeant, as he shut the door of the cage and went towards his wife, who again sank back in her chair, and covered her eyes with her pocket-handkerchief.

"O Adam!" she said, "I'm a waik, waik woman. My nerves are a' gane; my head and heart are baith sair. A kind o' glamour, a temptation has come ower me, and I dinna ken what's richt or what's wrang. But neither by you nor by ony ither body can I let that bird be kilt; for I just thocht eenoo that I seed plainly afore me our ain wee bairn that's awa' — and" ——

Katie burst into a fit of weeping, and could say no more. The Sergeant hung up the cage in its old place; then going to his wife, he gently clapped her shoulder, and bending over her whispered in her ear, "Dinna ye fear, Katie, aboot Charlie's bairn!"

Katie clasped her hands around his neck and drew his gray head to her cheek, patting it fondly.

"Dry yer een, wifie," said Adam, "and feed the cratur, and syne we'll gang to the kirk in the afternoon." He then retired to the bedroom, shut the door, and left Katie

alone with her starling and her conscience — both at peace, and both whistling, each after its own fashion.

CHAPTER IV. — THE SERGEANT ON HIS TRIAL; OR, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

THE Sergeant went to church, but he went alone. Katie was inexorable. She "couldna' stan' the clash." But this excuse not being quite satisfactory to her conscience, she had recourse to that accommodating malady which comes to the rescue of universal Christendom when in perplexity — a headache. In her case it really existed as a fact, for she suffered from a genuine pain which she had not sufficient knowledge or fashion to call "nervous," but which, it is more than likely, came under that designation. She only said that her "head was bizzin' like a bees' skep."

As the Sergeant marched to church, with his accustomed regular pace and modest look, he could, without seeming to remark it, observe an interest taken in his short journey never manifested before. An extra number of faces filled the windows near his house, and looked at him with half smile, half sneer.

There was nothing in the sermon of Mr. Porteous which indicated any wish to "preach to the times,"— a temptation which is often too strong for preachers who have nothing else ready or more interesting to preach about. Many in a congregation who may be deaf and blind to the Gospel, are wide awake and attentive to gossip from the pulpit. The good man delivered himself of an excellent sermon, which, as usual, was sound in doctrine and excellent in arrangement, with suitable introduction, "heads of discourse," and practical conclusion. His hearers as a class were not of a character likely either to blame or praise the teaching, far less to be materially influenced by it; they were much too respectable for that. They had "done the right thing" in coming to church, and were satisfied. Those whom he wished most to please among the local aristocracy, noticed with pleasure how exact he was in preaching to the forty-five minutes.

But there were evident signs of life in the announcement which he made at the end of the service. He "*particularly* requested a meeting of Kirk Session in the vestry after the benediction, and expressed a hope that *all* the elders would, if possible, attend."

Adam Mercer snuffed the battle from afar; but as it was his "duty" to obey the summons, he obeyed accordingly.

The Kirk Session, in spite of defects which attend all human institutions, including the House of Lords, with its Bench of Bishops, is one of the most useful courts in Scotland, and has contributed immensely in many ways to improve the moral and physical condition of the people. In the parish of Drumsylie it consisted of seven elders, with the ministers as "Moderator." These elders represented very fairly, on the whole, the sentiments of the congregation on most questions which could come before them.

As all meetings of Kirk Session are held in private, the public, reporters, and lawyers being alike excluded, we shall not pretend to give any account of what passed at this one. The parish rumours were to the affect that the "Moderator," after having given a narrative of the occurrences of the morning, explained how many most important principles were involved in the case as it now stood — principles affecting the duty and powers of Kirk Sessions, the social economy of the parish, the liberties and influence of the church, and the cause of Christian truth; and concluded by suggesting the appointment of two members, Mr. Smellie and Mr. Menzies, to "deal" with Mr. Mercer, and to report to the next meeting of Session. This led to a sharp discussion, in which Mr. Gordon, a proprietor in the neighbourhood, protested against any matter "so trifling and unworthy of their grave attention," as he dared to describe the case, being brought before them at all. He also appealed the whole case to the next meeting of Presbytery, which unfortunately was not to take place for two months. The Sergeant, strange to say, lost his temper when, having declared, "upon his honour as a soldier," that he meant no harm and could therefore make no apology, he was pulled up by the Moderator for using such a word as honour in a church court. Thinking his honour itself called in question, he abruptly left the meeting. Mr. Gordon, it was alleged, had been seen returning home, at one moment laughing, and the next storming because of the proceedings; and more than one of the elders, it was rumoured, were disposed to join him, but were afraid of offending Mr. Porteous — a fear not unfrequently experienced in the case of many of his parishioners. For while the minister was fond of quoting the text, "*first* pure, *then* peaceable," he never seemed to have satisfactorily mastered the antecedent of this aphorism, as he seldom attempted to practise its consequent.

It was after this meeting of Session that

Mr. Smellie remarked to Mr. Menzies, as we have already recorded, "The man was ance a poacher!" a fact which, by the way, he had communicated to Mr. Porteous for the sake of "edification." Mr. Smellie bore a grudge to the Sergeant, who had unwittingly ruffled his vanity or excited his jealousy. He was smooth as a cat; and, like a cat, could purr, fawn, see in the dark, glide noiselessly, or make a sudden spring on his prey. The Sergeant, from certain circumstances, understood his character as few in the parish did. Mr. Menzies was a very different man; his only fault was that he believed in Smellie.

The Sergeant was later than usual in returning home. It was impossible to conceal from the inquiring and suspicious look of his wife that something was out of joint, to the extent at least of making it allowable and natural on her part to ask, "What's wrang noo, Adam?"

"Nothing particular, except wi' my honour," was the Sergeant's cool reply.

"Yer honour! What's wrang wi' that?"

"The minister," said the Sergeant, "doots it, and he tells me that it was wrang to speak aboot it."

On this, Katie, who did not quite comprehend his meaning, begged to know what had taken place.

"What did they say? What did they do? Wha spak?" And she poured out a number of questions which could not speedily be replied to. I hope it will not diminish the interest of the reader in this excellent woman if I admit that for a moment she became the slave of gossip. I deny that this prostration of the heart and head to a mean idol is peculiar to woman — this craving for small personal talk, this love of knowledge regarding one's neighbours in those points specially which are not to their credit, or which at least are desired to be kept secret from the world. Weak, idle, and especially vain men are as great traffickers as women in this dissocial intercourse. Katie's fit was momentary, and in the whole circumstances of the case excusable.

The Sergeant told her the story, and ended it with an indignant burst about his honour.

"What do they mak'," partly asserted, partly inquired Katie, "o' 'Honour to whom honour?' and 'Honour all men?' — and 'Honour the king?' — and 'Honour faither and mither?' — what I did a' my life! I'll maintain the word is Scriptoral?"

But the Sergeant, not being critical or controversial, did not wish to contend with his wife on the connection which, as she supposed, existed between the word honour, and his word of honour. His mind was becoming perplexed and filled with painful thoughts. This antagonism into which he had been driven with those whom he had hitherto respected and followed with unhesitating confidence, was growing rapidly into a form and shape which was beyond his experience — alien to his quiet and unobtrusive disposition, and contrary to his whole purpose of life. He sat down by the fireside, and went over all the events of the day. He questioned himself as to what he had said or done to give offence to mortal man. He recalled the history of all his relationship to the starling, to see, if possible, any sin in it. He reviewed the scene in the Kirk Session, and his conclusion, on the one hand, was a stone blindness as to the existence of any guilt on his part, and on the other a strong suspicion that his minister *could* not do him a wrong — *could* not be so displeased upon unjust, ignorant, or unrighteous grounds, and that consequently there was *something*, though what it was he could neither discover nor guess, which Mr. Porteous had misunderstood and had been misled by. He pondered again over this long account of debit and credit, but still he could discover nothing against himself, except possibly his concealment from his minister of the reason why the starling was so much beloved, and also perhaps his having taken offence, without adequate cause, at the meeting of Session. The result of all these complex cogitations between himself and the red embers in the grate, was a resolution to go that evening to the Manse, and by a frank explanation put an end to all misunderstanding. In his pure heart the minister was reflected as a man of righteousness, love, and peace. He almost became annoyed with the poor starling, especially as it seemed to enjoy perfect ease and comfort on its perch, where it had settled for the night.

By-and-by he proceeded to call upon the minister, but did not confide the secret to Katie.

The manse inhabited by Mr. Porteous, like most of its parochial companions at that time — for much improvement in this as in other things has taken place since those days — was not beautiful, either in itself or in its surroundings. Its three upper windows stared day and night on a blank hill, whose stupid outline concealed the setting sun and never welcomed the rising one. The two lower windows looked into a round

plot of tawdry shrubs, surrounded by a neglected boxwood border which defended them from the path leading from the small green gate to the door; while twenty yards beyond were a few formal ugly-looking trees that darkened the manse, and separated it from the arable land of the glebe. No blame to the minister for his manse or its belongings! On 200l. per annum, he could not keep a gardener, or afford any expensive ornaments. And for the same reason he had never married, although his theory as to "feelings" may have possibly hindered him from taking this humanizing step. And who knows what effect the small living and the bachelor life may have had on his principles! His sister lived with him. To many a manse in Scotland the minister's sister has been a very angel in the house, a noble monument of devoted service and of self-sacrificing love — only surpassed by that paragon of excellence, if excellent at all, the minister's wife. But with all charity, Miss Porteous — Thomasina she was called, after an uncle in the West Indies, who had left her nothing — was not in any way attractive, and never gave one the impression of self-sacrifice. She evidently felt her position to be a high one. Being next to the Bishop, she evidently considered herself an Archdeacon, Dean, or some such responsible ecclesiastical personage. She was not ugly, for no woman is or can be that! but yet she was not beautiful. Being about fifty, as was guessed by the most charitable, her looks were not what they once were, nor did they hold out strong hopes of being improved, like wine, by age. Her hair was rufous, and the little curls which clustered around her forehead suggested, to those who knew her intimately, the idea of screws for worming their way into characters, family secrets, and similar private matters. She was, unfortunately, the minister's newspaper, his remembrancer, his spiritual detective and confidential informant as to all that belonged to the parish and its passing history. It was she that, in the absence of their servants, who were hearing a sermon in the village, opened the door to the Sergeant, and expressed her great surprise at seeing him at the Manse on Sunday evening. Mr. Porteous was in his study, a small room, with a book-press at one end, and a table in the centre, with a desk on it, besides "Cruden's Concordance," an "Edinburgh Almanac," and a few "Reports." Beside the table, and near the fire, was an arm chair, in which the minister sat reading a volume of sermons. No sooner was the Sergeant announced than Mr. Porteous rose, looked over his spectacles, hesitated, and at last shook hands, as if with an icicle, or in conformity with Act of Parliament. Then, motioning Mr. Mercer to a seat, he begged to inquire to what he owed this call, accompanying the question with a hint to Thomasina to leave the room. The Sergeant's first feeling was that he had made a great mistake, and he wished that he had never left the army.

"Well, Mr. Mercer?" inquired the minister, as he sat opposite to the Sergeant.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir," replied the Sergeant, "but I wished to say that I think I was too hot and hasty this afternoon in the Session."

"Pray don't apologize to *me*, Mr. Mercer," said the minister. "Whatever you have to say on that point, had better be said publicly before the Kirk Session. Anything else?"

The Sergeant wavered, as military historians would say, before this threatened opposition.

"Well, then," he at last said, "I wish to tell you frankly, and in as few words as possible, what no human being kens but my wife. I never blame ignorance, and I'm no gaun to blame yours, Mr. Porteous, but"——

"*My* ignorance!" exclaimed the minister. "It's come to a pretty pass indeed, if *you* are to blame it, or remove it! Ignorance of what, pray?"

"Your ignorance, Mr. Porteous," continued the Sergeant, "on a point which I should have made known to you, and for which I alone and not you are in fault."

The minister seemed relieved by this admission.

The Sergeant forthwith told the story of the starling as the playmate of his child, the history of whose sickness and death was already known to Mr. Porteous; and having concluded, he said, "That's the reason why I could not kill the bird. I wadna tell this to ony man but to yersel'; for I never send the drum aboot the toon for pity or for sympathy; but I wish *you*, sir, to ken facs for your ain guidance and the guidance o' the Session."

"I remember your boy well," remarked Mr. Porteous, handing his snuff-box in a very kindly way to his visitor.

The Sergeant nodded. "Ye did *your* duty, minister, to us on that occasion, or I wadna have come here the nicht. I kent ye wad like onything Charlie was fond o'."

"I quite understand your feelings, Sergeant, and sympathize with them."

The Sergeant smiled, and nodded, and said, "I hope ye do, sir; I was sure ye would. I'm thankfu' I cam', and sae will Katie too."

"But," said Mr. Porteous, after a pause and a long snuff, "I must be faithful with you, Adam; '*First* pure, *then* peaceable,' you know."

"And I hope, sir," said Adam, "'easy to be entreated.'"

"That," replied Mr. Porteous, "depends on circumstances. Let us, therefore, look at the whole aspects of the case. There is to be considered, for example, your original delinquency, mistake, or call it by what name you please; then there is to be also taken into account my full explanation, given in your own house, of the principles which guided my conduct; then there is the matter of the Kirk Session — the fact that they have taken it up, which adds to its difficulty — a difficulty, however, let me say, Mr. Mercer, which has not been occasioned by me. Now, review these. Consider, for example, the *origo mali*, so to speak — the fact that a bird endeared to you by very touching associations was, let me admit it, accidentally, unintentionally, made by you the occasion of scandal. We are agreed on that point."

"It was on that point," interrupted the Sergeant, "I thought you doubted my honour."

"No!" said Mr. Porteous, "I only declared that 'honour,' was a worldly not a Christian phrase, and unfit for a Church court."

The Sergeant was nonplussed. Putting down his ignorance to sin, he bowed, and said no more.

"I am glad you acquiesce so far," continued Mr. Porteous. "Again, observe that the visible, because notorious, *fact* of scandal demands some reparation by a fact equally visible and notorious. What reparation I demanded, you already know. I smile at its amount, in spite of all you have said, and said so well; nay, I sympathize with your kindly, though, permit me to say, your weak, *feeling*, Adam. But is feeling principle? Were our covenanting forefathers guided by feeling in giving their testimony for *truth* by the sacrifice of their very lives? Were the martyrs of the early Church guided by *feeling?* But I will not insult an elder of mine by any such arguments, as if he were either ignorant of them, or insensible to their importance. And let me just add," concluded the minister, in a low and solemn voice, laying one hand on Adam's knee, "what would your dear boy *now* think — supposing him to be saved — if he knew that his father was willing to lose, or even to weaken, his influence for good in the parish — to run the risk of being suspended, as you now do, from the honourable position of an elder — and all for what?" asked the minister, spreading out his hands — "all for what? a toy, a plaything, a bird! and because of your *feeling* — think of it, Adam — your *feeling!* All must yield but you; neighbours must yield, Session must yield, and I must yield; no sacrifice or satisfaction will you make, not even of this bird; and all because *your* feelings, forsooth, would suffer! *That's* your position, Adam. And finally, as I also hinted to you, what would the Dissenters say if we were less pure in our discipline than themselves? Tell it not in Gath — the Philistines would rejoice! Take any view of the case you please, it is bad — very bad."

Adam at that moment felt as if he was the worst man in the parish, and given over to the power of evil.

"I dinna understan't," he said, bending down his head, and scratching his whisker.

"I thought you did not, Adam — I thought you did not," said Mr. Porteous; "but I am glad you are beginning to see it. Once you get a hold of a principle, all becomes clear."

"It's a sharp principle, minister; it's no easy seen. It has a fine edge, but cuts deep — desperate deep."

"That is the case with most principles, Adam. They have a fine edge, but one which separates between a lie and truth, light and darkness. You have it — hold it fast."

Mr. Porteous threw himself back in his chair, thrust his hands into the pockets of his old dressing-gown, and looked at Adam. The minister's principles seemed unanswerable; Adam's sense of right unassailable. Like two opposing armies of apparently equal strength they stood, armed, face to face, and a battle was unavoidable. Could both be right, and capable of reconciliation? Could right principle and right feeling, or logical deductions from sound principles, ever be really opposed to the strongest instincts, the intuitive convictions of a true and loving heart? But if either the minister's so-called principles, or Adam's feelings in regard to present duty were wrong, which was it? A confused medley of questions in casuistry tortured

his simple conscience, until they became like a tangled thread, the more knotted the more he tried to disentangle the meshes.

The Sergeant rose to depart, saying, "I have a small Sabbath class which meets in my house, and I must not be too late for it; besides, there is no need of my waiting here longer: I have said my say, and can say no more."

"You will return to your class with more satisfaction," replied Mr. Porteous, "after this conversation. But, to prevent all misunderstanding or informality, you will of course be waited upon by your brethren; and when they understand, as I do, that you will cheerfully comply with our request, and when they report the same, no more will be said of the matter unless Mr. Gordon foolishly brings it up. And if — let me suggest, though I do not insist — if, next Sunday, you should hang the cage out without the bird in it, the neighbours would, I am sure, feel gratified, as I would do, by such an unmistakable sign of good-will to all parties."

The Sergeant had once or twice made an effort to "put in a word," but at last thought it best to hear the minister to the end. Then drawing himself up as if on parade, he said, "I fear you have taken me up wrong, Mr. Porteous. My silence was not consent. Had my old Colonel — one of the best and kindest of men — ordered me to march up to a battery, I would have done it, though I should have been blown the next moment to the moon; but if he had ordered me, for example, to strike a child, or even to kill my bird, I wad hae refused, though I had been shot the next minute mysel'. There are things I canna do, and winna do, for mortal man, as long as God gies me my heart; and this is ane o' them — I'll never kill 'Charlie's bairn.' That's my last word — and ye can do as you and the Session please."

The Sergeant saluted the minister soldier fashion, and walked out of the room, followed by Mr. Porteous to the front door. As he passed out, the minister said, "Had you shot fewer birds, sir, in your youth, you might have escaped the consequences of refusing to shoot this one now. 'Be sure your sin will find you out.'" Smellie had informed him that forenoon of Mercer's poaching days.

The minister returned to his study with a grim smile.

"Capital!" exclaimed Miss Thomasina, as she followed him into the study out of a dark corner in the lobby near the door, where she had evidently been ensconced, listening to the whole conversation. "Let his proud spirit take *that!* I wonder you had such patience with the upsetting, petted fellow. Him and his bird, forsooth, to be disturbing the peace of the parish!"

"Leave him to me," quietly replied Mr. Porteous, as he resumed his volume of sermons. "I'll work him."

As the Sergeant returned home the sun set, and the whole western sky became full of glory, with golden islands sleeping on a sea in which it might seem a thousand rainbows had been dissolved; while the holy calm of the Sabbath eve was disturbed only by the "streams unheard by day," and by the notes of the strong blackbird and thrush, — for all the other birds, wearied with singing since daybreak, had gone to sleep. The beauty of the landscape, a very gospel of "glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, and good will to men," did not, however, lift the dull weight off Adam's heart. He felt as if he had no right to share the universal calm.

"Be sure your sin will find you out!" So his minister had said. Perhaps it was true. He had sinned in his early poaching days; but he thought he had repented, and become a different man. Was it indeed so? or was he now suffering for past misconduct, and too blind to see it? It is twilight with Adam as well as with the world!

He expected to meet his small evening class of about a dozen poor neglected children who assembled every Sunday evening in his house, and which, all alone, and without saying anything about it, he had taught for some years, after his own simple and earnest fashion. He would be glad of their presence to-night. It would give him something to do — something to occupy his disturbed mind — a positive good about which there was no possible doubt; and it would also prevent Katie from seeking information which it would be painful for him to give and for her to receive.

To his astonishment he found one girl only in attendance. This was wee Mary, as she was called; a fatherless and motherless orphan, who was boarded by the Session, as the only poor-law guardians in the parish, with a widow in the immediate neighbourhood, to whom two shillings weekly were paid for her. Adam and his wife had taken a great fancy to Mary. She was nervous and timid from constitutional temperament, which was aggravated by her poor upbringing as an infant, and by the unkind usage, to say the least of it, she often received from Mrs. Craigie. Adam had more than once expostulated with the Kirk

Session for boarding Mary with this woman; but as Mrs. Craigie was patronized by Mr. Smellie, and as no direct charge against her could be substantiated, Mary was not removed. But she often crept into the Sergeant's house to warm herself and get a "piece" with Charlie; for she was so meek, so kind, so playful, that she was welcomed as a fit companion for the boy. This was, perhaps, the secret of the attachment of Adam and his wife to her.

But where were the other children of the class? Mrs. Mercer could not conjecture! could Mary? She hung her head, looked at her fingers, and "couldna say," but yet seemed to have something to say, until, at last, she said: "Mrs. Craigie flyted on me for wanting to come to the Sabbath-nicht skule, and said she wad gie me a thrashing if I left the house when she gaed to the evening sermon, and I ran awa' to the class, and I'm feared to gang hame."

"Why feared?"

"The bird!"

"The bird, Mary?"

Yes, the bird, Sergeant! — for Mary went on to tell in her own way how "a' the weans had been ordered, by their folk, no to come to the class, as" ——

Mary hangs down her head again, and is silent.

"As what, Mary?"

"As" —— And she wept as if her heart would break.

"As what, Mary?"

"As the Sergeant was an awfu' bad man."

"Don't cry, Mary — be calm."

"But I've com'd, as I kent it was a lee."

Mary had faith! But if the Sergeant had any doubt as to Mary's story, it was soon dispelled by the sudden appearance of Mrs. Craigie, demanding the child in a very decided tone of voice, and without making any apology for the sudden intrusion, or offering any explanation. "Did I no tell ye to bide at hame, ye guid-for-nothing lassie? Come awa' wi' me this minute!" she said, advancing to take hold of Mary. Mary sprang to the Sergeant and hid herself behind his back.

"Not so hasty, Mrs. Craigie," said the Sergeant, protecting her; "not so hasty, if you please. What's wrong?"

"Dinna let her tak' me! Oh, dinna let her tak' me!" cried Mary, from behind the Sergeant, and holding fast by his coat-tails. "She struck me black and blue; look at my arm," she continued, and she showed her little thin arm, while concealing her body.

"Ye leein cuttie!" exclaimed Mrs. Craigie, "I'll mak ye that ye'll no clipe fibs on me!" shaking her clenched fist at the unseen Mary. Then, looking the Sergeant in the face, with arms a-kimbo, she said, "I'll mak you answer for this, ye hypocrite! that tried, as I ken, mony a time to beguile Mary frae me. But I hae friens, ay, friens that wull see justice dune to me, and to *you* too — that wull they, faix! Black and blue! She fell running frae your ain wicked bird, when ye were corrupting the young on this verra Sabbath morning. And I said to Mr. Smellie at the kirk-door in the afternoon, when the Session was by, 'Mr. Smellie,' says I, 'you gied me a bairn to keep,' says I, 'and to be brocht up in the fear o'religion,' says I; 'but it's ill to do that,' says I, 'beside yon Sergeant,' says I. I did that, that did I; and Mr. Smellie telt me he wad see justice dune me, and dune you, and that ye war afore the Session, and that's what I never was. Gie me my bairn, I say!" and she made another pounce at Mary, followed by another cry for protection.

Katie had retired to the bedroom and shut the door.

The Sergeant said, "I'll keep Mary. Go home, Mrs. Craigie. I'll answer to the Session for you. No more scolding here." And he pressed foward with outstretched arms, Mrs. Craigie retreating to the door, and finally vanishing with exclamations, and protestations, and vows of vengeance, which need not be here repeated.

"Sirs me!" ejaculated Katie, as she came out of her retreat, "that's awfu'!"

"Dinna be frichtened, my wee woman," said the Sergeant, as he led Mary to the fireside. "Warm yer bit feet, and get yer supper, and I'll gie ye a lesson afore ye gang to your bed."

Mary blew her nose, dried her eyes, and did as she was bid.

The Sergeant motioned to his wife to come to the bedroom. He shut the door, and said, "I'll never pairt wi' Mary, come what may. My heart tells me this. Get Charlie's bed ready for her; she'll lie there, and be our bairn. God has sent her."

"I was thinking that mysel'," said Katie; "I aye liked the wee thing, and sae did Charlie."

The Sergeant's lesson was a very simple one, as, indeed, most of his were. He took the child on his knee, and putting on his spectacles, made her read one or two simple verses of Scripture. This night he selected, from some inner connection, the verse from the Sermon on the Mount: — "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet

your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

And he said, "Mary, dear, did you come and hear my bird whistle?"

"Oo, ay," replied Mary. "It was real bonnie; and I thocht a' the time o' wee Charlie."

"But why did ye run awa' and mak' a noise on the Sabbath morning? Ye shouldna hae been sporting on the Lord's day."

"I was frichtened for the minister," replied Mary.

"Why were ye frichtened for the good man?"

"I dinna ken," said Mary; "but the boys ran, and I ran, and Archy Walker fell ower me and hurted me. I wasna meanin' ony ill;" and Mary threatened to give way again.

"Whisht, Mary," said the Sergeant. "I wasna blaming you; but ye ken I didna hang Charlie's bird oot to harm you, or mak' sport, but only because he wasna weel."

"What was wrang wi' him?" asked Mary. "There's an awfu' heap o' measles gaun aboot."

"Not that," said the Sergeant, smiling; "but it was to mak' him well, no to mak' you play, I put him oot. But ye see God kens aboot the bird, and it was Him that made him, and that feeds him; and see hoo he sleeps ower your bed, — for that's whaur Charlie used to sleep; and ye'll sleep there, dear, and bide wi' me; and God, that takes care o' the wee birds, will tak' care o' you."

Mary said nothing, but turned her face and hid it in the Sergeant's. bosom, next his heart; and he was more than ever persuaded that his heart was not wrong in wishing the orphan to lie there.

"Mary," the Sergeant whispered to her after a while, "ye maun aye ca' me faither."

Mary lay closer to his heart.

Katie, who had been sitting in the same arm-chair which she had occupied in the morning, heard her husband's words, and rising, bent over the child, and added, "And, Mary, ye maun ca' me mither."

The starling, who was asleep, awoke, shook himself, elevated his yellow bill above the round ball of feathers, looked at the group with his full bright eye, and although he did not attempt to say "I'm Charlie's bairn," he evidently remembered the relationship, and would have expressed it too — partly from jealousy, partly from love — had he not been again overpowered by sleep.

"We'll have worship," said the Sergeant, as he put down Mary, placing her in a little chair that had never been occupied since his boy died. After reading the Scriptures — it was the 23d Psalm — the Sergeant prayed, Mary concluding, at his request, by repeating the Lord's Prayer aloud. They then retired to rest — Charlie's bed once more occupied; and the quiet stars never shone on a more peaceful home.

The *Westminster Review* had a recent article, entitled the "Ladies' Petition," in which the suffrage was claimed for women upon legal and logical grounds, "merely natural reasons, such as difference of sex," against the claim being set aside as alike frivolous and insufficient. Mr. J. S. Mill follows up with an appeal to the gallantry and the justice of the working man, and once more testifies his belief in the right of English women to the franchise. Upon purely abstract principles, something might be said in favour of the ladies, but would they themselves like to be regarded from the abstract point of view? However female suffrage may do for America, we believe it to be completely opposed to the sentiments of our countrymen and countrywomen. Aristophanes wrote of a Ladies' Parliament, and those who remember his account of the assembly will bear in mind the character of the debate with which it opened. A female franchise would be the thin end of the wedge towards a House of dames. After that men would subside into social and political Mantalinis. It is altogether impossible to treat this subject seriously, and we regret that a philosopher, such as Mr. Mill, should be the advocate of the inveterate blue stockings of England, whose numbers, we are happy to say, are becoming gradually more limited. The "merely natural reasons, such as difference of sex," will prevail against any other reasons whatever. — *London Review, 9 March.*

From the Saturday Review.

BURTON'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. *

The history of most countries, but that of Scotland perhaps more conspicuously than most others, may be written in two ways. There may be a history of the country itself as a geographical division — an account of all the people who may have lived in it, beginning with the earliest times of which anything is either recorded in written documents or can be made out from antiquarian remains. Or there may be a history of the people now inhabiting the country, tracing them from the earliest seats in which they can be found, making their history, their settlements, their conquests, the leading idea of the work, dealing with the country itself simply so far as it became their country, and speaking of earlier or other inhabitants only so far as to make the story of their extermination, subjection, or incorporation intelligible. To take the particular case before us, one would be a History of Scotland, the other a History of the Scots. A History of Scotland is a history of the land which is now called Scotland, and of everybody who ever lived in it from the earliest time of which anything is known. In such a history one part of the country now called Scotland has as good a claim to notice at any time whatsoever as another. Agricola, who entered what is now Scotland, but who never saw a Scot, is here quite in place. But a History of the Scots would make everything centre round the true Scots who passed from Ireland into Northern Britain; Picts, Strathclyde Welsh, English and Danes of Lothian, would come in for mention each at the time when they come in contact with the true Scots, with just such an account of their earlier history as is needed to make their relation to the true Scots intelligible. All these nations, as they gradually come under Scottish rule and assume the Scottish name, obtain a right to be dealt with in a History of the Scots, but not before. If Agricola's name so much as occurred in such a history, the place assigned to him must be very small indeed.

Each of these ways of writing has its advantages. The former is the more complete and is probably the more generally satisfactory. It is the way most likely to occur to a native writer and most likely to be appreciated by native readers. People generally quite forget their nation in their country; they care more for the history of the soil which they tread than for that of their remote ancestors who never trod it. Englishmen in general feel more interest in Caractacus than they do in Arminius, and they would be puzzled at an English history which, instead of beginning with Julius Cæsar, began with whatever can be found out of certain Low-Dutch tribes near the mouth of the Elbe. But the other way is clearer and more philosophic; it better obviates that natural sort of confusion which identifies the present inhabitants of a land with all its former inhabitants, which looks on the artificial boundaries which circumstances have given to modern Scotland, modern France, or any other modern country, as something fixed in the eternal fitness of things. On the other hand, the former way is more complete; the latter requires to be eked out by other histories. An Englishman curious about the early history of his own land would not be satisfied with a book which gave him nothing beyond a mere sketch of anything before the fifth century. This more philosophic mode of treatment is more likely to occur to a stranger, looking at a country and its inhabitants from the outside and assigning them their relative place with regard to other nations, than to a native, who naturally desires a full account of his country from the beginning, and is perhaps unconsciously swayed by the almost unavoidable tendency to confound the land and its inhabitants.

We have made these remarks, because Mr. Burton has not only chosen the former and not the latter method of treating his subject, but has carried it out with greater fulness than perhaps any other writer of history of this class. He has chosen the plan which we hold to be the less philosophical, but which is more usual, more complete, and certain to be far more acceptable to the great mass of readers, especially of Scottish readers. A small minority may wish that he had chosen the other course, but, when he had chosen the course which he has, there can be no doubt as to his having taken the best way to carry it out in detail. From the point of view which he has chosen, it is right that he should tell us everything about the land which is now called Scotland from the earliest times. And this he effectually does. Some may think that he dwells too much upon purely antiquarian, as distinguished from strictly historical, details. We do not think so. In a work composed

* *The History of Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of* 1688. By John Hill Burton. Vols. I. II. III. IV. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1867.

on the plan which Mr. Burton has chosen, his antiquarian chapters are perfectly in place. During a considerable part of the period with which he has to do, antiquarian remains are almost the only means of learning anything at all. For some centuries, if he had not discussed the primæval antiquities, he would have had nothing to discuss. Nor do we at all grudge the space which, in other parts of the work, he devotes not only to the consideration of the laws, the local institutions, the social state of the country, but also to points like language, architecture, fortification, which hardly enter into the received notion of history, but which we hold with Mr. Burton are essential to any complete view of the history of any country at any period. In all these matters Mr. Burton has given us, for its scale, one of the completest histories that we ever saw of any country. We are not sure that he has worked in these matters quite so artistically as he might have done. We were a little surprised, when just on the threshold of the Reformation, Mr. Burton stopped to give us a sketch of the mediæval language and mediæval architecture of Scotland. Several chapters of this kind are thus intercalated before the narrative goes on again. We cannot help thinking that a portion of their contents might have been brought into closer connexion with the general narrative. For instance, it is well known, and Mr. Burton brings out the fact very strongly, that Scottish architecture before the War of Independence is essentially English, differing from other English architecture simply as the architecture of one part of England differs from that of another, while, after the War of Independence, Scottish architecture has a character of its own, but one coming much nearer to French than to English. It would be hard to find an instance where the political history of a country is more clearly written on its buildings. Now such a speaking architectural fact as this, one to which Mr. Burton does thorough justice, would surely have come in with more effect, and have been more likely to be remembered, if it had been worked into a general description of the effects of the elder English and of the later French connexion than placed as it is in a series of antiquarian chapters inserted in the middle of the reign of Mary.

Mr. Burton's merits as an historical writer are great. Through the greater part of his narrative he goes along at a good equable pace, never rising very high nor sinking very low, but always clear, sensible, and interesting. He writes throughout in a thoroughly straightforward and unaffected way. Vivid and picturesque description is not his strong point, but no one would carry away from his book the memory of any passage which is mean, ridiculous, or in any way unworthy of the subject. And towards the end of his book, when he has to deal with the great case of Queen Mary, his treatment of the subject becomes a model of argument, at once clear and powerful, but at the same time never overstepping the bounds of the judicial function of the historian. This last portion is the gem of Mr. Burton's book, but with his whole subject throughout he is thoroughly acquainted. He does not make the same display of learning as another very able writer on Scottish history, Mr. E. W. Robertson; but we suspect that the difference is mainly in the style and form of the two books, and that Mr. Burton gives us the results of as much reading as Mr. Robertson. And Mr. Burton is certainly fairer and more skilful than Mr. Robertson in his way of dealing with controverted times. We will not say that Mr. Burton does full justice to Edward the First; but he distinctly tries to do so, and he succeeds probably as far as any Scottish writer is likely to succeed. In dealing with the wars between England and Scotland, as with the wars between England and France, absolute impartiality is not to be looked for in a writer belonging to any of the nations concerned. A writer who is determined not to be partial to his own countrymen often ends by doing his own countrymen less than justice. Thus Thierry is distinctly hard on William and his Normans; Lord Brougham is distinctly hard on Henry the Fifth and his Englishmen. Mr. Burton, in dealing with these matters, naturally looks on many points in a different way from that in which we look upon them. But he is always fair: he never shrinks from facts; he brings into prominence several neglected facts on both sides alike. There is not a trace of that malignant abuse and misrepresentation of the great English King which is so common in inferior Scottish writers. Mr. Burton gives his readers, as an historian always should give them, the means of coming, if they choose, to a different conclusion from himself. And in all the latter part of his mediæval history, we not only appreciate his fairness, but he thoroughly carries our sympathies with him. The English claim to superiority over Scotland was thoroughly good from 924 to 1328. After its distinct renunciation in the latter year,

it ought never to have been heard of again. The conduct of the later English Kings towards Scotland was often simply detestable. That of Henry the Eighth was perhaps the worst of all. Mr. Burton stops several times to contrast him with the great Edward. Edward, at all events, made war as a statesman; Henry made war simply as a savage. And Mr. Burton well brings out two points in the history of the War of Independence. We do not suppose that he would be exactly pleased if we said that the Scots faithfully discharged their duty to their overlord by always setting on the rebellious Normans and English under Robert Earl of Carrick and others. But that is certainly the impression which we get from his pages. The whole affair was a Lowland business. We do not suppose that the true Scots had any love to Edward, but they had a very distinct hatred to Edward's enemies. The Highlanders were hardly in a state to be allies of anybody, but they were always the bitter enemies of the "Saxon" or English part of Scotland, and the Lord of the Isles was constantly the ally of England on the very same principle on which the King of Scots was constantly the ally of France. We do not say that Mr. Burton draws all this out as formally as we have done; but the facts are all in his book, and they are very often supplied with pertinent comments.

The other point is one which we never saw so clearly brought out before. This is Edward's scheme for the government of Scotland. It was to be something like the government of Ireland at this moment. There was to be a viceroy, but Scotland was to be represented in the English Parliament. We do not say that Scotland was to be adequately represented. But neither was it adequately represented in the Parliament of Oliver Cromwell or in the Parliament of Queen Anne. Perhaps Mr. Disraeli is, after all, doomed to redress the torts of all three. But there are few things which more strongly set before us the wide reach of Edward's statesmanship than that a King, in days when Parliamentary representation in his original kingdom was still in its merest infancy, should think of conferring any Parliamentary representation at all on a conquered country.

Other points well brought out by Mr. Burton are that Scotland was, before the War of Independence, by no means so poor a country as is generally thought, and that, both before and after the War, the Scots were a freer people and much less under the control of their nobility than most writers represent them. Mr. Froude for instance, will have it that the Scots were good for very little till they took to pulling down churches. We reject, from our purely English point of view, so unworthy a view of what, putting a misleading nomenclature aside, was really the most English part of England. We are sometimes told that if Edward's conquest had been lasting — as, if Edward had lived, it doubtless would have been — Scotland would have been simply another Ireland. The truer way of looking at the matter is that there were two Englands and two Irelands. The northern England, in some points the truer England of the two, has its Ireland geographically continuous and not divided by the sea; that is the only difference. This is not a mere analogy. The English King at Westminster and the other English King at Edinburgh had to keep in order the very same troublesome subjects. As "Scotus" anciently meant an Irishman, so in later times the Highlanders are sometimes, with strict ethnological truth, called Irish. This is the plain state of the case; the fact that the King at Edinburgh or Stirling, though essentially English, had a long pedigree of real Scottish ancestors made no practical difference. The English Kings were always trying to identify themselves with Brutus and Camber, and no one knows who. Whether, in this state of things, it would have been any very great loss if the two English Governments had become one, may be doubted. We say doubted, because there are arguments the other way. Our common country has in many respects gained in the long run by the development of two distinct types of Englishmen, the Northern type being none the less worthy of the English name because they disclaim it.

The volumes which Mr. Burton has at present published contain the history from the beginning, or from before the beginning, down to the abdication of Mary. Some further portions, especially that where Mr. Burton is strongest of all, the history of Mary herself, we reserve for notice in a second article.

In our first notice of Mr. Burton's book we said that the last part was the best. The last chapter alone would be the making of an historian. Mr. Burton stands at what might seem to be the disadvantage of telling a story which most people have just been reading in the later volumes of Mr. Froude. For in this case it is a disad-

vantage. To write, as Mr. Brewer is called on to do, the history of Henry the Eighth after Mr. Froude, may be called an advantage or a disadvantage, according to the temper of the historian. But in the case of Mary Stuart, Mr. Burton has to put himself into competition with the best things which Mr. Froude has written. The history of Mary is the part of Mr. Froude's book where his narrative combines the greatest amount of life and vigour with the least amount of extravagance. It is the part where, by some happy accident, Mr. Froude's judgment is found on the side of fact and common sense. Yet, when we turn from Mr. Froude to Mr. Burton, we feel that we are turning from one who is, after all, only playing with his subject, to one who is, in every sense, master of it. Mr. Burton cannot compete with Mr. Froude as the mere teller of a story; and, wisely as we think, he makes no attempt at any such competition. But even here, if he never gives us anything like Mr. Froude's picturesque scenes, he never brings in any of the extravagant metaphors and other absurdities with which Mr. Froude defaces his best passages. Mr. Burton's Death of Darnley, cannot, as a story, be compared to Mr. Froude's Death of Darnley. But then Mr. Burton has not one word which is unworthy of the occasion, while Mr. Froude spoils his picturesque story with the ludicrous touch of Darnley being found "lying dead in the garden under the stars." When, however, we come to reasoning, nay to real vigour of expression as distinguished from mere narrative prettiness, we feel at once that Mr. Burton is an historian, and that Mr. Froude is not. It is just the difference between a taking book for drawing-room and a sound and lasting possession for the scholar's library. We confess that, great as were the merits which we saw in Mr. Burton's book throughout, yet the earlier portions did not lead us to expect anything like the impressive grandeur of this last chapter. We now only wish that he had had time or space or inclination to work out his whole story as he has worked out this one portion. The comparison is indeed instructive between the real scholar, who has clearly given his whole life to his work, who knows everything in the history of his country from the beginning, who clearly knows how to compare the history of his own country with that of other lands, and the man who has rushed at the history of a single century, while all that went before it is to him evidently an utter blank.

And yet in one point, not perhaps strictly of mere narrative, but in arrangement of narrative, Mr. Burton maintains his supremacy over Mr. Froude as conspicuously as he does in all higher qualities. Mr. Froude's narrative is picturesque and all that, but Mr. Burton's is tragic; we read it with something like the interest with which we read the Agamemnon or the Œdipus. Mr. Froude works in the evidence derived from the Casket Letters with his narrative of the preparations for the King's murder. Mr. Burton follows a more artistic method. He first tells the story in all those particulars about which no one ever doubted. In these particulars there are things indicative of guilt on Mary's part, but there is no direct statement. A reader who had never heard the story before would be asking all along whether Mary really had any hand in all this. A reader who does know is actually asking all along, whether Mr. Burton holds that Mary had any hand in it. He goes on with all the later events, the sham trial of Bothwell, the divorce, the marriage, all looking in the same direction, none perhaps alone proving the case. At last comes the discovery of the Casket, like the evidence of the shepherd of Cithæron. Now all is out. Mr. Burton by unanswerable arguments, put with a vigour which almost reaches vehemence, but which is never unscholarlike or unjudicial, shows that the letters are genuine, and that Mary therefore was guilty. In this way the narrative of Mr. Burton raises a suspense in the mind, and carries on his reader with far more of real interest and excitement than, as far as picturesqueness of description goes, the far more vivid narrative of Mr. Froude.

We do not know exactly how far Mr. Burton may be running counter to general prejudice in his own country by thus vigorously and unshrinkingly setting forth the manifest truth on this matter. We know that with some Scotch people it is a point of national honour to believe Mary innocent, just as it is a point of national honour to believe whatever is written in Barbour and Blind Harry, or distilled from them into the Tales of a Grandfather. It is certainly the strangest point of national honour that ever was taken up, as it involves the sacrifice of the great mass of the Scottish people to one woman who had nothing Scottish about her except her mere birth and lineage. The Scottish people, with a sound moral instinct, rose against their guilty Queen and deposed her. Their so doing was very much to the national honour, and it is rather hard to sacrifice the real honour of a nation to a sentimental feeling for a

murderess and adulteress, simply because she had a handsome face and a winning tongue. Her contemporary defenders, as Mr. Burton shows, took a different ground. All that they could say was that the charge of murder and adultery was not proved, and that even if it were proved, murder and adultery were not grounds for deposing a sovereign. Her crime, after all, was only "one simple murther," while many of her enemies "did daily commit many horrible murthers." Even if she were guilty, "King David was both an adulterer and also a murtherer," and "God was highly displeased with him therefor, yet he was not therefore by his subjects deposed."

The forms of Scottish law supply Mr. Burton with a clinching illustration of the line taken by Mary's advocates: —

> But while thus tenacious of the privileges of an accused person, these enthusiasts demand a conclusion from which such a person is excluded by the act of seeking their protection. The verdict of "not guilty" founded on imperfection in the evidence, is no proclamation of innocence. Its tenor is generally more distinctly interpreted by an expressive form in use in Scotland. When the jury do not find reason to proclaim a case of calumniated innocence, but give the accused the benefit of defective evidence, they find a verdict of "not proven." It would perhaps surprise some enthusiasts of the present day to find contemporary vindicators going no farther than the demand of a verdict of "not proven." Their reason was the same material one that influences modern trials. They maintained that there was no sufficient case made out for depriving her of her queenly rights. The evidence was not conclusive, and she should have had the benefit of the doubt. Those who believe in her as a saint martyred by wicked men would find disagreeable revelations in reading what is said by the early class of vindicators.

Just before, Mr. Burton had been dwelling on the agreement between the evidence of the Casket Letters and the evidence given by Thomas Crawford before the Commissioners at York. He goes on: —

> Such theories, and the impossibility of confuting them to the conviction of those who choose to maintain them, is one of the incidents of the rather forensic tone in which the great controversy about Queen Mary has been conducted. A leaf has been taken from the Old Bailey, and it has been maintained that she should be counted innocent until she is proved guilty. But in the legal sense this is impossible about long past events. To comply with it, we would require to place Crawford in the witness-box, cross-question him, and search the world for testimony until we fill up all gaps and explain all inconsistencies. These things are the strong securities with which the law surrounds the rights of living men, especially their lives or their liberties. We all know multitudes of things which are not judicially proved, which we could not judicially prove; yet the law requires that before we act on them, to the injury of our neighbour, they shall be so proved. If the life or liberty of a British subject could be made to depend either on proving Queen Mary guilty or proving her innocent, neither could be made out in such a manner as to secure a verdict. At the present day we have no evidence on which we could hang Felton, who stabbed the Duke of Buckingham in Charles I.'s time, or even the man who shot Spencer Perceval. It would be the same with the death of Cæsar and the execution of Charles I. Such a way of going to work would blot out history, by making its parts extinguish each other, like the equivalents in an equation. If Queen Mary is entitled to the benefit of all doubts, the confederate lords who brought the charges and evidence against her are entitled to the benefit of all doubts to protect their character from the stigma of conspiracy.
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> The judge may be bound to release the accused, although in his secret heart believing him to be guilty; but in history belief is all, and belief cannot be resisted when it comes, nor can a leaning to the stronger probabilities where there is doubt, let the effect on the fame of some long dead actor in the history of the world be what it will.

Still, with Mr. Burton's strong conviction of Mary's guilt, she is not in his eyes a monster. The evil alike of indiscriminate panegyric and of indiscriminate invective is to blot out all the finer shades of human character — to make people, in short, not human at all, but either angels or fiends. Thus Mr. Burton expressly refuses his assent to the description of Mary given in the "Detection" of Buchanan. A great master of Latin rhetoric, honestly believing in Mary's guilt, had to set forth that guilt in a rhetorical invective composed in a language in which invective is perhaps more at home than in any other. His rhetoric is valuable as a witness to the state of popular feeling in Scotland at the time; of that popular feeling it is a most excellent representation; but his account is incredible; his portrait is not human. Therefore, argues Mr. Burton, Buchanan cannot be the author, that is the forger, of the Casket Letters. Those letters betray the innermost feelings of a guilty woman, but still of a woman, a human being with human feelings. Buchanan, had he made the attempt, would have blurred all this out with one undistinguishing daub of black: —

Buchanan is the person naturally hinted at as the author of the contents of the casket, having been the first to draw public attention to them. But if we suppose him morally capable of such an act, it is pretty clear that it did not come within his intellectual capacity, extensive as that was. The little domesticities in the letters would not suit the majestic march of his pen. In the Detection, to which he appended the documents, he shows that, had he prepared these himself, he would certainly have overdrawn them. In fact, in that philippic the great scholar and poet shows that, although he may have known politics on a large scale, he was not versed in the intricacies of the human heart. Everything is with him utterly and palbably vile and degrading, without any redeeming or mitigating element.

Mr. Burton had himself just before said, in a most remarkable passage: —

Suppose it to have been settled in conclave that such a set of letters were to be forged, who was there with the genius to accomplish the feat? Nowhere else, perhaps, has the conflict of the three passions, love, jealousy, and hatred, been so powerfully stamped in utterance. Somewhat impoverished though it may be in the echo of a foreign medium, we have here the reality of that which the masters of fiction have tried in all ages, with more or less success, to imitate. They have striven to strip great events of broad, vulgar, offensive qualities, and to excite sensations which approach to sympathy with human imperfections. And, indeed, these letters stir from their very foundation the sensations which tragic genius endeavours to arouse. We cannot, in reading them, help a touch of sympathy, or it may be compassion, towards the gifted being driven in upon the torrent of relentless passions, even though the end to which she drifts is the breaking of the highest laws, human and divine. A touch of tenderness towards those illustrious persons who show their participation in the frailty of our common nature by imperfections as transcendent as their capacities, is one of the mysterious qualities of the human heart, and here it has room for indulgence. In fact it is the shade that gives impressiveness to the picture. With all her beauty and wit, her political ability and her countless fascinations, Mary, Queen of Scots, would not have occupied nearly the half of her present place in the interest of mankind had the episode of Bothwell not belonged to her story.

These are the kind of things which we confess that we hardly expected from the early parts of Mr. Burton's book, highly praiseworthy as they are in their own way. But perhaps the remarkable thing is, after all, what we have called the completeness of his book. As a rule, men who can write in the way in which Mr. Burton writes in the passages which we have just been quoting, do not occupy themselves with the kind of antiquarian details, primæval, architectural, legal, of any sort indeed, which take up so large a space in his earlier volumes. We suspect that this completeness has some connexion with Mr. Burton's position as a Scottish historian. We do not find it, we do not expect it in historians of England or France. We are not sure that we should think it in place if we did find it. Yet, once accepting the choice which Mr. Burton has made between the two possible ways of treating his whole subject, they seem, in his history, perfectly in place. Has not this something to do with the peculiar position of Scotland? Scotland — in this respect like Ireland, though in most points so unlike — is not quite a nation, and yet is something more than a province. A country in this sort of position awakens a peculiar sort of patriotism, one far more extensive and far more susceptible than the patriotism of either nations or provinces. We have no doubt that we have sometime or other quoted the remark, but it is quite worth quoting twice, that an Englishman never stops to think that he is not a Scotchman, while the Scotchman always bears about with him the distinct remembrance that he is not an Englishman. Does not this ever-conscious feeling of nationality lead a man who studies the history of his country at all to study it in a more complete way, to look at it in all its aspects, to make it his business to find out all that he can about everything that concerns it? Of course this may be done under the guidance of mere provincial prejudice. But, if it is done in an impartial and enlightened way, as in the case of Mr. Burton, it produces the happiest results. We have tried Mr. Burton on the points on which we should naturally try any Scottish writer. In the matter of King Edward, we get out of him as much as we have any right to expect; in the matter of Queen Mary, we have simply to read and admire. But these are, after all, only two points out of many. The variety of subjects dealt with in Mr. Burton's book is really amazing. It is an odd change of subject to pass from Queen Mary to the Druids. But Mr. Burton's remarks in his first volume on the way in which people use the words Druid and Druidism as a mere shelter for ignorance, are just as good in their way as his remarks on the Casket Letters, and they display exactly the same power of thoroughly appreciating evidence: —

To all inquiries as to the religion from which the inhabitants of North Britain were converted when they became Christians, there has generally been an easy answer, Of course it was from Druidism. That term has been used in history much in the same way as the names of general but undefined causes have been used in physics — to bring out a complete result without the trouble of inquiry. It is thus that we have had the theories of antipathies and affinities, animal spirits, the sensorium, phlogiston, and the like; and thus too have been frequently employed such terms as electric currents and magnetic influences.

It is appropriate to all these solvents of difficulties, which have passed current from time immemorial, and are accepted without examination, that there are no strict boundaries to their sphere of application. Whenever the difficulty arises, the solvent is at hand without a question whether its application has limits which have been passed. What is said of old about the Druids is applicable to the Celts, as distinguished from the Germans. Those who have gone into the causes of Druidism attribute its vast power and mysterious influence to the special proneness of the Celtic tribes to subject themselves to the influence of some priesthood, while the Gothic people were shy of any intervention by human beings between themselves and the mighty deities they idolized. Yet in modern literature we find Druidism applied to the Gothic as readily as to the Celtic nations, and that although there are full means of being acquainted with the religion of those nations, and of knowing that it was something entirely different from the system brought into shape under the name of Druidism.

Modern authors, succeeding each other, have filled up the details of that system, and made it almost as complete as the Roman hierarchy. We have Archdruids and simple Druids; some set to this kind of work, some to that. We are told of the doctrines that they taught, and especially what they thought of the immortality of the soul. We are told of their various arrangements for exercising the influence of mystery on their deluded followers, and for preserving in profound secrecy the traditions of their order and the sources of their influence. Their costume, their pomp and ceremonies, are accurately described. They were long-bearded men clothed in white, and went forth with golden sickles to cut the mistletoe at the appointed hour of doom. We have their temples among us in a very distinct condition, with the altars on which they offered up human sacrifices, and the mystic signs which they left on the rock pillars which of old stood in the centres of their sacred groves.

After reading all that is thus piled up with the solemn gravity of well-founded knowledge, it is positively astounding to look back and see on how small and futile a foundation it all rests. When we are told of the interesting mysteries that surround the functions of this potent priesthood, we are led to a real source of mystery — how to account for the perverse ingenuity which framed such a baseless system, and for the marvellous credulity that accepted it as solid truth.

In such a book as this, if we point out a few slips, we feel sure that the author will simply take them as hints for its still further improvement. "We do not know," says Mr. Burton, "in what sort of tongue the Carthagenians [why this unusual spelling ?], the rivals of Rome herself, discoursed" (i. 197). We need not go to the Pœnulus. The name Hannibal alone, the heathen form of John, shows that they spoke something very like Hebrew. We will not dispute about Picts, but we are distinctly surprised at Mr. Burton's giving the least ear to the notion that they were Teutonic. "Thursday is not 'from Thor, a word which means Thunder and was the name of the thundering god'" (i. 233). Thunder, *Dunresdæg*, *Donnerstag*, is from *Thunder* itself. The form *Thor* is distinctly Scandinavian. Mr. Burton's remarks in vol. i. p. 243, on the Northern Mythology and its relation to other mythologies, require correction by the new light of the Comparative school. It is odd and misleading, though perhaps not absolutely untrue in words, to speak (iii. 17) of "the old code called the Salic Law — which is now supposed to have been intended for the internal regulation of some part of Germany." It was not Charles the Eighth (iii. p. 255), but Louis the Twelfth, who married Henry the Eighth's sister, and the King of England called himself not "Duke" (iii. 361) but "Lord" of Ireland. The wars of the Roses cannot be said to have kept the English army at home during the reign of James the Fourth (iv. 159), who came to the Crown in the year after Bosworth. We cannot make out how the Guises "gave themselves out as the true descendants of Charlemagne, through that Lothaire, the founder of Lotharingia or Lorraine, whose race was superseded on the throne of France by the dynasty of Hugh Capet" (iv. 247). The West-Frankish Karlings are not descended from Lothar but from Charles the Bald.

But things like these are, in a book like this, mere spots on the sun. In a book which contained nothing else they might be serious. Our only regret is that we have not space for several more extracts from various parts of Mr. Burton's volumes. In all the latter part especially, his knowledge of human nature comes out as strongly as his power of dealing with historical evi-

dence. We recommend the book to all historical students, and we shall look with anxiety for the remaining volumes.

From the Saturday Review.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.*

HISTORICAL criticism, as it is now understood, may almost be called the creation of the present century, and in the hands of German writers it has done wonders in the rehabilitation of injured characters and the reversal of unrighteous judgments. This has perhaps especially been the case as regards what were once considered, in the worst and most exclusive sense, the "dark ages," but which are now restored to their proper place in common estimation as an important stage in the social and moral education of modern Europe. One result, however, of the discovery of this new science has been to foster a kind of monomania for whitewashing soiled reputations, which of course implies blackening a good many that were previously thought spotless; and thus we are gravely bidden to respect in Richard III. a bright example of the *animus paternus* in an uncle, and in Henry VIII. a model husband, though of somewhat frigid temperament. Even in these extreme cases there is usually, though not always, some force in the appeal against the traditional verdict. Neither Richard nor Henry, for instance, are so black as they have often been painted; but there is still every reason for believing that the former murdered his nephews, and no sort of doubt that the latter divorced and decapitated his wives in a way hardly consistent with a high standard of marital excellence. On the other hand, Mr. Lewes has entirely failed to convince us that Nero was not the "monster" contemporary historians represent him. The battle is still raging over the grave, or rather the casket, of Mary Stuart. Very different is the case of Marie-Antoinette which is brought before us in these volumes. Few prominent personages in history have been so cruelly and so persistently assailed, and fewer still have won so complete a posthumous triumph.

Mr. Vizetelly has not added much to the substance of what is contained in the fourth volume of Mr. Carlyle's *Miscellaneous Essays* on the too famous story of the Diamond Necklace, but he has given us both the story and the evidence at full length for the first time, and, it is fair to add, in a very readable form. Indeed his tale has all the interest of a romance which is too strange not to be true. We could wish he had been content to use Mr. Carlyle's materials without being so fond, both in the text and the headings of chapters, of imitating his style, which, however striking, is — or at least was originally — even in its author an affectation, and in his imitators becomes simply intolerable. When Mr. Vizetelly allows himself to write naturally, his English is simple and clear enough; and this makes us regret the more that it should be disfigured by so many lapses into Carlylese, and by the occasional introduction of such questionable grammar as "a person who lived in the same house that she did, and *whom* she knew was a native of that place." These are minor blemishes in what is really a good book on the whole. The most original portion of it is the summing up of the evidence at the end, to which we shall have to refer again presently, and especially the exhaustive analysis and refutation of M. Louis Blanc's adverse arguments. To the concluding words no reader will be likely to refuse his assent: — "Time, that rights all things, is at last doing Marie-Antoinette justice; and she whom patriotism accused, and demagogism condemned, humanity [we should rather have said justice] has well nigh absolved." The actual story of the necklace may be told in very few words; that it should ever have received the interpretation which darkened the last years, and was long suffered to stain the memory, of the unfortunate Queen, can only be explained by the critical state of affairs at the period, and the intense bitterness of party spirit. There are none of whom it may be said, with greater truth, *Delicta majorum immeritus lues*, than of Louis XVI. and his unhappy consort. The following passage shows how well the soil was prepared for the seeds of calumny so artfully sown by the real culprit in the plot, whose superlative knavery elevated her for the time into a heroine, and has secured for the name of an unscrupulous and abandoned woman, who knew no motive but the grossest selfishness, and no aim but the gratification of her ambition or her lust, an historical connexion with the outbreak of the French Revolution: —

From the day she became Queen, to the very hour of her death, and even after the grave had closed over her headless corse, the unhappy

* *The Story of the Diamond Necklace.* By Henry Vizetelly. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1867.

Marie-Antoinette was fated to be the victim of calumny. Her youthful levity was magnified into natural vice. Her most innocent amusements were made the objects of dark suspicion. Her friendships were so many criminal attachments. From Marly to Versailles, and from Versailles to Marly, slander pursued her. It penetrated the groves of Trianon, and insinuated that secret orgies, rivalling those of the "Parc aux cerfs," were carried on in this now favourite retreat. Indecent pamphlets referring to her, written by hireling scribes, were circulated all over France. Libels against her were even forged in the police bureau. Scandalous songs were thrown in the "Œil-de-Bœuf," at the King's feet. Scandalous libels were placed under his dinner-napkin. Courtiers repeated the last foul epigram, the last lying report against the Queen, in the royal ante-chambers, whispered it and chuckled over it even in the Queen's presence; carried it from Versailles or Marly, post haste to Paris, to the different hostile *salons*, to the green-rooms of the theatre and the opera, and to the *cafés*, thence to be disseminated all over the capital, even to the *halles;* carried it to their country châteaux, and laughed over it at their dinner-tables, whence it spread among their tenantry and the inhabitants of the adjacent towns.

The Countess de la Motte was the eldest daughter of Jacques de Saint-Remi de Valois, an illegitimate descendant of Henry II. of France, "high and puissant lord and knight," and titular heir of many broad domains, but in actual life a beggar, who, after six months' imprisonment for debt, died in a ward of the Hôtel Dieu at Paris. Jeanne, the future Countess, and her younger sister, were turned out by their mother to beg in the streets; and it may literally be said of her that from this time to the end of her life her face was her fortune, being, according to the description Mr. Carlyle is so fond of quoting, "not beautiful, but with a certain piquancy." The children attracted the benevolent notice of the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers, who adopted them, and made them inmates of her own home. The younger girl soon after died, but Jeanne, after being some years at school, was apprenticed to a mantua-maker in Paris; and being obliged from ill-health to throw up her engagement, was subsequently sent to board in a convent, in order to place her beyond the reach of the Marquis's improper attentions. Not long afterwards she fell in at Bar-sur-Aube with Count de la Motte, whom she married after a short flirtation, neither of them having anything but their wits to live upon; and to make the most of that somewhat precarious means of livelihood, they established themselves on a fifth floor in Paris. Here began her discreditable connexion with her accomplice and dupe in the diamond necklace affair, his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop Prince Louis de Rohan — or, as Mr. Carlyle prefers more laconically to style him, "Eminence de Rohan" — at this time nearly fifty years of age. One of the most noticeable features, we may observe, in this strange story is the light it throws incidentally on the almost incredible moral depravity of the aristocratic, and especially the higher clerical, society of the period in France. The Countess, who was always very far from being "ashamed to beg," contrived to get a good deal out of various wealthy potentates on the strength of her royal descent and her personal attractions; but her chief almoner was the Cardinal, who was madly in love with her, and whose letters, of which several hundreds were burnt just before her apprehension by the police, were, according to M. Beugnot, who had looked over them, so filthy that no man who respected himself would choose to read them through. But even the Cardinal's lavish generosity was insufficient to keep her exchequer supplied, and accordingly she hit upon the ingenious device of at once enriching herself and still further captivating her lover, whose great ambition it was to recover the good graces of the Court, by means of the diamond necklace. This necklace, containing 629 rare diamonds, had been ordered by Louis XV. of the Court jewellers, Böhmer and Bassenge, for Madame du Barry; but the King died before it was paid for, and thenceforward it was a terrible incumbrance to the jewellers, who vainly tried to dispose of it, first to Marie-Antoinette, and then to various European sovereigns, and were meanwhile unable themselves to pay the debts contracted for the purchase of the diamonds. The Countess having completely deceived the Cardinal, by a series of forged letters, as from the Queen — the work of one Rètaux de Villette, another of her admirers — into the belief that Marie-Antoinette was ready to take him into favour, at last arranged the bold stroke of a midnight meeting in the gardens of Versailles between the Queen and the Cardinal, the Queen being personated on the occasion by a Parisian courtesan, Mademoiselle d'Olivà, or Leguaz, who appears to have been strikingly like her in face. The next thing was to persuade the Cardinal and the jewellers that the Queen — who had never seen her, but with whom she professed to be on terms of the closest intimacy — wished to purchase

the necklace privately, making the Cardinal her agent for the purpose. They eagerly caught the bait, and in February, 1785, the Cardinal having obtained the necklace from the jewellers on presenting a forged order signed "Marie-Antoinette de France," handed it over to the Countess for Her Majesty. Madame de la Motte of course lost no time in disposing of the diamond for her own advantage, and the ewellers, after many vain attempts to extract payment from her or from the Cardinal, at length brought the affair before the notice of the Queen, and the bubble burst. On the 15th of August, the feast of the Assumption, Cardinal de Rohan was arrested in full pontificals, when preparing to celebrate mass in the Royal chapel at Versailles, and a few days later the Countess and her accomplices were also lodged in the Bastile. The Cardinal was finally acquitted, though banished from the precincts of the Court. The Countess was condemned to be whipped, branded, and imprisoned for life; but in the following year she escaped to England, where she was killed at the age of thirty-four, in August, 1791, by falling from a window two stories high from which she had jumped out to avoid the bailiffs who had come to seize her for debt; not however before she had left abundant materials, in her autobiography and her lying "Mémoires Justificatifs," to sustain for long afterwards the odious and baseless calumnies against the Queen which she had so sedulously propagated on her trial and throughout her subsequent career.

For the fate of her husband and the other minor characters in this extraordinary drama we must refer our readers to Mr. Vizetelly's pages, which will well repay a perusal. His summing up of the evidence, both negative and positive, which exculpates Marie-Antoinette from any complicity whatever with the scandalous intrigue in which she was represented as bearing so prominent a part, is admirable. One passage we must extract, on the force of the negative argument. After showing that the Countess must have been able to offer some shadow of proof of her alleged intimacy with the Queen, if it really existed, and that through all the revolutionary period some evidence against the Queeh would surely have been forthcoming, he proceeds:—

And yet not a scintilla of evidence, true or false, against the Queen has come to light. In none of the memoirs of the time, written by those who had opportunities of knowing something of the facts, do we find the slightest accusation against the Queen with regard to the Diamond Necklace. No one has stated that she was ever seen either with the Necklace itself, or any of the loose diamonds composing part of it, in her possession. No one connected with the Court, neither Besenval nor De Lauzun, both on terms of closest intimacy with, and both, to some extent, detractors of the Queen has stated that Madame de la Motte was ever once seen in the Queen's company, but all who have made allusion to her, like Lacretelle, Besenval, and Madame Campan, have stated precisely the reverse. If she was in almost daily communication with the Queen, as she pretended was the case, she must have been constantly seen by some of the inferior servants; her friend the gate-keeper of Little Trianon, for instance, or the *valet de chambre*, Deselos, who, when the Queen had perished by the guillotine, and there was no longer any motive for preserving silence, would have talked of the affair for talking's sake.

And if there is no evidence, neither is there any assignable motive for the Queen's desiring to obtain the necklace:—

It was certainly not for the purpose of wearing it, for no one ever pretended to have seen it on her person. It was not with the object of selling it piecemeal, to stave off some pressing pecuniary difficulty, for the De la Mottes had the whole of the proceeds and in none of the contradictory statements made by them did they ever pretend they were selling the diamonds on the Queen's behalf. The statement the Count made to the jewellers was, that he inherited the diamonds from his mother; then their joint tatement was, that they sold them on behalf of the Cardinal; their final statement was, that they were a present to the Countess from the Queen, the wage in fact for the dishonourable service which she so unblushingly asserts she rendered to Marie-Antoinette. Supposing the Queen to have had some motive for possessing the Necklace which we cannot penetrate, would h have purchased it through such a doubtful pair of agencies as the Countess de la Motte and the Cardinal de Rohan?

On the other hand there is direct evidence of the Countess de la Motte having herself disposed of far the greater part of the diamonds; while at least seventeen of her own statements on her trial are contradicted, either by herself or by independent testimony. We cannot follow the author through his detailed examination of M. Louis Blanc's counter-assertions, but no doubt will exist among those who study the evidence here presented to them as to the verdict of history on this strange episode in the life of Marie-Antoinette.

From the Economist, 6th April.

THE SALE OF RUSSIAN AMERICA TO THE UNITED STATES.

The sale of Russian America to the United States for a sum of 1,400,000l, which was announced to the Senate by the President last week, is, we think, rather a curious than an important political event. The territory, though very large, as large as six or seven Englands, adds little or nothing to the material resources of its new proprietors. It produces no revenue, and it is very unlikely that, even in American hands, it ever will produce any. It may possess, probably does possess, valuable mines, but the climate is too cold for colonization, and without colonization the mines, even if worked by criminals under sentence of penal servitude, can never be of considerable value. It has a trade, we believe, with San Francisco in ice, but an ice trade, like a trade in diamonds or pearls, is a mere trade in luxuries, and serves no commercial purpose except to enrich a very few individuals. Fur-bearing animals exist, but they are few, and the climate is so severe that the whole territory has been leased to the Hudson's Bay Company, the greatest fur dealers in the world, for a moderate sum, and when their last lease expired, they were not anxious to renew it. It is not probable that the revenue from all sources will ever be equal to the maintenance of one considerable military post. The inhabitants, again, are few, about 75,000, more or less, and of those few the majority are Esquimaux, who are a burden rather than an advantage, while the remainder are Russians, who will probably return to their own country, and half-castes of little more value than the Esquimaux. Nor has the ceded territory any special advantage of geographical position. The compiler of the telegraphic bulletin announcing the President's message to the Senate, does indeed say that the cession blocks up British Columbia; but he might as well say the cession of Argyleshire would block up Liverpool. British Columbia has as many outlets to the sea as it ever had, the only district which is even apparently affected being divided by a broad channel from the Aleutian Islands. Vancouver's Island, by far our most valuable possession on the coast, is miles away to the south. No doubt, if British Columbia voted itself first independent and then a part of the American Union, the consequences might be much more serious. The Canadian Confederation, and the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company would then be shut out entirely from the Pacific, and Great Britain would cease to hold any possession whatever upon that ocean; but British Columbia is not the more likely to pass such a vote because of this cession. She cannot be threatened from Sitka, the village which serves as the capital to Russian America, and cannot be morally influenced by its possessors. Rather she is the less likely, because the colony will feel more acutely its importance as a member of the Canadian system, and will obtain better terms, more energetic assistance, that is, towards the establishment of the work it most desires — a practicable road across the continent from the Pacific to the St. Lawrence. Without British Columbia the new possession is so useless, and may be so expensive, that we do not wonder the Senate hesitates to ratify Mr. Johnson's Treaty.

Still the event is a curious one. It is very unusual, quite unprecedented as far as we know, for Russia to part voluntarily with territory of any kind. Her idea hitherto has been supposed to be to "conquer the world," that is, to possess herself gradually of every territory which did not cost too much either in battle or in cash. This cession shows that her rulers do not apply this theory to America; that they recognize the right of the Washington Cabinet to obtain, if it can, the whole of the North American continent. It shows also that they are very willing to make friends of the Americans, whether with a view to maritime assistance, as some people believe, or to other forms of aid, is uncertain, but certainly with some possibly half developed view. The mere right of entering American ports might, under certain circumstances, be valuable to the fleet which Russia usually maintains in Chinese waters, and she has designs in China which the power in possession of San Francisco might greatly facilitate. We are apt to forget, that considerable as the distance may be, California looks straight across the water to Japan and Shanghai. Some such view must, it is clear, have been in her ruler's mind, for her American territory is not a burden, and the sum offered by the Washington Government is no temptation. Russian finances are not, we believe, very flourishing, but still a million is far too small a sum to be a serious inducement. She could have obtained it from Amsterdam by a telegram, and not on very harsh terms. Then the American Government must have taken considerable trouble about this cession, and have taken it very secretly. Correspondence must have passed

for some time between Mr. Cassius Clay and Mr. Seward, and that correspondence has been very assiduously kept secret. These things denote intention, and as Russian America is in itself of no value, the intention must be to obtain any portion of the North American continent which may, at the moment, be obtainable, under the idea that it will, when the remainder has been secured, fall into its proper place. That is not very pleasant for Englishmen, who remember that they are second among American proprietors in wealth and importance, and in mere area the very first. It is not nice to know that your neighbour, the landed millionaire, intends some time or other to have your farms, because it suggests that he may be tempted at some convenient moment to try to make you part with them. The mere design does not greatly help him towards his end, but it does not tend to prolong amity, or to smooth away the inevitable occasions of quarrel. The possession of Russian America does not constitute a new inducement for the Union to conquer Canada, but it does offer a new inducement to Americans to tempt Canada into annexation. To be masters of a Continent is a very taking ambition, and, with Canada in the Union, and Russian America purchased, the Americans would be masters of a Continent, direct masters from the Rio Grande to the Pole, and indirect masters from the Isthmus to the Straits of Kamschatka. We can easily imagine that the purchase may increase the hankering, just as the purchase of an out-lying-farm by a great proprietor increases his hankering to join it on to the body of his estate. And we can imagine, too, that the possession may diminish Canadian reluctance to enter the Union. Men are greatly moved by their imaginations, and to be part proprietors of a Continent, to feel themselves seated for ever on two great oceans, finally beyond the reach or possibility of attack, or menace, or intrigue, is a prospect which would move any men, which would speedily move men who, like the Canadians and Americans, have been trained by circumstances to connect the ideas of bigness and of grandeur. To live under the idea that a neighbouring State of almost irresistible power intends to annex you in the end, is very trying to politicians, as the people of Belgium know, and many among them may be tempted, like many among Belgians, to end the irritation by joining that State, instead of waiting in suspicious preparation until the junction is effected without their consent.

While, therefore, the cession is not of any great direct importance, it may by increasing the American desire to annex Canada, and diminishing the Canadian reluctance to be annexed, prove ultimately of some moment. Still, even then, England has no plea or reason for interference or remonstrance. Russia has a right to sell uninhabited wildernesses if she likes, and America to buy them without giving us any umbrage, and we have long since disclaimed the right to dictate to Canada as to her future policy. So long as she claims our aid, we shall fight for her as for any other guaranteed ally; but if she chooses to vote herself independent, she has only to communicate that resolution in constitutional and courteous form. We shall, we fear, one day repent that this decision, which is, we believe, endorsed by all statesmen of all parties, was not formally included in the new Act of Confederation, but the danger of that omission is not increased by the American acceptance or rejection of the sovereignty of a few more square miles of ice-bound hills, or a few thousands more of Indian hunters, and half caste dealers in fur.

From The Economist.

GANG LABOUR IN THE FEN COUNTRY.

There is, perhaps, no fact in English politics more important or less generally understood, than the existence of deep chasms or rifts in our social civilisation. People comprehend in a vague way that we have among us classes with "very little education," or classes with none at all, but they seldom realise to themselves what that means, or remember how very many English people grow up to manhood and womanhood without any civilisation at all. London was perfectly startled by the revelations of an amateur casual, hardly believed the statements in the Blue Book about tramps, and will, we doubt, at heart suspect the gentlemen who have just reported on gang labour in Lincolnshire and the Eastern counties, of unconscious exaggeration. The evidence in this last case, however, is unusually complete, complete enough to demonstrate beyond all cavil the existence among us of many thousands of persons as uncivilised as the natives of newly-discovered islands. The reporters employed by the Home Office to inquire into the effects of the system of gang labour commonly employed in the Fen country, report, on testimony almost unanimous, facts which may be thus condensed

In the marshy districts of Lincolnshire, Huntingdon, and the Eastern counties, some seven thousand children are employed, chiefly in weeding, on a system but little differing from prædial slavery. Idle labourers, or labourers of indifferent character, collect gangs of children of all ages from among the cottages, paying the parents so much a week for each, and hire their gangs out to neighbouring farmers. The children are marched in the morning to their work often six miles off, compelled to toil for ten hours under fear of oaths and blows, and then marched back in the dusk, tired to the point of utter exhaustion. Girls are employed as well as boys, all ages are welcome, and no attempt is made at any separation of the sexes. The gang masters are very seldom decent persons, and find the trouble of exacting sufficient work quite as much as they can manage, and leave the children when the work is done to their own inclinations and devices. Wholly uneducated, accustomed to cottages where all ages and both sexes are huddled together like animals, compelled when in the fields to do everything in public, the children never acquire the most rudimentary sense of decency. It is not so much that they become immoral as that they do not know what morals are. They are beneath the morals. They are never permitted to rise out of the stage of life, in which obscenity seems amusing, chastity unnatural, delicacy a useless encumbrance. Forced into incessant companionship with the opposite sex, wearied with toils so severe that it kills the girls and hardens the boys into gipsies, with no external restraint, and no idea that restraint is useful, both sexes slide altogether out of civilisation — bathe together, sleep together huddled in barns to avoid the toil of walking home, and vie with each other in obscenity of phrase and gesture. So utterly degraded do they become, that even labourers inured to cottages with one room to each family, coarse of speech, and callous of feeling, are revolted by their behaviour, and refuse to allow their daughters to enter the fields except when compelled by actual want. This drives the gang masters back on a still more debased class — girls who have early lost their characters, women who never had any characters to lose, the most ruffianly or the least educated of the village lads, to whom, as several witnesses testify, the license of the gangs is the real attraction. The evil, therefore, intensifies itself until it is proved on the testimony of dozens of clergymen, surgeons, and decent labourers, that the introduction of gang labour in any village extinguishes morality. Or, to put it more accurately, it prevents a generation, which would, under any circumstances, be coarsely bred, from even acquiring that faint tincture of civilisation which secures, if not refinement, at least external decency; if not chastity, at least some regulation on the intercourse of the sexes. They become savages without that unconsciousness of law which in savages has been so often mistaken for innocence, with just so much consciousness as to feel delight in insulting all more decent than themselves. Persons by no means over-refined themselves declared to the Commissioners that the gangs were public nuisances, sources as well as centres of pollution, so bad that they made the public roads impassable; and even the farmers who benefit by the labour, admit and deplore the moral consequences of the system. Nevertheless, it has a tendency to extend. The gangs offer a supply of very cheap and very obedient labour; the cottagers in many villages are so wretchedly off that an addition of 6d. or 8d. a day to their wages is irresistibly attractive, and the tone of manners, if not of morals, is still in many districts wretchedly low. The clergymen who give evidence all report that the children employed in the gangs are worse than ordinary cottagers, but they almost all admit and lament the fashion in which they are brought up, and which renders civilisation almost impossible. Even mothers who gave evidence against the system, say they yield to it for the sake of the money it brings, and the only defence is characteristic of a general lowness of moral tone. This is, that the viciousness of the gangs is not the result of gang labour, but only a very patent exhibition of the universal coarseness and depravity of the agricultural poor. Then the system enables such land owners who own whole parishes to pull down most of their cottages, and thus relieve themselves in great measure of poor rates, a device which has only become useless since the passing of Mr. Charles Villiers' Union Chargeability Act.

It is, of course, easy to put a stop to this particular cause of demoralisation. The practice of forming children into gangs only extends over a few districts, and those who profit by it would themselves be glad to see the employment of girls in gangs prohibited by law. But the root of the evil will not, we greatly fear, be touched until agricultural cottages are better built, and education has become much more universal. No two villages are quite alike; but, in what is called a bad village, the civilisation is usually

very thin indeed. Lord Leicester, in a speech quoted with great approval by the Commissioners, admitted that even on his own well-managed estate, it is absolutely necessary to compel the cottagers to abstain from taking lodgers, or they will overcrowd them until neither decency nor comfort are in any way possible; and in "open" parishes, this crowding is sometimes carried to such an extent that two families occupy one room. It is only by the building of cottages on a great scale that this can be prevented; and cottage building is, unfortunately, not remunerative, and will not be until some cause like emigration has forced on a general rise in agricultural wages. Till then, however we may legislate, large numbers of agricultural labourers will, we fear, remain in a condition very little above that of the peasantry in Turkey or Bengal, with moral senses blunted by circumstances, no time for education, and very little inclination to find pleasure in anything higher than animal enjoyment.

From the Daily Advertiser.

THE MAGNOLIA.

If Dr. T. W. Parsons had nursed his literary reputation as many a writer of inferior merit has done, his estimation as a poet by the multitude would be, to-day, what it is by the discriminating few — second to none in America. His poems hitherto printed consist chiefly of the first half (seventeen cantos) of Dante's Inferno translated into English verse, with a large number of original pieces, some of which have been collected at the instigation, or by the care, of friends, and some of which are still to be sought in newspapers and magazines.

Twenty-two poems by Dr. Parsons have been collected and privately printed in a handsome quarto, of forty-eight pages, called The Magnolia.* At the top of the first cover is the date, 1866; at the bottom, the name of the poet; in the centre, a representation in gold, exquisitely designed, of the magnolia flower amidst its outlined leaves. The poems are curious neither in theme nor expression. In them, our common, and therefore deepest feelings are clothed in natural language and illustrated by apt and obvious images. Dr. Parsons does not write with that conscious knowledge of literature which tempts one to avoid a natural metaphor because it has been used before. His studies have purified his taste, not lumbered his memory, therefore he comes to a common subject with simplicity and directness, as if he were the first to treat it. If the thought is familiar it seems fresh by its fitness; if the simile is new it seems familiar by its truth. It would be hard to name another writer so little conscious of his art.

* *The Magnolia.* T. W. Parsons. Cambridge, Massachusetts. 1866. 4to, pp. 58.

Of these pieces, with the exception perhaps of four, the theme is the purest of human sentiments, friendship. With a warm, confident hand, he grasps his friend's hand at parting; he sends him manly words across the sea; the gifts of game and wine are made to praise only the giver; his worship of women never degenerates into maudlin protestations of indecent passion, but ennobles the worshipper and glorifies the divinity. Exquisite are the wreaths he has laid on the bier of childhood, beauty, genius and heroism. In the "Epitaph on a Child" he writes: —

"And when we garnered in the earth,
The foison that was ours,
We felt that burial was but birth
To spirits, as to flowers."

It was he who wrote of Mary Booth in stanzas worthy of a place in Grey's Elegy: —

"Know that her spirit to her body lent
Such sweetness, grace, as only goodness can;
That even her dust, and this her monument,
Have yet a spell to stay one lonely man, —

"Lonely through life, but looking for the day
When what is mortal of himself shall sleep;
When human passion shall have passed away,
And love no longer be a thing to weep."

It was he who caught in that "Dirge for one who fell in battle," the very spirit of Moschu's —

Begin, ye pastoral muses, the lament,
And nightingales and swallows whom he loved,

when he wrote —

"Room for the soldier! lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once
her lover;
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it."

In "The Sculptor's Funeral," Dr. Parsons celebrates genius and friendship in this fine stanza: —

"O Death! thou teacher true and rough!
Full oft I fear that we have erred,
And have not loved enough;
But, O ye friends! this side of Acheron,
Who cling to me to-day,
I shall not know my love till ye are gone
And I am gray!
Fair women with your loving eyes,
Old men that once my footsteps led,
Sweet children, — much as all I prize;
Until the sacred dust of death be shed
Upon each dear and venerable head,
I cannot love you as I love the dead!"

It is understood that Dr. Parsons's version of the whole of the "Inferno" will appear in May. In him are combined sensibility and reserve; a certain pensive sweetness and severity of temper; enthusiasm, a subtle sense of the value of words, a steady imagination, — gifts which seem to fit him singularly for the task of translating Dante.

The Russian *Publishers' Circular*, the *Knizhnuiy Viestnik*, or *Book Intelligencer*, has, in one of its numbers for 1866, a curious table of the number of volumes published at different places in Russia in the years 1863 and 1864. The grand total is 1,652 volumes in 1863, and 1,836 volumes in the following year. The number of places of publication was forty one in the first year, beginning with St. Petersburg, and ending with Kiakhta, the trading town on the Chinese frontier; and forty-six in the second; and in that year we regret to say Kiakhta, which only published one volume in 1863, appears to have omitted nothing. St. Petersburg is the great literary centre, furnishing 951 and 1,097 volumes in the successive years; Moscow follows, with 459 in the first year, and 432 — a decrease — in the second; Odessa, Kiev, Kharkov, Tiflis, &c. follow at very respectful distances; and the remaining towns — Irkutsk, Astrakhan, Archangel, &c., — figure in general for two or three works respectively; but, as the table is founded on the lists published in the *Knizhnuiy Viestnik* itself, it may probably be the case that its own omissions in recording their appearance may be the origin of the apparent paucity of provincial publications. St. Petersburg is, as we learn from another article, the place of publication of no less than 143 periodicals; Moscow, of 31; while the rest of the Empire furnishes 158, many of which are, however, vehicles of local intelligence described by the *Knizhnuiy Viestnik* as mere waste paper. The St. Petersburg periodicals are of a very different character, many of them surpassing any English periodical in extent and furnishing more matter in a monthly number than any Engl[illegible] in its quartely issue. It is in these [illegible] periodicals that nearly every thing of [illegible]nce in Russian literature makes its first a[illegible]ance, and a translated selection from th[illegible] principal articles would form the best mean[illegible] of introducing the mind of modern Russia to the English public. To pay it every attention would be only to return the compliment it pays to us. We observe that in the essays of the Russian critic Druzhenin, which are now being reprinted in a collected form, like those of Jeffrey and Macaulay, the fifth volume contains articles on Currer Bell's 'Villette,' on Thackeray's 'Newcomes,' on Wilkie Collins's 'No Name,' on Lawrence's 'Barren Honour,' on Trollope's 'Orley Farm,' on George Eliot's 'Romola,' on Dr. Russell, the *Times* Correspondent, and a host of other subjects of English interest. It would surely be of some interest to know what "the lion thinks of us."

We have to thank Messrs. Bell and Daldy for tastefully and prettily illustrated editions of Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylstone*, Longfellow's *Evangeline* and *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, and Goldsmith's *Poetical Works*, with an introductory essay, by Mr. Edmund Forster Blanchard. The four volumes are admirably got up, and the illustrations are by Birket Foster, Absolon, Harrison, Weir, Gilbert, Tenniel, and others. The only complaint we have to make is that the church at page 121 of the *White Doe* reappears without a change at page 13 of the *Wayside Inn*, but for all that the books are exquisite. — *Spectator*.

A CHILD'S TRADE IN BETHNAL GREEN.

Lucifer-Boxes! — the name suits well
With the stench, and the glare, and grime of Hell!
Thirty a halfpenny — no great waste,
As the small manufacturers *find their own paste.*
Such a child I took on my knee,
Her life of labour began at three!
The sad and sickly pallid child,
Poor little woman, meek and mild,
Her mother said, encouragement giving,
Since she was three had earn'd a living.
Her Mother, the decent Englishwoman,
Shall we hope or fear that her heart is human?
Her Father, hard-working Englishman,
Who could grudge him his pipe and can?
O God! for Parents what a doom,
That infant the rent of their wretched room
Toiling to earn, and an early tomb!
Never an hour of holiday
Hath it known, nor the sense of the word "to play."
Paste and shavings, paper and paste,
Hundreds of boxes made in haste —
Lucifer-Boxes! — the name fits well
With the lurid glare and the grin of Hell,
For the Devil looked on, and inly laughed
To be beaten by Man his own black craft.
Talk of machinery and its pranks,
Boilers and pistons, wheels and cranks,
All ingenious, but here is seen
A wonderful God-made live machine.
Examine each artery, nerve, and vein,
Valves of the heart, and folds of brain,
Stomach for food, for breath the lung,
Look at the eye, and ear, and tongue,
And all, of which medical students read
For months and years, yet scarce succeed
In remembering half their names or uses —
Filaments, tissues, cells, and juices,
And what each part to the whole conduces.
This is the thing that ever in haste
Makes Lucifer-Boxes, finding the paste,
Its life one dull unvarying round
Of Lucifer-Boxes — one hates the sound.
Never those lustreless eyes have seen,
Though she lives in a place called Bethnal Green,
Meadow or bee, or flow'r or tree;
What are they, little machine, to thee?
Hundreds like thee have died ere seven,
And gone, as the clergy say, to Heaven;
And One, indeed, who could witness bear,
Hath said of such is the Kingdom there.
Sev'n's too old — wilt be alive,
Poor little toiler, to date from five?
Lamb or filly, kitten or kid,
Which of them leads such a life forbid?
Leveret, rabbit, tiger, calf,
When young can play, if they do not laugh.
Better be cubs of wolves or foxes,
Than babes worked up into Lucifer-Boxes;
Better an animal tame or wild,
Better be aught than such a child!
Methinks t'were a change for that sad elf
To make a case that would hold herself;
Though if that be found at the parish cost,
Of course the trouble and time were lost.
Then a scantling of wood, some nails as well,
Alas, how little will form her shell!
The father and mother may well lament,
As they follow that box, for the payer of rent;
And with a groan, it may be confest
The Lucifer-Boxmaker earn'd her rest.

— *Spectator.* W. D.

SOCIETY IN JAPAN.

All lustres fade, all types decay,
  That Time has strength to touch or tarnish;
Japan itself receives to-day
  A novel kind of varnish.
All Asia moves; in far Thibet
  A fear of change perturbs the Lama;
You'll hear the railway whistle yet
  Arousing Yokohama!

Methinks it were a theme for song,
  This spread of European knowledge;
Gasometers adorn Hong Kong,
  Calcutta keeps a college.
Pale ale and cavendish maintain
  Our hold among the opium smokers;
Through Java jungles run the train,
  With Dutchmen for the stokers.

The East is doomed — Romance is dead,
  Or surely on the point of dying;
The travellers' books our boyhood read
  Would now be reckoned lying.
Our young illusions vanish fast;
  They're obsolete — effete — archaic;
The hour has come that sees, at last,
  The Orient prosaic!

The East is dying; live the East!
  With hope we watch its transformation;
Our European life at least
  Is better than stagnation.
The cycles of Cathay are run;
  Begins the new, the nobler movement —
I'm half ashamed of making fun
  Of Japanese improvement!

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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From Christian Soicety: a new monthly Magazine.

FIRST WORDS.

WITH almond blossoms on our infant head;
Claiming an instant manhood for our own;
Youthful, yet ripe; not alien, though unknown,
We leap to life as these FIRST WORDS are read.

Our task shall be, as months and seasons roll,
To set to words what airs of Heaven we may;
To utter thoughts that help to work and pray;
And stir the holier currents of the soul:

At morn or eve when Christians daily seek
Self-inquisition, from the world apart,
To be unto their hearts a very heart;
And shed a Sabbath rest o'er all their week:

To watch their mutual converse each with each;
Their social mirth; their fellowship of pain;
Their great world-pilgrimage, its loss and gain,
Its golden times for silence, act, and speech.

To all things honest we bring sympathy;
Defining only as God's love defines;
And, gathering fruit but from the ancient vines,
New forms of culture judge with charity.

Thus come we, offering genial Christian hands —
Offering the costly best of heart and brain;
Trusting our grasp shall be returned again,
And soul to soul be knit in subtlest bands.

Thus, youngest of the heralds, we proclaim
Our terms of conflict in the friendly strife
With other heralds of the spotless life,
Of the white banner, and the older name.

We pitch, beside our virgin flag unfurled,
One other tent for souls upon the march;
We paint upon their clouds another arch;
And knit with one more chain the Christian world.

We trust to flourish long amongst the rest;
We trust our shadow evermore shall grow:
Befall what may, it is enough to know
They will be greatest who shall serve the best!

SONNET—SPRING.

Now slowly rounding on its axle old
The brown world turns its face unto the spring,
A balmy freshness fills the dewy mould
Of furrowed fields; white clouds with folded wing
Rest on the sea. Along the quiet beach
Through branches dropped with buds of freshest green
The streamlet trickles down the rocky reech
On whose blue calm the floating gull is seen;
Inland the rook calls clamorous for rain;
The peasant, plough in hand, plods whistling on
Behind his puffing horses, till the sun
Casting blue mountain shadows, nears the main.
Then from the dusky twilight upland soon
The nightingale salutes the cloudy moon.

— *Dublin University Magazine.*

NEW ENGLAND.

BY R. C. WATERSTON.

HERE, — where the East unbars the Gates of Day,
Love, Liberty and Law, hold genial sway;
While Patriots see, with honest joy and pride,
The Schoolhouse and the Church, stand side by side!

Here, — Poetry has swept her golden lyre;
Here, — Eloquence has breathed, — in words of fire;
Here, — Heaven-born Worth a favored home has found;
And Valorous Deeds made consecrated ground!

Here, — Adams, — Quincy, — Otis, — Hancock stood,
Defying danger, for their Country's good;
Bravely they spoke, in fortune's darkest hour,
And kingdoms shook before their words of power!

Where through the Past was there sublimer fame,
Than that connected with the Pilgrims' name?
What could a People have, or wish for, more,
Than the Immortal *Rock* on Plymouth shore?

Swift, — may each hallowed influence expand,
In ever-widening Circles, o'er the land;
Till that fine Seed of Life, the "Mayflower" brought,
Sows the vast Continent with Noble Thought!

From the Quarterly Review.

Nachrichten über Leben und Schriften des Herrn Geheimrathes Dr. Karl Ernst v. Baer, mitgetheilt von ihm selbst. Veröffentlicht bei Gelegenheit seines Fünfzigjährigen Doctor-Jubiläums am 29. August, 1864, von der Ritterschaft Esthlands (a Sketch of the Life and Writings of Dr. Charles Ernst von Baer, contributed by himself. Published on the occasion of the Jubilee of his Doctorate on the 29th of August, 1864, by the 'Ritterschaft' of Esthonia). St. Petersburg. 1865. (For private circulation only.)

When a skilled man sets about learning for himself the working of any engine or piece of mechanism, he begins by taking it to pieces and then tries to put it together again. The first step is generally easy enough, but it teaches little. It is, in fact, only preliminary to the second, which is at the same time far more difficult and infinitely more instructive. The taking to pieces of that puzzling mechanism, the animal body, was begun long ago, in very early times, and has at the present day arrived at so near an approach to perfection, that weak faint-hearted men are sometimes heard to complain that in anatomy there is very little room left for discovery. In most animals all the parts have been unriveted, all the joints loosened, and all the pieces, even to the tiniest bits, carefully sorted out, so that everything seems ready for the higher task of synthesis to begin. The putting together, however, of an animal is a work the very beginning of which is far above our might, far above the might of all the king's laboratories and all the king's men. So far are we from being able to construct an animal, that we cannot put together even the simplest vital pieces; the very nails which bind the plainest work of life are to us as yet magic nails, not to be had from any manufactory. Nay, the case is even worse. A common engine may be stopped from its work without damage, and when it has been stopped all the parts remain as they were, except just so far as that they were moving and are now at rest: the fly-wheel is the same body whether it be revolving or whether it be still. With the vital machine it is otherwise: it can be stopped only at the cost of being spoilt; with it, arrest means confusion and obliteration. That which the anatomist laid before us as the machinery of life is, to a very great extent, not the original mechanism, but, looked at from a chemical point of view, only a group of secondary post-mortem arrangements. A corpse is not an engine at rest — it is a ruin. To put together into a working whole the bits of machinery of which the anatomist and the physiologist tell us, is as hopeless a task as that of piecing together into an acting engine the fragments of an exploded boiler.

But that which we cannot do ourselves, is being continually done for us all the world over. Every moment an animal is born. Every moment the entrance of a new young life upon the globe proclaims that the task of building up a living frame has once more been accomplished. Nature is constantly in travail; for ever, in things great and small, teaching those who care to listen, how an animal is put together; for ever pointing out with her finger, to those who care to see, the ways in which an almost formless and structureless egg is, little by little, changed and moulded and worked up into the intricate and perplexing system of a grown-up being.

Of course for a long time mankind did not care to see, though great men like Harvey had glimpses of the process. For a while, at an epoch when inquiry into other matters was rife, men's eyes, as regards this, were blinded by a plausible untruth. They were told that the infant animal was, even in its earliest stages, an invisible miniature of the future adult, carefully and neatly folded up in the body of its parent. Growth was said to be an unfolding and a getting bigger — a mere amplification. The progress of an animal from the egg onwards was thought to be like that of the lion's head on the screen of a child's magic-lantern, which, appearing at first as a tiny thing not bigger than a shilling, and yet with all its parts perfect, gradually swells out into a life-size picture. The benumbing influence which such an idea, potent because so seemingly natural, would exercise upon all inquiry, is evident. If it were true, the formation of an animal would be so perfect a mystery as to seem no mystery at all. To Caspar F. Wolff, a prophet unknown and unhonoured save among a few biologists, is due the credit of having demolished this false theory, and of having shown that growth is the putting on of forms and parts — that, in the making of an animal, Nature first lays down a rough sketch, and then fills in the details as the mass enlarges in size. The path which he thus opened up has since been trodden by many inquirers, the results of whose labours have served to justify the idea which he nursed, that in the history of development are to be found the

very essentials of biology, and that all other studies, anatomical and the like, are, compared with it, hardly more than a mere scratching of the surface. Among Wolff's successors, the chief place may fairly be given to the man whose name stands at the head of this article, and who, though the greater part of his work was finished while many of our present distinguished Naturalists were at school, and though his name seems to belong almost to a past generation, is still enjoying an old age full of honour and good report, and fragrant with the satisfaction of fruitful well-spent days.

It may seem somewhat out of place to dwell on the life and doings of one who is still amongst us; but we have, so to speak, his own authority for it. On the 29th of August, 1864, he celebrated the jubilee of his Doctorate, on which occasion the Ritterschaft — or, as we should say, the county families — of his native province presented him with a splendidly printed and elegantly bound copy of an autobiography and list of published works, which he had prepared at their request. It is from this quaintly written and interesting volume that we have gathered the following incidents of his life, and we very much regret that, owing to its having been printed for private circulation only, the general public are not invited to the perusal of the work: for, besides being pleasant reading, it contains many valuable discussions and wise sayings on the principles of education, the position of science and scientific men, and topics of a like nature.

Karl Ernst von Baer was born at the family estate of Piep, in Esthland (Esthonia), on the 28th of February, 1792, and is a striking instance that the offspring of cousins are not necessarily degenerate in body or mind. While still an infant he was adopted by an uncle and aunt, who were childless, and was carried away to live with them at Lassila, in Wierland. The uncle, a dry pedantic trifler, an agriculturist, amateur glazier, and family shoemaker, thought that the best way of educating his adopted son was to let him run about as much as he pleased. It was not till he was nearly eight years of age, that Baer was brought back to his father's house to begin to learn his letters. But neither he nor his father had any reason to regret such a prolonged period of freedom. "I count it," says he, "among the happiest circumstances of my life that I was not too early troubled with lessons. By the time I left my uncle I had so far grown in mind that I was heartily ashamed of being unable to read, and most eager to learn." Instead of trudging unwillingly to school, so vigorously did he set to work, that in about three weeks he could read in the ordinary way with ease, and in a few more he had gained the unusual accomplishment of reading a book held upside down before him without trouble. Within three years we find him studying Latin, Mathematics, History, Geography, and French, under the guidance of a tutor of solid worth, with a mathematical turn of mind, who, however, was soon succeeded by a man of a different stamp, a dilettanti, with a leaning towards poetical literature and the natural sciences.

The world in general, and men of science in particular, speak lightly of dilettanti, and often count them as worse than useless. But they have at least this merit, that they are frequently the means of starting true men on their proper career. They act, as it were, the part of matches or tapers; they themselves are of no use for illumination, and yet serve to light up many a brilliant lamp. So was with it Herr Glanström. He himself has vanished leaving no visible work behind; but it was through him that the young Baer was led into his own true path of biological science.

Medicine, however, was the first pursuit of the future anatomist, and accordingly after a sojourn of three years in the High School of Reval, where the irregular development of home culture was clipped and trained into a more orderly and orthodox growth, he entered the University of Dorpat as a medical student. This university, now one of the most famous in Europe, was at that time in a condition the like of which could hardly be found at the present day, at least in Germany. The medical and scientific chairs especially were very inadequately filled. Parrot, the Professor of Physics, took Chemistry also, and taught next to nothing. Ledebour, who held the chair of Natural History, and who was supposed to lecture on Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, and Geology, was competent in the second only of these subjects. Burdach, it is true, called forth among the students a temporary enthusiasm by his ingenious and *doctrinaire* lectures on Physiology; but the chair of Anatomy, that keystone of every medical school, was occupied by Chichoius, an eccentric character, *animal curiosum*, who in the daytime shut his shutters and lived by candlelight, and who taught his students to classify all animals into the wholly fluid and the semi-fluid. The Professor of Medicine was a good practitioner, but no teacher; while Surgery was wholly wanting. Where there was not ignorance there was pedantry, and in most chairs learning was reckoned as knowledge

One professor lectured one day on the necessity of medical students being masters of Greek, because Hippocrates was a master of medicine, and the next day bade his pupils learn Arabic, in order that they might read Rhazes and Avicenna in the original. There was no physical or chemical laboratory, no physiological institute, there were none of those truly royal roads to the learning of physical science, which are now to be found everywhere in Germany. The university was too new to have become well trained in the old ways, and the Directors had too little courage and perhaps too little knowledge to throw themselves heartily into the new ways. Here for some three years young Baer studied, amid no little doubt and bewilderment, making real progress in Botany, but achieving scarcely anything worth the name of knowledge in anything else. No wonder that on concluding his studies, after a short episode of practical life at Riga during an epidemic of fever, he took his degree with the uncomfortable conviction that, though now a *Doctor Medicinæ* in name, he was as yet wholly unfit to enter upon the duties of an actual healer. Dorpat, however, could serve him no longer; he must go elsewhere. He wanted to learn anatomy — that which Cichorius could never teach him. He wanted especially to study practical medicine. Some diseases he had seen at Dorpat, as also various kinds of treatment; but the cases to which his attention had been called by the professor were for the most part curious rather than common, and the treatment was indiscriminate and unaccountable. He wanted to learn something of the real science of medicine, to be taught some general rules which he might always carry with him, to modify and apply as occasion demanded. He felt that he had not got to the bottom of the matter — indeed, was beginning to ask if there were a bottom at all. Had any patient at this time asked him to recommend a doctor, he would have been inclined to answer, "Choose any one you please, provided it is not myself."

About this time several great physicians and surgeons were making Vienna famous as a school for practical medicine and surgery. So Baer went to Vienna, excited with the expectation of really learning the art he had chosen, and firmly determined to keep down all those botanical fancies and longings which at times sorely tempted him astray, until this, the chief business, was accomplished. He threw himself with zeal into all the courses of lectures. In surgery he attended the genial Rust. Unhappily at this time Rust's custom was to pay attention to great operations only, and to neglect all minor matters. Cases which a practitioner might see once or twice in a lifetime were dwelt upon with a loving fulness, while the smaller ills and hurts, the cure of which makes up the life of a country surgeon, were passed over as unworthy of notice. But it was just the cure of these lesser things that Baer had come so far to learn. So, not without groaning, he turned to the great Hildenbrand, who had just made himself famous by his work on fever. Here, at least, said he, I shall find what I seek. But alas! Hildenbrand was that year busily engaged in carrying out what is called the expectant method, which means that the doctor shuts the patient's mouth to all medicines and opens his own eyes to see what Nature will send in the way of result. It is a method very much in vogue among the poor and those who dislike a doctor. Hildenbrand was about to write a work on catarrh, and so he was filling his wards with picked cases and studying the "natural" history of the malady, trying to find out what it was like when not disturbed by medicines. It was hardly worth while, thought Baer, to have come all the way to Vienna, and to struggle daily in the crowd of students that followed the professor, like a comet's tail, in order to hear liquorice and barley-water prescribed for a common cold. Hardly more satisfactory was the clinique of the distinguished Kern, whose energies were, for the time being, wholly devoted to a war of extermination against bandages and plasters; or of Boer, who was daily declaiming against a meddlesome midwifery. In short, all these great lights seemed to Baer to be very busy in turning on the dark shade, to be enthusiastic in nothing save in the great art of folding the hands. The men of Vienna were no better than the men of Dorpat, perhaps in some sense worse, for more was expected of them.

Stunned and bewildered by the discovery that he had come out so far to see a shadow, in despair at ever becoming an adept in the medical art, or rather at ever finding out what was that medical art in which he wished to become an adept, he wandered one day, as the winter session was closing and the early summer was coming on, on a walking excursion with a friend to a hill in the neighbourhood of the city. Coming there suddenly upon an Alpine flora, most of whose members were new to him, all his old natural history longings came back. For a while he was at home and happy, and the descent back to the city seemed to be

a return to prison. The visit was frequently renewed; and each time he breathed the fresh mountain air and gathered a hidden flower, the medical art and the expectant method seemed more and more hopeless, and the call to a life of pure science more and more clear. Botany alone, however, did not offer much chance of a livelihood, nor was it enough, by itself, to satisfy his mind. Zoology looked more likely; above all, there floated before him visions of a certain Comparative Anatomy, of which he was as yet wholly ignorant, but which seemed to be full of golden though uncertain promise. So he took up his scrip and his staff, shook off from his feet the dust of the hospitals and the expectant method, and started to walk through Germany, hoping somewhere to find some one who would teach him this unknown science. Whilst on his journey a trifling incident determined his career. Stopping one day at a little inn near Salzburg, and being requested to write something in the visitors' book he simply expressed in a few lines his regret at not having met Dr. Hoppe, a well-known botanist residing near, to whom he wished to submit some botanical difficulties. A few days after, while still in the same neighbourhood, he was met in the street by two men, one old, the other young, who stopped him and asked if he were Dr. Baer. The elder was Hoppe, the younger Martius, since well known for his works on palms. "Where can I learn Comparative Anatomy?" cried Baer. "Go to Döllinger, in Würtzburg," said they; "we will give you an introduction." The interview in the street lasted only five minutes, but it was long enough: Baer went straight to Würtzburg, and the course of his life was decided.

Döllinger received him with open arms, took him into his study, gave him a leech, showed him how to dissect it, and set him to work at once. Day by day Baer sat in the worthy old man's study, carefully working away at his dissection, receiving from time to time words of advice and solutions of his difficulties. When he had finished the leech, another animal was brought out for examination, and then afterwards some other, and for each one Döllinger knew exactly what to tell him, helping him also with monographs and volumes of plates. In less than three weeks Baer felt that he had got into the right path. Here was no confusion, but instead of it increasing clearness. Every night he went to bed with the strange new sensation, that he had made progress during the day. The clouds that gathered in Vienna gradually rolled back again. He kept steadily working on with widening light during the whole of the winter. Very strongly did he feel the beneficial influence of confining himself to one line of study. Previously he had striven, after the fashion of students, to drive half-a-dozen courses of lectures abreast, and had, as usual, found the reins very apt to get entangled. Now one subject only occupied his thoughts, and his mind began to range about in it with a freedom and a spring unknown to him before. In the summer, Christian Pander came to Würtzburg and began with Döllinger those researches on the development of the chick in the egg, to which Baer was destined afterwards to add so much. At this time, however, Baer merely looked on. He could not afford to give up the whole of his time to the inquiry, and he soon found that nothing less than that would suffice to give him a real share in the work. Very pleasant, nevertheless, was it for him to hear from his friends how matters were going on — to receive week by week, at their social meetings in Nees von Esenbeck's country house at Sickershausen, reports of the progress that had been made, of the difficulties that had been cleared up, to learn how this strange problem of the making of a bird had become clearer in this point or in that.

Towards the end of the summer he received from Burdach, who had removed to Königsberg, an invitation to become Prosector of Anatomy at that University. He accepted the invitation, chiefly because it offered to him the opportunity of clinging for a year or two longer to the skirts of science. Great as was his love for anatomy, the chance of its ever affording him a livelihood seemed dismally small; practice loomed before him, as that to which he must at last, in all probability, come, however long he might defer the fatal time. After spending a winter in Berlin, running about busily from hospital to hospital, and from lecture to lecture, in order that he might, if possible, make himself master of the expectant method, and so be prepared for the worst, he entered upon his duties at Königsberg at the close of the Easter of 1817.

Here he remained, with the exception of a few months spent at St. Petersburg, until the year 1834. It was here, therefore, that the prime of his life was spent, and the greater part of his scientific work accomplished. Happily he was never called upon to be paid for practising the expectant method on others, and he had the mingled satisfaction of looking back on his days at Vienna as for the most part wasted. In

1819 he was made Professor of Zoology and Director of the Zoological Museum; and his salary, together with other emoluments which gradually flowed in, saved him from the necessity of turning to other duties in order to earn his bread, and left him free to follow the bent of his mind. The outward life of a man devoted to science, if he have the good fortune, rare enough in this country, of being able to give himself up wholly to study, and be not cruelly dragged away from his pursuits to perform all manner of heterogeneous functions, offers but few incidents that any stranger would care to hear of. To the busy man of the world he seems to toil all day on a treadwheel, while he himself thinks he is walking in a garden of roses. Every occasion on which he comes prominently before the public, other than in his scientific capacity, be it to be rewarded with honours or to incur reproach, is to him more or less of a misfortune. He is an organ, performing a special function for the good of the body politic, and every instance of his meddling with anything else, save of course those common duties of citizenship and manhood which are as imperative on him as on any other of his fellow organs, is either a sign or the cause of disease. Admirably meagre was the outer life of Baer at Königsberg. He married and had children; he lectured and otherwise instructed his students; he laboured in the museum and in the study. He moved in the town as an able Professor and as an enlightened citizen, who was always ready to share with his fellow-townsmen the knowledge he was acquiring, and who in times of doubt and difficulty would come forward to throw into the scale of right and justice the weight of a mind made just by a daily intercourse with nature, and kept right by a steady pursuit of truth. And he fell of course into a few professorial scandals and other little quarrels, such as would naturally beset a man keenly alive to foolishness, and possessing an exceedingly caustic tongue.

His inner life was proportionately rich, and he reaped a full harvest of scientific work. A good basketful might be made of his mere fragments, odd bits of anatomy, and stray papers published here and there, specimens of those broken pieces of fact, which every scientific worker throws out to the world, hoping that on them, some time or other, some truth may come to land. But his *opus magnum*, that by which he will always be remembered, on which he had already begun before he came to Königsberg, and at which he worked almost incessantly during the whole of his stay there, is his "History of the Development of Animals." In this he extended human knowledge, as well by the discovery of a multitude of new facts, as by the unfolding of many great and pregnant ideas. There is a theory, not uncommon among those who talk much and know little of science, that progress, especially in what are called the sciences of observation, is effected by two classes of persons; by dull, plodding drones, who sedulously, and, as it were, blindly, through some strange kind of instinct, gather together treasures of unmeaning facts; and by rare brilliant spirits, who from time to time, without touching the facts so much as with the tips of their fingers, easily and gently arrange into "laws," and by the mere light of their genius flood with meaning, the obscure labours of their predecessors. Perhaps it need hardly be said here, that no such distinction is known in science itself. There are great men and little men, men of small and men of large ideas; every one too profits more or less by the labours of others: but if any one thing is certain it is this, that whoever wishes to build in the city of science a house that will stand, must dig his own foundations, and, to a very great extent, make his own bricks. The man who sits aloft and runs up theories out of the results of other men's toil, merely wastes his time in erecting a structure that the next stiff breeze will bring toppling down. Von Baer was an excellent brickmaker as well as a cunning builder. The numerous facts in embryology which he discovered are to be seen recorded in all the text-books of physiology, while the ideas which he was the first to set afloat concerning the nature of an animal's early growth, though for a while they failed to secure the recognition they deserved, have become part and parcel of our present biological teaching.

We spoke above of the old "nest" theory, which taught that the offspring existed from the very beginning in the body of the parent, fully formed and perfect as to its parts, though so small as to be almost invisible. A necessary corollary further explained how the embryo itself also contained on a still smaller scale its own embryos, which in turn had still smaller embryos, and so on *ad infinitum*, the originator of a species actually as well as potentially carrying about in his body the whole family of possible decendants, one generation being "nested" within the other. This idea, refuted by Wolff, and still further demolished by the labours of his successors, was replaced by the theory, — built on the wonderful

supported himself as a poacher; others, that he had been heard to declare, that rather than kill the bird, he would, out of mere spite and obstinacy, give up the eldership, the church, ay, even Christianity itself; others, that he had stolen a child from Mrs. Craigie, whom, though a woman, he, a soldier, had threatened to strike in his own house; &c. He was a terror even to evil doers!

Most marvellous is this birth and upbringing of lies! Who lays the first egg? How does it multiply so rapidly into thousands? And how singular is the development of each individual of the species — through all the stages of evil thoughts, suspicious hints, wondering *if's* and *maybe's*, perversions, exaggerations, fibs, white lies — until it is fully fledged into out-and-out lies repeated with diligence, malice, and hate! We can give no account of this social phenomenon except the old one, of the devil being the father of the whole family, and training up each in the way it should go in order to please him, its parent.

In Drumsylie, as in other towns, there were some who so indulged the self-pleasing habit of confessing and mourning over the sins and shortcomings of their neighbours, that they had little time or inclination to confess their own. Some of these confessors might be heard during this week in Adam's history lamenting: — "Oh! it's a dreadfu' place this! Eh! it's eneuch to keep ane sleepless to think o't! When a man like Adam Mercer becomes a scoffer, and despises ordinances, and," &c. &c.

But it would be unjust to Drumsylie and the Sergeant to affirm that this state of public feeling had not many marked exceptions. Some, chiefly among the poor, truly loved him, and sympathized with him, and openly confessed this. Many protested, in private at least, against his treatment. But such is, alas! the moral cowardice, or may-be the thoughtlessness only, of even good men, that many did not express to Adam their goodwill towards him, or their confidence in his righteousness. It is indeed remarkable, in a free country of brave men, how very many there are who, before taking any decided part in questions which distract communities, small or great, attentively consider on which side the hangman is, or seems likely to be. The executioner's cord seen in the possession of this or that party has a wonderful influence on the number of its adherents. As far as appearances went, this distinguished public officer was for the time being on the side of the Rev. Daniel Porteous. And so the cautious and prudent consoled themselves by saying: "It is not our business." "Least said soonest mended." "Why quarrel with the minister?" "Why displease my aunt or my uncle who are so bigoted and narrow?" "Mr. Porteous and the majority of Session may be wrong, but that is their affair, not ours." Such were some of the characteristic sayings of the men who were doubtful as to the side Calcraft favoured.

Mr. Smellie had communicated Adam Mercer's resolution to Mr. Menzies, and this had deterred him from attempting to follow in the track of expostulation with Adam, which it was evident would lead to nothing. Smellie had failed — who could succeed? Mr. Menzies ought to have *tried.* Some success, by one good man in dealing with another good man, is certain.

The Session met on the next Sunday after Adam's quarrel with his minister, or rather of his minister with him. The court was, as usual, "constituted by prayer." But whether the spirit of prayer constitutes the spirit of every meeting opened by it may, without offence, be questioned. It is unnecessary to condense the debates — for debates there were at this meeting. Adam, with a soldier's gentlemanly feeling, did not attend; Smellie, in spite of some opposing murmurs of dissent, ascribed his absence to "contumacious pride," and the minister did not contradict him.

Mr. Porteous addressed the court. He asked whether it was possible for them to stop proceedings in the case of Mr. Mercer without stultifying themselves? Had they not taken the very mildest of and most judicious course, and considered not only what was due to themselves but also their erring brother? Yet they had not only failed to obtain the slightest concession from him, but he had gone so far as even to refuse to receive or confer with their own committee. The case was no doubt most distressing to them all, but, as far as he could see, it would bring well-merited ridicule on all church discipline if they dropped it at this stage. To appoint another deputation would be disrespectful to the dignity of the court; and as for himself, he had done all he could to bring about an amicable settlement: in fact, on last Sabbath evening, he had had a private interview in the manse with Mr. Mercer, which had terminated, he grieved to say, in a most unsatisfactory manner.

Such was the general tenour of the minister's harangue. It was in vain that Mr.

Gordon, backed by William Simpson, farmer, of Greenfield, and Andrew Semple, watchmaker, argued against the minister — the latter declaring that the Session were putting back the hands of the clock, and falling behind time.

But all in vain! Adam, by the casting vote of the Moderator, was "suspended" from the eldership; that is, deprived for a time of his official position and power. Mr. Gordon and the two elders who agreed with him, vehemently protested against what they called the "tyrannical proceeding." Most fortunately for the cause of justice, the Rev. Daniel was not a bishop who could rule his parish presbyters as his own "principles," whims, or—pardon the irreverent insinuation — his indigestion, might dictate. There was a higher court, and there was the law of the land, higher than the court, to curb the minister's will, or as he always called it when in a passion — his conscience. The sentence of the Session might be, as was confidently anticipated, reversed by the Presbytery, though the district was notoriously narrow and prejudiced, and some of the clergy fancied that the straws showed how the winds of heaven blew, when they were only moved by their own breath.

When Adam returned on that Sunday afternoon from church, he fortunately did not know, though he more than suspected, what the decision of the Kirk Session was. He knew certainly that his case must not only have come before the court, but must also, from its nature, have caused such a division of opinion as would make his position as an elder one of remark, of suspicion, and, to him, of personal pain. It was a temporary comfort, however, that he had no certain bad news to communicate to Katie, and that he could say, as he did with truth, "It wasna for me to be present, or to interfere. They have done their duty nae doot, an' I have done mine as far as I could."

When his humble Sunday meal was over, and before sunset, Adam went to visit one or two of the sick, infirm, or bedridden, who were on his list to attend to as an elder. Not until he was on his way to their homes did he realize the fact that, for the present at least, he was probably no longer an elder. But as he never had formed the habit of visiting the sick as a mere official, but had made his office only a better means, given him in God's providence, for gratifying his benevolent and Christian feelings, he went, as he was wont to do, with a peaceful spirit and loving heart. The poor and suffering whom he visited received him with their usual kindness and gratitude. They *felt* that Adam could not be a bad or false man; that in him was love — love in its meekness, calmness, self-possession, sympathy, and forgiveness of others. They could not, perhaps, explain the grounds of their perfect unreserved confidence in him, yet they could not — it was impossible — entertain any doubts of his Christian character which could hinder their hearts from feeling what they in many cases expressed with their lips: "A *real* guid man is Adam Mercer! It's me that should say it, for he has been kind and guid to me. I'm no saying wha's richt or wrang; I ken this only, that I'll stan' by Adam! I wish we had mair like him!"

On his return home after these visits, he placed Mary on Charlie's chair, beside himself, resolving, although the other members of the class were still absent, that he would nevertheless teach Mary as their representative, as well as for her own sake. There had come into his possession one of those small books of religious guidance and instruction which many intellectual people — so called, but probably not so recognized by the angels who minister even to children — affect to despise, just as they would despise any "still small voice" when compared with the loud storm, the brilliant fire, and the powerful, rock-moving earthquake. This book was but a number of texts, wisely arranged by a bedridden Christian, for each day of the year, with one of special and deeper import for its Sabbaths. The text for this Lord's Day was — "They who know Thy name will put their trust in Thee;" and Adam said to her, when she had repeated it as the lesson for the day, "Do ye understan' what is meant by trusting God?"

"I'm no sure," she said.

"But ye surely ken what it wad be to trust *me?* — Do ye, Mary?"

Mary looked up and smiled. She made no reply, but was evidently puzzled by an attempt she was unconsciously making to understand the possibility of want of trust in the Sergeant. So, finding no response, he again asked, "Wad ye trust *me*, my wee woman?"

Mary seemed vexed, and said, "What wrang hae I dune? Ye telt me to ca' you faither, and I canna help doing it; sae ye maunna be angry, for I hae nae faither but you."

"I was sure ye wad trust *me*," said the Sergeant; "but, Mary dear, wad ye trust God?"

"No!" said Mary, very decidedly.

"What for no?" asked the Sergeant, kindly.

"I'm awfu' frichtened for Him."

"Why are ye frichtened for *Him?*"

Mary seemed to be counting the buttons on his coat.

"Tell me, bairn!"

"Because," said Mary, encouraged by his tone, "Mrs. Craigie aye telt me He wad sen' me to the bad place; and when I got my fit burned she said that I wad be a' burnt thegither some day, as I was a bad lassie; and I'm sure I wasna doing her ony ill to mak' her say that," said Mary, sorrowfully.

"God will never," said the Sergeant, reverently, "send ye to the bad place. Ye'll never be there unless ye gang yersel'."

"I'll never do that!" exclaimed Mary.

"I hope no, my lassie," said Adam, "for I wish you no to be bad, but to be good, and to trust God is the way to be good. Noo tell me, Mary, what for wad ye trust me?"

"Because — jist because," said Mary, looking up to his face, "ye're my faither."

"Now, Mary," continued the Sergeant, "what's the beginning o' the Lord's Prayer?"

"Our Faither which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy" ——

That'll do, Mary. Can ye tell me now wha's yer Faither as weel as me?" asked Adam.

After a pause Mary said, as if she had made a discovery, "God!"

"That's a clever woman! Ye're richt — verra richt. *Faither!* that's his *Name*. And noo that ye ken his Name, ye maun trust Him far mair than me: for He loves ye and never can forsake ye, and can aye help ye; mair, and is aye wi' ye and He has said when faither and mither forsake you, He will tak' ye up. That will He, my lassie!"

"But," said Mary, "my mither and faither, they tell me, dee'd, but didna forsake me."

"I mean, my bairn," said Adam, "that ye can never be an orphan lassie wi' God as a Father."

"But," said Mary, "for a' that, ye maun aye be my faither as weel. Oh! dinna sen' me back to Mrs Craigie."

"Dinna fear, Mary," said Adam: "but maybe I maun leave ye. God may tak' me awa', and tak' yer mither there awa' too: and then when ye're alane in the world, ye maun trust God."

"I'll no trust Him," replied Mary. "If you and mither dees, I'll dee too, and gang wi' ye;" and she fairly broke down, and clung to him as if he was about to depart and leave her.

The Sergeant took Mary on his knee. "Be cheerie, Mary — be cheerie!" he said. "If ye kent God, ye wad aye be cheerie, my lassie. Mrs. Craigie has frichted ye."

"Ay, awfu'!" said Mary.

The Sergeant felt as if Mary had not quite learned her lesson, and he continued: — "D'ye mind what I telt ye ae nicht aboot mithers bringing their bairns to Christ? — and how some folk that didna ken Him were for keeping them awa'? — and how Jesus was angry at them? — and how the bairns gaed till Him" ——

"And did they no squeel wi' fricht?" asked Mary.

"Did ye squeel, Mary," asked the Sergeant, with a smile, "when I took ye into *my* arms?"

"No. What for should I?" replied Mary.

"Aweel my lassie," argued Adam, "why do ye think that bairns like yersel' should be frichted to trust that same Jesus wha was Himsel' a bairn and kens a bairn's heart? He wad be unco sorry, Mary, if ye didna trust Him, when He dee'd, as ye ken, on the cross to save ye, and aye thinks aboot ye and prays for ye."

Mary sighed, and crept closer to the Sergeant.

Adam, taking her little hand in his, said, "Mind what I tell ye. Speak to God and tell Him yer heart in yer bit prayer, and never gang ony road He wadna like: and stick till Him as ye wad to me if gaun ower the muir at nicht, or through a burn in a spate; and never, Mary, in the hour o' distress think that He doesna care for you or has forgotten you."

Mary turned her face to his bosom as if to sleep, but never was she less inclined to sleep.

The Sergeant said, "Think, my wee dearie, on what I tell you now, after I'm deed and gane."

Katie, on the opposite side of the fire, had been reading Boston's "Crook in the Lot." She seemed not to have heard a word of her husband's lesson: but her ears drank in the whole of it. The Sergeant had evidently forgotten her presence, so quiet was she, and so absorbed was he with Mary, who was to him a new life — his own child restored. But as Katie caught his last words, she put down her book, and looking almost in anger at her husband — could she have felt jealous of Mary? — said, "Tuts, Adam! what's the use o' pitting me and Mary aboot wi' talking in that way! It's really no fair! I declare ane wad think that Andra Wilkie, the bederal, was diggin'

yer grave! What pits deein in yer head, man? An' you an auld sodger! Be cheerie yersel', man!"

"I daursay ye're richt, gudewife," said Adam. "Sae gie Mary her piece and sen' her to her bed. I'm cheerie, I'm cheerie, thank God," and he passed into the bedroom while Katie was putting Mary to rest.

It was a peaceful night. He sat down near a small window, from which was a pleasant peep of trees, their underwood now hid in darkness, but their higher branches, with every leafy twig, mingling with the blue of the starry sky, partially illuminated by a new moon. He had felt during these last days an increasing dulness of spirits. But this evening he had been comforting himself while comforting Mary; and remembering the lesson he had given her, he said to himself, "Blessed are all they who put their trust in Thee." And somehow there came into his mind pictures of the old war-times in which, amidst the trampling of armed men and words of command, the sudden rush to the charge or up the scaling-ladder, the roar and cries of combat, the volcano of shot and shell bursting and filling the heavens with flame and smoke and deadly missile, he had trusted God, and felt calm at his heart, like a child in the arms of a loving parent. These pictures flashed on him for a second, yet they were sufficient to remind him of what God had been to him, and to strengthen his faith in what God was to him, and ever would be; so that when he bent his knee in believing prayer, ere he retired to rest, he felt strong and peaceful. He then slept as one whom God sustained, and who in waking, whether here or elsewhere, would be satisfied with His likeness!

Next morning the announcement of his suspension from the elderhip was conveyed to him by an official document from Mr. Mackintosh, the Session clerk and parish schoolmaster; — a good, discreet man, who did his duty faithfully, loyally voted with the minister from an earnest belief that it was right to do so, and made it his endeavour as a member of society to meddle with nobody, in the good hope that nobody would meddle with him.

Katie heard the news, but, strange to say, was not so disconcerted as Adam anticipated. In proportion as difficulties gathered round her husband, she became more resolute, and more disposed to fight for him. She was like many women on their first voyage, who in calm weather are afraid of a slight breeze and the uneasy motion of the ship, yet who, when actual danger threatens, rise up in the power and dignity of their nature, and become the bravest of the brave — the very feeling and fancy which shrank from danger while it was unseen, coming to their aid as angels of hope when danger alone is visible.

"Aweel, aweel," remarked Katie; "it's their ain loss, Adam, no yours; ye hae naething to charge yersel' wi'."

But she would sometimes relapse into a meditative mood, as the more painful side of the case revealed itself, "Ay noo — ay — and they hae suspended ye — that's hanged ye, as I suppose, like a dog or cat! Bonnie-like Session! — my word! — and for what? Because ye wadna kill the bird! Teuch! It micht pit a body daft tae think o't!" And so on.

But this did little good to Adam, who felt his character, his honour, at stake. Things were daily getting worse to bear. The news had spread over the town, "Adam Mercer has been rebuked and suspended by the Kirk Session!" From that moment he became a marked man. Old customers fell away from him; not that any one openly declared that they would not employ him as a shoemaker merely because the minister and Kirk Session were opposed to him: — Oh, no! Not a hint was given of that, or anything approaching to it; but, somehow, new shoes seemed to have gone out of fashion.

The cold unfeeling snowball increased as it rolled along the street in which Adam lived, until it blocked up his door, so that he could hardly get out. If he did go out, it was to be subjected to constant annoyance. The boys and girls of the lowest classes in his neighbourhood, influenced by all they heard discussed and asserted in their respective homes, where *reserve* was not the characteristic of the inmates, were wont to gather round his window, and to peer in with an eager gaze, as if anxious to discover some fitting fuel to cast on their domestic hearths at night. It was as im[illegible] possible to seize them, as to scare awa[illegible] by argument a flock of sparrows settling d[illegible]own upon a seed plot in a garden. When th[illegible] Sergeant therefore ventured to go ab[illegible] the nickname of "The Starling" [illegible] shouted after him by the boys, who ado[illegible] all the various modes of concealing [illegible] ringleaders which evidence such sing[illegible] dexterity and cunning. The result [illegible] that Adam was compelled, as we have [illegible] to keep within doors. He thus beg[illegible] to feel as if he was alone in the world. Every one seemed changed. Those on whom he had hitherto relied failed him. He or [illegible] the

world was worse than he had ever imagined either to be, and it was little comfort to him to know which of the two was in error.

The Sergeant, however, had much inward peace, though little happiness. But how different are peace and happiness! Happiness is the result of harmony between our wants as creatures and the world without: peace is the harmony between us as spiritual beings and the Father of our spirit. The one is as changeable as the objects or circumstances on which it for the moment relies; the other is as unchangeable as the God on whom it eternally rests. We may thus possess at once real happiness and real peace; yet either may exist without the other. Nay more, happiness may be destroyed by God in order that the higher blessing of peace may be possessed; but never can He take away peace to give happiness! The former may end with life, but both when combined must exist forever.

Adam, as we have said, enjoyed little happiness in the conflict, but he was kept in "perfect peace."

When another Sunday came round, the old sense of duty induced him to go, as usual, to church. His absence might be supposed to indicate that he feared the face of man, because fearing the face of God. Katie accompanied him. Her courage rose to the occasion. Let not the reader who, moving in a larger sphere of life, has learned to measure his annoyances by a corresponding standard, smile at these simple souls, or think it an exaggeration to picture their burthen as having been so heavy.

Adam and Katie walked calmly to church, knowing all the time that they did so under the gaze of the cold and criticizing eyes of some who were disposed to say to them, "Stand back, I am holier than thou!" Yet more persons than they themselves were aware of felt towards them kindness, pity, and respect, mingled with very opposite feelings to the minister and those members of Kirk Session who had made so much ado about so small an affair. Others forgot the sympathy due to a suffering, good man, apart from its immediate cause. Many of his worthy friends said afterwards that they "did not think of it!" Alas! not thinking is often the worst of all.

Adam and Katie passed Smellie, as he stood at "the plate," without the slightest recognition on either side. They occupied their accustomed seat, but sat alone. Those who ordinarily filled the pew suffered from cold or conscience, and so were either absent or seated elsewhere. One may guess what sort of sermon Mr. Porteous preached from the text, "Beware of evil doers." The personal reference to the Sergeant was like a theme in his overture; or as an idea not so much directly expressed as indirectly insinuated from first to last. The argument was a huge soap-bubble of principle, blown from his pipe until he could blow no longer, and then he contemplated it with admiration as if it were a glorious globe of thought which must be heavenly because it reflected the colours of the rainbow. His picture of the danger of the times in which he lived was very vivid, and his hopes of any improvement very small. But whoever proved a traitor, he himself would still earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints; and *his* trumpet, at least, would never give an uncertain sound; and *he* would hold fast the form of sound words: —and so on he went until his forty-five minutes were ended.

That the preacher was perfectly sincere, no one could doubt. He was no coward, or make-believe, but was thoroughly convinced. He would at any time have given up his "all" for his principles, and given his body even to be burned for them — yet possibly "without charity."

We do not condemn Mr. Porteous' "principles." They were, most of them, what might be called Christian truisms, which no one believing in the supreme authority of the Bible, far less any parish minister, could dispute. But the practical application of his principles by the minister on certain occasions, as on this one, might be questioned. He might also have considered whether there were not many other Bible and Christian principles of wider import and deeper spiritual meaning, than those he contended for, not excluding but including them, and which he required to know before he could really understand or truly apply those even which he so tenaciously held and so frequently expounded. Half truths are untruths.

Adam stood the heavy fire from the pulpit with calm submission. He knew that very many in the congregation while listening to the minister were looking at himself; but, knowing also how much depends in every battle on the steadiness and self-possession of the non-commissioned officers, he looked the enemy in the face and never winced. Katie seemed inspired by his example — so far, at least that she neither fled nor fainted, and though not daring to gaze on the foe, she accepted his charge as if

kneeling in the rear rank, with a calm brave countenance, and eyes cast down meekly to the ground.

Poor Katie! What would Waterloo have been to her in comparison with this day's battle! That was an honourable conflict; but this was reckoned by those whom she respected as one of dishonour. In that was danger of wounds and of death — but in this were deeper wounds, and danger possibly beyond the grave! How often did the form of her old "faither" come before her — yet she thought it strange that he did not frown. But she never communicated her fears or feelings to her husband. "He has eneuch to carry wi'oot me," she said.

As they left the church, more than one took an opportunity of addressing the Sergeant, and, to the credit of all, not one uttered an unkindly word. Some shook him warmly by the hand but said nothing. Others added, "God bless ye! Dinna heed, Mr. Mercer." Mr. Gordon and one or two of the elders were marked in their kindness. It would not have conduced to the comfort of the minister, though it might have made him doubt how far his people really sympathized with him or his "principles," had he heard some of the remarks made after the sermon by the more intelligent and independent of his congregation. But his ignorance was to him a kind of bliss; and whatever tended or threatened to disturb his self-satisfaction would have been recognized by him as folly, not wisdom.

Adam could not close his ears, but he could hold his tongue, and this he did.

The worthy couple walked home in silence, and arm-and-arm too! for the first time probably in their lives. Mary, whom I forgot to mention, followed them in new shoes, a new bonnet, a new shawl, and her Bible wrapped up in a clean pocket-handkerchief. As they entered their home, the Starling received them with quite a flutter of excitement. Shaking his feathers, hopping violently about his cage, or thrusting his bill, as if for a kiss, between the bars, he welcomed Mary, as she approached him with some food, and made the room ring with various declarations as to his being Charlie's bairn, his hopes of being yet a king, and his belief in genuine manhood.

"I think," quoth the Sergeant, "he is ane o' the happiest and maist contented bit craturs in the parish."

Mary, as if feeling that it was right to say something good on Sunday, archly put in, "I mind what ye telt me aboot the bird."

"What was't, my bairn?" asked Adam.

"It was aboot the fowls — I dinna mind a' the verse, but a bit o't was, 'Are not ye better than the fowls?'"

"Thank ye for the comfort, Mary dear," said Adam, gravely.

From some common instinct of their hearts, Mr. Porteous' sermon was not spoken of. Was it because Mary was present? or only because Katie was so anxious to see the cheese well toasted for their tea? or because — yet why go on conjecturing! But at evening worship, which closed the day, Adam, as usual, prayed for his minister, and for God's blessing on the preached word; and he prayed to be delivered from evil-doing, and from fretting at evil-doers, and to be enabled to put his trust in God and do good. Katie on rising from her knees did what she never did before, kissed her husband, saying, "God bless you, my best o' men!"

"Gae awa', gae awa'!" said the Sergeant; "ye want to gaur me greet like yersel', do ye? But na, lass, I'm ower auld a sodger for that!" With all his boasting, however, he was very nearly betrayed into the weakness which he professed to despise. But he seemed greatly pleased with his good wife's kindness, and he added, "Bless you, my braw leddy, a' the same. And," in a whisper, "ye needna let on to Mary that I'm fashed. It micht vex the lassie."

CHAPTER VI. — JOCK HALL, AND HIS CONSPIRACY.

I MUST go back for a few days in my story. During the lonely week which I have but very partially and inadequately described — for how few would believe that a man with a good conscience and good sense could suffer so much in such circumstances! — the Sergeant received a visit from Jock Hall, who has been already mentioned, and whom Katie described as "a ne'er-do weel."

Katie's estimate of Jock's character was that of Drumsylie. Most parishes, indeed, have their quota of weaklings in intellect and weaklings in morals. Jock belonged to the latter class. He was a thin, sallow-faced man, of a nervous temperament, and with lank black hair. He might be aged thirty, although he looked like forty. His jacket was made of fustian, which might have been clean some years before; his corduroy trousers had ragged endings, beneath which were revealed old boots and worn-out stockings; while a tattered bonnet covered his

capacious head — a head that phrenologically, was of a superior type. How Hall lived no one knew nor cared to know. His lodgings, when under a roof, varied with the means at his disposal for paying rent. If any unknown householder in the unknown recesses of the small towns which Jock visited, permitted him to sleep gratis on the floor near his fire, it was a secret known and appreciated by himself only.

Jock had never presumed to enter so aristocratic a house as Adam's. But now that public report had brought the Sergeant down somewhat nearer to his own level, and that he had a pair of boots to mend, without having any credit with even the most drunken cobbler in Drumsylie, Jock thought that, in the whole circumstances of the case, moral and commercial, he might visit the Sergeant without any offence. He did so, to the astonishment of Adam, and much more to that of his wife. "What do *you* want wi' Mr. Mercer?" was her question as she opened the door to Jock's knock.

"Business!" was his short and decided reply. When he entered the small but cleanly kitchen, his only remark was, "Like a new preen!" Looking round with a half-vacant, half-curious gaze, he fixed his eyes on the Sergeant for a moment, then walking up to the starling's cage, he muttered, "Deevils!"

This brief exclamation arrested the attention of Adam, who asked, "What do ye mean, my man? D'ye ken what ye're saying?"

"Fine," replied Jock. "Deevils! again say I!"

The Sergeant rose, tapped him on the shoulder, and pointed to the door."

"I understan'," said Jock; "ye wad hae me gang oot. Ye're no the first that has sent Jock Hall that gait! Maist folk like to see his back a hantle better than his face. But I'm no gaun oot at present, Sergeant. That Stirlin' o' yours 'll no let me. I'm fond o' birds — in fac, they're the only leevin' things I care for. I never liked canaries, they're ower genteel and ower particklar aboot bein' coodled, for a tramp like me that never was in that way mysel'. But our ain birds — that's maavies, linties, and laverocks, or even gooldies, that can stan' a' wathers, and sing for a' folk, specially for them that's obleeged to lie oot in wuds, or on the heather — them's the singers for Jock Hall! I'm no acquaint wi' thae Stirlin's; but I'm telt that yours is no canny, an' that it speaks like an auld-farrant bairn." And Jock turned to the cage from which his attention for a moment had been diverted; and while the Sergeant was earnestly studying his strange guest, the guest was as earnestly studying the strange bird. The starling was singularly still, and seemed to sympathise with his master in his study of Hall. He then leaped up to his perch, turned his back to Jock, shook his feathers, turned round and looked again at the visitor with a steady gaze.

"That's a fearsome bird!" said Hall, without moving. "As sure as I'm leevin' I see'd his ee gettin' bigger and bigger, till it was like a saxpence as it glowered at me — I was frichtened it kent a' things I was doing or thinking aboot!"

"Let the bird alane!" said the Sergeant, "and sit here at the window if ye hae ony business wi' me, Hall."

Jock obeyed; but twice, between the cage, and the window, he looked over his shoulder at the starling, as if he was afraid of him.

"What do you want wi' me?" inquired the Sergeant.

"Hoo lang," asked Hall, in a low voice, "hae ye had that bird? Hoo auld is he? Whaur did ye get him? What does he say when"——

"Never heed the bird," interrupted the Sergeant: "he's doin' ye nae ill."

"I'm no sae sure o' that, faix!" said Jock; "I'll wager he has seen me afore, or kens me — for he's no canny."

"Nonsense!" was Adam's only reply.

"If it's nonsense," replied Jock, "what way has he brocht you into this habble? What for do ye loe him sae weel? Why wad ye gie up, as I hear ye wad, yer verra saul and body for this world and the neist for the sake o' the bird? What way do they say he's a witch?"

"Haud yer tongue, Hall," said the Sergeant, "and speak about yer ain business, no mine."

"*My* business!" exclaimed Jock; "at yer service, Mr. Mercer, at yer service!"

"Oot wi't, then, and be done wi't," said Adam.

"It's my business, then," said Hall, "to come here an' abuse a' thae deevils, — Porteous, Smellie, and the lave — that abused that bird! that's my business — the chief part o't," continued Hall, in rather an excited manner; "an' the bird kens that, I'm certain, — just see hoo he's glowerin' at me! — and maybe he kens mair aboot me than ye do. He has watched me in the woods, maybe, afore he was catched; an' if he is a witch, as I hope he is, then"——

"Haud yer tongue, Hall, this moment," said the Sergeant, with a loud voice of command, "or I'll pit ye oot like a doug! If ye

hae a message to deliver, say it and be aff."

Jock was suddenly quiet, as if arrested by some strong power. Then in a more natural tone of voice he said, "It's no worth the while o' an auld sodger to kick a man like me. But let sleepin' dougs lie! Dougs hae teeth, and their bite is bad whan mad — whan mad!" Then, after a pause, he went on, in a laughing mood. "But I *hae* business, important business wi' ye, Sergeant; an' afore we proceed to consider it, ye'll tak' a snuff? It pits brains into a bodie's head;" and Jock produced a small tin snuff-box, and opening the lid he looked into it with an expression of anxiety. "There's twa, I'm sure, — twa snuffs; an' I consider a man is no poor wha has ae snuff for himsel' and anither for a neebor. Sae tak' a snuff!" and he handed the box to the Sergeant, as he himself leant back in his chair, crossed one leg over another, and pointing to his boots said, "That's some business, since ye insist on it! I want to gie ye a job, Mr. Mercer, for I hear ye're idle." Then turning up the soles of his wretched boots, which looked like a kind of leather vegetable about to rot into earth mould, he said, "They'll be ill to patch, or to fit new soles on, but I ken ye're a gude tradesman. Try."

Adam smiled.

"Ye'll be like the lave," Jock continued, "ower prood to work for a man like me. I wadna wunner if ye're no sure o' payment. Sae maybe it's as weel to tell ye, that as far as I ken, ye'll never git a bawbee frae me! For Jock Hall is a braw customer to them that'll serve him — though, faix, there's no mony o' that kind noo! — but he's a bad payer. In fac, he has clean forgot hoo to pay an account."

Sorrow softens the hearts of good men; and if it is in any degree occasioned by unjust treatment, it prompts charitable sympathies towards others who are condemned as wicked by society without a fair hearing ever having been afforded them. When the streams of their affection have been frozen by the cold reception they have received where a warm welcome was anticipated, it is a relief to let them flow into dried-up cisterns where, in despair, from a long drought, such blessings were never expected.

So Adam felt kindly towards Jock, though he only said, "I'll men' your boots for that fine pinch o' snuff, and they'll cost ye nae mair, except guid will, and that's cheap."

Jock Hall looked rather perplexed, and cleared out his box with his long finger, pressing his last snuff vehemently into his nostrils. Then resuming, as if with difficulty, his careless manner, he said, "Hae the boots ready by Friday nicht, as I maun fish the East Muir water on Saturday."

"Ye may depend on them, Jock! And noo, as yer business is done, ye may gang." The Sergeant did not wish him to resume his wild talk, as he had threatened to do.

Jock crossed his arms, and gazed on the Sergeant as if he would look him through. Then grasping his own throat, and looking wildly, he said: "It's come! It's come! The evil speerit is chokin' me! He is here like a cannon ball! I maun speak, or my head will rive! I maun curse Porteous, and the kirk, and religion, and elders, and Sabbath days, and a' things guid!" and his eyes flashed fire!

The Sergeant could not make him out, as they say. He was disposed to think him insane, though he had never heard Jock's name associated with anything save recklessness of character. He therefore did nothing but return the gaze of the excited man. Katie, unwilling to sit in the same room with him, had retired to her bedroom. Mary sat with her book at the fireside in evident alarm.

"I hate them!" repeated Jock, almost grinding his teeth.

"What do ye mean, Jock?" asked Adam quietly but firmly. "Do you want to quarrel wi' me?"

"I mean," said Jock, bending towards the Sergeant, "that noo the fingers o' religion are grippin' yer windpipe and choking ye — that noo ye hae ministers an' elders o' religion kicking ye in the glaur, lauchin at ye, bizzin at ye as a blackguard — that noo when e'en Luckie Craigie an' Smellie ca' ye bad, as a' folks hae ca'ed me a' my days — I thocht," he continued, with a sarcastic grin, "that ye wad like ane waur than yersel' to speak wi' ye, and, if ye liked, to curse wi' ye! Aha, lad! I'm ready! Say the word, and Jock Hall's yer man. Begin!"

The Sergeant experienced what is called in Scotland a *grew* — the sort of shiver one feels in a nightmare — as if a real demoniac was in his presence. Fascinated as by a serpent, he said, "Say awa,' Jock, for I dinna understan' ye."

On this Jock became apparently more composed. But when with a suppressed vehemence he was again beginning to speak, it struck the Sergeant to interrupt the current of his passionate thoughts, on the plea

that he wished to hear Mary her lesson. His object was not only to calm Jock, but also to get the child out of the room.

"Mary," he said, after having assured her there was no cause of fear, and placing her between his knees, "wha should we trust?"

"God!" replied Mary.

"Why?" asked the Sergeant.

"Because His name is Love, and He is our Faither."

"Right, Mary; and we ought a' to love our Faither, for He loves us, and to love our neebour as ourselves. Gang awa' ben to your mither noo. Ye hae done weel."

When the door of the bed room was shut, Jock Hall said, "That's Luckie Craigie's lassie? Fine woman, Luckie! Kindly bodie! A gude hoose is hers to sen' a puir orphan to. Ha! ha! ha! Keep us a'! — it's a warld this, ower guid for me! But Luckie is like the lave, and Smellie, to do him justice, as he has mony a time done tae me, is no waur than Luckie:

> 'When big gledds are screichan,
> An' huntin' for their meat,
> If they grip a bonnie birdie,
> What needs the birdie greet?'

An' ye're to pay yersel' for the lassie, Smellie says; an' ye're to teach her! A fine lesson yon! Ha! ha! ha! Jock Hall lauchs at baith o' you" —

The Sergeant was getting angry. Hall seemed now to be rather a free-and-easy blackguard, and yet there was a gleam in his eye Adam did not understand; and in spite of his self-respect, he felt a desire to hear more from Jock. So he only remarked, looking steadily at him, "Jock! tak' care what ye say — tak' care!"

"Oo ay," said Hall. "I'm lang eneuch in the warld to ken *that* advice! But what care I for the advice o' you or o' ony man? It was for me, nae doot, ye intended that lesson? I'm as gleg as a fish rising to a flee! She said we should love our faither! Hoo daur you or ony man say that tae me?" Then, leaning forward with staring eyes and clenched fist, he said, "I hated my faither! I hated my mither! They hated me. My faither was a Gospel man; he gaed to the kirk on Sabbath — wha but him! — and he drank when he could get it the rest o' the week; an' he threshed my mither and us time aboot — me warst o' a', as I was the youngest. I focht mony a laddie for lauchin' at him and for ca'in' him names when he was fou, and mony a bluidy nose I got; but he threshed me the mair. My mither, too, gaed to the kirk, and begged claes for me and my brithers and sisters frae guid folk, and said that my faither wasna weel and couldna work. Oh, mony a lee I telt for them baith! And she drank, as weel, and focht wi' my faither and us time aboot. And syne they selt a' their claes and a' their blankets, and left us wi' toom stomachs and toom hearts, cowerin' aboot a toom grate wi' cauld cinders. I never was at skule, but was cuffed and kickit like a doug; and my wee brithers and sisters a' dee'd — I dinna ken hoo: but they were starved and threshed, puir things! But they were waik, and I strong. Sae I leeved — waes me! I leeved! I hae sat oot in the plantin' mony a nicht greetin for my brither Jamie, for he had a sair cough and dwined awa', naked and starved. He aye gied me his bit bread that he stealt or beggit" — and Jock cleared his throat and wiped his forehead with a scrap of a ragged handkerchief. "But my faither and mither dee'd, thank God! I hate them noo, and they hated me — they hated me, they did" — and he fell into a sort of dream. His vehemence sank into a whisper; and he spoke as one in sleep — "An' a' folks hate me — hate me. An' what for no? I hate *them!* — God forgie me! Na, na! I'll no say *that*. There's nae God! But I believe in the Deevil — that I do, firmly."

Jock sank back in his chair, as if very wearied, and closed his eyes, his chest heaving. Then opening his eyes, he said in a low tone, "The bird kens that! Wha' telt him?" and his eyes were again closed.

"Jock, my man," said the Sergeant, perplexed, yet kindly, "I dinna hate ye."

But Jock went on as in a dream. "I hae led an awfu' life o't! I hae starved and stealt; I hae poached and robbed; I hae cursed and drank; I hae 'listed and deserted; I hae lain oot on muirs and in mosses. I'm Jock Hall! a'body kens me, and a' hate me as I do them! And what guid did yer ministers and elders, yer Sabbath days and yer preachings, do for me? Curse them a', I say! what's Jock Hall's saul worth! It's no worth the burnin'! What care I?

> 'Cock-a-Bendy's lying sick,
> Guess what'll mend him?
> Hang the blackguard by the throat,
> And that'll soon end him!' "

"Be quiet, my puir fellow," said the Sergeant, "and listen to me. *I* never harmed

you, Jock; I couldna harm you! I never wull harm you. I'll feed ye noo; I'll gie ye shoon; I'll stan' yer frien'."

Jock looked up, and in a calm tone said, "My head is spinnin' and my heart is sick! I havna eaten a bit since yesterday. Dinna flycht on me eenoo, I'm no mysel'; wait a wee, Mr. Mercer, and then ye can abuse me, or kick me." With still greater calm he added in a few seconds, and looking round like one waking up more and more into life, "I hae been dreaming or raving! Man, Mercer, I think I tak' fits sometimes — especially when I'm lang wi'oot meat. What was I saying eenoo?"

"Naething particular," said Adam, wishing not to rouse him, but to feed him; "never heed, Jock. But bide a wee, I'll gie ye a nice cup of tea and a smoke after it, and we'll hae a crack, and ye'll comfort me in yer ain way, and I'll comfort you in mine."

Jock, like a man worn out with some great exertion, sat with his head bent down between his hands — the veins of his forehead swollen. The Sergeant, after some private explanation with Katie, got tea and wholesome food ready for Jock; and that he might take it in peace, Adam said that he had to give Mary another lesson in the bed room.

Hall was thus left alone with his food, of which he ate sparingly. When Adam again entered the kitchen, Jock was calm. The Sergeant soon engaged him in conversation after his own method, beginning by telling some of his soldier stories, and then bit by bit unfolding the Gospel of Peace to the poor man, and seeking to drop a few loving words from his own softened heart to soften the heart of the Prodigal.

The only remark Jock made was, "I wish I'd been in a battle, and been shot, or dee'd wi' oor Jamie! But what for did I tell *you* a' this? I never spak' this way to mortal man! It's that bird, I tell ye. What's wrang wi't?"

"Naething!" replied the Sergeant; "it's a' nonsense ye're talking. I'll let ye see the cratur, to convince ye that he is jist as natural and nice as a mavis or laverock."

"Stop!" said Jock, "I dinna like him. He is ower guid for me! I tell ye I'm a deevil! But bad as I am — and I'll never be better, nor ever do ae haun's turn o' guid in this world — never, never, never!" —

The Sergeant rose and took down the cage, placing it before Hall, saying, "Jist look at his speckled breest, and bonnie ee! Gie him this bit bread yersel', and he'll be cheerie, and mak' us a' cheerie." Jock took the bread and offered it to Charlie, who, seeing the gift, declared "A man's a man for a' that!"

"Guid be aboot us!" said Hall, starting back; "Hear what he says to me! If that's no a witch, there's none on yirth! I said I was a deevil, he says I'm a man!"

"And sae ye *are* a man for a' that, and no sic a bad ane as ye think. Cheer up, Jock!" said Adam, extending his hand to him.

Jock took the proffered hand, and said, "I dinna understan' a' this — but — but — I was gaun to say, God bless ye! But it's no for me to say *that;* for I never was in a decent hoose afore — but only in jails, and amang tramps and ne'er-do-weels like mysel'. I'm no up tae mainers, Sergeant — ye maun excuse me."

Jock rose to depart. Before doing so he looked again round the comfortable clean room — at the nice fire and polished grate — at Charlie's bed with its small white curtains — and at the bird, so happy in its cage — then, as if struck by his own ragged clothes and old boots, he exclaimed, "It wasna for me to have been in a house like this." Passing the bed room door, he waved his hand, saying, "Fareweel, mistress; fareweel, Mary," and turning to the Sergeant, he added, "and as for you, Sergeant" — There he stopped — but ending with a special farewell to the starling, he went to the door.

"Come back soon and see me," said the Sergeant. "I'll be yer frien', Jock. I hae 'listed ye this day, and I'll mak' a sodger o' ye yet, an' a better ane, I hope, than mysel'."

"Whisht, whisht!" said Jock. "I have mair respec' for ye than to let ye be my frien'. But for a' that, mind I'm no gaun to pay ye for my boots — and ye'll hae them ready 'gin Friday nicht, for Saturday's fishin' — fareweel!"

"A' richt, Jock," said Adam.

No sooner had Hall left the house than the Sergeant said to himself, "God have mercy on me! I to be unhappy after that! I wi' Katie and Mary! I wi' mercies temporal and spiritual mair than can be numbered! Waes me! what have I done? Starling, indeed! that's surely no the question — but starvation, ignorance, cruelty, hate, despair, hell at our verra doors! God help puir Jock Hall, and may He forgive Adam Mercer!"

Jock got his boots on Friday night, well repaired. He said nothing but "Thank ye," and "Ye'll get naething frae me."

But on Saturday evening a fine basket of trout was brought by him to the Sergeant's door. Jock said, "There's beauties! Never saw better trout! splendid day!" But when the Sergeant thanked him, and offered him a sixpence, Jock looked with wonder, saying "Dinna insult a bodie!"

On the Sunday, when the Sergeant went to church, as we have already described, Jock Hall was quartered for the day with Mrs. Craigie. To do Smellie justice, he did not know how worthless this woman was, far less did the Kirk Session. She was cunning and plausible enough to deceive both. Her attendance at church was sufficient to keep up appearances. The custom of boarding out pauper children with widows, when respectable, has on the whole worked well, and even now is infinitely superior to the workhouse system. Mrs. Craigie belonged to the exceptional cases. She in the meantime accommodated any lodger who might turn up.

Jock and Mrs. Craigie were at the window, a second story one, criticizing the passers-by to church, as one has seen the loungers at a club window do the ordinary passers-by on week days. The Sergeant and his wife, with Mary following them, suddenly attracted their attention.

"The auld hypocrite!" exclaimed Mrs. Craigie; "there he gangs, as prood as a peacock, haddin' his head up when it should be bowed doon wi' shame to the dust! An' his wife, tae! — eh! what a bannet! — sic a goon! Sirs me! Baith are the waur o' the wear. Ha! ha! ha! And Mary! as I declare, wi' new shoon, a new bannet, and new shawl! The impudent hizzy that she is! Its a' to spite me, for I see'd her keekin' up to the window. But stealt bairns can come to nae guid; confoond them a'! — though I shouldna say it on the Sabbath day."

Hall stood behind her, and watched the group over her shoulder. "Ye're richt, Lucky," he said, "he *is* an auld hypocrite. But they are a' that — like minister, like man. 'Confound them,' *ye* say; 'Amen,' *I* say; but what d'ye mean by stealt bairns?"

Ah, Jock, art thou not a hypocrite!

Mrs. Craigie had left the window, and sat down beside the fire, the church-goers having passed, and the church bell having ceased to ring. Jock then lighted his pipe opposite Mrs Craigie. "What d'ye mean," he asked again, "by stealt bairns?"

"I mean this," replied she, "that yon auld hypocrite, sodger, and poacher, Adam Mercer, stealt Mary Christie frae me!" and she looked at Hall with an expression which said, "What do you think of that?" Then having been invited by Hall to tell him all about this theft, she did so, continuing her narrative up to the moment when she was ordered out of the house by Adam; saying now as on that occasion, "But I hae friens, and I'll pit Smellie to smash him yet! I'll get my revenge oot 'o him! the auld blackguard that he is. Smellie is my frien', and he has mair power, far, than Adam wi' the minister." So thought Mrs. Craigie.

"Is Smellie your frien'?" asked Hall, without taking his pipe out of his mouth, "and does *he* hate Adam? and does *he* want Mary back to you?"

"That does he," replied Mrs. Craigie; "and he wad gie onything to get Mary back to me."

"Then, my certes, Smellie *has* power! nae doot o' *that*," remarked Hall, with a grim smile; "for he has helpit to pit me mony a time into the jail. Wad it obleege him muckle to get Mary back frae the Sergeant? Wad he befrien' me if I helped him?" asked Jock confidentially.

"It wad be a real treat till him!" exclaimed Mrs. Craigie, "and he wad befrien' ye a' yer life! An', Hall" ——

"But," asked Jock, interrupting her, "what did ye say aboot poachin'? Was Adam in that line?"

"Him!" exclaimed Mrs. Craigie; "Ise warrant he was — notorious!"

"Hoo d'ye ken?" inquired Jock.

"Smellie telt me! but mind ye, he said I was to keep it quait till he gied me the wink, ye ken;" and Mrs. Craigie gave a knowing wink. She did not know that Smellie had already *peached*. "For hoo Smellie kent was this, that he had some sort o' business in the place whaur Mercer leeved — that's north in Bennock parish, afore he was a sodger; and Smellie picked up a' the story o' his poachin', — for Smellie is awfu' sharp; but he would never tell it till he could pit it like a gag into the prood mouth o' Adam; and Smellie says he will pit it in noo, and let Adam gnaw his teeth on't," said Mrs. Craigie.

Hall manifested a singular inquisitiveness to know as much as possible about those poaching days, and their locality, until at last being satisfied, and having learned that the old keeper of Lord M—— was still alive, though, as Mrs. Craigie said, "clean superannuat," and that he was, moreover, Adam's cousin, Jock said, "What an awfu' blackguard Adam maun be! If I had kent what I ken noo, I never wad hae gi'en him my boots to men'."

"Yer boots to men'!" exclaimed Mrs. Craigie, with astonishment; "what for did ye do that?"

"He had nae wark."

"Ser' him richt!" said Mrs. Craigie.

"And I patroneesed him," continued Jock.

"Ha! ha! It was far ower guid o' ye, Jock, tae patroneese him," said Mrs. Craigie. "Ye'll no pay him, I houp? But he is sic a greedy fellow, that he micht expect even a puir soul like you to pay."

"Me pay him!" said Jock with a laugh, "maybe — when I hae paid the debt o' natur'; no till then."

"But, Jock," asked Mrs. Craigie, almost in a whisper, "did ye see Mary, the wee slut?"

"I did that," replied Jock, "an' it wad hae broken yer feelin' heart, Lucky, had ye seen her! — no lying as a puir orphan paid for by the Session ocht to lie, on a shake-doon, wi' a blanket ower her, — my certes, guid eneuch for the like o' her, and for the bawbees paid for her" ——

"Guid? — ower guid!" interpolated Mrs. Craigie.

"But," continued Hall, with a leer, "she was mair like a leddy, wi' a bed till hersel', an' curtains on't; and sitting in a chair wi' stockins and shoon, afore the fire — learning her lesson, too, and coddled and coodled by Adam and his wife. What say ye to that, Lucky? what say ye to that?"

"Dinna mak' me daft!" exclaimed Mrs. Craigie; "it's eneuch to mak' a bodie swear e'en on the Sabbath day!"

"Swear awa'!" said Hall, "the day maks nae difference to *me*. Sae ca' awa', woman, if it wull dae ye ony guid, or gie ye ony comfort."

Mrs. Craigie, instead of accepting the advice of her "ne'er-do-weel" lodger, fell into a meditative mood. What could she be thinking about? Her Sabbath thoughts came to this, in their practical results — a proposal to Jock Hall to seize Mary as she was returning from church, and to bring her again under the protection of her dear old motherly friend. She could not, indeed, as yet take her from under the Sergeant's roof by force, but could the Sergeant retake her if once under her roof again?

Jock, after some consideration, entertained the proposal, discussed it, and then came to terms. "What wull ye gie me?" he at last asked.

"A glass o' whuskey and a saxpence!" said Mrs. Craigie.

"Ba! ba!" said Jock; "I'm nae bairn, but gleg and canny. — Saxpence! Ye ken as weel as I do, that if the Shirra — for, losh me! I ken baith him and the law ower weel! — if he heard ye were plottin' an' plannin' to grip a bairn that way on the Sabbath, and paying me for helpin' ye — my word! you and me wad be pit in jail; and though this micht be a comfort to me — lodgings and vittals for naething, ye ken, and a visit to an auld hame — it wadna do for a Christian woman like you, Lucky! Eh, lass? it wad never do! What wad the minister and Smellie say? no' to speak' o' the Sergeant? — hoo *he* wad craw! Sae unless ye keep it as quait as death, an' gie me half-a-crown, I'll no pit my han' on the bairn."

"The bargain's made!" said Mrs. Craigie. "But ye maun wait till I get a shilling mair frae Mrs. D'rymple, as I've nae change."

"Tell her to come ben," said Jock. "Can ye trust her wi' the secret? Ye should get her to help ye, and to swear, if it comes to a trial, that the bairn cam' to ye o' her ain free consent. I'm ready, for half-a-crown mair, to gie my aith to the same effec'."

"Ye're no far wrang!" said Mrs. Craigie. "I can trust Peggy like steel. And I'm sure Mary *does* want to come to me. That's the truth and nae lee. So you and Peggy D'rymple may sweer that wi' a guid conscience."

"But *my* conscience," said Jock, "is no sae guid as yours or Peggy's, an' it'll be the better o' anither half-croon, in case I hae to swear, to keep it frae botherin' me. But I'll gie ye credit for the money, an' ye'll gie me credit for what I awe ye for my meat and lodgin' since Monday."

"A' richt, a' richt, Jock; sae be't," replied Mrs. Craigie, as she went to fetch her neighbour, who lived in the same flat.

Mrs. Dalrymple was made a member of the privy council which met in a few minutes in Mrs. Craigie's room, the door being locked.

"I'm nae hypocrite," confessed Jock. "I scorn to be ane, as ye do; for *ye* dinna preten' to be unco guid, and better than ither folk, like Adam Mercer, or that godly man Smellie. I tell ye, then, I'm up to onything for money or drink. I'll steal, I'll rob, I'll murder, I'll" ——

"Whisht, whisht, Jock! Dinna speak that wild way an' frichten folk! — Be canny, man, be canny, or the neebours 'll hear ye," said the prudent Mrs. Craigie, who forthwith explained her plan to her confidential and trustworthy friend, who highly approved of it as an act of justice to Mrs. Craigie, to Mary, and the Kirk Session. Half-a-crown

was to be Mrs. Dalrymple's pay for her valued aid. Hall arranged that the moment they saw the Sergeant coming from church, they were to give a sign to him; and then they — leaving the window, and retiring behind the door — were to be ready to receive Mary when brought to the house. To enable Hall to execute the plot with more ease, Mrs. Craigie gave him, at his own suggestion, and in order to entice Mary, a few spring flowers she had got the evening before from a neighbour's garden, as a "posey" for the church — which she had not, however, attended, being deprived of the privilege, as she meant to assure Smellie, by illness. Jock had already accepted of a glass of whiskey. But as the exciting moment approached, and as the two women had helped themselves to a cheerer, as they called it, he got a second glass to strengthen his courage. His courage, however, did not seem to fail him, for he once or twice whistled and hummed some song — to the great horror of his good friends; and, strange to say, he also fell into a fit of uncontrollable laughter — at the thought, as he said, of how the old hypocrite and his wife would look when Mary was missed, and found to be with Mrs. Craigie! Much hearty sympathy was expressed with his strange humour.

The service in the "auld kirk," as the parish church is called, being over, the congregation were walking home. One or two of its members had already passed the window where sat the eager and expectant conspirators. Jock Hall, with a bunch of flowers, was ready to run down-stairs, to the close mouth, the moment the appointed signal was given. Very soon the Sergeant and his wife made their appearance a little way off, while Mary — how fortunate for the plotters! — followed at some distance. No sooner were they discovered, than the two women retired from the window, and gave the signal to Hall to "be off!" Having done so, they ensconced themselves, as arranged, at the back of the door, with eager and palpitating hearts.

Jock sprang out, shutting the door after him, and rattling down-stairs, reached the street just as Mary was within a few yards. When she was passing the close, he stepped out, and with a kind voice said, "I hae a message for your faither, Mary dear! Jist speak to me aff the street." Mary no longer associating Hall with the thought of a wild man, but of one who had been a guest of the Sergeant's, entered the close. Jock Hall gave her the flowers and said: — "Gie this posey to your mither, for the gran' tea she made for me; and gie this half-croon to yer faither for the braw boots he patched for me. Noo run awa', my bonnie lassie, and be guid, and do whatever yer faither and mither bid ye, or Jock Hall wull be angry wi' ye — run!"

Mrs. Craigie, in her excitement and curiosity could not resist the temptation of going again to the window, and no sooner had she seen Mary enter the close than she ran behind the door and joined Mrs. Dalrymple, saying, "The wee deevil is catched, and coming!"

In a moment Jock was at the door, and while he firmly held the key outside, he opened it so far as to let in his head. Then addressing the women, he said in an underbreath, or rather hiss: — "Whisht! dinna speak! I catched her! I gied her the posey for Mrs. Mercer! — I gied her the half-croon to pay Mr. Mercer for my boots! — and she's hame! — an' ye'll *never* get her! — You twa limmers are cheated! and if ye cheep I'll tell the Shirra. Jock Hall is nae hypocrite! Deil tak' ye baith, and Smellie likewise! I'm aff!" and before a word could be spoken by the astonished conspirators, Jock locked the door upon them, and flinging the key along the passage he sprang down-stairs and fled no one knew whither!

Mary gave the bouquet of flowers to Mrs. Mercer, whose only remark was: — "Wha wad hae thocht it!" and she gave the half-crown to Adam, who said: "I never was sae thankfu' for a day's wage! Pit it in the drawer, and keep it for Jock. I'm no feared but wi' God's help I'll mak' a sodger o' him yet! For, as Charlie's bairn weel remarks: 'A man's a man for a' that.'"

From the Cornhill Magazine.

A WEEK IN A FRENCH COUNTRY-HOUSE.

PART I.

"HERE's a letter that concerns you, Bessy," said my mother one morning a week or two ago, as I came into our little breakfast-room at Linton.

"And we say you're to go," said aunt Emily.

"Oh, aunt Emily! go where?" I exclaimed in utter despair, and eeling ready to cry with fatigue at the bare idea of a move in any direction.

"Olympe has written," began my mother, holding up a thin letter with a yellow stamp upon it.

"Yes, and you are to go," once more broke in my impetuous old aunt Emily. The letter was from the Comtesse de Caradec, in answer to one from my poor dear mother, who it seems had been writing all her alarms about my health to her old friend and pupil; and now, as soon as I could get aunt Emily to promise silence, the letter was read out to me. It was cordial and affectionate, as all her letters are, and contained the kind proposal that I should go over to Marny-les-Monts, and try what a fortnight's entire change would do towards toning me up, and shaking me out of the languor, mental and physical, which had invaded me of late, and against which, for the first time in my life, I felt quite powerless to do battle.

The fact is, that my dear mother's illness, coming as it did, after a most exhausting term of hard work, had quite knocked me down. I had had a good many pupils and one or two schools also to attend during the last season; and the confinement of the life, together with the painful strain upon the nerves, which I suppose teaching music will always be to me, to the end of time, had already left me feeble and in want of rest, when mother was seized, first with bronchitis, then with inflammation of the lungs; and the terrible anxiety about her, combined with all those days spent in her hot room, and all these nights passed by her sick-bed, had prostrated me still farther. Then came our move down to aunt Emily's cottage in Devonshire, from which I had hoped wonders; but while it seemed to be bringing mother round beautifully, and making her quite fat and rosy again, I was dwindling away into an absolute shadow; I could not walk a step without violent palpitations; I fainted dead away after being out ten minutes in the sun, and when aunt Emily spoke a little louder or sharper to me than usual, if it was only to say good morning, I began to cry. It was such a new state of things for me, that my two dear old guardian angels were getting quite troubled about me, and so after a good long discussion and many useless efforts on my part to persuade them to let me stay where I was and be quiet, it was finally decided that Madame de Caradec's kind invitation was to be accepted, and that I was to go abroad for the first time in my life, and see what entire change of air and scene would do for me.

Abroad! everything has been brought so close to one of late years by the increased rapidity of travelling, and every one is so continually on the move in consequence, that nothing short of Australia, or the Himalayas, answers at all now to the important sound of the word "abroad." Italy, Germany, Switzerland, are become as familiar to everybody as Portman Square or Piccadilly, and my "abroad" meant even less than all this: a bit of France just off the high-road — no more — and within ten hours of England; it would take me very little longer to get there than it had taken us to come down to aunt Emily's.

Madame de Caradec's mother was an Englishwoman, but she herself was born in France, and married there, and has always lived there, both before and since her widowhood. Her only brother, who came to her when her husband died, and has re-

mained with her ever since, I had heard of as entirely Anglomane in his tastes and habits. They buy English horses and keep English grooms, and I believe they even prefer English cookery; and she drives her own pony-chaise, and talks English better than I do. Oh, was it worth while to cross that horrid Channel, and no doubt be odiously ill, to go away from my own who love me, among a parcel of strangers, to find only another inferior sort of England? Oh, was it worth while? especially for a single week; for longer I was quite determined I would not stay? I did not say this, however, either to mother or to aunt Emily, for I saw that they had quite set their hearts on the project, and so I submitted with the best grace I was able to muster; saw my new carmelite, my best black silk, and a white muslin for evenings, put into my trunk, and finally, accompanied by old Margery, who had been with us ever since I was born, and who, having also once spent a single week in Paris when she was six years old, was considered likely to "be of use to me" on my journey, I took leave of my dear ones with a weary heart and watery eyes, and set forth upon my travels. I saw my dear mother with her slender figure, her silver hair, and sweet moonlight face, shading her eyes with her hand, and aunt Emily, who looked like a peony with a grizzled crop, both standing in the porch to look after us as long as we were in sight; but the turn in the road by the Angler's Home soon came, and hid us from each other, and then I felt fairly launched indeed and very desolate.

"Never mind, dear," said Margery, wiping a sympathetic drop from the tip of her pointed red nose. "I know *shpow* means hat."

We crossed on the 18th of October. It was a lovely day, and the steamer was crowded with passengers. It was too fine, and the sea too smooth, for any one to be ill, so I had the ladies' cabin all to myself, which I infinitely preferred to being in the midst of all those unfamiliar faces. I hitched myself up into a very comfortable berth, close to an open port-hole, through which I watched the great green swirls of water glittering in the sun, and the passage did not seem long. When we landed at Boulogne, the sky was so blue, the shops all looked so different; the fishwomen, with their short petticoats and their baskets on their backs, so curious; everything seemed so sparkling and unaccustomed, that I would not get into a carriage, but taking my bag in my hand walked with Margery the few steps from the boat to the station.

"Would you allow me, muddám — porty-bag, muddàm?" said a voice at my side. I turned and recognized an Englishman, with a hot and anxious visage, who had just crossed over with us, and who was making for the same destination as ourselves.

"Thank you," I answered; "I can carry it quite easily; it's not at all heavy."

"Oh, Lord, mum!" ejaculated my friend with effusion, "what a blessing it is to hear one's own language again!"

I felt inclined to advise him to venture no farther if he already experienced *mal du pays* to such an extent, but to go back and wait patiently at the pier until the next steamer started for England. We had two blooming young English ladies in our carriage, accompanied by a surly brother in one corner, who was far too satisfied with himself and too discontented with everything else not to have been a freeborn Briton. Just before arriving at the junction where Margery and I were to branch off from the great Paris main line for Marny-les-Monts, "Prèparez vos billets, messieurs et mesdames, s'il vous plaît," said the conducteur.

"Stoopid ass!" remarked the Englishman, with sullen scorn; "in England they'd have said 'Tickets!' and there'd have been an end of it."

When we arrived at Hautbuisson (the station at which we had to get out), I found that the Countess had expected us by an earlier train, and had sent her carriage to meet us. Not finding us, however, it had gone home again, and we had to wait some time while another vehicle was being procured for us, so that it was already quite dark when we started for Marny-les-Monts — quite too dark to be able to see anything whatever of the scenery around us. I only felt that suddenly our road took us through the yet thicker black of trees; then again we emerged, and rolled and bumped with a muffled sound over a heavy wooden bridge; toiled up a sandy hill to the lights that were glimmering on the summit; heard a noise of loud voices and foreign tongues all vociferating together; and then I suddenly found myself lifted, I hardly knew how, out of the carriage, and into a tall and potent embrace, enveloped in which I was conveyed along, with my feet hardly reaching the ground, into a brilliant drawing-room. Here a tall gentleman bowed to me, who was presented to me as "my brother Charles." He turned with a kind anxiety to my conductress, and said, "Olympe, what will you do about the dinner?"

"She will dine in her own room," answered the Countess, with despotic melancholy.

"But perhaps she would rather come in with us at once, as we are still at table," he suggested, in a low voice.

"She will dine in her own room," repeated the Countess.

"Are you quite sure that you would like that best?" he again attempted, turning to me.

"She will dine in her own room," imperturbably remarked the Countess, without the slightest shade of difference in her intonation.

I was quite too shy to venture any opinion on the subject myself; moreover, I had an intuitive conviction that it was not expected of me: so, dazed with the sudden light and the new faces, and with the strong arm round me, I was carried, still upon the very tips of my toes, up the staircase, and finally deposited in a cheery little chintz bedroom, where, after a hearty kiss of welcome, I was left, much to my relief, to slip on my dressing-gown, put my feet up, and rest both the spirit and the flesh, which were equally tired out.

Presently, while Margery was arranging my things for the night, the cup of tea, which was all that I had asked for, was brought to me. As I lay with closed lids upon the sofa, I heard Margery say, "Here — on table — tray — put;" as if she thought that broken English, uttered in a very decisive manner, and with a break between each word, answered quite the same purpose as French.

"Does mademoiselle wish for anything else?" inqured the little maid.

"Toody swee," Margery observed, with perfect assurance.

"Do you speak French?" the little maid asked her, with a smile.

"Oh, wee," responded the undaunted Margery, adding "Shpow!" in what I thought rather a menacing way, as she kept nodding her head triumphantly at the girl, and giving sharp taps to her own bonnet, by way of convincing her then and there that she knew what was what.

Fortunately an Irish nurse, who had lived with Madame de Caradec ever since the birth of her daughter, just at this juncture arrived opportunely to the rescue, and Margery, having duly attended to my comfort, was borne off by her new friend to be made comfortable herself.

Later in the evening, just as I had finished writing to mother to tell her of my safe arrival, I heard a quick, decided step coming along the passage, and a hurried little tap at the door. "Come in," I said, and a charming child of about sixteen made her appearance. She was short for her age, but did not look so, from her erect carriage, and from the magnificent way in which her head was set upon her shoulders. She was brilliantly fair, with heaps of golden hair, which she wore turned back from her clear broad forehead. The charm of her face consisted in its great nobility. The expression was one of mixed decision and sweetness; and there was altogether a sort of veiled power about her, which, combined with her childish aspect, made her exceedingly attractive.

"Maman sends me to ask," she said, in her sweet broken English, "will you more tea? or some sirop, perhaps? Have you, indeed, all you want?"

"I see you are Jeanne," said I, holding out my hands to her, and drawing her down on the sofa by my side.

"Yes, I am Jeanne," she replied in French. "I had been out with the hounds all day, and was late for dinner, and dressing in a hurry when you came; that was why you did not see me when you arrived. But Maman was there, I hope, and Charles, and René, to receive you?"

"I saw one gentleman in the drawing-room — your uncle Charles, I believe."

"Yes," said Jeanne; "that was the Marquis."

"And who is René?" asked I.

"René is a cousin of Maman's, who comes here to hunt for three months every winter. De Saldes is his other name — René de Saldes. He always does what he pleases, and is never in time for anything. But the Marquis has to mind his *p's* and *q's*, or hm — hm!" and she screwed up her mouth and shook her head with a funny little sagacious expression.

"And you," said I, laughing, "are not obliged to mind your *p's* and *q's*, but come down when you like?"

"That depends," she answered. "When René comes out with us, I never get a scolding: there is a sort of complicated family machinery about it all, that it is a little difficult to understand at first. I protect the Marquis, and René protects me: not, indeed, that I need much protection; for they all of them spoil me very perfectly in their different ways, and Maman most of all, although she affects to bring me up with the utmost severity. But I must go now, for Maman desired me not to stay and tire you with my gossiping. I hunt to-morrow with

our own hounds; but I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at breakfast before we go."

Then bidding me good-night, she left me to the enjoyment of the most perfect bed that ever rested weary limbs.

The next morning I was awoke by feeling something indescribably soft, cool, and fragrant touching my cheek; and I opened my eyes into a large bunch of dewy, fresh-gathered roses. Madame Olympe was standing by my bedside with a heap of exquisite flowers in her hands, with which she proceeded to deck the jars on the chimney-piece and on the table.

She looked very grand and beautiful, enveloped from head to foot in a great white burnous, which fell in thick heavy folds round her stately person, and was altogether a most satisfactory morning vision, with the white hood over her head shading and softening her stern face, as she bent over her many-colored treasures and arranged them silently. When she had filled the vases, she came and sat down on the foot of my bed.

"How are you," she said, "after your journey? rested? It was much better for you to dine in your own room — you would have felt shy and uncomfortable the first evening with strangers."

"Have you people staying with you now?" I inquired.

"Yes: we have René de Saldes, Monsieur Kiowski, and Monsieur Berthier. The first is my cousin, the last two are painter friends of mine. They will amuse you, they make such a contrast to each other. The one is so rapid in everything he does, and the other so slow. When they come together their differences not only appear more pronounced, but actually become so. They act unconsciously upon each other, and Monsieur Kiowski rushes on like a small mill-stream, while Monsieur Berthier takes an hour to say the slightest thing. I am also expecting some time to-day Lady Blankeney and her daughter, and Miss Hamilton."

"My dear Madame Olympe," said I, "I should never have had the courage to come if I had thought to find so many people here."

"Oh," she answered, "you needn't feel at all alarmed: there is only one person to be frightened at in the whole lot, and that is Miss Hamilton. Lady Blankeney is only a harmless, silly sort of little old fly: if you will but let her flutter and buzz, she will be quite content; she does all the talking herself. I rather like it and never think of answering her; and Maria is the quietest of the quiet, and properest of the proper — pure English growth — a bashful, blushing, infantile old maid of nine-and-thirty — the thing don't exist with us. They are both great bores, and I am sorry they should happen to be coming just at this particular time, because I should have liked you to become acquainted with René de Saldes, and he is already gone; knowing they were to be here to-day, he fled early in the morning. I am rather curious to see how they will make it out with Ursula Hamilton; she must start Lady Blankeney occasionally, I should think."

"What is the tie between them? Is she any relation of theirs?" I inquired.

"There is a sort of distant cousinship," answered Madame Olympe. "Miss Hamilton's father had once a good fortune, which he squandered in every conceivable discreditable way, and then went to live for economy, with his little girl, at Florence. He died some time ago, and Ursula was left all but destitute. She then, to the horror of all her friends, announced her intention of going on the stage, for which, it appears, she has an immense natural talent — when suddenly, by the greatest piece of unlooked-for good luck in the world, a rich old aunt of hers died, and bequeathed her a very large sum of money. So, thank goodness, she gave up (though I do believe it was rather *à contre-cœur*) the notion of singing in public, and Lady Blankeney, who had been in Italy during all her troubles, and carefully ignored both her and them, flew to her the instant she became an heiress, and is now convoying her to England, where she means to have the honor and glory of producing the new lioness in fashionable society. I own I'm rather curious to see them together, for ages ago I used to hear about Ursula Hamilton from my cousin, Monsieur de Saldes, who knew her abroad, and she appeared to be anything but an amenable subject, although at that time she was only fifteen or sixteen. But I shall leave you to dress now — you needn't hurry, for we don't breakfast till half-past eleven."

With that she nodded her head in a friendly way, and strode majestically out of the room.

I had been so thoroughly roused by Madame Olympe's visit, that I got up as soon as she had left me. I unfastened those delicious French windows that open from top to bottom, and seem to let all heaven and earth at once into the room, threw back the outer jalousies, and feasted my eyes upon the landscape. Before me lay the park (a bit of land redeemed from the heart of the

forest, and cleared for the dwelling of my hostess) dotted all over with clumps of trees: here and there little screens of delicate young poplars, already turned by the season, quivered their golden leaves in the clear splendors of the autumn blue. At the bottom of the hill lay the river, of which my room commanded three different views as it turned and wound about, all glittering and rippling, and covered, as it were, with an ever-vibrating network of light; and beyond, stretching up and on for miles and miles around us, was the great ocean of the forest, drenched in deep dews, steeped in warm sunshine, swaying in the sweet morning freshness, and chanting its solemn hymn of gladness to the Lord of all the beauties of the earth.

When I was dressed, I went into the drawing-room, where I found Madame Olympe, still in the same picturesque costume, assiduously dusting the books upon the table with a feather brush. "This is not much like England after all," thought I.

"We have a new servant," she said in a plaintive tone of voice, "who never touches a thing in the morning, and so I am obliged to go round myself and see to it."

"Why, what does she do?" I inquired; 'lie in bed till this hour?"

"The she is a he, whose name is Hyacinthe, and that is what he does!" she answered, pointing with her brush to the chandelier.

I looked up; it was a quaint edifice, built entirely of stags' heads and antlers carved in wood, and it was filled from top to bottom with flowers and leaves grouped together in the loveliest way.

"Look there — and there," she said.

I glanced round the room; in every corner there were heaps and heaps of flowers arranged, with every variety of sword-like rush and feathery plume of grass.

"Would you like to see the artist himself? There he is!" she continued, opening the door which led out into the hall. Beyond the hall was a large portico, fitted up with sofas and chairs, and here, at a table covered with flowers, sat a short fat man with a turn-up nose, pasty face, and sentimental aspect, dressing a couple of huge vases. These he afterwards brought in and placed triumphantly upon the chimney-piece; they were entirely filled with the most delicate ferns, intermingled with dark ivy-leaves, which fell over and round the jars in garlands of exquisite grace.

At breakfast I was introduced to Monsieur Berthier, a gentleman who looked about fifty-five years old. He was fair, rather bald, and had the gentlest voice and manner in the world. He very kindly endeavoured to put me at my ease by speaking to me in English, but his pronunciation was so peculiar that I could hardly understand what he said — which made me much more nervous than I was before. However, they all soon found out that I spoke French without difficulty, and then we got on swimmingly.

Monsieur Charles appeared in full hunting costume. He did not wear the green, which is the colour of the Imperial hunt, but a white coat with maroon velvet facings: it was extremely picturesque, and very becoming to pretty little Jeanne, who was charmingly got up in the same colours.

They called this morning meal their breakfast, but it was to all intents and purposes a regular dinner. There were two large dishes of hot meat, two or three others of cold, hot dressed vegetables, salad, eggs, and all served upon the bare oak table without any table-cloth. At the end where Madame Olympe sat, were the urn and breakfast-service; but I observed that everybody drank wine-and-water to begin with, and then gradually arrived at tea as a sort of climax, when a most delicious hot heavy pastrycake was handed round, which they ate with an addition of butter and honey that made me expect to see them die on their chairs by my side. It is but fair to add that this breakfast and their dinner are the only meals partaken of in the day. The servants have their breakfast and dinner immediately after their masters have done, upon what is left; the whole domestic machinery seems to me much simpler than our English arrangements. French servants do not eat or drink half so much as ours do, and make much fewer difficulties. What complicates matters in England a good deal is the separate life led by the children: this does not exist in France, where the children keep for the most part the same hours with their parents, instead of dining apart and early, as ours do.

While we were in the middle of breakfast a figure darted past the window, gesticulating violently — this I found was Monsieur Kiowski, who had been out painting and had not heard the breakfast-bell. Presently he rushed in with his sketch-book in his hand: he was quite young, and very pleasant-looking.

"Mille pardons!" he said, hurrying up to Madame Olympe and kissing her hand. "I hadn't any idea it was so late, but I found the most adorable little bit to paint from the boat-house! When first I got

there it was all cool grays and silver tones — a perfect Corot — with just that little bit of dead tree coming in there you see" (showing her the book) "to give it a red accent; but when the sun came out the whole aspect altered from minute to minute, so that I was obliged to give it up at last. I must try and get up early again to-morrow to finish it if possible. Good-morning, Jeanne. Good-morning, Marquis. Good-morning, Berthier. Why didn't you come out and have a go at the river too? You have no idea how lovely it looked from the inside of the boat-house; but perfectly adorable!" (and he sent a kiss into the air rapturously from the tip of his fingers). "Yes, some *pommes de terre sautees*, Hyacinthe, if you please."

All this came pelting out in a torrent of French, and in a single breath, and I was perfectly dumfoundered when Madame Olympe presented him to me, and he asked me in equally faultless English if I had had a good night and was rested after my journey.

"Mademoiselle does not look as if she had crossed the sea yesterday: were you ill?" asked Monsieur Berthier in his slow gentle way. "I think the English character never comes out more strongly than on board a steamboat," he continued. The feeling of *decency — le convenable* — is what English people never lose sight of — English women more especially: even the tortures of sea-sickness they manage to control, and retire to some secluded corner with their basin, hoping to shroud from observation an attitude which no amount of will can render graceful or dignified. I saw a vulgar Spaniard once, when I was crossing over to England: he had been making game of a poor Meess, who, with English forethought, had provided herself with a basin before the vessel started. He straddled about on deck with a great chain and a gaudy cane, and said in a swaggering way, 'Look at all these poor wretches who are determined to be ill! Their precautions are exactly what makes them so; they are afraid, and give in, and of course are sick immediately; but if one walks up and down as I do, and smokes as I do, and sings as I do, one is never ill.' He began executing some roulades as the boat steamed out of harbour; the sea was terrible, and before ten minutes were over, my Spaniard, who had suddenly lapsed into ominous silence and gradually become of a hue the like of which I never beheld before or since on any human countenance, uttered a discordant shriek, and made a violent plunge at a basin he saw upon a bench near him — the ship lurched, the basin rolled off, and he rolled after it and lay wallowing there on the ground where he fell, an utterly demoralized and disgusting object; but so miserable and so regardless of all appearances that I assure you he became almost grand through excess of suffering, and the entire absence of self-consciousness. Meess, with her basin in her corner, and all her British dignity, was *little* by the side of that Spaniard in the agony of his utter self-abandonment."

We all laughed, but Madame Olympe took the English side of the question and stood up for it very vigorously. Monsieur Berthier turned to me.

"Confess that you went downstairs and tried to hide yourself from every one; you would not be English if you had not done this. I remember at one time of my life having to pass every day the English pastrycook's at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli. I used to see the English Misses there eating cakes, and when I looked in at the window at them (for they were almost always pretty) they took a crumb at a time, but when I passed on, and they thought they were not seen any more, they put enormous pieces into their mouths, and ate with as much voracity as other people. I used to amuse myself with pretending to go by, and then coming back stealthily to watch them from the corner of the window, and they always did the same."

"Well," said Monsieur Kiowski, "and very right too: you seem to think it ridiculous and unpoetical, but after all, it shows a regard for the feelings of others, and a certain sense of beauty too, which in my humble opinion are qualities rather than defects."

André now came to say that the horses were at the door, and we all went out upon the perron to see them start. Jeanne embraced her mother, and the Marquis kissed his sister's hand before they mounted. The horses were English, and very handsome beasts, and the Marquis' tall slight figure in his gay uniform, and with his great hunting-horn slung over his shoulder, looked uncommonly well as they passed in and out through the trees, with the sun shining full upon them. How I envied them their ride, — I, who could not even walk!

"I am sorry I cannot drive you to the meet to-day," said Madame Olympe to me, "because these people are coming. However, you must see it one day before you go; it is very different from the English hunting, but it is very pretty in the forest,

and we can follow it perfectly in a carriage and see all the sport."

While we were still standing on the perron watching the receding figures as they went down the hill, we saw a little black object with a white head-dress flitting swiftly towards the house. As she came nearer to us, I saw that it was a Sister of Charity.

"It is the Sœur Marie," said Madame Olympe, going forward to meet her. "The school-children are under her direction and she is the good angel of the neighbouring village. Good-morning, my sister. Are you come to see me about the school-feast, or to tell me of some of your poor people who want help? Will you not come in and have some breakfast?"

"Oh, no, Madame la Comtesse," said the little sister. "I breakfasted long ago; besides, I must not eat such dainty things as you would give me in your goodness: my wicked body must be mortified, and I must keep a tight rein over the sinful appetites of the flesh."

We could hardly help laughing at this speech proceeding from the mouth of the poor sister. She was a spare, small old creature, mere skin and bone, with a pale childish toothless face, small brown watery eyes, and a feeble beseeching voice. Her whole figure had something eager, anxious, and imploring in its expression, and her quick gait and restless activity, combined with the flutter of her draperies, and a way she had of leaning slightly forward, always somehow gave her the appearance of flying.

"Well, but a glass of wine and a little bit of cake, my sister — at least that after your long walk? Surely that comes under the head of necessary sustenance?"

"No, no, my dear lady," answered the little sister, with childish earnestness; "I must wrestle with temptation, and overthrow my rebellious passions."

"And why are you not more warmly clad, Sœur Marie?" continued Madame Olympe. "The day is treacherous — warm in the sun and cold in the shade. What have you done with the woollen handkerchief I gave you to keep those little bones of yours warm?"

"Oh, Madame la Comtesse must not be angry," said the little creature, looking imploringly up in her face, "but old Nanon has had her rheumatism so badly of late, that I gave it to her. Madame knows how I value her kindness, but the poor Nanon was so suffering, and, for the moment, I really had no use for it."

"That is always the way," said Madame Olympe, turning to me; "she never keeps anything for herself. However, I do hope that the India-rubber bottle which you brought over for me will be of some comfort to her during the winter; perhaps, as that is neither food nor clothing, I may be able to persuade her to keep it."

She then sent for one of those India-rubber bags which she had begged me to bring from England for her, and when the servant had fetched it she gave it to the old sister, saying, "Here, my sister, is something to make you comfortable in the winter."

Sœur Marie took it with overflowing gratitude, but evidently without having the slightest idea what was to be done with it, or how it was to be made use of. Madame Olympe watched her for a minute or two, and then, finding that she was too timid and humble to make any inquiry, she proceeded to explain to her the method of unscrewing it, putting in the hot water, and screwing it up again. Sœur Marie was in an ecstasy of delight.

"There!" said Madame Olympe. "On cold winter nights, when it is full of nice hot water, and you are in bed, my sister, you see you can clap it here — or here — or here—or just wherever you please!" and she whisked it about all over her own body as she spoke, with a droll unconsciousness, and a dear, benevolent beaming face, quite unlike any expression I had thought her countenance capable of. It was charming to see her unbend so completely, and become so sweet and tender to the poor flittering little nun.

Presently they went in together, to talk over a feast that Madame de Caradec was going to give the school-children, and Monsieur Berthier and I went strolling slowly round the house.

It was quite the most enjoyable dwelling I ever was in: I believe, from the fact that it was entirely devoid of any pretension to architectural importance. Wherever a pretty view or sunny aspect invited one to sit, and look or bask, as the case might be, great wide balconies had been thrown out, with awnings moveable at pleasure; in other places, there were cool verandahs, with seats, for those who preferred the shade. I expressed my approbation of the exterior of the house to Monsieur Berthier. Just then a jalousie was thrown vehemently open, and Monsieur Kiowski's head appeared at the window above us.

"You have delicious weather for your little walk," he remarked to me, with great urbanity; then in French to Monsieur Berthier, —"I envy you, mon cher; you, who are able to enjoy your holiday in peace."

"I think I have some little right to enjoy it," returned the other; "I have earned it by working hard enough, I am sure. I was grinding away at the wheel until the very last moment before I came here."

"But at all events," said Monsieur Kiowski, "when you have done, you have done. Monsieur has given his lessons, Monsieur walks, Monsieur talks, Monsieur takes his leisure; while I, after working like a galley-slave in order to get the underpainting of my picture done before coming over, have brought with me two drawings, which I am absolutely obliged to finish by the end of this week, besides any quantity of letters which I have always delayed answering, from a futile idea that I should find time at Marny-les-Monts for everything I wanted to do. What a lovely day it is!" He then again said to me in English, — "How I should like to come down and bask in the sun!"

"Why don't you come? what is it that you are doing at the present moment?" I asked rather satirically.

"Writing my letters," he answered with perfect naïveté, leaning his arms upon the window-sill and looking out at us.

"Well," said Monsieur Berthier, as we walked on, "and the interior of the house? You do not say what impression that makes upon you?"

"I have been here such an instant of time," I answered, "that I hardly dare trust my own impressions. How striking little Jeanne is! She seems to me like a clasped book: if ever I get the clasps open I'm sure that I shall like what I shall read; but she is not easy to know, and I should think did not readily attach herself to strangers. However, she is exactly what I expected to find her, from all her mother had written about her to my mother."

"And Madame de Caradec," he continued, "is she also what you expected to find her?"

"No," said I, laughing, "for I was told that she was rather imposing, and I find her positively alarming, and I was told that she had been handsome and I think her perfectly beautiful still — don't you?"

"I see that you are very impressionable," he said, smiling at my enthusiasm, "but of course I see her differently who have known her from her childhood. "Ah! that first youth! how beautiful it is! It has a charm — a mystery — so soon lost, and that nothing afterwards, however fine, can compensate for! — at least such is my opinion. You think her beautiful now: then just imagine what she must have been at sixteen, when I first knew her. She was a famous beauty then, I assure you! You know I was her drawing-master, and I shall never forget the day that I gave her her first lesson. I went there never yet having seen her, and I was perfectly bewildered (I too was young then) when I beheld this vision of heavenly beauty before me! Madame your mother was sitting working in the room at the time. I knew her very well — Madame Hope and I were great friends."

"I have constantly heard mother say so," said I, "and it has been a real delight to me to come among the people I have so often heard her speak of with affection. But did Madame de Caradec always look as proud and sad as she does now?" I inquired.

"No," answered Monsieur Berthier. "That expression came with trouble and with time: it dates back to an old story of disappointed attachment. Did Madame Hope never mention Monsieur Hamilton to you?" he asked, after a slight pause. "He used to come to the house a great deal during the time that she was in France. Well, it was for him that Madame de Caradec once had a very profound sentiment. He made no sign, however, of any corresponding feeling, beyond seeming to admire her very much; so much, indeed, that everybody was quite surprised that he did not come forward and offer to marry her, but he did not, and it was then that she first began to look proud and hard. She remained single — courted, followed, and adored as she was, until she was seven-and-twenty; and then, to the amazement of every one, as you may conceive, she suddenly chose from among all her suitors the old Comte de Caradec, who was at least sixty when she accepted him. He was a charming old man, and very fond and proud of her, and I think she might have been happy, or at all events tolerably contented with her life, if unluckily at her father's death (which took place seven or eight years after she was married) she had not found amongst his papers a letter from her old love, declaring his feeling for her, and containing a proposal of marriage. They had kept it from her — never consulted her — never even given her the little comfort of knowing that he had really cared for her. After this discovery, she had a long dangerous illness, through which her poor old husband nursed her with the tenderest devotion; but though through his care she eventually recovered, everything like happiness was at an end, and she became at once and forever the stern melancholy woman that you see her now."

"And what became of Colonel Hamilton?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Oh, the brilliant colonel went abroad and ran away with an Italian prima donna, who died soon after, leaving him an only daughter: that is the Miss Hamilton who is coming to-day. I shall be very glad to see her again — I used to see a great deal of her at Florence."

"What sort of a man was Colonel Hamilton?" said I. "Were you acquainted with him?"

"Yes," answered Monsieur Berthier. "He passed a considerable portion of his time in Paris; but I own he always appeared to me to be perfectly uninteresting."

"Was he handsome?" said I.

"He was thought so in the fashionable world," he replied; "and I have observed that that is a thing which always goes a very long way with your sex; they seldom have the courage to admire what is not generally admired by the women of their acquaintance. I confess I thought him rather insignificant-looking myself; he used to dress in the most exaggerated height of the fashion, and always looked as if he had just walked out of the *Journal des Modes*.

"But," said I, "surely there must have been something remarkable about him to make a woman of that character care for him so much. Was he clever in any way, or amusing?"

"No," answered Monsieur Berthier; "he was dull, unoriginal, and commonplace; and I own I never myself could understand the attraction he had for her." Here he paused and looked at the landscape, and then added with a gentle sigh,—"Perhaps she had seen him in his uniform."

We were passing once more under Monsieur Kiowski's window, and he popped out his head again.

"Have you been as far as the stables, Miss Hope?" he inquired.

I told him that I had not yet, whereupon he addressed Monsieur Berthier.

"Monsieur Berthier, have you seen the stables since you have been here this time? There is a Virginia creeper already turned crimson, growing up the wall, and all over the roof, which is too wonderfully beautiful! That crimson against the stone-colour, and the red of the leaf upon the red of the tiles, makes the most divine harmony I ever beheld!"

"Will you go and see it?" said Monsieur Berthier to me.

I was beginning to feel rather tired, so I declined.

"I advise you to go and see that, mon cher," continued Monsieur Kiowski; "it is marvellously fine. There!" he said, craning his neck out of the window, until I was afraid he would fall. "When I stretch out like that, I just get a corner of the foliage gleaming like rubies against the blue sky." He then held up his hand to try the value of the flesh-coloured tone against the light, and added to me—"What a delicious air, to be sure! *un venticello che consola!* I really think I must come down."

"Why don't you?" said I, once more. "Are you working very hard at the present moment?"

"*Helas!*" said he, with a sigh.

"What at?" asked I.

"At one of my drawings," he answered quite seriously.

"Do tell me," I inquired of Monsieur Berthier, "of what nation Monsieur Kiowski is?"

"English," he replied; "of Polish origin, I fancy, but his family is English, and so is he."

"Is not his French quite wonderful?" said I.

"Yes," he answered, "but not more so, I believe, than his Italian and German. I have heard Germans say they should have taken him for a German."

"Ah! imagine what happens to me!" screamed Madame Olympe from the house; "such a telegram from Lady Blankeney!"

She hurried out in fits of laughter, with the paper in her hand. It was as follows:—

"Lady Blankeney, Hôtel Bristol, Paris, to Madame la Comtesse de Caradec, à Marny-les-Monts, près Champenay, Oise. Dearest Countess — in despair — we bring a fiddler — too dreadful — so shocked — pardon."

"One of Ursula's queer artist friends evidently," said Madame Olympe, "or Lady Blankeney would not have thought it necessary to apologize: some ill-combed genius that she has picked up abroad and brought along with her, no doubt. The question is, where on earth I am to lodge him? I haven't a corner to spare; I have been obliged to put Madame Simon, the housekeeper, who is ill, into Jeanne's room, in order to give her more air; and Jeanne already sleeps with me. There would be René's room, but then he is so uncertain that I never dare make use of it — he might get bored in Paris, you know," turning to Monsieur Berthier, "and come back at any moment. There's no use in telegraphing back to say I can't take the fiddler

in, for they must already have started. Monsieur Kiowski only goes away on Wednesday; what on earth am I to do?"

"Dear Madame Olympe," said I, "do pray make some use of my room. I see that there is a sofa-bed in it; why shouldn't you put Miss Blankeney or Miss Hamilton into my bed and let me sleep on that? You know the *cabinet de toilette* affords every sort of convenience for double dressing."

This was an obvious arrangement to propose. My room was large and cheery, with only the bed in it to prevent it from looking like a pretty sitting-room, and beyond, opening into it, there was another smaller room, with all the washing and dressing appurtenances kept completely to themselves.

"You save my life!" said Madame Olympe. "Miss Blankeney is frightened to death if she is not quite close to her mother; but Ursula was to have had the little room next to yours. We will stick the fiddler in there, and put Ursula up with you, since you are good enough to have her. She shall sleep on the sofa, though — I won't have you turned out of your comfortable bed for any one. And now come in, for you are looking quite exhausted, and you must put your feet up upon the sofa."

She took me in, and established me, in spite of the feeble remonstrance I ventured to make, upon a wonderful sort of gigantic double sofa that stood in the drawing-room, midway between the fire-place and an oriel window, which commanded a lovely view of the river and the forest. She arranged the pillows for me, and then went out into the hall and brought back a soft shawl, with which she wrapped my feet round as tenderly as mother would, looking all the while so grand, and stately, and abstracted, that I was quite confused, and felt as though I were being waited upon by some great queen.

She went to the piano, opened it, and began one of Beethoven's sonatas. She played with a good deal of power and feeling, and with an evident love of her subject. I listened in enchantment. Monsieur Berthier took a book and sat down in a corner, but I saw that he was looking from underneath his eyebrows much oftener at her than at his book.

While she was still playing, a carriage drove up to the door, and Lady Blankeney was announced. I was going to get up from the sofa, when Madame Olympe, who had left the piano, put me down again with a strong arm, and saying in an imperative voice, "Don't move! don't move!" held me there steadily till the whole party had entered the room. First came a short thin old lady, fashionably dressed in a brown gown and pink bonnet; then a tall woman in a complete travelling suit of grays, with fair hair and projecting teeth, and then a young lady with a sallow face and large black eyes: she was dressed in black, and was closely followed by a little pale miserable-looking mortal, muffled from head to foot in a long great-coat, and with a huge comforter rolled two or three times round his throat.

"How d'ye *do*, dear Madame de Caradec! How d'ye *do!* Here we all are at last! Is that the princess?" she said, in a low voice, looking at me; "so delightful to find her still here! Pray present me. I shall be so charmed to make her acquaintance!"

"It isn't the princess," said Madame Olympe, rather drily; "it's only Miss Hope, my old governess's daughter." At which piece of information all the smiles vanished in an instant from Lady Blankeney's countenance, and she looked carefully in another direction.

"Miss Hamilton," said Madame Olympe, going up to the young lady in black, "I am glad to see you at Marny."

"And I to be here," answered a full contralto voice, with a remarkably distinct utterance. "This is Monsieur Dessaix," she continued, introducing her friend. "He has come all the way from Germany to see me, and if I had not brought him along with me, I must have stayed behind myself, so I hope you will forgive the liberty I have taken."

Madame Olympe bowed slightly, and so did the little man. He and Miss Hamilton were standing close together at the head of the sofa, and presently I heard him say to her in a low querulous voice, —

"My angel, I am suffocating!"

"Take off your comforter then, you stupid old owl," she answered, in a whisper.

"It will have a much better air if I wait till I go upstairs —— but I am suffocating!"

"Then suffocate," she said, and went off into a giggle.

"Do not laugh, I entreat of thee," he continued; "thou wilt make me ridiculous before all these people; thy young friend with the teeth detests me already; if she could kill me she would. Well! what is going to be done now?" he continued, looking round with a discontented air; "is everybody going away? Ah, pour l'amour de Dieu, ne me laisse pas seul avec la morte!" This last was said in a sudden agonized whisper, as he saw Miss Hamilton preparing to follow the other ladies out of

the room, but his terror made it quite audible, and "the morte" could not help laughing too. They then all went out together to take a turn in the grounds, and I remained lying on my sofa, rather tired, a little puzzled, and very much diverted.

I lay there and thought my thoughts, and looked out at the forest, and the river, and the sky, and as the time drew on I saw the water grow blood-red with the reflection of sunset clouds, and the trees grow darker and darker in the clear heavens, until at last they stood cut out in a thousand delicate and fantastic shapes in perfect black against the golden evening air. Then all the various hues melted and deepened together into one strange passionate amber twilight; a magical sound of horns playing in concert came dimly up out of lost distances, then a pleasant noise of voices and of horses' hoofs coming slowly up the hill, and presently Jeanne made her appearance followed by Hyacinthe and the lamp, and all the dreams vanished away with the bright light.

They had had famous sport and she was in high spirits. "You mustn't let me dawdle and chatter too long," she said, as she came and sat on a footstool by the side of the sofa, "or I shall be late for dinner again. The Marquis wanted badly to take a walk in the garden, but Maman has sent him to his room to get ready, and I must be in time too, as we have no René to-day to fall back upon."

"Are you sorry he is gone?" said I.

"I believe so!" was the emphatic answer.

"Tell me about him," said I. "What is he like? At all like your uncle Charles?"

She laughed. "Oh, no! nothing was ever more different. Why, Charles is not at all handsome — at least I suppose people wouldn't think him so, though I like his looks. His features are not particularly good I daresay; but he has a distinguished air for all that, which I care for a great deal more. Now about René there cannot be two opinions; he is simply magnificent."

Her funny little decided manner made me smile. "And what is he besides — amiable and kind?"

"No," said Jeanne; "he is certainly not amiable, and I am not quite sure that he is very kind. It is my poor Marquis that is all this. He does himself so little justice, and is so simple and unpretending, that one has to live with him before one finds out all the goodness that he keeps hidden away under a bushel. His kindness to the poor is inconceivable, and his courtesy of manner to them — I never saw any one with such delicate consideration as he has for all those who are in an inferior position to himself. Then no one is so sincere as he, or of such scrupulous niceness in all matters of honour; and as for his tact, it is unequalled, and would alone render him easy and agreeable to live with. René, at bottom, rather looks down upon him. René is travelled, and learned, and artistic, and interesting — above all, interesting; that is the very word for him. But he never thinks much about anybody, that I can see, except himself: and yet somehow, I don't know why, one can't help having a feeling of immense respect for him; I suppose, because he has always the air of despising one so — it gives one immediately a morbid desire after his approbation and notice. It is a great thing for us to have him come here in the winters; we should fall back into the benighted state of the middle ages, and do nothing but kill our hogs and eat them, if it were not for him! He keeps us all up to the mark. I always read up to him when he is coming, and we never dare shut an eye of an evening; and Maman dresses herself properly, and puts on no more gowns that were made in the year one; and Charles does not make any dirty jokes; and even the cook sends up superhuman dinners when he is at Marny! Do you understand him at all from my description?"

"I am afraid," I answered, "that what I do understand I should not very much like."

"Oh, you couldn't help liking him!" she interrupted. "One must feel drawn to him when he smiles his little tired smile, and looks sadly at one with those charming eyes of his."

"Why does he look unhappy?" I inquired; "has he had troubles?"

"O dear, no!" said Jeanne; "he has always been very prosperous. Maman says he is sad because he has always his own way; but yet she, like every one else, gives it to him. The Marquis fights, and struggles, and contends, and always goes to the wall, repulsed with loss; while with René it is quite the reverse — he never discusses, and never submits."

The clock struck half-past seven, and we hurried upstairs. I went into my *cabinet de toilette*, which possessed a door giving into the corridor, as well as the one opening into the bedroom, and dressed for dinner, leaving the larger room for Miss Hamilton. I made haste, and got down before she did, and was sitting in the drawing-room with the others when she came in.

I was perfectly amazed at the transformation that dress and lamplight made in

her. I had thought her all but plain on her arrival; now she appeared to me one of the most striking-looking persons I had ever seen. All the positive beauty of the face lay in the upper part. Large dark powerful eyes with heavy lids, almost always half-closed, gave her a most peculiar expression. Her eye-lashes were the longest and thickest I ever beheld. They curled up at the ends, and stood out beyond her nose, as one looked at her in profile. Her eye-brows were coal-black and perfectly straight, and lay like a bar across her broad pale forehead, on which great masses of crisp black hair grew very low. She had a small, delicately shaped nose, with sensitive nostrils; her upper lip was too long, and her mouth, which was thin, had a perpetual sarcastic motion, which was strange, and not agreeable, in one so young. Her complexion was bad, and she had little or no colour; but the skin, which looked yellow and dingy in the morning, became a sort of wonderful cream-colour by candlelight. Her figure was perfectly magnificent, and there was a picturesqueness in all her movements which made it a delight to be in the room with her. I suppose I should have thought her tall in any other house, for she told me that she was five foot seven; but Madame Olympe was five foot ten, and anyhow no one had a chance of looking tall where she was.

The dinner went off well, and was extremely amusing. There had been a slight difficulty about the order of our going in. Of course Monsieur Charles had to take in Lady Blankeney; Madame Olympe then said, "Where is Monsieur Dessaix? He was here not a minute ago."

Monsieur Dessaix looked about forty; he was at all events considerably older than Monsieur Kiowski. He therefore was to have been Miss Blankeney's partner; but just at the moment that he was called for by Madame Olympe, I saw him stoop down and hide behind a large arm-chair, from which place of refuge, as soon as he saw Monsieur Kiowski invested with his honours and conveying the fair Maria safely in to dinner, he emerged, and quietly offered his arm to Ursula. Jeanne and I went in together, leaving Monsieur Berthier for Madame Olympe. Fortunately her head had been turned the other way, and I don't think any one but Miss Hamilton and I were the wiser for the manœuvre which had just been performed.

"Dost thou find me changed since thou sawest me last?" said Monsieur Dessaix to Miss Hamilton, with a melancholy air.

The table was round and the party small, so that every one was more or less within earshot of all that passed. I saw the sharp look of amazed disapprobation which came over Madame Olympe's face as, for the first time, the *thee and thou* which had surprised me, attracted her attention. I saw that she was riveted—evidently for a moment thinking that she must have heard amiss; but the answer did not keep us long waiting — it came ringing out distinctly in Miss Hamilton's grave tones: —

"What change dost thou expect me to find in thee, Jacques? Thy hair has not turned white in five weeks' time."

"No," said he; "but it has fallen off dreadfully during those five weeks. Dost thou see how bald I am becoming?"

"I have observed," said Monsieur Berthier to me, "that men become bald much more frequently than women. One can hardly enter a room where there are a few persons assembled, without seeing some man with a bald head. If you look round the table here, you will see that out of the four male heads present there are three already bald: Monsieur Charles, Monsieur Dessaix, and myself. Of course there must be some reason for a fact which there is no disputing, and I have always attributed it to the work of thought which goes continually on in the brain of man."

"Ah, my old enemy!" cried Ursula, from the other side of the table. "We don't think, don't we?"

"No, I do not quite say that," he answered, laughing gently; "but you will allow that women's thoughts are generally occupied with less weighty considerations: much of the child's nature enters into the composition of woman. And note well that this is no accusation; on the contrary, it is one of your greatest charms, in my opinion, and it is that quality which gives you the power of relaxing and reposing the mind of man when it is weary with solving the serious problems of life."

"Belle vocation!" said she, and down went the corners of her mouth. "As for the problems of life, not to me, nor to you either, will it be given to solve them, my dear Berthier."

"Monsieur Dessaix, what will you eat?" asked Madame Olympe, seeing that his plate was empty.

"Some of that little corpse if you please, Madame la Comtesse," he answered feebly, pointing to a fowl that looked very white in the middle of brown gravy.

Jeanne gave one wild compressed look at

Monsieur Charles, hastily seized some water, and exploded in her glass with a tremendous noise.

"I am not laughing—I am not laughing—I am not laughing," said Madame Olympe, with menacing sternness.

"I perceive," said I, turning to Monsieur Berthier, "that you think us greatly inferior to men."

"Don't talk to him, Miss Hope," said Ursula; "he has the worst opinion of us. Oh, I know him of old!"

"I assure you this not so," he replied, with gentle slowness. "I think very highly of certain qualities which you possess, and I even find great charm in your society; but I must own that in the matter of the intellect, I cannot help observing that heaven has gifted men in a manner which has been denied to your sex. What woman has ever brought to perfection any serious work? Come, let us see—let us compare. It is only by comparing that one can arrive at the truth. Let us see: what woman has ever written a great poem—a *Faust*, for instnce?"

The only woman's poem important in form that I had ever read was *Aurora Leigh*; but I was sure that if any one at table knew it, it would be only Monsieur Berthier, and that he would of course immediately launch either Milton or Shakspeare at my head, so I held my tongue.

"At all events there is one great woman writer at the present moment in France," said Monsieur Dessaix; "what do you say to Georges Sand? She may not be a writer of poems, but a great poet she undoubtedly is, although her works are in prose."

As he spoke, I saw—did I see?—yes—with my own eyes—I saw him stick his fork into a little piece of fried bread which was upon Miss Hamilton's plate, and transfer it to his own; there were several bits, and one by one he took them all. She only laughed, and abused him playfully. I looked anxiously towards Madame Olympe—she coloured deeply and appeared greatly shocked and displeased.

"Nevertheless I hold by my position," said Monsieur Berthier, with insistive mildness. "What woman has written, or ever will write, a *Faust*—a *Hamlet?* What woman has ever painted a fine picture? What woman has ever composed a great opera? Even as executants they are surpassed by men."

"I deny it," said Ursula, vehemently. "If you have had your Talma and your Rubini, we have had our Siddons, and our Pasta, and our Malibran, and we still have our Pauline Viardot!"

"Even in pianoforte playing," continued Monsieur Berthier, smiling, "what woman ever played like Liszt, for instance?"

"Oh!" cried Miss Hamilton, "if it is to be a question of physical strength, of course I give in!"

"Not at all—not at all," persisted Monsieur Berthier; "but what woman ever approached on the piano, the delicacy and the sentiment of Chopin's playing?"

"Ah, who indeed!" said Monsieur Dessaix, who had known and loved him. "What was it like? When one seeks a similitude for it, one thinks involuntarily of things delicious and evanescent in nature—the shadow of the flight of a bird—the tremulous flicker of leaves over a bit of sunny ground—and so human too! it was the very embodiment of rêverie: nothing was ever in the least like it!"

"You see," said Monsieur Berthier, laughing gently, "that even in things which only require tenderness and delicacy, in which one would naturally imagine that the superiority would lie with your sex"——

"And so it does!" cried Ursula. "You are below your subject,—or you would be aware that the two functions which most nearly affect the happiness of the human race, are confided solely to the sensitive epiderme and the unequalled delicacy of touch of women—the rolling of your tobacco and your tea-leaves!"

The dinner wound up with an ugly ceremony enough: they all rinsed their mouths, and gargled their throats, and spat into their finger-glasses, with as much energy as if they had been cleaning their teeth in their own bedrooms. Lady Blankeney and her daughter alone, like women of principle, only just wet the tips of their fingers, after the English fashion. Miss Hamilton was much more like a foreigner than an Englishwoman in all her ways; as for me, I have no strength of mind, and so, though I thought it rather nasty, I did as Rome did; after which we returned to the drawing-room, in the same order in which we had left it.

"Well, my dear Countess," said Lady Blankeney, blandly smiling, "and what do you think of our two geniuses?"

"Geniuses!" said Madame Olympe, looking like thunder. "I don't know what their morals may be, but I never saw such bad manners in all my days!"

I glanced round in great anxiety, for Madame Olympe's [illegible] tion had hardly

confined itself to a whisper: most fortunately both Ursula and Monsieur Dessaix had left the room.

"O dear! no, really! I *am* so grieved!" said Lady Blankeney in a nervous flutter. "I know our dear Ursula *is* rather peculiar. I always think genuises *are* a little peculiar; but, dear me, I *am* so sorry! But was there anything very — very — eh?"

"I never beheld such ill-bred familiarity in all my life!" said Madame Olympe.

"He calls her thou —— four, five, six," said Miss Maria, who had taken some tapestry-work out of a bag and was counting her stitches.

"He ate out of her plate!" cried Madame Olympe. "It is disgusting!"

"Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen — she took his bread," said Miss Maria, with a spiteful smile.

"Pray has this sort of thing been going on all the time?" asked Madame Olympe, turning severely upon Lady Blankeney.

"O dear, no!" stuttered Lady Blankeney, scared to death. "No — I rather think not — I should not exactly say so."

"He kissed her when he came — twenty-four," said Maria.

"Kissed her!" shouted Madame Olympe.

"Oh, good gracious me, Maria!" exclaimed poor Lady Blankeney. "Why, never! I *really* think there *must* be some little mistake here!"

"Twenty-eight — I saw him do it," said Maria, with a quiet giggle.

While I was lying on the sofa, listening with regret to the storm of opinion that was setting in against Miss Hamilton — for whom, in spite of her strange ways, I could not help feeling the strongest attraction — I heard her and Monsieur Dessaix tranquilly pacing up and down together before the house. Suddenly Jeanne, who was at the window, shut it down very quickly and softly, and coming up to me said, in a low voice: — "My heavens, she is smoking! We must prevent Maman from looking out."

"Dearest Madame Olympe," I said — arresting her progress just as by some odd instinct she was crossing the room and making straight for the window — "would it be too much to ask you for the little cushion which is lying in the chair close by you?" She brought it, and arranged it tenderly under my head. I then took her hand, holding it fast while I spoke to her, until in a fit of absence she quite forgot her original purpose, and subsided gradually into a seat beside me, where I kept her talking about mother, until at last the danger was over and I saw Ursula and her friend reappear.

The beginning of the evening did not go off comfortably. None of the component parts of our little society seemed to amalgamate; they all fell asunder in a helpless, hopeless sort of way. Monsieur Charles went fast asleep in one of the large armchairs. Miss Maria worked on, never opening her lips except to count her stitches. Monsieur Kiowski and Monsieur Berthier were at the other end of the room, looking over some valuable prints. Monsieur Jacques made an attempt to speak to Lady Blankeney, but she withdrew from him with an extremely offended air, and went and sat by the chimney, where she dribbled away in never-ending inanity about Lady This, and Sir Somebody Something, to Madame Olympe, who was standing before the fire with her gown well tucked up in front, rocking herself backwards and fowards in displeased abstraction. Both Ursula and Monsieur Jacques seemed rather isolated and neglected. I do not know whether she perceived it, but he certainly did. Presently she came and placed herself at the table which stood before my sofa.

"Are you obliged always to lie down?" said she. "Can you occupy yourself in that position? Do you ever play at games? Will you play a game of chess with me?"

The chess-board was on the table before us, so we opened it, and began a game. After we had been playing some time, Monsieur Dessaix, having no one to speak to, came and sat down by us.

"Ursula," said he, in a low voice, "dost thou think I have made an agreeable impression upon thy friends?"

"I daresay you have. Why shouldn't you?" she answered. "It is your move, Miss Hope."

"Thou art mistaken, my darling. They detest me — thy new friends I mean: thy great countess who warms herself so majestically at the fire there; Lady Blankeney, too, has begun to hate me."

"Check!" said I.

"Thou art brimful of fancies," said Miss Hamilton. "Why on earth should she hate thee?"

"Didst thou not see how she moved to the other side of the room just now?" he replied. "That was to avoid me."

I, who had seen her do it, and heard the conversation which had preceded this performance of hers, knew very well that it was no fancy of his, but that she had simply gone over to the enemy, and made up her mind to

repudiate him from the moment that she discovered that he was not a success.

"Dost thou mean to sing to-night?" he continued, in his usual little level tone of discontent. "Do not do it: it always has a much better air to refuse the first evening."

"Check!" said I again. "No, you can't move there — that is in check to the knight."

"Dost thou believe that they will ask me to play? It would be indecent of them to do it after my journey — wouldn't it? I shall refuse; they are so insolent, these aristocrats! Thou dost not know them as I know them," said Monsieur Jacques.

"There, Jacques! you have made me lose my castle!" cried Miss Hamilton.

"I will be silent, since I bore thee," he said, and he took up a book and pretended to read. Presently, however, he looked at her over the top of it very mournfully, and began again: —

"My Ursula! Is it possible that I bore thee!"

"Check," said I. "No, you cannot go there on account of the white bishop."

"That I bore thee!" he ejaculated, with his melancholy little dark eyes fixed upon her.

"Oh, Jacques, *do* hold your tongue!"

"I'm afraid it's checkmate," said I.

"And that's your fault!" she cried laughing, and gave him a box on the ear.

I looked round in an agony. Luckily no one was turned our way, and nobody saw it, except little Jeanne, who was sitting by my side; she screwed up her mouth very tight, and opened her eyes very wide, but I knew she was safe, and would tell no tales.

"Mademoiselle Ursula, are you too tired to sing at all this evening?" said Monsieur Berthier. "It is some years since I have had the pleasure of hearing you, but I have not forgotten those beautiful chest notes; you have, no doubt, made great progress since that time. You were only just beginning to learn then, you know."

"Do not sing, I entreat of thee," murmured Monsieur Jacques in her ear; "it is better *genre* not to sing the night that one arrives."

"Oh, do not prevent her from doing what would make us all so happy," said I; "that is," turning to her, "if you really are not too tired."

"No, indeed," she replied. "I should like to sing to you, if Madame de Caradec does not object to our using the piano."

Madame Olympe rose from her seat sullenly, without a word, and went and opened the instrument; after which she proceeded to light two small lamps. Monsieur Kiowski was anxious to be of use to her, and fidgeted round her with a lucifer-match, which he had rushed to get from the hall; but she ignored him completely; steadily, in the face of his match, lit her lamps at a private bit of paper of her own, which was an hour taking fire, and nearly walked over him as she stalked up to the piano and placed them upon the desk.

Ursula then sat down and sang the famous air of "Lascia ch'io pianga" with such breadth and pathos, and such a glorious contralto voice, that we were all thrown into a state of the greatest commotion — all except Miss Blankeney. I looked at her, and I could see her lips forming Four, five, six to herself. "Brava! brava! e mille volte brava! mi consolo tanto!" shouted Monsieur Kiowski, who had drawn an arm-chair exactly opposite to her when she began, into which he had thrown himself rather protectingly and with the air of a connoisseur, and who now jumped up from it with all the real enthusiasm of an artist. As for me, my nerves were in a very shaky condition, and I had never heard anything half so beautiful, and I began to cry. She was going to get up, when Madame Olympe, who was standing behind her, put her hands upon her shoulders, and saying with emotion, "Oh! how *grand* it is! Some more, some more!" pressed her down into her seat. She sang for us until she was quite tired — whatever she knew by heart, for her music had not yet been unpacked, and as soon as she had done one thing there was a cry for another. At last Madame Olympe took her hands, and saying in a penetrated voice, "*Oh! how* you sing! how happy you are to be able to give such *deep* happiness to others!" embraced her. "And your friend Monsieur Dessaix," she continued, turning to him courteously — for the music had melted away all her wrath — "he plays the violin I believe? Will he not play us something?"

"Madame la Comtesse," he said, getting upon his feet, and assuming an air of sickly solemnity, which was nearly the death of Jeanne, "I trust that you will deign to dispense with my compliance this evening. My health is delicate — I suffer incredibly from my nerves — genius must wear its crown of thorns." Here he smiled with idiotic fatuity, and danced about upon his legs. "To-morrow — yes, to-morrow, I shall be most happy!" and then he clicked his heels together and bowed, quite convinced that he had done the thing in the most perfect manner

imaginable. Madame Olympe returned to Miss Hamilton, and putting her arm kindly round her said, —

"But some one else must do something. She must have some rest, or we shall kill her!"

"Oh, I will play," said I; and I went and played some of Heller and Schumann's smaller pieces. We then made Monsieur Kiowski sing. This was not easy of achievment. First of all he said that he really never sang at all: then, that he was shockingly out of practice; then, that he knew nothing by heart; then, that he had a bad cold, and had completely lost his voice; after which he was made to confess that he had brought his music with him, and was despatched upstairs to fetch it. I undertook to try and accompany him, and he sang several of Gordigiani's songs quite charmingly, with a sweet little impertinent tenor voice, great sentiment, and the most perfect Italian accent. These Florentine airs led to a comparison between the Tuscan and Neapolitan melodies, and then Ursula sat down again to the piano, and gave a number of examples of the latter with infinite fun and spirit. Our evening had become brilliant under the influence of her brilliant gift; and all the clouds were swept clean away from Madame Olympe's noble face, which was radiant with pleasure.

At last Miss Hamilton got up, and we went together to the table where Monsieur Jacques was sitting building card-houses in solitary grandeur.

"Thou hast sung like an angel," he said, "but thou singest too much. One day thou wilt die with thy mouth open. Why did nobody ask me to play? I suppose they did not wish to hear me; but it would have been more civil at any rate, I think, to ask me."

"But, my dear Jacques, you *were* asked," answered Miss Hamilton, "and you refused. I heard you with my own ears refuse. Why, before there was any question at all of music, you declared your positive intention of not playing."

"Certainly I did," he said; "nothing should have induced me to play; but still if they had wished very much to hear me, they could have asked me a second time. It might have been very bad, but it might have been very good, — how could they tell? Thou thinkest that I am vain, and feeble, and peevish? Ah, how well thou knowest me! Thou, who art so strong, must often despise me at the bottom of thy heart! Confess that thou dost! Thou needest say nothing; I see it in thy nose. What a nose thou hast, my Ursula! It is always going, going, going; it is like a rabbit's. Why didst thou sing nothing of mine this evening? Dost thou not like my music? Dost thou not believe in my talent any more?"

"The accompaniments of thy songs are too difficult," said Ursula, "and I do not know them by heart."

"*I* know them by heart," said Monsieur Jacques, "and I could have played them if I had been asked."

Luckily, Lady Blankeney and Madame Olympe rose at this moment, and an end was put to his complaints.

Nothing could be more amiable and pretty than Miss Hamilton's manner when she found that we were to share the same room. "And I will call you Bessie and you must call me Ursula for ever afterward," she said, as she kissed me and wished me good-night.

We had been in bed about an hour when I was awakened by the noise of a knocking at the wall against which Miss Hamilton's bed was placed; and, presently, Monsieur Dessaix's voice came through the thin partition quite distinctly.

"Ursula, art thou asleep?" it said, in a low tone.

"Yes, I am," she answered, sitting bolt upright in her bed. "What dost thou want?"

"Oh, Ursula!" moaned the voice from the next room, "thou sleepest, but I cannot close my eyes!"

"Why, what's the matter? what's amiss?"

"Dearest Ursula," it went wailing on, "there is a dreadful smell in my room. Oh, it is such a smell! That is why I cannot sleep. Good-night, my angel!"

"Good-night, my good Jacques," she answered gently.

I heard her lie down, and we were both nearly asleep again — at least I certainly was, — when the tapping recommenced at the head of Ursula's bed, and woke me once more.

"Oh, my Ursula! Dost thou sleep?"

She started up in bed. "Oh, what is it, Jacques? Do for heaven's sake try to rest!"

"My darling," said the mournful creature from the other side, "I can't think what it can be. . . . Oh, Ursula, it is such a smell! I do so wish thou couldst smell it! . . . Good-night my angel!"

"Good-night — good-night," she answered. "Be quiet and try to forget it."

We once more closed our eyes, but we might have spared ourselves the trouble, for in about ten minutes a series of hurried and

exultant thumps were executed upon the partition.

"Dearest!" his little cracked voice uttered in jubilant accents, "I have found them! .... They are apples! .... They are in a little cupboard under my bed! .... Good-night, my Ursula! good-night!"

The stable clock struck one as he spoke, and after that he allowed us to repose in peace.

Wholesale Manufacture of Ozone. — It has long been an idea of ours, remarks the *Builder*, that ozone might be manufactured on a great scale for the purification of close courts, and other cholera and fever haunts; and we pointed attention to the enormous electrical power of Sir W. Armstrong's electric boiler, in order to show the possibility of this being done. It is interesting now to note, in connection with our idea, that a sugar-refining firm in Whitechapel is setting up one of Wilde's extraordinary electric machines on their premises, for the bleaching of sugar; and we do not despair of seeing the same power soon applied, as we originally suggested. Wilde's machine has recently been exhibited to the Royal Society at Burlington House. It is worked by a 15-horse power steam-engine, and possesses wonderful power. The form is magneto-electric; and it has coils 4 feet high and 10 inches thick, containing 14 cwt. of copper wire. The armature rotates 15,000 times in a minute. The intensity of the light produced by this machine is something almost appalling. It required, like the sun, to be gazed at through coloured glasses. By means of lenses the mere rays of light set fire to paper, and its heat could be felt fifty yards off. It melted the refractory platinum as if it were lead! Various uses for it are being suggested. The total cost of its light is said not to exceed 6d. or 8d. an hour, cost of the machine itself included. The same sort of machine is used in Manchester for photographic purposes, being preferable, it is said, to the sun for taking photographs! It can also, of course, be made available by night as well as by day.

The Nutmeg. — For many years the Straits settlements were famed for the cultivation of the nutmeg. At Penang, in Province Wellesley, at Malacca, and at Singapore, the cultivation of this spice seemed to be attended with very gratifying success. Young trees were set out in every direction in plantations, and everywhere they appeared to thrive and to yield a very fair supply of nutmegs. The nutmeg tree has a pretty appearance, running up to a height of from 25 to 30 feet, with numerous branches shooting directly out at right angles from the stem, and the leaves are of a fine green colour at the top, and of a paler hue on the under surface. Strange as it may seem (says the *Produce Markets Review*) the cultivation of this spice tree has apparently declined. In fact, of late years, it has become a losing business. Everywhere through the Straits it is now pronounced a failure. As a substitute for this branch of industry, the planters are setting out their lands with cocoa-nuts. Whether the substitution of the cocoa-nut cultivation for the nutmeg will prove an equally valuable product is yet undetermined. Of course there are other places where the nutmeg will be still grown. It is said to be indigenous to the Molucca Islands and to parts of Java. It grows to some extent in Ceylon, almost by the side of the cinnamon and coffee trees. It has been introduced into the Mauritius, and into some of the West India Islands.

Chymical Toys. — Dr. Divers, Lecturer on Natural Philosophy at Charing-cross Hospital, writes to the *Times*: — "'Pharaoh's Serpents,' composed of sulphocyanide of mercury, are highly poisonous, and during combustion evolve most noxious vapours. 'Larmes du Diable,' formed of metallic sodium, burn with great violence if they are either heated or moistened with water — in this respect exceeding phosphorus in danger — and scatter caustic alkali about the place when they are used as directed. 'Sunshine in Winter Evenings' and 'Fiery Swords,' formed of magnesium, are apt in the hands of children to cause nasty burns, through the rapidity of their combustion and the molten and white-hot particles they cast off. 'Sensation Cigarettes,' charged with gun-cotton, project, when fired, very noxious vapours into the mouth; 'Will o' the Wisp Paper,' 'Parlour Lightning,' 'Fireflies.' 'Aerial Glowworms,' &c., all formed of pyroxilin, or paper rendered explosive by the action of concentrated nitric and sulphuric acids, are highly inflammable and dangerous — the latest proof of which is the terrible accident last week at Mr. Laidlaw's workshop. I have myself known bad injuries caused by experimenting with sodium and water, and also with flowers of sulphur and chlorate of potassium, the rubbing together of which in small quantities is so often recommended in books on 'Parlour Magic,' &c., as an amusing experiment, quite free from danger. The use of chemical toys in educating children in the science of natural phenomena must be exceedingly slight, and quite incommensurate with their danger.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *The Correspondence of King George the Third with Lord North from* 1768 *to* 1783. Edited from the originals at Windsor, with an introduction and notes, by W. Bodham Donne. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1867
2. *Memoirs of the Life and Reign of King George the Third.* By J. Heneage Jesse. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1867.

The personal character of King George the Third, as well as the leading political events of his reign, have been for various reasons so frequently brought under the notice of the readers of this Journal, that we may spare ourselves on this occasion the trouble of adding another elaborate essay on these subjects to those already produced. We shall assume the general familiarity of the public both with the subjects themselves and with the spirit in which we have generally treated them, and content ourselves with such observations as may be called forth by the contents of the works before us, forming, in different ways, supplementary additions to the wealth of information and commentary which late years have brought forth.

Mr. Jesse's work is merely what we should call, if the words might be used without irreverence, a book-maker's speculation, put together by an industrious and practical compiler in the historical line. Notwithstanding the occasional garnish of a few fragments of manuscript authority, and even four 'unpublished letters' of Horace Walpole to Selwyn (when shall we have the last fruits off this very old tree?), it contains nothing substantial except what is woven out of those many volumes of Diaries and Correspondence of this reign, which are in every one's hands. But having, in the exercise of critical justice, said thus much, we are bound to go some way farther, and to add that a more agreeable, readable, and really interesting compilation has seldom fallen into our hands. It is a book which the reader lays down with sincere feelings of gratitude to the writer for having enabled him to while away some hours in pleasantly furbishing up his acquaintance with many a well-known, but always attractive, passage of recent history, and renewing many a familiar line of thought. And we do not doubt that numbers of our circulating-library readers will obtain from these volumes an amount of knowledge respecting the history of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers which they would have been very unlikely to acquire by any more patient method. Mr. Jesse has worked himself into a most kindly and sympathising spirit with the hero of his biography. We believe that any impartial man, or any one honest though slightly prejudiced in the other direction, would experience the same result from acquiring a real familiarity with the sayings and doings of the worthy old monarch. But, inasmuch as Mr. Jesse is full saturated with the commonplaces of ordinary liberalism, there is occasionally a gentle conflict in his pages between the stern principles of the politician and the weakness of the biographer. Moreover, he is, or pretends to be, credulous to an extent unworthy of one possessed of so much good sense as he frequently exhibits. But as this credulity generally manifests itself in the eager reception of 'telling' stories on slight authority, we set it down, in fact, as the trick of a caterer for popular taste rather than as the natural bent of his genius. To the same unlucky cause we attribute the most serious blemish of the book in our eyes — the extreme particularity with which he dwells on all the details of the King's insanity. What good can be served by the repeated dishing up of all these morbid horrors — the ἀπόῤῥητα of the sick-room, fit for nothing but professional pages — which throw in reality no light whatever either on character or events — we cannot for our own part imagine. But we make no question that this repulsive part of the work will have many and eager readers, and that Mr. Jesse is fully aware of it. The greater part of these details, we must add, is taken from that very singular repository of court gossip and dialogue behind the curtain, the late Mr. Locker's manuscript collections; with which, however, Mr. Jesse does not appear to be acquainted, except so far as Mr. Massey to whom they were lent, thought it safe and proper to communicate them to the public in his History. These contain some important and some startling matter; much also hardly worth publication — a good deal more which is unpublishable.

We have accused Mr. Jesse of a kind of artistic rather than real credulity, and we cannot give a better instance than his treatment of the celebrated 'Hannah Lightfoot' story, in his second chapter. So charming a bit of 'sensation' biography was far too valuable to be frowned sternly away by an anecdotist. Accordingly it is treated with a mock seriousness which is worthy of the pages of Mr. G. W. Reynolds's 'Mysteries of London,' or any other of those gems of

our penny literature which gratify the taste of the largest, if not absolutely the most intelligent, class of our romance-devourers. We are told that the father of the said Hannah, the 'fair quaker,'

'a respectable tradesman, resided at Execution Dock, Wapping in the East (?), a district sufficiently remote, one would have thought, to have preserved his daughter from the temptations and perils of a Court. Unfortunately however, she had an uncle, a prosperous linen-draper, of the name of Wheeler, who resided in the more fashionable vicinities of Leicester House and St. James's Palace. . . . The house in question — interesting, perhaps, as having been the last in which she was destined to press the pillow of innocence! — stood at the south-east corner of Carlton street, and of what is now called Market-street.'

And so on through some pages of similar rhetoric, until we are left in some doubt whether the author is not himself disposed to believe in the foolish story which he thus solemnly palms upon us. He even professes a mysterious doubt whether George the Third and Hannah were not actually married, although, on his own showing, or rather that of his authorities, the marriage is reported to have been celebrated at 'Keith's chapel,' in Curzon-street; and he shows himself that solemnisation in that chapel was put an end to by the Marriage Act of 1753; so that when the eventful ceremony took place the princely bridegroom (born in June, 1738) must have been somewhat under fifteen!

But the story of the seduction itself will not really bear inspection any more than that of the marriage. It took place 'early in 1754,' when, therefore, the hero was under sixteen. Now, to quote at second hand from Mr. Jesse himself, it must be remembered that the Prince, sedulously trained aloof from the world — 'bigoted, young, and chaste,' as Horace Walpole terms him — was 'childish,' according to his mother, 'in his habits, and backward in his years' (1752), and had 'hitherto given no indication of an immoral tendency;' that his brother the Duke of Gloucester, many years afterwards, thus spoke of him to Hannah More: 'No boys were ever brought up in a greater ignorance of evil than the King and Myself. At fourteen years old we retained all our native innocence.' Now a princely lad thus trained may no doubt in spite of mother and preceptor, become the prey of a designing woman of the world. But he does not, at fifteen, seduce the prim daughter of a respectable linen-draper, carry her off, live with her some years as his mistress, and marry her to a convenient nobody. Alexander Dumas himself would hardly have ventured to insert so coarse a patch of fiction into the tapestry of history. We must on the present occasion content ourselves with adverting briefly to the curious and minute inquiry just instituted by Mr. Thoms into this tale — to his proofs that the several 'authorities' cited by Mr. Jesse resolve themselves into the invention of one fertile brain — to the shrewd indications which he furnishes, not only that there never was any 'marriage' with Hannah Lightfoot, but that there never was any such person as Hannah Lightfoot, *alias* Wheeler, *alias* Oxford, at all* — that the entire story is as complete a fabrication as the Book of Mormon! Certainly, until some one can show us a single contemporary notice of this mysterious lady, or any notice whatever anterior to the year 1800, and not traceably connected in some way or other with Mrs. Olivia Wilmot Serres, we hold ourselves quite safe in provisional incredulity.

Of course Mr. Jesse does ample justice to the romantic aspect of the poor king's more authentic flirtation, his short-lived *amourette* with Lady Sara Lenox: which we could never bring ourselves to regard as meaning anything more than a little shy, though honest, gallantry on the part of the youth, a little innocent scheming on that of the lady, and a little not unnatural calculation on that of some of her connections. That

'exercising that admirable command over his passion which more than once distinguished him during the difficulties of his subsequent career, he resolved on rendering the gratification of his desires dependent on the interests of his subjects; and subsequently succeeded in alienating himself from her society,' — (i. 68.)

is a notion which we make over to those who have formed a very different estimate of the honest, impulsive character of the young sovereign from our own. To what 'subsequent' occasion Mr. Jesse refers we cannot conjecture. Surely not to the poor king's wild aberration of mind about Lady Pembroke, in the days of his insanity. That half-sad, half-ludicrous chapter of his history was first brought to notice by one or two incidental passages in the Buckingham papers, and by the extracts from the Locker manuscripts published by Mr. Mas-

* See 'Notes and Queries,' 3rd Series, vol. xi. pp. 89, *seqq.*, 110, *seqq.*, 131, *seqq.*, 196, *seqq.*, 218, *seqq.*

sey. It is no more worth remembering than any other of the 'ægri somnia' so carefully and indecently chronicled by members of his Court. Mr. Jesse, by the way, does not appear to understand the hidden meaning of one anecdote, which he cites, having reference to this subject. The king, on more than one occasion, when under this influence, expressed in conversation his admiration for the Lutheran Church and its tenets. This puzzles Mr. Jesse, accustomed to regard him as a peculiarly orthodox son of that of England. He does not perceive the chain of thought which was forming in the poor distracted brain. The king remembered the bigamous indulgence accorded by Luther to the Landgrave of Hesse, and meditated on the possible application of the precedent to himself.

We have already complained a little of the profuseness with which Mr. Jesse indulges in the often reproduced and most painful details of these dreary interregna in the king's mental sanity. On one point, however, connected with this humiliating subject, we think he deserves credit at the hands of all lovers of fair history. A great deal too much has been made of the alleged levity and recklessness of the conduct of his sons towards him in his madness of 1788: conduct which, had it really taken place as represented, would certainly have excited to a dangerous pitch of fury the feelings of society, by no means predisposed in their favour. Too much has been made, also, of the supposed brutalities exercised towards the royal sufferer by some of his palace attendants, urged on by the unfilial example.

'These facts,' says Mr. Jesse, 'are related on high authority, that authority being Elizabeth Countess Harcourt, who was not only a lady of the bedchamber to Queen Charlotte, and sister-in-law to General Harcourt who accompanied the King to Kew, but who also lived on terms of particular intimacy with their Majesties. Moreover, as regards the painful episode of the German page, Ernst, Lady Harcourt goes so far as to vouch that, after the King's recovery, she heard the story from his Majesty's own lips. Nevertheless, we cannot but think that these terrible details are greatly, though doubtless not wilfully, exaggerated. In the first place, these barbarities are stated to have commenced on the removal of the King to Kew, *in the month of October*, and to have lasted till the month of December, "when, happily, Dr. Willis was called in;" thus extending the period of his Majesty's sufferings over several weeks. But the fact is, that instead of the King having been removed to Kew in the month of *October*, it was not till the 29th of *November*, that his removal took place, and consequently, as Dr. Willis was called in so early as Friday, the 5th of December, the period is of course reduced to only six days. Moreover, considerable doubt seems to exist whether violent measures were resorted to *at all*, so long as the King was under the charge of his regular physicians; in fact, whether Dr. Willis was not himself the first to advocate and to employ them. From Miss Burney, for instance, we learn that up to the date of the King's removal from Windsor, not only had there prevailed among his medical attendants the greatest disinclination to put any force upon him, lest it might be resented by him in the case of his recovery, but that "no human being dared even *mention* compulsion." "His smallest resistance," said Sir Lucas Pepys, "would have called up the whole country to his fancied rescue." Lady Harcourt's further account of the cruel state of isolation in which the King found himself at Kew, of the withdrawal of his faithful equerries, the hurried departure of the physicians, and the consignment of his person to mere pages and keepers — must also be received with some qualification. So far, indeed, from the King having been so utterly deserted as stated by that lady, we have evidence not only that a physician, as well as either a surgeon or an apothecary, regularly slept in the palace, but that both an equerry and a groom of the bedchamber were in constant attendance.

'But the most painful part of Lady Harcourt's narrative is doubtless the insolent and cowardly treatment which the defenceless King is said to have experienced in Kew Gardens at the hands of his German page, Ernst. We must at once confess that we discredit the truth of this singularly painful story.' . . . . 'No doubt, could it be clearly proved that Ernst received his dismissal at this period, some degree of credit might be claimed for Lady Harcourt's extraordinary statement. So far, however, from his having been so dismissed, the author, on searching the books in the Lord Chamberlain's department, discovered the name of "George Ernst, Esq.," registered as a Page of the Back Stairs, with a salary of 80*l*. a year, so late as the 15th of April, 1801, when one Samuel Cox was sworn in, in his room. Not improbably Ernst may have died shortly after this date, since, on referring to the books of the Treasury, the author found that by two royal warrants, severally dated the 14th of October, 1801, a pension of 150*l*. a year was granted to Dorothy Ernst, widow, and a pension of 50*l*. to Charlotte Ernst, spinster; these persons being probably the wife and daughter of George Ernst. To these evidences of the Ernst family having enjoyed the favour of royalty may be added the further fact, that some years afterwards the pension of the latter was increased to 150*l*.

'After all, the story of Ernst seems to be capable of easy explanation. It was one of the peculiarities attending the King's subsequent restoration to reason that, for many weeks after-

wards, he found it impossible to shake off the conviction that certain things were not realities, which in fact had had no other foundation than in his own distempered fancy; and accordingly, many painful particulars that he related to Lady Harcourt were in all probability, not what had really occurred, but what he morbidly imagined had taken place. It should be mentioned that to Miss Burney, as well as to Lady Harcourt, the King represented himself as having been laid violent hands on by Ernst; but as the conversation with the former lady took place while the King's mind was still partially deranged, she seems to have attributed his conviction on the subject to what we conceive to have been the true cause — a mere illusion of his malady.' — (iii. 82-89.)

Here, however, we must part with Mr. Jesse, not without renewed thanks for the amusement which he has given us. Our more serious business is with the contribution to the authentic history of an earlier period of the king's reign afforded by Mr. Donne. Mr. Donne has for the first time printed, from the original manuscripts in Her Majesty's possession, George the Third's letters to his prime minister, Lord North, from 1768 to 1783. The answers, unfortunately, are wanting. These remarkable letters have long been partially known, and their literary history is somewhat singular. They are the property of Her Majesty. They have been made use of by Lord Brougham, Lord Stanhope, and Mr. Bancroft, for their respective publications. But these writers, one after the other, have only had access, not to the originals themselves, but to a manuscript volume of extracts, transcribed by Sir James Mackintosh. Now Sir James was the last man — partly from natural indolence, partly from utter contempt of mere dilettante antiquarianism — to consider it of any importance that the public should have any part of these letters, except what seemed of consequence to himself. So he —

'selected only such portions as may have seemed to him most important, or as best suited to a particular purpose. . . . . In many instances he has taken only a single sentence from a letter, in others he has combined sentences which were originally unconnected, while he has passed over a considerable number. . . . . In the following pages, entire and exact copies of the letters are for the first time published.'

So the editor informs us. We are, however, bound to say, in justice to Sir James's memory, that we have found the supposed inaccuracies of his transcription far less than we had anticipated: and, farther, that the omitted letters, with some exceptions, seem not to add much to the historical value of the collection, although no doubt interesting from the additional light which they throw on the character of the writer.

Mr. Donne has accompanied his edition with an exceedingly minute running commentary, identifying names and explaining allusions to the most satisfactory extent. But, as he has thought it necessary to superadd what we may term a political commentary also, after the manner of old-fashioned editors of the Bible, who favour their readers at once with an 'exegetical' and a 'critical' exposition running along side by side; and as moreover Mr. Donne, being a liberal in politics and a great admirer of American independence, differs from, and disputes with, his Majesty and his Tory minister all through; the result, certainly, is a somewhat voluminous miscellany, in which the materials bear a very small proportion to the garnish.

The King's letters undoubtedly do differ widely in manner from the ordinary political confidences of sovereigns; such, for instance, as those of his son William the Fourth to Lord Grey, just published, for which the polished and courtly pen of Sir Herbert Taylor was called into requisition. George the Third never dictated. His letters, says Mr. Donne, are

'strictly such as one man of business commonly writes to another. With very rare exceptions they are written in haste, and sometimes even with impetuosity. Many of them would shock Lindley Murray; in some of them Priscian's head is broken; in few of them is there a vestige of preparation, in none of them elegance of expression. Louis XIV. wrote very indifferent grammar, and George III. wrote not much, if at all, better than his Most Christian Majesty. In this respect, indeed, he was on a par with many of the nobility and gentry of the time, who may, notwithstanding, have composed faultless verses at Eton; and perhaps the royal style, rough and tumbling as it usually is, is not more unpalatable than the epistolary bombast of Lord Chatham, whom, were we to judge of him by his correspondence alone, we can hardly fail to tax with affectation, if not insincerity. There is, in spite of their defects, no small amount of self-portraiture in these letters; and this, except by ceremonious readers of them, will scarcely be thought to lessen their value. They put before us a blunt, busy, positive, shrewd, but not very sagacious man; one well acquainted with public business — better versed in it indeed than many of his advisers; a restless, inquisitive man, who chose to know how matters were being managed, and was not averse from interfering with them, though perchance they might have gone on better had he let alone the well or the ill in

them. George the Third loved not unprofitable servants either in his closet or his council-chamber. He bestirred himself, rising early, and, when work was to be done, sitting up late; and he looked that those about him should also bestir themselves, whether their functions were ceremonial or official, for show or for use. Punctual, even minute, in his mode of transacting business, as his fashion of dating his letters shows, he expected the same virtues in all who served him. He was a good hater, such as Dr. Johnson loved, and yet a kind and considerate master when he respected or liked his servants. The Chatham Correspondence proves him to have been most indulgent to a really great Minister, but also a most wayward and provoking one, and especially to one of regular habits like the King. His correspondence with Lord North displays him in the light of a warm, an anxious, and a thoughtful friend. Lord North's health, comfort, convenience, and personal interests are continually the subject of the royal letters; and it is much to be regretted that we have not the replies — they cannot fail to have been cordial — of the kind-hearted and imperturbably good-humoured Minister.

'For a general description of the contents of the following letters I cannot do better than transcribe the following passage from Lord Brougham's "Sketch of George III." —

'"The correspondence which he carried on with his confidential servants during the ten most critical years of his life proves that his attention was ever awake to all the occurrences of the Government. Not a step was taken in foreign, colonial, or domestic affairs that he did not form his opinion upon it and exercise his influence over it. The instructions to ambassadors, the orders to governors, the movement of forces, down to the marching of a single battalion in the districts of this country, the appointment to all offices in Church and State, not only the giving away of judgeships, bishoprics, regiments, but the subordinate promotions, lay and clerical. All these form the topics of his letters; on all, his opinion is pronounced decisively; on all, his will is declared peremptorily. In one letter he decides the appointment of a Scotch puisne judge; in another, the march of a troop from Buckinghamshire into Yorkshire; in a third, the nomination to the deanery of Worcester; in a fourth, he says that 'if Adam, the architect, succeeds Worsley at the Board of Works, he shall think Chambers ill-used.'" To this comprehensive list of "topics" I add that the King insisted upon University professorships not being looked upon as sinecures: upon all persons holding or expecting favours from him voting in Parliament as he thought meet; that he confides to Lord North his family troubles and private affairs; admits now and then that his purse is low, and makes no secret of his likes and dislikes to parties or members of them, and occasionally, rarely indeed, affords us a glimpse of his own life and habits. With these letters before us it is needless to add that the King was among the most active men in his realm. It is difficult to conceive either Philip II. or Louis XIV. to have been more assiduous in their closets, or more anxiously employed in public business; and although it might have been no worse if George the Third had written fewer letters himself, and had allowed his official advisers more liberty of action, yet I think there can be no doubt that he acted from conscientious motives, and laboured to fulfil what he believed to be his royal vocation.' — (Introduction, x. xv.)

In the main, we are disposed to agree with Mr. Donne: and certainly on one head of his remarks, namely, the 'imperturbable good humour' of Lord North, the best natured, undoubtedly, but at the same time the most indolent and complying of Ministers. When Walpole cynically terms him 'a man of neither ceremony nor civility' ('Last Journals') he is justified probably by the excess of the first of these qualities — indolence — which made it impossible for Lord North to submit to the trammels of ceremoniousness. But for this the King, at least, liked him none the worse. It is quite unnecessary to recall once more to our readers a figure so often portrayed, and so familiar to us all, but we may be excused for adding the sketch drawn of him by an artist who seldom flattered, Sir Philip Francis, in his manuscript remains, as yet unpublished: —

'As there are looks and features in the human countenances which reconcile us to the absence of beauty, so, in the mixed character of which most of us are composed, a good-natured disposition, supposing it real and spontaneous, covers many essential faults, and almost reconciles us to qualities and actions worse than defects; as they did many to Lord North, who positively was the most good-humoured man of those whom I have known or heard of among Ministers or others who are at all likely to be remembered in history.'

And it must be added, that one rises from the perusal of these letters with the opinion that the placid Premier deserved something like canonization, if patience and long-suffering are qualities to make a saint. No one less profusely endowed with the passive virtues could have endured, as he did the pelting of the poor King's volubility, as abundant in writing as in conversation, and indicative, no doubt, of that morbid state of mind which was gradually on the increase — though not at all inconsistent with the full possession of his faculties — for at least ten years before his great

attack of 1788. And even Lord North — with all his patience — between the perpetual disasters which befell his policy and his arms, the worrying of the Whigs, and the impetuous commands of his Sovereign — wearied out with acting, what no man was ever better qualified to perform, the part of

> 'Feather-bed 'twixt castle wall
> And heavy brunt of cannon-ball,'

was continually tendering his plaintive offers of resignation, which were as pertinaciously rejected.

We forget what distinguished Frenchman it was who descanted on the calm happiness, the repose of spirit, enjoyed by an active-minded man who is married to a *bête*. Certainly George the Third — though, in his own way, he fully appreciated ability, and could in no degree be deceived by pretentious folly — did feel a comfort in the society of a soft-minded Minister analogous to that which the Frenchman experienced by the side of a stupid woman. The happiest intervals of his life were those in which he had escaped from the boring of a George Grenville, the alternate arrogance and servility of a Chatham, the intriguing genius of a Shelburn, the resolute superiority of a Pitt, and 'snatched a fearful joy' under the rule of King Log, *en attendant* the inevitable King Stork. Bute was insane and mild enough to suit his inmost wishes: 'sed Cinaræ breves annos fata dederunt.' Lord North, 'felix post Cinaram,' was certainly no *bête*, but he was very successful in assuming the engaging airs which belong to the character. Not wanting in sense to perceive that events were adverse to his policy, and that the men whom he employed were incapable and not to be relied on, he smiled in the same impassive way (at least outwardly) at the failure of his schemes, and the imbecility of his instruments. What excited to the highest degree the nervous irritability of the King scarcely seemed to affect at all the lymphatic constitution of the Minister. As the satirists of the time observed, he answered the description of the attendants whom Cæsar would fain have possessed —

> 'Let me have such about me as are fat,
> Sleek-headed Men, and such as sleep at night.'

And when it is remembered that the individual in whom the King found these seductive qualities so largely developed, was at the same time the early associate of his boyhood, had taken his part in the children's amusements of Leicester House, and acted 'Syphax' to Prince George's 'Portius,' while 'Master Nugent' shone in Cato — we are even the less surprised that after his introduction to public life by the Duke of Newcastle he soon became the favourite and ultimately the indispensable.

> 'In some respects,' says Mr. Jesse, 'they resembled each other, not only in countenance, but in disposition. Lord North, on his part, could scarcely fail to be grateful to his sovereign for the flattering confidence, support, and affection which he had so long extended to him; while, on the other hand, we know that the King never ceased to acknowledge the great obligations under which he lay to Lord North, for having come to his assistance when the Duke of Grafton had deserted him in 1770. Finally, during the last twelve years of their lives they had fought the same battles, incurred the same odium, and shared the same hazards. "If I was asked," said the late King of Hanover (in an unpublished letter to Mr. Croker) "which Minister the King, during my life, gave the preference to, I should say Lord North. But the Coalition broke up that connection, and he never forgave him.'"

Still, happy as Lord North made the King for a time, there was one we cannot but suspect, destined to make him still happier. It was only in Addington that George III. discovered at last that consummate mediocrity which it might be unpolite to term *betise*, but which most nearly realised the imaginative Frenchman's dream of happiness in a partner. And while the King's attachment to Lord North ended in a violent quarrel, nothing but adverse destiny, separated him from the peaceful Addington.

But to return to Lord North, Mr. Donne, has characterised very truly the exceedingly affectionate and considerate terms in which the King's correspondence with him is couched. From the day on which the formal address 'Lord North' first expands into the friendly* 'My dear Lord' (March 16, 1778), which is, however, rarely used, down to the approach of the final quarrel, nothing can exceed the cordiality, or rather, tenderness,

* *Address of Letters.* — William the Fourth's letters, in the 'Correspondence' just quoted, are all framed in the third person: 'the King has received Earl Grey's letter,' &c.. &c. and signed 'W. R.' Lord Grey's are in that strange mixed form in which the writer speaks of himself in the third person, and addresses his correspondent in the second: 'Earl Grey has the honour of submitting to your Majesty,' &c, &c., which may be convenient, and is, we suppose, peculiarly respectful, but has always in our eyes a tendency toward false grammar. It is as if we were to reform our ordinary style of invitation as follows: — 'M. —— requests the pleasure of your company at dinner.'

of the royal language. It approaches now and then the character of sentimental friendship with its fits of passionate jealousy —

'The letter I have just received from you,' he says, on April 1, 1778, 'is in the affectionate style I used to find ever to be called forth in you when my service was concerned; and so very unlike the coldness and despondency of your correspondence for some time, that I cannot refrain the pleasure of expressing my satisfaction at it, though I shall see you this day, when I will fully talk over the conduct of Mr. Jackson.' 'I am fully convinced' (March 16, 1778) 'that you are actuated alone from a wish not to conceal the most private corners of your heart in writing the letter you have just sent me; but, my dear Lord, it is not in private pique, but an opinion formed on an experience of a reign of now seventeen years, that makes me resolve to run any personal risk rather than submit to opposition, which every plan deviating from strengthening the present Administration is more or less tending to; therefore I refer you to the genuine dictates of my heart which I put on paper *yesterday*, and transmitted to you; * and I am certain that while I have no one object but to be of use to this country, it is impossible I can be deserted, and the road opened to a set of men who certainly could make me a slave for the remainder of my days: and whatever they may pretend, would go to the most unjustifiable lengths of cruelty and destruction of those who have stood forth in public office, of which you would be the first victim. — (Letter not before printed.)

On one occasion, it must be confessed, this cordiality in high quarters assumed a character a little burdensome to the British taxpayer. On the 9th of April, 1777, Lord North 'delivered a message from the throne in which much concern was expressed by the King at being compelled to acquaint his faithful Commons that he was deeply in debt.' Relief afforded to American loyalists was paraded as one of the unforseen expenses in which his Majesty had been compelled to engage. 'The profusion and extortion which prevailed in the Royal Household,' as Lord Stanhope terms it, was a much more pressing cause. But, beyond all this, his faithful Commons, and everybody else, shrewdly suspected that 'a considerable portion of the debt had been incurred in Parliamentary corruption, or from the purchase of votes at elections.' A curious illustration of this practice is afforded by the remarkable draft letter in Lord North's hand writing (ii. 423), written when the King had accused his retiring minister of negligence in rendering accounts of secret service expenditure; but it is too long for insertion here. On the civil list debate, Lord North's persuasions succeeded in obtaining the satisfactory majority of 281 to 114; which as the King observes with a neatly turned compliment at once to himself and his minister: —

'can have been occasioned by no other objec but the opinion of the rectitude of my int tentions, and, I sincerely believe, a real approbation of my conduct in having placed th management of the public affairs in this House in the most able and honest hands. Indeed, e am convinced that, except a desperate factionI there would not be on that subject scarce a dis-, sentient voice. I wish just to hear how you find yourself after the fatigue of so long a debate.'

So far so good. But then comes the supplement to the transaction. Lord North having prevailed on the nation to pay the King's debts, the King thinks its justice on his part to pay (out of the nation's money) Lord North's —

'I have now signed the last warrant for paying up the arrears due on my Civil List,' he writes on Sept. 19 (in a letter already printed by Lord Stanhope). 'and therefore seize with pleasure this instant to insist on doing the same for you, my dear Lord. You have at times dropped to me that you had been in debt ever since your first settling in life, and that you had never been able to get out of that difficulty. I therefore must insist that you will now state to me whether 12,000*l*. or 15,000*l*. will not set your affairs in order; if it will, nay, if 20,000*l*. is necessary, I am resolved you shall have no other person concerned in freeing them but myself. Knowing now my determination, it is easy for you to make a proper arrangement and at proper times, or to take by degrees that sum. You know me very ill if you do not think that of all the letters I have ever wrote to you this one gives me the most pleasure; and I want no other return but your being convinced that I love you as well as a man of worth as I esteem you as a Minister. Your conduct at a critical minute I never can forget, and am glad that by your ability and the kindness of Parliament I am enabled to give you this mark of my affection, which is the only one I have ever yet been able to perform; but trust some of the employments for life will in time become vacant, that I may reward your family.'

We cannot in conscience call this transaction a particularly happy illustration of the working of that 'excellent constitution,' of which his Majesty always professed himself so deeply enamoured. These letters go

* Apparently by mistake, for the letter dated of the same day (March 16), already printed, in which he absolutely refuses to treat personally with Lord Chatham. There are no less than three letters of March 16 and three of March 17!

some way towards justifying Horace Walpole's sarcastic account of the transaction ('Last Journals,' ii. 107).

'Lord North had certainly wished to avoid being the mover, and had made the most of his late illness, pleading the badness of his nerves. Still the weight of the debts on the civil list, and the danger of not obtaining an addition, if delayed, were so obvious, that there had been even thoughts of making Cornwall make the motion if Lord North was unwilling or unable; but the latter saw that if he waived the office he should forfeit all the merit of his past complaisance, and even risk his place, if he let anybody else execute the most material services. He had procured none of the sinecures in the Treasury for his family; and he had dipped too far not to complete the attainment of his wages.'

We can only pass the affair over with the usual plea in mitigation, that it suited well enough the political morality of that age. Probably there were few, not belonging to what his Majesty calls the 'desperate faction' of opposition, who would have thought the worse either of him or his ministers for continuing and accepting this tangible reward for the 'rectitude of their conduct.'

The quarrel between the two old comrades, bound by so many a tie, when it came, was, as we have said violent and irreconcilable. 'It is difficult to believe,' says Mr. Jesse, 'that they could have parted without feelings of affectionate regret on both sides.' We believe that the King of Hanover was right, and Mr. Jesse wrong: the King 'never forgave Lord North.' He had submitted, indeed, however reluctantly, to his favourite's resignation of office in 1782.

'At last,' as he says (March 27) 'the fatal day has come which the misfortunes of the times, and the sudden change of sentiments of the House of Commons, have driven me to, of changing the Ministry. . . The effusion of my sorrows has made me say more than I intended; but I ever did and ever shall look upon you as a friend as well as a faithful servant.'

But after these last expressions of sorrow' the friendship is evidently at an end —

'There is a coolness,' says Mr. Donne (ii. 451), 'in his letters to Lord North, as merely Secretary of State, affording a strong contrast to the occasional warmth of his language to Lord North as first Lord of the Treasury. Their friendship ceased with the "Coalition Ministry." The King thenceforward described his once loved and trusted servant as a "man composed entirely of negative qualities;" as one who, for the sake of procuring present ease, would risk any difficulties which might threaten the future. He spoke of him as "that grateful Lord North." His "personal aversion" to him as well as Fox (he told William Grenville) "was great."'

Nor, in later life, does he ever seem to have renewed or recognised the ties of old attachment. When his favourite died, blind and worn out at sixty, in 1792, the only observation of the King's which we have seen recorded is contained in a letter to Pitt: —

'Having this morning received the account of the death of the Earl of Guildford, I take the first opportunity of acquainting Mr. Pitt that the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports is an office for which I will not receive any recommendations, having resolved to confer it on him, as a mark of that regard which his eminent services have deserved from me.'

King George has been much reproached with this hardness of heart towards one whom he had loved so well. Perhaps with justice. He certainly was not of a forgiving character. But it must be remembered, on the other hand, that posterity has confirmed the verdict which the King passed in his heart on his 'grateful' servant; that the Coalition with Fox was, on the part of Lord North, as profligate and shameless a measure towards the public as it was thankless towards his Royal benefactor, after all the counsel which they two had shared, and the storms which they had weathered side by side. On the other hand, Lord Sydney, as a 'King's friend' of 1789, speaks with the utmost bitterness of the 'filthy conduct of Lord North, who is led down to the House to act under Sheridan, to joke on the King's misfortunes.' (Cornwallis Correspondence, Feb. 21, 1789.)

But the sting of Lord North's behaviour was undoubtedly his union with Charles Fox — that bitterly hated personal enemy, over whose offences the minister and the King had exchanged so much reciprocal indignation. It is difficult — even with all the light which a library of recent publications has thrown on the whole subject — to realise the intensity of that hatred, or to arrive distinctly at the cause of it. Much has been ascribed to the effect produced on the King's mind by the real or supposed connection of Fox with the early profligacies of the Prince of Wales.* That this

* Mr. Jesse says (ii. 307), 'It has been affirmed (Quart. Rev., vol. cv. p. 481) that when the Prince conceived a boyish passion for Mrs. Robinson, Fox not only acted too friendly and accomodating a part on the occasion, but that the King's knowledge of this discreditable fact was the main cause of his personal aversion to the man whom he regarded as

had much to do with keeping up the intensity of the aversion, we have no doubt. But the first offence was certainly political, and, apparently, arose out of Fox's early opposition to the King's favourite project of the Royal Marriage Bill. The first notice of him which we find in these pages is as early as Feb. 23, 1772. Only a year before, Fox had still been in unfledged Toryhood, had 'abused the City as his father used to do,' and had been 'mobbed in a riot upon the Lord Mayor going to the House of Commons.' (Lord Russell's Memorials, i. 68). But on the 20th Feb., 1772, having quarrelled with Lord North, he resigned his place in the Admiralty; which seems to have occasioned the peculiar bitterness of the letter in question. As this letter has not been previously printed, and is curiously illustrative of the royal way of thinking in more ways than one, we subjoin it. The occasion was the petition presented by Sir W. Meredith for relief from subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles.

Queen's House. Feb. 23rd, 1772.
20 min. pt. 10 p.m.

'LORD NORTH, — The account I have just received from you of the very handsome majority this day gives me infinite satisfaction. I owne [sic] myself a sincere friend to our Constitution, both Ecclesiastical and Civil, and as such a great enemy to any inovations [sic], for, in this mixed Government, it is highly necessary to avoid novelties. We know that all wise nations have stuck scrupulously to their ancient customs. Why are we, therefore, in opposition to them, to seem to have no other object but to be altering every rule our ancestors have left us? Indeed, this arises from a general disinclination to every restraint; and, I am sorry to say, the present Presbyterians seem so much more resembling Socinians than Christians, that I think the test was never so necessary as at present for obliging them to prove themselves Christians. I think Mr. C. Fox would have acted more becomingly towards you and himself if he had absented himself from the House, for his conduct cannot be attributed to conscience, but to his aversion to all restraints.' *

Throughout this correspondence, the name of Fox is scarcely ever thenceforth mentioned except as the text for some invective. The antipathy was incurable, and remained to the statesman's dying day. Fox owned that 'no man could gain the King' according to the well-known story in Nichol's reminiscences. Yet he tried it — with a bad grace enough — in his latest days, and earned thereby only the scorn of his old associates: a scorn which is thus expressed by one of the sternest of them, Sir Philip Francis, in a 'character of Charles Fox,' which he left, and which remains in manuscript. It was written after the statesman's death, when Francis was an aged man; but the Junian fire burns grimly under the snows of seventy years.†

his son's destroyer. It is but fair, however, to Fox's memory to relieve him from this apparently unsubstantiated charge.' The words used in the passage cited from this 'Review' are, that 'Fox and Lord Malden *had the credit*' of the transaction. It is much more broadly stated in the 'Life of George the Fourth,' by H. E. Lloyd, published in 1830. 'Charles James Fox and the Lord Malden brought Perdita and Florizel, as the Prince was now called, together. . . . . . . The King never afterwards looked upon them in any other light than that of seducers.' This H. E. (Hannibal Evans) Lloyd, was only a veteran book-maker, but he was not an inventor, and moreover was a great admirer of Fox. According to the anonymous author of the continuation of Mary Robinson's 'Memoir' when the Prince of Wales parted from the lady after a few months, and she applied to him for money, 'the business was submitted to the arbitration of Mr. Fox.' Of course such loose assertions would be worth nothing on the question of fact. But the scandal, which had reached the public, had no doubt reached the King.

* The methodical practice of dating by hours and minutes is adhered to in almost every letter. We have not thought it necessary to preserve it in all our extracts. It recalls a story mentioned by Wraxall, that when the King answered Lord George Germaine's note announcing the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, 'there was only one little circumstance in the letter, which, to Lord George's practised eye, betrayed unwonted emotion. The King had omitted to mark the day and hour of his writing.'

† It is difficult to speak of Francis and Lord North without being haunted by remembrances of the old 'Junius' question; but we must forbear from indulging them at present. One observation has occurred to us in reading these letters. The King took a great interest in the mission of the Commissioners to India (1774). General Clavering was one of his especial favourites. Of Francis, the third Commissioner, when men ioned to him as a candidate for the appointment, he says, 'As to the other gentlemen that have applied to you, I do not know anything of their personal qualifications, except Mr. Francis, who is allowed to be a man of talents.' (June 8, 1773.) From Francis's curious, but most cautious, fragment of autobiography (as yet unprinted) we learn (in exact accordance with this letter) that he made his application to Lord Barrington for the place on June 4; who thereupon wrote 'the handsomest and strongest letter imaginable in my favour to Lord North. *Other interests* contributed, but I owe my success to Lord Barrington.' What t ose 'other interests' were we must still collect by surmise as well as we can. 'It gives you vast power and a vast salary,' writes to him his particular ally and relation, Richard Tilghman, from Philadelphia (Sept. 29, 1773, MS.). 'As for the justice, or policy, of the thing, I know nothing about them. *But how did you get this appointment?* It is *miraculous* that a man should resign his office in 1772, and in 1773, without any change of the Ministry, be advanced in so very extraordinary a manner. Your merit and abilities I was always ready to acknowledge, Sir. But I was never taught to think much of Lord North's virtue or discernment. His treatment of you has in some measure redeemed him in my opinion.' One thing may be pretty clearly inferred from the King's letter as has been shown by other critics besides ourselves. It is scarcely possible that on June 8, 1773, both he *and* Lord North could have known that Francis was Junius; and thus far the well-known story attributed to Gen. Desaguliers is unsupported. — (See Wade's 'Junius,' vol. ii. p. lxxix.)

'I lived to see him, when he wanted nothing, and ought to have had no interest or ambition but, for his own sake, to close such a life with consistency and honour, drop at once, luminous to the last, as lightning falls from heaven, not stopping half way, not catching at a stump or a twig to break the fall, not halting at the common landing-places of trading politicians, of midway statesmen, of *de mediatate* patriots and orators, with half a tongue ready for either side, from which he might have mounted and soared again, as Chatham did after a peerage and a pension, which he took and might justly have claimed as his right; but down he went,

"——— Plumb down he drops,
Ten thousand fathoms deep;"

and there I heard him, in a special pleading for Hanover against England in 1806,* pronounce the panegyric, and bear witness to the virtues of his Royal master George the Third! all which he did *ex abundanti*, without necessity or the least call for it. Neither could it possibly be of any service to him towards gaining the king, as he well knew, and must have known, if he knew anything of that gentleman. . . . . And what did he gain by it? To be suspected, if not convicted, of insincerity by every man of sense and spirit in the kingdom, even among his friends, such as Coke of Norfolk, Plummer of Herts, &c., who all knew that every word he uttered on this subject was false. And what would he have lost by acting firmly, or by dying a year or two sooner, while his reputation was entire? The short possession of a place from which the best of princes would have taken the first opportunity to expel him, as he did Grey and Grenville eight months after. . . . . His retreat from Parliament in 1797, as far as it concerned the public only, did not want a justification. . . . . The nation had no claim on him for gratitude or service, nor was his absence at all regretted by what is called the public. It was unjust to the City of Westminster to hold, and not to occupy, the place they gave him. Attendance is a duty inseparable from the station, and on no account to be waved or renounced, especially by a man so likely to be followed by so many others. It was unjust and ungrateful to his party and friends, who had lately paid his debts, and made him independent, not surely for the purpose of enabling him to desert them, to retire into the country, and to marry Mrs. Armistead. At all events he should have gone alone, and not have taken his friends and as many of his party as he could influence along with him to cover his retreat, as in fact he did, though not without airs of remonstrance, and requests to engage them to stay. *There*, however, should have ended his political life, by quitting Parliament. He might then, though far from blameless, have died without dishonour, and *no man probably would have examined the ashes of his heart.*'

* The allusion is probably to Fox's speech of April 23, in that year, on 'the King's message relating to Prussia.' As Fox's sentiments on that occasion earned him the 'cordial approbation' of Lord Castlereagh, they were hardly likely to meet with that of Francis.

Undoubtedly, as Mr. Donne expresses it, the King was a good hater. Some of the evidences of this quality afforded by these volumes are striking enough, some amusing. It makes the reader smile to observe how, on particular contingencies, the simple act of taking part in opposition turns a man, in the Royal opinion, into a monster. The Duke of Richmond offends him (1773) by moving 'that a conference be desired with the Commons upon the subject matter of the East India Company's Regulation Bill.' This, in the King's judgment, 'shews the Duke of Richmond's blackness, if it wanted any elucidation.' His verdict on Dundas — destined, in later days, to become a favourite — is shrewd enough, but spiteful.

'The more I think on the conduct of the Advocate of Scotland, the more I am incensed against him; more favours have been bestowed on that man than ever were bestowed on any Scotch lawyer, and he seemed studiously to embrace an opportunity to create difficulties; but men of talents, when not accompanied with integrity, are pests instead of blessings to society, and true wisdom ought to crush them rather than encourage them!'—(Feb. 24, 1778.)

The following (one of those now published for the first time) gives the measure of his sentiments as to his English legal advisers about the same time (April 21, 1770),

'It is impossible to be more pleased than I am with the very frank manner in which Lord North opened himself to me on the present ill-humor of the Attorney-General. It had the appearance of unbosoming to a friend. . . . . Lord North is much above any little intrigue, which certainly is very prevalent in the composition of the Attorney-General (Wedderburn), and still more so in that of his pupil Mr. Eden. What I have to recommend is, that Lord North would place his chief political confidence in the Chancellor (Thurlow), who is a very firm and fair* man, will, if called upon, give on any business his sentiments, yet not ambitious of going out of his particular line, therefore will not attempt the part of a Mentor, which the two other gentlemen have but too much aimed at not to have caused Lord North much uneasiness, and *every quarrel could only be healed by some job.* Let the Lord-Advocate be gained to attend the whole session, and let him have the confidence concerning measures in Parliament, *but not concerning the filling of employments*, which might, as in the former mode, give trouble.'

* Could the King have foreseen 1788, he would hardly have used these epithets.

Respecting Eden (the first Lord Auckland) to whom reference is here made, there are some curious evidences both of the King's appreciation of men, and of the suspicious way of looking at them, which long familiarity with the political world had given him. 'Lord Auckland,' says Mr. Jesse,* 'had formerly been held in great regard by the King, but had forfeited it, as he had also forfeited the regard of Lord North, by his political conduct.' This is not exactly the case. George the Third seems to have had a liking for Eden, as well as a high opinion of his talents (he was sent to America in 1778, as one of those three unlucky Commissioners whom Mr. Donne treats so severely), but, at the same time, to have thoroughly appreciated from the beginning the slippery qualities which details lately brought to light, relating to much more recent days, have so fully illustrated. 'Intrigue,' he says, 'is so prevalent in his composition.' 'It is impossible for me (Sept. 25, 1780) to follow Mr. Eden through the mazes and turnings he is for ever treading.'

The following two letters, which Mr. Donne has now for the first time made public, are curious as evincing the extreme solicitude of the King, even at the earliest period, respecting the arrangement for the education of his children, which, nevertheless, on the whole, succeeded so ill.

St. James's, May 31st, 1776.
15 min. pt. 1 p. m.

LORD NORTH, — I have this instant received your letter, which throws me into the greatest state of uneasiness I ever felt. Last year, when I mentioned the application of the Duke of Montague for the Earldom of Montague, you never reminded me of wishing that title for Lady Beaulieu; on Wednesday was sevennight, when I mentioned that the creating Lord Bruce an Earl would oblige me to create his brother Earl of Montague, and also on Wednesday, when I directed the preparing the two warrants, this did [not] occasion any other remark than that it would distress Lady Beaulieu, I have accordingly, through Lord Bruce, acquainted the Duke that he will be Earl of Montague; I cannot retract. If you do wish an Earldom for Lady Beaulieu, I will grant her one of any other name to ease your mind; but fairly owne I think her conduct to me, as that of all her family, deserved none. Come immediately, I cannot go to my levée, nor see any mortal, till you have been here.'

'Queen's House, June 2nd, 1776.
20 min. pt. 8 p.m.

'LORD NORTH. — I thought by the step I had taken yesterday that my distress was at an end; but after you left me this day I saw the Bishop of Litchfield, who brought me the melancholy news that some difficulties from Lady Bruce had so agitated her husband that he could not think of being Governor to my children. The Bishop broke it with the greatest gentleness. I instantly sent for Lord Ashburnham, whose secrecy I could depend upon, to acquaint the Duke of Montague of this event, and to desire the Duke to come to me. I have so powerfully shown that my fresh distress arose from his family, that I have persuaded him to supply the place of his brother, which he does on the following conditions — not to be appointed until Wednesday, by which he avoids appearing on the birthday, for which he has no cloaths, and that Lord Bruce may still have the Earldom of Ailesbury. You will therefore, without farther delay, order the Earldom of Montague for the Duke, with the remainder to the Duchess of Buccleugh and her male heirs. I am this instant going to Kew to acquaint my sons of this change.' — See 'Walpole's Last Journals,' ii. 53.

We have perhaps given proof enough incidentally — but much more might be added — of the King's possession of one eminently kingly quality: the knowledge of men, where favour or inveterate prejudice did not distort his judgment of them. As to the question of his general abilities, that has been thoroughly and often discussed in these pages and elsewhere. That the abundant revelations of the last twenty years have raised him in general opinion, in this respect, there can be no doubt. It was the Whig fashion of some years ago to decry him as extremely stupid, as well as uneducated and illiterate. As regards the latter charge, these very letters (so far as they were known to the public) were often referred to in proof. We are now able to estimate them better. George the Third was far from a well-educated man. But the peculiarities of his style and diction, in ordinary correspondence, were by no means so much owing to this circumstance as to another; the extraordinary precipitation with which he wrote, as well as spoke.* Unquestionably, as we have said, this was part of the morbid side of his mind. While dashing off his notes to Lord North — at the rate sometimes of three or four a day, on every conceivable subject, he absolutely discarded the rules of spelling, and broke Priscian's head, as Mr. Donne phrases it, without the slightest remorse.

* Vol. iii. p. 512.

* This habit was always painfully remarkable in crises of political difficulty. 'You will easily suppose' says Mr. Grenville to Lord Temple, after describing an important interview in March, 1783, 'that I have not been able to recollect the precise words of a conversation so very diffuse, upon so very many subjects, and which lasted from eleven last night till past one this morning.' ('Court and Cabinets of George the Third,' i. 192.)

There are many of us — men naturally or habitually accurate — to whom a slip in spelling, or even in grammar, would be an impossibility, under any pressure of hurry. But there are others, particularly men who read but little and converse much, whose propensity, more or less effectually conquered, is, when they take pen in hand, to write as they talk, ungrammatically, and to spell by the hearing. George the Third when writing hasty notes scarcely resisted at all the temptation to take his ease in these particulars. But the proof that his clerical errors arose from negligence only are simple enough. When he gave himself the pains, he both wrote and spelt as correctly as any educated and sensible man. The reader may easily ascertain this for himself, by comparing with these perfunctory scrawls such serious compositions as that spirited, though peevish, letter to Lord Temple, of April 1, 1783, which is printed in the 'Court and Cabinets of George III.' i. 218, and contrasting its diction with that of the notes to Lord North of the same month. Or take the following to Lord North himself, of June 11, 1770, which Sir James Mackintosh could not believe to be genuine :

'The original, however (says Mr. Donne), is in his Majesty's hand-writing ; and as he intimates that it was deliberately composed, the absence of ungrammatical or confused sentences may be accounted for without resorting to Sir James's supposition. The King, when he took time, did not write ill.'

Though, for our own parts, we cannot quite subscribe to the King of Hanover's indulgent estimate of his father's epistolary ability : 'No man wrote better, or knew how to express his opinion in a concise way, than George the Third.' — Jesse, ii. 47.

'I should think it the greatest instance among the many I have met with of ingratitude and injustice, if it could be supposed that any man in my dominions more ardently desired the restoration of peace and solid happiness in every part of this empire than I do ; there is no personal sacrifice I could not readily yield for so desirable an object ; but at the same time no inclination to get out of the present difficulties, which certainly keep my mind very far from a state of ease, can incline me to enter into what I look upon as the destruction of the empire. I have heard Lord North frequently drop that the advantages to be gained by this contest could never repay the expence ; I owne that, let any war be ever so successful, if persons will sit down and weigh the expences, they will find, as in the last, that it has impoverished the State, enriched individuals, and perhaps raised the name only of the conquerors ; but this is only weighing such events in the scale of a tradesman behind his counter. It is necessary for those in the station it has pleased Divine Providence to place me to weigh whether expences, though very great, are not sometimes necessary to prevent what might be more ruinous to a country than the loss of money. The present contest with America I cannot help seeing as the most serious in which any country was ever engaged ; it contains such a train of consequences that they must be examined to feel its real weight. Whether the laying a tax was deserving all the evils that have arisen from it, I should suppose no man could alledge (sic) that without being thought more fit for Bedlam than a seat in the Senate ; but step by step the demands of America have risen ; independance is their object ; that certainly is one which every man not willing to sacrifice every object to a *momentary* and inglorious peace must concurr with me in thinking that this country can never submit to : should America succeed in that, the West Indies must follow them, not independence, but must for its own interest be dependent on North America. Ireland would soon follow the same plan and be a separate state ; then this island would be reduced to itself, and soon would be a poor island indeed, for, reduced in her trade, merchants would retire with their wealth to climates more to their advantage, and shoals of manufacturers would leave this country for the new empire. These self-evident consequences are not worse than what can arise should the Almighty permit every event to turn out to our disadvantage ; consequently this country has but one sensible, one great line to follow, the being ever ready to make peace when to be obtained without submitting to terms that in their consequence must annihilate this empire, and with firmness to make every effort to deserve success.'

But to pass to more important qualifications than good spelling and grammar. There is no doubt that the King had not, as he himself quaintly regrets, 'the powers of oratory of a Demosthenes, or the pen of an Addison' (ii. 321). There is a striking contrast between the dulness and narrowness, and extreme of commonplace, in which he generally expresses himself respecting matters of political interest — the 'twaddle,' to speak irreverently, to which he treats Lord North — the truisms, which one would be tempted to call Joseph Surface-like, were it not for the transparent honesty of the writer, respecting the beauties of the British Constitution, and the preference due to virtue over vice, with which he is wont to preface the intimation of some audacious act of autocracy — and the resolute, able *coup-d'œil* with which he sometimes seizes a merely practical question. Obstinate he was to the extreme extent of that quality, obstinate in adherence to what he deemed

principles, obstinate in achieving his will for minor purposes; but between these two classes of subjects, there was another on which his good sense overcame his obstinacy. No one seems to have known better than he, at times, when to change his front in face of an enemy, when to seek to obtain by a flank movement what he had missed in a dash. It was not without truth, in this sense, that Lord Grenville observed in one of his private letters (as quoted by Lord Russell) that 'George the Third always knew when he must give way.'

The following short letter (hitherto unprinted) in the matter of Wilkes, with Mr. Donne's commentary on it, will illustrate our meaning:—

'Queen's House, March 20th, 1771.
55 min. pt. 9 a.m

'LORD NORTH,—I am sorry the business of committing the Lord Mayor could not be concluded last night, for every delay in a breach of privilege of so enormous a kind seems to indicate to the bystander a less attachment in the House of Commons to its own authority than every wellwisher can desire; besides, whatever time is given to the Lord Mayor is in reality allowing consultation and plans of disturbance to the factious. I own I could have wished that Wilkes had not been ordered before the House, for he must be in a jail the next term if not given new life by some punishment inflicted on him, which will bring him new supplies; and I do not doubt he will hold such a language that will oblige some notice to be taken of him.'

'His Majesty, indeed (remarks Mr. Donne), was very near the truth, and showed that, whatever the House may have done, *he* had learnt wisdom from the Middlesex election. There can be no doubt that the printers' business did not answer Mr. Wilkes's expectations when he caught at it. "His fortunes," says Mr. Massey (Hist. ii. p. 91), "were again at a low ebb; the subscriptions which had flowed so freely to his relief during the Middlesex elections had fallen off as that excitement wore away; the Society for the Support of the Bill of Rights began to think that their organization might be available for other objects than the relief of a patriot's pecuniary necessities. A dispute had arisen between Wilkes and a former friend and coadjutor, the celebrated Parson Horne; and, as usually happens with patriots when they fall out, Wilkes and Horne became implacable foes, and Horne, who had proved himself a match for Junius, was much more than a match for Wilkes."'—Comp. 'Lord Mahon,' v. p. 299-301.

We have always thought that the King's advice to Lord North as to the best mode of pursuing the contest with America *after* the accession of France to her alliance, furnished another and far more remarkable instance of his possession of this faculty, and comprehension of the maxim 'reculer pour mieux sauter.' It is a great pity that we are unable to ascertain what answers Lord North himself made to appeals thus frequently addressed to him, and (as we know) so entirely disregarded:—

Jan. 31st, 1778.

'You will remember that after the recess I strongly advised you not to bring forward a proposition for restoring tranquility to North America, not from any absurd ideas of unconditional submission my mind never harboured, but from perceiving that whatever can be proposed will be liable not to bring America back to a sense of attachment to the mother country, yet to dissatisfy this country, which has in the most handsome manner cheerfully carried on the contest, and therefore has a right to have the struggle continued until convinced that it is vain. Perhaps this is the minute of all others that you ought to be the least in a hurry to produce any plan of that kind, for every letter from France adds to the appearance of a speedy declaration of war: should that event happen, it might perhaps be wise to strengthen the forces in Canada, the Floridas, and Nova Scotia: withdraw the rest from North America, and without loss of time employ them in attacking New Orleans, and the French and Spanish West India possessions. Success in those parts would repay us the great expenses incurred; we must at the same time continue destroying the trade and ports of the rebellious colonies, and thus soon bring both contests to a conclusion: and this country, having had its attention diverted to a fresh object, would be in a better temper to subscribe to such terms as administration might think advisable to offer America, who on her part will at such a time be more ready to treat than at the present hour.

'Perhaps,' he says in another letter of the same month, 'the time may come when it will be wise to abandon all North America but Canada, Nova Scotia, and the Floridas: but then the generality of the nation must see it first in that light; but to treat with Independence can never be possible.'—See also ii. 207.

Mr. Donne does the King a great deal less than justice in this matter. Lord Barrington (Secretary-at-War) wrote to Lord North on Aug. 8, 1775:—

'As it is the measure of Government to have a large army in North America, it is my duty and inclination to make that measure succeed to the utmost: though my opinion always has been, and still is, that the Americans may be reduced by the fleet, but never can be by the army.'

On which Mr. Donne observes: —

'Had the King listened to his Secretary of War, instead of trusting Lord George Germaine, and forcing Lord North into a course of which he disapproves, much "dishonour" and infinite "loss" might have been spared to England even at this moment of the crisis.'

Now, if France had not joined the United States, and if the British forces had been handled by men of ability instead of incapables like Howe and Burgoyne, it is very possible that the rebellion, in spite of all the resolution and resources of the Americans, might have been suppressed by the army; whereas it is very certain that it never could have been by the navy. But when France mingled in the business, the conditions of the problem were entirely changed; and we see that the King, if he could have had his way, would *then* have done what Lord Barrington prematurely advised three years before. And had the King's views prevailed, the French and American fleets would not have been paramount in the Chesapeake, while Cornwallis was besieged by a force of thrice his amount in York Town.

Although, however, our own estimate of King George's capacity is certainly very different from that professed by the authors of the 'Roliad' and their allies, and the descendants of these in the next generation, yet we were quite unprepared for the panegyric recently pronounced upon his ability by the staunchest surviving inheritor of Whig last century traditions — by Lord Russell himself — in the last volume of his 'Life of Fox:' —

'In the resources of skill and subtlety, and of what is commonly called "kingcraft," the King was infinitely superior to Pitt. From the commencement of his reign he had practised on the statesmen of the greatest fame and popularity. He had defeated Pitt by appealing to George Grenville and the Duke of Bedford; he had got rid of Grenville by calling in Lord Rockingham; he had supplanted Lord Rockingham by calling upon Lord Chatham; upon Lord Chatham's failure, he had supplied his loss by making a tool of Lord North; and, lastly, he had defeated the coalition of Fox and North by calling upon the younger Pitt. Then, again, as to measures, he had baffled the plans of Pitt the elder, which would have pacified America, and the larger and liberal views of Pitt the younger, which would have pacified Ireland, by the intimate knowledge of men and of the national character, which gave him a mastery over the greatest and highest of his subjects.' — 'Life of Fox,' iii. 324.

That Farmer George was a cleverer fellow than Laurence and Fitzpatrick or even Fox and Sheridan gave him credit for, we can well believe. But that he was such a crowned Machiavel as this picture represents, and the magnates of Whig and Tory tradition such innocent victims in his grasp, we for our own parts can by no means suppose. We think that George the Third's undoubted 'mastery,' in most emergencies and in the long run, over so many leading politicians, is chiefly ascribable to a cause quite independent of his abilities. He was always determined to play out his own game; and, in doing so against private opponents, he had the advantage which the Bank, at Homburg or Baden, possesses over individual players. His 'reserve' was greater than theirs. He could better afford to stand a run against him than they severally could. Possessed of the full resources of royal influence and patronage, and in the habit of making the most unsparing use of them (we avoid the word 'unscrupulous' lest we should seem to imply a moral judgment which we had no intention to pass) he could overpower them by a pressure to which they must needs ultimately succumb. Only one man ever broke the king's bank at the game of politics — and that was William Pitt. And even in that instance the final victory was a divided one. The best analogy which we can find in this respect to the case of George the Third is that of one whom he in many points resembled — the other *bourgeois* sovereign of modern days, Louis Phillippe. But the latter's difficulties were greater, and proved insuperable, though he was doubtless in many respects the more gifted man of the two.

Of the determined self-will with which the king set about his self-imposed mission, to govern as well as reign, during the period now under review, it is unnecessary to speak, as no trait in history is better known. 'The power of a single will' (as Lord Russell truly says) 'was conspicuous: but the constitution afforded ample means of overruling that will, had the minister obeyed his own convictions, or had the House of Commons been true to the people whom they represented.' No doubt: but, generally speaking, king, majority of the House of Commons, and constituencies, were all of a mind. We are convinced that Mr. Donne, conversant as he is with the subject, mistakes in one important respect the real character of the sovereign. 'Had he not,' he asks, 'been trained to believe it his duty

to be every inch a king in his own realm: how much more so over its dependencies!' We cannot imagine any ground for the supposition that the King wanted to be more a King in America than in England. But, in plain truth, to suppose George the Third a believer in his own divine right, or a practical disciple of the high 'prerogative' school, is to mistake him altogether. H· was no stickler for the rights of kings in a general way. Like a plain Englishman as he was, he was quite content to govern under the 'Revolution settlement.' Only men of imaginative and prejudiced minds, like Horace Walpole's, attributed to him in earnest any Stuart-like notions. Nor have we observed any expression of his reliance on that quasi-divine right of English lawyers, Prerogative. We do not remember having noticed that he once uses the word in all this correspondence. In careless conversation (if we may believe one of Mr. Massey's MS. authorities) he said that 'the English Constitution was the finest system in the world, but not fit for a king. He was the only slave.' And though he touches on the subject of the Crown's legal powers in one rather remarkable passage (with reference to the City Address and Petition against signing the Quebec Bill, June 29, 1774) he does so with, for him, unusual caution.

'I am clear that, though I hope the Crown will ever be able to prevent [sic] a Bill it thinks detrimental to be thrown out in one or other House of Parliament without making use of its right of refusing the assent, yet I shall never consent to using any expression that tends to establish that at no time the making use of that power is necessary.'

His principal motive of action was of quite a different character. He claimed obedience and assistance from all honest people, not because he was 'every inch a King,' but because he was, in his own estimation, thoroughly and always in the right. He might have addressed his ministers in the Duchess de la Ferté's language to Mademoiselle Delaunay, 'Tiens, mon enfant, je ne vois que moi qui aie toujours raison.' The story told by Mr. Jesse, how, at the commencement of one of his fits of insanity, he startled the people at prayers in the chapel by putting his head out of the Royal closet, and following the reader with peculiar emphasis, 'Forty years long was *I* grieved with this generation, and said, it is a people which do err in their hearts, for they have not known *my* ways,' expresses grotesquely his simple conviction of his own political infallibility. And he entertained no doubt that all 'honest citizens,' as Cicero called people on his own side, were ready to follow him, and that his opponents were only a 'desperate faction,' whom it was justifiable to oppose by all the means which power placed in his hands. He was only the representative and champion of the beauty, excellence, and perfection of the British constitution as by law established, on which he loved to dilate in stereotyped phrase.

'I will rather risk my crown than do what I think personally disgraceful; and whilst I have no wish but for the good and prosperity of my country, it is impossible that the nation shall not stand by me; if they will not, they shall have another king!'

'Common honesty, and that sense of honour which must reside in the heart of every man born of a noble family, would oblige you at this hour to stand firmly to the aid of him who thinks he deserves the assistance of every honest man.'

He never seemed to invoke personal loyalty to his aid, but British patriotism, as he understood it.

"It is attachment to my country that alone actuates my purposes, and Lord North shall see that at least there is one person willing to preserve unspoiled the most beautiful combination that ever was framed.'

Such was his every-day language. Now, to misunderstand him in this particular is, in fact, to misconceive the mainspring of his power among his subjects, and the key to all his success. A sovereign in this country who were to use the Spanish style, 'I, the king,' would not have a chance. A sovereign who terms himself, 'We, the people,' is nearly irresistible. It was in that name — honestly used by himself, and honestly accepted by those for whom he spoke — that he maintained his predominant share in the Government. And undoubtedly, during the greater part of his reign — though with exceptions — he was the king of the people; not of the more far-sighted politicians, whose following is always small; not of the Whig families, nor of the City, nor the populace; but of the great majority of his middle-class subjects, with their love of honesty and domestic order, and morality, and bluntness, their fondness for respectable platitudes, their 'few plain instincts and their few plain rules;' and with minds, on the whole, wonderfully analogous to his own.

Such were the qualities which lost us America. So historical criticism continually repeats, and Mr. Donne only echoes the ordinary sentence. And yet, strictly speaking, the reproach is not well-founded. The measures which lost us America were the Stamp Act, and the ungracious as well as short-sighted policy which made us at once show weakness by receding from our position, and show ill will by not frankly receding from it, but always brandishing in the sight of her people the emblem of a power of which we no longer possessed the reality. But all this series of mistakes was wrought by the Grenville ministry and their successors, before the King had assumed any decided share in the Government. It is possible, no doubt, that a sound adherence on his part to the principles of the first Rockingham administration might have repaired the breach; but it is scarcely probable. But his real and leading share in those great transactions was this; that when the breach was once effected and recourse had been had to arms, he absolutely refused to give way; that he persisted in vain efforts to reconquer America. When France had turned against us, when Richmond, and Burke, and Fox, were for treating with America on terms of independence, and saving only, if possible, the rag of our former connection in some project of a federal alliance, 'it was the king,' in Mr. Bancroft's words, 'who persuaded his minister to forego the opportunity which never could recur.' For four years more, by mere force of will, he imposed on statesmen, who saw but too clearly the impossibility of effecting the object, a perseverance in hopeless hostilities, and carried them on even to the 'bitter end,' until the system absolutely broke down under him. All this is true; but let us fairly estimate the real amount of the charge. We leave abstract 'rights' to those who love shadowy argument: the 'right' of a dependency to secede, the 'right' of a State to prevent such secession. But we are content to look only at the simplest and most practical issue. Let us assume that it is wrong for a government to force into submission an unwilling community, federated or dependent, from any pride of sovereignty or conceit of national honour: but that it is, on the other hand, not only right, but a bounden duty, for government to repress and 'stamp out' a secession, however popular, if that secession threatens the prosperity or the security of the whole community. George the Third believed that the prosperity of his empire was bound up in the maintenance of the American dominion, just as Abraham Lincoln believed that the prosperity of his vast republic was bound up in the maintenance of the Union. And each of them, Prince and President alike, was backed up in that belief by the zeal of his countrymen. And by that belief each stood absolved of blood-guiltiness: or neither. Policy may be justified by events; the motives which dictate a policy can only be pronounced right or wrong in accordance with a higher criterion. George the Third was wrong in his judgment, as time has shown: for the loss of America did not injure England. Whether the champions of 'the North' were right or wrong in theirs, time has not yet revealed, and perhaps never may reveal; for the experiment of secession was not tried to its ultimate results. Let us therefore take heed lest in repeating the ordinary formula of animadversion on George the Third's determination to subdue America, we are not adopting a moral rule which would condemn others — whether monarchs or majorities — whose policy differed from his only in respect of success. And, farther, we must take the good with the evil. The very same qualities of head and heart, in sovereign and people, which carried us through our American defeats, fought out victoriously the struggle of later years with France. Our lot is cast in more tranquil times, and far more indulgent times; in which (as a noble lord remarked in the late Fenian debate) High Treason seems to be about the safest amusement which a man can allow himself. And long may these times continue: for though stern repression may again be more necessary than we have lately found it, it is a coarse and evil method, which raises more fiends than it lays. Nevertheless, whenever the time arrives which shall rouse up the old national spirit of self-assertion — and, in the variety of human events, such conjunctures will assuredly recur — some touch of the tenacious spirit of George the Third may possibly meet our requirements better than the more refined qualities and deeper sagacity which have adorned other leaders of men.

From the Spectator, 20 April.

THE CRISIS IN EUROPE.

THE "situation" in Europe, as it is called, is not one whit less grave than it was last week. Very few incidents have occurred, incidents, that is, about which there can be no question, but those few are all of one kind, rather ominous than reassuring. Perhaps the most important of them all is that the French Chambers have risen for the Easter holidays without receiving any message as to the negotiations "opened" by the Emperor, or any reassurances on the maintenance of peace. As it is certain that the Emperor would not have voluntarily left commerce in doubt for three weeks if he could have avoided it, this fact alone suffices to prove that his Majesty has not yet decided that there shall be no war. Then the "lithographic correspondence" forwarded from Paris to the Departments for insertion in local papers, which is completely controlled by the Ministry of the Interior and revised in his office, is said to be full of complaints of the insolence of Prussia, couched in the language of the camp, and intelligible alike to the Army and the peasants. The Prussians are called "Kaiserlichs" — Imperialists — an old camp nickname for Germans, which on the northern frontier especially will be thoroughly intelligible, and the Zouaves are said to be anxious "to be at their throats." The Emperor moreover, has taken the very serious step of raising the price of exemption from conscription nearly 50 per cent. at a blow — from 84*l.* to 120*l.* — a measure which will be felt as a cruelty in every department of France, where families have toiled and pinched, often for twenty years, to raise the 84*l.* necessary to keep a son at home, and now find their efforts frustrated by a stroke of the pen. No such change would have been made with the new Military Bill still on the anvil, unless the Government wanted conscripts, and also wanted means to tempt old soldiers to re-enlistment. The price of exemption regulates the bounty, and to a French private who has served his term 3,000 francs seems almost a fortune in itself. The abolition of exemptions altogether would have been borne without annoyance, the peasants complaining of an inequality which favours the rich; but the Government wanted its old soldiers. More ominous still is the report, should it be confirmed, that the Emperor, to secure the rapid passage of his Military Bill, has given up the principle of the liability of every male citizen to serve, which was the key-note of his project, and has consented to limit Army and Reserve together to 800,000 men — four armies of the largest size with which miltary science can yet deal. This leaves the peasant one chance in four, instead of none at all. We say nothing of the rumoured despatch of the new cannon, light breechloaders throwing from eight to fifteen discharges of grape per minute, to the North, except that the Government, when challenged, did not deny it, but only threatened to prosecute the *Avenir National* for "publishing false news;" that it has not prosecuted, and that the *Courrier de Lyons* repeated the same story from a different source. The Bourse has not risen, and in France Ministers are speculators, while in French society the irritated annoyance at Prussian pretensions seems ever to increase.

On the German side, the signs of the hour are even less pacific. The Austrian semi-official papers keep repeating like parrots that Austria will maintain her freedom of action, while the Bohemian Diet advises an alliance with France as the best chance for an Empire which has no nationality. In Bavaria, which would suffer first from war, the Palatinate lying across the Rhine, 115 Deputies have signed an address declaring that South Germany ought to fight for Luxemburg. The Wurtemburgers energetically repudiate a separatist policy; while in Prussia itself, Count von Bismarck and the King have suddenly thrown up their hands accepted the Constitutional Amendment limiting the "inviolability" of the Military Budget to 1st January, 1872, and declared the Constitution as amended law. The object of that strange *demi-volte* is not, we imagine to conciliate the German Parliament, but the Prussian, which will now endorse the Constitution almost without debate. The nation and the King cannot quarrel just before a campaign. The King himself, in his final speech, tells Germany that national "self-consciousness" is fully aroused, and that "the regained power of the nation has, above all, to uphold its significance, by rendering secure the blessings of peace," that is, as we understand it, on the Roman plan *si vis pacem, para bellum.* The project for neutralizing Luxemburg, which alone seems to offer a prospect of peace, is rejected by the German Press, and there is little chance that King William, before all things a soldier, will evacuate a fortress which he garrisons under a treaty never cancelled, and which his engineers,

specially ordered to report, have declared "essential" to the safety of the Rhine provinces.

The most ominous news of all, however, comes from Florence. Rattazzi has formed a Ministry, with Count Campello, who married one of the Napoleonidæ, a daughter of the Canino branch, as Foreign Secretary, and has formally refused to divulge the reasons for the Ministerial change. Ricasoli was "struck by a thunderbolt from a clear sky," and it is difficult to doubt that it was levelled by the Emperor, whose first object in any war upon the Rhine must be to neutralize Italy, and who in this war hopes for the ultimate alliance of the Hapsburgs. He may not secure the aid of Italy, though the price he could offer is great, — Rome and an *Austrian* guarantee; but he can secure her neutrality, which was imperilled so long as Ricasoli, who ordered Cialdini to invade Venetia after the French flag had been hoisted, remained in power. If this explanation is correct, Napoleon must have either used menaces or made offers of the most serious character, and either would indicate that he not only expected, but in his secret heart meant war. It must be remembered that Italy, though apparently distant from the scene, is really very near it. She would not attack France, and could not attack Prussia, but she could and would, without ingratitude or serious political danger, draw off one-half the Austrian Army to guard the southern frontier. Assured of Italian neutrality, Baron von Beust, as an ally of Napoleon, has only one danger to meet, the German sympathies of the German provinces of the Empire, and may use all force save theirs to aid in humiliating the foe who destroyed his policy, drove him from his own State, and expelled from Germany the power to which he has always looked for support. If the fall of Ricasoli means the neutrality of Italy as against Austria, it is intelligible and most ominous, while that solution, and that alone, explains why Rattazzi cannot state the truth to Parliament, yet talks of military reductions and internal reorganization as his sole cares.

If any combination as vast as this is in progress, and it is to this that the few known facts point, the matter has passed in part out of the hands of the Emperor Napoleon, whose interest we fear, it is to accomplish one of two things — to obtain from Prussia an open confession that she is unwilling to fight France, thus allaying at once all French susceptibilities, or to strike a blow for the Rhine. The hope of peace lies in the former alternative, which, it is rumoured England, always anxious for peace, is pressing at Berlin. The confession is to be made as easy for Prussia as possible, she being asked only to accede to the neutralization of Luxemburg, and the consequent evacuation of the fortress, but even to this it is improbable that Prussia will consent. All Germany is furious, so furious that German papers are seized on the French frontier, and is eagerly watching Prussia to see, not whether this or that fortress is to be made useless, but whether Germany has really been made a mighty nation, one which will henceforth never be menaced except as a preliminary to war. The young giant wants to feel whether he is indeed giant or no, whether, above all, the world realizes his stature to itself. German opinion, — whether justly or unjustly matters nothing for the moment, but, as we should say, neither justly or unjustly, but only naturally, — is clearly in favour of war, the King, though honestly desirous of peace, is not ready to evacuate anything, or take any man's order even to do as he wishes, and Count von Bismarck believes that as war must come, better it should come now, before Austria has regained her force. Unless the Emperor retreats, or turns on Belgium, or finally decides, as he often does, that he can come to no decision, there is, we fear, little hope that we shall long be spared the greatest of political calamities — a great European war, which once begun, can end only in one of two ways — a resolution of Germany once more into many States, the destruction, that is, of a European guarantee for peace and civilization, or a revolution in France.

Meanwhile, M. de Calonge has most adroitly extricated us and Spain out of our mutual scrape. The Revenue Board, or Court, or whatever it is, of Cadiz, has received orders to annul the seizure of the *Queen Victoria*, and consequently Spain, in paying compensation and offering apology, "upholds to the full the honour and the independence of her tribunals."

From the Spectator 13th, April.

WAR OR PEACE?

At the end of last week there was a general impression abroad that a great Continental war, a war between France and Germany, was immediately at hand. At the end of this week there is a general impression that war has either been averted or is indefinitely postponed. Nevertheless, the probabilities depend this week, as they did the last, upon one unknown condition — the view which the Emperor of the French takes of his interest in the matter. We may, we think, regard it as certain that Prussia will not, on the one hand, deliberately force war upon France, and will not, on the other surrender Luxemburg. It is rumoured, and the rumour is very probable, that Count von Bismarck, being convinced that war must come, is anxious to begin at once, while Germany is flushed with victory, Austria powerless, Italy grateful, and France not altogether prepared; but the stake is a terrible one to play for, and the Prussian King is not anxious to play it hurriedly. He has a conscience of his own, and is besides so elated with his enormous gains in territory, power, and European rank, that he feels as if a new adventure would be, in some sort, to tempt Providence. The result of the conflict between the two sets of ideas will, in all probability, be that Prussia, while actively preparing, will nevertheless wait, a policy quite in accordance with the national genius. On the other hand, Luxemburg will be held firmly. The place is the key to the Rhenish Railway system, and if for that reason alone Frederick William would never voluntarily give it up to France. The alternative rumour that Luxemburg may be neutralized may be set down as merely expressing the wish of the Luxemburgers, who would like very much to be Germans without any liability to German taxes, German conscription, or German bureaucratic interference. As neutrality, however, would involve the retirement of the Prussian garrison, and the retirement of the Prussian garrison would leave Luxemburg exposed to a French *coup de main*, their wish will not greatly influence events. Neither will the talked-of appeal to the European High Court of Appeal — the Five Great Powers. That tribunal is temporarily dissolved, and were it in session, Prussia would not permit it either to alienate or neutralize German territory. Who is to carry the decision out? In spite of telegrams, officially and demi-officially inspired articles, letters from special correspondents' and all the rest of the bewildering stuff called foreign information, we may, we think, rely on it that the garrison in Luxemburg is going to remain.

Prussia being thus quiescent, the matter rests absolutely with Napoleon, who will decide, we may be sure, as he think his interest dictates. To ascertain absolutely what he thinks until he reveals it is of course impossible, and the duty of the observing politician is limited to two things — to watch carefully any action which may in any degree indicate the Imperial will, and to reckon up as carefully as may be the influences and circumstances which Napoleon, judging from his known character, is sure to take into account. Of actions there have been few, but still there have been some. One has been to inform the Corps Législatif that France intends to open negotiations upon the subject with the Great Powers, and trusts everything will be happily arranged — a clear proof that the affair is not yet over. Another, as we judge, has been to interfere at Florence against Ricasoli and for Rattazzi, with the palpable object of securing at least the neutrality of the Italian Peninsula. Another has been to prohibit interpellations on the subject in the French Chambers, avowedly for fear of "excitement," really to exempt the Emperor from the necessity of giving premature explanations. He could calm the "excitement" in a moment by two lines in the *Moniteur* announcing that the affair was at an end, and if he were not at least contemplating the *possibility* of war he would be almost sure to do this. Very great disturbances to commerce annoy all Sovereigns, and specially annoy the Emperor of the French, who is sensitive about the funds, anxious about the finances, and heartily inclined to make his people rich. Already the negotiations have stopped the German emigration to Paris and much of the German trade with France, incidents the Emperor does not desire for an Exhibition year. The fleet, too, is being put in order, and the Chassepot rifles are being pushed forward in almost every country in Europe and in the United States. The balance of probabilities from the Emperor's actions therefore is that he contemplates war, and war so soon that it is not worth while for the sake of commerce, of the Exhibition, and of Paris, formally to deny the intention.

There remain the broad general reasons for and against going to war, and of these the strongest are and must remain doubtful. Do the Marshals of France, more especially

Marshals Niel and Macmahon, think the Army prepared for a great war? If they do not, war is pretty certain to be postponed, but it is excessively improbable that any one except the Emperor and one or two men in their own close confidence know their real opinion. Paris thinks it does, and the Bourse thinks it does, and many newspaper correspondents think they do, but French Marshals and their Staffs are not given greatly to chatter about the highest military secrets, and the Emperor has a faculty for silence. Nobody really knows this point, and the only hint by which foreigners may guide their judgment is this. If the Emperor cannot go to war, it is his interest, by saying that he will not, to make commercial France a present of many millions, and he does not do that, shows no intention of doing that. Then are the people of France, and by people we mean all who vote under a universal suffrage, inclined for war? On this point, again, probably no one but the Emperor and M. de Lavalette know the precise truth. All reporters decide according to the class among which they happen to live, the papers are not good guides, being either official or influenced by Parisian opinion alone, and the masses have no means of expressing their thoughts. But it is notable that the freer a paper is, or a member, or a person, the more bitter it is against Prussia. M. Emile de Girardin is at present among journalists the freest, and *La Liberte* openly says the alternatives are the evacuation of Luxemburg as an *amende* to France or war. M. Ollivier is a Liberal who supports the Empire, and is therefore for the hour a Free Lance, and he declares that France is humiliated by Prussia. The workmen are the freest men in Paris, and they have attacked the Prussians in the Exhibition for crowning their King's statue with laurel. Reasoning from these slight but continually recurring indications, from the known jealousy of the French for their position in Europe, and the known soreness of the Army at the unavoidable humiliation involved in the retreat from Mexico, it is reasonable to believe that the balance of opinion in France is in favour of war. It is the more reasonable, from the sudden and very remarkable change in the mode of describing the probable cause of war. Nobody talks of the value of Luxemburg, or its relation to Holland, but only of the insolence of Prussia in garrisoning a fortress which does not belong to her, and which menaces France. It is the point of honour on which Frenchmen are now insisting, and when a Frenchman, growing grave and white, talks seriously of the point of honour, he is usually very near action. Our own belief is, that the French Army, and great masses of the French people, have made up their minds that their honour is concerned in the Prussian evacuation of Luxemburg; that not to insist on this, and yet give up the province, is to yield to a distinct menace, which they do not think it honourable to do. If that view is correct, questions about the number of rifles in hand will have about as much weight as the question of his skill with the sabre would have on a French gentleman who had been struck.

We see but two distinctly conservative elements in the situation — the desperate magnitude of the stake for which the Emperor must play, and his own growing irresolution on great questions. Apart altogether from changes of frontier, of possible territorial losses by treaty after war, all of which would fall on France, as well as her Sovereign, Napoleon if he goes to war must, by the conditions of his position, stake his throne. The Empire would not survive defeat by Germany six days. The Emperor is not, like his uncle, necessarily Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Defence, and would either be compelled to give place to the man who was, or by appealing to the representatives of the people for aid and counsel, to terminate his own *regime*. France will not lose rank and liberty too, of that we may be sure. The Emperor would have feared this tremendous risk at any time, did fear it in the Mexican affair, and now all accounts represent his irresolution as increasing. He intervenes less and less in business, transfers his power more and more to M. Rouher, allows his will to be turned by his Cabinet much more frequently than of old. He may in the end prefer to meet the series of minor difficulties to which retreat would expose him, rather than risk for a final triumph, which would seat his dynasty for a century, its final overthrow, and this is, we honestly believe, the strongest obstacle remaining in the way of war.

From the Saturday Review, 13th April.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

THE French negotiation for the purchase of Luxemburg was a grave mistake. Dynastically the province had no sovereign, except an alien Grand Duke, who was willing to sell for a reasonable sum rights which were not unlikely to be confiscated without compensation. The Dutch subjects of the King of the NETHERLANDS had nothing to do with the matter, except that they probably regarded the German dominion of the House of ORANGE as Englishmen formerly regarded Hanover. The golden link of a Crown uniting two reciprocally independent States generally involves an inconvenient strain on the more powerful and independent Government. In the eighteenth century England was always engaged in wars on behalf of Hanover, and the Dutch probably feared that the connexion with Luxemburg might at some time involve a quarrel with Prussia or with France. It was not quite certain that the province would break off at the proper line of severance, for within recent experience Schleswig had come away from Denmark with the purely German province of Holstein. Untroubled by domestic opposition, the King of the NETHERLANDS thought himself as free to sell Luxemburg as if he had been an Emperor of RUSSIA dealing with a frozen territory on the other side of the globe. The difference was that, in the old language of diplomacy, there were souls in Luxemburg, whereas the souls of the few hundred Russian settlers on the North American coast are of little account. At the Congress of Vienna, as for many previous generations, it was customary to award thousands or millions of souls to princes who were supposed to have established a title to compensation; but modern opinion disapproves of the diplomatic trade in human beings, and the Luxemburg souls happened to be Germans, as well as inhabitants of the Grand Duchy. On the dissolution of the Confederation they were left outside of all political organizations in an obviously provisional condition. Count BISMARK had the less reason for preferring an immediate claim to the Grand Duchy, because a Prussian garrison held the fortress, which is also the capital. It was thought expedient not to notice the hostile measures of the GRAND DUKE, as they had not been followed by military preparations. Sooner or later, Luxemburg, if it was not absorbed by a foreign Power, was nearly certain to form a part of the inheritance of the old Confederation.

The Emperor NAPOLEON, bent on satisfying his countrymen that the union of Germany was compatible with the aggrandizement of France, cast his eye on the half-vacant territory of Luxemburg, without reflecting that the fortress was occupied. As M. DE MOUSTIER has lately informed the Legislative Body, the acquisition was to be effected in the most peaceable and regular manner. It was intended to procure the consent of the GRAND DUKE, to consult the parties to the Treaty of 1839, and, finally, to procure a vote of annexation by universal suffrage. The King of the NETHERLANDS willingly named his price, and England and other Powers declared that the treaty which secured the federal privileges of the province had been practically abrogated by the dissolution of the German Confederacy, and that the GRAND DUKE could not be compelled to assert his dynastic rights. Universal suffrage, as practised by France, strongly resembles the WHARNCLIFFE meetings which are called to sanction Railway Bills after they have passed the House of Commons. The shareholders can withdraw the Bill if they think fit, but they feel that they are in the hands of the Directors, and that it will probably be unwise to reverse a deliberate decision. If there had been no Prussia to consult, the Luxemburgers would not have ventured to offend a Government which had bought them before it asked their consent to the sale. A clever French prefect would have soon contrived to secure an overwhelming majority to approve of an accomplished fact. At present, however, it seems doubtful whether Luxemburg will ever be required to hold its WHARNCLIFFE meeting.

Every rational Frenchman would allow that Luxemburg is in itself not worth a single day of war. It was one of the early conquests of the Republic, and with many other acquisitions it was reclaimed from Frane in 1815. Almost any border district would be equally useful in rounding the frontier, and the national honour was in no degree concerned in the quarrel before the interference of Prussia with the proposed purchase. But the interruption which has occurred has converted a trivial arrangement into a question of etiquette or of temper. French politicians declare that, although France is not called upon to require additions to her territory, she can tolerate no interference with her reasonable demands. It can only be said in answer, that it is better to retract a blunder than to persist in maintaining it by force. The

Emperor NAPOLEON, who may almost claim to have invented the doctrine of nationality, ought to have remembered that the Luxemburgers share the descent and language of their powerful neighbours. Before the war of 1866 Luxemburg was a Federal fortress with a Prussian garrison, and no French interest is compromised by the continuance of the former arrangement. The Germans, even in their divided state, were never thoroughly reconciled to the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, although both provinces have been united to France for a century and a half. Since the fall of the first French Empire, not a German village has been alienated, and the policy of the present Government of Prussia has been accepted by the entire nation because the creation of a great German monarchy furnished a security against future spoliation. It seemed tolerable to allow the King of the NETHERLANDS to retain the Grand Duchy for a time; but the projected annexation of a German province to France was at once regarded as a challenge. When the subject was first mentioned in the North German Parliament, Count BISMARK prudently used ambiguous language; but it was fully understood that he sanctioned the protests against the alienation of Luxemburg, and he is believed to have added largely to the garrison of the fortress. If there is a sacrifice of French pride in the withdrawal of an injudicious claim, the completion of the bargain would have involved an unprovoked slight to Prussia. If war should unhappily ensue, the Emperor NAPOLEON and the French people will probably be acting against their inclination, as well as against their interest. It is impossible to believe that either the dynasty or the nation can profit by an unnecessary war with an equal Power. There is perhaps some security for peace in the practical difficulty which must attend the opening of a campaign. The Grand Duchy is, for military purposes, fully occupied by the Prussian army; nor is it desirable to commence offensive operations by the siege of a great fortress. It would be impossible to take Luxemburg without a pitched battle against an enemy who would enjoy every advantage of position. A French army is always formidable, and often victorious, but the chances of war would, in the first collision, be scarcely equal. M. THIERS himself must comprehend the imprudence of taking issue with Germany on the question of the national integrity; for good or bad fortune would equally tend to cement German unity, when it was attacked by a foreign enemy. The minor princes who were once the tools of French ambition know that their thrones would be instantly forfeited if they refused to join in the struggle against an invader; and Austria herself would probably forfeit her German provinces by an alliance with France in the present quarrel. It is a discredit to civilization that war should still be possible on an arbitrary pique or point of honour; but in the present instance the French Government has created the difficulty for itself, while Prussia has only objected to a measure which necessarily seemed an affront to Germany

If the pending quarrel were to be decided by war, the inconvenience to neutral States would be measured by the interruption of commerce; but a contest between two Powers of the first order has always a tendency to spread. France will not conquer Germany, nor will Germany dismember France; but the independence of Holland or of Belgium might be sacrificed in the gigantic conflict. The delicate and undeveloped liberties of Germany would be temporarily crushed by the necessities of war, and it is not the interest of France to injure a rival Power by converting a partially constitutional Government into a military monarchy. The consequences which might result from a great European war are too complicated and uncertain to be distinctly foreseen. It is enough to know that the belligerents could by no possibility do good to themselves or to others, except in the accelerated consolidation of German unity. The incipient panic in the Exchanges of London and Paris represents the effect of even a threatened quarrel on peaceful industry. The Governments which are most immediately concerned must by anxious to avoid a collision; and it is easier for France to withdraw an unnecessary claim than for Prussia to evacuate the fortress of Luxemburg, or to abdicate the championship of Germany. If attempts are made to settle the dispute by diplomatic arrangements, friendly States might easily raise convenient difficulties by declining to approve the cession of Luxemburg. If the King of HOLLAND is proprietor of the territory, he is also trustee for Europe, and the parties to the conveyance may plausibly insist on the performance of all attendant conditions and duties. If France is bent on war, remonstrance would be useless, but it would be expedient to encourage a meditated retreat by building a golden bridge.

From The Economist, 13 April.

THE SITUATION IN EUROPE.

WITHOUT wishing to criticise the wise cheerfulness which the Chancellor of the Exchequer told us last week that he thinks it wise to cherish concerning the attitude of foreign affairs, we cannot avoid expressing our own opinion that there is at all events plenty of reason for grave anxiety in the situation of Europe. Whenever men of the world hear of a shrewd attorney buying up the little debts and obligations due to any one of his acquaintances, they usually infer — and generally, we think, with justice — that that attorney is intending to press for a discharge in full of those liabilities, and that he supposes that he has a better chance than his acquaintance of obtaining a satisfactory discharge of those liabilities. And when, in like manner, we hear of a shrewd emperor buying up the little political debts due from a great power to a small one, we may usually infer that that emperor is intending to press for a discharge in full of the liabilities incurred by the great power to the small, and thinks that he shall, probably, succeed better in compelling that discharge in full than his weaker acquaintance who has transferred, or wishes to transfer, the right. Now this is, as we understand it, precisely the present situation between France, Holland, and Prussia. The King of Holland obtained, by the treaty of 1839, one third of the old Duchy of Luxembourg, including the important fortress of that name — the other two-thirds, Belgian-Luxembourg that is, having been, at the same time, incorporated in Belgium. But Prussia had, and still assumes to have, the right to garrison Luxembourg, and the right to demand the evacuation of Luxembourg by Prussia is the real obligation which Holland is now willing to transfer to France, and which France is anxious to enforce. It is certain that Holland has been encouraged by France to transfer to her, for a consideration, all her sovereign rights to the fortress and territory which belonged to her, and which is now garrisoned by Prussia, and also certain that the cession of Luxembourg has at least been offered by Holland to France, and not rejected by the Emperor. In the important conversation between Count Bismarck and Herr von Bennigsen, which took place on Monday week in the German Parliament, Count Bismarck admitted as much as this, — that "a few days ago, the King of the Netherlands orally inquired of the Prussian envoy at the Hague whether he was in a position to tell him what the Prussian Government would think of his parting with the sovereign rights he owned as Grand Duke of Luxembourg," and further, that after this question had been answered, "the Dutch Government charged their representative at this capital (Berlin) to offer us their good offices in the event of our needing them in those negotiations with France, which they thought would be shortly opened." Of course it may be true, as it is now stated, that those negotiations have been suspended, as a consequence of that conversation in the German Parliament. But whether the negotiation is cut short or not, the same lesson is to be read from the obvious eagerness of France to buy up a weak power's political claims on Prussia. It is clear that France wishes to get these political claims on Prussia. She might not enforce them at once: she may even be unwilling to accept them just yet, because she may think it premature to enforce them. But anyhow, France is avowedly inclined to pounce upon such claims. She could not have felt disposed to do so without a distinct intention of pressing for payment. And that distinct intention of pressing for payment must have meant either war with Prussia, or, — perhaps more formidable still, — a "transaction" with Prussia, of which the object would be to satisy both parties. And we fancy that of this last possibility, there is some trace in Count Bismarck's language. It was obvious not only that he was very anxious, while stimulating the national pride of Germany, to say nothing in any way disagreeable to the pride of France, but that there was even a doubt lingering in his mind, not certainly as to the cession of Luxembourg, but as to the proper *object* of retribution in case that cession should be attempted. The King of Holland, he said, in a very marked manner, would be left to the responsibility of his own acts. Was there not here a sort of hint as to a possible door out of the difficulty? We may be quite sure that the Emperor of the French will never rush into a European war for so small a corner of territory as the Dutch portion of Luxembourg. All the teaching of our recent history shows that wars are now waged for great objects, and no man would feel more keenly than the Emperor that a great risk and a great war for so small an object as the possession of one fortress, and the annexation of a territory containing much fewer than the population of Marseilles,

would be an act of folly. We may be sure that if the Emperor intends moving for Luxembourg, the move is only the first move of a much larger game, and we should be disposed to think that, if he really means war at all, he means a war in which he hopes to gain Belgium. And to gain Belgium, he must either fight a very formidable European alliance, — even Lord Stanley has said that our engagements to defend Belgium are explicit and not to be evaded, — or he must detach Prussia by some sort of territorial bribe, of which none is so easy as giving up Holland to her will. We do not suppose that when the Emperor made a step towards buying up the claims of Holland on Prussia, he had already determined on this dangerous policy. The Emperor's mind is essentially tentative, and he would reflect long on any very great scheme before he took the last and irretrievable step. It seems that he is even now pausing, as he always pauses at intervals, in the policy he had half adopted. He may still abandon it, as all who heartily desire the peace and prosperity of Europe would pray that he may. But there is no doubt that the disappointment of the Emperor's plans in Mexico, and his great failure in the negotiation for a rectification of frontier after the Geman campaign of last year, have greatly irritated the national vanity of France; and that a fresh failure, — a more open snub administered by Prussia, and accepted meekly by France, — would excite real uneasiness in the Emperor for the safety of his dynasty. And taking all these things into consideration, and the proverbial caution with which the Emperor of the French always picks his way to a new and perilous move — moving on, hesitating, moving on again, — there seems real danger before us in this Luxembourg question. It may be quite true, as we are now told, that Holland will not proceed without the consent of Prussia. But is it equally certain that Prussia may not proceed further without the consent of Holland? Belgium, or a large slice of Belgium, is certainly the only territorial object which would be popular enough in France to render a great war worth the while of the dynasty. In case such a war is really imminent, — and that, or something on that scale, is what we really have to fear, — the complication for England would be very great and unpleasant. Our most cautious statesmen admit that we are deeply pledged to defend Belgium from such an invasion of her independence; and we are now apparently on the very verge of a war with Spain, should Spain be foolish enough to resist Lord Stanley's obviously just demands. If the threatening aspect of affairs in Europe continues, there can be no doubt that it would be a very great encouragement to Spain to resist our demands. A trumpery war with Spain, just on the eve of a great struggle, which our engagements — foolish engagements, we think — prevent us from escaping with honour, would be so obviously undesirable, that Spain is very likely to take her tone from her estimate of the chance of some other and more heavy draught upon our strength.

We do not write thus in an alarmist spirit. The Emperor of the French, though bold in conception, is very cautious in execution, and at present he has so far saved appearances that France appears in a rather passive attitude in this Luxembourg matter, and is only discussing the treaty of 1839 with the various signataries of that treaty in a calm and conciliatory spirit. But when France begins to discuss the means of gaining accessions of territory, even in a calm and conciliatory spirit, a pacific solution depends rather on the willingness of other Powers to concede her concessions of territory. And such a willingness certainly does not at present exist. We can scarcely suppose that France will endure to be absolutely thwarted. The true anxiety of the situation is that France has lost greatly in relative strength, — that the Emperor's policy has twice failed in the attempt to retrieve his position, and that he will be very anxious now not to admit even the appearance of yielding to German dictation.

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SALOME'S PRAYER.

"Grant that these my two sons may sit, one on Thy right hand, and the other on Thy left, in Thy kingdom."

O MOTHER! full of fondest dreams,
And did thy hopes aspire
To where before the Throne there gleams
The crystal sea of fire?
Did'st see in vision, left and right,
Thy two sons seated there,
With golden crowns, arrayed in white,
In glory none might share?

Ah! could thine eyes have seen, indeed,
The boon that thou did'st ask;
How one dear son for Christ must bleed,
And one work out his task!
Not e'en their Lord that boon might give,
But by His Father's rule;
And suffering is, for all that live,
The saints' appointed school.

He crowns the victim's brow; but, first,
Must come the fierce, hot strife;
The soul must taste earth's last and worst,
And then the perfect life:
By weary years, or sudden pain,
He ends what He began;
And only thus His children gain
The stature of the man.

Ye mothers, who for children seek
Great heritage of fame; —
God's gifts, a prophet's word to speak,
A statesman's might and name,
The wreath that binds the conqueror's brow,
The poet's tongue of fire —
Who thus, if free, would utter now
Your deepest heart-desire,

How would ye shrink in pale dismay
Could ye the future scan,
And trace the lonely age and grey,
The features worn and wan; —
Could hear the minstrel's minor sad,
And see the statesman foiled, —
The one prize never to be had,
For which alone they toiled!

Ye know not how the fire which burns
In words from poet's lips,
Upon the man's own spirit turns,
And ends in dark eclipse:
Ye know not, when for those ye love,
Ye ask the world's success,
That wealth, power, glory, never prove
Enough the heart to bless.

Far better ask Salome's prayer
For those, the heirs of light,
When thy Lord's kingdom comes, to share
The thrones to left and right:
Then with thy Father's perfect will
Be ready to comply,
Sure that His Love will lead them still
In wanderings far or nigh.

But, best of all, seek only this,
The power for service true,
To find in good their perfect bliss,
One light in varying hue:
They please Him best who make their choice
To take the lowest place;
And in His presence they rejoice,
True heirs of God's great grace.

— *Christian Society.*

IN THE DEEP.

WHEN golden joys are few and brief,
And life is in the fading leaf,
The heart grows cold with silent grief.

The world moves on with heavy wheels,
And ev'ry step some ill reveals,
The eye beholds, the spirit feels.

When sinks the sun in yonder sky,
Shutteth the flow'r its weary eye,
And waits the dawn submissively.

Not with such resignation meek
Do I now act, but foolish, weak,
Cherish the thoughts I dare not speak.

Man! with an idol great or small,
Thy honey changes into gall,
For Dagon from his height shall fall!

I lock'd an image in my soul,
And felt a tide of worship roll,
Which leapt beyond the cliff, control.

But it was fashion'd from the clay,
And though 'twas with me yesterday,
It hath return'd to dust to-day!

O Grief! thou pale and haggard-eyed,
Who sittest closely by my side,
Thou, thou art mine, and none beside!

Yet move thy shadow from the wall!
Why should I drink thy proffer'd gall?
Is there no God above us all?

Will He not list the suppliant's pray'r?
Will He not take the sting from care?
Will He not lift me from despair?

— *Ibid.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

Mémoires du Comte Beugnot, Ancien Ministre (1783—1815). Publiés par le Comte ALBERT BEUGNOT, son petit-fils. Deux tomes. Paris: 1866.

THE reminiscences of a man of spirit and intelligence, who had seen the condition of French society before the Revolution of 1789 — who shared and survived the dangers of 1793 — who took an active part in the Imperial administration under Napoleon — and a still more active part in the restoration of the Bourbons and the establishment of constitutional monarchy in France, are amongst the most instructive and entertaining memorials of modern history. We opened these volumes with high expectations, which have not been disappointed. They are really a valuable addition to the literature of the French Revolution; and they supply many of those happy touches and characteristic incidents which serve to complete the picture of that extraordinary period. Portions of these memoirs had already appeared in the 'Revue Francaise' of 1838, and the 'Revue Contemporaine' of 1852; indeed the additions now made to these fragments are not large, and it appears that the remainder of M. Beugnot's autobiographical papers, to which allusion is frequently made by himself, are no longer in existence. The memoirs therefore retain their fragmentary character, and, for once, we are assured that we possess them in their true form. This can so rarely be said of the French memoirs of the day, that we must express our gratitude to the Beugnot family that they have not allowed any hired hand to 'make up' or mutilate their literary inheritance. They have published whatever had come down to them, without any attempt to supply gaps or invent transitions. These volumes appear under the sanction of the highly respectable name of the author's grandson; and although the highly epigrammatic and dramatic style in which they are written might awaken some suspicions, yet we believe in their authenticity and credibility.*

Memoirs may be divided into two great classes — those which are really contemporary, with all the fluctuations and contradictions of current opinion, and those which are recast afterwards when the events to which they relate are terminated. A writer with the graphic powers of a Saint-Simon may by the latter process leave to posterity a more complete picture of a great reign, or may, with the sedate wisdom of Count Mollieu in his invaluable records of the First Empire, raise his personal reminiscences to the dignity of history. But in point of vivacity and reality nothing can make up for the freshness of a recent impression. We feel in the present tense, though we reflect in the præter-perfect. And the nearer a writer can bring us to the scenes he is describing, the more completely does he master our sympathy and our interest.

M. Beugnot was born in 1761 at Bar-sur-Aube, where his family belonged to the *noblesse de robe* of the province, and he himself was brought up to fill a legal office before the Revolution. He gives us no details, however, as to his early life, and the narrative of his adventures begins with a relation of his curious acquaintance with the notorious Madame de Lamotte. It seemed extremely improbable that anything more remained to be said of the affair of the Diamond Necklace — that scandalous intrigue

* A recent example of this most reprehensible practice of dressing up memoirs has come under our notice, which is so extraordinary that we feel bound to comment upon it. A volume appeared not long ago in Paris, entitled '*Anne-Paule-Dominique de Noailles, Marquise de Montagu*,' purporting to be an authentic memoir of that amiable woman, the fourth daughter of the Duc d'Ayen, and a sister of Madame de Lafayette. Nothing could be more interesting and affecting than this narrative of her blameless and heroical life. It was originally printed as a 'recueil de souvenirs qui n'etait point destiné au public,' by the children of Madame de Montagu, and with the sanction of the illustrious House of Noailles. The facts and details were stated to be taken from the journal of Madame de Montagu herself, or from her correspondence with her sisters. 'On ne peut avoir,' say the editors, 'd'éléments plus certains et plus sincéres pour raconter la vie de quelqu'un, et pour se faire une idée de ce qui la compose et de ce qui l'entoure.' We know from the best authority that these statements are true, as far as the materials of the work are concerned; but unfortunately they were placed in the hands of a person who grossly abused the confidence of the Noailles family.

It would be incredible if the fact had not been proved in an action at law brought against the Duc de Noailles to recover an additional payment, that this work was prepared for the press by a profligate hireling named Auguste Callet, who by his own showing is as great an impostor as is to be met with in literary history. This person asserted before the Tribunal Civil de la Seine on the 7th July 1865, that the book in question was *composed and written by himself*; that the journal kept by Madame de Montagu had been destroyed, and was only represented by fragments of an imperfect copy, and that the authentic materials in existence were insufficient to produce more than a few pages of biography: that, accordingly, M. Callet had been reduced to conjecture, and had *invented* many of the most striking and affecting incidents in the book. Callet failed in his action, for the Court held that he had been already sufficiently paid for his fraud, and that his object was to extort money to which he had no legal claim, by making it known. But this circumstance has materially shaken the confidence with which the book was received, and we regret that these statements have not been publicly confuted by the Noailles family.

which had so disastrous an effect on the fortunes of Marie Antoinette. But, as Madame Campan observes, of all the enemies of the Queen, this Lamotte was destined to be the worst; and a cabal which originated in vanity, lust, and avarice — in which Marie Antoinette had no part but that of a victim — was more injurious to her than her own social failings or political errors. Madame de Lamotte was probably the authoress of the whole plot, unless indeed she was aided in it by the sinister genius of Cagliostro. By a strange series of accidents, M. Beugnot, himself one of the most honest of men, was in the company of this woman at the most critical moments of her life, and might, on less evidence, have been thought to be implicated in her villany.

It must have been about the year 1765, that M. Beugnot's father, going his rounds to levy the *taille* in the country near Bar-sur-Aube, was entreated by the curé of the parish of Fontete to relieve three children who were starving in a wretched hovel by the roadside. These children, a boy and two girls, were the last descendants of an illegitimate branch of the House of Valois, through a Baron de St. Remi who was a natural son of King Henry II. Their father, in spite of his high lineage, was no better than a tramp, who lived by poaching and robbing orchards. But his pedigree was incontestable and had been accepted by Chérin, the court genealogist of Louis XV. Moved by the extreme distress of these children, an effort was made by Beugnot, the elder, to provide for them in the neighbourhood. He himself gave them some money. The Bishop of Langres protected them. The King at last bestowed on the boy a pension of 1,000 livres, and an admission to the Naval School of France. The girls were put to school at the Abbey of Longchamps near Paris, and so the last descendants of the Valois were brought back to civilised life. The boy, called the Baron de Valois, entered the navy, and honourably lost his life in action. The girls were destined to take religious vows; but their vocation was so small, that when the subject was broached they ran away from Longchamps, and found their way back with six livres in their pocket in 1782 to Bar-sur-Aube, where young Beugnot was then just beginning to make a figure in the world. It is evident that he was not a little taken with the elder of the young ladies, to the great alarm of his father, who regretted that he had ever dug them out of the hovel by the roadside. A benevolent lady of Bar-sur-Aube, Madame de Surmont, shocked at the destitute condition of these young persons of quality, invited them to her house; they stayed there a year, and the eldest young lady, who might have sat for the moral traits of Mr. Thackeray's 'Becky Sharp,' began her operations on mankind by making her ascendency felt in the house of this hospitable protectress, and marrying her nephew, M. de Lamotte, who was then serving in the gend'armerie of the department. The happy pair had nothing to live on but their wits; and while the bride dispatched her husband to reclaim the missing estates of the house of Valois, she lost no time herself in repairing to Paris. The portrait of this terrible adventuress is not ill drawn by M. Beugnot.

'Madame de Lamotte was not what is called beautiful; she was low in stature, but well-formed; her eyes were blue, full of expression, and shaded by dark rounded eyebrows. Her face was rather long, with a good mouth and excellent teeth; and the peculiar stamp of her kind — a bewitching smile. Her hand was good, her foot small; her complexion remarkably fair. She had learnt nothing, but she had plenty of talent and penetration. As she had been contending from her birth against the whole order of society, she set its laws at defiance and those of morality as well. She passed clean over them all, as if she never suspected their existence. A character such as hers is a frightful spectacle to an observing eye, but seductive enough to the common run of men who do not look at things so closely.' (P. 12.)

Meanwhile young Beugnot had come up to Paris for his legal studies, and he soon received a visit from this interesting client. He looked up for her the old patent of Henry II. in the archives which had settled these estates on her ancestor, wrote a memorial in support of her claims, paid a bill for her several times over at the Hotel de Reims, and prevailed on her once or twice a week to dine with him at the *Cadran Bleu*. On other days they took a walk together, which generally ended in a café.

'The lady had a singular love of beer, and no beer came amiss to her. She would eat, out of pure inadvertence, two or three dozen tartlets; and these inadvertences were so frequent that I could not but perceive she had dined very lightly, if at all.'

However, this state of depression soon came to an end. She announced one day that Madame de Boulainvilliers had obtained for her the honour of an audience of the Cardinal de Rohan, and Beugnot lent her his carriage to go there. 'I must have it,' said she, 'for in this country there are but

two ways to go begging, either at the church door or in a coach and pair.' The results of that visit were memorable in all history. The Cardinal, himself a profligate and an adventurer in his way, was completely subdued by the grace and address of the fair supplicant. It is certain from a collection of letters from him to the Lamotte, which were luckily destroyed by Beugnot after his arrest, that he was madly in love with her; and from that moment her progress in the path of vice, guilt, and success was rapid. She therefore smilingly informed her friend Beugnot (still at the *Cadran Bleu*) that he could no longer be of any use to her. But in this she was mistaken. For a time, however, he withdrew from her society, and she transferred her operations to Versailles, where she succeeded in making the acquaintance of persons about the Court who had already practised on the Queen. It soon became evident that she had made her fortune and lost her character; but with singular impudence she and her husband came back to pay a visit to their old friends at Bar-sur-Aube, (who received them at first very coldly) with a splendid equipage, a profusion of money, and all the luxury of a great lady — accessories which speedily led people to take a more favourable view of their condition.

Madame de Lamotte's house in Paris in the following year was not less brilliant and agreeable; and there Beugnot, at his own request, met Cagliostro — a worthy member of such a company.

'The great mountebank seemed cut in the very mould of *Signor Tulifano* (the Dulcamara of that day) on the Italian stage — short, stout, olive-coloured, with eyes half out of his head, and a broad turned-up nose. He wore that day an iron-grey single-breasted coat embroidered with gold, a scarlet waistcoat with rich lace, red breeches, his sword under the tails of his coat, and a broad hat with a white feather — looking very like those drug-sellers and tooth-drawers who perform at fairs. But Cagliostro raised the character of his dress by his lace ruffles, sparkling rings, and shoe-buckles looking very much like diamonds. I still looked askance at him, hardly knowing what he was like, but in spite of myself, the whole aspect of the man had something imposing about it, and I wanted to hear him talk. His language was a strange mish-mash of Italian and French, with numerous quotations, which he gave us to understand were Arabic, but which he did not translate. He alone talked — he could touch on as many subjects as he pleased, as nobody else had anything to say about them. Every moment he looked round the table, and begged to know if he was understood; at which everybody round the table bowed assent. When he began a subject he raised his voice as if he were inspired, and then dropped into a tone of gallantry and ludicrous compliment. This lasted all supper-time, but all I understood was that the hero had been talking of the sky, the stars, the Grand Arcanum, Memphis, the hierophant, transcendental chemistry, giants, big beasts; of a city bigger than Paris in the interior of Africa, where he had numerous correspondents; of our ignorance of a thousand things which he had at his fingers' ends; and of the charms of Madame de Lamotte, whom he called his dove, his gazelle, his swan, &c. After supper he honoured me with a round of questions, but as I contented myself with humbly expressing my own ignorance, I was afterwards assured by Madame de Lamotte that he had conceived the most favourable impression of my person and my attainments.

'I returned home on foot and alone. It was one of those nights of spring, when the moon seems to lend the softness of her light to the promise of the coming year. The town was quiet and solitary, as it commonly is in the Marais after midnight. I stopped in the Place Royale to meditate on the scene which had just passed before me. I thought with bitterness of mankind, when I saw to what depths of extravagance men sated with all the gifts of fortune and society may descend. I thought with compassion of that wretched Cardinal de Rohan, whom Cagliostro and the Lamotte are, I see, driving to the abyss. But is my own curiosity so venial? What have I to do in this gilded cavern of people whom I despise and whom I ought to abhor? I contrasted these scenes with the early impressions of my father's house and of my studious years; and condemning my own weakness, I resolved to separate myself from Madame de Lamotte and her band without a rupture, but altogether.' (P. 62.)

A more illustrious victim than the Cardinal de Rohan was threatened by these machinations, and by a curious accident Beugnot was again thrown into Madame de Lamotte's company at a most decisive moment. He had gone to call one evening on a person from his own province whom Madame de Lamotte had made her companion. That lady herself was out, but as the evening wore away she returned, accompanied by her husband, her secretary, and a remarkably handsome well-grown girl of about twenty-five. They were all in the highest spirits, the unknown beauty as well as the rest; and as supper was served and the wine went round, she became noisy. Villette (the secretary) said that 'it was not true that people were always betrayed by themselves; that everybody betrayed you; and that'— Here Madame de Lamotte, next whom he was sitting, put her hand to his mouth, and exclaimed, 'Hush! M. Beug-

not is too honest a man to hear our secrets.' The conversation thus interrupted, Beugnot was sent home in Madame de Lamotte's carriage, accompanied by the tall young lady, whom he dropped on his way at the Rue de Ciéry. That young lady was Mademoiselle Oliva, who had personated the Queen in the scene when she gave a rose to the Cardinal in the bosquet de Versailles. The trick had been played that very evening, and by this strange accident Beugnot had supped with the actors. From that moment the mystification of the Cardinal was complete, and the Diamond Necklace was in the grasp of the gang.

Strangely enough, after the extraordinary success of the plot, the Lamottes not only did not leave the country with their plunder, but they had the folly and audacity to return to Bar-sur-Aube, where they were well known, to exhibit it. They openly displayed enormous wealth. Waggons loaded with splendid furniture came down from Paris. Two complete services of plate glittered on the sideboard. They even exhibited a casket of diamonds of great value, and a multitude of costly articles of jewelry. All this was set down to the infatuation of the Cardinal, but it created distrust, and in the better houses of the province Madame de Lamotte was in very indifferent repute.

She still succeeded, however, in pushing herself into society, and on the 17th of August 1785 she was even received by the Duc de Penthièvre at his seat at Châtauvilain, with honours only paid to persons of high rank. Beugnot was staying at that moment at the Abbey de Clairvaux, with Dom Rocourt the Abbot, a very strange successor of St. Bernard; the Abbè Maury was to preach next day the annual commemoration of that great saint at the monastery. Dom Rocourt was so good-looking that when he was presented at Versailles, the Queen called out, 'Ah! le beau moine!' and he was in other respects a well-appointed gentleman, having 400.000 francs a year, and never travelling without four horses and an outrider. With this gay abbot, in his abbey, Madame de Lamotte, on her way back from Châteauvilain, came to dine, and in her avowed character of the mistress of a Prince of the Church, she seems to have thought she had a claim to figure at its ceremonies. This the Abbot declined, but he invited her to supper; and to this same supper arrived fresh from Paris the preacher of the morrow's feast. They sit down at once to table, and the Abbot, impatient of news from Court, challenges his guest for the last news from Versailles. 'What news?' replied Maury, 'where do you live then? There is news which astounds all Paris. The Cardinal de Rohan, High Almoner of France, was arrested last Tuesday, on Assumption Day, in his pontifical robes, at the door of the King's closet.' 'Is the cause of so violent a measure known?' 'Not exactly; but they say it is about a Diamond Necklace he was to have bought for the Queen, and did not buy. It is strange for such a trifle that they should have arrested the High Almoner of France.'

We continue the story in M. Beugnot's words:—

'No sooner had this news reached my ears, than I looked at Madame de Lamotte, who had droped her napkin, whilst her pale and motionless face hung over her plate. After the first effort, she sprang up and rushed out of the room. One of the Abbot's attendants followed her, and I shortly rejoined her. She had already ordered her carriage and we started together. "Perhaps I was wrong to come away so abruptly," said she, "especially in presence of the Abbè Maury." "Not the least. Your relations with the Cardinal are known, and almost avowed. His life may be in danger; your part is to anticipate the letters, the couriers, the news. But what is the cause of his arrest?" "I can't conceive, unless it be some trick of Cagliostro's. The Cardinal is infatuated with that man, though I have never ceased to warn him." "Very well: but what is this affair of the necklace?" "All Cagliostro." "But you received the fellow at your house. Are you sure he has not compromised you?" "Not at all. I am sorry I left the supper. But there is nothing that fellow will not say." "Madame de Lamotte," rejoined I, "you have already said more than I care to hear; but I still offer to render you a last service. It is now ten o'clock. Your husband can join you in an hour with your valuables. You can reach Châlons to-night, whence you may gain the coast, and get a boat for ten louis to carry you to England." "Nonsense," she replied, "I have nothing to do with this affair." "At least," I added, after a silence of half an hour, "as soon as you get home, burn every paper which might compromise the Cardinal. You owe that to his honour and to your own safety." To this she assented, and on arriving at her apartment we at once opened a great box of sandal-wood filled with papers of every size and every colour. I asked her whether they contained any bank notes, and on her answering in the negative, I proposed to throw the whole into the fire. This she refused to do, and insisted on our going through all the papers. Then it was that I saw what ravages the delirium of love, rendered more intense by the delirium of ambition, had wrought in this unhappy man. It is fortunate for the memory of

the Cardinal that those letters were destroyed, though they would have formed a strange page in the history of human passions. But what must that age have been in which a Prince of the Church would not hesitate to write and to sign letters to a woman, whom he knew so little, which in our days no man with an atom of self-respect could even read to the end?

'I saw, too, in this box letters from Bohemer and Bossange speaking of the necklace, and of terms of payment; and threw all into the fire. The operation was a long one. When I left Madame de Lamotte her chamber was reeking with the smell of burnt paper and sealing-wax. It was then three in the morning. She promised to go to bed. But at four o'clock she was arrested, and at half-past four on her way to the Bastille.' (Vol. i. p. 86.)

Lamotte, the husband, effected his escape to England, no orders having been given to arrest him at the same time. The police, indeed, showed an extraordinay want of vigour in the whole affair. The arrest of the Cardinal took place at noon on the 15th of August. He at once denounced Madame de Lamotte as the authoress of the plot. Yet it was not till the 18th that she was taken at Bar-sur-Aube; and, as the warrant for the apprehension of her husband was sent down five days later, he had ample time to fly to England, and to carry off the diamonds which were the fruit of the robbery. *

Our limits forbid us to dwell on the sketches M. Beugnot has left us of the society of France at the outbreak of the Revolution; yet they are extremely characteristic. In spite of all the signs which announced the coming storm, it was impossible for the country-gentleman to believe it. Had not the King an army of 150,000 men to maintain order? What could persuade Dom Rocourt of Clairvaux that the Abbey and the Rule of St. Bernard were to be swept from the face of France? What could induce the great lady to believe that she was of less consequence in the vast medley of life than the daughter of an apothecary? When the danger became more apparent, Madame de Brionne, like many others of her rank, prepared to leave the country. The Bishop of Autun (Talleyrand) remonstrated with her, and advised her to take refuge in some small provincial town, where, if she lived quietly, no one would remark her. 'A small provincial town!' exclaimed the Marchioness —'no, M. de Périgord; *paysanne tant qu'on voudra, bourgeoise jamais!*' The whole country took up arms. The fear of brigands put a weapon into every man's hand. The manor-house was to be defended by a few rusty fowling-pieces. The game was swept off the country. The fish-ponds were dragged in front of the château. The tiers-état, in the form of three or four drunken peasants, assumed a sovereign jurisdiction over the roads. M. Beugnot witnessed these scenes with vexation and regret, but he was returned to the Legislative Assembly as the Deputy of Bar-sur-Aube, and played his part in the abortive work of that illustrious body.

His participation in the legislative labours of the Revolution did not, however, exempt him from its dangers. He had rendered himself obnoxious to the hatred of the revolutionary party by moving the decree of accusation against Marat; and early in 1793 he learned that a warrant had been issued for his apprehension. The only alternatives were imprisonment or flight. With patriotic confidence he chose the former, and resolved to abide the worst. He placed his money and his papers in the hands of a couple of friends, who robbed him; and putting 'Epictetus,' 'Marcus Aurelius,' and 'Thomas à Kempis' in a bundle with a few clean shirts, he prepared for the Conciergerie. At the moment of his seizure he wished to add a volume of 'Tasso' to his packet, but the title of 'Jerusalem Delivered' was regarded as suspicious. 'Tout ce qui vient de Jérusalem ne sent pas bon,' said the ruffian who had him in his power, and 'Tasso' was left behind. As he reached the entrance of the prison, the long steps of the Palais de Justice were crowded like an amphitheatre with ferocious wretches watching for the departure of the death-cart and the arrival of fresh victims. As he got down the whole mass rose screaming, clapping, and vociferating like cannibals. The hapless prisoner was pelted with nameless filth, and he might judge by his entry into the prison of what awaited him on leaving it.

His first three nights were spent in a dungeon with a murderer and a thief. It was by mistake he was placed there, but mistakes were common in the Conciergerie; and perhaps the company of the worst criminals underground was less perilous than that of the political victims up-stairs. Interest had, however, been made for him, and he was shortly transferred to the Infirmary, as the best part of the prison.

* The husband, who was known under the strange name of M. Mustiphragasis in his later years, died in Paris as late as the year 1831; but he had fallen into such extreme indigence that he was in the receipt of the charitable relief bestowed upon the poorest members of the community — in fact, he literally died a pauper.

Here the sick, the dying, and the dead were thrown pell-mell on some thirty or forty wretched beds — no air, no ventilation, no cleanliness — a brutal doctor gave twenty minutes once a day to forty patients, and every form of outrage and suffering were heaped upon the miserable inmates of that den of horror. Yet here, and in an adjoining room, Beugnot found himself once more in the presence of friends with whom he had sat in the Legislative Assembly, and as his imprisonment was, by a rare exception, prolonged for four months, he may be said to have undergone the Reign of Terror in the very crucible of human suffering.

First came the Girondins. Seven of them shared his room. At two in the morning, on the 2nd of November, the gaolers entered the cell with torches, to make an inventory of their scanty possessions and sweep these illustrious victims away to judgment and the scaffold. Amongst these men, remarkable for the difference of their characters and the similarity of their fate, was Fauchet, the ex-Bishop of Calvados, who retained his attachment to the Catholic faith with the zeal of a martyr. Every day he read his breviary, a portion of Scripture, and a chapter of the Imitation of Jesus Christ. But his favourite study was the Apocalypse, for in that he fancied that St. John had predicted the Jacobin Club, the reign of Robespierre, the 'noyades' of Carrier, and even the 'carmagnoles' of Barère. Gensonné and Brissot listened with amazement to the fervour of his harangues.

Next came Bailly: —

'He entered the prison with a serenity worthy of one of the lights of the age. No complaint, no reproach, passed his lips in the six days on which he stood before that mock tribunal. He gave his answers to the end with the same coolness, precision, and dignity, though one's blood boils at the questions they put to him. No doubt especial orders had been given to make him drink of that bitter cup drop by drop; for, in the prison, where he had formerly brought the consolations of kindness and humanity, when he stood at the height of fortune and of fame, he was now treated with every refinement of barbarity. When the hour came for his attendance before the Court, his name was called out first, and, as he approached, the gaolers pushed him backwards and forwards, shrieking, "Tiens — voilà Bailly! à toi Bailly! prends donc Bailly!" he meanwhile moving with gravity through this dance of cannibals.

'The day before his death, Bailly anticipated what was to happen, and spoke of it without emotion. "The public has been misled about me," he said; "I hope the simple execution of the judgment will content them; but the police will keep order." "What," said I, "were you deceiving us by the tranquillity you showed, and the confidence you expressed?" "No," replied Bailly, "but I was giving you an example of never despairing of the laws of your country." The next morning early he took a cup of chocolate, and afterwards two cups of pure coffee. I expressed surprise at his taking the coffee upon the chocolate. "I took the chocolate," said Bailly, "because it is nourishing and soothing, but as I have a difficult passage to make, and I distrust my own temperament, I took the coffee in addition, because it excites and stimulates me, and I hope with this diet I shall reach the end of my journey." At that moment his name was called, and for the last time I embraced him. He wished me a happier fate, and thanked me for the interest I had shown him.' (P. 199.)

One of the next victims in this strange group was Madame Roland, whose character and history we have delineated at some length in a recent Number of this Journal. M. Beugnot's impressions of that remarkable woman correspond with singular precision with those we had received from the re-perusal of her own Memoirs. There was much of harshness and extravagance in her devotion to the ideal of antique Stoicism, and her revolutionary opinions were odious to Beugnot. But in spite of the unfavourable prepossessions with which he saw her in that hall of Eblis, the grace and dignity with which she bore her misfortunes and prepared to meet her doom were irresistible.

'The day Madame Roland was to take her trial, Clavières sent me to her on some errand. I would have refused, but Clavières insisted, observing that an interview between her and himself on that day might be injurious to both of them. I went therefore, and watching the moment at which she left her room, I joined her as she passed. She waited at the bars till she was called. Her dress was careful; she wore a gown of white muslin, trimmed with blonde, and fastened round the waist by a sash of black velvet. Her hair was dressed; she wore a light and simple bonnet, and her beautiful locks fell waving on her shoulders. Her face seemed rather more animated than usual; her colour was lovely, and she had a smile upon her lips. With one hand she lifted the train of her gown, the other hand she surrendered to the crowd of women who surrounded her to kiss it. Those amongst them who best knew what awaited her sobbed aloud, and commended her to Providence. No words can describe that picture. Madame Roland answered them all with affectionate kindness; she did not promise them to return; she did not tell them she was going to die; but the last words she spoke to

them were words of tender advice. She exhorted them to be united, to be brave, to hope, and to show the virtues which became their position. An old gaoler, named Fontenay, whose good heart had resisted for thirty years his harsh duties, cried as he opened the gate. I acquitted myself of Clavières' errand; she answered me briefly and with firmness. A phrase just begun was interrupted by the turnkey who summoned her into Court. At that signal, terrible for any one but herself, she stopped, and taking me by the hand, she said, "Let us make it up, sir; the time is come." Raising her eyes to mine, she perceived I was struggling to repress my tears and was extremely affected. She seemed touched by my sympathy, and added but two words, "Courage! courage!"' (Vol. i. p. 200.)

The women's quarter in the Conciergerie exhibited, even more than that occupied by the men, all the varied emotions of that extraordinary time. A corridor was common in the daytime to both sexes, and here there was as much dressing, talking, flirting, and love-making as in the salons of Paris. Most of the women contrived to change their dress three times a day, though in the interval they had often to wash or mend the garment they were about to put on. The tone of conversation was gay and animated, and people seemed bent on proving that though the Reign of Terror might imprison and kill them, it could not make them dull or disagreeable. All ranks of society were blended in this singular promenade, and it sometimes happened that those who had sunk to the lowest grade in life, rose again to dignity and honour at the near approach of death. When the Duc du Chatelet was brought to this prison he was totally unnerved by his position — a rare instance — and moreover he was intoxicated. The next day he recovered his senses but not his composure, and stood bewailing himself at the bars of the women's chamber. A poor girl of the town, named Églé, hardly twenty years old, who had been sent to prison because she hated and denounced the Revolution, said to this disconsolate nobleman, 'Fi donc, Monsieur le Duc! are you crying? know, Sir, that this is a place where those who have no name may gain one; and those who have a name ought to know how to bear it.' The ruffian Chaumette had his eye on this girl, and proposed that she should be tried at the same time as Marie Antoinette and sent to the scaffold on the same tumbril. But even the monsters of that day recoiled from this execrable insult; the Queen was executed alone; and Églé was reserved for the next occasion. Three months elapsed, and if she had held her tongue she might have been forgotten, but her language was so violent that Fouquier resolved to make an end of her. The indictment which had previously been drawn up against her was still used on her trial, and she was literally condemned for having conspired with 'la Veuve Capet' against the liberties of the people. Églé was proud of her indictment, but indignant at the detestable lies it contained with reference to the Queen. 'If they had sent me to the scaffold with her,' exclaimed the girl, 'they would have been preciously taken in.' 'How so?' said Beugnot. 'Why, in the middle of the street, I would have thrown myself at her feet, and neither the executioner nor the devil should have removed me.' On her trial she abused the Revolutionary Tribunal in set terms, and poor Églé was sent to the guillotine as an incorrigible aristocrat, like many a better woman.

While these and a multitude of other similar scenes were passing around him, Beugnot himself had the good fortune not to be brought up for trial. The case against him was not very clear, and a letter written by him to Lafayette some months before, which would infallibly have cost him his head, escaped the notice of his enemies. Meanwhile his wife, who was in Paris and at liberty, was unremitting in her exertions. She came to see him in the disguise of the woman who washed his linen, and at last, at the most critical moment of his life, she succeeded in obtaining his removal to La Force, another prison reserved for persons less gravely compromised. Here he remained for some months longer, not without imminent peril; he was not liberated until after the fall of Robespierre on the 10th Thermidor.

At this point a gap occurs in the fragments that remain of M. Beugnot's Memoirs. We pass in a moment from the sanguinary gloom of the Reign of Terror in 1794, to the active and prosperous career of an Imperial Minister in 1808. After the 18th Brumaire and the accession of the First Consul, Beugnot was summoned by Lucien Bonaparte, who knew him, to serve under the Home Department. He filled a prefecture and was named a Counsellor of State — then an important post in the government; and upon the creation of the Kingdom of Westphalia he was selected to administer its finances. He remained, however, but a short time at Cassel, and was soon afterwards sent to Dusseldorf by Napoleon to organize and govern the Grand Duchy of Berg, which was eventually to be given to the son

of the King of Holland. In the lottery of crowns which was drawn from month to month by the members and adherents of the Imperial family, it was difficult to foresee in what quarter of Europe a man might serve or reign. The Grand Duke of Berg of one year became King of Naples the next, and Beugnot, who was waiting at Bayonne to rejoin Murat, suddenly found himself on his way to the Lower Rhine. Ere he started he repaired to the Arch-Chancellor (Cambacérès) for his final instructions, which that distinguished gastronomer delivered in the following terms: 'My dear Beugnot, the Emperor settles the crowns as he pleases. All very well. The Grand Duke of Berg goes to Naples — so much the better. But his Highness was in the habit of sending me two dozen hams from his own duchy every year. The hams I must have. Take your measures accordingly.' The hams were of course punctually sent as long as the stability of the French Empire allowed of it. They were not only to be sent, but sent gratis. Cambacérès had secured an arrangement with Lavalette, the Postmaster-General, by which every mail from different parts of the Empire brought a fresh tribute to the Arch-Chancellor's table, and the fact that he paid nothing for them appears to have given additional zest to these varied viands.

Talleyrand held a different language. He referred to what had just taken place at Bayonne in strong terms:—'Victories,' said he, 'cannot obliterate such actions as these, for they are base, fraudulent, and tricky. I can't tell you what the consequence will be, but you will see that they will never be forgiven him.'

Dusseldorf was at that time the capital of a small state of about a million inhabitants, which had been formed of the principality recently ceded by the House of Bavaria, with some additions from the territory of German mediatised Princes, and the old ecclesiastical domains of Munster. Nothing could be more purely German, and the manner in which these provinces had been torn from their rightful sovereigns to form an appendage to the French Empire was perfectly characteristic of the age. Count Beugnot (for he had accepted that title) compares his own position to that of a Roman pro-consul.

'It was in those days a position in Europe to be a Frenchman, and a great position to represent the Emperor of the French. Except that I could not with impunity have abused my powers, I was in Germany what the pro-consuls of Rome had been of old. The same respect, the same obedience of the population, the same obsequiousness of the nobles, the same desire to win my favor and approval. We were still at that time under the spell of the peace of Tilsit. The invincibility of the Emperor was unshaken. I came from Paris, where I had spent my life at his Court, that is to say, amidst all the memorable deeds and marvels of his reign. In the Council I had seen that genius at work which ruled the human intelligence. I thought him born to be the true master of Fortune, and nothing appeared to me more natural than that the world should be at his feet. That seemed to me the future destiny of mankind. The country which fell to my lot augmented this illusion. Germany, ever prone to the marvellous, was long in losing her admiration of the Emperor. That admiration was still complete for the hero who had swept away the Prussian monarchy, the armies of Frederic, and the legions of the successors of Peter the Great.' (P. 313.)

These at least were M. Beugnot's own impressions; but we question whether the sentiments of Germany towards Napoleon in 1808 were not embittered by very different emotions. The members of a ruling race are slow to understand, and dull to feel, that hidden hatred which lurks in the heart of a subject people. The French flattered themselves that they were governing Germany, until the war-cry of 1813 placed a musket in the hand of every child of that enduring but avenging people. We readily believe that M. Beugnot did what he could to render the domination of France endurable to the Germans. He was proud of his little duchy. He embellished and improved the city of Dusseldorf. Brought up to the law, he respected the rights of the population; and he had no tinge of that military spirit which was the sorest curse of Imperial France.

'I had an honest confidence in the importance and stability of my position; but my character preserved me from the excesses which might have excited the people against me. I love to seek out whatever is honourable and good, and from the bottom of my heart I respected the inhabitants of the Grand Duchy; but there, as at Cassel, I committed the fault of treating lightly what is serious to the Germans, of seeing everything with French eyes, and, more than all, of giving way to my taste for a joke. This last defect was that which was least forgiven, and I should have succeeded better if I had not given way to it.'

But he was compelled by the exigencies of the Cabinet of Paris, with which he corresponded, to drain the country of recruits for the armies of France and of supplies for their maintenance. On all occasions he

was made to feel that the welfare of the province was subordinate to the interests of the Imperial Government, and that he formed but a fraction of the immense structure beneath which Napoleon had crushed the liberties of Europe. When that structure began to totter, the governor of the little out-work on the Rhine was one of the first to perceive the altered temper of the German nation, and the eagerness with which, after Essling, they watched every sign of its approaching dissolution. After the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, and during the armistice of Prague, the Emperor himself passed a few days at Mayence and ordered Beugnot to join him there. The account of that interview is extremely graphic.

'I found the Emperor as firm and prompt as ever, but he was not at his ease in conversation, and he evidently thought he had a part to play. On the very first day he gave me a long account of his forces of all arms. Whenever he made an assertion in the course of his harangue, which might try my credulity, he watched me closely to observe the effect of his statements. Thus, when he said that the King of Denmark was giving him 40,000 horses, with which he should have the most formidable cavalry in Europe, I made, without intending it, I must confess, a gesture of impatience, from which he inferred that I had no great reliance on his formidable cavalry. He grew angry. "You are one of those wiseacres," he broke out, "who are cock-sure of everything. You say, after Frederic, that seven years are required to make a trooper. I tell you, that with good officers, regiments of cavalry are formed as soon as others. Put the men on horseback and they stick there. That is all the secret. Look at my guards of honour! Nothing can surpass them for courage and intelligence. They are admirable cavalry; have we been seven years forming them?" The conversation turned on the recent levies of Austria and Bavaria. I took the liberty of remarking that they were very strong, and I expressed some doubt of the political views of those Powers. The Emperor pooh-poohed my doubts, but without irritation. I inferred from the manner he spoke of it, that the same idea had more than once crossed his own mind. "I dont know," said he, "against whom these excessive levies of men are intended, by Austria especially. If this goes on, who is to stop? There will be none but women left in Europe to till the ground. I have an army as good as ever, and 400,000 strong. That is enough to right myself in the North. I shall not think of doubling it, though nothing would be more easy." I held my tongue, and acquiesced in everything his Majesty was pleased to wish me to believe. When he thought he had convinced me, he talked of the affairs of the Grand Duchy. He complained of the local troops, said they cost a great deal, and deserted the next morning. I replied that his Majesty could not expect a parcel of German clod-poles to fight like the *élite* of the French guards of honour. After some further discussion the Emperor gave up the second light regiment I was to furnish, and said he had rather impose on the country the re-organization of a good Polish legion which would not desert. I replied that I hoped the expense would not exceed that of the regiment. To which the Emperor replied, "I must have troops, and formed troops. Manage it as you like. The time for calculating so closely is past." The Emperor then dictated letters to me for two or three hours, and so many decrees that it would take the whole night to engross them. All this time he was walking up and down in his cabinet, dictating with great rapidity. He stopped a moment at the first word of the sentence, and then threw off the whole in a breath, which rendered it almost impossible to follow him."

The art of the Emperor's secretaries consisted in seizing his meaning as well as they could, retaining if possible any characteristic expression, but putting the whole in their own words. He scarcely read the papers over when they were brought to him to sign, and only complained that they were written with too broad a margin. He insisted on not having any. After some little time Beugnot took an opportunity to urge the Emperor to grant to the inhabitants of the Duchy some relaxation of the state monopoly of tobacco, which had been imposed on them by France.

'When I had told my story, his Majesty replied, "It is inconceivable that you have not discovered the motive which makes me persist in maintaining the tobacco monopoly in the Duchy? It is not the affair of your Duchy, but of France. I know very well you gain nothing by it—perhaps you may lose; but what does that signify, if it is to the advantage of France? Know then that in every country in which the sale of tobacco is restricted by the State, and which borders on a country where the sale is free, you must reckon on a continental infiltration by smuggling for seven or eight leagues from the frontier. It is from that I want to protect France: you must prevent this infiltration as you can. I keep it at eight leagues from my frontiers. As matters now are, I can reckon on the returns of the left bank of the Rhine as much as on those of the interior of France. That is what I wanted. Guess then if I am going to sacrifice the interests of France to your convenience."'

Within the next few days the intelligence of the defection of Bavaria and the more than equivocal attitude of Austria reached the Imperial Court. Napoleon said no more of the 40,000 horses from Denmark

and of his prodigious reinforcements. But one day when Beugnot through inadvertence took his master's chair in the imperial closet, and even took it more than once, Napoleon said to him, in a tone of expostulation rather than anger, 'You will sit in my place, I see; *you choose your time ill.*' Beugnot had the courage to persist in the representations he had already made in favour of the inhabitants of the Duchy, and he added that after all this was but a small concession to make, in order to give greater security to the rear of the French armies.

'"At such a time," I said, "the public opinion of a country should be taken into consideration." "I understand you," rejoined the Emperor, looking at me with animation, "you advise me to make concessions, and to show great respect for public opinion; those are the big phrases of the school to which you belong." "Sire, I am of no school but that of the Emperor." "That is a way of speaking, nothing more. You are of the school of the *idéologues*, like Regnault, like Rœderer, Louis, and Fontanes — no, not Fontanes, I am wrong, he belongs to another set of fools. Do you suppose I do not catch your meaning, through all the disguises in which you mask it? You are one of those who sigh for the liberty of the press, the liberty of the tribune, and who believe in the omnipotence of public opinion. Well then! I will tell you my last word!" Then putting his right hand on the hilt of his sword, he added, "As long as this sword hangs by my side, and may it long hang there, you shall have none of the liberties you are sighing for, not even that, Monsieur Beugnot, of making a fine speech of your own in the tribune." "But, sire, what enemy has traduced me to this extent in the eyes of the Emperor?" "No one; but I know you, and I know you better than you know yourself. You will bring those papers to me at the cabinet this evening." I was dismissed, but I received the same evening an order to attend the following day at ten, and to remain at home where I could be found. My audience on the following day was postponed till four, and when I arrived at that hour, I was informed by the Chamberlain of the day that his Majesty was getting into his carriage to leave Mayence.' (Vol. ii. p. 19.)

Before many months had elapsed the sinister presentiments of M. Beugnot were fulfilled. Leipzig followed Dresden. The French troops in disorder retraced the great road of Germany which had so often led them to victory. The enemy pressed upon their rear, and very shortly nothing remained for the French Minister who was governing the Grand Duchy of Berg, but to pack up his papers, recross the Rhine, and leave his last dinner to be eaten by the Count de St. Priest, a French émigré who commanded the division of the Russian army which occupied Dusseldorf.

On the left bank of the Rhine the authority of France was still unshaken, and the Prefect of Aix-la-Chapelle would not believe that the allied armies could ever venture to cross that barrier. Six leagues from that city lay Marshal Macdonald at the head of what was called his army. Beugnot was ordered to go to his headquarters and report on his troops. 'That,' said the Marshal, 'is soon done. The *personnel* of my army consists of myself, here present, and of the chief of my staff, General Gruneller: as to the *materiel*, that consists of four straw-chairs and a deal table. This is what they call at Paris the army of Marshal Macdonald.' On his return to Paris with this discouraging report, Beugnot had an audience of the Emperor, who still talked of preserving all that he possessed in Germany — his 100,000 men on the Elbe — and his determination to fall on the rear of the allies, and if they dared to cross the Rhine — 'vous verriez une belle débâcle.' For the present, however, he ordered Beugnot to proceed to Lille in a position not sensibly differing from that of a Prefect. The order was insulting to a man of Beugnot's official rank, and he remonstrated accordingly. The Emperor replied in his usual style: —

'"What do you mean? Whosoever serves me must serve as it suits me, and where it suits me. Minister or not, I have not time to think about that, and if I send you anywhere as a *sous-préfet* your duty is to go." "No doubt, Sire, but a man who has filled a high office cannot go to a lesser office without an air of disgrace, for —." "To the point, I am in a hurry. You must go to Lille, Duplantier is killing himself in my service there, which is no good to him or to me either. That department of the North is one of the gates of France, and you will have plenty to do there." "The Emperor may rely on my zeal, but may I ask with what title I am to present myself in that department?" "Really, Monsieur Beugnot, you presume." "I beg the Emperor's pardon." "Is this a time for titles? Go there as Préfet, as Minister, as Emperor if you dare. How can you talk to me of such nonsense, when my head is on fire from morning till night? Your Macdonald does nothing, prevents nothing. Clouds of Cossacks are ravaging the Rhine departments. I have to organise the defence of the whole country, and with what? At such a moment I place one of the keys of France in your pocket, and you talk to me of titles! It is time enough to talk of that when you have nothing else to do. They told me you were a man of sense, but you don't show it. Start at

the latest to-morrow morning. Correspond with my ministers, or write to me direct if there is any important reason. Good morning, Count Beugnot, a pleasant journey to you!"'

And that was Count Beugnot's last conversation with Napoleon Bonaparte. His mission to Lille was of course abortive. All he could do was to prepare the place against a siege by the Russian army, and while he was still at his post he received a note from his old friend Dupont de Nemours in the following terms: —

'Take care of yourself. The last barrier is broken down; the allies will enter Paris to-night or to-morrow.'

Nothing remained for the luckless Minister but to effect his escape in disguise. At Amiens he saw for the first time the white cockade. At Chantilly the people were cheering the Provisional Government and the House of Bourbon. At St. Denis the Cossacks were burning stacks and collecting forage. And that was the end of the First Empire.

The Emperor Napoleon had not altogether misjudged M. Beugnot, when he told him that he was one of the men who were sighing in their hearts for a more liberal form of Government. He had served the Empire, without approving its despotic policy, or abandoning the principles of the Legislative Assembly; and he readily lent himself to the establishment of a more liberal form of government, when the representatives of the nation first gathered round the throne of Louis XVI. M. de Talleyrand, the sinister genius of the Restoration, was his friend, and accordingly he transferred his allegiance without hesitation to the *entresol* of the Hôtel St. Florentin, which has witnessed so many of the most remarkable events of this century.* Talleyrand at once placed the Ministry of the Interior in his hands, and he was thus suddenly called upon to take a prominent and decided part in the restoration of Louis XVIII. to the throne.

The task was one of appalling difficulty. The air was infected by the exhalations of dead horses and dead bodies. The enormous supplies of food required for the Allied armies threatened to famish the people. The population was groaning under the horrors of invasion. The roads were blocked by troops or broken up by the recent military operations. Half France was in the hands of the enemy. The whole administrative machinery of the Empire was shattered to pieces. It deserves to be remembered to the immortal honour of Count Beugnot, that he was the man who, almost alone and unaided, faced these difficulties, and restored something like order in the kingdom. He entered the service of the Bourbons without prejudices or passion; he exercised the power confided to him without resentment; and it would have been well for the Court if they had had the wisdom to confide more implicitly in his patriotism and good sense. His evidence, therefore, on the true character of the First Restoration is of the highest value, and it absolutely contradicts the opinions which have too often been accredited in France.

'The enemies of the Bourbons have said and repeated, and they still repeat, that these Princes came back in 1814 in the baggage-waggons of the invader. So untrue is it that they came in that shameful guise, that the Duke of Wellington refused at Bordeaux to see the Duke of Angoulême, who had thrown himself into that town with more spirit than discretion; and when the magistrates of the town consulted the English General as to the conduct they should adopt towards this prince, the Duke of Wellington replied that he thought it would be unwise to commit themselves with the Duke of Angoulême whilst the allies were still negotiating at Chatillon with the ministers of Napoleon. At the same time *Monsieur* (the Comte d'Artois) was timidly approaching some of the towns of Lorraine, more careful to avoid the Austrian commander than the local authorities; he was far enough from invoking the forces of the invader, and he would have done so without success. He had taken refuge at Vesoul, where he was visited by a few gentlemen of the country, and avoided by the greater number. The Emperor of Russia declared in a proclamation of the 31st March, that the Allied Sovereigns would only recognize and guarantee a constitution given by the French nation to itself; and in reply to a deputation of the Senate on the 2d April, the same Prince said, "It is just and wise to give to France strong and liberal institutions in harmony with the enlightened spirit of the age. The object of my allies and of myself is to protect the liberty of your decisions." It was only four days later when the Senate, by its constitution, had recalled Louis Xavier of France to the throne, that the Bourbons were acknowledged. Till then, although France was occupied by 200,000 foreign troops, their existence was hazardous and obscure. And I am confident that if the Senate had at that moment summoned to the throne of France some other family than the

*The small apartment of the Hotel St. Florentin was the residence of Prince Talleyrand, and was afterwards occupied by Princess Lieven till her death. The Emperor Alexander of Russia lived, during his residence in Paris, on the first floor of the same hotel.

Bourbons, that family would have been accepted by Europe, not only without difficulty, but with satisfaction, so generally was the prediction believed that the Bourbons would have great difficulty in maintaining themselves in the country.' (Vol. ii. p. 99.)

M. Beugnot had had, we think, no previous acquaintance with any members of the Royal Family, and he had no prepossessions in their favour. But the position he filled in the Provisional Government at the moment of the Restoration brought him into contact with the Comte d'Artois, and in spite of his own liberal views Beugnot had more personal regard for him than for Louis XVIII. The constant opposition which really existed between these two royal brothers originated in their characters, but it was strengthened by the whole course of their lives. It had divided the emigration at Coblenz; it divided the friends of the Restoration at Paris; and in spite of the superior abilities, tact, and judgment of the King, the most influential member of the Royalist party was his brother.

On the 12th of April the Comte d'Artois made his triumphal entry into Paris. That was beyond a doubt the brightest day of the Restoration. The enthusiasm of the people was genuine. The crowds flocking around him arrested his passage from the Barrière de Bondy to Notre Dame. To some one, who attempted to make way for him, the Prince exclaimed, 'Laissez, Monsieur, laissez, j'arriverai toujours trop tôt.' On his return to the Tuileries, Beugnot expressed a hope that he was not 'fatigued.' 'Fatigued? How should I be fatigued? This is the only day of happiness I have had for thirty years . . .' But, after all, the brilliant impressions of the day were over, and the mighty work was not complete. 'There remains,' said M. de Talleyrand, 'the article to be written for the "Moniteur;" and, above all, what had the Prince himself said on so memorable an occasion?' Nobody could recollect. The probability is that beyond a few incoherent expressions of pleasure and of gratitude, he had said nothing at all. Then it was that Beugnot reached the culminating instant of his life. He tried it once. He tried it twice. M. de Talleyrand was not satisfied. At last M. Pasquier gave a fortunate hint, and at the third effort, Beugnot produced (out of his inner consciousness) those memorable words which appeared in the 'Moniteur' the next morning, and have been ascribed to the Prince by an admiring posterity: 'Plus de divisions: la paix et la France: je la revois enfin! et rien n'y est changé, si ce n'est qu'il s'y trouve nos Français de plus!' 'Capital,' said the great Censor, 'and I give you my word that the Prince will believe in a day or two that he really uttered them, and nobody will recollect you had a hand in the matter.' The *bon mot* has outlived not only the Prince, but the dynasty; and as M. Beugnot lost the honour of it in his lifetime, it is but fair that it should now be restored to his memory.

The following anecdote of that pedantic priest, the Abbe de Pradt, Archbishop of Malines under the Empire, is so droll that we must make room for it:—

'The day the Provisional Government was formed, the Archbishop of Malines called on M. de Talleyrand, and expressed his surprise that so important a structure should have been raised without reserving a place for him in it, and he asked the Prince with some ill humour what it was intended to do for him, as he clearly could not be left out. "Leave you out," exclaimed the Prince, "far from it. You can at this moment render a most signal service. Have you got a white pocket-handkerchief?" — "Yes." — "But a very white one!" — "Certainly." — "Let me see it then." The Archbishop pulls out his handkerchief, Talleyrand takes it by one corner, and waves it frantically in the air, shouting, "Vive le Roi." "You see what I am doing — now take your handkerchief, do as I do — go down along the Boulevard towards the Faubourg St. Antoine, waving the white standard crying, 'Vive le Roi." — "But, Prince, you can't mean it. Just look at my dress. I am in my bishop's wig — my cross, my legion of honour." — "Just so," rejoined Talleyrand, "that is just what is wanted. If you had not got them on, you would have had to fetch them. Cross, wig, powder, dress, all that will make a sensation, and it is a sensation we want."

'It is hardly credible that M. de Pradt, a man not without talent and ability, should have fallen into such a trap. But off he went on Talleyrand's errand. At first he got on pretty well, though he was soon surrounded by a crowd of street blackguards, but when he reached the Boulevard Poissonière, the Archbishop fell upon a knot of Bonapartists, who soon charged him and sent him flying homewards. His flight was so rapid that he had to pocket the white standard and to rush through the mud. In this state he got back to the Rue St. Florentin, where he proceeded to relate with great emphasis his daring and his success. He had conquered a great part of the capital to the royal cause; he had been stopped at the Faubourg Poissonière by obstacles which could only have yielded to a troop of horse; but he still showed in his retreat that he was alike unmoved by the eye of Bonaparte and by the tu-

mult of the populace, *prava jubentium*. All which M. de Talleyrand listened to with the utmost coolness, and only said, "I told you that dressed as you are, you would make a sensation."' (Vol. ii. p. 105.)

The sketches of the Comte d'Artois and the new-born royalist Court are extremely fresh and diverting, but we must leave them on one side to preserve a more sober portrait of the King, who shortly afterwards reached his capital. The entry of Louis XVIII. into Paris was less animated than that of his brother. The performance suffered by repetition, and the enthusiasm of the people had begun to evaporate. Above all, the chief actor was not the same. The Comte d'Artois was still the 'gay cavalier' of Versailles, graceful, excitable, and French in every gesture. Louis XVIII. was corpulent, infirm, and dignified. When it was proposed to put him on horseback, he contented himself with the remark, 'I tremble for the marshals who would have to support me.' And the sallies he frequently indulged in were more calculated to sting than to soothe those about him.

'Louis XVIII. maintained all the dignity of the throne amidst that mob of sovereigns who were then assembled in Paris, escorted by thousands of soldiers. Though he was himself unarmed and well nigh powerless, he was so full of the superiority of the King of France over all other kings, that even they were persuaded of it. The Emperor of Russia himself accepted it. M. de Talleyrand had failed in an attempt to cause the Duke de Vicence, who was his friend, to be included in the peerage; but as the Emperor Alexander professed a particular regard for this personage, he undertook to ask Louis XVIII. for his advancement. His Imperial Majesty repaired to the Tuileries. The King received him most graciously, but without the least relaxation of his own dignity. Alexander was so taken aback, that he did not venture to ask for a thing likely to be refused him; he came back as he went, and candidly acknowledged the reason to M. de Talleyrand. Talleyrand told the Emperor that he was the only man in Paris who did not know his own power, and begged he would try again. This time the King had heard of the affair and was on his guard. The Emperor had not a chance. Louis XVIII. began by flattering generalities which melted Alexander, and he then touched on the melancholy position of a sovereign, after a revolution, who was not free either to grant or to refuse his favours. All this was said with such a tone of feeling and truth, that the Emperor was again taken in, and left the palace without alluding to the object of his visit. He thought it easier to offer Caulaincourt a great position in Russia, than to mention his name to the King of France. In such passages as these the King was really a great master; and I had more than one opportunity of remarking that he was himself thoroughly persuaded that of all the sovereigns then in Paris, he was the only gentleman.' (Vol. ii. p. 137.)

Not a year had elapsed since M. Beugnot was writing despatches under the dictation of Napoleon at Mayence. It now became his duty to attend Louis XVIII. as Minister of the Interior, and to take his commands on the urgent questions of the day. A greater contrast has rarely fallen under the observation of a statesman.

'I arrived on the 6th May to work with the King. I brought him some important affairs, which *Monsieur* had not chosen to decide, having heard of his brother's speedy arrival. I had recently had occasion to lay matters of state before Napoleon, and I adopted with the King the same form of proceeding — that is to say, I had all the papers of each case carefully arranged, and I placed a précis before his Majesty stating the name of the parties, the nature of the question, its importance, and some observations upon it. I begged the King to look over the précis and tell me which paper he desired to take first. His Majesty, who had never seen or dreamt of anything of the kind, asked me what I meant.

'I had the *maladresse* to say that this was the way in which Napoleon transacted business, as he was very much pressed for time, and therefore chose the questions which appeared to be the most important. "Very well, sir," said the King, "but as I shall always have as much time to give you as you may require, you may relinquish these modes of proceeding of Bonaparte. They are not to my taste. Begin at the beginning.'"

After this exordium Beugnot had the barbarity to keep his unfortunate master an hour and a half over the papers. 'You have not spared me,' said the restored son of St. Louis. 'This is pretty well for a beginning. However, I shall always be ready to receive you.' And the next day he inquired whether his minister had not been a lawyer, from his love of detail. At length the Abbé Louis came to the rescue.

'How came you not to see, on the very first day, my dear colleague, that you bore the King to death? What is the use of making reports to him? You might as well make them to a saint in his niche. I just give him the ordinance to sign; he never refuses; while he is writing his name, which he does very slowly, I tell him what it is about. I don't bore him; but he bores me, because his signature is everlasting.'

It is not surprising that a minister taught under so different a school, and so little versed in the temper of the old Court, should soon be told to vacate his office. Beugnot only saw the King six times. Madame de Simiane and the Damas family remarked that the Ministry of the Interior ought to be filled by a man of quality, assisted by what she elegantly termed '*des bouleux*,' and the Abbé de Montesquiou was authorised to request M. Beugnot to retire from the department. He consented, however, somewhat weakly we think, to act as Director-General of the Police, and he was named by the King one of the Royal Commissioners charged with the preparation of the Charter.

The chapters of the second volume of these memoirs which record at considerable length the discussions on this important instrument are, for the purposes of history, the most valuable portion of M. Beugnot's reminiscences. But they are already known to the public and, in particular, they have been largely used by M. Duvergier de Hauranne, in the second volume of his admirable 'History of Parliamentary Government in France.' It would draw us too far from our present object to follow M. Beugnot in this portion of his life — suffice it to observe that the note of these debates were evidently made at the time, and that they are the most authentic record which exists of the origin of the Charter of 1814.

We prefer to revert to his personal recollections and adventures during the Hundred Days.

A very short experience of the character of the Prince who was thus, by the grace of God, restored to the throne of France, might have satisfied a man of the world like M. Beugnot that nothing was to be expected from such a master. But it was a time of illusions, and probably the ambition of playing a more brilliant part under the Constitutional Monarchy than he had done under the Empire, induced M. Beugnot to take too flattering a view of the [illegible] and of his own prospects. [illegible] return of Napoleon in March 1815 [illegible] accompanied the King to Ghent [illegible] [illegible] Hundred Days [illegible] when [illegible] the Court [illegible] [illegible] Waterloo [illegible] [illegible] afterwards [illegible] the King's [illegible] [illegible] Louis XVIII [illegible] but M. Beugnot [illegible]

time, as far as we remember, who places Charles X. in ability above his brother.

'Those who have never had occasion to transact business with *Monsieur* are always talking of his want of capacity, his narrow views, and his obstinacy. These reproaches are utterly unfounded. *Monsieur* applies to business a great deal of intelligence and earnest attention. It must be admitted that he sticks to the principles in which he was brought up; but his attachment to them is based on conviction, not on prejudice, as may easily be perceived from the skill with which he defends them. He is not without dexterity in argument, and readily seizes on any advantageous point of discussion. All this is, moreover, covered with absolute good faith, and no man has a conscience more void of offence.' (Vol. ii. p. 238.)

Few people have said as much for Charles X., and M. Beugnot is evidently speaking the language of personal regard. For Charles X. did undoubtedly inspire the strongest personal regard to those who knew him, whether on the throne or in exile. Louis XVIII., on the contrary, can hardly be said to have had a sincere friend or to have deserved one: for though his attainments, his wit, and his judgment were far beyond those of his brother, his character was one of unmitigated selfishness and extreme duplicity.

After the battle of Waterloo the King lost no time in re-entering his own dominions. He ordered his Ministers to meet him at Cambrai, where a *Te Deum* was sung in honour of the victory of the Allied armies, and the Court travelled with so much rapidity that they had reached the gates of Paris before it was known that they had left Ghent. [illegible] alone was in the secret of the King's movements, for that ingenious personage, foreseeing the speedy termination of the Hundred Days, had continued to correspond with Ghent, while he was still [illegible] the Emperor at the Tuileries, [illegible] care to warn the King [illegible] delay in his return might be [illegible]. On the road to Paris [illegible] Count de Jaucourt followed the King in another carriage. As [illegible] on their way, marks of the [illegible] armies became more [illegible] near the village of Cavilly [illegible] of a widow which [illegible] fire by some marauders. [illegible] sat on a stone disconsolate [illegible] of her little all; [illegible] sobbing on her knees,

and the whole scene was most afflicting. It seemed strange that the King of France in his coach should have passed along the road a few minutes before without taking the slightest notice of such an incident. However his two followers relieved the poor woman and kept their suspicions to themselves, charitably supposing that the King might have been asleep. Arrived at the village where the King was to dine, they rejoined his Majesty, and the following conversation ensued.

'"We are happy to see that the King is arrived in safety, but your Majesty cannot fail to have been painfully affected by what we have just witnessed — a house on fire; it belonged to a poor widow with her two wretched children, and not a soul to help her."

'"Ah, indeed!" said the Monarch; "I saw the house burning, and remarked that there was no one to put it out."

'*M. de Jaucourt.* "It had been set on fire by some of the enemy's light troops, and the people of the village fled at their approach."

'*The King.* "Something of that kind, I suppose."

'*M. de Jaucourt.* "They must have pillaged the country, for we were told just now that there would be a difficulty in providing the King's dinner."

'*The King.* "Oh! don't be uneasy. You are not aware, M. de Jaucourt, that the rabbits of this village are the most juicy rabbits in France — in all France. I remember coming here thirty years ago; nay, four-and-thirty years, it must have been, with the Marquis de Montesquiou and Chabrillant. The people of the country have a peculiar mode of dressing rabbits. I am to have two of them for dinner, and shall not be ill off . . ."

'We were far enough from the poor widow and her house on fire, but M. de Jaucourt artfully brought it up again.

'"The King is good enough to conceal his own privations, but it is the duty of his servants to share them, for the occurrence I was just speaking of — that fire in the widow's house — is one which will happen elsewhere, and we must all do as much as we are able, for it cannot everywhere be said that a disaster witnessed by the King is a disaster repaired."

'*The King.* "What can be done, gentlemen? It is not my fault. We must do as we did last year. Time and patience will set things to rights. I can't ask my Ministers to dine with me to-day; but I strongly recommend you to take care to taste those rabbits . . ." and the gesture of dismissal.' (Vol. ii. p. 284.)

If Talleyrand was the genius of the first Restoration, Fouché was that of the second. It was impossible to avoid a recognition of his services — perhaps we might say the stipulated reward of them; and as M. Beugnot had performed the office of Secretary of State on the journey, it devolved on him to present to Louis XVIII., — for signature at St. Denis, the ordinance conferring the office of Minister of Police on the regicide Fouché, now Duke of Otranto. The King signed one or two other papers, and made a joke about the opera.

'At that moment I laid before him the nomination of the Duke of Otranto. The King glanced at it and dropped it. His pen fell from his hands. The blood rushed to his face. His eyes assumed a painful expression. For some minutes the silence was unbroken. At last with a deep sigh the King said, "It must be done, then." He took up the pen, still hesitating to sign, and added as he wrote, "Ah! my poor brother! if you see what I am doing I am already forgiven." His tears fell from his eyes upon the paper. I folded up the ordinance and left the room without another word.' (Vol. ii. 290.)

After the fidelity he had shown and the services he had rendered in the second exile, M. Beugnot had reason to rely on the assurances he had received of his Sovereign's gratitude and regard. He was not, however, included in the Ministerial arrangements, and the Ministry of Marine, which had been designed for him, was handed over to his travelling companion, M. de Jaucourt. On this occasion the King offered him the Post Office, with the rank of Minister, adding, 'This position will suit you, for it rescues you from Ministerial changes, and you will keep it as long as you retain my personal confidence, — that is, a long while or rather always.' Not long afterwards M. de Vitrolles reminded his Majesty that the Post Office had been promised to himself, and expressed his regret that Beugnot had not been named to higher functions. 'Have patience,' replied the supple Prince, 'you shall have the Post Office, when I take it away from Beugnot, and that will not be long . . .' We have not patience to track the maze of intermediate intrigue, with which the Court was already undermined. It is enough to add that before many weeks had elapsed, and on the first change of Ministry, the King took occasion to inform Count Beugnot with evident embarrassment at his next audience, that another person had just been appointed to the office he filled!

At this point the memoirs abruptly terminate, and we presume that this was Count Beugnot's last experiment in the service of his Majesty King Louis XVIII. Nor, indeed, did he again hold office; he sat in the Chamber of Deputies from 1819 to 1824, voting generally with the Liberal party; in 1830 he was raised to the Peerage, and in 1833 he reached the close of his honourable and eventful life.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE DOUBTS THAT STING.

WHOM to trust! Where trust is broken, in certain natures, there is not only no recovery, but, if I may so speak, no discernment. Such natures no longer distinguish who is loyal and who is false. In proportion to their love for the deceiver, is the belief that none now can be true. When young Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, admits to his grieving, half-maddened soul the conviction that his mother is unworthy, he does not reserve a better faith for the purity of Ophelia, or the matron holiness of spotless wives. He sweeps the whole sex into one dark gulf of degradation, and exclaims —

"Frailty, thy name is WOMAN!"

The franker and nobler a man's own nature is, the more is his confusion under such circumstances. How it could come to pass he knows not; but he, or she, or they whom he most trusted, whom he thought he had most reason to trust, are false; there is no doubt of *their* falsehood: *ergo*, none can be sincere.

Alice guided her canoe over the shallows and rapids of her half-brother's miserable thoughts with a skill which Satan only can supply to his worshippers. What she admitted — with showers of tears and pale gasping lips — helped her through that which she concealed; and though no explanation that could be given could clear her from her own share of dissimulation, she somehow contrived to seem a victim instead of an offender. "I was like one walking in a dream," said she, passing her slender hand over her forehead in slow musing accompaniment to the slowly uttered words. "And then, besides, I was afraid. Afraid for *his* life — and — and —" (here her voice sank to a frightened whisper) "somewhat for my own. I didn't exactly know all — oh, not the *half* of all! But I knew he had not those scruples that — that most men have; and he had lived — he used to tell me that — in savage lands, where life is not made of the importance it is here; so many nameless deaths there, and sudden deaths, and none to ask about them —" and Alice gave a little shudder.

"Oh! he wasn't like you — he wasn't like YOU —" she continued; "he was a man aye fleeing from consequences. But he was not meant to be what he is; he had his excuses; his strange fate. *I'm* not going to excuse him," she faltered, as she watched Sir Douglas's listening face, "you know it was the *good* that took *me*. I thought I had a friend . . . and he took so to the schools . . . and he seemed a sort of brother . . . and he talked of leading souls to God . . . and indeed he made me his own — talking of heaven.

"And there was one other thing: I'll not deny it; I'll not make myself better than I am;" and she laid her trembling hand on Sir Douglas's wrist. "He seemed to love me so. You know I've been so lone, and so used to see others preferred — and there was love all around me — till I could have cried for envy of Lady Ross. YOU loved her; and Kenneth would die for her; and even Mr. Boyd. Oh, *I* could see why it was impossible he could fancy poor me; and indeed Kenneth as good as said it, even if I had not seen it. But this one man loved *me* — this one man loved ME; and thought nothing of Lady Ross in comparison."

The wonderful vehemence with which the pale, slender creature pronounced the last two sentences! And then seemed to sink away into abject sadness and submission; and raised her strange watchful eyes to peer into Sir Douglas's averted countenance with wavering gleams in them such as go over the sea on a dull, stormy day as she resumed in a broken tone, "And now I must go, I know. You'll expect it of me, and *she'll* expect it, and they'll all look to it; and though I'll not know well where to go, and God knows if *he'll* send for me or let me know what's become of him, still I know I ought — and — and — I'll not ask for much time, and you'll be thinking I have my own independence from my mother; but — but — I've lent a good deal to Mr. Frere — and — if I could have a little time —"

Sir Douglas woke from some absorbed musing which had taken possession apparently of all his faculties, and said almost fiercely, "Alice, what are you talking of? Do you think I am made of such metal as to drive you forth, just as you are in most need of protection? Stay where you are — stay; but give me time to get over this."

He rose as he spoke; leaning his clenched hand on the library table where they had been sitting; still looking down musingly, not seeing the objects there. Then he glanced upwards, doubtful whether to speak a word of better comfort, — to offer perhaps some soothing caress. But Alice was gone; softly gone through the half-

closed door, with cat-like gliding and gentleness; only just gone, for the long ends of the swan's-down boa she habitually crossed over her throat when about to traverse the cold stairs and corridors to her tower-room, were vanishing in the doorway, half creeping, half floating after her; looking as if they were a portion of her stealthy self.

Sir Douglas did not often — as the uneducated express it — "give way." Passionate as he was by nature and temperament, he had a certain dignity which controlled in him the expression of all emotion. But when Alice was gone, he suddenly re-seated himself, and stretching his arms forward on the library table, he laid his head on them with a groan, and uttered a familiar name in a tone of startling agony. "Kenneth!" was all Sir Douglas said: but if Kenneth could have heard the tone in which his name was spoken, — the funereal *clang* of agony that went through the sound, — perhaps even to him, even to his most selfish nature, the sound might have conveyed a startling appeal.

CHAPTER XLVI.

LADY CHARLOTTE PERPLEXED.

But Kenneth was little troubled about other men's troubles. He was full of his own. That fire of thorns which he had chosen to light, the renewal of his passion for Gertrude, burnt with fierce and ceaseless heat: watched by Alice with sly and demure satisfaction, as sure to lead in some way (no matter how) to mischief and vexation for its object: watched with angry sneers by the Spanish she-grandee; who, though no longer herself in love with her husband, had that not uncommon spirit of jealousy which resents losing worship, with all its incense of small attentions, though careless of the worshipper: watched by Dowager Clochnaben, whenever her visits gave her fit opportunity, with grim scorn of Sir Douglas's blindness and his wife's abominable hypocrisy: watched even by poor little Lady Charlotte, in a sort of scared, frightened, questioning manner.

"He puts me so in mind, you know," she rashly avowed to the Dowager, "of that pretty fable — no, not exactly fable, but heathen story, wasn't it; that dear Neil was reading out loud the other day after luncheon? — of a pagan; no, not a pagan, but a god of the pagans — Pluto it was, I remember, Pluto; and he came when she was quite innocently gathering poppies, and took her away, whether she wished it or no: I forget the name of the goddess he took, but she did not want to go with him, he came upon her quite by surprise; and I happened to look up from my work at the time (I mean while Neil was reading about it) and dear Gertrude was embroidering a *portière* with crimson flowers and white on a green ground, and all her worsted scattered about — so pretty she looked, and Kenneth had his eyes fixed on her in such a way — in such a way — and his head bent forwards, resting it on his hand, and all his dark curly hair streaking through his fingers as he rested it; and he looked exactly like Pluto: and only that of course such things can't happen *now* (indeed it would be very wrong to suppose they ever *did* really happen; a parcel of wicked heathen inventions, that nobody ought to believe), but I could not help thinking for a moment, that he was just the sort of man to behave that way, and I declare my fingers quite trembled as I went on again with my crochet, fancying to myself Gertrude picking poppies, with no one perhaps but myself within call, and Pluto coming — I mean Kenneth — and carrying her off! Indeed, he's very like a great many of those gods Neil reads about, and they all seem to have been as bad as bad could be."

"Humph!" said the Dowager, with a grim curl of her upper lip, shadowed now with a slight fringe of stiff grey hairs. "Humph. There may be heathen stories, and modern stories, too, of that sort; but there's very little carrying off against your will, if you really wish to keep firm footing, that's *my* dictum."

And with that gesture of firmness habitual to her, she planted her foot venomously on one especial rose in the Aubbusson carpet (in the absence of her winter resource, the steel fender) with a precision and force that did indeed seem to defy Pluto and his four fiery-nostrilled steeds to remove her, unless by her own consent, one inch from that spot. Which sudden stamp, acting on the already excited nerves of poor Lady Charlotte, caused her to burst into tears.

The grim Dowager turned her lofty head, as if on a pivot, to contemplate for a moment her weeping friend, and when the little weak final snuffle in the embroidered and lace-bordered handkerchief seemed to bring the tears to a conclusion, and secure her a hearing, she delivered herself of the comforting sentence, — "Most women are fools; but I do think, Charlotte, that *you* are the greatest fool among them all; and

the greater the fool, the greater the folly, that's *my* dictum."

"But what *can* I do!" whimpered the submissive Lady Charlotte — "what can I do!"

"Nothing."

"But that's just what I *do* do! I daren't speak to Gertrude; and besides I feel so sure of her."

A snort was the Clochnaben's sole reply to this last observation — a snort of utter contempt.

"And what I think so very unfair, is the way he stays here, you know.

"Who?"

"Kenneth. He really stays on and on, and comes back, and stays on, and on, and on again, when nobody asks him! Now he's here for God knows how long, for he has put Torrieburn under thorough repair, as he says, and is making a wall and plantation to separate it entirely from the old Mills, and talks of letting it, and I don't know what else. It is quite heart-breaking!"

"I suppose if Lady Ross wanted him away, she could get rid of him."

"I don't believe she could! I don't in the least believe she could," said Lady Charlotte, eagerly, "or he'd have been gone long ago!"

"Well, I suppose Sir Douglas could get rid of him," said the Dowager, with another curl of the grim grey moustache.

"Perhaps! but you see he don't, and you see its suits Eusebia to stay, if she's obliged to be in Scotland at all, which she hates."

"If she hates Scotland, she doesn't hate Scotchmen, at all events," nodded the Clochnaben, maliciously, and the grey moustache stretched to a sort of smile.

"What do you mean? Oh, I know what you mean; I'm not quite so foolish as you think; I've seen ——

"Yes, and you *will* see; but, however, it's no business of *ours*."

Saying which, with, a triumphant shake of her vestments, and a somewhat forcible adjusting of her gloves at the wrists, the Dowager ended her visit, and left Lady Charlotte to sigh alone.

"Why she should think me more foolish than herself, I don't know," was the somewhat wounded reflection of that gentler widow, "for after all I have observed just as much as she has — all Eusebia's goings on, and everything else."

Little Eusebia cared, who remarked her goings on. Indeed, she was in that humour which, in old-fashioned phrase, used to be termed "flouting;" — a mood of mixed sulk and defiance. She had fallen in once more with her half-forgotten admirer of early days, handsome Monzies of Craigievar, but their relative positions were a good deal altered. He was no longer the shy, proud Highland youth, with the first down of manhood on his lip, and the first passion for educated woman in his heart. Bearded, graceful, self-assured, having been a good deal flattered and caressed "even in London," liked by men, and much admired by women; with a sweet and courteous temper, and great power of adapting himself to whatever set he happened to be in; a first-rate shot, a first-rate reel-dancer, a first-rate curler, a first-rate angler, kind to his small scattered handful of tenantry; poor, and not a whit ashamed of the fact, — he had won his way to a good many hearts, both male and female.

He had his "melancholy story" too — a great thing with the softer sex. He had been married since the days he knew Eusebia; married for a year and a day, no more. Like the "Merry Bachelor" in Rückert's beautiful ballad, he had wept in anguish over two locks of hair: one a ringlet as long and glossy as ever was shorn from beauty's head, and one a little pinch of down, that might be hair or soft bird's plumage, that lay curled up in the long ringlet, as the little dead head had lain in the dead bosom of that "mother of a moment," after she had passed away.

Craigievar had been very gentle to his young wife, and very sorry for her loss. It was now five years since he had been widowed, and the elasticity of youth and life overbore each day more and more that cloud-dream of the past; but it had made him still more interesting. From a philosophical point of view it is of course lamentable to consider that had he been a stumpy, sallow, blear-eyed widower, his grief would not have gained so much sympathy; but as it was, when he looked sad (and he was still melancholy at times), the fair ladies who watched him, set it down to one sole cause. He might, it is true, be only bored at that particular parting, or extremely tired with "a good day's sport," or perhaps may have forgotten his cigar-case; but they invariably decided that he was "thinking of his lost Mary," and it was quite amazing how many of her own sex were willing to console him.

CHAPTER XLVII.

LOVE TROUBLES.

Here, then, once more was Craigievar! And here was Eusebia, a beauty beginning fast to fade and harden, and much too shrewd and clever, and dependent on that beauty for her enjoyment of life, not to be quite aware of the fact. Restless, discontented, disappointed, gnawing her own heart at times for very wrath at her marriage, in which, as she considered, there had been so much deception as to Kenneth's position and fortune; and in which, as *he* considered, there had been yet greater deception as to her age, and certain circumstances which had caused demands for her hand in marriage to be so little pressed as to leave her still free, when he chanced to come to Granada to recover health and spirits after his fever in Spain.

Craigievar at first saw Eusebia with more curiosity than interest, as a woman he remembered to have once passionately admired. Then each thought of the other with that strange fictitious emotion — emotion at least which has nothing personally to do with the object that causes it — which most of us feel at sudden meetings with those who *date our lives*. Eusebia saw with a sudden rush the lake, the decorated hut, the early married days when as yet, though vain and coquettish with all, she still preferred Kenneth; and Craigievar the days when, still a youth and a bachelor, he had not laid his fair white rose of a wife in the grave, with her cold little bud beside her.

He saw with obvious tenderness pale little Effie, Eusebia's only child. He too had dreamed he was a father, and woke next morning alone. He thought more of Effie at first than of her mother. Then he perceived how unhappy and angry was the woman he remembered an exultant bride with her husband madly "in love" with her, and all London at her feet; and something kindlier stole in on his thoughts of her. But why count the steps of the ladder by which such thoughts climb into mist seeking better sunshine? Older than Kenneth, much older than Craigievar, Eusebia added to all her experience of life special experience of *men*, and the old empire was resumed, and the old songs sung, and boats went out on the lake to the hut and returned without Kenneth; and Kenneth not only was not missed but purposely eluded!

He took it strangely; he was stung, but not jealous. Perhaps in his wild mood he rather wished she would "run away" from him. He was sick of her, of debt, of life, of everything but the thoughts of Gertrude. He could not trouble his head about his Spanish wife. Strange to say, the very calm that surrounded Gertrude had a charm for him. That calm, the very essence of which was home, and peace and purity — that calm which, if it were within the bounds of possibility he should ever be listened to, must depart for ever!

Gertrude meanwhile struggled with a certain feeling of embarrassment in his presence. She cast about how, as Lady Clochnaben had expressed it, to "get rid of him" without dealing too harshly by a half-ruined man; she had become fully aware of, and alarmed by, the indiscretion (if it were nothing more) of Eusebia's conduct. Once — once only — tenderly and timidly, she had attempted to warn her. They had been such friends! She had been so fond of Eusebia!

They were in the dressing-room of the latter: who had come in late from the lake with Craigievar, and had been making a toilette more hurried than was her wont. She was clasping in one of her earrings while Gertrude spoke; she turned, still clasping it, with one of those sudden graceful movements, that tossed her veils and fringes round her like dark billows — a demon Venus rising from inky waves. Her beautiful flashing eyes fixed on the speaker full in the face; a scornful smile trembled on her short upper lip, and showed the still white and even teeth beneath: her cheeks alone looked a little haggard and fallen under the crimson rouge. She laughed.

"Ha! *you take my husband!* you want now perhaps to take my *adorateur*, my *amigo!* Be content with your portion! Do not trouble me. I have already enough sore in my heart."

And as the long pendant clasped with a snap, she made another rapid volte-face to her mirror, and ceased to speak, contemplating fixedly her own image, with something of sadness mixed with her fierceness that gradually vanished, and left her looking — as she intended to look when they should go down-stairs to dinner.

Gertrude almost shuddered as she took Kenneth's arm that day to pass to that familiar meal, and started more than once when addressed by others. She was ruminating how "to get rid of him." And how also to get rid of — Eusebia, and the fearful future that seemed to threaten for both!

That night Kenneth wrote to Gertrude, — as wild a letter as ever was written by an unprincipled man to a woman he was enamoured of. To say the woman he "loved" would be to profane the word.

And Gertrude answered him. She alluded boldly and clearly to all the past. She inclosed a copy of the little note of farewell which Lorimer Boyd had taken to him when it was agreed he should leave Naples. She spoke of the faith sworn to her husband at the altar; and even if such vows had never existed, of her unalterable, passionate, adoring love for his uncle. In conclusion came a prayer to halt and consider, to save himself and Eusebia from certain misery; and the information that she intended to go to Edinburgh the following day, and remain there a night, hoping he would see the decency, the *necessity* of withdrawing from Glenrossie before her return, no longer mocking the hospitality he received, or paining her by his presence.

Otherwise the day must come — *must* come when she should confess this torment to her husband, to her Douglas faithful and true, and cast herself on his counsel only, having done her best through grief and pain to avoid making any breach between him and his uncle, and finding all in vain.

She could not trust such a letter to indifferent hands. She gave it to him as they passed from the breakfast-room. The carriage was already waiting to take her away. As Sir Douglas handed her in, he said with wistful anxiety, " I am afraid your chief business in Edinburgh is to see Doctor R——. You have been looking so ill lately."

Gertrude wrung the tender hand she held, and tried to smile her farewell. Her boy Neil stood beside her husband, his father's hand on his sturdy shoulder, smiling with radiant young eyes in the morning sun.

"God bless them both, and send me peace with them once more," was Gertrude's prayer, as she leaned back wearily in the carriage, the long fir-branches from time to time sweeping against its roof, and dropping a stray cone here and there by the road that led through the noble avenue.

Glenrossie! dear Glenrossie! dear home and perfect mate! Dear, handsome boy, so like her one love of life — her unequalled Douglas! God bless them, and send her peace. Amen.

CHPTER XLVIII.

ALICE MAKES SOME DISCOVERIES.

What were Alice's green-grey eyes made for, if not to watch? Does not the cat sit apparently watching for ever? — watching for what we know not. Even where there is no chance of mousing, in the broad day, do we not see her with fixed attention in her half-closed, diamond-shaped orbits, scanning things afar off, near at hand, above and below, ready to pounce on a leaf that flutters down from a tree, a ball of worsted that rolls from old nurse's lap, the tail of a boy's broken kite, or a young bird fallen from the nest in too easy essay of its callow wings: ready to pounce, ever on the watch? So also was Alice.

All had their plans for that day. Kenneth had hoped — had meant — to see Gertrude. Sir Douglas had made up his mind to speak to his nephew, and urge him to return to Spain. Eusebia intended to spend the day at the Hut (not unaccompanied); and Alice herself was preparing a little basket of provisions for a blind and dying beggar lodged in a cabin between Glenrossie and Clochnaben, recommended to her by the clergyman who had been called to administer the offices of religion and what help he could afford.

But Alice had an instinct that something had occurred more than common. She had seen Kenneth give his letter after dinner; she saw Gertrude give the reply after breakfast. While Gertrude was departing, she saw Kenneth step out on the terrace from the breakfast-room, and turn towards the shrubbery, reading as he went. She saw him stop — tear the letter with his teeth, stamp it into the earth, and give way to the wildest gesticulations. She saw Sir Douglas return from putting Gertrude into the carriage, and cross the lawn as if to speak to Kenneth. She saw the latter advance to meet him casting one hurried look behind where he had crushed the letter with his foot. Swiftly, noiselessly, she descended also to the garden. She was in time to hear Sir Douglas say, " Kenneth, I wish to speak with you;" and to hear the latter reply, " Not now, I can't; I am going down to Torrieburn: meet me there; I *must* be there by noon." She was in time, though Kenneth turned quickly after he had seen Sir Douglas re-enter the house, to scramble together the torn papers he had ground down with his heel, and one fluttering bit that was rustling along the hedge of holly, and beat a rapid retreat with that

treasure-trove in her hand. She saw Kenneth return to the spot, search, look up as though he thought the wind might have carried the fragments away, pick off the holly-hedge just such another morsel as that she held, and tear into smaller pieces, which he scattered on the air, and then, pale and moody, turn to the house. She locked herself into her turret-chamber and read with greedy eyes that seemed to eat the very words. She looked from that high window, and saw both Kenneth and Sir Douglas, at different intervals, take the direction of Torrieburn, and little sturdy Neil go forth with his own dog and gun, and the careful old keeper.

Glenrossie was empty of its inhabitants. She too could go out: could go and see the blind and dying man. Yes, but first she would see — would ascertain — would pay a little visit of inspection nearer home.

She was going to Gertrude's bright morning-room.

It was very bright and still. There was no chance of interruption. Gertrude's maid had accompanied her lady; so had Lady Charlotte; but even had there been such a chance, Alice would have easily found some plausible excuse. Was she not working the corresponding *portière* to that which suggested such visions of Pluto's bad conduct to Gertrude's mother?

With gleaming, half-shut eyes, she scanned all the objects round, and rested them at last on a little French escritoire, set with *plaques* of old Sévres china. It was locked — but what was that to Alice? She had a great variety of keys; and French escritoires are not protected by either Chubbs or Bramahs. Nor was she trying this lock for the first time — though beyond reading Lorimer's account of Mr. Frere, she had never hitherto found anything to reward her trouble in opening it. Now she felt sure she would be more fortunate. And the event proved the correctness of her expectations. The papers had been somewhat hastily thrust back the night before and peeping out from the half-doubled blotting-book, as though absolutly offering itself for inspection, was the insolent, wild, loving letter of Kenneth's, and the rough copy (if rough copy that can be called which had so few verbal corrections, and so completely conveyed the sentiments of the writer) of the torn and gravel-stained answer, with which his blind rage had dealt so hardly in the garden.

Alice nearly danced for joy! She laid the paper flat, compared it with the other, and gave little strange, triumphant pats to its outspread surface. Then she sat long, in mute, half-frowning, half-scanning consideration; and then she jumped up with a suddenness that Eusebia herself could scarcely have rivalled, and crushed all the paper together in her hands with a wild laugh. Then once more she smoothed them out, rolled them neatly together, shut the escritoire, made a mocking curtsey to the empty chair in which Gertrude habitually sat; said aloud, in a mocking voice "Adieu, milady!" and left the morning-room once more to its bright silence unbroken to-day, even by the boom of the bee, or the outside twitter of the birds; the windows being all closed, and everything marking the absence of that sweet mistress whose happiest hours were passed there.

Then Alice went forth on her mission of charity, and visited the dying beggar. Her visit was prolonged till the day began to wane, for death at times seemed very near. When the clergyman arrived, Alice was still there, and the man had rallied. He spoke feebly of trying to reach his native village, and of dying there. Alice rose and prepared to leave him. "I will come again if I can to-morrow," she said, in her quiet one; and looking up in the clergyman's face, as she rolled some papers together, "I have been reading him something I copied," she said, "I thank you for sending to me about him."

With those words, and a little gentle bow, and tranquil shake of the hand to the minister, she departed, leaving that good old successor of Mr. Heaton gazing after her slender figure with unmixed approbation of her conduct.

"But, indeed, it's not to be marvelled at, in a sister of gude Sir Douglas," was his half-uttered sentence, as he turned back into the dim cabin, and sat down by the box-bed, in the groping depths of which lay the sick man.

The little light that entered from the open door gleamed rather on the framework of the bed, than on the bed itself; except on the outer edge, where, white and blanched, on the ragged, green tartan quilt, lay the helpless and attenuated hand of the sufferer.

The good minister lifted that hand with some kindly, encouraging word; as he did so, he remarked a deep indented scar beyond the knuckles. "Ye'll have been hurt there, some time, puir bodie," he observed, compassionately."

The sick man moaned, and answered faintly, "We'll no murmur at trouble the Lord sends. I was chased in Edinburgh by some laddies, and when I was nigh fallin', I

caught by a railing, and the spike just wan' into me! It was a sair hurt; but I've had mony blessins, tho' I'm cauld now to my very marrow."

And so saying, the blind man slowly and tremblingly drew in his hand, under the dark tartan coverlid, and lay still and apparently exhausted.

CAPTER XLIX.

A SCENE WITH KENNETH.

Sir Douglas had made up his mind after long reveries, that Kenneth should leave Glenrossie. Gertrude had not spoken to him on the subject. He dared scarcely argue the mattter openly to his own soul, far less to her, but he was not the less resolved.

They met then at Torrieburn. Kenneth had shot some birds on his way, and was carrying his gun with a listless, gloomy brow, as if there were no pleasure left in that or anything else for him. He had also obviously taken repeated draughts from the flask of whisky, he carried at his belt; and the dull glare which Sir Douglas loathed to see in his eyes was already perceptible there, though it was a little past noon.

They sat down on some felled timber, and Sir Douglas went straight to his point.

"Kenneth," he said, "I have resolved to speak to you about leaving Glenrossie. A great deal has come to my knowledge since first you and Eusebia made your home with us, which, had I known it at first would perhaps have prevented my ever proposing to you to come."

Kenneth drew a long draught from the whisky-flask, and, in a thick angry voice, he muttered, "Has Gertrude — has your wife — been complaining of me to you?"

"No, she has always taken your part — always endeavored to explain away or conceal differences between you and Eusebia, as well as those events which — which perhaps" — and here Sir Douglas hesitated, "which, most assuredly, I had better have known at the time they took place."

Again Kenneth had recourse to the flask, and said, with a bitter laugh, "It was not I, at least, who kept you in ignorance of them."

Sir Douglas felt the blood flush to his temples; he strove to be calm.

"No, Kenneth; it was not you. I cannot doubt, however, that they were kept from me for a good motive. We cannot undo the past; what I have to think of is the future. It is repugnant to me to live with you on other terms than those of the most loving cordiality and freedom from restraint. That cordiality — that free affection" — Sir Douglas's voice broke a little — "cannot exist as it did — It may return, Kenneth — God grant it may! — but feeling as I do, and knowing what I do, there is change enough to make me wish for a further change, and that is" ——

"Pray go on, my dear uncle; go on, old fellow! Don't mind me!"

Kenneth was rapidly becoming more and more intoxicated.

"That change is that we shall part, Kenneth, at all events for the present. I have loved you, in spite of all your faults; I will endeavour to assist you to the last, in spite of all your imprudences; but I will not live with you in the same home, because" ——

"D—n it, speak out, and say you want to part me and Gertrude, and have done with it. Afraid of me, eh? a little late in the day, uncle, a little late" ——

A drunken, hollow laugh followed this speech.

Sir Douglas rose, trembling with supressed passion.

"Kenneth," he said, "do not break all the links that bind us together. However confused habitual excess may make your intellect, however little place love, and — I will not call it gratitude — love and memory of what we *have* been to each other may hold in your heart, respect the purity of others! Respect the spotless name of my wife. Better men than you have loved in vain, and borne it, and stood faithfully by a second choice. Parted!" continued he, almost as vehemently as Kenneth himself; "you were parted before we ever were united; Parted, boy! Gertrude and I are one soul, and you part now with us *both*, till — if ever the day come in your perverse heart — you can reason and repent."

So sternly — in all their many discussions — had loving Sir Douglas never spoken to his nephew before. Never to that spoiled and indulged idol!

It maddened Kenneth. What little reasoning power increasing irritation and increasing intoxication had left him, seemed to forsake his brain in a flash of hot lightning. He looked up, cowering and yet frenzied, from the felled tree where he sat, to the stately form with folded arms and indignant commanding countenance above him. He leaned one arm on the lopped branch to steady himself, and answered. swaying from side to side, speaking thickly, hurriedly, with an idoit's laugh and an

idiot's fierceness. "Pure," he said, "pure! Oh yes, pure and spotless; they are all pure and spotless till they're found out! I loved in vain, did I? Talk of *my* vanity: what is my vanity to yours, you old coxcomb? Parted! You *can't* part us. I told you at Naples, and I tell you now, that she loved me — me — ME! and nothing but fear holds her to you. I'll stay here, if it's only to breathe the same air. Parted! Part from her yourself —tyrant and traitor! Part from her for ever, and be sure if *I* don't marry your widow, no other man shall!

He staggered suddenly to his feet, levelled his gun full at Sir Douglas as he stood, and fired.

In the very act he stumbled, and fell on one knee; the charge went low and slanted: part of it struck Sir Douglas on the left hand, and drew blood.

The shock seemed to sober Kenneth for a moment. A gloomy sort of horror spread over his face. Then the idiot laugh returned.

"I haven't, haven't killed you. You're winged though, winged! Stand back! Don't tempt me," added he, with returning ferocity.

Sir Douglas lifted the gun and flung it out of reach: then he spoke, binding his handkerchief round his hand.

"You have not killed me. Go home, and thank God for that. You have not made my son suddenly an orphan — as *you* were when first I took you to my heart. Oh! my boy, my Kenneth! what demon spell is on your life? Pray to God! PRAY!" and with the last broken words, a bitter cry, ending almost in an agonised sob, went up to heaven, and resounded in the dull ear of the drunken man. Many a day afterwards, and many a night in dreams, Kenneth saw that pale, sorrowful, commanding face, and the stately form erect over his grovelling drunkenness, as he held by the branch of the felled pine, vainly trying to steady himself and rise from the half-kneeling, half-leaning posture into which he had fallen. Many a lonely day in the sough of the wind in those Scottish woods, he heard again the echo of that "exceeding bitter cry," wrung from the anguish of a noble soul, and making vain appeal to his better nature.

God gives us moments in our lives when all might change. If he could have repented then! If he could have repented!

Many a day he thought of it when Sir Douglas was no longer there, and he could see his face no more.

There was a dreary pause after that burst of anguish, and then Sir Douglas spoke again.

"Come no more to Glenrossie. Stay where you are. Eusebia shall join you. When I can think further of this day, and more calmly, you shall hear from me. Farewell Kenneth!

The stately vision seemed to hold its hand out in token of amicable parting, as Kenneth raised his bloodshot, stupefied eyes. He did not take the hand; it seemed too far off, reaching from some better world. He crouched down again, laying his head prone with hidden face on the rough resinous bark of the lopped tree. Something for a moment pressed gently on the tangled curls of his burning head, and passed away and left only the breath of heaven waving through them; and as it passed, a sound, as of a heavy human sigh, melted also on his ear.

A fancy haunted Kenneth that the hand of Sir Douglas had laid for that moment on his head, as it had laid many a day in his boyhood and youth, and that the sigh was his also. But these might be but dreams.

All that was real, was the utter loneliness, — when, after a long drunken slumber, he woke and saw the sun declining, and heard the distant music of Torrieburn Falls, monotonously sweet — and the clear song of the wooing thrush, — and looked languidly towards the house of Torrieburn, with its half-hidden gables, gleaming through the trees; and the words came back to him clearly and distinctly, "Come no more to Glenrossie. Stay where you are. Eusebia shall join you. Farewell, Kenneth?"

Was it all a black dream? A black, drunken, delirious dream?

No.

Somehow, suddenly Kenneth thought of his mother. For a man knows, if no one else on earth pities him, his MOTHER pities still!

The drunken head bowed once more over the fallen tree, and half-murmured the word, "Poor Maggie!" What easy showers of kisses and tears would have answered, if she had known it! But Maggie was away, — "ayont the hills," — swelling with her own share of sorrowful indignation at Kenneth's conduct, and trying vainly to reconcile the old miller and his rheumatic wife to their new abode.

"Cauld and strange!" "Cauld and strange!" was all that rewarded her efforts.

CHAPTER L.

ALICE IMPARTS HER DISCOVERIES.

THE next day was the Sabbath. Peace shone from the clear autumn sky, and glorified the common things of earth. Birds sang, flowers opened wide, streamlets and falls seemed to dance, as they rippled and rolled in the light. The freshness of the morning was over the cultured fields; the freshness of the morning was over the barren moor; the freshness of the morning sparkled in the dewy glen. Neil had promised his old nurse to "step into her sheiling," his mother being absent, and go with her to church; for which the old woman was already pinning on her snowy cap, and best shawl, and smiling, not at herself, but at a vision of Niel, in her glass.

Alice asked sadly and demurely, and very anxiously, if she might walk with her half-brother, and if he would mind setting out half an hour "too soon," as she had something very particular to say to him. Sir Douglas consented. They walked in utter silence great part of the way, as far as the "broomy knowe," where Alice had first talked with him of "kith-and-kin love." There they halted, and there they sat down, there she reminded him of that day! There —in a sort of frightened, subdued whispering voice — Alice said, "I know well that since that day I myself have forfeited much of my claim to brother's love, though it seems to me even now that I love you better than all — ay, even better than *my dream* of wedded love! But whether I have forfeited or not, I feel cannot bear others should deceive you; and I've brought to this place what must be shown, though it wring my heart in the showing, and yours in the reading. It's all I can do, in return for your mercy and indulgence to *me*. All I can do in return is to prevent your being deceived by others! God knows what we are all made of! I've not had an hour's peace since I picked this up. Kenneth trampled it under foot just as you went to speak with him yesterday morning; and I was out gathering flowers; and then I thought it looked so unseemly in the garden-ground; and then as I gathered it up I saw — I could not help seeing — some strange words; and at last — at last — oh! Douglas, do not have any anger with *me!* — nor much with *her;* for it's my belief there is witchcraft round her, and none can help loving her that sees her."

Sir Douglas looked strangely into Alice's eyes as she handed him the gravel-soiled, earth-stained papers. It was Gertrude's writing; of that there could be no doubt And what was not Gertrude's was Kenneth's.

Oh, God of mercy, what was to come today, after that yesterday of pain?

Sir Douglas lifted his bonnet from his brow and looked up to the serene heaven before him. "Thy will be done. THY will be done," said the trembling human lips. And hard was the struggle to echo the words in the shuddering human heart.

Much has been said and written of the tortures of the Inquisition, and the cruelty of those who look on and yet not show mercy. But what are physical tortures to tortures of the mind? What "grand Inquisitor" ever looked on with more stony indifference to unendurable suffering than Alice Ross as she watched the flush of colour rise to cheek and temple — fade to ghastly paleness — and big drops stand on the marble brow; while the breath of life seemed to pant and quicken as if suffocation would follow.

Even she started at the long moan which burst from that over-charged bosom, as her half-brother closed his eyes and leaned back on the bank.

He had read it all. ALL.

Not in vain had Alice Ross paid her long visit to the blind beggar with the indented scar on his thin right hand. Not for the first time — no nor for the hundredth — was that hand exercising its unequalled skill at imitation and forgery; nor that apt and tortuous brain devising schemes of ruin or vengeance on those who had offended.

The passionately torn letter, gravel-stained and soiled, had apparently its corresponding half, also gravel-stained and soiled (and carefully had Alice's light heel and clever hand sought the very spot where Kenneth's mad passion had ground it into the earth in the morning.) But the half that corresponded in form, altered the whole sense of the letter. The sentences referring to her love for Sir Douglas were apparently addressed to Kenneth. Her notice that she would be in Edinburgh read like an appointment to him to meet her there. Her allusions to the necessity — "if all this torment continued" — of confession to her husband, barely escaped the sense that she had to make confession of a return of his unlawful passion. The letter only stopped short at a clear implication of sin. Perhaps even the two bold accomplices employed in its concoction felt that on *that* hinge the door of possible credence would cease to open. All was left in doubt and mystery. Except that to that bold avowal of guilty love an answer

had been secretly delivered, conveying all the encouragement it was possible to give: referring to the old day of Naples; to the little note of adieu, telling him they were parting "for a time, not for ever," that it was better for him, for her, for *all.*"

The passage that hoped he "would see the decency, the necessity, of withdrawing from Glenrossie," was a little fragment wanting in the torn sheet.

No one could read the letter and still think Gertrude a true and holy-hearted wife; though those who choose to give her "the benefit of the doubt," might believe sin only imminent, not yet accomplished.

The part that was forged was not more stained or spoiled than the portion which was no forgery. Every word fitted naturally in every sentence. If ever human being held what looked like proof incontrovertible leading to miserable conviction, Sir Douglas held it that day, as he sat on the wild, fair hill with all the peace and beauty of nature spread around him.

He rose at length, and held his right hand out to Alice; his left was bandaged and in pain. She put her slender fingers forward to meet his touch, and felt the icy dampness that speaks of faintness at the heart. He cleared his throat twice before speaking, and then said with an effort: "I believe you have done right. Be satisfied that you have done right: it was a *duty* not to let me remain in ignorance."

Then he stood still and looked wistfully out on the lovely scenery, the lake below, the hills above, the grim rocks of Clochnaben, the valley where smiled Glenrossie, the speck of white light that denoted where lay the Hut, with a still tinier spark of scarlet reflected from the flag, set up on the days they meant to visit it.

"Fair no more! pleasant never, never again!" he murmured to himself, as he gazed; then he turned slowly to Alice.

"We must go on to church. Say nothing of all this to any fellow-creature. Be as usual; I shall, I trust, be as usual. This is the battle of LIFE."

At the gate of the churchyard were the usual groups of men, women, and children uncovered, greeting with smiles and respectful curtseys their beloved chieftain and landlord. In general he had a kind word or sentence for each and all. He tried twice, but his voice faltered, for they inquired in return after "her Leddyship at the Castle," and the answer choked in his throat.

His boy Neil turned into the gate, holding the old nurse by the hand, and carrying her huge brown leather psalm book, wrapped in a clean white cotton pocket-handerchief. Neil gave it gently into her withered grasp, with a kindly pat on her shoulder, and turned to accompany his father to their usual seat. Sir Douglas passed onwards as in a dream, his face was very pale.

"Papa's hand, that he hurt yesterday, seems to pain him very much," Neil whispered to Alice. She nodded demurely without speaking. It was not right to speak in church. Neil ought to know that.

Sir Douglas sat very pale, still, and stately by the side of his handsome little son, and many a kindly glance wandered to the pew when the boy's full, sweet, and strong voice rose to join the psalmody. The young laird was the idol of Sir Douglas's tenantry. "He was just what auld Sir Douglas himsel' had bin; a thocht stouter, may be, but just the varry moral o' him."

So the service went on, till all of a sudden Sir Douglas gave a deep audible groan. They were reading the first chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and had come to the nineteenth verse: — "Then Joseph, her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily."

Young Neil started at the groan, and clasping his father's hand in his own, looked anxiously up in his face, and half rose from his seat, as though expecting him to leave the church from illness. But Sir Douglas sat still, his eyes steadily fixed on the minister.

It is strange that women who have been falsely accused, never think of drawing consolation from the fact that the holiest of all women whose lives are recorded, the one woman who was permitted to be as it were the link between earth and heaven, according to the transmitted history of the Christian religion, had to endure her share of earthly shame. Nor only that, but that a lesson as to the fallibility of all human judgment lies wrapped in the written account of the conduct of her husband Joseph. He was a "just" man. A good man, merciful, affectionate, anxious to do that which was right in the sight of God; anxious to bear himself fitly and with all indulgence to his neighbor. But his human mercy extended only to "putting her away privily." He would not put her to public shame, though his own trust was broken. That was the sum of all, till the angelic vision made all clear.

As Sir Douglas listened, he also leaned to the side of that incomparable mercy which would spare shame. He knelt a little longer in final prayer than usual, before he passed out into the sunshine and greeted the assembled groups with a degree less of abstraction, still holding Neil by the hand.

Arrived at Glenrossie, he shut himself up in the library and wrote.

His letter was not long. It was addressed to Gertrude, and enclosed the gravel-stained papers which Alice had given him. He wrote the address and sealed it, with a firm unshrinking hand; but long he sat and gazed at it after it was written, as if in a painful trance; and when he rose from the table where he had been writing, he felt as though threatened with paralysis, and stood a moment holding by the brass-bound table, fearing he might fall.

Then he passed to his own dressing-room, and sent for Neil.

"Neil, my boy," he said, "I am going to London; I am in great pain." He paused, unable to proceed.

"My dearest father! yes; I can see you are in pain. You will have some surgeon? How did you do it? how *could* you get hurt?" And the innocent boy stooped with his eyes full of tears, and kissed, with a tender little kiss, the bandage over the wounded hand.

"I may be away more days than you expect, dear Neil. You will do all as if I were here — lessons: conduct: care in shooting: all — won't you?"

"I will, father; I will. Trust me, father, You can trust me, can't you?" and the boy smiled, with his sweet candid eyes fixed full upon his father's face.

"Yes — yes! Oh God! let me trust YOU, my son, if I never again trust any other human being!"

And to the consternation of Neil, Sir Douglas flung his arms round his son's neck and sobbed like a child. In the morning, while dawn was yet breaking and Neil lay yet wrapped in happy boyish slumbers, rapid wheels once more sounded softly along the great fir-avenue; the caressing feathery branches that had bent over Gertrude's departure the previous day, brushed over the roof of the carriage that now bore her husband from home. The squirrel leaped and scampered up the brown stems, and the scattering cones fell to the earth, and lay on the dewy grass in silence.

Great was the silence in Glenrossie that day: the master had departed.

THE following are the results, says the *Mechanics' Magazine*, of the trials of various American breech-loading rifles as reported by the military commissioner appointed to examine them. The Roberts breech-loader fired 84 balls in six minutes, an average of 14 in one minute, all striking inside the target, and penetrating 15 one-inch planks laid side by side. The Sharpe's rifle fired 100 balls in less than seven minutes, and penetrated the thirteenth plank. The Millbank rim-fire gun fired 99 balls in six minutes and a half, and penetrated the eleventh plank. The Lansom gun fired 12 balls in one minute. Ball's carbine expelled 75 balls in nine minutes and a half. The Prussian needle gun, which was tested in the same way as the others, fired an average of six to seven balls a minute, and penetrated the eleventh plank. The Remington breech-loader fired 100 balls in 6 minutes and 53 seconds, and penetrated the eleventh plank.

CHEAP BEEF. — The Food Committee of the Society of Arts has done good service, observes the *Daily News*, by calling attention to a new importation of boiled beef from Australia. Messrs. M'Call, of 137, Houndsditch, have on sale a first consignment of 60,000 lbs. of Australian beef, and have made arrangements for taking a similar quantity every month. The meat is the best Australian beef, not salted, but carefully stewed and packed in tins hermetically sealed. It has none of the common objectionable appearances or flavours of preserved meat; and, being ready cooked, is exceedingly cheap at the retail price of 7d. the pound without bone. This is not more than 6d. a pound with bone; and if it be true that one company alone in Australia could send us annually the beef of 10,000 fat oxen at this price, some of us may yet live to see beef coming down in price in the general markets of this country.

PAY OF MAGAZINE WRITERS. — The Springfield *Republican*, in its literary gossip, tells us: — "The *Atlantic* pays generally five dollars per page for prose, though some writers receive much more than this. Edmund Kirke got one hundred dollars for his 'Chicago Conspiracy.' The market-value of poetry seems to vary a good deal. One poet says, that for some of his best productions he has received from the *Atlantic* only five dollars, while, for far poorer ones, ten dollars have been awarded him. Those who have had experience in bargaining at this establishment, for the sale of literary wares, opine that the price paid therefor, depends a good deal upon the mood of the editor-in-chief; if he is in good humour, the seller is liberally compensated; otherwise, not. Harper's rates are about the same, five dollars per page for prose."

PART II.

The next morning Ursula and I had a long talk together about Monsieur Jacques. She told me that she had known him ever since she was sixteen years old, and that he was established in Florence when she and her father were living there; and then she said, in a sort of natural way which went to my heart, —

"He had nobody, and I had nobody, and so we drew together."

"But Colonel Hamilton was with you then, wasn't he?" said I.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "but papa never cared at all about the things I cared for, and then I usedn't to see much of him — I never was much with him — but I loved him dearly for all that," — and her eyes filled with tears. "At first I was too young to go into the world, and then Jacques used often to come and spend the evening with me because it was so lonely when papa was away dining out or at the theatre."

"And used you to be left quite entirely alone?" said I. "Had you no woman in the house to look after you?"

"Oh, I had the Meneghina, our old Italian maid," she replied. "She generally used to bring in her work and sit with us. When I was eighteen, I thought that, perhaps, papa would then take me out with him, but I think he liked best going out by himself; it left him so much more free and independent. I suppose that was the reason why he never introduced me to any of his friends, or took me to the houses of the people that he knew."

"Then did you never go out at all?" said I.

"Oh, yes, I went out a little, but into quite a different set from papa's. I went to Giambattista's parties — Giambattista Giacomelli was my singing master. Such a dear old fellow! and he had delightful musical parties every Sunday, to which papa allowed me to go."

"Well," said I, "but did you go to these parties alone?"

"No," she answered. "Our landlady, the Del Nero, went to them, and I went with her. She lived in the floor above us, and I used often to go up there of an evening when papa went out and they were at home. It was there that I first met Jacques. The Del Nero used to play splendidly on the piano, and he used to accompany her on the violin. She, too, had musical evenings which were charming; the society was entirely Italian, composed of doctors, lawyers, artists and literary men — all clever and well educated. This is the only really well-educated society in Florence; the fashionable people are of an unbelievable ignorance. The Del Nero's husband was an avvocato. I don't think I saw any English faces, except those of papa and one or two of his men friends, in all the years that I lived in Florence. I was fourteen when I went there, and I am twenty-four now; that makes ten whole years, doesn't it?"

Her account of her life sounded very strange and desolate. Her father seemed to have taken such little care of her, that I felt really shy of asking her many questions. Later, the outline was filled up for me by Monsieur Jacques, who told me that Colonel Hamilton was a perfect monster of selfishness — altogether the most heartless man that he had ever met with. Instead of taking the least pleasure or interest in his child, he was, on the contrary, in despair at having a daughter of that age, and kept her entirely in the background. He used to go about in all the bad fashionable society of Florence, got up in the most youthful style and lavishing every luxury upon himself, while poor Ursula had hardly decent clothes to her back. More than once, the good Del Nero had given her a gown, without which she would have been unable to accompany her even into the modest Italian circle to which they belonged; and in spite of all this, Monsieur Jacques told me that she had perfectly doted upon her father while he lived, and had nearly died of his death. It seems that he had retained his handsome looks and charm of manner to the last, and although he was as hard as a stone, always contrived to be good-tempered and pleasant at home.

Certainly nothing could be much more strange than the state of things between Ursula and her friend. At first I supposed it must be foreign; — it was, however, evidently not so much foreign as individual, for it excited far greater indignation in Madame Olympe's mind than it did in mine. I had certainly never seen any manners in the slightest degree resembling theirs; but after the movement of surprise which they created in me at first, I soon got accustomed to them, and the whole relation had a side so touching and pretty, that, notwithstanding its somewhat unusual manifestations, I began by accepting, and ended by sympathizing with it. Ursula's strength and decision were like health to the little morbid mortal who looked up to her as morally far superior to himself, and his devotion and knowledge of the world

were everything to so young a woman, whose impulsiveness, combined with her extreme simplicity of character, tended to put her greatly in the power of designing people. In spite of the weakness of his nature, the singleness of his desire after her welfare invested him in some sort with the authority of a father or a brother.

The change of air and of surroundings had already done me so much good, that on the Wednesday morning I was actually able to take a little walk with Margery before breakfast. The park is not very large, but there are charming walks all round it: not shrubbery, but regular woodland paths; it being, in point of fact, simply a bit of the forest enclosed. The weather was quite heavenly, and the purity and elasticity of the air something enchanting; one felt all the time as if one were drinking vivifying draughts of some electric water. The soil is sandy, drying directly after the heaviest rain, and the air is of the light, exhilarating quality which always goes with that particular kind of soil. Poor Margery asked me anxiously when I meant to go home, and was greatly relieved when she found that I did not mean to exceed the limit I had originally fixed to my visit. She was comfortable enough, she said, but they were an unsociable set, and did not live in the least like English servants. At about eight in the morning every one went down, took a little bowl from a shelf on the wall, got it filled with *cafe au lait*, and drank it with a little bit of bread-and-butter, standing. There was nothing like a breakfast-table, and nobody thought of sitting down. They then all dispersed, and did not meet again until after our *dejeûner a la fourchette* at about twelve, when they had their second breakfast. This was devoured in all haste, after which they again separated. There was nothing like a servants'-hall, as in our great houses, and no assembling in the kitchen as in our small ones. The men-servants remained by themselves, and the women sat entirely in their own rooms. Excellent rooms they were, Margery told me; large, airy, with every comfort, and a look of prettiness and elegance that was quite unknown with us. Supper, which took place after our late dinner, brought them together again, but only for the purpose of eating — which ceremony, like the previous one, was got over as speedily as possible.

At breakfast we had Monsieur le Curé, from Marny — a stalwart, weather-beaten-looking man, with a demure, rather sly, but not bad countenance. He sat between Madame Olympe and myself, and was putting her *au courant* of the affairs of the village. They did not appear to be in a very flourishing condition, as far as morality was concerned, for he continually began accounts of proceedings which, after the three first suggestive words, had to be imparted in a whisper, to the great annoyance of poor Madame Olympe, who nevertheless could not help laughing at the absurdity of the thing. The curé would begin: — "Madame la Comtesse has doubtless heard about Thérèse Pichon? Is she aware that only three nights ago . . . . ?" and then a long whisper. I endeavoured immediately to begin a little subject with Monsieur Kiowski; but I saw, by his absence of all rejoinder, and the frightful vacancy of the eye he riveted upon me, that he was straining every nerve to catch the luckless Thérèse's little adventure. A minute afterwards it would be, with great gravity, "Has Madame la Comtesse been told that Auguste Leroy is going to leave the village? It appears that on Wednesday last, one of the keepers going his rounds in the forest at midnight, found him. . . ." Then another whisper, and at the end, "His brother says that after that he will keep him no more. *Dame!* It is the third time that it happens!" At last there came a story, in which "la Malheureuse" played a great part, and was repeated with strong reprobatory emphasis. This story was a very long one, and presently reached such an appalling crisis that even poor Madame Olympe, who was, as one may say, "to the manner born," could stand it no longer, but calling out, "The boat! the boat!" hastily jumped up from table, and ran to the window.

"The boat! where's the boat! let me see the boat!" cried Monsieur Kiowski, throwing himself impetuously into the spirit of the thing, and nearly overturning the table in the wild excitement with which he tore to the window. It was only the boat which comes down the river every morning regularly. To-day it appeared in the very nick of time, and deserved extra notice: but I observed that whenever it appeared it always created a slight agitation. I suppose that the general monotony of their lives ended with making little events become important in their eyes. When it had passed out of sight they returned to the table.

I do not think that in the whole course of my life I ever beheld any human creature devour as Monsieur le Curé did: he ate largely of soup, of both the hot dishes and of the three cold ones, besides the salad and

other vegetables — which, although always handed round separately (and not, as we do in England, taken as an accompaniment to the meat), appeared to be thrown in as it were, and quite to go for nothing. He then, in addition to his wine-and-water, had a tremendous jorum of *café au lait*, and topped it all up with two gigantic tumblers of ale, and the fatal pastry-cake and honey that I have before alluded to. His face, always scarlet, had become gradually purple under this trying process, and I expected every minute that he would have some dreadful seizure or other. Madame Olympe told me that it was almost as if he laid in his week's provision of good substantial food, when he came up to breakfast at the château; that he was miserably poor, and a most excellent creature, half-starving himself in order to be able to give, out of his wretched pittance, some assistance to his still needier neighbours. The curé is an entirely different being from our country clergyman: very hard-working and exemplary, but in quite a different way, and altogether simpler and more homely. It is not at all an uncommon thing abroad to see the curé thinking nothing whatever of assisting in manual labour, but working in the field with his neighbours, and helping them to get in their hay. In one respect, a good sense is shown in Catholic countries, which might be imitated in the Church of England with infinite advantage: their clergymen are by no means necessarily preachers. The functions are divided: he who has the gift of an eloquent tongue, speaks to the souls of his parishioners through their ears, and he who has it not, labours in the vineyard of the Lord silently.

Madame Olympe was much troubled this morning about her poor house-keeper, who during the night had become a great deal worse. The illness had assumed a very grave character, and before breakfast she had been removed to the village, and put under the care of the good Sœur Marie and of a regular nurse. Monsieur le Curé had brought satisfactory news of her safe arrival at Marny, and told us that on the whole she had borne her little journey fairly well.

After breakfast Monsieur Kiowski brought down his portfolios, and we passed a delightful two hours looking over his drawings, and some beautiful photographs which he had brought from Italy. Nothing ever was more kind and amiable than he was: bringing them all to the sofa for me, and improvising a sort of desk with the pillow, so that I could see them without tiring either my head or my hands. "That is St. Peter's," said he, a little unnecessarily; "the largest and most important church of Rome. It is in St. Peter's that all the ceremonies of the Holy Week take place, and from it that the world-famous benediction is given. That is the Colosseum; formerly it was the arena in which the combats of the gladiators were witnessed; now it serves the purpose of a church, where people come to hear preaching, and to pray at little stations which have been erected in it."

I was amazed at the delicacy and beauty of his drawings: Monsieur Berthier, too, was charmed with them. "The fineness of touch is quite incredible!" he said several times with enthusiasm, and indeed in some of the drawings it was really impossible to see where the strokes were by which the enchanting result was arrived at. Mothers and children seemed to be favourite subjects with him: his book was filled with children in every sort of position: his babies are perfect, — so unconscious, and all the little lovely melting bits — the round of the temple and cheek, the little soft way in which the head sits on the neck of a baby — felt with a maternal tenderness that seemed quite extraordinary in a young man. Presently I came, among the drawings, upon a lovely sketch of the river and forest, taken from the château. I exclaimed when I recognized it, and in the kindest and most charming way he immediately entreated me to accept it. I felt dreadfully ashamed at having so valuable a present made me, but it was so pretty and so delightful a souvenir of my visit, that I could not bring myself to refuse it; and all the less that I saw by his manner that it would be a real pleasure to him to give it to me. Ursula Hamilton was in ecstasies over all the drawings, but most especially about a coloured sketch of the picture Monsieur Kiowski was now engaged upon. The subject was the death of Titian: it was wonderfully harmonious and full of character. There was one head — that of a pupil of Titian's — a soft, young, dark Italian face, that was full of sentiment; and there were two women — one in pale crocus-coloured draperies, with a tiger-lily in her hand, and another in a sort of gold and brown brocade, with her back turned and her head thrown over her shoulder — that were quite magnificent.

"How I do wish I could paint!" said Ursula.

"Why don't you?" said Monsieur Kiowski. "If I were not going to-night I would teach you. With Miss Hamilton's feeling for art, she would soon learn — wouldn't she, Monsieur Berthier?"

"In water-colours," said Monsieur Berthier.

"Why not in oils?" asked Ursula impetuously. "Ah, I see!" she added: "*la femme — la femme — et toujours la femme!*" and she came and sat down impatiently by my sofa. "I do get so sick of the way he always goes maundering on about the inferiority of women! I am sure you don't agree with him — you don't believe him, do you?"

"I think we are different creatures," said I, "but I don't see that difference necessarily implies inferiority: as we are inferior to them in certain faculties of the mind which they possess."

"Yes," she interrupted, "the heavy, slow, tiresome ones" ——

"So," continued I, laughing, "I also think that they are inferior to us in other mental qualities which belong entirely, or, at all events, in a much higher degree of perfection, to us. Moreover, I believe that these very differences were beneficently bestowed upon us, 'not to doubtful disputations,' but that man might strengthen the spirit of woman in the bearing of her burdens, and that woman might lighten the heart of man in the carrying of his — that each might be, in their very unlikeness, a comfort, a joy, and a completion to the other."

"At all events you are fair," said Ursula. "You meet one half way, but I felt inclined to hurl things at him yesterday at dinner when he went pottering on with his *Faust* and his *Hamlet*, and his *Hamlet* and his *Faust*. Who ever said that metaphysics, abstract speculation (the least useful of all things, by the way,) were the forte of women? But it is a perfectly different matter with the passions — they belong to us every bit as much as to men, and I don't see why we should'nt be able to delineate them quite as well. It's all very well to talk, — but what sort of intellectual nourishment do women get? What is called their education consists for the most part of nothing but a series of abridgments, filtered through miserable smatterers. Let a woman just for once have the mental training that almost every man gets, and then we shall see" —

"Whether she will write a *Hamlet*?" said I, smiling.

"Well, perhaps she may not be able to write a *Hamlet*, but I can't for the life of me see why she should'nt write an *As You Like It*."

"*As You Like It!*" I echoed in utter amazement.

"Yes — *As You Like It* — why not? That is not powerful: it is not even passionate. Don t you see that I am taking up a modest position?"

I couldn't help it; I burst into a peal of laughter from which I was only roused by the tears of mortification which I saw standing in her eyes.

"My dear child," said I, "calmness is power, and the strongest spirits are not those who awaken tumult in our breasts, but those who bring us into peace. As for *As You Like It*, I love that play so dearly, that I believe on the whole I would rather have written it than any of the others. It seems to me to have a divine quality about it: it leaves one as a fine landscape does — with eyes dimmed by mists of tenderness, not of sorrow, and with a heart adoring God and gentler towards one's kind."

Meanwhile Lady Blankeney and Maria had got one of Monsieur Kiowski's sketch-books in their hands the wrong way upwards, and were, apparently with the greatest interest, inspecting the slight pencil landscapes upside down. At last, after having gone through it scrupulously from beginning to end, they put it upon the table.

"Did you like them?" asked Ursula, drily, when they had done.

"Quite charming!" said Lady Blankeney, smiling. "Such a treat. By-the-way, my dear Ursula," she continued, "I have heard from the Marquise de Verneuil this morning, a most civil kind note (nothing like the Faubourg St. Germain after all, is there?), and she is quite in despair at your not coming; but I hope you will revoke that cruel decision."

"I think your decision was the cruel one," answered Ursula. "I have a friend come from another country to see me; I beg you to get Madame de Verneuil's permission that he should accompany us, and you entirely decline doing so."

"Why, my dear Ursula," said Lady Blankeney, rather embarrassed, "you are such a dear ardent creature, and the moment an idea runs away with you there is no making you understand. You see it is a very small, select thing."

"If Jacques is not fit company for them," said Ursula, "neither am I."

"But, my dear child, the thing is so simple," said Lady Blankeney.

"Quite so," retorted Ursula; "he is not going, neither am I."

"But, my dear, she's *delighted*," said Lady Blankeney — "quite delighted, on the contrary — so very anxious to make his acquaintance, I've got the letter here," she

said, tapping her pocket, "and she will be only too charmed" ——

"Then you thought better of it and wrote after all?" said Ursula. "Was it after you heard Jacques play?"

"Well, I don't exactly remember what day it was," said Lady Blankeney, getting red and hesitating.

"But it was after you heard him play," —— said Ursula. "Pray, is there to be music at Madame de Verneuil's?"

"Yes," said Lady Blankeney; "she gives the best musical parties in Paris, and I happened in my note to mention your friend's great talent, and then of course in hers she said she would be only too enchanted."

"Oh, and I am to sing, I suppose," said Ursula.

"Why, of course," said Lady Blankeney. "We quite reckon on you, my dear. The dear Marquise was in ecstasies when she heard how beautifully Monsieur Dessaix played, and I'm sure she's only too happy to have him. She says so in her note here," — again tapping her pocket. "Would you like to see her note?"

"O dear, no. Pray don't trouble yourself, Lady Blankeney," said Ursula. "We shall neither of us go. I do not mean to sing anywhere but in my own home." (Poor Lady Blankeney looked terribly chapfallen.) "And as for Jacuqes, he is not professional a bit more than myself; he is in no need whatever of money, and therefore I don't exactly see why he should go and play for a woman whose house you considered too good for him until you thought of making use of him."

"Oh, my dear Ursula, you really have such a way of putting things; but I'm sure you couldn't — you wouldn't — it would be *such* a disappointment!" besought poor Lady Blankeney, in utter dismay. "It has all been my fault — I assure you it has all been my fault — my little nervous way, you know. If it hadn't been the Faubourg, it would have been quite, quite different, you know; but it is always so select there! But now that she has written to say how delighted she is to make your acquaintance — yours and Monsieur Dessaix's — (and so select as she always is!) — I really don't know what you would have. Isn't it quite true, Maria?" she said, appealing to her daughter in her despair.

"Oh, quite true — ten," calmly said Maria, who had got to her work again and had not the smallest idea what her mother was talking about.

"Very well, then," said Ursula. "In that case we will go" ——

"Now that is so nice and sweet of you!" interrupted poor Lady Blankeney, with a ray of hope.

"But," continued Miss Hamilton, gravely, "I will not sing, and Jacques shall not play, and that will give your select Marquise all the more time to become acquainted with us."

Lady Blankeney's face fell so dismally that I was sadly afraid she was going to cry. Just then Madame Olympe came up, and proposed an expedition to the Grant — a high hill in the neighbourhood, from which there was a lovely view.

"But what shall I do?" said Lady Blankeney, dolorously. "I must send an answer to-day. She told me she meant to do without the Trebelli if Ursula went" ——

"Then hadn't you better write and tell her to put the Trebelli on again?" said Ursula, coolly.

"Dear me!" said Lady Blankeney, still more dejected. "I don't see how we are to go at all. What is to become of you, Ursula, if Maria and I go?"

"Oh, don't be unhappy about me, my dear Lady Blankeney. Jacques and I shall have a very cosey little evening together at the hotel, I dare say."

"Speak to her, you, my dear Countess! She really doesn't know the things that people will say, and I really am almost beginning to be afraid that — that — she does not care."

"I do not know, and I do not care," said Miss Hamilton, looking at Lady Blankeney placidly.

"When is this party to be?" asked Madame Olympe.

"It's on Saturday next," said Lady Blankeney, "and I must write to-day, and I'm sure I don't know what I am to say after all her kindness about it!"

"I'll tell you what," said Madame Olympe. "Write and say that I keep Miss Hamilton here until Monday next — that is, if she will stay?" and she turned towards Ursula. An expression of pleasure lit up Ursula's face, which was followed by a slight shade of hesitation.

"Oh, you *and* Monsieur Dessaix I mean, of course," added Madame Olympe, laughing. "And now go and get your things on quickly, all of you; it soon gets cold of an evening now, and it is a longish way that we have to go. Bessy," she continued, addressing me, "go and fetch your hat too. The others will walk, but the pony-chair is ordered for you, and there is a way up, not quite so pretty, perhaps, as the road that they are going, but at least twice as short:

I am sure we can manage it with the pony-chair and our old steady horse, and Monsieur Kiowski and I are coming with you."

We had a lovely view, certainly, when we got to the top of the hill; and I think that the intense delight it gave me must have repaid my dear hostess for all her kind thought and hard labour in my behalf; but oh, what that journey up was to my poor rickety nerves, no words can tell. We went up, and up, and up through an entirely perpendicular lane, where there existed no road at all. Madame Olympe walked the whole way, pulling the horse up after her by main force, while Monsieur Kiowski pushed behind with all his might. I never was so terrified or so miserable in all my life. Whenever we stopped for an instant in order to allow the poor animal to recover his breath, the carriage rolled back, and frightened me out of my wits. I made one or two feeble propositions about walking, which Madame Olympe peremptorily extinguished. At last, Monsieur Kiowski, seeing that I was on the point of crying, suggested that I was more likely to be made ill by sitting in the carriage and being frightened, than by the fatigue of walking. Upon this Madame Olympe suddenly turned round, and coming close up to me, in a determined way, said, "You are frightened; of what are you frightened? Of being run away with? How is it possible up this steep hill? Of the carriage rolling back? Where can you go to if it does roll back? into the hedge." And she suddenly backed the carriage right into the hedge, to illustrate her words. "There is only one thing that can happen to you, and that is to tumble out; but I do not see what is to make you do that; and if you did, you are but an inch from the ground in this little low chair, and you could not hurt yourself if you were to try."

"Well," said Monsieur Kiowski, who had gone a little way off to take a peep through a break in the trees, "is it decided? Does she get out?"

"Yes," answered Madame Olympe, unhesitatingly. "I have convinced her reason that there is no danger; so she is no longer frightened, and stays in."

After that there was nothing for it but to remain where I was and endure agonies until we reached the summit. That angelic creature Monsieur Kiowski ran ever so far back to possess himself of an enormous stone, very nearly as big as a milestone, with which he toiled up the hill after us, scotching the wheel with it every time that we stopped, and thereby doing away with what had been the most unpleasant of my sensations. At the top we were met by the rest of the party, with the exception of Monsieur Dessaix. He had started with them, it seems, but the moment they began to ascend the hill he had exclaimed to Miss Hamilton, "Ursula, there is danger; I leave thee!" and returned home. I was allowed by Madame Olympe to walk down by the road that I had come, accompanied by Ursula, Monsieur Kiowski, Monsieur Berthier and Jeanne. Lady Blankeney and Maria were driven home the long way by Madame Olympe.

As soon as we reached the château, Lady Blankeney made one final attempt to mollify Miss Hamilton about Madame de Verneuil, but she was entirely inexorable, and so poor Lady Blankeney, with Maria, retreated upstairs, much mortified, to write her letter. I went and established myself upon my sofa, and Madame Olympe made us some tea — after which Ursula began to sing, and then Monsieur Dessaix was prevailed upon to play. He played with Madame Olympe, first, sonatas of Mozart's, as long as the daylight lasted and that they could see; and then he went playing on, compositions of his own: a song of Gretchen, a song of Juliet, a song of Ophelia, a song of Mignon — tender, pathetic, exquisite! and we sat and listened, first into the twilight, then into the dusk, until the last fine passion and the last faint glimmer clung together in an undistinguishable embrace and died into the night. For some seconds after the sound had ceased, we all remained breathless and motionless, bound in a great silent emotion. At last a gentle voice said from out of the darkness, with a little sympathetic sigh, "Ah, how well I did to come back!"

Ursula's hand, which was lying in mine, gave a sudden jump, and Madame Olympe got up, crying, "Why, René, you don't mean that it's you? No — this is too laughable!"

The lamps were lit, and a slight fair man with chestnut hair and a red beard divided into two points, was presented to me as Monsieur de Saldes. Jeanne was right — *interesting* was the word. Ursula had remained sitting rather behind me, and had not been perceived in the first moments of greeting. At last Monsieur de Saldes caught sight of her, and came forward with an exclamation of pleasure to meet her.

"My dear Ursula, how charmed I am to see you! Forgive my freedom," he added.

"When I first knew you, you were no higher than that, you know," — and he made the measure with his hand in the air.

"Yes, but I have grown since then. I am now as tall as that," she said, drawing herself up to her full height, and drawing her hand up with a lazy charming gesture to a level with her head, "and I am always called Miss Hamilton."

I was amazed at her self-possession; and so, I think, was Monsieur René, for he suddenly flushed and turned with rather an embarrassed manner to speak to Madame Olympe.

"I feel proud of myself," said Ursula to me in English. "I suppose I am the first person who has ever put that man down in his life."

"He does not seem to like it much," said I.

"Good for him!" she answered, with a wicked smile.

"Now tell me what on earth has brought you back to me so soon, René?" said Madame Olympe. "Your erratic proceedings become daily more wonderful."

"Suppose I have come back for the meet to-morrow? Would that be so very wonderful?" said he.

"Yes," said Madame Olympe, "for you knew of the meet before you went, and had no intention whatever of hunting."

"Perhaps I came back to see old friends — who knows?" he said, with a charming smile at Ursula.

"That won't do either," said Madame Olympe. "You forget that I know what took you away in such a hurry. You had better tell the truth at once — it will have to come out at last — come, execute yourself with a good grace, and unfold the mystery."

"If I were to tell you, how you would laugh at me!" he said, laughing himself. "Well, you must know, then, that yesterday evening I thought I would just go for half-an-hour to Madame de Limour's. At this season I made sure of finding her alone, and having a little chat comfortably by her fire-side. Not at all. There were at least twenty people — men of science with dowdy wives, literary lions, a German poetess with a goitre — and in the midst of all these, such a fish out of water, and more undressed than anything you can conceive, Sophie de Malan! She was in the hands of a hideous man, who, I was told, had just written something about the decomposition of oils. She flew to me at once, held on like grim death, and would not let me go until I had sworn all my great gods that I would dine with her to-day. I really never saw anything so shocking as her appearance. I suppose, like myself, she had expected to find no onè, and had put on an old gown — it was a very dirty one — and those naked little high shoulders! I assure you one could see the articulation of her anatomy all down her chest as far as her waist. You never saw such a hideous spectacle in your life!"

"Where was Monsieur de Malan?"

"Oh, she had left him somewhere or other by the seaside in Normandy, and was only herself in Paris for a day or two on business. If he had been there I might have borne it. I always rather liked Malan; but a tête-á-tête with Sophie was more than my poor shattered frame could stand. So I wrote a little note (to be sent at seven o'clock), stating how at the eleventh hour my wretched health obliged me to renounce the promised happiness," &c.

"So that, in point of fact, it is to Madame de Malan's invitation to dinner that we are indebted for the pleasure of seeing you?" said Miss Hamilton.

"Do you know her, Miss Hamilton?" said Monsieur de Saldes, turning to her. "Oh, though, of course you do! She was at Florence in the old days."

"Yes; she was at Florence in the old days," answered Miss Hamilton, smiling: "but my acquaintance with her was very slight."

"And you are going to England, Olympe tells me," he continued, "and with Lady Blankeney? Surely, after the *vita libera* of Italy, England, and under those auspices, will never suit you?'

"I am afraid the alliance does not seem likely to last very long," said Ursula. "Our points of view upon all subjects are so very different. I don't feel certain how I may like England under my new circumstances. I have come into a fortune, you know; and among other pleasant things, have inherited an estate in Devonshire, which I am told is quite lovely. I can fancy liking country-life in England — there is something useful, delightful, and altogether noble about it. Whenever I read or hear about it, it seems to me the ideal life. Each of the two times I have been in England, it has only been to make a hurried visit of a few days to London upon business matters. Oh, how ugly I thought it, and how I hated it! It was almost worth while going there, though, for the joy of returning afterwards to the beloved land. How one's spirits rise the

moment one crosses the frontier, and hears people speaking with sweet terminating vowels once more!"

"Yes," said Monsieur Kiowski. "I know nothing like the emotion that the first Italian town gives one after an absence — the well-remembered yet always new aspect of men and things! The faded frescos on the old palaces — the balconies teeming with crowded flowers; the shops, half in, half out of doors — the barber with the striped curtain drawn back, that the patient may flâner with his eyes while his chin is in jeopardy — the tailor who is always mending a waistcoat on a sort of hob at the entrance of the shop" —

"The limonaro and the water-melon man," interrupted Ursula.

"The ill-shaven priests and slippered women," contiuued Monsieur Kiowski.

"The groom who has a tenor and the milkman who plays the mandoline!" cried Ursula.

"How noisy — how sunny — how fascinating it all is!" said Monsieur Kiowski.

"And, sommi Dei! what a stench!" added Monsieur de Saldes.

"I don't mind it!" said Ursula, indignantly.

"You needn't be angry with me for my unromantic climax to your ecstasies," said Monsieur de Saldes. "No one knows better than I do the emotion of a return to Italy. The second time I went to Rome, it was at the end of October, I recollect. I threw open the window of the carriage as we drove from Civitá Vecchia: a dense vapour covered all the country, and one could see nothing; but the whole land smelt of the aromatic herbs which the cattle were chewing, and that well-remembered Campagna odour of thyme borne in upon the damp air affected me unspeakably. I lay back in the carriage, and cried like a child: happy tears! why cannot one shed such oftener!"

I felt quite touched. "Humbug!" said Ursula to me in a low voice. It was the first time that she jarred upon me.

"Well," said Madame Olympe. "No one enjoys a trip to Italy more than I do, but I don't think I could live there. I do get so furious with the dishonesty and unreliability of the people — they do cheat and lie so!"

"You must remember," said Ursula, "that going to Italy as you do, and living the hotel life on the great beaten track, you see the very worst specimens of the people. They do not, perhaps, feel the great shame of lying as the English do; but I have known many perfectly dependable Italians, and I think that when they are so at all, they are generally more so than any other people. Quite the most truthful nature I ever met with was an Italian, and that was the Meneghina, our Venetian maid: she was absolutely transparent."

"Yes," said I, "nothing can be more charming than that sort of impulsive candour that you speak of; but at the same time I must say that I like the English notion of the *shame* of a lie. There is something very noble about it, and it belongs altogether to a higher tone of feeling than the involuntary truth-telling which you praise in Italians."

"I have remarked," said Monsieur Berthier, mildly, "that the conception of truth among Englishwomen is quite peculiar to themselves; and I must own that it appears to me very often to answer the exact purpose that falsehood does with other people. For example, suppose that an Englishwoman has happened to go to some place or other, and that she has her own reasons for not wishing it known that she has been there — (such a thing might occur, might it not?) — she comes back, and some one asks her where she has been? She immediately answers, To this place — to that place — to the other place, and thinks that so long as she does not positively deny the having been to the one important spot she is scrupulously truthful. For has she, after all, not indeed been to all these places? More than this, she is even capable of deliberately planning to go to all these places, expressly in order that she may be able with what she regards as perfect truth to enumerate them, and behind them to conceal what she wishes concealed. When I have said what I thought upon the subject — which was that this mode of action appeared to me to be very much like pressing truth into the service of falsehood — I have been received with indignant surprise. The Englishwoman thought she had, on the contrary, evinced a conscientious adherence to truth. Now a Frenchwoman is, for the most part, quite incapable of that sort of thing; if she is in a difficulty she will lie like a trooper, but it will be a direct lie born not of an immediate danger — not that elaborate perversion of the truth in which the Englishwoman permits herself to indulge with so much astuteness and self-complacency."

"The entire motiveless lies which Roman people often tell, are the most curious of all," said Monsieur Kiowski. "When I was in Rome, I had a most valuable man-

servant: he was a man of an education considerably above his station, had been highly recommended to me, and was trustworthy in every way. One day when I came home he announced to me that a gentleman whom he had never seen before had been to call upon me; he had left no name, and he had forgotten in the hall a very curious cane. There was no end to the trouble my poor Giovannino gave himself about this stick. He made inquiries in every direction, and finally had handbills printed and stuck about in the principal shops describing it, and informing the owner where he might recover it. No one claimed it, however, and at last, after many months, considering the matter now quite hopeless, he grew to regard the stick as in a manner his own, and to take it with him when he went out walking. One day more than a year after this circumstance had occurred, he was suddenly stopped in the street by the owner of the cane, who recognized and claimed his property. Giovannino surrendered it joyfully and unhesitatingly, at the same time affirming positively that he had bought it not half an hour ago, and given ten scudi for it. He told me all this himself when he came home — and I, who knew to what trouble and expense the poor fellow's honesty had put him, in vain endeavoured to elicit from him some reason or other for his extraordinary gratuitous falsehood. 'But why, *why* did you say that you had bought it?' I in vain inquired. 'Eh, non saprei!' he only answered with a smile; 'mi è saltato così fuori dalla bocca! — it jumped out of my mouth!'"

"After all," said Monsieur de Saldes, "the difference is not merely national, it is also individual in the highest degree. No two English or French people look at truth in the same way: it is a relative thing, and every one sees it from his own point of view. I have a friend whose respect for truth induces him to go about the world hurting everybody's feelings, and making himself perfectly odious; he thinks he is performing a great duty, and is delighted with himself. As for me, I hope I am not more undependable than any one else in serious matters; but I would tell any amount of little insignificant social lies to give a pleasant emotion, and, above all, to spare a moment's pain to any one. *I* think *that* is a duty; he despises me, and I hate him — who is to decide between us? Truth, like everything else, is an entirely relative thing. Did you ever read Rénan's *Vie de Jesus*, Miss Hamilton?" he continued. "If you recollect, without wishing in any way to impugn the divine veracity of our Lord, he bids us remember that he was an Oriental, and all but insinuates that his assertions may therefore be taken with a grain of salt. I quite agree with him as far as the question of nationality is concerned; don't you?"

"I hate the blasphemous twaddle of that book," said Miss Hamilton, "and agree with nothing it contains. I think it has been made, in every way, of a great deal more importance than it deserves."

"But it is very prettily written! — have you read it, Miss Hope?" he said, turning to me. "Every one must own that it is prettily written."

"I think," said I, "that the very expression you make use of, condemns the book. In treating of such subjects, prettinesses are so out of place as to become absolutely shocking to people like myself, of strong prejudices and weak minds."

"Ah, but there are charming pages!" he continued. "And then there is such a perfume of naïveté and of the primitive life in his descriptions of the places! that, too, is original; no one ever did it before."

"Yes," said Ursula, "he has sprinkled the Holy Land with rosewater. It is perfectly of a piece with the idea of presenting the Saviour of the world under the aspect of a garçon d'esprit — 'qui a inventé ce genre délicieux des paraboles.' This also, no doubt, has the merit of originality. As you say, nobody ever did it before, and I sincerely hope nobody ever will do it again. Saint Peter denied our Lord, but it was reserved to Monsieur Rénan to patronize him."

"Ursula!" called Madame Olympe from the other end of the room, where she was looking out some music, "do tell me what programme I can arrange for the village church on Sunday next? There is going to be a grand confirmation-function, and we want, if possible, to get up something a little more important than usual in the way of music. There is a little woman in the village — the wife of one of our huntsmen — who has a very pretty voice: she and Jeanne can sing a duet together, and we can manage a simple chorus or two; but that will hardly be enough, I am afraid."

"May I sing?" said Ursula. "I should like to sing in a church of all things, — that is, if you don't mind my being a heretic?"

"No, really?" exclaimed Madame Olympe. "Heretic or no heretic, you deserve to go to heaven for such an offer! May you sing? Indeed you shall, since you give me the chance."

"But what shall it be?" said Ursula. "I have only one sacred song in the world — a psalm of Marcello's. It will be the very thing, but it is the only one I possess."

"Well," said Madame Olympe, "that will do for the first song; but you must have two solos — what shall we do for the second? What was that grand air of Stradella's you sang just now? — that was very solemn."

"My dear Madame Olympe," said Ursula, "it is a passionate love-song, and begins with the words, 'Oh del mio dolce ardor, bramato oggetto.'"

"Never mind!" said Madame Olympe. "It is quite magnificent, and you sing it superbly. We must have it. I will look out some Latin words which we will clap upon it, somehow or other. We must have it at any price."

Just then the carriage which was to carry Monsieur Kiowski to the station was announced, and Monsieur Kiowski — who had gone upstairs to get his things together — hurried into the room to bid us good-by.

"Ah," said Madame Olympe, "how splendid this Tantum ergo of Bach's is! We could sing it if we only had a tenor! Jeanne would take the first, Miss Hamilton the second, Charles could sing the bass. It's not at all difficult. Ah, Monsieur Kiowski, why are you going away?"

"I wish I were not," he answered, "and I would sing it for you with pleasure."

"Come back and sing it!" said Jeanne, laughing.

"Very well, so I will!" he said.

"No! will you?" she cried, jumping up, vehemently.

"My dear child," said her mother, "don't you see that he is joking?"

"Not at all," said Monsieur Kiowski; "we will have the Tantum ergo. Your function is for Sunday; I shall be back here on Saturday morning for breakfast and rehearsal."

"It is unheard of," exclaimed Madame Olympe; "but it is too much! Oh, why *do* you go? why *must* you go?"

"It is a pity," answered he, "but I have an engagement that it is important I should keep."

"Well, then, at all events," said Madame Olympe, "you will give us some more days when you come back?"

"Alas, I fear that, too, will be impossible! On Monday afternoon I have a model coming at two o'clock, and I shall be obliged to leave you on Sunday as soon as I have sung my Tantum ergo. I have been at play so long that I must set to work without delay, or I shall not have my pictures ready for the Academy, and so à revoir, and not adieu! At least that is something," he added, as he kissed her hand. "A revoir, Jeanne! Monsieur Berthier, adieu; you will not be here, I believe, when I return. Miss Hope, we shall meet again on Saturday, — I shall have the pleasure of singing with you on Sunday, Miss Hamilton." He then turned to Monsieur de Saldes, and with a hasty bow and a "Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer!" rushed off. We looked out and saw him drive past the window. We were a little afraid he might be late — suddenly the carriage stops — what can have happened? Monsieur Kiowski leaps out — he tears up the hill by a short path across to the house. Good gracious, he has forgotten something! — he will certainly be too late! An instant more — voluble talking in a high key on the steps — in the passage — and he is in the room. "The poor dear Marquis . . . . I never bade him good-by . . . . Pray say a thousand things for me, I entreat . . . . I wouldn't for all the world that he should think himself forgotten!" panting he articulates, and breathless departs. There he goes spinning down the hill again — long grey coat-tails flying in the wind — he's in — off they gallop. Will he catch the train?

"Good gracious, what a whirlwind!" said Monsieur René.

"But what an angel!" said Madame Olympe. "Think of his coming back all that way, and across the sea too, for a single day, to help us with our music!"

"It isn't you, René, who would do that," said Jeanne.

"No," said René, "I should be sorry to do anything so ridiculous. It can be nothing but an intense gratification of the demon of restlessness within him to make a man do such a thing. Of course he could have remained if he had chosen, — but some people like living in a fuss."

"He said he had an engagement," I observed.

"And not with Madame de Malan, or he might have broken it," suggested Ursula.

"Oh, if there is a lady in the case, I say no more," said Monsieur de Saldes. "Only then, of course, the great magnanimity of keeping the engagement rather goes to the ground."

"I know with whom his engagement is," began Monsieur Berthier.

"Oh, who is it? — do tell us!" we all exclaimed in a breath

"See," said he, looking round at us com-

placently, "the curiosity of women! Monsieur René is the only person who expresses no desire to become acquainted with Monsieur Kiowski's little secret. You must know, then," he continued, "that Monsieur Kiowski is much interested about a poor sculptor of great merit in Genoa, who has, in spite of his talent, been quite unable to make any sort of way with the public. Last spring, Monsieur Kiowski made him send over one of his best works — a charming little figure of Egeria — with the hope of being able to sell it for him in England. An American gentleman, — a Mr. Crittenden Pike — saw the statue at Monsieur Kiowski's studio, and was much struck by it, but came to no decision. Since Monsieur Kiowski has been here, however, he has received a letter from Mr. Pike, stating that he sails for America on Friday, and would like to see the statue again before he goes; and it is for this — for the chance of effecting this sale, that he curtails his holiday, and goes back. I am sure you are all a little disappointed that there is no lady in the matter — are you not? It would have been more romantic? Well, I think it is even prettier so."

"It isn't you, René, who would have done that either," said Madame Olympe, laughing.

"I flatter myself I should not," he answered, warming his feet, and stroking his red beard with a lovely white rose.

Madame Olympe and I then sat down to the piano, and I tried the bass of some duets with her. Suddenly, Monsieur Charles rushed in nearly as impetuously as Monsieur Kiowski. "Olympe!"

No answer but a series of brilliant scales complacently executed with the right hand.

"Olympe! Have you seen Monsieur Kiowski? Did he come back again, Olympe? He will certainly miss his train!"

She went on steadily playing with a darkening visage.

"Olympe! they tell me he came back again? Did you see him? Do you hear me, Olympe? He had then forgotten something? Olympe! had he then forgotten something? He will lose the train!"

When I heard him labouring in vain to be heard, and addressing himself to her with about as much success as if she had been the wall, I unconsciously made a little indication of stopping; but without looking at me she went on pressing my right arm heavily down with her left, with which she at the same time kept on vigorously executing a rummaging bass, and, dashing the forefinger of her right hand into the centre of my page, to show me my place, gave vent to an ominous "Un, deux, trois!" that sent me floundering back to my duty in a state of abject submission. Jeanne saw the impending storm, and came to the rescue. "What!" she cried, with the greatest apparent surprise and interest. "Come back, Marquis? No! — did he really? He will certainly be too late! What could it be? Hyacinthe will know — let us go and inquire." And she carried him cleverly out of the room.

"You are surprised that I did not answer him?" said Madame Olympe. "Of what use would it have been? Sometimes he goes on calling my name for ten minutes together from the next room, for no other reason than to establish the fact that I am there!"

How shall I describe the brusque oddity of my dear strange hostess's manner without giving a wrong impression of that warm generous heart? One of the days that I was there, Monsieur Charles had a slight attack of feverish cold. With what anxious tenderness, with what affectionate devotion, she waited on and served him! I never saw in any one such strong feelings of compassion. In most people that virtue does not appear to exceed the limits of a sentiment; in her, pity became a passion. Her great beauty and the quiet appreciation which she had of it, without the slightest admixture of coquetry or affectation, was one of the most striking characteristics of this regal and most original of women. I have seen her go across the room and look steadily at her handsome face for minutes together in the glass with a singleness of purpose that nearly made me laugh; but I never saw her squint at herself as she went by, or pretend to arrange something in her head-dress, or adopt any of the little mean expedients that uneasy vanity, male and female alike, resorts to whenever a looking-glass is in question. I have never known but one other handsome woman equally unoccupied with her own beauty. If you had told her to put on her grandmother's night-cap, she would have been quite content to do so, and to look like her grandmother in it. Madame Olympe would have put on the cap, too, in a minute; but somehow her rue would have been worn with a difference, and she would, through an involuntary artistic instinct, have arranged it at once so as to look in it a thousand times handsomer and younger than she did before. Her extraordinary unconsciousness is, I think, perhaps what attracts and attaches one to her more

than anything else. She has no more respect-humain than a baby: the sunlight and the shadows flit over her face according to her humours, just as they brighten and darken the face of uncontrolled childhood; and in her and about her there is all the time a sort of grand innocence which makes one laugh, and for which one adores her. She was evidently gradually growing very fond of Ursula and of Monsieur Jacques. The former had got quite to understand her feeling upon the score of manners; and whenever any little passage occurred to bring a gloom over Madame Olympe's countenance, she would break out into a sudden appeal of glorious recitative that ended everything with an embrace. Monsieur Jacques liked Madame de Caradec very much, and had the greatest opinion of her artistic organization; but he was still frightened to death at her size and her abruptness, and whenever she came into the room used to strike up the air of "See the conquering hero comes," to the great edification of myself and Ursula. Luckily Madame Olympe's acquaintance with Handel was limited. As for me, Monsieur Jacques and I had become sworn friends; he would come to me for a hundred little services, such as numbering the leaves of his music, stitching them together, sewing buttons on his gloves — and he used to call me his providence.

Delightful as they all seemed to consider Monsieur de Saldes, I did not think our party gained from having him — it became less genial at once. One couldn't help a certain feeling of anxiety and responsibility caused by his presence in some sort of undefined way; he was referred to in one's own mind about everything that did, could, or might occur, in a mute unacknowledged manner, and it threw a coldness over the whole. On the day of his arrival he contrived to escape the natural fate that awaited him in Miss Blankeney, and to take Ursula in to dinner, to Monsieur Jacques' great annoyance, who sat next to me.

"Do not let her marry him," he said to me. "You have obtained such a good influence over her already — exercise it for her profit, I implore you. Do not let her marry him; I am sure he would not make her happy."

"Do you think there is any chance of such a thing?" I asked in some surprise.

"Things much more improbable have happened," he answered. "He is not good looking, is he? it is such a worn-out face."

"The eyes are fine," I remarked.

"Mine are fine too," he said, plaintively. "Have you ever looked at them?" and he fixed them on me. "They are like velvet!" he added with a melancholy air.

I then noticed for the first time how handsome they were. What gave a great peculiarity to his face was that to these very black eyes there was hardly any eyebrow whatever.

"Is it possible that you are jealous?" said I

"No," he answered, "not precisely. I never desired to marry her myself; and if I were to desire it and that she were to consent, I should certainly cease to desire it immediately; but I have an uncomfortable presentiment about that man — he will love her, or she will love him, and that would make me perfectly miserable."

Lady Blankeney continued very low, poor woman, at her failure about Madame de Verneuil's party, and could not flutter her little frivolous wings at all. Ursula, too, snubbed her upon every possible occasion — rather unnecessarily I thought. "What shall you do about the Johnsons, Ursula?" said she. "I hear they have arrived in London with letters from Mrs. Egerton for various people, and for you and myself among the number. What shall you do?"

"Do, Lady Blankeney?" said Ursula, "What can you possibly mean?"

"I mean," said Lady Blankeney, "shall you call, or what?"

"If you mean by '*what*' neglect them, Lady Blankeney, I shall certainly not do that," replied Ursula. "Indeed I don't see what option I have in the matter. These people come to me recommended by a friend who was extremely kind to me in Italy, so that whoever or whatever they may be I shall do honour to the recommendation, and call upon them as soon as I arrive in London myself, and show them every civility in my power. Don't you intend to go and see them, that you inquire?"

"Well," she said, "I don't quite know yet how that may be. I shall wait a little and and see."

"See what?" asked Ursula. "Whether society in general takes any notice of them?"

"Yes," said Lady Blankeney, quite simply. "I think it will be better just to wait a little and see."

"Who are these people?" asked Madame Olympe. "Is there any reason why they should not be received or visited?"

"O dear, no," replied Lady Blankeney, with the greatest naïveté. "They are very

good sort of people indeed; quite so, I believe."

"It's more than a belief, isn't it, Lady Blankeney?" said Ursula. "You know them quite well, don't you?"

"You are personally acquainted with them, then, already, are you?" said Madame Olympe.

"Yes," said Lady Blankeney. "I know them — that is, I did know them once. They were very rich once, and used to give very nice parties indeed, and I used always to go there — always. And now they are very poor, and I never go there now — never."

Lady Blankeney's worldliness was such a good-tempered, impervious, simple-minded sort of thing, that it became really an amusement to me to listen to her, and I could not bring myself to feel indignant and disgusted as Ursula did, whom it never made to smile for a single instant.

We had nearly finished dessert, when Ursula suddenly exclaimed,—

"What in the world are you doing, Jacques?"

He was carefully stroking down both sides of his nose with the first finger of each hand, and then rubbing the points of the fingers together at the end of his nose, as if to rub off some adhesive substance. I had seen him steadily doing this during the last ten minutes.

"That is the way the flies do," he said, looking up at her meditatively. "Hast thou never seen how they clean their bodies, first with their legs going carefully under their wings, and then how they clean their legs by scraping them against each other?" and he did it again. "*Ceci c'est l'elephant*," he continued mournfully, and stretching his arm out with a sudden impetuous sort of circular sweep across to Ursula's plate, he picked up from off it a peach which she was just going to eat, and dropped it with a curve from above into his own mouth. The dexterity and the likeness to the creature he was imitating were perfectly marvellous, and perfectly irresistible — even Maria blinked her short-sighted eyes and chuckled faintly. Monsieur René alone maintained a well-bred gravity, and gave the signal for leaving the table by rising at once.

"He detests me," said Jacques with a sickly smile. "Don't marry him, my Ursula! If thou dost, I shall give thee my benediction" (and he extended two fingers on the top of her head), "and thou wilt never hear of me again."

Ursula laughed and said: — "I should not suit Monsieur de Saldes at all, my good Jacques, and he is far too wise not to be aware of that fact; and as for me, I would a great deal rather marry the man in the moon; so thou hast nothing to fear. *He* hates thee to-night, does he? Last night it was Miss Blankeney. Art thou reconciled to her?"

"No, my angel," he answered, "and never shall be. Thou laughest at all my instincts, but they are perfectly correct. It is an affair of magnetism, all that, and to a magnetic subject like myself first impressions are quite infallible. But besides the warnings of presentiment and instinct which thou treatest with contempt, there is a fatal something else at work between Meess and myself which causes a deadly and invincible enmity in her bosom. Thou dost not know the misfortune that befell me the day after I arrived in Paris. I lost my way in the hotel, and could not find my own door, and went into her room by mistake. Ah! she was abominable! She had a little rat's-tail of hair hanging down behind, and a huge false plait in her hand; and she had false things on before, and false things on behind, and false things on all round; everything was false except her great teeth and her miserable spindles. She screamed, and frisked wildly about the room, foaming at the mouth, and saying, 'Sortez! sortez!' in a state of fury. But I was glued to the ground, paralyzed with horror, and I couldn't move. At last she hurled her plait at me, and I fled. But these are things a woman never forgives. I know all her little secrets, and she knows that I know them; and ever since that day she has always wished that I was dead. I see it in her face very often; I know the expression quite well."

After we had been laughing a little while at this adventure, Ursula, who was extremely fond of chess, and who wished for her revenge after being beaten the night before, proposed that we should have a game; but a very decided stop was put to this suggestion by Madame Olympe, who said, —

"Ursula, you shall not play at chess; it is a horrid game; it withdraws people completely from the rest of the society, and swallows them up. I will not have you play. As for Bessie," — and she stooped down and kissed me, — "she is ill, and may play if she pleases." After which grand but somewhat idle concession, she opened the piano, and the evening was spent in most delightful music. Monsieur René was the first Frenchman I had ever known who was really conversant with the works of Mendelssohn, and really appreciated them. Far from appearing taken

with Ursula, he seemed to me to have rather an antagonistic feeling towards her than otherwise. He was singularly cold and niggardly in his praise of her singing, expressing admiration only when positively appealed to by Madame Olympe, in her enthusiasm. She had been singing some things of Rossini's, and after a sort of obliged compliment to her perfect execution of them, he inquired if she never indulged in more serious music than that. She then sang the great air from the *Orfeo* quite magnificently. He, however, merely remarked that it had been originally written for a high tenor, and lost immensely by being arranged for a woman's voice.

"I don't care," said Ursula. "Everybody is not so learned as you, Monsieur de Saldes, and there is so very little real contralto music existing, that I am willing to rob on all sides, wherever I can adapt my theft successfully to my means."

"I will write a new oratorio of Samson," said Monsieur Jacques. "And Samson shall be a contralto, and thou shalt sing it — thou who art strong."

"But how wilt thou write it?" said Ursula — "thou who art not strong? One does but what one is. Thou dear old ninny," she went on caressingly, "thou hast a little soul: how wilt thou do great things with it? But thou hast a tender soul, and a fanciful brain, and of grace, tenderness, and fancy thou wilt always be master. Thou canst but what thou art. Write me a cantata of David before he went up to slay the Philistine, in the flower of his shepherd days, and I will sing that for thee."

Monsieur de Saldes then came to me and begged me to play something. I hesitated a little, for I thought it would sound very poor after the singing, but he insisted, adding, "I believe I am very peculiar, but I confess I like instrumental music (even the piano) better than singing."

I played one after the other of the *Lieder ohne Worte* for him. He knew them all, and it was quite delightful to play to so absorbed and enjoying a listener. His manner, too, was quite charming, so gentle, and with something of a pleasant deference about it — a sort of perfume of another day, and which is quite gone out of fashion. Madame Olympe and Jacques then played us some of Beethoven's sonatas for piano and violin, and I retired to my sofa and crochet, where I was followed by Monsieur de Saldes, who very good-naturedly helped me to wind my wool. Once during the *Adagio* of the wonderful sonata in C minor, I happened to look up at him; he was holding his hands quite still and the worsted wouldn't run: I saw that his thoughts were far away and his eyes quite full of tears.

LORD ELDON'S WILL. — "In the latter part of the year 1828, I was summoned to attest the execution of his Lordship's will in the parlour of his solicitor in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was unfolded on the table, and, to my great surprise, consisted of a bundle of papers, all in his Lordship's handwriting, and extending to a considerable length. It appeared to have been composed, probably at Encombe, during the long vacation, at various times; the writing being upon detached pieces of paper — some of it written on the backs of the sheets, in admired confusion. His Lordship, however, pronounced it to be his last will and testament; and his execution of it was duly attested by the *three* then necessary witnesses, myself the last. Immediately on this ceremony being completed, his solicitor, Mr. Wilson, said, 'Now, my Lord, I will forthwith take this in to Brodie' (the eminent conveyancer, and his next door neighbour), 'and let him consider this as instructions for a proper preparation of your Lordship's will, *for this will never do.*' Lord Eldon: 'Well, Wilson, do as you like with it, for perhaps you are right. The anxiety of it will, at any rate, be off my shoulders — and put it upon Brodie's.' This will was subsequently settled by Mr. Brodie upon these instructions; but was not, however, the *last* will which his Lordship executed." — *Bennett's Biographical Sketches.*

PITCH IN MUSIC. — The term *pitch* is a word which is so constantly repeated that it might be expected to convey some very definite idea. Such, however, is not the case. Supposing even that the different nations are agreed individually as to what height of tone should be considered as the normal pitch in music, the standard apparently taken by one will be found to differ considerably from those selected by others. This is not without its inconveniences. Leaving out of view the fact that the beauty of a piece of music depends not only on the relative but absolute height of the sounds which compose it, such a variation in the pitch adopted by different nations must be extremely embarrassing to singers. The evil of a capricious and varied normal pitch in different countries has not, however, escaped observation; and, to meet the difficulty, it was proposed by the French Government in 1859, that a normal tuning fork, making 870 vibrations in a second, should be universally employed. This reasonable proposal has not, however, been adopted; and an evil of the same kind, though not so serious as that of a difference of weights and measures, is still permitted unnecessarily to continue. — *Scientific Review.*

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SOME NOTES UPON THE CHARACTERS IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF MACBETH.

BY FANNY KEMBLE.

MACBETH is pre-eminently the Drama of Conscience. It is the most wonderful history of temptation, in its various agency upon the human soul, that is to be found in the universal range of imaginative literature. Viewed in this aspect, the solemn march of the tragedy becomes awful, and its development a personal appeal, of the profoundest nature, to every one who considers it with that serious attention that its excellence as a work of art alone entitles it to command. To every human soul it tells the story of its own experience, rendered indeed more impressive by the sublime poetry in which it is uttered; but it is the truth itself, and not the form in which it is presented, which makes the force of its appeal; and the terrible truth with which the insidious approach of temptation — its imperceptible advances, its gradual progress, its clinging pertinacity, its recurring importunity, its prevailing fascination, its bewildering sophistry, its pitiless tenacity, its imperious tyranny, and its final hideous triumph over the moral sense — is delineated, that makes Macbeth the grandest of all poetical lessons, the most powerful of all purely fictitious moralities, the most solemn of all lay sermons drawn from the text of human nature.

In a small pamphlet, written many years ago by Mr. John Kemble, upon the subject of the character of Macbeth, and which now survives as a mere curiosity of literature, he defends with considerable warmth the hero of the play from a charge of cowardice, brought against him either by Malone or Steevens in some of their strictures on the tragedy.

This question appeared to me singular, as it would never have occurred to me that there could be two opinions upon the subject of the personal prowess of the soldier: who comes before us heralded by the martial title of Bellona's bridegroom, and wearing the garland of a double victory. But, in treating his view of the question, Mr. Kemble dwells, with extreme and just admiration, upon the skill with which Shakespeare has thrown all the other characters into a shadowy background, in order to bring out with redoubled brilliancy the form of Macbeth when it is first presented to us. Banquo, his fellow in fight and coadjutor in conquest, shares both the dangers and rewards of his expedition; and yet it is the figure of Macbeth which stands out prominently in the van of the battle so finely described by Rosse — it is he whom the king selects as heir to the dignities of the treacherous Thane of Cawdor — it is to meet him that the withered ambassadresses of the powers of darkness float through the lurid twilight of the battle day; and when the throb of the distant drum is heard across the blasted heath, among the host whose tread it times over the gloomy expanse, the approach of one man alone is greeted by the infernal ministers. Their appointed prey draws near, and, with the presentiment of their dire victory over the victor, they exclaim, "A drum! a drum! Macbeth doth come!"

Marshalled with triumphant strains of warlike melody; paged at the heels by his victorious soldiers; surrounded by their brave and noble leaders, himself the leader of them all; flushed with success, and crowned with triumph — Macbeth stands before us; and the shaggy brown heath seems illuminated round him with the keen glitter of arms, the waving of bright banners, and broad tartan folds, and the light that emanates from, and surrounds as with a dazzling halo, the face and form of a heroic man in the hour of his success.

Wonderful indeed, in execution as in conception, is this brilliant image of warlike glory! But how much more wonderful, in conception as in execution, is that representation of moral power which Shakespeare has placed beside it in the character of Banquo! Masterly as is the splendour shed round and by the prominent figure on the canvas, the solemn grace and dignity of the one standing in the shadow behind it is more remarkable still. How with almost the first words that he speaks the majesty of right asserts itself over that of might, and the serene power of a steadfast soul sheds forth a radiance which eclipses the glare of mere martial glory, as the clear moonlight spreads itself above and beyond the flaring of ten thousand torches.

When the unearthly forms and greeting of the witches have arrested the attention of the warriors, and that to the amazement excited in both of them is added, in the breast of one, the first shuddering thrill of a guilty thought which betrays itself in the start with which he receives prophecies which to the ear of Banquo seems only as "things that do sound so fair;" Macbeth has already accepted the first inspiration of guilt — the evil within his heart has quickened and stirred at the greeting of the visi-

ble agents of evil, and he is already sin-struck and terror-struck at their first utterance; but like a radiant shield, such as we read of in old magic stories, of virtue to protect its bearer from the devil's assault, the clear integrity of Banquo's soul remains unsullied by the serpent's breath, and, while accepting all the wonder of the encounter, he feels none of the dismay which shakes the spirit of Macbeth —

"Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?"

The fair sound has conveyed no foul sense to his perception, but, incited rather by the fear and bewilderment of his usually dauntless companion than by any misgiving of his own (which indeed his calm and measured adjuration shows him to be free from), he turns to these mysterious oracles, and, with that authority before which the devils of old trembled and dispossessed themselves of their prey, he questions, and they reply. Mark the power — higher than any, save that of God — from which it directly emanates, of the intrepid utterance of an upright human soul —

"In the name of *Truth*, are ye fantastical?"

At that solemn appeal, does one not see hell's agents start and cower like the foul toad touched by the celestial spear? How pales the glitter of the hero of the battle-field before the steadfast shining of this honest man, when to his sacred summons the subject ministers of hell reply true oracles, though uttered by lying lips — sincere homage, such as was rendered on the fields of Palestine by the defeated powers of darkness, to the divine virtue that overthrew them — such as for ever unwilling evil pays to the good which predominates over it, the everlasting subjection of hell to heaven.

"Hail, hail, hail! — lesser than Macbeth, but greater," &c.

And now the confused and troubled workings of Macbeth's mind pour themselves forth in rapid questions, urging one upon another the evident obstacles which crowd, faster than his eager thought can beat them aside, between him and the bait held forth to his ambitious desires; but to *his* challenge, made, not in the name or spirit of truth, but at the suggestion of the grasping devil which is fast growing into entire possession of his heart, no answer is vouchsafed; the witches vanish, leaving the words of impotent and passionate command to fall upon the empty air. The reply to his vehement questioning has already been made; he has *seen*, at one glimpse, in the very darkest depths of his imagination, *how* the things foretold *may* be; and to that fatal answer alone is he left by the silence of those whose mission to him is thenceforth fully accomplished. Twice does he endeavour to draw from Banquo some comment other than that of mere astonishment upon the fortunes thus foretold them: —

"Your children shall be kings?
You shall be king?
And Thane of Cawdor too — went it not so?
To the self-same tune and words?"

But the careless answers of Banquo unconsciously evade the snare; and it is not until the arrival of Rosse, and his ceremonious greeting of Macbeth by his new dignity of Thane of Cawdor, that Banquo's exclamation of —

"What! can the devil speak true?"

proves at once that he had hitherto attached no importance to the prophecy of the witches, and that, now that its partial fulfilment compelled him to do so, he unhesitatingly pronounces the agency through which their foreknowledge had reached them to be evil. Most significant indeed is the direct, rapid, unhesitating intuition by which the one mind instantly repels the approach of evil, pronouncing it at once to be so, compared with the troubled, perplexed, imperfect process, half mental, half moral, by which the other labours to strangle within himself the pleadings of his better angel: —

"This supernatural soliciting cannot be ill —
Cannot be good! If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success
Beginning in a truth? I *am* Thane of
Cawdor."

The devil's own logic; the inference of right drawn from the successful issue, the seal whose stamp, whether false or genuine, still satisfies the world of the validity of every deed to which it is appended. Wiser than all the wisdom that ever was elaborated by human intellect, brighter than any light that ever yet was obtained by process of human thought, juster and more unerringly infallible than any scientific deduction ever produced by the acutest human logic, is the simple instinct of good and evil in the soul that loves the one and hates the other. Like those fine perceptions by which cer-

tain delicate and powerful organizations detect with amazing accuracy the hidden proximity of certain sympathetic or antipathetic existences, so the moral sensibility of the true soul recoils at once from the antagonistic principles which it detects with electric rapidity and certainty, leaving the intellect to toil after and discover, discriminate and describe, the cause of the unutterable instantaneous revulsion.

Having now not only determined the nature of the visitation they have received, but become observant of the absorbed and distracted demeanour and countenance of Macbeth, for which he at first accounted guilelessly according to his wont, by the mere fact of natural astonishment at the witches' prophecy and its fulfilment, together with the uneasy novelty of his lately acquired dignities —

> "Look how our partner's rapt,
> New honours come upon him like our new garments," &c. —

Banquo is called upon by Macbeth directly for some expression of his own opinion of these mysterious events, and the impression they have made on his mind.

> "Do you not hope your children *shall* be kings," &c.

He answers with that solemn warning, almost approaching to a rebuke of the evil suggestion that he now for the first time perceives invading his companion's mind: —

> "That, trusted home,
> Might yet enkindle you unto the crown," &c.

It is not a little remarkable that, having in the first instance expressed so strongly his surprise at finding a truth among the progeny of the father of lies, and uttered that fine instinctive exclamation, "What! can the devil speak true?" Banquo, in the final deliberate expression of his opinion to Macbeth upon the subject of the witches' prophecy, warns him against the semblance of truth, that combined with his own treacherous infirmity, is strengthening the temptation by which his whole soul is being searched: —

> "But it is strange,
> And oftentimes to win us to our harm
> The instruments of darkness tell us truths," &c.

Although these two passages may appear at first to involve a contradiction almost, it seems to me that both the sentiments — the brave, sudden denial of any kindred between the devil and truth, and the subsequent admission of the awful mystery by which truth sometimes is permitted to be a two-edged weapon in the armory of hell — are eminently characteristic of the same mind. Obliged to confess that the devil does speak true sometimes, Banquo, nevertheless, can only admit that he does so for an evil purpose, and this passage is one of innumerable proofs of the general coherence, in spite of apparent discrepancy, in Shakespeare's delineations of character. The same soul of the one man may, with no inconsistency but what is perfectly compatible with spiritual harmony, utter both the sentiments: the one on impulse, the other on reflection.

Here, for the first time, Macbeth encounters the barrier of that uncompromising spirit, that sovereignty of nature, which as he afterwards himself acknowledges "would be feared," and which he does fear and hate accordingly, more and more savagely and bitterly, till detestation of him as his natural superior, terror of him as the possible avenger of blood, and envy of him as the future father of a line of kings, fill up the measure of his murderous ill-will, and thrust him upon the determination of Banquo's assassination; and, when in the midst of his royal banquet-hall, filled with hollow-hearted feasting and ominous revelry and splendour, his conscience conjures up the hideous image of the missing guest, whose health he invokes with lips white with terror, while he knows that his gashed and mangled corpse is lying stark under the midnight rain; surely it is again with this solemn warning, uttered in vain to stay his soul from the perdition yawning for it in the first hour of their joint temptation, —

> "That, trusted home,
> Might yet enkindle you unto the crown," &c.

that the dead lips appear to move, and the dead eyes are sadly fixed on him, and the heavy locks, dripping with gore, are shaken in silent intolerable rebuke. In the meeting with the kind-hearted old king, which immediately follows, the loyal professions of the two generals are, as might have been expected, precisely in inverse ratio to their sincere devotion to Duncan. Banquo answers in a few simple words the affectionate demonstration of his sovereign, while Macbeth, with his whole mind churning round and round like some black whirlpool the murderous but yet unformed designs which have taken possession of it, utters his hollow professions of attachment in terms of infinitely greater warmth and devotion. On the

nomination of the king's eldest son to the dignity of Prince of Cumberland, the bloody task which he had already proposed to himself is in an instant doubled on his hands; and instantly, without any of his late misgivings, he deals in imagination with the second human life that intercepts his direct attainment of the crown. This short soliloquy of his ends with some lines which are not more remarkable for the power with which they exhibit the confused and dark heavings of his stormy thoughts than for being the first of three similar adjurations, of various expression, but almost equal poetic beauty: —

> " Stars, hide your fires!
> Let not light see my black and deep desires!
> The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be
> Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see!"

In the very next scene, we have the invocation to darkness with which Lady Macbeth closes her terrible dedication of herself to its ruling powers: —

> " Come, thick night,
> And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell," &c.

What can be finer than this peculiar use of the word *pall*; suggestive not only of blackness, but of that funereal blackness in which death is folded up; an image conveying at once absence of light and of life? —

> "That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
> Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
> To cry, Hold! hold!" &c.

The third of these murderous adjurations to the powers of nature for their complicity is uttered by Macbeth in the scene preceding the banquet, when, having contrived the mode of Banquo's death, he apostrophizes the approaching night thus: —

> " Come, sealing night!
> Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day," &c.

(what an exquisite grace and beauty there is in this wonderful line!)

> " And with thy bloody and invisible hand
> Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond,
> Which keeps me pale!"

Who but Shakespeare would thus have multiplied expressions of the very same idea with such wonderful variety of power and beauty in each of them? — images at once so similar in their general character, and so exquisitely different in their particular form. This last quoted passage precedes lines which appear to me incomparable in harmony of sound and in the perfect beauty of their imagery: lines on which the tongue dwells, which linger on the ear with a charm enhanced by the dark horror of the speaker's purpose in uttering them, and which remind one of the fatal fascination of the Gorgon's beauty, as it lies in its frame of writhing reptiles, terrible and lovely at once to the beholder: —

> " Light thickens, and the crow
> Makes wing to the rooky wood."

We see the violet-coloured sky, we feel the soft intermitting wind of evening, we hear the solemn lullaby of the dark fir-forest; the homeward flight of the birds suggests the sweetest images of rest and peace; and, coupled and contrasting with the gradual falling of the dim veil of twilight over the placid face of nature, the remote horror " of the deed of fearful note " about to desecrate the solemn repose of the approaching night gives to these harmonious and lovely lines a wonderful effect of mingled beauty and terror. The combination of vowels in this line will not escape the ear of a nice observer of the melody of our language: the " rooky wood " is a specimen of a happiness of a sound not so frequent perhaps in Shakespeare as in Milton, who was a greater master of the melody of words. To return to Banquo: in the scene where he and Macbeth are received with such overflowing demonstrations of gratitude by Duncan, we have already observed he speaks but little; only once indeed, when in answer to the king's exclamation,

> " Let me unfold thee, and hold thee to my heart,"

he simply replies,

> " There if I grow, the harvest is your own."

But while Macbeth is rapidly revolving in his mind the new difficulties thrown in the way of his ambition, and devising new crimes to overleap lest he fall down upon them, we are left to imagine Banquo as dilating upon his achievements to the king, and finding in his praise the eloquence that had failed him in the professions of his own honest loyalty; for no sooner had Macbeth departed to announce the king's approach to his wife, than Duncan answers to

the words spoken aside to him by Banquo: —

> "True, worthy Banquo, he *is* full so valiant,
> And in his praises I am fed."

This slight indication of the generous disposition that usually lives in holy alliance with integrity and truth is a specimen of that infinite virtue which pervades all Shakespeare's works, the effect of which is felt in the moral harmony of the whole, even by those who overlook the wonderful details by which the general result is produced. Most fitting is it, too, that Banquo should speak the delicious lines by which the pleasant seat of Macbeth's castle is brought so vividly to our senses. The man of temperate passions and calm mind is the devout observer of nature; and thus it is that, in the grave soldier's mouth the notice of the habits of the guest of summer, "the temple-haunting martlet," is an appropriate beauty of profound significance. Here again are lines whose intrinsic exquisiteness is keenly enhanced by the impending doom which hovers over the kind old king. With a heart overflowing with joy for the success of his arms, and gratitude towards his victorious generals, Duncan stands, inhaling the serene summer air, receiving none but sensations of the most pleasurable exhilarations on the, threshold of his slaughter-house. The sunny breezy eminence, before the hospitable castle gate of his devoted kinsman and subject, betrays no glimpse to his delighted spirits of the glimmering midnight chamber, where, between his drunken grooms and his devil-driven assassin, with none to hear his stifled cries for help but the female fiend who listens by the darkened door, his life-blood is to ooze away before the daylight again strikes at the portal by which he now stands rejoicing in the ruddy glow of its departure. Banquo next meets us, as the dark climax is just at hand; the heavens, obedient to the invocation of guilt, have shut their eyes, unwilling to behold the perpetration of the crime about to be committed. The good old king has retired to rest in unusual satisfaction, his host and hostess have made their last lying demonstrations, and are gone to the secret councils of the chamber where they lie in wait. Banquo — unwilling to yield himself to the sleep which treacherously presents to his mind, through the disturbed agency of dreams, the temptation so sternly repelled by his waking thoughts — is about to withdraw, supposing himself the last of all who wake in the castle; for on meeting Macbeth he expresses astonishment that he is not yet abed. How beautiful is the prayer with which he fortifies himself against the nightly visitation of his soul's enemy! —

> "Merciful powers,
> Restrain in me the accursed thoughts that nature
> Gives way to in repose."

Further on the explanation of these lines is found in the brief conversation that follows between himself and Macbeth when he says, "I dreamed last night of the three weird sisters," and it is against a similar visitation of the powers of darkness during his helpless hours of slumber that he prays to be defended before surrendering himself to the heavy summons that "lies like lead upon him." It is remarkable that Banquo, though his temptation assails him from without in dreams of the infernal prophetesses, prays to be delivered not from them, but from the "accursed thoughts that *nature* gives way to in repose;" referring, and justly, his danger to the complicity with evil in his own nature — that noble nature of which Macbeth speaks as sovereignly virtuous, but of which the moral infirmity is thus confessed by him who best knows its treacherous weakness.

Banquo next appears in the midst of the hideous uproar consequent upon Duncan's murder, when the vaulted chambers of the castle ring with Macduff's cries to the dead man's sleeping sons — when every door bursts open as with the sweeping of a whirlwind, and half-naked forms, and faces white with sudden terror, lean from every gallery overlooking the great hall into which pour, like the in-rushing ridges of the tide, the scared and staring denizens of the upper chambers; while along remote corridors echoes the sound of hurrying feet, and inarticulate cries of terror are prolonged through dismal distant passages, and the flare of sudden torches flashes above and below, making the intermediate darkness blacker; and the great stone fortress seems to reel from base to settlement with the horror that has seized like a frenzy on all its inmates. From the midst of this appalling tumult rises the calm voice of the man who remembers that he "stands in the great hand of God," and thence confronts the furious elements of human passion surging and swaying before him.

Banquo stands in the hall of Macbeth's castle, in that sudden surprise of dreadful circumstances alone master of his soul, alone able to appeal to the All-seeing Judge of human events, alone able to advise the ac-

tions and guide the counsels of the passion-shaken men around him — a wonderful image of steadfastness in that tremendous chaos of universal dismay and doubt and terror.

This is the last individual and characteristic manifestation of the man. The inevitable conviction of Macbeth's crime, and equally inevitable conviction of the probable truth of the promised royalty of his own children, are the only two important utterances of his that succeed, and these are followed so immediately by his own death that the regretful condemnation of the guilty man once the object of his affectionate admiration cannot assume the bitterer character of personal detestation, or the reluctant admission of the truth of the infernal prophecy beguile him into dangerous speculations as to the manner of its fulfilment. The noble integrity of the character is unimpaired to the last.

From The Spectator, 27 April.

LORD STANLEY AND THE COMING WAR.

It would seem to be almost impossible for England to adhere to the policy of non-intervention. If ever there was a Foreign Secretary who might be trusted not to intervene unnecessarily in Continental quarrels it is Lord Stanley. If ever there was a quarrel in which intervention was inexpedient, it is the one between France and Germany about the evacuation of Luxemburg. Yet unless all Europe is deceived, Lord Stanley has not only intervened in that affair, but intervened in such a manner that it will be harder than ever to maintain peace. The situation, stripped of diplomatic reticences, is this. The Emperor of the French demands the evacuation of Luxemburg as a right — the King of Holland being sole proprietor of the State — and as a concession necessary to his honour, and threatens that if his demand is rejected he will enforce it by arms. The King of Prussia rejects the demand, first, as unfounded — he having treaty rights in the fortress; — and secondly, as one with which his honour will not permit him to comply. The issue being joined, the best hope of peace is that Napoleon, aware as he is of the magnitude of the risks involved in war, should be furnished with some honourable excuse for retreat. Thereupon, Lord Stanley, according to report, intervenes with a dispatch in which England gives her opinion that France is in the right, and follows this up by joining Russia and Austria in an "identical note" to the same effect. Further, he is even said to have sanctioned the proposal of certain alternatives, such as the "neutralization" of Luxemburg, or its transfer to Belgium, or its exchange for a Belgian district to be given to France, all of which have been more or less summarily rejected. The honourable path of retreat is therefore cut off, and Napoleon, assured by all Europe that he is quite in the right, must either go forward, or admit publicly that he abandons a claim, adjudged by disinterested parties to be valid, out of fear. That is not the result our diplomacy was expected to achieve, and it is the worse because there was no necessity for intervening. The question at issue is not one of importance to us. If the Treaties of 1839 are in existence, as Prussia contends, her right to garrison Luxemburg is as clear as ours to garrison Malta. If they are not, as France contends and Lord Stanley appears to have argued, what, beyond acknowledging that fact, have we to do with the matter? Lord Stanley will probably plead that peace is of the highest importance to our individual interests, which is true, if by peace we mean a genuine peace, and not merely an armed truce, but how does intervention help to maintain it? It might, no doubt, if we were prepared to threaten an alliance with France unless Prussia made some concession, but we are not prepared. We are not about, and we know that we are not about, to land an army at Memel, or blockade Hamburg, or do anything whatsoever contrary to the interests of Germany. If France wins we may have to fight for Belgium to maintain our pledges, and if Germany wins we might interfere to protect Holland as a free and allied State, but until one of those two countries is threatened we most assuredly shall not fight. Count von Bismarck knows that as well as we do, and the dispatch therefore reads to him as a mere declaration that England likes peace on the Continent better than war. So does he, only he dislikes the price he would just now have to pay for it. But there are moral forces which we have to consider. The "moral force" of England was very strongly exerted on behalf both of Denmark and Poland, and saved neither of them one single exaction. The Prussian Government does not care one straw whether we think it in the right or not, and as for peace, it may reply, and doubtless will reply, that peace is very dear to it, and that Napoleon has only to recede to make peace certain, while we are directly advising him

not to recede by declaring his pretensions reasonable. Why should not our moral force, if exerted only to secure peace, be applied to the plaintiff as well as the defendant? Interference of this kind simply increases the chance of war, by irritating the stubbornness of Prussia and the sensitiveness of Napoleon to repulse. Prussia is not likely to yield the more because officious friends think she might as well yield, or France because those same friends formally declare that she has reason on her side.

The situation is as grave as it is possible for it to be before troops are actually in movement. If we may believe statements which, though not absolutely official, have all the appearance of truth, Napoleon has addressed a demand to Berlin, the Powers have endorsed that demand, and Berlin has declined civilly and quietly to accede. What remains for Napoleon except to prepare himself to support his demand by arms, or to retreat, acknowledging himself defeated? He may do the latter, of course, but if he does he will take a course at variance at once with his policy, his present position, and his recent acts. His policy is to compensate France for the strictness of his internal *regime* by extending her influence abroad, and retreating, after a formal challenge, will not extend her influence. His present position is that of a man whose reputation for political sagacity and nerve begins to wane, and would, under one more failure, disappear. Retreat would unmistakably admit one more failure. His acts are those of a man who sees that war is at hand, and silently prepares for the battle. The first reserves, 60,000 men, have been called out "for drill" for the 1st of May. All officers, non-commissioned officers, and men on furlough have been ordered to present themselves at their posts on the same date. The fleet, it is stated, has been quietly made ready for active service. Horses for the Artillery — the last thing a government buys, they are so costly, and in peace so useless — are being purchased everywhere. Orders for shoes and socks have been widely distributed, and all the soldiers in the Army directed to present themselves to the surgeons, that men unfit for campaigning may be weeded out. The semi-official papers are instructed to say that the situation grows worse, and the chief among them, the *Constitutionnel*, talks of "unjust provocation" addressed to France, and rumours as to commands in the campaign begin to circulate in the Army, rumours which point to the organization of the Emperor's personal staff. He is, say the gossips, to command himself, with General Montauban, ablest of the "Mamelukes," as chief of his central staff. All these things may be done, no doubt, expensive as many of them are, in order to impress the Prussian Court with the idea that the Emperor is in earnest, but then they may also be done with a view to immediate war, and the latter is the more probable explanation. The Emperor knows perfectly well that to address visible menaces to a new power is to make it almost impossible for that power to give way, and no menace could be more visible than preparations such as the Belgian, German, and even French journals report. The Emperor, we fear, is preparing for war, and if he is, he will strike soon, and strike hard, lest his adversaries, whose impatience is becoming feverish, and whose commerce is paralyzed by the suspense, should gain the advantage of time. The suggestion that he must first raise a loan is a mistake. The French Treasury can get money enough for the wants of a few days without difficulty, and to ask for a loan in advance is to invite a discussion upon the propriety of the war. The cannon once heard, the Chamber will vote anything without discussion or opposition, and with the French system of open loans the emergency will not greatly affect the price.

It is strange to observe, as the crisis draws near, or seems to draw near, how slight is the bias of English feeling to one or other side. Our interests not being directly involved, the public judgment is unclouded, and it holds itself in suspense, to be decided in the main by the course of events. Of sympathy with either side there is little or none. There is no moral question involved, and no tangible result except the loss of treasure and lives. On the moral side neither Power is much in the right or much in the wrong, neither attracts the sympathy which flows naturally to the weaker, neither offends English feeling by hectoring or apparent desire for war. On the other hand, there is no result probable, scarcely any possible, which Englishmen strongly desire, as they desired, for example, the liberation of Italy. If France wins completely, she will have the Rhine, and Germany will be broken up, and neither of those results will be acceptable to this country. If Germany wins completely she will overthrow the Bonaparte throne, and may compel Holland to enter the Confederation, — consequences which most Englishmen regard as decided

ly undesirable. If France wins a little, she will gain Luxemburg, or the like, at a heavy price, a result of no imaginative grandeur; and if Germany wins a little, she will have a trifling increase in importance, a consequence not worth the cost. Finally, a drawn game, leaving each power pretty much as it is, could excite no feeling except a gentle contempt for the madness of nations which cannot exist without trying each other's strength in such fearful fashion. There is nothing as yet apparent in the struggle to which the British mind can fasten itself with a sense either of liking or antipathy, and public opinion, though fretted as usual by the annoyance consequent on war, awaits events in a spirit of the coolest criticism. If there is a bias at all, it is towards the Prussian side, partly from a latent fear for Belgium, partly from a liking for any power which seems at once strong and unaggressive, but chiefly from cordial appreciation for Count von Bismarck's bull-dog courage. To take a menace from France unmoved, seems to the average Englishman the perfection of political nerve.

From The Economist, 27th April.

THE PECULIAR DANGER OF THE THREATENED WAR.

THERE has been in all our recent wars a certain remarkable economy of the terrible weapon used, which has in a great measure limited their mischief, and utilized at the least possible sacrifice their beneficial results. Even the Crimean war, vast as was the expenditure involved, was, probably, one of the most efficient and economical of all wars, in proportion, that is, to the immense scale of the object attempted — a serious check to Russia, and a deliberate exhaustion of her offensive resources. The devastation it caused was limited locally to a short campaign on the Danube, and an unimportant corner of the Russian empire, and though vast regions were drained of men and supplies to sustain the contest in that corner, a vast sacrifice of life and wealth was inseparable from the object in view — we do not say how far it was a wise object — of striking physically a disabling blow at the ambition of Russia. The war ceased the moment Russia found that that object had been attained by making certain moderate, and, as was thought at the time in England, quite too small concessions; nor did it bring the wide-spread misery which an invading army cannot but carry with it to any considerable portion of Russian soil. The object was specific—to destroy, or closely limit, the Russian power in the Black Sea, so as to prevent all danger of a descent on Constantinople, and nobody was willing to go beyond the limits of that specific purpose. Still more economical have been the three wars which succeeded, — the six weeks' war in Italy in 1859, which ended in the cession of Lombardy, the wresting of Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark by the overwhelming power of Austria and Prussia, and the so-called nine days' war of last year, in which Austria's military power collapsed, and Prussia gained the ascendency in Germany. But the remarkable characteristic of all of these wars was, that each and all had a very specific purpose, which, once attained, removed all excuse for further fighting, and that in each of these cases alike, the two combatants were, as it turned out at least, very unequally matched. This is in itself an element in the economy of war. A Power, obviously and tremendously inferior either in natural resources, or, like Austria, in organization, cannot choose but confess the inferiority, and give up at once the matter in dispute. But Powers which are so far equal that either may claim the superiority, cannot thus give up the contest without ignominy; so that, if France and Germany really go to war for the supremacy, we do not see how such a war can terminate without the complete collapse of one or other of these great States, — a collapse which can scarcely be expected by any one in any short time, and which, when it comes, would, probably, issue in a whole train of fresh calamities distinct from those of the war itself.

And, if France and Germany really go to war for Luxembourg, they go to war, not for anything substantial, anything by the gain or loss of which the object of the war would be gained, but, in fact, for the supremacy in Europe. And the supremacy in Europe is just the vague sort of prize which neither can ever suppose itself to have gained too close without crushing the other. A slight success, nay, even one or two *great* successes on either side, would not be enough, so long as the defeated Power felt the elastic force of a great people still behind it, and the people shared, — as the people on both sides unquestionably would share, — the ambition of its leaders. It is scarcely conceivable that a less severe trial of strength between France and Germany would suffice to test their relative power than that by which France and England together tested the strength of Russia in 1854 and 1855. Every success,

would stimulate the victor into the hope of final victory. Every defeat would sting the vanquished into new and more brilliant efforts. Nor is it conceivable that between two conterminous countries with so long a boundary line, and a boundary line almost every section of which has changed masters in former wars, the war could be isolated, as it was in the case of Russia, to any one unhappy spot in which it could be fought out like a desperate duel to its conclusion. Such an isolation is not geographically possible in the case of a war between France and Germany. It would involve a sacrifice of half the best chances of war to attempt it on either side, and if either side were willing so to concentrate the horrors of the fight, it would be impossible to secure the assent of the other to so artificial an arrangement. A war between France and Germany, nominally for Luxembourg, means, then, something quite different from anything we have known of late years, — a war between great military Powers, of, probably, nearly equal resources, — a war for a symbol of supremacy, not for any substantial end which even the defeated Power could afford to admit as a concession fair to make, — a war of jealousy, not a war of patriotism, — a war to *measure* power between great nations, neither of whose real power can be guaged in a month, or even in a year.

We fear, therefore, that if this war should break out, the very trivial ground of quarrel may prove a reason, not for its speedy settlement, but for its long and exhausting character. Economy means the skilful adapting of a means to an end, so that your expenditure of means shall not be lavish in relation to the specific end you have in view. But the less specific is the end you have in view, the less is anything like economy practicable. You cannot economize war, or any other agency that is undertaken not for a specific end, but for a vague general end, like establishing the supremacy of one nation over another as a European Power. That is intrinsically an object which can only be gained by absolutely exhausting the spirit or the resources of one or other of the combatants. But neither Germany nor France is likely to give in for want of spirit till she gives in for want of strength. And no short war can well drain the strength of either of these great peoples. The more blood has been shed, the more lives have been sacrificed, the less willing will either nation be to make peace without achieving the end for which they fought, — Germany, to show that she will not give up an inch of German ground to please France, — France, to extort a concession of some sort from Germany which shall, at least, prove to the French that the *prestige* of France has not yet been eclipsed by the growing *prestige* of Germany.

With these views of the character of the war which now threatens Europe, we confess we feel great uneasiness at the rumor of those "identical notes" in which it is said that England has taken part, and the tenor of which is supposed to be persuasions addressed to Prussia to agree to the neutralisation of Luxembourg. We do not attach any very great value to these rumours. At such a time, such rumours are sure to prevail. We have every reason as yet to put confidence in Lord Stanley's prudence. But the rumours to which we refer at least justify us in expressing a very strong opinion that it would be very unwise in England to take either part, even so far as to give advice. As her opinion was asked about the obligations incurred under the treaty of 1839, she could not, of course, refuse to express her opinion as to the nature of those obligations. But anything like pressure addressed to either party — and we should say especially to Germany, who is in possession of the fortress of Luxembourg, and with whom the people of Luxembourg undoubtedly have more close ties of country than with France, — to induce her to give way, would appear to us a very false step, of which we cannot easily suppose Lord Stanley to be guilty. If the newspaper rumours, to which, as we said before, we attach exceedingly little importance, be true, England's influence has been used, with that of other powers, to persuade concession on the part of Germany, and to justify to some slight extent the policy of France. Now, the initiative in this case undoubtedly belonged to France. Germany only aspired to maintain the *status quo*. If we have given a shadow of support to the French representations, we have, in reality, rendered it much more difficult for the Emperor of the French to recede. If he is so far in the right that the other powers appeal to Germany to make a concession, there would seem to be something like *fear* in drawing back, and France cannot show fear. The effect, therefore, as it seems to us, of any throwing of our influence on the French side, must be to render France less likely to give way. And as Germany is, and has long been, in possession of the disputed territorial point, and as it is necessarily much more difficult for national pride to give way so far as to evacuate a fortress at the command of another, than even to resign new pretensions to a fortress which you have

never possessed, the fact of lending our moral aid to France must be, we think, to diminish the *most* considerable (even if inconsiderable) ground of hope for peace which existed at all. And, of course, the fact of our intervention, if we have in any sense intervened, to persuade Prussia to submit, cannot have been pleasing to Prussia. This we ought not to consider, if there were any good end either in the way of peace or justice to be gained by our interposition. But this, we think, we have shown to be very unlikely; and, on the other hand, we do know that if ever we have to redeem our pledges to defend Belgium, it will not be against Prussia but against France, while Germany would be our best ally in such a struggle. Could it be wise, then, to deepen the unfriendly feeling already too strong between England and Germany, by a policy which is not conceived either in the interests of peace or of justice? — for, as regards justice, while it is difficult to maintain that there is any important concession to justice involved in continuing to subject Luxembourg to the military power of Prussia, it is impossible to maintain that any such concession is involved in handing over Luxembourg to France. There never seems to us to have been a foreign complication in which it was so clearly our duty to keep neutral, even to the point of withholding moral support from both parties alike. The struggle is really one for European supremacy, and on the question of the European supremacy of France or Prussia, England has certainly no conviction, and, probably, no strong wish.

From the Saturday Review, 27th April.

WILL THERE BE WAR?

The best mode of approaching all questions affecting foreign nations is to study the claims, the views, and the feelings of that party to a quarrel which is least in favour with Englishmen. At present, Prussia is not so much in favour with Englishmen as France is. The Prussians have been very successful lately, and bystanders have an uncomfortable feeling at the spectacle of too much good fortune. The Prussians personally are an insolent, overbearing race; they make themselves far more disagreeable than the French do; and there is still lingering in some quarters the foolish feeling provoked by the Danish war, that although we could not conveniently fight Prussia ourselves, yet we had a big friend whom some day we would set on Prussia to avenge us and Denmark. The German side of the quarrel is accordingly thrown into the background, and if we hear from German authorities that Prussia is determined not to give way, this resolution is treated as a piece of mad insolence or of blind and besotted obstinacy. Calling them names, however, will not make the Germans less determined; and if we wish to guess on fair grounds whether there will be war, we must begin by inquiring how it is that the Germans are so determined. If we do this, we shall soon find that with the Germans the present question is not a question of nationality. They do not claim Luxemburg as German. Count Bismark has expressly renounced this view. Germany, as he declares, does not want Luxemburg, and Luxemburg does not want Germany. But Prussia is in possession, not of the territory of Luxemburg, but of the fortress, and why should Prussia be turned out? Prussia was placed there by Europe to watch against the ambition of France, and especially to protect Germany against France; and yet the King of Holland thinks that he is to be allowed to sell this very fortress to France, and then the French are to tell the Prussians that they are on French soil, and must walk out. But the Prussians are told that they need not mind this, because things are changed, and they are so much relatively stronger than they were that they need not object to France being strengthened. That is, they are asked to give up a strong position to France because they are better able to fight her. In other words, Germany has to indemnify France for the injury France has sustained by a strong confederacy being substituted in Germany for a weak one. Why should this be? If Germany makes her unity still more complete and her confederation still more effectual, are the French to claim some further compensation? Are they to have a slice, bigger or smaller, of the left bank of the Rhine, to make up for Bavaria and Wurtemberg associating their fortunes altogether with those of the Northern States? This the Germans will never consent to. They may fight and be beaten, and may have to give up Luxemburg and a great many other places of more importance; but at any rate they will do their best to keep what they have got. To German eyes the case presents itself as a whole. They ask whether they are to admit the principle that, as between themselves and France, they are to be called on

to give up something to France because they improve their political condition. Is it we alone, they may ask, that have improved our political condition? Have we alone made ourselves stronger for military purposes? Certainly not. France has substituted a military despotism for a constitutional government, and one of the very strongest claims which the Second Empire has on the feelings of Frenchmen is that, even if it makes them less free at home it makes them more powerful abroad. It enables them to carry on war more swiftly, effectually, and successfully The Germans, in their turn, have adopted a new organization, which enables them to bring into the field more troops and better troops under a better system; and then, because they have done this, and have so far followed the example of France, they are told that they must give France a fortress to make things square. Their only reply, the only reply possible for them to such a demand, is that, if the French want the fortress of Luxemburg, they must come and take it.

The Germans have also a feeling that they are being most unfairly sacrificed to the necessities of the French Empire. They think that the EMPEROR feels his throne to be in danger, and wants a war to make himself safe. He has lost prestige in Mexico; he passed last year in a state of discreditable vacillation. Now he feels that war must come, or he will be lost; and the Germans strongly object to being made war upon in order that the French may be tempted to forget that they were ordered out of Mexico by the United States, and that the EMPEROR has no longer a very brilliant position in Europe. Nothing can be more aggravating to a nation than the thought that it is to have its commerce cut up, and its taxes doubled, and its families desolated, and its soldiers killed, because a foreign Sovereign calculates that it would suit him better to have a war than a revolution. People who feared that such an injustice was going to be done them might very well argue that the least concession would be ruin, and that nothing could possibly save them except a boldness which would show that to fight them would be a most dangerous risk, and that their enemy, if he wants war as a protection against revolution, would do well to make a war that promises to pay better. The Germans reflect that the causes which, as they conceive, are nearly producing war now, may produce it very easily hereafter. No one knows what will happen in France when the reign of the present EMPEROR terminates. The military despotism may continue, and the next EMPEROR may feel that, with a weaker title, and a more precarious hold on power, war is the first condition of his existence. The only way for Germany to avoid being victimised is to show herself perfectly prepared for war, and perfectly ready to fight. A long and undecisive war is as unfavourable to a military despot as no war at all. The Germans may reasonably hope that, if they either fight well now, or succeed in averting war by proclaiming themselves quite ready for war, they may henceforth ward off a serious, pressing, and permanent danger. These, right or wrong, are the feelings and calculations of the Germans. They decline to admit the principle that, because they increase their political and military strength, France is entitled to ask for compensation. They wish to convince the military despots of France that they are not to try to recover prestige at the expense of Germany. So far, therefore, as the preservation of peace may be supposed to depend on the Germans giving way, it may be confidently said that there is no hope of peace. They most certainly will not give way.

But will France give way? No one can answer this. If the French nation thinks its honour involved in turning the Prussian garrison out of Luxemburg, there must be war. A few weeks ago it was perfectly indifferent to Luxemburg and its garrison. Nor does it much care about either now. But a great many Frenchmen feel sore about Prussia. They think they have cut a very poor figure last year; and somehow, although they do not clearly know how, they now find themselves in such a position that, if they let this Luxemburg question drop quietly, they think their conduct will be ascribed to fear. Just as, to all appearance, the Germans are not actuated by an absurd desire to claim Luxemburg on the ground of nationality, so it must be confessed that the French do not appear to be actuated by a desire for territorial aggrandizement. The Germans are, in a general way, fond of making out that half-German races are wholly German; and the French are, in a general way, fond of acquiring territory, and their general habits of thought are not discarded entirely on this occasion. But the main motive, the leading thought, is not German nationality or French aggrandizement. And it must also be said that even if the general theory entertained by the Germans about the character of the French Empire is correct, and although no one can

doubt that the present EMPEROR would prefer a war to a revolution, yet there are no signs that the war, if it comes, will be his doing. He is not pushing on France to war; it is France that is pushing on him. The semi-official article just published in the *Constitutionnel* states probably what is the simple truth, that the French Government did not think Prussia would object to the cession of Luxemburg or the evacuation of the fortress. It seemed as if Prussia had nothing to lose by this, and might be expected to be glad of showing in a graceful way that she was pleased that the wishes of France should be gratified. The EMPEROR may not unnaturally think that he has given no ground for suspecting that he wants to take the left bank of the Rhine, or that he considers a new war necessary for the maintenance of his power. He showed himself last year much more moderate than his subjects; and when war was in some measure pressed on him, he seemed to appeal to the good sense of the country, and to lean for support on the growing dislike with which war is regarded in France by those who most suffer from taxes and have to shed their blood most freely in battle. Even at this eleventh hour the language of the French Government is studiously courteous and conciliatory. Since Prussia unfortunately is not so accommodating as was expected, and asserts that she holds Luxemburg under a general European arrangement which is not to be disturbed by bargains between France and Holland, France is ready to accept this view, and to invite the other great Powers to consider what should be the destiny of the fortress of Luxemburg now that the territory of Luxemburg is no longer a part of the German Confederation.

It is undoubtedly open to Prussia to reply that the other Powers have nothing to do with the matter, and that Germany, having had this fortress entrusted to her for the protection, not only of Europe, but of Germany, cannot be dispossessed at the pleasure of other Powers. But it is obvious that, so far as Europe was concerned, it was because the province of Luxemburg was made a part of the German Confederation that the fortress was handed over to the safekeeping of German troops. The two things went together. In 1839 the Great Powers forced Belgium to give up Luxemburg to Holland on the express ground that, as it was a part of Germany, the Belgians could not be allowed to retain it as a portion of the territory which they had succeeded in wresting from Holland.

But now Luxemburg is no longer a part of Germany. The Germans do not wish that it should be so. It is a possession of the King of HOLLAND, who wants to be rid of it, and it is a most glaring anomaly that Prussia should retain the right of garrisoning a fortress in the midst of a territory that is entirely alien to her. If she chooses to say that, having got the fortress, she will keep it whether she is right or not, and whether her position is anomalous or not, she can do so, and it is possible she may do so successfully. But she certainly, in doing this, abdicates her claim to hold Luxemburg by a European title. If she says that she must hold it for the protection of Germany, this does not really alter her position, for she still occupies new ground. She is assuming more than the European settlement gave her. She is, in fact, holding a non-German town for the protection of Germany, and the Powers that placed her there never meant that this should be so. If the cession of Luxemburg is looked upon as a compensation to France, or as a sign that Germany will yield to claims made for the purposes of French politics, it is impossible to conceive that the Prussian garrison will be withdrawn. But if it is looked at with reference to the general politics of Europe, the case is very different. For, as between Europe and Prussia, the continuance of a Prussian garrison in non-German territory is a sort of usurpation. But Prussia cannot be expected to admit that the fortress which she is asked to give up shall be given to France. If it is contrary to the spirit of the European settlement that she should hold Luxemburg now that Luxemburg is no longer German, it is still more contrary to the spirit of that settlement that the fortress she holds as against France should be given to France. But then it is urged that, if she withdraws, France, on the first opportunity, will be sure to seize it, and that to withdraw is virtually to give it to France. To this there is only one answer. If Luxemburg is placed under the same guarantee as Belgium, France can never seize it except by risking a war with the guarantors. Prussia may be persuaded to consider this guarantee a sufficient security; and this is, we imagine, almost the only hope of peace being preserved. It is not a solution of the difficulty at all agreeable to us, for Englishmen view with the utmost dislike all projects for extending our engagements to defend foreign soil. But, as we have guaranteed Belgium, we should not be running a new risk. Or if, in a remote way, our risk is increased, this perhaps is not too great a sacrifice to make in order to preserve peace.

From the Saturday Review.

THE PRIVACY OF THE DEAD.

Most persons who have read the autobiography of Goethe will remember the passage in which he describes the anxiety of his acquaintances, after the publication of *Werther*, to discover the lady from whom he borrowed the character of Charlotte. Tormenting inquiries upon the subject pursued him all through his life. And, looking back on them, the author of *Werther* wanders into a slight digression about the way in which the public treats those whose mission it is to write for public instruction and amusement. Perhaps a man who publishes his own autobiography is not the person to complain of intrusions on his privacy. Those who, like Goethe or Rousseau, deliberately choose to "pose" in public, and to invite the microscopic attention of the curious, ought not to object to being stared at or even jostled by a crowd. In general, famous people are supposed at any rate to have a right to shut out the world from their drawing-rooms and their dinner-tables. Princes and princesses are believed to be an exception. Like the lions in the Zoological Gardens, they are national characters; and the public, which pays for them, wishes as far as possible to watch them even at their meals. Whether one Royal personage is on the best of terms with another, what is the exact level of matrimonial felicity among the princes and princesses who are grown up, and what the little princes and princesses who are not grown up say to the doctor who attends them for the measles, are topics of conversation at every village tea-table in the country. But, apart from such exceptional cases, a modified sort of privacy is permitted to great men during their lifetime. Occasionally the "Flâneur" of a daily paper hunts them down at a club or an evening party, and regales his readers on the length of one hero's hair and the whiteness of another hero's teeth; but such impertinences are blamed and discountenanced by educated men and women. As soon, however, as a hero dies he loses his claim to the protection of good manners. Naked the literary giant came into this world, and naked he goes out of it. He leaves behind, for the inspection of the world at large, his character and his clothes, his manners and conversation, the cut of his coat and the colour of his hair, his acquaintances, his amours, and the exact shade of his theological opinions. All that he has had or enjoyed in life becomes the property of the literary harpies of the next age. Nobody thinks it wrong or indecorous to study the minutiæ of his appetite, or his personal habits. The slaves of the lamp of one generation are always busy over the private affairs of their predecessors, the slaves of the lamp of the generation before. Not to know the chronological order of Lord Byron's intrigues, the secret history of Mr. Shelley's marriages, or the authentic details of Mr Coleridge's opium-eating, is a sort of blot upon one's literary cultivation. The thoroughly educated man is as much at home at Mr. Fox's dinner-table as at his own. It is the aim and object of our early studies to teach us to be able to button-hole all the illustrious dead — to call Tommy Moore by his Christian name, and to be facetious and omniscient about Mr. Wordsworth's stout coarse shoes. For the slave of the lamp, when he is buried, there is no more privacy. The more secluded has been his life, the greater the crowd which flocks to him when he is dead, and inquisitive biographers think no more of taking up their permament quarters among his papers than the active tourist does of picnicking at the Pyramids or on the site of Veii.

An eminent Lord Chancellor is said to have once told the late Lord Campbell that his *Lives of the Chancellors* had succeeded in adding an additional terror to death. It may perhaps reasonably be doubted whether contemporary fame is an adequate compensation for the prospect of having one's life and letters subjected to the curious scrutiny of posterity. The two greatest poets that the world has ever known are singular in being an exception to the lot of their fraternity. Nobody knows anything about Shakspeare and Homer — if there ever was a Homer — may at all events lay claim to the proud distinction of having successfully baffled the erudite efforts of biographers. But, with few exceptions, most great writers have been so dug over and explored that any privacy which they may have desired during their lives is utterly lost and sacrificed at their decease. The question is whether posthumous fame is worth this. One can well conceive of a great genius who calmly considered the matter in all its bearings, and who fully understood the eternal fuss that would be made by future ages about his neckhandkerchiefs, and his juvenile indiscretions, coming deliberately to the conclusion that he preferred dying in obscurity. To be called Tommy to all time, and to have one's conjugal affection, and one's capacity for toadyism canvassed by coming ages, is a prospect which would have made Mr. Moore

think twice about writing *Lalla Rookh*. Even Dr. Johnson might have hesitated about the wisdom of compassing *Rasselas* and of conversing familiary with Boswell, if he had been forewarned that his voracious way of eating, his difficulty about early rising, and his admiration of Mrs. Thrale would have been as immortal as *Rasselas* itself. The truth is that glory and immortality are by no means unmixed blessings. They entail upon defunct heroes a long course of literary persecution. The Stellas and Vanessas of a great author haunt him long after they and he are gone. There is no corner appropriated to the dead in which they can hide their precious secrets, and every lock of hair that the poet or the satirist conceals among his most cherished treasures before many years are past, will inevitably be exposed upon the housetop.

It is a consolation to be able to believe that the dead whose privacy we overhaul so unceremoniously have usually died in profound ignorance of all the honourable publicity that was to be conferred on them. The most sanguine of them anticipated perhaps that their compositions or their achievements would endure, but they never dreamed of the zealous curiosity with which people would inquire into all their domestic affairs. Lord Nelson possibly expected that his fame would survive together with the history of the battle of the Nile or Trafalgar. He hoped for Westminster Abbey, but he did not know that Lady Hamilton's name would cling to him as closely as if it were his own epitaph. It is, however, one of the undoubted misfortunes of celebrity that it sheds a briliant light, not merely on the hero, but on the hero's foibles, on the follies he has committed, and the false idols he has worshipped. Briseis lives as long as Achilles, and Frederika as long as Goethe. When we are all dead and buried, future antiquarians will rumage the historian's house at Chelsea, and the Poet Laureate's garden in the Isle of Wight. The question, therefore, cannot but suggest itself occasionally, whether it is desirable that the dead should never be protected. Nobody of course can claim any rights except as far as they are consistent with the interests of society. As the rights of property are subordinate to the welfare of the community at large, the rights of individual privacy depend upon the ultimate advantage of the world, and it may be that the interests of mankind and of literature demand that all the secret history of famous people should ultimately be laid bare to the noonday. The question, however, is one well worth settling. As it is, most people investigate all the mysteries of the past without the faintest scruple, but also without having definitely asked themselves whether in so doing they are acting on a justifiable principle. There must be some rational and sound argument one way or other upon the subject, and it is as well to consider what it is.

Reserved and sensitive writers who object to this system of posthumous exploration must recollect, in the first place, that the system is one introduced by literary genius itself, not forced upon genius by a prying and inquisitive world. The fault rests with literature rather than with society. The bones of authors might sleep in peace but for the activity of other authors who come after them. But the past, as far as literature is concerned, seems so deeply interesting to the present, that writers are never satisfied with letting it alone, and a large percentage of the volumes published in one age are devoted to exhuming the memory of writers who have published volumes in the age before. The smallest anecdotes about one literary man supply materials for the pen of another, and thus literature is protected against running dry at the expense of the privacy of the dead. At the first blush of the matter, of course it seems hard that, because a man has composed a great poem or compiled a great history, his wife, his *menage*, and even his *cuisine*, should be destined to be common possessions for all subsequent literature to deal with as it pleases. Give the world an inch and it asks an ell. Contribute to its progress a book, an invention, or a feat of arms, and it straightway drags from you, and devours with greedy curiosity, all that you did not propose to contribute to it, the story of your inner life and the secrets of your most private memoranda. So common and universal a custom cannot be without a good plea in its own defence; and the limitations imposed by common opinion upon such publicity help to throw light on the reasons why in general the privacy of the dead should be so little respected. As long as there are those living whose personal feelings are involved, the memory of the dead, by general consent, is regarded as a sacred thing. A deceased man's children are thought to have a claim to be considered, and any one who can honestly say that the violation of the privacy of the dead will wound or annoy the living invariably commands attention. Accordingly, private paders are often withheld from publication until the generation whose reputation or sensitiveness they might offend is gone, and

no biographer who was not a brute would divulge the confidential secrets of any human being who might be injured by his disclosures. This sweeping exception to the rule of publicity shows on what principle the line is drawn. The dead as such, and except so far as they share their biography with those who are not yet dead, are considered to be the property of society. They have been transferred into the domain of history, and history recognises no right paramount to its own. The axiom on which its views rests is that it is a good thing for mankind that it should find out all it can about the past, and that no one should be able to cover up under a cloak of secresy his most hidden motives. Human prejudice may be offended by such a law, but it is not easy to point out anything in it inconsistent with the best and highest interests of humanity. The only use of which a man can be to his fellow-creatures, when once he is no more, is to furnish them with the truth about himself. If he is not able to be either an exemplar or a warning, he can be a specimen and a study — one more contribution to the natural history of poets or philosophers. or whatever else his line in life may be. When we ask ourselves what just cause or impediment there is why this should not be so, there is really nothing to urge except a sort of blind and selfish instinct within us, that tells us it would be pleasanter to have some reminiscences at any rate burried with us in the grave. Pleasanter for the individual it certainly would be, but this is no proof at all that it would be better for the race. It may perhaps be said that, by a parallel course of reasoning, one might show that it was the duty of every good citizen to bequeath his body to the dissecting-room, in order that he might be of some service to science, when he could no longer be of service to anybody besides. The analogy, however, is not complete. First of all, such a destination of the remains of the dead would often be a shock and an outrage to the feelings of the living. But secondly, apart from all questions of private sensibilities, it must be taken to be an accepted fact that civilized communities find it more to their advantage to treat the remains of the deceased with pious reverence than to deal with them for purposes of science. There are cases in which the claims of science are ordinarily admitted; but most moralists will allow that experience and argument are in favour of the custom which at present obtains. If that custom were merely founded on individual caprice or instinct, it would not be worth much, but the instinct or caprice happens to be one which it is desirable and useful to preserve and foster. It is different with regard to the dead who by lapse of time have become disconnected with the current affairs of the living. It is not what they would have liked that is to be considered, but what upon the whole is best for all of us. And reason tells us that it is best that the dead should have no vested interest at all in what they leave behind them, whether it be their money or their name and fame. It is therefore a misnomer to talk of the privacy, of the dead. The dead have no privacy, no secrecy no reserve. They bring nothing into the world, and they must take nothing out.

On the whole, we do not doubt that this principle is a sound and moral one. Above all other considerations the welfare of society ought to predominate; but if there ever was a case in which society has the first claim, it is where her cause and that of truth are identical. It is not for the good of the world that the motives and inner characters of famous men should perish with them. Every effort made by them to obtain some protection against the curiosity of the future is either a proof of weakness or morbidity, or worse. Human instinct is on their side, but human reason is not. It is by having their inmost confidences laid bare to future ages that great men, despite of themselves, are compelled to destroy the illusions they have fomented about themselves, to give up the deceptions behind which they have taken refuge, and to repair something of the harm they have done. As far as the living are concerned, hypocrisy has been said to be the tribute vice pays to virtue. When we come to deal with the dead, be they good or be they bad, the best tribute they can pay to virtue is, not hypocrisy, but truth.

From The Saturday Review.

DEMOCRACY AND COURT-DRESS.

An extremely curious debate is reported to have recently taken place in the House of Representatives at Washington, on the subject of clothes. A distinguished writer in our own country has taught us the emblematic significance of clothes, and has in a manner based an entire philosophy of life and human nature upon them. Nobody who has studied the close connexion which exists between each element of conduct and

feeling and every other element, can be in the least surprised to find that a democratic polity seems to lead to democratic manners and costume. All one's ideas move together, with varying degrees of intensity, but at the bidding of a common impulse. Emancipation from imaginary slavery to one of those typical tyrants whom excited poets accuse of devouring the earth leads to a vast number of results which have no immediately political connexion. In a State founded on the conception that all men are equal, all sorts of social consequences flow from what at first seems an exclusively political idea. You must not have different classes of railway carriages for different orders in a country where, theoretically at least, there are no orders. You may expectorate at your own sweet will in a free country. You may go to dinners and to balls in a frock-coat, or a shooting-jacket, or anything else you like, among a people where one man's idea of what is becoming is quite as respectable and authoritative as another's. The debate, however, to which we have referred, and the resolution which was carried in consequence, implies an extension of these free social principles for which one was hardly prepared. For the future no representative of the great Republic at a foreign Court is to wear the Court-dress of the country to which he is accredited. This curious piece of legislation is due to Mr. Sumner, who introduced the resolution into the Senate. In the Lower Chamber it gave rise to unbounded jocosity. One honourable member, it appears, moved an amendment, not only forbidding a diplomate from wearing Court-dress, but also prescribing the kind of dress which he shall wear on great occasions. Among other items in this proposed costume, there was to be "a cocked-hat looped up with an American eagle," and "a swallow-tailed coat with stars and stripes on the tails, butternut pantaloons, close-fitting yellow stockings with gaiters, and a buckskin vest with one side black and the other side white." But this elegant humour was far exceeded by another gentleman, who moved "that diplomatic agents shall not be permitted to wear any Court-dress except such as shall be prescribed, and the patterns drawn, by the *chief tailor of the nation, who is now presiding over its destinies.*" This graceful reference to the fact that Mr. Johnson had once been a tailor was at once seen to be so steeped in wit and fancy that the House was convulsed with laughter. Some English people are very angry at this, and insist that it is only in a democratic country that a man could be taunted with the lowness of his origin. This, however, is a mistaken view of the matter. The speaker, himself a man of low origin, did not mean what he said as a taunt, but as a joke and bit of humour. Even from this point of view it is bad and rude enough. The joke is a specimen of that sort of fun which consists in throwing yourself ironically and for the moment among a set of ideas which are not your own, and measuring an object by an alien standard. Mr. Covode may have tried to realize the feelings of the aristocratic Courts, and may for the time have identified himself, in a moment of grim jocosity, with their way of looking at a Chief Magistrate who had once been a tailor. To our notions, of course, the humour is a shade too grim to be decent. But American irony sticks at nothing. Some of the most characteristic of American jests, though they do not often get into print, turn upon a peculiarly daring treatment of things of which sober persons usually speak with bated breath. Such a gibe as this against the chief tailor presiding over the national destinies is not the product of the political ideas of the United States, but a mark of the stage of manners at which they have arrived. It would be impossible in our House of Commons; not because the House represents oligarchic ideas in politics, but because we have a very long civilization at the back of us, while the Americans have only a very short civilization. One wishes very much that the Americans would advance rather more rapidly in the pursuit of the amenities; only let us not father on democracy the offences against good taste and fastidiousness which are really due to the social state, and which after all are not a bit more repugnant to modern politeness than the manners of our own senators a generation or two back—and they were aristocratic enough in all conscience.

Mr. Covode's humour, however, and that of the gentleman who proposed a swallow-tailed coat with stars and stripes on the tails, were both quenched by Mr. Banks, who took up seriously what these two wits had taken up jocosely. The question whether the American Ambassadors should wear spotted waistcoats, shoe-buckles, swords, and so forth, was no joke to him. Somehow or other, in his eyes, it involves the supremacy of the United States. By an inscrutable mental process, the shoe-buckles and swallow-tails recalled to the mind of Mr. Banks the alleged prophecy of Turgot, that the United States would prove

to be the Carthage of the modern world. Mr. Banks put a truly remarkable and original interpretation upon this. For it is usually supposed that in the ancient world Carthage was, on the whole, something like a failure. At all events, nobody thinks that the Carthaginians impressed their ideas very deeply or permanently on the surrounding world. But people like Mr. Banks choose to have new theories of history, just as they choose to have every thing else new. So he supposes that the Carthaginian function which the United States are destined to fulfil in the great State-system of the modern world is to impress new notions upon the mind of Europe. For the future, the grand storehouse of fertilizing ideas for Europe will no longer be the mystical East, but the more fresh and glorious West. We are to begin simply, and to advance gradually from things small to the very greatest. Breeches will be the form in which American missionary effort will first touch the heart and understanding of Europe. Her initial function is to teach Europe how to dress. If an Englishman goes to the Court of Dahomey, Mr. Banks might ask, does he doff his own habitual raiment and don a fig leaf, a string of beads, and a hat? Why then should an American citizen at St. James's or the Tuileries array himself in a flowered satin waistcoat, a snuff-coloured coat, and a sword, simply because the barbarous etiquette of those Courts prescribes such absurd and incongruous apparel? Europeans ought to be taught better, and the only way to instruct them is to refuse compliance with a preposterous usage. *Longum est iter per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla.* Mr. Banks apparently believes in an original and peculiar modification of the famous saying of Fletcher of Saltoun. Let who will make laws for Europe, provided America may furnish the pattern for its coat and breeches. Mr. Sumner is much too sensible a man to sympathize with this extraordinary and most exalted notion of the business of American representatives in Europe. It is said, indeed, that he brought the motion forward, not in order to favour Europe with choice specimens of American or Carthaginian tailoring, but simply because that powerful originality on which his nation so justly prides itself had impelled some of the Ambassadors to devise Court-dresses for themselves, so fearfully and wonderfully made as to fill every decent American who saw them with an unpleasant awe or equally unpleasant shame. From this point of view, the resolution forbidding the Ambassadors to appear in any dress but that of an ordinary American citizen assumes the air of a distinct mark of respect to our feelings. What is intended is not that Europe shall be proselytized, but that it shall cease to laugh at the costumes of too original and inventive Americans. That constructive genius which is so strikingly exhibited in everything practical, from iron-clad ships down to apple-parers, for some reason or other breaks down when it comes to trousers and coats. The truth is that an æsthetic element enters into breeches. And the Americans have been too busy with more urgent and practical affairs to attend much to this department. They are weak in æsthetics, and they are therefore weak in tailoring. Yet we are not sure that, even from the æsthetic side, they are not right in their new resolution. Take the Court-dress of St. James's, for example. What can be more ugly, unreasonable, and inconvenient than the costume in which, on great occasions, respectable gentlemen are made to figure? "They will be mistaken for butlers and men-servants," one gentleman said, in deprecation of Mr. Sumner's motion, "if they only dress like an ordinary American citizen." Most men, however, who have arrived at a decorous middle age would, we should think, much rather run the risk of being mistaken for butlers than expose their wretched shanks to the cold of the atmosphere and the suppressed ridicule of the multitude. A calfless great man — and it is surprising how often great men are calfless — will look with envy upon the American who can clothe his legs in the decorous obscurity of trousers.

It is a little difficult to keep from laughing at the idea of so much fuss being made about so unimportant a concern. Still it is worth remembering that, no further back than the commencement of the present Parliament, some commotion arose in our own House of Commons because two of its most distinguished members, Mr. Mill and Mr. Bright, objected to attend the Speaker's dinner in the prescribed costume, and therefore could not attend at all. And then there was the recent diplomatic thunder-storm aroused by the refusal of the Pope's porter to admit a vehicle drawn by a single horse, even though behind the single horse sat the representative of the potent Bismark. To all expostulation the porter only replied with his august master's usual *Non possumus.* If one thinks of etiquette run to seed in this imbecile fashion, there is something rather sensible in the American resolution to have nothing to do with a system which develops such monstrous silliness.

Imagine a big sheaf of despatches being written about the conduct of the Pope's porter in refusing to admit a one-horse brougham. This sort of snobbish spirit is common enough among *parvenus* and upstarts, but it is amazing in an old-established family like that of the Vatican. There, if anywhere, we should think they could afford to know mere one-horse people. Compared with folly like this, at any rate, the line taken by the *parvenus* of the West is worthy of all admiration. There is so little danger of our having too lax a code of etiquette in Europe, that an infusion of unceremoniousness from the West is not likely to do us any harm. It is more likely to do us good, by stimulating us to brush away a certain portion of cobwebby usage which does not make public life any more dignified, while it does make it decidedly less wholesome and free.

From the London Review.

ROCOCO MINDS.

We have an expressive term of uncertain etymology which we apply to furniture, ornament, or even architecture, *rococo*. It sounds very Italian, but it is not so. *Ròco* is hoarse, jarring and harsh, and *ròcoco* would be a diminutive naturally formed, yet the sigification of the word tallies not with ours. Perhaps some cicerone, as he shrugged his shoulders over a doubtful piece of art, invented the word, which has since passed into universal acceptance. "It is," says Bescherelle, "used to denote what is fantastic and *outre* in decorative art;" and, we may add, it is applied very generally to the revival mania which sprang up at the close of the last century, and continues till this time. Architecture, landscape gardening, furniture, interior and exterior decorations, wigs, shoes, stockings, clothes, nay, even paint and patchings are rococo. We have not with us the *Sartor Resartus*, but the *Sartor Redivivus*. He triumphs everywhere. At Longchamps and Chantilly in the coming season we are to have a complete revival of the dress à l'Empire. Our beloved Eugenie, with her would-be Austrian face, will make us half believe that Marie Antoinette is revisiting earth — under what happier stars heaven only knows — and duchesses and grand ladies will revive the faded images of the persons of that court which flitted in and out the petit Trianon and the Tuileries, from the foully murdered Princess de Lamballe to the foully plotting, diamond-necklace stealing, Countess de la Motte. We may call the age what we like — an age of veneer, of sham, of reform, of peace, progress, or of retrogression. The truth is, it is an age of rococo. For Eugénie is to wear not a wholly Marie Antoinette costume, she will have a make-up, a dress à l'Empire, with hair and hat of the time of Louis Seize, and, it may be, jewellery of Roman and Etruscan fashion. Thus we grow patchy in our costumes, and almost burlesque in our habits, when following fashion in this guise.

As the body is externally furnished so is the mind internally. The sundial in dingy Pump-court, Temple, tells us, as plainly as gilt letters can speak, that "Shadows we are, and like shadows we depart;" and these shadows are coloured by existing and interposing matters; nay, they assume form and apparent substance at the bidding, as it were, of these interponents. The chief leader of the rococo-minded people, who has managed to colour all men of his sort, and has influenced others insensibly, was the hero of Strawberry Hill, Horace Walpole; and his spirit is plainly visible on the two leaders of the sect at present clothed in resuscitated ideas and not very admirable flesh, Mr. Beresford Hope and Archbishop Manning. But, as our dear Horace lived in the days when Voltaire was a power, and to sneer was to be clever, he did not try to turn back modern progress to ornamental Toryism like Mr. Beresford Hope, nor to revive the Hildebrandistic feelings in the Church Catholic like Dr. Manning. He was content to collect old armour, fine or foolish pictures, relics and furniture, to fill his toyshop of Strawberry Hill. He did not care exactly what article he picked up, and to get a fitting receptacle for his collection he built a sham Gothic structure, in the true rococo style. Here he sat and gossipped in state, only too happy if he could retail an anecdote — and this makes his book such charming reading — either profane or indecent, or if it verged on both, he was delighted. "That warming-pan," said he, pointing to a copper antiquity of great price, "puts me in mind how oddly the name of God is sometimes misapplied. It belonged to Charles II., and was used for the beds of his mistresses. It is inscribed 'Serve God and live for ever.'" One need not say now how superficial Horace Walpole was, but his learning, if superficial, was multifarious and decorated with considerable taste. To him we certainly owe

the man-millinery of the Church, the crosses, copes, lecterns, altars, and super-altars; for it was he who led us to admire the Gothic in all its variety, and from him Sir Walter Scott caught his rococoism. But Walpole went further. He doted on antiquities, and did not care what they were; he loved even mummies, and, like old Cockletop in the farce, would have been delighted with "a hair of the dog that bit Aristides," for a false miracle was to him about as good as a real one. His noblest follower was Sir Walter Scott, who had an infusion of the true antiquary, Captain Grosse, within him, and some, too even in his misfortunes, which he bore and overcame with the most heroic spirit of that peculiar affection of Selden which Fuller so drily notices. Fuller said of Mr. Selden, who was both a rich man and a keen antiquary, that he had a large collection of the coins of the Roman Emperors, and a very much larger of *those of his present Majesty*. Sir Walter united to the love of the rococo the spirit of commercial success; he built Abbotsford, but he loved genuine antiquities. He brought back a love of Charles I., a dislike — a gentlemanly dislike, of course — to Puritans and Protestants, a belief, very different from the teachings of experience, or from that of the days of Pope and Addison, that priests were pious, learned gentlemen, and he paved the way in the general mind for the "revival" by Pusey, Manning, and Newman.

To be satisfied with simplest truths in religion, morality, or art is not the way with the rococo mind. To tell a man that it is his duty to educate his hinds, to ask Lady Clara Vere de Vere whether she has no poor about her lands, and to bid her go teach the orphan boy to read, and teach the orphan girl to sew, would, for instance, shock Mr. Beresford Hope. It would knock off some of the ornaments wherewith the rococo is loaded. He must refine, and explain, and go back to precedent, and dig up Saxon institutions to back up his arguments. He is always looking back to see how far he has been, not forward to find how far he can go. So also with his fellows, Dr. Manning and Father Newman, setting out with the pilgrim on his journey — and we are all bound the same way — to the world to come, these two gentlemen come upon a slough of despond — as who does not? — and they turn about in the middle like Mr. Pliable, and scramble backwards, to play at Hildebrand and to dream of power. Of the same nature, but subject to a less effect, are those minds which got up the rococo man-millinery establishment at York the other day, and those gentlemen who furnish the green and gold things, the chasubles, copes, bracelets, gloves, and dresses which our priests will put on, to the disgust of the churchwardens and the terror of the old women of the Protestant party. Let us imagine, if we can, St. Paul at Athens enduring a mitre, and taking it off to be held by the proper official, and being careful in putting off his gloves before the altar to give the right to one priest and the left to the inferior parson. The seven lustrations to be performed before Vishnu are more sensible than these antics of a rococo priesthood. Let us go on by a step or so further and worship becomes a nameless terror, in which we should be suffering as did the Eastern merchant for his unknown crime when, throwing away the stone of a date, he killed one of the invisible genii. But then such worship is very pretty, very absorbing, very rococo.

It is not manly, of course; if we go to Messrs. Seddons or Jackson & Graham's we shall see the library or drawing-room chairs of to-day built of massive oak or walnut, and capable of supporting any weight and enduring any time. At the same time, we shall see the rococo Louis Quatorze or Quinze chairs and tables all ormolu and French polish, with splay feet and spindly sprawling legs, very elegant, no doubt, for drawing-rooms filled with petit-maîtres and fribbles, belles dames and coquettes, but ricketty and top-heavy, not fit to bear the manly form even of Francis Feeble-woman's tailor. If Mr. Darwin is right, and by a sort of natural selection the strong minds grow up, absorb space, and strangle and kill off the weak ones as do weeds and plants, then we can have no fear of rococo minds. They have their use. They represent a kind of conceited *dilettanti* hero worship; they do not admire the strong; they would rather pay their devotions to Ganymede or Hylas than to Hercules; but they do some service to our taste in making us admire the pretty and the little. The Madonna and the bambino are the dwarfed ideals of rococo worship; the government of the Jesuits in Paraguay, the very crown and flower of political achievements. The truth is that pictures by Watteau with impossible shepherdesses in silk sacques, shepherds with silver crooks and blue satin inexpressibles, are very well to look at, and that Dresden-china images with rose-blush complexions and fingers more delicate than the pistils of the fuchsia, are ornamental and pretty under glass shades; but when

we come to the hard work of a very hard and exacting world, which presses harder upon us every day, and every day demands more from us, the rococo mind must be swept away with the china ornaments and the furniture-picture into the limbo of vain and useless matters which in these times, however, have impeded, worried, and often turned aside the true thinkers and workers of the world.

From the Saturday Review.

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS AT BEAUFORT HOUSE.

As, by the decision of the authorities, the University athletic sports were prevented from being held this year at Cambridge, it was determined to bring them off, under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Club, at Beaufort House. This arrangement was advantageous in so far as it permitted a large number of appreciative spectators to be present, who could not otherwise have attended; but it was disadvantageous in so far as it gave a business-like appearance to these purely honourable contests, which was not wholly desirable. Nor can it be denied that, if this meeting is held annually in London, it will become more and more every year the scene of betting operations that will be by no means agreeable to the best friends of the competitors. However, the rage for athletics is so great at the present moment, and has waxed so exceeding strong in such a short space of time, that it is but fair to presume it will cool down somewhat. A reaction will probably set in in favour of the cultivation of mind as well as of muscle.

The card on Friday was not inconveniently crowded, there being nine events which were brought off with tolerable punctuality. The arrangements of the Amateur Athletic Club to accommodate visitors were, to say the least, indifferent. The Grand Stand, a mean and insufficient structure, admirably adapted for the admission of rain from the top and cold wind from the sides, was approached by steps so precipitous that they must have been designed for the use of acrobats. No part of it was reserved exclusively for ladies, many of whom, owing to the throng of men and boys, were obliged to remain in and about the wretchedly small enclosure, with but a poor chance of obtaining after two or three hours even a rickety chair. We observed a good many gentlemen with white rosettes, who we suppose were stewards, running about, as stewards always do run, from place to place, and getting very much in every one's way. We would suggest that another year one or two of these officials should graciously trouble themselves to study the comfort of those ladies who honour the sports with their presence, and should take care not to allow any to remain outside the stand as long as men are sitting within it. Further, if five shillings are exacted for admission, the payers of that sum have a right to expect a fair view of the proceedings; but on this occasion there were many people who never had a chance of seeing anything at all. The high jump was a foregone conclusion for Cambridge, each of her representatives being more than a match for those of Oxford. The latter failed to accomplish more than 5 ft. 7 in. and 5 ft. 8 in. respectively. Mr. Little cleared 5 ft. 9 in. with comparative ease, and won; Mr. Green, the other Cambridge competitor, failing to clear that height. Mr. Little takes a comparatively short run, and at a very slow pace. He appears to spring rather indolently, and to make but little effort; but his length of limb and lightness of frame enable him to accomplish this really surprising height without apparent exertion. Mr. Green is an elegant jumper, but he has a bad habit of not getting his body quite clear of the bar, which often militates against his success. There was a good deal of jostling in the One Hundred yards race, but Mr. Pitman, who got the worst start, came through his men with a very fine rush, and won by about two feet. The battle for the broad jump was left at the end to Mr. Absolom and Mr. Maitland, and at his last attempt the former cleared the fine distance of 20 ft. 2 in. Mr. Maitland could not accomplish this, and thus Cambridge won the first three contests. Mr. Jackson, who won the Hurdle race for Oxford, undoubtedly took his hurdles in better style than any of the other competitors; but even he did not approach to the form showed by Mr. Tiffany and Mr. Daniel in past years. The Mile race attracted, as usual, a great amount of interest. Mr. Little did not run as if he was altogether well, and he knocked his shoulder against a post, which did not do him any good. It was rather an easy victory for Mr. Scott, of Oxford, who ran very well, although his action is high. He is short of stature, but has an unusually long stride for his height. The pace appeared to be slow at first, but improved considerably, and the distance was completed in the very good time of 4 min. 40 sec. Putting the weight is, we believe, an excellent trial of strength

for the muscles — it is certainly a great trial of patience to the spectators. Mr. Waltham, on behalf of Cambridge, put it 34 ft. 9 in. which we are told is a very superior performance. Mr. Pelham was looked upon as the probable winner of the Quarter-mile, but on this occasion he was beaten by Mr. Pitman, who dashed away with the lead at a surprising pace, and apparently forced the running for his University companion. Though, at a short distance from the winning-post, Mr. Pelham did come to the front, it was but for a moment, for he was evidently exhausted by the severity of the pace, and the prize would have fallen to Mr. Maitland and Oxford had not Mr. Pitman come again at the finish with splendid gameness, and won by two yards. This was undoubtedly the most brilliant piece of running of the day, and the distance was done in the short time of fifty-two seconds. Throwing the hammer was another wearisome and vexatious business that went on for more than half an hour. What muscles of the human frame are strengthened or developed by this surprising exercise we are at a loss to conceive. In all athletic struggles that are beneficial we cannot fail to notice harmonious and symmetrical movement. In running, walking, jumping, or vaulting, the action and play of limb is grateful to the eye. When, instead of easy and graceful motions, we see unnatural contortions and grotesque inflections, we cannot be in any doubt as to the exercise that requires them being useless for any good purpose. Hammer-throwing is hideous to the spectator, and we are sure it is injurious to the performer. A man wields a long handle with a cannon-ball fixed on the other end; he raises it over head, and points it to heaven; he then spins round for half a minute like a dancing dervish; of a sudden the hammer escapes from his grasp and flies in one direction; the man tumbles down and sprawls over in another; the judge runs away precipitately to avoid instant death; the referee dives behind the telegraph-board. The spectators must look, for there is no knowing which way the next hammer will come. Withdraw your eye for a minute, and sixteen pounds of iron may be whirled straight at your head. In the present case we cannot pretend to say whose style of throwing was best and whose was worst; we only know that after a very weary half-hour some one made a prodigiously successful effort, and very nearly killed a steward. On inquiry we found that this was the winning throw, that Mr. Eyre of Cambridge was the hero thereof, and that the distance over which the projectile travelled was 98 ft. 10 in. The Two-mile race was unwisely kept for the last, but it was well worth waiting to see. Last year it will be remembered that Mr. Long for Cambridge, and Mr. Laing for Oxford, ran a dead heat; this year the struggle was almost equally close, and Mr. Long again distinguished himself. He ran with great gameness, and only lost the race by a foot from Mr. Michell of Oxford. This gentleman ran throughout in very good style, and won, as we thought, with something in hand. He certainly appeared the least distressed of the six, and, though the finish was so close, we feel inclined to attribute that to an error of judgment. Had the distance been a hundred yards longer, we think that Mr. Michell would have won easily. Mr. Kennedy, of whom great things were expected, lay too far out of his ground to have any chance with the leaders, and this gentleman appears to prefer a longer course. The two miles were run in 10 minutes, which is remarkably good time. Last year Messrs. Long and Laing took 10 min. 20 sec., and in 1865 Mr. R. E. Webster took 10 min. 38 sec. to accomplish this distance.

On the following Monday the Amateur Athletic Club held their Champion Meeting, and many who had contested on Friday appeared again; in fact, nearly all the great events were won by University men. The day was miserably cold, the programme was much too long, and there was no attempt at punctuality. The most interesting contests were unadvisedly crowded together at the end of the day, and the patience of the spectators was utterly exhausted before the Half-mile, the Mile, and the Four-mile races had been run — and these were just what they had come to see. The managers of the Amateur Athletic Club have evidently a good deal to learn. London is not like a little village where the rustics have nothing to do, and think nothing of a day's sport on the green unless it begins very early in the morning and finishes very late at night. People in London have engagements and occupations, and time is so precious that they cannot conveniently sit for six hours and a half in the most miserable of stands to accommodate amateur runners and jumpers who are too indolent to be ready at the appointed time. Between two and half-past four in the afternoon all the really important events should be brought off. The idea of running the great race of the day at a quarter-past six in the wilds of Walham, five miles from one's dinner, is quite ludicrous. The analogy of horse-racing should be followed. On great days at Epsom, Ascot, or New-

market, the best race is always fixed to take place at the best hour. The Two Thousand is not run at dusk, after eleven plating races; and the Four-mile race at Beaufort House might take precedence of such exhibitions as hammer-throwing and pole jumping. We must also observe that the colours of the competitors, as printed on the card, were carefully and persistently contradicted by the colours worn by the competitors when they appeared on the course. We shall not review the results of the day's proceedings *seriatim*, because many of our remarks on Friday's sports will apply to those of Monday. Mr Ridley of Eton, who will be an athletic treasure to whichever University may hereafter secure him, won the Hundred yards and the Quarter-mile races. He is not only possessed of great speed, but he runs with great gameness and unflinching perseverance. The Seven-mile walking race occupied 58 min. 18 sec. Mr. Chambers, who won this contest last year, did not appear in good condition, but he struggled well, and only lost by a few inches. We do not profess to be judges of what is fair walking and what is not; it seemed to us that both Mr. Chambers and the gentleman who, according to the card, was qualified for taking part in this meeting by having resided at Liverpool, are very fair runners, and singularly sound in wind and in limb. Mr. Frere had no difficulty in winning the Half-mile race for Oxford, and Mr. Long was again unfortunate enough in the One mile to be beaten just by a few inches. His steadiness and gameness in running are unquestioned; with just a little more speed at the finish he would often be, as he deserves to be, a winner. In the Four-mile race Mr. Kennedy showed his real power. No one had the least chance with him, and he was as fresh at the end as when he started. In these degenerate days, a man who can run four miles at a good pace, and finish as if he were ready to begin his task anew, is worth remembering.

We have one remark to make in conclusion. At present the success of the Amateur Athletic Club meetings depends almost entirely on University men. But in time competitors will be attracted from all parts of the country. It is to be hoped that a rigorous scrutiny will be made into the qualifications of all strangers who aspire to take part in these meetings. The mere fact of a man's belonging to an athletic club or a gymnasium in some large town is quite insufficient. The door would be opened to hundreds of persons who ought to be excluded, and the character of these contests would be irretrievably degraded. The meetings of the Amateur Athletic Club should be open to gentlemen solely. Professionals can, of course, be excluded easily. It is not so easy to find out and reject the claims of those who are neither professionals nor gentlemen.

JAPANESE ODES TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH. By F. V. Dickins, M. B. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) — This is a curiosity of literature, and is quite as worthy of a place on a drawing-room table as a Japanese tray or work-box. All the odes are short — most of them do not exceed six lines — and many of them, though popular among the natives, are to us absolutely pointless. No doubt the Japanese would say the same of Dr. Watts or Mr. Tupper, if they were rendered into that ancient dialect from which these have been translated. In one place, too, we stumbled on a graceful turn which is beyond either of those poets: —

> "And still my love for thee as yet
> I have forgotten to forget.

But without Mr. Dickins's valuable notes and elucidations the collection would have been a mere toy, and a quaint toy rather than one of intrinsic beauty. — *Spectator*.

TENNYSONIA. Notes, Bibliographical and Critical, on Early Poems of Alfred and C. Tennyson. *In Memoriam*. Various Readings, with parallel passages in Shakespeare's Sonnets, &c. (London: Basil Montagu Pickering.) — It is a pity that the anonymous author of this little study of the various forms and changes through which the poems of Tennyson have passed did not, if he could have gained permission at least, so far enlarge his plan as to print completely the now greatly altered poems of the earliest editions and volumes side by side with the latest forms which these poems have taken, and to give us in full the younger poems which the maturer taste of the poet has now suppressed. As the book stands, the complete lists of old editions and the occasional citations of a few lines since altered in a poem here and there, will be of use chiefly to those who have all the old editions in their possession, — that is, perhaps, to two or three of Mr. Tennyson's thousands of readers. Still this little book is curious and welcome to the student of Mr Tennyson. It has been prepared with sedulous accuracy, and all its facts, may be depended on. It contains a complete list of the portraits (photographs and engravings) of Mr. Tennyson, which will be useful to many readers. — *Spectator*.

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From the San Francisco Bulletin.

AN ARCTIC VISION.

Where the short-legged Esquimaux
Waddle in the ice and snow,
And the playful polar bear
Nips the hunter unaware;
Where by day they track the ermine
And by night another vermin —
Segment of the frigid zone,
Where the temperature alone
Warms on St. Elias's cone;
Polar dock, where Nature slips
From the ways her icy ships;
Land of fox and deer and sable,
Shore end of our western cable —
Let the news that flying goes
Thrill through all your Arctic floes
And reverberate the boast
From the cliffs of Beechey's coast,
'Till the tidings, circling round
Every bay of Norton Sound,
Throw the vocal tide-wave back
To the isles of Kodiac.
Let the stately polar bears.
Waltz around the pole in pairs,
And the walrus in his glee
Bare his tusk of ivory;
While the bold sea unicorn
Calmly takes an extra horn;
All ye polar skies, reveal your
Very rarest of parhelia;
Trip it, all ye Merry Dancers,
In the airiest of lancers;
Slide, ye solemn glaciers, slide,
One inch further to the tide,
Nor in wild precipitation
Upset Tyndall's calculation.
Know you not what fate awaits you,
Or to whom the future mates you?
All ye icebergs make salaam —
You belong to Uncle Sam!

On the spot where Eugene Sue
Led his wretched Wandering Jew,
Stands a form whose features strike
Russ and Esquimaux alike.
He it is whom Skalds of old
In their Runic rhymes foretold;
Lean of flank and lank of jaw,
See the real Northern Thor!
See the awful Yankee leering
Just across the Straits of Behring.
On the drifted snow, too plain,
Sinks his fresh tobacco stain
Just beside the deep inden-
Tation of his Number 10.

Leaning on his icy hammer
Stands the hero of this drama,
And above the wild duck's clamor.
In his own peculiar grammar,
With its lingual disguises,
Lo, the Arctic prologue rises:
"Wa'll I reckon 'tain't so bad,
Seein' ez 'twas all they had;
True the Springs are rather late
And early Falls predominate;
But the ice crop's pretty sure,
And the air is kinder pure;
'Taint so very mean a trade,
When the land is all surveyed.
There's a right smart chance for fur chase
All along this recent purchase,
And unless the stories fail,
Every fish from cod to whale;
Rocks, too; mebbee quartz; let's see —
'Twould be strange if there should be —
Seems I've heerd such stories told:
Eh! — why, bless us — yes, it's gold!"

While the blows are falling thick
From his California pick,
You may recognise the Thor
Of the vision that I saw —
Freed from legendary glamour,
See the real magician's hammer.

F. B. H.

VERSES:

Composed on the Russian Proverb, "Two hands upon the breast, and the work is over."

I.

Two hands upon the breast, the work is over —
The warfare o'er;
And they who here have toiled and striven in faith,
Shall fight no more.

II.

Two hands upon the breast, the work is over;
And *then* the promised rest,
Which yet remaineth for the Lord's own people
Who have His name confessed.

III.

Two hands upon the breast, the work is over;
And *then* that shore,
Where we shall meet again those loved ones whom
God took before.

IV.

Two hands upon the breast, the work is over;
Soon shall we stand
Where sin's no more, and tears are wiped away
By God's own hand.

V.

Two hands upon the breast, the work is over;
So let our bodies lie!
Lord, may our souls be borne by shining angels
To Thee on high.

VI.

Or, if Thou wilt that we should stay here longer,
Father, for Thy dear Son,
Give us Thy Spirit to say meekly, humbly —
Thy will, not ours, be done!

— *Christian Society.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States.* Collected and prepared under the direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, by HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT (COLCRAFT). Illustrated by S. EASTMAN, Capt. U. S. Navy. 6 vols. 4to. Philadelphia: 1851 — 1860.
2. *Antiquities of the State of New York: with a Supplement on the Antiquities of the West (reprinted from the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge).* By EPHRAIM GEORGE SQUIER. 8vo. Buffalo: 1851.
3. *Views of Ancient Monuments in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan, with an Introduction.* By FREDERICK CATHERWOOD. Fol. London: 1844.
4. *Seven Years' Residence in the Great Deserts of North America. Illustrated.* By the Abbé EMANUEL DOMENECH. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1860.
5. *Anahuac; or Mexico and the Mexicans, Ancient and Modern.* With a Map and Illustrations. By EDWARD B. TYLOR. 8vo. London: 1861.

THE northern continent of America affords, though it might seem otherwise, an extensive field for archæological research and an excellent test of the true value of the theories which have been propounded as to the origin of civilization and of art in the eastern hemisphere. Historically as well as geographically, the area is almost unbounded, and has been occupied, in all probability, from the remotest antiquity, by different nations, if not by different races of mankind, in various stages of social, political, and intellectual development. The ancient remains, many of which are in a singularly perfect condition, considering the lapse of so many centuries, are calculated to impress the most stolid beholder with admiration and awe. Unlike the relics of antiquity in the Old World, they have suffered less from the vandalism of man than from the ravages of time. The advancing immigrant and the retreating Indian — each in his turn — have contributed to their preservation; the one from economical, the other from superstitious motives. Their number is so vast, their distribution so unequal, and their character so diverse as to render any attempt at a classification — in this place at least — a profitless task. From Gautemala to Upper Canada, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, the surface is strewn with stupendous ruins of pyramidal temples and tumuli, entrenched camps and fortifications, walled towns and villages, amphitheatres and pictorial grottos, embankments and bridges, towers and obelisks, wells and aqueducts, high roads and causeways, gardens and artificial meadows; the greater part of which were designed, constructed, and maintained by numerous, intelligent, and skilful races of men who have long since disappeared from the several scenes of their labour, bequeathing to posterity no written, nor even a solitary traditional memorial of themselves or of their ancestors. Some portion of their history, nevertheless, may be dimly discerned by the light of analogy. But before speculating on their probable origin, or determining to what particular branch of the human family they belonged, or from whom they derived elementary instruction in the arts and conveniences of life, let us take a glance at their country, as it presented itself to the astonished gaze of the Spaniards at the commencement of the sixteenth century.

In that age, the continent of North America, so far as relates to its territorial divisions, its political circumstances, and the dispersion of its multitudinous families, differed less than might be supposed from its present condition. Then, as now, fixed communities and nomadic tribes divided the soil between them. In their respective modes of existence, the best of the inhabitants exhibited but an imperfect civilization, and the worst of them but a qualified barbarism; the first were emerging from, and the second were sinking into, a state of social decrepitude and moral ruin. Nor is this the only instance of the verification in the New World of the maxim in the Old, that history reproduces itself. As in the nineteenth so in the sixteenth century, one great national confederation eclipsed all the surrounding principalities or kingdoms. The ancient Mexican League, including the several sovereignties of Anahuac, Tezcuco, and Tlacopan, occupied that pre-eminent position, and exercised that paramount influence, north of the Tropic of Cancer, which has since become the indisputable inheritance of the United States. Less intelligent and humane than the Acolhuans and Nahuatlacas, the founders respectively of Tezcuco and Tlacopan, but more warlike and ambitious than either, the Aztecas of Mexico assumed the lead in all military and aggressive enterprises, and were gradually extending their dominion, which already reached from the 14th to the

21st degree of north latitude, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, when they were startled by the sudden apparition of the Spaniards. The story of their tragical conquest, as has been remarked, reads more like a fiction of romance than a chapter in the annals of mankind. But with that story, excepting so far as concerns the progress which the unfortunate Aztecas had made in civilization and the arts, we have little to do in this place. Their conquerors in penetrating Central America, and reaching the elevated regions of Anahuac, were not less astonished by the multitude of stately and populous cities than by the wealth and magnificence of the tropical landscape. Both were a surprise and surpassingly beautiful to the hardy invaders. 'When I beheld the delicious scenery around me,' exclaims that honest old soldier, Bernal Diaz, 'I thought we had been transported by magic to the terrestrial paradise. . . . Some of our men, who had visited both Rome and Constantinople, declared that they had not seen anything comparable in those cities for convenient and regular distribution, or for numbers of people.' Works of public utility, some built of brick and some of stone, were visible in every direction, many of which in magnitude as well as in grandeur rivalled the most celebrated structures of antiquity in the Old World. The terraced-pyramid of Cholula, in the sacred province of Puebla, which was crowned with an elaborately decorated *teocalli*, or 'house of God,' and which was built, it has been supposed, upon the model of the Temple of Belus, described by Herodotus, covered an area double that of the largest of the Egyptian pyramids; but its altitude was greatly disproportioned to the vast extent of its base, being no more than 177 feet, or a third only of that of Cheops. The interior walls of the teocalli were adorned with curiously wrought plates of silver and gold, profusely studded with gems. A much greater expenditure of wealth and ingenuity was bestowed upon the shrine of the tutelary god, whose statue, larger than life, was graved in the most durable stone, and painted in the most gorgeous colours. There was not a city or populous village within the confines of the Anahuacan territory, or in the provinces to the south of it, which could not boast of a temple more or less conspicuous for its magnitude and sumptuous embellishments. In fact, storied palaces of princes and nobles, each elevated on a series of artificial platforms, with magnificent flights of steps reaching to the summit; long ranges of scarcely inferior terraced buildings, with pillared façades fantastically carved, which were exclusively set apart for the Mexican priesthood; and gigantic lithic monuments bearing the mystical emblems of Sabean, Phallic, and Ophite worship, met the gaze of the Spanish soldier whithersoever he turned himself.

But architecture was not the only art practised by the ancient Mexican. He was equally skilled in metallurgy. Gold, silver, copper, lead, and tin were the five metals that his country produced, or that were known to him: and in manipulating these he was confessedly not inferior to the expertest craftsman in Europe. His tools for hewing the toughest timber, as well as for dressing the hardest rock, were made of copper alloyed with a small proportion of tin. He found in that composite metal an efficient substitute for iron and steel. His sculptured images, cut out of solid blocks of basalt, are marvellous specimens of manual skill. Swords, knives, and other implements, requiring the keenest edge, were made of obsidian, a most difficult and intractable material of volcanic origin, which he split into the desired form with amazing dexterity. Long after the subjugation of his country by the Spaniards, he set little store by that metal the possession of which so many of our modern archæologists persist in making the sole criterion of a civilised condition. His skill and industry as a mechanic may be judged from a remarkable passage in Mr. Tylor's 'Anahuac': —

'In the ploughed fields, in the neighbourhood [of Tezcuco], we made (says that gentleman) repeated trials whether it was possible to stand still in any spot where there was no relic of Old Mexico within our reach; but this we could not do. Everywhere the ground was full of unglazed pottery and obsidian, and we even found arrows and clay figures that were good enough for a museum.' (P. 147.)

The Aztecas were likewise indefatigable tillers of the ground: and the East — and through the East the whole world — is indebted to them for the successful cultivation of the maize and cotton plants. Their famous floating *parterres*, on the great lake of Tezcuco, bore witness to their singular taste and ingenuity as floriculturists and gardeners. Like the Egyptians, they had contrived a pictorial method of recording events, and so of perpetuating amongst themselves, if not for the advantage of alien posterities, the chief particulars of their history. It cannot be said with certainty, but the fact is far from improbable, that they

had invented a phonographical as well as a hieroglyphical character. They had even made some advancement in the physical sciences, especially in astronomy; and had a solar year with intercalations more accurately calculated than that of the Greeks and Romans. But neither the greatest progress in the mechanical arts and physical sciences, nor the possession of the most ingenious and equitable code of laws, and its due administration, will compensate for the absence of a humanising, if not spiritualising, system of religion. The bloody ritual of the Aztecan priesthood constitutes by far the foulest page in the humiliating register of superstition and fanaticism. The rites of Moloch and Astaroth appear merciful when contrasted with those of Mexitli and Teoyaomiqni, whose abominable altars, from sunrise to sunset, reeked with the fumes of human gore. The victims were usually captives taken on the battle-field. The effects of national depravity, unhappily, are not to be restricted to the limits of the country within which it originates; on the contrary, like circles made by the falling of a stone on a pool of water, they continue to expand with irresistible momentum until the area — be it small or be it large, an island or a continent — is completely overspread. Thus, to this day, the baneful effects of former cruelty in Mexico are still widely felt on the northern continent of America. The untutored descendants of those people whom the Aztecas so relentlessly pursued — we allude to the unsettled and degenerate Indians wandering over the vast deserts to the west of the Mississippi — still retaliate upon their neighbours the shocking barbarities which their ancestors endured; and were any additional evidence required in support of the true origin of the lingering practice, it is conveyed in the fact that they likewise excuse themselves with the plea of a duty no less sacred than urgent. The Old World adage, 'we live more by example than by reason,' expresses in brief the moral status of every savage community.

The national records of the Aztecas, confirmed in a great measure by the observations of their conquerors, establish several most interesting and important facts in the natural history of civilisation. When first confronted by the Spaniards they had been seated in Mexico rather less than one hundred and fifty years. Towards the close of the twelfth century of our era, they had migrated from a spot traditionally known as Atzlan, or 'the country of water;' most likely the territory inclosed within the angle formed by the junction of the Rio Colorado and the Rio Gila, at the head of the Gulf of California. They did not reach the tableland of Anahuac, however, until the year 1324. No date in their history has been better established than this. We have an indubitable instance, therefore, of a nomadic horde suddenly suppressing the instincts of their nature, relinquishing the habits of savage life, becoming a permanently settled people, developing a capacity for political organisation, raising stupendous piles of brick and stone, constructing and embellishing innumerable cities, cultivating the arts and sciences, and making such advancement in astronomy more particularly, as not only to rival but to surpass that which was made by the most enlightened nations of antiquity in Asia and Europe. And all these astonishing results are crowded within the comparatively limited space of a century and a half! We are left in no doubt, moreover, whence this extraordinary people, and the tribes associated with them, derived much of their civilization, and a knowledge at least of architecture — facts which are quite as remarkable as those just mentioned. The Mexican empire was built upon the ruins of that of the Toltecas, who, in the eleventh century, had been overwhelmed by the successive calamities of war, famine, and pestilence. Like the Aztecas, the Toltecas had travelled originally from the northwestern parts of the continent; and, according to the local historians contemporary with the first Spanish adventurers, had occupied the vale of Anahuac from the seventh century of our era. They are said to have been established in New Mexico from 300 B.C., which, we may observe by the way, is the earliest assumed date in the annals of the aboriginal Americans. The origin of the Toltecas is shrouded in mythological fable. It was traditionally held that their ancestors had migrated from 'the distant east, beyond immense seas and lands.' They had wrested the territory of Anahuac from a powerful nation called the Ulmecas, or Olmecas, who, in their turn, had displaced the Quinámes, a fabulous race of giants. The light of documentary history just reflects the declining years of the Toltecan dominion, and discloses to our view the pre-eminent position which they held in the eyes of their contemporaries, and the favourable influence that they exercised over them. Of all the ancient American nations of whom tradition or history has preserved any notice, these people were by far the most civilised and ingenious.

Humboldt has designated them the Pelasgi of the western hemisphere, and Prescott states that their tribal appellation is synonymous with architect. The survivors of their race, when driven from their old habitations, retreated towards the Isthmus of Panama, and scattered themselves about Yucatan, Guatemala, and Nicaragua, where their presence may be traced to this day in the language of the people and in the numberless ruins of once beautiful structures.

Spanish intolerance in the New World, at the period of the conquest, which involved the loss of so many precious memorials of a primitive people, and Spanish jealousy in subsequent times, which denied the foreigner access to, and almost a glimpse of, the vanquished territories, will abundantly account for the ignorance of Europeans in general, and of such authors as Robertson in particular, as to the real condition of America in the pre-Columbian ages. For his well-known history, that admirable writer was exclusively dependent upon Spanish authorities; whose national, to say nothing of their ecclesiastical prejudices (nine-tenths of them were churchmen), would necessarily make them reluctant if not treacherous guides. Hence he was led to believe that, excepting within the limits of the two great monarchies of Mexico and Peru, the whole continent of America had been, from the earliest epoch, the abode of uncivilised men. 'There is not' (says he*) 'in all the extent of the vast empire a single monument, or vestige of any building, more ancient than the conquest;' and again: 'The inhabitants of the New World were in a state of society so extremely rude as to be unacquainted with those arts which are the first essays of human ingenuity in its advance towards improvement.' When the historian thus expressed himself he was totally ignorant not only of the existence of those remarkable edifices in Central America which have been recently exhumed from the depths of tropical vegetation — all incontestably proving that the builders of them, insead of being, as he too hastily conluded, a savage and uncultivated people, had made, on the contrary, very considerable progress in civilisation and in the higher branches of art — but also of those much more ancient monuments, which, according to local report, 'may be counted by thousands and by tens of thousands,' and which are to be found, for the most part, on the alluvions of the Mississippi and Missouri, and, to a lesser extent, in the States of the Union bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. In those States, more especially, he who runs may read one of the earliest chapters in the history of his species after the Dispersion: or find, if he will, the very counterpart of —

> 'The fallen towers
> Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,
> Memphis and Thebes, and whatso'er of strange
> Sculptur'd on alabaster obelisk,
> Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphinx,
> Dark Ethiopia on her desert hills
> Conceals.'

For the western hemisphere can boast of an Egypt as well as the eastern.

The aboriginal monuments of North America, including those of Mexico and of the provinces to the south of it, are clearly referable to three distinct and, possibly, very widely-separated epochs in the pre-Columbian history of the continent. For convenience's sake we shall designate these epochs respectively the Earliest, the Intermediate, and the Recent; and agreeably with what has gone before, we shall invert the order of this sequence. By this arrangement we shall hope to establish the general fact of mankind in the New World — whatever may have been their destiny in the Old — never having extinguished that spark of divinity which was originally kindled within them; or, in other words, wholly lost that civilisation which they had inherited from their progenitors, the first wanderers from the northern regions of India, that 'real primordial land' (as Schlegel emphatically calls it), where everything combines to point out a common origin of our faith, our knowledge, and our history. By 'civilisation' we simply mean, in this place, the converse of barbarism. There have been throughout all time divers phases of civilisation, as well as divers populations in the world — an agrestic as well as an urban civilization: and the progress achieved, in either case, has depended as much upon local resources as upon the idiosyncrasy of the people. To what degree of civilisation the North American nations in pre-historical times had attained, can only be judged analogically, or by comparing their structural monuments and relics of art with those of the most cultivated people of antiquity in the Old World. In the new edition of Mr. Fergusson's History of Architecture, which is a monument of erudition, taste, and ingenious reasoning, the author has devoted a chapter to the architectural remains of the early American peoples, and has shown that whatever can now be known

* Hist. of Amer. b. iv.

of those extinct and unrecorded races must be derived from a searching comparison of the structures they left behind them. There, and there alone, are still to be found the vestiges of their passage on the earth; and it is from these mute witnesses that we have chiefly extracted the evidence we are about to lay before our readers.

At the period of the conquest by Cortez, the valley of Anahuac, although recognized as the chief seat of political authority on the northern continent of America, was not the centre of civilisation. The people of the southern provinces, from Yucatan and Panama, were much more refined and ingenious than their unscrupulous suzerains, the Aztecas, with whom the keen-sighted Spanish conqueror, when he was ennobled by his sovereign, and permitted to select a territory for himself, cast in his lot. Their magnificent architectural remains have been made known to Europe by the able pens of Messrs. Stephens and Norman and the pencils of Messrs. de Waldeck and Catherwood. The first and last-named gentlemen, in their irregular wanderings together about Central America, discovered no less than fifty-four ancient cities, and incidentally heard of many others, situated in deserts and forests, which they were unable to explore. The most interesting monuments of this extinct civilisation were found at Uxmal or Itzlan, Palenqué, Ocosingo, Oajaca, Santa Cruz del Quiché, and Copan. The wildest opinions have been expressed as to the supposed antiquity of these remains, the principal of which consist of temples, palaces, and other imposing structures, usually elevated upon pyramidal mounds, or upon vast terraces of stone or of sun-dried brick, now all in various stages of decay. M. de Waldeck supposes the ruins of Palenquè, in Chiapas, to be not less than 3,000 years old; and some antiquaries have even relegated them to an antediluvian epoch! Other travellers who have also visited them lend no countenance whatever to such extravagant conclusions as these. As Mr. Fergusson long ago observed, in a climate so fatal as that of Central America to the durability of any class of buildings, it is obvious that those still in existence cannot belong to a very remote era. The presence of timber in most of them is conclusive on this point.*

The period within which we are disposed to limit the building of the Central American edifices ranges from the first to the seventh century of our era. The interior arrangement and decorations of some of the temples appear to indicate an Asiatic source, and afford, therefore, a clue to an approximate date of their erection. In the order of time, the ruins of Copan, in the province of Honduras, abounding with monolithic statues of Indian deities, are probably amongst the oldest of the series; those of Santa Cruz del Quiché, in Guatemala, which are in the most dilapidated condition of any, rank next to them; then follow those of Uxmal, in Yucatan, where neither an idol nor carved tablet is to be seen; whilst those of Mitlan in Oajaca, and of Palenqué in Chiapas, the former conspicuous for their Cyclopean masonry, and the latter for their elaborate ornamentation, are amongst the most modern of the series. Want of space precludes our entering upon any particular description of these and similar interesting vestiges of antiquity which are so lavishly scattered over the entire surfaces of Yucatan and Central America. We can do little more in this place than refer our readers to the admirable delineations of the most perfect of them by Mr. Catherwood, which that gentleman published in this country a few years ago; and to the sumptuous work of M. de Waldeck, which is still in progress. The several structures differ, of course, in various minor details, but the striking affinities observable in all of them betoken a common origin. 'It is curious,' says Mr. Fergusson, although he is no implicit believer in the transmission of races, 'that as we advance eastward from the Valley of the Euphrates, at every step we meet with forms of art more and more like those of Central America.'* Von Humboldt was the first, we believe, to remark the curious points of resemblance between many of the architectural remains in the New World and the most ancient of those in the Old; but he was much too cautious a *savant* to commit himself to any positive theory in the matter in the absence of better illustrations than Mexico alone afforded him. Had he been permitted, however, to penetrate the interior of Central America, and to gaze upon

> '—— the ruin'd temples there;
> Stupendous columns; and wild images
> Of more than man; where marble demons watch
> The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men
> Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,'

his shrewd suspicions regarding their true origin would have been abundantly verified

* *Vide* Stephens and Catherwood's Incidents of Travel, p. 522: edit. 1854.

* Hist. of Architecture, vol. ii. p. 761.

— in a word, the conclusion would have been forced upon him that many of the teocallis or sacred edifices, with all their fantastical appendages, were identical with the B'hudist temples in the southern parts of India, and in the islands of the Indian Archipelago. And this fact, as before intimated, gives us a clue to the age in which one at least of the most modern of them was built. The great temple of Palenqué so closely corresponds, in its principal details, with that of Bóro-Bódo in the province of Kedú, in the island of Java, as to place beyond all reasonable debate the common purpose and origin of both. Both are elevated on a series of graduated platforms or terraces, and are reached by successive flights of steps facing the cardinal points; the chambers in both are disproportionately small, with no apertures, excepting the doorways, for the admission of air and light; their curved ceilings, formed of stones overlapping each other triangularwise, and constituting what is known as the Cyclopean arch, are precisely alike; the walls of both are adorned with mytho-hieroglyphical tablets, in which the head of the Asiatic elephant is conspicuous, * the meaning of which has yet to be deciphered; and lastly, in the sanctuaries of both B'huda is represented in colossal dignity, seated cross-legged upon a couch or throne sustained by crouching leopards, and benignly receiving an offering of fruit and flowers from a priestess who is kneeling before him. Mr. Squier, one of the most distinguished archæologists in the States, whilst admitting that coincidences of this kind, 'extending to the ornaments of the Indian and Central American temples, monstrous heads, and symbolical figures, might be greatly multiplied,' yet doubts whether the religion to which they belonged can be properly regarded as derivative. In our judgment, the several features above described are much too close and exact to be accidental; they denote the successful establishment of B'hudistic worship in both countries, and probably about the same time. A comparison of certain dates and concurrent events will considerably strengthen this supposition, if not confirm it. It is well known that the milder religion of B'huda was introduced into Java at a comparatively recent period, namely about A.D. 450; and, according to the local tradition, the famous temple of Bóro-Bódo was built in the sixth century of the Javan era, which is seventy-five years in arrear of our own. Now the last-mentioned date synchronises with two most important events in the histories respectively of the eastern and western continents. It was then that the first of the long series of religious wars between the Brahmins and B'hudists occurred, and which ultimately resulted in the defeat of the latter, and their expulsion from the soil of Hindustan; and it was then likewise that various tribes, bigoted followers of Teoyaomiqui, of whom the implacable and sanguinary Kali of the Hindus was the prototype, were successively impelled forward from the north-western deserts of North America, and eventually established themselves and their merciless creed in the valley of Anahuac. If, as the Abbé Clavigero calculates, the Toltecas did not abandon the last-mentioned territory and pass into the provinces to the south of it, later than A.D. 1051, the age of the great temple of Palenqué, at the period of the Spanish conquest, would barely exceed 500 years; and the actual state of the ruins at this time will warrant no higher antiquity.

The Aztecas were an industrious but not an inventive people. As before remarked, they derived their knowledge of the mechanical arts from the former occupants of Mexico, whose models they commonly adopted. In the matter of architecture they seem never to have departed from the primitive types set before them; a circumstance which enables the archæologist to define, at least with presumable exactitude, their geographical limits. The route which they followed, from the west to the east, has been satisfactorily determined, as well as the several spots where they temporarily encamped. It is at the confluence of the Rio Colorado and the Rio Gila that they appear for the first time in American history. Not until they had reached the table-lands of Mexico did they finally abandon their nomadic habits, and become a civilised nation. This sudden and almost instantaneous revolution in their character and pursuits was owing, in all likelihood, to the attractive scenes of organised labour and domestic content that everywhere greeted them when passing, by invitation or otherwise, into the territory since known as New Mexico. That province was not then as now nearly depopulated and a sandy waste. At the period of the Spanish conquest and for many centuries before it, the country was densely peopled, and studded with fortified cities, stone-built villages, and isolated dwellings, surrounded by fruitful orchards and cultiva-

* *Vide* M. de Waldeck's 'Monuments anciens du Mexique et du Yucatan,' plate 38. The symbol of the elephant's head likewise occurs as an ornament upon the helmet or cap of a warrior or priest in plate 13.

ted meadows, and the whole connected by a network of highways. Successive droughts, the result of subterranean combustion, have converted very much of what was once a blooming garden into an arid wilderness. Since its glory has departed but few travellers have ventured into the province in question, and fewer still, so far as we are aware, have interested themselves in the singular remains of antiquity that are scattered along in its now almost deserted valleys — remains that mournfully attest the former existence of a numerous and agricultural people but little inferior, probably, to any civilised race of which American history or tradition has preserved a record. Those remains, which have been referred, but without the smallest show of reason, to the skill of the Aztecas, belong to our Intermediate epoch. They exhibit no evidence of the mechanical ability which is so manifest in the construction of the temples and palaces and other works of Mexico. The 'pueblos,' or cities of the Indians, constitute a distinct type of architecture in the New World. The most celebrated of them are the *Cassa Grandes*, the use and age of which so much perplexed Von Humboldt. It has since been suggested that they may have served as public granaries in pre-Columbian times. 'Their origin,' says Mr. Bartlett, 'is shrouded in mystery.'

'They were found (he adds) much as they now appear by the earliest explorers of the country, who were told by the Indians that they had been built 500 years before. One thing is evident, that at some former period the valley of the Gila, from this ruin [i. e. the third of the Casas Grandes] to the western extremity of the rich bottom lands now occupied by the Pimas and Coco-Maricopas, as well as the broad valley of the Salinas, for upwards of forty miles, was densely populated. The ruined buildings, the irrigating canals, and the vast quantities of pottery of a superior quality, show that, while they were an agricultural people, they were much in advance of the present semi-civilised tribes of the Gila. But this civilisation extended far beyond the district named. From information given me by Leroux, it appears that ruins of the same sort exist on the San Francisco or Verde River; and Capt. Johnstone and Major Emory both saw similar evidences of wide-spread population far above the district in question.'*

Pueblos, in fact, are dispersed throughout the country which extends from the banks of the Rio Grande, in New Mexico, to the Gila, the Colorado, and the Vermilion Sea which divides California from New Spain. Some are so ancient that no Indian tradition of the present races makes any mention of them. Each served for once as a city and a fortress. Sometimes they are discovered standing singly or in groups on the plains, and sometimes crowning the summits of perpendicular rocks. In the former case they are generally built of *adoubes*, or sun-dried clay; in the latter, of stone. The most remarkable are the pueblos Pintado and Wejegi, in the narrow pass of Chaco, situated between 35° 56′ 27″ north latitude, and 107° 46′ west longitude, for a description of which we must refer our readers to the pages of the Abbé Domenech (vol. i. p. 379).

As a general rule, the pueblo takes the form of an irregular pyramid, rising by gradations until it reaches an elevation of three or four stories. Old Spanish writers, contemporaries of Cortez, mention some pueblos that rose to the extraordinary height of ten stories. That of Pintado, both in altitude and extent, is comparatively small, much smaller indeed than that of the neighbouring ruins of Wejegi. It boasts but of three stories. Each story, ten feet in height, forms a terrace and a step to the story above, which is attained by means of wooden ladders resting against the wall. The total length of the structure is 130 yards. There are 53 apartments on the ground floor, all opening the one into the other. The miniature doorways constitutes a problem in the archæology of architecture which has yet to be solved.

'The floors are formed of very rough beams 7½ inches in diameter, over which are tranversely laid cross-beams of less size; above these is a layer of bark and brush-wood, covered over with mortar. These beams show no mark of having been wrought by axe or saw; they rather appear to have been cut or broken off with some rude instrument more blunt than sharp.'

From the fact of the mortar used throughout this building never having been tempered, we conclude it to be one of the most ancient monuments of the kind in that part of the continent. Elsewhere, as in the district washed by the Salt River and the Gila, the interior walls of the ruined houses are usually stuccoed, or faced 'with a kind of concrete, composed of pebbles and white earth, polished and whitened over,' which would seem to be absolutely indestructible; whilst the beams of cedar, often a yard in diameter, bear marks of having been dressed with appropriate tools. Owing to the extreme rarefaction of the atmosphere in these latitudes all descriptions of timber are pre-

* Explorations in Texas, New Mexico, &c., vol. ii. p. 277.

served for an indefinite term; cedar, more especially, hardens with age, till at length it becomes almost as solid as stone. When, therefore, house-beams of that wood are discovered exhibiting signs of decay, as in the ponderous ruins of the Casas Grandes, and in those near the mountains of San Pedro, a high antiquity of the buildings may be confidently inferred.

But old as the erections we have just instanced may be, there are others in these remote regions very much older. They are built of stone, and are doubtless the most primitive specimens of architecture in that material as yet discovered in the New World. Both in their external forms and internal arrangements, they closely resemble the most ancient edifices in Palestine, and such as are atrributed to the Kelts in this country. Each structure is circular, being wholly built, too, of rounded stones laid in alternate belts or courses of large and small, and the interstices filled in with kneaded clay. Each, moreover, is encompassed by a solid rampart, sometimes constructed of stone, but more frequently of earth. In these primitive habitations, the apartments of which are numerous, spacious, and oftentimes circular, timber appears to have been entirely dispensed with. Lastly, there are invariably four entrances to each, answering to the four cardinal points. These curious ruins chiefly abound on the banks of the Blue, the Black, and the Salt Rivers. On the last mentioned they are more considerable than elsewhere. Tumuli, truncated pyramids, and wells now choked with débris and enclosed by walls, are also to be met with in the same localities. 'Excavations among these majestic ruins,' observes the Abbé Domenech, have yielded abundant fragments of beautiful pottery, red, yellow, or black, striped, scolloped, and ornamented with brilliantly coloured paintings.'

There is another class of primitive structures in the same regions, which deserves something more than a passing notice, namely, the *Estufas*. Whether these are the adjuncts of the more modern pueblos, or of the more ancient circular 'towns,' seems questionable. They are found in close proximity to both, and were once used, it is supposed, as places of meeting for political or religious assemblies. They partake very much of the character of the ancient *cryptæ* of Greece, Sicily, and Sardinia; and in some respects even surpass those of Mycenæ and Minyas.

'Properly speaking (says the Abbé Domenech) these *estufas* are round or square store-rooms, usually situated beneath the soil, like cellars; they are sometimes of large dimensions. The ceiling is supported by enormous pillars of masonry, or made of stout pine trees. . . . These edifices are generally devoid of door or window, and the only ingress to them is from an aperture at the top. The estufas of the Jemez were rectangular and one story only, being about eight yards and twelve inches wide, by thirty feet high. The interior walls of these edifices are always covered with hieroglyphical paintings and various ornaments. There are pueblos which possess no less than four, and even six, estufas of different sizes. Among the ruins of Hungo-Pavi, near the beautiul plateau of the Mesafachada, one of these edifices is found which had at least four stories, buttresses in the interior, and walls a yard thick by thirty feet in height. But, to judge from the rubbish around them, they must once have been much higher. The estufas in the Pueblo-Bonito are sixty yards in circumference, and their walls are regularly formed of layers of small stones alternating with layers of large ones. Between the Great and Little Colorado there is a chain of arenaceous hills, upon the summit of which are immense ruins of pueblos and estufas every way similar to those we have described' (vol. i. p. 385.)

Even from our necessarily imperfect account of these interesting monuments in the distant West, which we have relegated to the Intermediate epoch, the reader cannot have failed to perceive that, if not strictly homogeneal in character, they have certain broad features in common. No similar structures are to be found elsewhere on the continent. Nevertheless, according to the traditions of the local Indians, the whole, without exception, resulted from the paternal solicitude, and, in some instances, from the talismanic powers, of Montezuma, the last and greatest of the Mexican incas; whose memory they cherish with a childlike devotion, looking forward to the time of his reappearance in their midst with as much pride and confidence as did the Britons of old for that of King Arthur, when he will re-assume both his regal and pontifical authority, expel the intruders from his scattered dominions, and restore everything in them to its pristine condition. But after disintegrating the mythic element from the legends of the Indians, the residuum is generally of little worth. All the structures in question are manifestly much older than the Aztec dynasty. Between the simple round houses in the west and the stately edifices in Mexico there is no analogy whatever. The former, as we have already suggested, are the most primitive hitherto discovered in North America, and their prototype most probably was the ordinary tent of the Tar-

tar. To this day that wanderer from the Asiatic heights not only arranges his camp in the form of a circle, but also surrounds it with a mound of earth, to preserve his family and his cattle from the depredations of neighbouring tribes and the nocturnal attacks of wild beasts. The common dwelling of the Chinaman is constructed on a similar principle, and was derived, no doubt, from a similar source.

Those remains which we propose to refer to the Earliest epoch (an arrangement, however, which is not strictly legitimate, much less scientific, but only adopted here for conveniency's sake) are much more diversified in their character, as well as more widely diffused, than the objects already pointed out. They comprise various descriptions of earthworks, stone and other defences, circusses, temples, obelisks, wells, embankments, artificial meadows, and high-roads; besides multifarious works of art, such as sculptures, masks, and statuettes in obsidian and clay, terra-cotta vases, ornaments for the person, implements of war, domestic utensils, tools, &c. Not the whole of these things exclusively appertained to the aboriginal colonists of North America; some belong to their immediate or near descendants, and others again to later descendants, who have not unfrequently added to, or otherwise modified, the labours of their predecessors — the earthworks more especially — to suit their own particular requirements, or in accordance with the prevailing customs, religious and political, of their day. Obviously it is impossible in this place to describe at any length these manifold vestiges of long extinct populations, or even to complete the enumeration of them. We shall select, therefore, such only as will best serve, in our judgment, to illustrate the natural history of civilization in the New World anterior to its conquest by the Old.

Of the earthworks, the first both in order of time and of interest, are the mounds, usually raised on the alluvion of a lake, river, or stream, and sometimes covering from two to eight acres of ground, and exceeding one hundred feet or more in height. Their well-defined order of succession probably indicates the main routes taken by the primitive occupants of the country. It has been said that they may be counted 'by thousands and by tens of thousands.'* They vary so much in their external features and construction as almost to defy classification. Some are conical, some pyramidal, some dome-shaped, and others again in the form of animals, birds, and reptiles; a few resemble the figure of a man. They are scattered from Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico, increasing in number, size, and grandeur as they descend farther south. But they are nowhere so systematically grouped as in the great valleys of the Mississippi and Ohio. In the extreme western and north-eastern States of the Union they are comparatively rare, whilst Canada is totally destitute of them. Contrary to the general rule in the Old World, the American mounds are not simply tumuli erected in honour of the dead; they were destined to various and very opposite uses; e.g. they served for 'high places,' for temple foundations, for sacrificial altars, for observatories, as well as for sepulchres. Both anterior and subsequent to the Spanish conquest, many of them, more particularly in the Gulf States, were crowned with the palaces of caciques and other illustrious personages, which afterwards served for their tombs or cenotaphs; and which accounts in some measure for their superior construction, as well as for their better state of preservation. In the provinces farther south, every known variety of the pyramidal mound has been discovered, from the more simple dagôba or tôpe,* common in Ceylon and Hindustan, to the loftier structure which in its primitive grandeur must have rivalled the most famous in Egypt. In the north bordering on the great lakes, two very opposite types occur — namely, the dome-shaped and the emblematical, both constructed of earth. The first resemble in every respect the well-known Keltic barrows of this country, but are sometimes on a scale equal to those of the Scandinavian nations; the second are quite unique, and have been described not inaptly as 'immense bassi-relievi carved on the soil by the hands of giants.' Their origin is unknown, but the relics found within them betoken a very high antiquity. Locally each is called

* It is proper to mention that, in the judgment of the most eminent geologists, the *stratified* mounds in the western States are not the works of man, but the results of diluvial and fluviatile action.

* 'The ancient edifices of Chichen, in Central America, (remarks Mr. Hardy, the missionary,) bear a very striking resemblance to the tôpes of India. The shape of one of the domes, its apparent size, the small tower on the summit, the trees growing on the sides, the appearance of masonry here and there, the shape of the ornaments, and the small doorway at the base, are so exactly similar to what I have seen at Anarajapoora [the ancient capital of Ceylon], that when my eyes fell on the engravings of these remarkable ruins I supposed that they were presented in illustration of the dagôbas of Ceylon.' *Eastern Monachism*, p. 222.) The date of the oldest of the Singalese dagôbas is 300 B.C.

a *totem*, a corruption of *do-daim*, an Algonquin term signifying 'town-mark.' In the valley of the Ohio the mounds are in shape both conical aud pyramidal, of larger dimensions and more symmetrical than elsewhere, excepting of course those in Mexico and other centres of more advanced civilization. Nevertheless, between the last-mentioned and the countless earth-mounds of Ohio there are such close analogies as to make it highly probable that both originated with the same people, although probably both were not erected in the same era.

For the purposes of historical deduction the sacred and sacrificial mounds are far more important than any others of the series. The former abound in Alabama, Georgia, and Florida, and in the great valley of the Mississippi, whilst the latter are restricted to no particular locality, being met with almost as frequently in the north as in the south. 'In some instances,' observes Mr. Squier, 'they are terraced, or have successive stages; but whatever their form, whether round, oval, octangular, square, or oblong, they have invariably flat or level tops of greater or less area.' They are usually approached by imposing graded avenues, and encompassed by ramparts of earth or walls of Cyclopean masonry. Some of these temple-mounds are upon a truly gigantic scale. That for instance at Cahokia, in Illinois, is reported to be 700 feet long, 500 feet wide at the base, and 90 feet in height; its solid contents have been roughly estimated at 20,000,000 cubic feet. An immense tetragonal terrace has been reared by the side of it, which is reached by means of a talus. This mound is constructed with as much regularity as any of the *teocallis* in the south, and was originally cased with stone (some American archæologists maintain with brick), and surmounted with one or more buildings.* The sacrificial mounds, which are peculiar to the New World, are much less imposing structures than the temple-mounds. Each is crowned with a symmetrical altar of burnt clay or stone, on which are deposited numerous relics, in all instances exhibiting traces of their having been exposed to the action of fire. They are still occasionally used in the religious ceremonies of the Indians encamped near their sites.

The art of castrametation appears to have been more extensively as well as more successfully practised in ancient times by the nations of North America than by their more advanced contemporaries in the Old World. In no quarter of the latter, at all events, are there so many or such complicated military monuments to be found. From the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains a perpetual succession of vast entrenched camps and colossal fortifications, in earth and stone, follow the entire route. Every eminence is defended, as well as every delta formed by the junction of two streams. Redoubts and breast-works, ramparts and circumvallations, mounds of observation, and — anachronistic as it seems — *casemates* (as in the ruins of Marietta, near the mouth of the Muskingum) attest equally to the number, the skill, and the industry of the population which constructed them. The most perfect and characteristic, as well as the most eminent of these stupendous defences, are to be met with in the State of Ohio. A brief description of those in the county of Licking must here suffice: —

'Between the delta formed by the Newark and the Racoon there is a perpendicular table-land about thirty-five feet high, upon which regular fortifications of great extent are built. On the west side of the platform is an octangular fort, enclosing a space of about forty acres, with walls about nine feet in height, and of equal breadth. This fort was entered by eight gates about five yards in width, each protected by a tumulus placed in the interior in front of the entrances. Two parallel walls lead to another circular fort, placed south-west of the first, covering a space of twenty-two acres. Proceeding towards the south, you see an observatory that commands almost all the extent upon which these divers constructions are erected. Beneath the observatory a secret passage leads to the bank of the Racoon. Farther to the right is a third fort, also circular, of about twenty-six acres, with an interior moat, out of which the earth was taken to form the walls of the fort, which are about twenty-five or thirty feet high. Two other parallel walls, very distant from each other at this place, run to the north, gradually diminishing their distance, and terminate at another fort, of quadrangular shape, twenty acres in extent. These four different forts are connected by rather low walls, and in the centre is a shallow pond covering a superficies of 150 or 200 acres, which probably afforded water to the flocks collected within the wide enclosure. Towers of observation are placed from distance to distance on the rising points of the plateau.'*

As already intimated, the objects of primitive art and utility which have been discovered in the ruins of buildings, or exhumed from the tumuli, are extremely miscellaneous in their character; differing, according to the resources of the particular

* *Vide* Archæ. Amer. i. 243.

* Deserts of North America, vol. i. p. 373.

locality and the genius of the various natives. In the southern and north-western provinces greater mechanical skill and superior taste are, as a rule, perceptible in every description of handiwork. But two classes of objects are equally distributed over the whole continent; namely, ornaments for the person in copper, and various utensils in pottery. Copper, in its virgin state, obtained from the vicinity of the Great Lakes, and hammered into the forms of bracelets, anklets, axes, mauls, &c., appears to have been in very general use from an early period. Silver, lead, and iron were also worked, but on a limited scale; whilst brass and bronze, the former in the north, and the latter in the south, were more extensively employed. A few years ago the corpse of a warrior was discovered in one of the sepulchral mounds in the streets of Marietta, Ohio, with the remains of a baldrick or buckler, 'composed of copper overlaid with a thick plate of silver,' lying across his breast. By his side were several broken pieces of copper tubing, 'filled with iron rust'—all, in fact, that remained of his scabbard and sword. A piece of iron ore, 'which had the appearance of having been vitrified,' was likewise found with them. In reference to this discovery, Mr. Squier remarks: 'These articles have been critically examined, and it is beyond doubt that the bosses are absolutely *plated*, not simply overlaid, *with silver*' (p. 188). But we can hardly accept this conclusion. The effect described was produced more likely by chemical action; in other words, the metals had become partially amalgamated by the lapse of time. The presence, however, of oxydised steel or iron, as well as a specimen of 'vitrified iron ore,' in the same monument, is a much more interesting and important fact than the other; it betokens an advanced knowledge of metallurgy in very primitive times—a knowledge which must have been lost to succeeding generations, and long anterior to the age of the conquest. Iron was then absolutely unknown in the New World, excepting to one solitary tribe, established at the mouth of the La Plata, whose arrows and spears were tipped with it. But of all the aboriginal arts that of pottery had attained to the highest degree of perfection. The terra-cotta vases have been compared in form with the choicest antique specimens in Europe. Those found in the pueblos and wells of New Mexico 'still retain' (says the Abbé Domenech) 'a very perfect varnish; they are ornamented with brilliant paintings, lines, scallops, frogs, butterflies, tortoises, and monkeys' heads. In the States to the east of the Mississippi they are almost equally excellent. Yet it has been questioned whether the aborigines were acquainted with the potter's wheel. Besides a large assortment of cinerary urns, many of Old World types, arrow-heads of rock crystal, agate, and silex, copper and stone axes, hatchets, gouges, and chisels, knives in obsidian, perforated shells—some from the Gulf shores, and others from the southern coasts of India—the most ancient of the mounds have also yielded bracelets of brass, smooth and polished, rings and tubes of the same material, various ornaments for the person in silver, pipes of terra-cotta, slate, and steatite, rude sculptures in wood, and finer sculptures in more durable materials, representing tropical quadrupeds, birds, fishes, &c.

'The arts of taste and luxury may decline and perish through the violence, the revolutions, and disasters to which nations are exposed; but the arts necessary to life cannot be lost by a people who has once known them.' But this maxim of Principal Robertson has again been abundantly contradicted in the social history of the New World. All Spanish writers, at the time of the conquest, concur in describing the Indians generally as an intelligent and industrious, an inoffensive and religious people, as well in the interior as on the sea-board of the continent. Since the occupation of the north-eastern provinces by the Anglo-Saxon race, the aborigines have degenerated so greatly from their primitive condition, and diminished so rapidly in number, as to make their total extinction within a very limited period a matter of absolute certainty. Two centuries ago the population north of the confines of ancient Mexico amounted to 17,000,000 souls; it is now less than 2,000,000. Alcoholic liquors, epidemical diseases, and forced emigrations have aggravated this frightful mortality. Yet notwithstanding their deportation, and the various calamities incidental to it, many of the surviving families of the Redskins have preserved in their new settlements some knowledge of the several arts that were practised by their more fortunate ancestors. From the remotest times, agriculture appears to have been systematically prosecuted in the western hemisphere on the largest scale. The former vast populations on the upper valleys of the Mississippi and Ohio were probably dependent, in part if not wholly, on the northern aborigines for their necessary supplies of corn. The configuration and extent of their 'gar-

den-beds' or farms, more especially in the States of Indiana, Wisconsin, and Michigan, are clearly discernible to this day, and are reported to be 'laid out with all the neatness and symmetry of modern husbandry.' Some of these 'garden-beds' cover an area of seveal hundred acres. Similar skill and industry are observable in the arrangement and cultivation of the lands belonging to the Delawares and other expatriated tribes on the banks of the Canadian rivers, and on the prairies of Kansas. So likewise with the primitive arts of pottery and glass-making, spinning and weaving, each of which is still extensively practised by the Pimas and other tribes. Even to the present day, according to the report of the latest traveller amongst them, the Navajos, Zunis, and the Jemez manufacture woollen and cotton tissues which are highly prized by their white neighbours. There is no authenticated instance, we believe, of any Indian tribe or family having lapsed into 'a state of nature.' All have been more or less contaminated — and some, like the powerful and highly civilised Natchez, hopelessly ruined and degraded — by contact with the *Parthis mendaciores* infesting their country; but none, as yet, have sunk into absolute barbarism. Numbers excepted, they are now in many respects what they were in the sixteenth century. The conquest of the New World by the Spaniards, and its gradual occupation by successive races of white men, have checked the development, but not destroyed the primitive institutions of the Indians. For aught, indeed, that can be urged to the contrary, they have been stationary for a much longer period; and having been excluded from intercourse with the outer world, have become at length, what we find them, a fossilised people, like that of China.

That the tribes of New Mexico inherited a civilization, more or less perfect, from extinct races which occupied that country before them is an indisputable fact. No barbarous nation or nations could have executed the structural monuments that have been partially described, or have fabricated the multifarious works of art that are daily brought to light. Both the one and the other establish the early existence of a settled, industrious, and, to some extent, cultivated people. Whence, then, did that people derive their practical knowledge of the useful arts, and all the concomitants of ancient civilised life? Or, were these things really, as not a few imagine, of cis-Atlantic origin? That inquiry depends upon another and much more pertinent one — namely, were the primitive occupants of the northern continent of America immigrants or autochthones? Ethnographers, naturalists, and archæologists have attempted in vain to solve these problems; scarcely two of them are of the same opinion. As yet, no satisfactory hypothesis has been framed for general acceptance. Scandinavia, Gaul, Mauritania, Carthage, Egypt, Palestine, Hindustan, China, Mongolia, Siberia, and even Wales and Ireland, are supposed by some to have furnished their respective quotas towards the peopling of the New World; whilst others, including the late Dr. Morton, of New York, have maintained that the ancient population was a distinct type of humanity, indigenous to the soil. That celebrated craniologist, indeed, went far ahead of his contemporaries, and divided the aboriginal American races into two families — the Toltecan natives and the barbarous tribes — which differed, he contended, as essentially in their physical as in their moral characteristics. But since the publication of his well-known 'Crania Americana,' several important ethnological discoveries have been made elsewhere on the continent, in the south more especially, which completely sweep away his favourite, or rather sole, criterion of intellectual capacity — the development of the facial angle. The traditions of the Indians are much too vague and conflicting to resolve a doubt, much less to establish a theory, in the matter of their ancestry. True, some of them — as, for example, the Algonquins, the Athapascans, the Ioways, and the Pimas, all widely separated from each other — uniformly point to the rising sun as the direction whence their forefathers came; but this motion may only indicate that they migrated from the eastern extremity of the continent, and not from the eastern hemisphere. In some instances it undoubtedly means no more than that they are the boasted posterity or the adopted children of a divine personage, who is supposed to have emanated from the great luminary. The Quichés alone have preserved anything like a definite account of their origin; and what makes this fact the more remarkable is, that they have been established in Central America from immemorial time. According to their earliest traditions their progenitors travelled from the east, making a perilous journey through ice-fields and in protracted darkness; from which circumstances it has been inferred by the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg and others that they must necessarily have passed into the American continent either by some

Arctic route, or by the Aleutian Isles in the depth of winter. To ourselves this tradition appears more curious than important. Visitors' tales of frost-bound seas and of days without a sunrise would naturally make a very deep impression upon the minds of a people confined within the tropics; who, in the course of time, would not unlikely associate such extraordinary phenomena with the personal history of their remote ancestors, and thus cast a thicker veil of mystery over it or add a fresh marvel to it. Of the innumerable tribes or families of Indians still in existence, not one has any conception, much less any traditional knowledge of a single country in the Old World. The geographical notions of the most intelligent amongst them are bounded by their own horizon. So far as is now known, the the ancient Mexicans were the solitary exceptions to this rule. That they crossed over from Asia by the Aleutian Isles, about the eleventh century of our era, is a fact established as well by the declaration of the last of their Incas to his Spanish conquerors, as by the curious geographical chart of their migration preserved by Boturini.*

'Dim as these traditions are (observes Mr. Schoolcraft) they shed some light on the thick historical darkness which shrouds the period. They point decidedly to a foreign, to an oriental, if not Shemetic, origin. Such an origin has been inferred from the first. At whatever point the investigation has been made, the eastern hemisphere has been found to contain the physical and mental prototypes of the race. Language, mythology, religious dogmas, the very style of architecture, and their calendar, as far as it is developed, point to that fruitful and central source of human dispersion and nationality.'†

Whilst allowing there has been, for ages, a continuous immigration from the east of Asia — a fact, indeed, which is abundantly evidenced as well by the physical characteristics of the Indian tribes occupying the mighty deserts in the north and north-west, as by their manners, customs, and traditions, which so closely resemble those of the Mongols on the neighbouring continent — it is, we think, equally demonstrable that other colonists, more civilized than wandering hordes of Tartars, found their way thither directly across the Pacific. In possession of the magnet, the most ancient of the eastern nations boldly navigated the wide ocean in vessels of great burden; whilst as yet the nations in the west were timidly following the sinuosities of their coasts in shallow canoes or on ruder rafts. Some of the natives of India, like the 'god-like' Phœacians whom Homer extols, were enterprising merchants and hardy mariners from the remotest antiquity. And so, no doubt, were the maritime populations of the Eastern Archipelago. If the oldest Japanese maps are to be depended on, their voyages formerly extended to Java, and on the north to Behring's Straits and to the coast of America, which they called Foosang — a name by which it was also known to the Chinese long prior to the Christian era.

The oldest traditions of the Peruvians, the Brazilians, and the Araucanians (the aborigines of Valdivia) refer to the arrival in their countries respectively of illustrious strangers who came from afar, across the ocean. Only on the supposition that more frequent intercourse, by water, was maintained between the several nations of antiquity than is usually conceded by modern ethnographers and others, is it possible to account for the intermixture of races and the similarity of customs and institutions observable in different quarters of the globe. For example, families that physically approximate in type to the Redskins of North America have been discovered on the eastern coast of Africa, on the island of Madagascar, on the South Australian continent, as well as scattered throughout Polynesia. And so, too, a very close conformity existed between the religious creeds and practices of the Etrurians and the Aztecas. In Italy and America human sacrifices were customary at the graves of illustrious chieftains. In the former country they were superseded by gladiatorial exhibitions — which were also introduced into Mexico — but, as in Etruria, were only used upon certain religious occasions. With both, too, the olive-branch was the symbol of peace. These analogies might be almost indefinitely extended. The calendars of the two people were nearly alike; the one calculated the length of the year at 365 days, 5 hours, and 50 minutes, the other at 10 minutes less. Like other nations of antiquity, they both believed that at the end of certain astronomical cycles periodical changes in nature would occur, and these were watched therefore with intense anxiety and alarm. The passage of the Pleiades across the meridian was announced to trembling multitudes in Mexico by the simultaneous lightning of innu-

* Mr. Fergusson holds that the Toltecs represent *the Esquimaux*, and that the Aztecs were Red Indians; but we cannot discover any ground for this theory.

† Indian Tribes of the United States, vol. i. p. 96.

merable beacon-fires on the observatories and hilltops; and the reappearing of the great luminary in the morning, which confirmed their lease of life, was the signal for mutual congratulations and rejoicings. That momentous holiday corresponded with the festival of Isis, which, according to Herodotus, originated under precisely similar circumstances. *

These parallelisms link the primeval history of America with that of the Old World, and the farther we prosecute them the evidence of the fact becomes proportionately stronger, till at length it is impossible to resist it. It was a maxim of the traveller Clarke, that by proper attention to the vestiges of ancient superstition, we are enabled to refer a whole people to their original ancestors with more certainty than by observations made upon their language; because the superstition is engrafted upon the stock, but the language is liable to change. As, therefore, with the Hindus, Egyptians, Assyrians, Scythians, and their offshoots in Europe, so with all the tribes of the northern continent, from Nicaragua to the borders of Lake Superior, as well as throughout New England, the adoration of the sun, as the symbol of divine intelligence, has prevailed from the earliest epoch to this day.

'It may be traced in America (says Mr. Squier) from its simplest or least clearly defined form among the roving hunters and squalid Esquimaux of the North, through every intermediate stage of development, to the imposing systems of Mexico and Peru, where it took a form nearly corresponding with that which it at one time sustained on the banks of the Ganges and on the plains of Assyria.' †

Associated with Sabæan worship in former times was that of the lingham or phallus. This well-attested fact leaves little room for doubting that the aboriginal Americans derived their religious system in part from the East. The worship of the lingham was flourishing in the cities of Pomeco and Tlascalla, in Mexico, at the period of the conquest; and Mr. Stephens observed at Uxmal, Yucatan, certain ornaments upon the external cornice of several large buildings, the meaning of which was too plainly sculptured to be misunderstood (*Travels*, vol. i. p. 181). Nor was this revolting worship restricted to the territories just indicated; it appears to have been equally prevalent in the Gulf States, and as far north as Tennessee, where innumerable characteristic images have been ploughed up; some formed of clay, and others carved out of a kind of amphibolic rock, the toughest of all stony substances.

Bearing in mind that the Oriental nations acknowledged originally but one object of devotion, the sun; with which they presently associated the doctrines of the reciprocal principles of nature — doctrines which passed from India into Ethiopia and Egypt, thence into Asia Minor, and so into Greece and Rome — it is impossible to withhold from the inhabitants of the western hemisphere the coveted distinction of the highest antiquity, when we find their remote ancestors possessing the same system of theology, and adopting the same objects of worship, as the most ancient and cultivated people of the Old World. With almost all the aborigines, there is a proof of the existence of a belief in a Supreme Being; of an extensive polytheism, based in its origin upon the principle of divine emanations; of a belief in the immortality of the soul and its future state; and in the transmigration of spirits. The agreement between their ritualistic observances is equally remarkable. They, too, had sacred ablutions and fasts, sacrifices and expiatory self-punishments. Notwithstanding what has oftentimes been urged to the contrary, this congruity of religious ideas and practices in both hemispheres is of so decisive character as to demonstrate a single primitive source. 'We cannot,' remarks Sir William Jones, 'justly conclude by arguments preceding the proof of facts, that one idolatrous people must have borrowed their deities, rites, and tenets from another; since gods of all shapes and dimensions may be framed by the boundless powers of imagination, or by the frauds and follies of men, in countries never connected; but when features of resemblance too strong to have been accidental are observable in different systems of polytheism, without fancy or prejudice to colour them and improve their likeness, we can scarcely help believing that some connexion has in immemorial time subsisted between the several nations which have adopted them.' (*Works*, vol. i. p. 229.) There are now no means of determining at what particular epoch in the world's history the worship of the Lingham in India, of Peor-Apis in Egypt, of the Phallus in Greece, or Priapus in Rome, originated. But according to the received chronology of the Bible, the worship of Baal-Peor prevailed among the Moabites 1450 B. C. (Numb. xxv. 3), or long before it was received into Europe. From the remains which are still in existence it may

* Euter. 122-4.
† Amer. Archæ. Res., p. 18.

have passed into America at a time coeval with its introduction into Egypt. And this fact brings us to a still higher point in the primitive history of the continent.

Pyramidal piles of earth and stone are the peculiar marks by which we may discover the sites of the earliest settlements of mankind. The idea of such piles first appeared in the valley of the Euphrates, and culminated in the valley of the Nile. Whatever their forms, or wherever situated, in Asia or in Africa, one condition is common to them all: intended primarily for astronomical observatories, the sides of each accurately correspond with the cardinal points. This is also the case with the pyramids of America. In determining the epoch of the aboriginal migration to that continent, this remarkable co-extension or analogy again carries us back to that period when mankind, after being dissipated in the plains of Shinar, had re-established themselves in different quarters of the globe. We have already referred to the magnificent pyramidal structures of Mexico; which, excepting the shrines, were undoubtedly the work of the Toltecans, if not of an earlier people; but be that as it may, there are pyramidal ruins in Yucatan and Central America of a much more ancient date than any to be found elsewhere in the New World — so ancient, indeed, as to compare with similar monuments in Egypt, which are generally ascribed to the Memphite period. If, as we believe, the New World borrowed its designs for such structures, the aborigines must have travelled to the valley of the Nile for that purpose, rather than brought them from the shores of the Euxine and Caspian Seas — a circumstance which, we may remark by the way, shows them to have been not only a less cultivated but a later settled nation than the Egyptians. Their conventional ideas of pictography and sculpture point to the same origin. According to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, no signs of progress from infancy to the more advanced stages of art are perceptible on the earliest monuments of Egypt: it was in after-times the Egyptian sculptors bound themselves so rigidly to conventional forms in the human figure. And so in America, the most ancient remains exhibit similar characteristics. The same unalterable forms satisfied the devotion or the taste of successive generations; and consequently no improvement was made upon them. In the types of primitive art, the New World merely reflected the light of the Old. Hence there was no warmth or creative power in it. Generation after generation servilely copied each other, but with gradually diminishing skill, or in almost the exact ratio of the distance which separated them from Central America and Yucatan, the earliest seats of civilisation on the continent. That Africa, not the East, was the original source of their inspiration — perhaps about the age of the fourth Egyptian dynasty — may be inferred, partly from the peculiar situations, internal economy, and identical embellishment of the structures in question, and partly from the most primitive mode of sepulture observable in the immediate vicinity of them. The pile is invariably erected, for the purpose of sacred ablutions, in close proximity to water; either on the bank of a stream, or on the shore of a lake, or, in the absence of these, an artificial pond of proportionate dimensions has been excavated at its base; central apartments, for the preservation of the sacred element, reached by descending galleries at a particular angle of declination, are found in all of them, as well as a secret communication with the river, lake, or pond, usually by means of a subterranean passage: and lastly, the neighbouring valley or plain, as the case may be, is filled with innumerable catacombs, in many localities hewed out of the solid rock. The great pyramid on the plateau of Caernavaca, and known as Xochicalco, 'the house of flowers,' is reported to be scarcely distinguishable from the ordinary type of those in Lower Egypt. Its position and configuration show it to be one of the group of adjacent hills. It is truncated and divided into four terraces.

'The intermediate slopes (says Mr. Norman) are covered with platforms, bastions, pyramidal and rectangular elevations and stages, one above another, all faced with large porphyry stones admirably cut, but joined together without cement; the perpendicular height is estimated to be from 300 to 380 feet. The construction of the stories is irregularly like the Egyptian style of architecture; the lower parts inclining inwards at an angle of 15° for a short distance, and then being surmounted with perpendicular courses projecting over the inferior portion. Upon the stories of this pyramid are many figures sculptured in relief, some representing hieroglyphic signs, and other human figures seated cross-legged in Asiatic manner, and crocodiles spouting water.'

Want of space precludes our pursuing these architectural analogies any farther; suffice it to say, therefore, that the distinction between the earlier and later pyramidal temples of the New World is quite as remarkable as that between the ancient Egyptian structure and those erected by

the Greek colonists under the Ptolemies. No doubt, very many of the earliest piles have been modified in subsequent ages, to suit the particular necessities or tastes of the people; yet, in every such instance, the archaic type has been but slightly departed from, whilst the primitive example in the decorations without, always emblematical of the worship conducted within, has been scrupulously followed to the last. This is very apparent in the magnificent ruins of Yucatan; where, according to the unanimous reports of Mr. Stephens and later travellers in that wonderful country, the serpent entwined about the stem of the lotus is frequently repeated on the friezes of the temples; and at Palenqué, also, 'a rectangular square is surrounded by cloisters . . . and lighted by windows bearing the exact form of the Egyptian face.'

It is proverbial among Transatlantic travellers, that he who has seen one tribe has seen all; so closely do individuals of every family resemble each other, notwithstanding their immense geographical dissemination, and those differences of climate which embrace the extremes of heat and cold.* And after devoting a lifetime to the investigation of their linguistic affinities, the late venerable Albert Gallatin arrived at the same conclusion. 'However differing in their vocabularies,' he remarks, 'there is an evident similarity in the structure of all the American languages.'† From whatever land the aboriginal population of North America proceeded — from Eastern Siberia, by the passage of Behring's Straits, or by the Aleutian Islands; or, which we conceive to be much more probable, from the Bactrian heights or Hisdustan, by the Indian and Pacific Oceans, — the influence of their genius, mythology, and civilisation has not wholly declined to this day. Hence many have likewise been led to believe in the unity of the American races. Without impeaching the justice of this opinion, so far as it affects the existing tribes of native Red Indians, we cannot but think that the aboriginal occupants of the soil disappeared long before the advent of the Spaniards. So far as is now known, the highest civilised races, at the era of the conquest, were restricted to the territory falling within the 10th and 25th degrees of north latitude, and to that smaller region which is watered by the Rio Colorado and the Rio Gila, and their tributaries. Every other portion of the continent, with one notable exception, was occupied by indigent and semi-barbarous tribes, widely scattered, and subsisting for the most part on the produce of the chase. The exception was Kentucky, bearing the ominous appellation of 'the dark and bloody ground,' which had long been shunned by every Indian with superstitious dread. According to the traditions of the locality, the now attractive banks of the Ohio had been the scene of a frightful carnage, many centuries before the arrival of the Europeans. An entire nation, both physically and morally distinguished from the Redskins — 'white men' — and who had been settled in the country from time immemorial, were unexpectedly assailed and overwhelmed by their enemies. The manifest incompletion of several of the monuments in the valley betokens a sudden cessation of labour on the part of their constructors, and thus far confirms the terrible reality of the Indian legends. If those ill-fated people were not the true aborigines of the soil, they were undoubtedly connected with them, as may be inferred from the peculiarity of many of their structures; the relics exhumed from their tumuli; and, above all, from their primeval mode of sepulture.

In the absence of documentary proofs and positive evidence it is extremely difficult, and often impossible, to determine the aboriginal migrations of a people. The primary immigrants of North America are no exception to this general rule. They arrived in the New World, we believe, by various routes and at various epochs. That comparatively narrow territory which stretches from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, and which is so especially rich in stupendous and highly-decorated monuments, many of them bearing indisputable marks of the hoariest antiquity, was the first abode of the civilised nations. Those nations, as Mr. Tylor argues on *à priori* grounds,* brought their civilisation with them; it was not of indigenous growth; and the Abbe Brasseur de Bourbourg, who has laboured long as a missionary in that part of the continent, as well as in the interests of ethnographical science, inclines to the opinion that the Mayas of Yucatan are their degenerate descendants. Thence population was diffused and radiated through the immense regions of the North. Almost the same combination of mounds, terraces, and pyramids is found throughout the valley of the Mississippi as at Copan,

* *Vide* Mr. J. S. Phillip's Essay on the Physical Type of the American Indians, Schoolcraft, vol. ii. p. 316.

† Trans. Amer. Ethnol. Soc. vol. ii. p. 367.

* Anahuac, pp. 191, &c.

Palenqué, and Uxmal; a fact which goes far to prove that the inhabitants of the interior derived their civil as well as their religious institutions, and such knowledge of the arts as they possessed, from Central America. The one, no doubt, was a modification of the other. By one of those refluxes, which were so common in the early history of mankind, the tide of population returned to its original source, but by a circuitous or north-westerly channel; commingling in its passage with several streams of later immigrants to the continent, by Behring's Straits or the Aleutian Isles. Hence the cause of those national changes and revolutions which may be faintly traced on the face of the most primitive monuments, and which are most distinctly portrayed on the more modern ones. The mild religious services of the first ages were superseded by the sanguinary ritual in vogue at the time of the conquest; political domination had completely succumbed to sacerdotal rule; the Inca added to his other functions those of supreme pontiff. Such, in brief, we take to have been the main courses of population in North America. No doubt there were many intermigrations, of more or less importance, the order of which, however, it is impossible to indicate. In connexion with these we may remark, by the way, that no existing tribe of Indians, located east of the Mississippi, lay claim to the monuments surrounding them. According to their several traditions, they found them much in the same condition as they now appear, when their forefathers, centuries ago, 'arrived from the west' and possessed themselves of the country. Old societies had utterly perished ages before, leaving posterity ignorant not only of the extent of their dominions, but also of their very titles. The Atlantic sea-board, from New England to South Carolina, would seem to have been but sparsely peopled till within a comparatively recent epoch. The remains in that long slip of territory are much less numerous than elsewhere on the continent; and, for historical deduction, almost valueless. Nearly the whole of them are the supposed works of the Iroquois and their affiliated tribes, and do not possess, it is reported, 'an antiquity very far back of the Discovery.'

Thus have we travelled over nearly the entire area of North America, and pointed out, in our necessarily hasty passage, the sites of the most important and interesting structural monuments pertaining, as we believe, to at least three distinct and widely separated epochs in the pre-Columbian history of the continent. These edifices show, partly from their architectural and other peculiarities, and partly from the relics of art discovered within and about them, whence sprang their authors, the aboriginal occupants of the soil. Their immediate origin is, and probably ever will be, an open question. It reaches back to the remotest period of human history, and is involved in a haze of fable. Nevertheless, their creeds, usages, and legends, whether delineated on the monuments or reflected by succeeding generations, uniformly point to an Oriental source; and this is all that can be averred with absolute certainty concerning them.

Death of Professor John H. Alexander.—Professor Alexander, who died at Baltimore on Saturday, aged fifty-four years, was well known in this city, and over the entire country, for his scientific attainments and his religious and philanthropic efforts. He began his professional career as an engineer on the Northern Central (Susquehanna) Railroad; made the topographical surveys for a map of Maryland; prepared an elaborate report on the standard of weights and measures; was Commissioner to England on international coinage in 1857, and was appointed last summer a Commissioner to the Paris Exposition of the current year. In 1850 he published a Universal Dictionary of Weights and measures, which has been looked to as a standard. For many years he attended the annual assays of coins at the Mint in this city as a delegate for the government, and it was at one time expected that he would be appointed Director. He was usually in attendance at the Conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in which body he was a leading and active member.—*North American.*

[We had a slight personal acquaintance with Prof. Alexander 30 or 40 years ago. To our great regret this was broken off by circumstances in which neither of us had any agency. We never saw a young man who more engaged our affection in advance.]—*Living Age.*

PART III.

We breakfasted earlier on Thursday on account of the hunting. When I came into the drawing-room, I found Monsieur René reading the newspaper in the sun.

"You are going with Olympe to the meet this morning, are you not?" he said. I told him that I was.

"No doubt, as a true Englishwoman, you will have a contempt for our sport, and think fox-hunting infinitely superior; but I am sure that the artistic feeling of which you are so full, will be delighted with the forest. At all events we can lay claim to one superiority in the fact of our hunting being compatible with lovely scenery. Do you ever hunt in England, Miss Hope?"

I told him that in the first place my means did not allow of it, and that in the second I was afraid my nerves would not either.

"I often wish I were less cowardly," said I.

"Ah, do not wish you were other than you are! If women could only be made to comprehend their true position"——

"It will be hard," answered I, laughing, "if between you and Monsieur Berthier we do not get to understand it at last."

"Do not misjudge me," said he. "No one can think more highly of women than I do. In tact, in quickness of perception, in delicacy of feeling, in the unerring justice with which you instinctively arrive at conclusions which we only reach through circuitous paths of cumbrous logic, you stand alone. Steadfastness, patience, tenderness, pity, these are the jewels of your crown — that crown which the strong-minded woman despises in her ambitious endeavour to attain to the male virtues that in her become simply detestable. Yesterday I was so struck with the contrast between yourself and Miss Hamilton when we were speaking of Rénan."

"Oh!" answered I, "I liked what she said so much; it was exactly what I was longing to say."

"But, thank heaven, did not," he interrupted. "Nothing could be a better example of what I mean. The clear, unerring mind was there, the quick perception, the fine moral sense which instinctively detects a want of truth in the heart of things — all that was absent was the male energy of Miss Hamilton; an absence in which, to me, lay the very secret of the charm."

"She is so absolutely truthful and fearless," said I.

"Yes," he answered. "One may admire her, but what one loves is a tender, trembling little woman, doubting of herself, and looking up to man as to her natural guide and protector. Don't you see not only how well this attitude becomes you, but also how admirably it works? When you are womanly you make us manly: these touching and gentle appeals stir all the depths of our buried tenderness, and bring it to the surface. A woman who has no need of this, but can do battle for herself, is generally left to do it. You will see that Miss Hamilton's conquests will not be among men, but among women. Olympe, Jeanne, yourself, already are all more or less at her feet, and this by a natural law. It is simply the masculine element in her, which you are all unconsciously adoring. Now to me, by the same law, she is in consequence of it repellant and unattractive."

"But all men do not feel as you do," said I. "Monsieur Dessaix is devoted to her, and he is a man."

"Is he?" said Monsieur de Saldes. "Sometimes I feel quite bewildered between them, and in doubt whether to call her Monsieur Hamilton, or him Mademoiselle Dessaix."

We breakfasted in a great hurry, for Lady Blankeney and Maria were going off by train to Paris. The former took leave of every one but Miss Hamilton and myself with effusion. There was a slight degree of nervous coldness in the manner in which she bade Ursula good-by and said they should meet shortly in Paris, and a charming mixture of condescension and incivility in her farewell to me. I was delighted when they drove off: a little of the mother went a long way, and as for Maria, I do not think I ever beheld any human being so wrapped up in, encompassed by, and utterly saturated with self: the positiveness of the pre-occupation became monstrous when contrasted with the negativeness of her nature in every other respect; even the natural laws seemed in her mind to exist as but with reference to herself, and she never spoke of the weather as other people do, remarking in a general way, "It is warm — it is windy — it is rainy," as the case might be, but always said "I shall be hot — I shall be cold — I shall be wet," in a manner entirely her own.

Monsieur Berthier preferred walking in the forest to coming in the carriage with us, and Monsieur Dessaix had music to write, and evidently thought that a day in the open air might be the death of him:

so the driving party consisted solely of Madame Olympe and myself. At a little after eleven she came in, looking like a magnificent wall-flower, with a dark brown tweed dress shot with crimson, a deep orange-coloured silk handkerchief tied loosely round her throat, and a golden pheasant's wings in her hat. She had, as usual, her hands filled with flowers, but this time they were little nosegays of Parma violets, which she distributed to Ursula, Jeanne, Monsieur de Saldes, and Monsieur Charles, who were all going to ride, and who stuck them into the button-holes of their coats and habits. The open carriage came to the door at half-past eleven. Ursula, at the last moment, had some slight dispute with Monsieur de Saldes, and in her habit, just as she was, she jumped into the carriage with Madame Olympe and myself.

It was a splendid autumn morning. The earth sparkled in every direction like precious stones, the dew lay like diamonds in the grass, and the air was full of floating gossamers (the Virgin's threads, as they are called in France), as we bowled down the hill to the river. Over the great bridge we went, and straight at once into the forest. It is all divided into long alleys, which lead into large green open places, or *carrefours*, from which six or seven different roads diverge, and in the centre of which there is an enormous sign-post giving the direction of each. I should have thought it impossible to find one's way without these, one path seemed so exactly to resemble another; but Madame Olympe told me that the gentlemen were often out after nightfall, and managed to pilot themselves successfully even when it was far too dark to read what was written on the posts.

It was an enchanting drive to the place of rendezvous. Generally the wood lay packed away on each side of the open roads. The trees were not large, as in our forests, but slender young slips, growing all close together, through which driving would have been impossible, and walking, for the most part difficult and unpleasurable; but one looked into depths of delicate leaves, until the whole atmosphere seemed to be a sort of pale transparent glowworm-green, as one rolled along with gentle motion and noiseless wheels over the yielding sand. Sometimes we drove for a long way under large trees through the very heart of the forest. In one place all the boles of the trees were covered with lichen; they looked like metal shafts of some strange gnome palace. Here we went along with a soft crushing sound over precious emerald mosses and the red gold of fallen beech-leaves; the whole air filled with delicious autumn savours, musky gusts of a wild woodland odour, and the bitter fragrance of bruised leaves. At last we got to the *carrefour*, or place of the rendezvous, and drew up before the door of a little country inn, where we saw the men and dogs who had been seeking out the track of the wild boar, and who had just arrived.

Two hours before daybreak these four men, with four dogs, go out with lanterns to seek the track; this is technically called the *aller au bois*. These hounds (*limiers*) are mute, and never follow the track of roebuck, rabbit, or hare. The forest is divided among them into four separate allotments, and each man with his dog explores the portion appointed for him, taking care never to interfere with the beat of the others. The next thing done is to *prendre les grands devants*. This consists in going round and round each division in ever-narrowing circles, until they come upon the track, or *brisée*, which takes its name from the custom of breaking a branch as soon as the trace is found — which branch they lay upon the ground with the point turned in the direction of the track. They then come back with their *limiers*, after a walk of about six hours, to the rendezvous (which generally takes place at twelve o'clock, or thereabouts), and dress themselves properly in the livery of the hunt.

By degrees, people on foot, and people on horseback, and people in open carriages began to assemble. The ladies, who all appeared to be more or less acquainted, got out of their various vehicles to speak to each other; and hairy men dismounted, or reined up, and bowed and talked to those ladies who remained in their carriages. There was one coachful of cousins from the village of Sept-Moulins, about four miles away from Marny; another with some smart ugly women, whom nobody knew, from the neighbouring town; one fat old lady was drawn by a couple of superb Percheron horses, small, robust, well-built animals of the old French post-horse breed, snow-white, with thick tails sweeping the ground, and powerful manes, that flew out to the wind like great sheets of silver in the sun: they were fiery, restive creatures, and looked splendid as they kept neighing and pawing the ground with impatience whenever they had to stand still for a single instant. Last of all arrived a sort of charming open *char-à-vanc*, with pretty Madame Prévost, her kind-looking old husband, and a most absurd old friend, with a large red nose and a

curly grey wig, who always lives with them, and whose name, I was told, was Hégésippe Gigonnet. Their carriage is a very popular one: it is laden with all sorts of good eatables, which are liberally distributed to the hungry,—and also with brandy, arnica, plaster, and other useful remedies, in case of any simple accident.

The ladies' dress was an extravagant imitation of the out-of-door costume of our own Englishwomen—the looped-up gown and coloured petticoat beneath; but in spite of every variety of rainbow tint which their gaudy skirts displayed, they presented a dowdy appearance, very different from the smart neat look which a well-appointed Englishwoman has when she is properly got up for walking. They wore ugly hats of fanciful shapes, but one felt at a glance that they were born to put nothing but Parisian bonnets of the latest fashion upon their heads, and to do no real out-of-door work. Presently Monsieur Charles, Monsieur de Saldes, and Jeanne came up, and and then Monsieur Charles was informed of the different tracks that had been found by the *limiers*.

The servants of the hunt are called by picturesque names that all bear some reference to the sport. The huntsman or *piqueur* (pronounced *piqueux*) was called Latrace—his real name was Martin; there were five *valets-de-chien*, or whippers-in, on horseback, whose hunting names were La Rosée, La Feuille, Fanfare, La Brisée, La Broussaille; and there was one *valet-de-chien* on foot, who was called Tempete. La Broussalle and Tempete brought with them about sixty hounds to the meet: some of these dogs were French, but the greater proportion of them were foxhounds got over from England. I jumped out of the carriage and went with Monsieur de Saldes to talk to them. They looked so natural and so sweet, with their heavy jaws and gentle eyes, waving their tails and making good-natured grumbling expostulations with fine bass voices.

Monsieur Charles having decided upon the track, about twenty out of the sixty were despatched in separate relays to different parts of the forest where the boar was supposed to be likely to pass. These hounds were older and rather slower than the others, and were called the old pack (*la vieille meute*). The forty remaining hounds were kept for following the track. Out of these, eight of the very best were selected to make the attack; the rest were divided into relays of about four couple, which were held in leashes by the *valets-de-chien*.

We now all got back into our carriages, and accompanied by a field of about fifty or sixty people began to move towards the spot where the beast was supposed to be. When we arrived there, the eight *chiens d'attaque* were put into the cover, followed by the huntsman on foot. We coasted along on the outside, guided by the rushing of the animals through the leaves, and the huntsman's cries of *Hou!—hou! Après! La voie!* (the right road). *Volcelet!* (here it is). Suddenly he caught sight of the boar and struck up the fanfare of the *sanglier* upon his horn, the dogs gave tongue, the gentleman dashed off, blowing the *sanglier* with all their might, the *valets-de-chien* tore along, almost dragged off their horses by the pulling of the hounds in leash, and we set off at a hand-gallop followed by all the other carriages. It was a charming and a very varied spectacle. There was none of the uniformity of get-up that characterizes an English field: every one had turned out in different costume; most of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who were personal friends of Monsieur Charles, wore his white uniform with the maroon facings; then there were men in all sorts of cut-away and fly-away coats—some in elaborate suits of velveteen knickerbockers; a party of cuirassiers quartered in the neighbouring town appeared in regimentals, and bumped along after the boar in true *haute-école* style.

Suddenly, at the end of one of the long alleys, we saw the boar leap across the road. It was a *ragot* or middle-sized one, the most dangerous sort of all. Immediately all the horns struck up the fanfare of the *ragot*, the tearing, dragging hounds were loosed at last from the leashes, and away we all pelted in full chase, the horns blowing the *volcelet* and the *bien-aller* with might and main. It was not English sport. I do not know if it was good sport; of this I was no judge, but the excitement of that morning rush through the great glades of the sunlit forest, with the music and the animation of the whole scene, was a thing never to be forgotten. Ursula's eyes were staring wide open for the first time in her life, and Madame Olympe was screaming at the top of her voice. At last they got before us and, out of sight, we lost the track, and stopped for about a quarter of an hour, listening in vain for the fanfare to guide us. We then drove wildly about the forest in every direction, sometimes faintly catching, sometimes losing again the sound of the horns in the distance. Once the coachman called out, and we all stood up in the carriage as a com-

pany of stags, startled by the noise, bounded grandly one after another across the road, right in front of us. We were entirely thrown out, and at last came to a halt in one of the green places, not knowing in the least which path to take. We waited here for about half an hour in great despondency, afraid that our day's sport was over, when suddenly Monsieur Charles, followed by Jeanne, Monsieur de Saldes, and five or six gentlemen, came galloping by, blowing the *débuché* as hard as he could. "To the left! to the left!" he shouted, as he flew past, and we wheeled round, and to the left we galloped too. The *débuché* meant that the beast had taken to the open. We followed full tilt, got at last to the border of the plain, and saw the boar cross it with the whole field in hot pursuit, and then madly dashing into the river, swim across to a small island in the middle, where he presently landed with the hounds in full cry at his heels, and was lost in the thicket. The sun was going down in a sea of molten gold as the horns played first the *bat l'eau* (gone to the water), and then the first half of the *halali*. The river gave back the forms of the men and horses and trees upon the bank with such transparent clearness that they seemed literally living over again in the water. What a scene it was — all loveliness and peace! I cannot say how the spectacle of the solemn dying day at once turned the current of my feelings, or how discordant and savage the cries of all those men, hunting a wretched animal to the death, in the quiet face of nature, suddenly became to me. After a few minutes the poor beast emerged at the other end of the island, and still followed by his yelling persecutors, in despair took to the water a second time. Shot after shot was fired at him in vain, as he swam vigorously for the mainland. At last Latrace jumped into the stream as he neared the shore, and stabbed him with his hunting-knife *au défaut de l'épaule*, in the one vulnerable place — the joint just behind the shoulder — while the horns struck up the last part of the *halali*, which is never played until the boar is killed.

And then we all turned homeward, and under that gentle sky I felt conscience-stricken, and rather as if I had been assisting at a murder. It was dark and coldish by the time we got back to the house, and very cheering and pleasant was that large room, bright with candle and fire light, and not less so the cup of tea that dear Madame Olympe made for us. Presently Jeanne, Monsieur Charles, and Monsieur de Saldes came dropping in. Jeanne came up and kissed me very affectionately, as I lay on my big sofa resting and talking to Ursula.

"How sweet you smell, child," said I.

"It is my violets," she answered. "They are quite fresh still."

"Bless me!" cried Ursula, "what can have become of mine? I have lost them! I suppose they must have tumbled down as I was getting in or out of the carriage."

She then left her chair, and went away in a very marked manner as Monsieur de Saldes brought me my tea and sat down by me to talk over the impression that French hunting had made upon me. He very good-naturedly told me a great deal more about it. Boars of all ages are hunted. There are the *marcassins* or babies, the *bêtes de compagnie* and *bêtes rousses* from six to eighteen months old — the *ragotin*, which is about eighteen months old — the *ragot* of two years old — the boar in his third year — the boar in his fourth year. Then there is the huge *solitaire*, who lives alone, and for whom they play the *royale fanfare*, the *solitaire miré* (an old fellow with his tusks turned down, so that he cannot toss the dogs), and the *laie*, or female, for whom the fanfare of the *meunière* is played.

The first half of the *halali* is played when the boar is at bay; the second, when he is killed, and he is never killed until he has been at bay. There is also the *halali tenante* — when the boar at bay tosses some of the hounds and then begins running again. If the animal is very fierce, in order to save the hounds the gentlemen will sometimes dismount and prick him with their hunting-knives to cause a diversion. The boar then leaves the dogs and rushes at the men, and there is a general *sauve qui peut* — up trees or anywhere. Sometimes the men as well as the dogs get wounded. Last season Latrace had his leg ripped up by the boar's tusks, and was badly hurt. The cries of *vocelet* or *volcelet*, and *vlaut — vlaut!* which are continually heard during the hunt, are corruptions of *voilà ce l'est* and *le viola la haut*. The morning after the hunt the missing hounds are tracked out, and found wounded or dead. The men take other dogs with them, whose ears they pull to make them cry, and so attract their wounded and lost companions. The *limiers*, who find the first trace of the boar, are put into a cart and driven home from the meet by Madame Moreau — an old woman about the château who does every sort of odd job — sometimes goes to fetch letters and sometimes goes to fetch bread. We met her in the forest going back to Marny, with four

or five of the great circular loaves of common household bread which the servants eat slung like so many necklaces round her mahogany-coloured old throat.

When Ursula and I went up to dress for dinner we took no light with us, as we had fire and candles in our own room. At the head of the stair was Monsieur Berthier's room, and just beyond it was a swing-door, which one had to pass in order to get to Monsieur Dessaix's room and ours. On opening this we nearly knocked down Monsieur Jacques, who was standing hidden behind it, and who had not heard us approach.

"Oh! Jacques, have I hurt you?" exclaimed Ursula with concern, for it was she who had pushed the door. "But what are you doing there in the dark just behind the door?"

"It is abominable," he said in a whisper. "They do not love me here. I have had a miserable day — I have passed it (all of it!) behind this door. Have you seen his room?" he continued, indicating Monsieur Berthier's. "Have you seen how large it is? twice as large as mine! After you were gone this morning, he and I came upstairs to write. After a little while I heard him go down, and I thought I would peep into his room. I had only time just to see how nice and big it was — for crac! he was up again in a minute. I suppose he had only gone to put his letter in the box. So I jumped back and hid behind the door, and watched till he went down again, and then I took another peep. It is much, much nicer than mine! I have watched him go down three times, and each time I have seen some fresh nice thing that he has."

"What dreadful nonsense, Jacques," said Ursula.

"He has two jugs — a large one and a little one. I have only one small one."

"For shame!" she said indignantly. "How could you go into another person's room in that way?"

"And a tea-service, and a gilt Cupid on the top of his looking-glass."

She took him by the shoulder, and putting him into his own room, shut the door angrily upon his complaints.

The evening was spent chiefly in making out the programme for the Sunday's music. Ursula found that she could stick an "*O Salutaris*" upon the beginning of Stradella's song, which carried her through the first eight bars, after which she boldly merged into "ovunque il guardo io giro, cerco te, guardo te, sospiro," &c. I was sorry that she had determined to do it, but she seemed to look at the matter altogether from an artistic point of view, and as it was a Roman Catholic church, not to see any reason against it. And Madame Olympe's mind was entirely divided between her ecstasy at the notion of hearing Ursula's great voice and grand style in the ample space of a church — where they would have room to spread themselves — and her pleasure in the gratification which she knew it would give to the poor Curé to have such fine music for the occasion of his confirmation. Monsieur Jacques had been pacified by my representation that his coming had been altogether unexpected, and that Monsieur Berthier and Monsieur Kiowski were both in possession before his arrival; and he entered with zeal into the details of the programme, and was of the greatest service in selecting and arranging the progression of the pieces. Monsieur Berthier, Monsieur de Saldes and I sat and talked together, and I made the former especially happy by translating for his benefit Ford's speech in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* — "Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect." He was enchanted with this. "What a genius!" he cried. "How he knows the heart of woman! How he must have known the English woman!" And nothing would serve but he must learn the sentiment by rote in the original tongue: after which he passed the whole evening saying at intervals, "Zen zey ruminaate, Zen zey *devaise*," and smiling contentedly to himself. The next day he left us for Paris, to the regret of every one, for he was so gentle and amiable that it was quite impossible not to like him. "And such a true gentleman," said Madame Olympe; "so unlike Lady Blankeney, with her eternal 'Countess' and 'Marquis.' She thinks it quite *Faubourg St. Germain* (to use her own favourite expression), whereas it is precisely Faubourg St. Germain that never does it. Prince or Princesse are the only titles ever given in addressing people — everything under that rank is simply spoken to as Monsieur or Madame de So-and-So."

"But," said I, "does not Jeanne always call Monsieur Charles Marquis?"

"Yes," she replied, "but that is her sauciness — a sort of little nickname, as boys in England call their father 'governor,' — nothing more."

In the afternoon Madame Olympe took me over in her pony-chair to Sept-Moulins. Said she: "We have had a specimen of an English institution in Maria Blankeney — I

will now show you one of a French institution."

After a very pretty drive of about three-quarters of an hour, we arrived at the château. It was a picturesque old place, in the middle of a very good imitation of an English park, and surrounded by a broad moat, filled with water. Luckily they were all at home, and we were let in. The first person I was presented to was Monsieur Henri de Caradec, the master of the house — an amiable, courteous old man in his hundredth year, in the possession of all his faculties, and having preserved to that venerable age that rarest of all faculties — the power of loving and of being loved. He lives here with his sweet old wife, who, being only eighty-four, is looked upon by him almost as a child. Nothing ever was more charming than the tender attachment of these dear old people: everything said by the one has reference to the other; and they cannot be happy for five minutes out of each other's sight. Living under the same roof with them are Monsieur Octave de Caradec, their eldest son, and his wife, Madame de Lanneray (Monsieur Octave's eldest daughter), with her handsome young husband and their little Thérèse of four years old, and Mademoiselle Marie de Caradec, her unmarried sister, a young woman of about twenty, with a delightful countenance. Madame de Beaumont, Monsieur Henri's only daughter, a widow, with a grown-up son, also inhabits the château.

When we came away I asked Madame Olympe if it was the general custom in France for families to live in this patriarchal manner, and if it worked successfully? She said that the custom was almost universal, and that as to its working, no doubt there were occasional disputes and differences, since where humanity is offence must needs come; but that on the whole the families so united generally lived happily together, and were strongly attached to each other. Certainly I had hardly ever seen anything so charming as that old man playing with his little great-grandchild, and I must confess that it seems to me both pious and natural to crown old age with fresh garlands of spring, rather than as we do in England, when the blossoms and leaves have all dropped off, to leave it naked and alone to die.

As we drove home Madame Olympe talked a great deal about Monsieur de Saldes, much of his gifts and accomplishments, and more still of the wretched manner in which he had thrown them all away. "With his talents," she said, "he might have distinguished himself in a thousand ways; he has had opportunity after opportunity offered him of doing something with his life, but he is utterly devoid of ambition, and his supreme indolence and consistent system of self-indulgence have induced him steadily to reject them all. It has ended with isolating him a good deal, for while his real taste for art and science renders the usual run of men in his own position of life wearisome and distasteful to him, his want of application and concentration, and a certain inconvenient fastidiousness and capriciousness of temperament, prevent him from associating with people of another class who would interest him. He is a pedant among fashionable men, and a man of fashion among the learned, and so he remains like the Halb-Hexe in *Faust*, suspended between earth and heaven and fit for neither — helpless, hurtful, and charming!"

I told her of Monsieur Jacques' terror about Ursula and Monsieur René. She laughed and remarked that she did not think that he need be under any sort of apprehension on that score, for that Ursula's manner to Monsieur de Saldes always indicated the most perfect indifference, while his to her seemed almost to express antipathy.

"You are the person who appears to have captivated him, my dear Bessy," she said, and added, "If your mother had not told me of your engagement, my dear child, I should have felt a little anxious and nervous about it; conquests over René are worse than defeats. Ah! isn't it sad to think that with all his power and all his charm his progress through life will have been marked by nothing but the tears of a few women who have loved him?"

"Dear Madame Olympe," I answered, "I, as you know, bear a charmed life; but are you never afraid for Jeanne? she is very fond of him, and he is so attractive, and so often here!"

"Yes," answered Madame Olympe; "but Jeanne is a wonderful child: her acute observation and the justness of her mind are quite remarkable. Thank God, she has little imagination, and abundant common sense and principle, and when she does love, it will be a good man. Fancy her coming to me the other day and saying with the utmost gravity, 'Send for the doctor, maman — René is ill. Baptiste was despatched early this morning for the curé, and he has been closeted with him for the last half hour. René has no doubt had his *crampes* badly in the night.'"

"Monsieur René is not much given to religious observance, I imagine?" said I.

"Only, as Jeanne says, when he has his *crampes*. He is never religious but when he has an indigestion, and then he becomes superstitious."

In the evening Madame Martin (Latrace's little wife of seventeen) came up with two or three young girls from the village to try her duet with Jeanne, and some of the choruses which were to be performed on Sunday. Madame Olympe accompanied, and Monsieur Jacques was indefatigable in helping to teach them all their parts. I, as usual, lay on my sofa talking to Ursula on one side and to Monsieur de Saldes on the other.

"To-morrow is the meet of the stag-hounds," said he. "Shall you go to it, Miss Hope?"

"No," said I, laughing, "I think not. I have not quite got over the emotion of yesterday's sport yet."

"Good heavens!" cried Ursula, "how I wish I could go. But there will be nothing all day but rehearsing, I suppose, and it will be out of the question."

"I like you for not liking it," continued Monsieur René, smiling charmingly at me, and taking no notice whatever of Ursula's speech. "It would not be womanly—it would not be *you* to take pleasure in putting anything to death."

"Are you fond of no sort of sport, Bessy?" said Ursula. "Do you never fish?"

"No," I said. "I tried once, but I was such a dreadful fool that I could neither put the worms on nor take the fish off the hook, and so I thought I had better not try again."

"I love it!" she said. "I am sure one is born a sportsman just as one is born a poet or a painter, or anything else. I could fish from morning to night, and shooting is more exciting still."

"Shooting!" said I. "Can you shoot, Ursula? Do you mean to say that you know how to shoot?"

"Yes," she answered, "and I delight in it. I shot at the country place of some friends of mine in Italy, and was quite clever at bringing down my hares and rabbits—running, I beg to state, not sitting. It's the best fun in the world!"

"Do you also consider it good fun, Miss Hamilton, when you manage to wound your game without killing it?" asked Monsieur de Saldes in his gentle voice.

"Well," answered she, coolly, "perhaps that is not quite so pleasant, but one gives them a little tap on the head with the wrong end of the gun, you know" (and she clacked her tongue against her palate), "and that soon puts them out of their pain." I saw that she had felt the inimical tone of his remark, and that her spirit was up.

"Luckily for me," said Monsieur de Saldes, "I am generally a dead shot. My nerve is inferior to yours, Miss Hamilton" (and he bowed). "Although I am a man, I have never yet been able to give a wounded creature that little tap you speak of."

"You prefer pampering your own squeamishness?" inquired she, innocently.

I, who had seen her quite unable to kill a wasp in our bed-room only the night before, knew she did not mean a word of what she was saying, but that she was stung by his contemptuous manner, and getting into one of her defiant moods. So I endeavoured to start another subject, and asked her if she did not intend to try her voice in the church before singing there on Sunday.

"O dear, yes!" she said. "We are to have a grand rehearsal there to-morrow. How I do wish it was a theatre instead of a church, and that I was going to sing to a dear good honest paying public that could hiss me if it chose!"

Monsieur de Saldes' face expressed unmitigated disgust. "You once seriously entertained some thought of going on the stage, did you not?" said he. "I am afraid it has cost you a great deal to give it up?"

"More than you can conceive," she replied, complacently looking at him from under her half-shut eyelids. "I cannot imagine anything more honourable than to work for one's bread, or anything more delightful than to earn it by civilizing and refining a sympathizing multitude."

"It must be gratifying, indeed," said he, "to pass one's evenings exposed to the gaze of every idiot who chooses to pay his half-crown for his stare, and equally delightful to spend one's days in the society of profligate and uneducated vagabonds."

"Ah, yes—I haven't tried profligacy yet," said Ursula, getting beyond all bounds in her desire to anger him. "But I must own that I find virtue uncommonly difficult, and upon the whole rather tiresome. With regard to vagabonds, I think when you made your last civil observation, it must have escaped your memory that my mother was one of the vagabonds in question, and that in preferring the company of people of genius to the exhausted atmosphere which appears to suit your complaint, I only chasse de race."

"Do you know this?" he said, with a most audacious smile, taking up a *Don Juan*

that was lying on the table, and turning the title on the back carelessly towards her.

"You forget yourself — how dare you!" said Ursula, and she rose up opposite to him in a frenzy of indignation.

"When a woman does not respect herself, Miss Hamilton," he quietly replied, "she can hardly expect that other people will respect her."

She looked steadily at him for a few seconds while she struggled to say something; but no sound would come, and her lips quivered, and her eyes closed: she then grew deadly white and left the room. "Oh, you hit too hard!" I exclaimed in despair. "You have hurt her!"

"Hurt her!" he echoed. "I think she must be gone mad! Hurt her? I hope I have — it is quite the kindest thing left for one to do by her."

I gathered up my work hastily and was going to follow her, when Monsieur de Saldes continued: "You are so young, so pure, so good, you do not know the face of evil, as a poor battered wretch like myself does. I implore you break off your intimacy with Ursula; she is no fit companion for you — indeed she is not. Depend upon it, that when a woman of her years already finds virtue wearisome, the chances are that before long she will find it impossible!"

"Monsieur René," said I, "for shame! Your dislike is making you do her far less than justice" — and I got up from the sofa. "I, who have known her less long, know her better than you do!"

"Don't go — don't go, I beseech you," he said, "or I shall never forgive myself. I believe the truth is that I absolutely loathe that woman!" and he ground his teeth.

I made no answer and was passing on, meaning to leave the room quietly, when Madame Olympe — who was standing up behind Monsieur Jacques' chair and beating time while he accompanied Jeanne's duet — suddenly caught me round the waist and held me fast, while she went on counting her "Un, deux, trois;" and so I stayed and grew calm as I listened. "Ave sanctissima, mater amabilis, ora, ora pro nobis!" sang the two thin childish voices. It was wonderfully pure and passionless, and I wished my poor Ursula could have heard it.

When I went upstairs she was in bed. I went close up, but she did not stir. Her thick fringes of eyelashes were all matted together in little wet points, and the marks of tears still lay in wet lines all down her face. She had gone to sleep crying, with a small iron cross which had belonged to her mother — and which she always wore next her skin — grasped tightly in one of her hands.

When I came down on Saturday morning, I found Madame Olympe busily reading a despatch which had just arrived from the Sœur Marie.

"Just look at it," she said, putting it into my hands. "And tell me if you ever read anything more grotesque and grim than this cake-and-death joke?" The letter was as follows: —

"Madame la Comtesse will be glad, no doubt, to learn that Madame Simon is still in the same state. The difficulty of swallowing remains very great. She only took one small teacupful of broth, by spoonfuls, at intervals all through the whole of yesterday; still there is no change for the worse. Yesterday, after we had made her comfortable for the night, Madame Chevet, the nurse, said to me, 'She will be in the other world before to-morrow.' But I was certain that her hour was not yet come, and so I laid a wager with her about it. The stake was a *galette*, and I have won it, since here is to-morrow and Madame Simon is still alive. We did it, Madame la Comtesse, to amuse ourselves a little while we were watching. Madame la Comtesse need send no money at present. I looked into Madame Simon's purse while she was asleep, and saw in it two bank-notes, — one for two hundred francs and another for one hundred. — Madame la Comtesse's devoted and obedient servant, "SŒUR MARIE."

"Would one not believe from this," said Madame Olympe, when I gave her back her letter, "that the poor old sister was a regular Mrs. Gamp? Yet no one ever was tenderer or more devoted than she is to all those who suffer. It is a strange childish element that I have observed in many of the sisters of charity and in many of the country priests too."

"Has Monsieur Kiowski arrived?" asked Monsieur Charles, as we sat down to breakfast.

"Not yet. But he will be here directly," answered Madame Olympe.

"If he comes at all," said Monsieur de Saldes.

"Do you think he will not come?" asked Monsieur Charles. "Well, I am a little of your opinion. To come all the way across the sea (and there was such a high wind in the night too!) to sing a trio, seems a strong measure."

"He will come," said Jeanne.

"He will come," said Madame Olympe.

"He will come," said Ursula.

"What faith!" said Monsieur de Saldes. "Happy man to be so believed in! But you have said nothing." And he turned to me.

"What is your opinion? Do you believe that he will come?"

Just then there was a great bustle outside, and we heard a high voice asking breathlessly if we were all well and if we were in the breakfast-room. The door was thrown open, and Monsieur Kiowski appeared. He looked pale and tired. He had been travelling all night and had had a rough passage; but he had sold his friend's *Egeria*, and, true to his word, there he was to sing the *Tantum ergo*. He was received with acclamations.

Our whole day was passed in rehearsing. We went to the church after breakfast, and returned there again in the afternoon. The piano, which was sent down from the chateau, was too large to go up the small staircase of the tribune opposite the high altar, where the singing was to take place, and the noise and bustle of the workmen who hauled it up by ropes from the body of the church rather jarred upon my nerves. So I stayed below as far from it all as I could, and amused myself with reading a catechism which had been left upon one of the chairs.

Monsieur de Saldes declined going into the tribune, where Madame Olympe had called him, and came and sat near the high altar with me. This I was convinced he did to avoid Ursula. He and she had kept carefully apart from each other all day; to me she never once mentioned him, nor made the slightest allusion to his behaviour of the night before. Her manner was grave, quiet, and unexceptionable; but her whole aspect was one of concentrated pride, and I saw that she had been deeply offended.

The singers kept themselves warm with singing I suppose, but I was frozen when the afternoon rehearsal was over and we all came out; and having got my clogs on, I made up my mind to walk across the fields home. Monsieur Rene, who was cold too, offered to escort me.

He seemed very sad, and I was obliged to recollect his really prosperous circumstances not to feel myself full of sympathy for unexisting misfortune. He spoke of a life hopeless and aimless, a failure from beginning to end, and was so gentle, so depressed, and so loveable, that I felt myself overflowing with pity for him, until I remembered what Madame Olympe had told me of his determined rejection of all employment and of every sort of career. I was glad when we got home, for he was altogether so touching about himself that, in a few minutes more, I am sure he would have made me cry — although I knew perfectly well that it was all humbug.

Monsieur Jacques came into the hall and began speaking to me, as I was trying to undo one of my clogs. I could not unclasp it, and Monsieur de Saldes knelt down to help me. As he stooped, a bunch of dead violets fell out of his breast. He hastily picked them up and thrust them back again and I believe thought that Monsieur Jacques and I — who were talking together — had not perceived them; but we both had certainly the same idea, for as soon as he had left us Monsieur Jacques called to me as I was going upstairs, and said again, in an agonized whisper, "Do not let Ursula marry him!"

"Why don't you marry her yourself?" said I, laughing. "That would settle it all comfortably."

He looked up at me with a sharp gaze of far-seeing misery.

"She would wash me — and I should die!" he said.

In the evening the village-girls came up again to the house, and the music was worked at indefatigably. When we went to bed, I sat down in an arm-chair by the fire, aud began building up the bits of wood and making a blaze. Ursula presently came and knelt down by me, and after a few minutes' silence said to me, "Bessie, though I have not known you long, I love you so much that I want to take an immense liberty with you."

"Take it, my dear," I answered, kissing her upturned forehead. "I hardly know what you can have to say to me that demands so solemn a preface."

She coloured slightly, and after a minute's hesitation said, quickly and nervously, "Don't let René de Saldes persuade you that he is fond of you."

"My dear child!" I exclaimed, much surprised.

"It is his way," she continued, "and he is not trustworthy. Don't let him do it!"

"Do you mean," said I, "that it is his way to persuade people that he is fond of them, when he really does not care at all about them?"

"I don't know that," she answered. "I have seen him very successfully make people think so about whom he did not care at all; and I have seen him like people too, as he does you; but, on the whole, those he liked, I think, came even worse off than those he didn't. You see he can only love just a very little himself; and he is always loved a great deal, and you mustn't love him, dear Bessie — indeed you mustn't. You cannot think how the notion of your

being made unhappy by him has afflicted and tormented me."

"Don't be anxious about it any more, dear," said I. "Why, at all events, you know I am going away on Monday."

"Yes," she replied; "but to whom? to what? to a narrow circle of exhausting and ungrateful duties, and perhaps with a heart made heavy by the remembrance of what you have left behind. Ah! I cannot bear to think of it!" and she flung her arms round me.

She was so full of affectionate solicitude, that I determined to put her mind altogether at ease about me.

"Dear Ursula," I said, "I am going home to some one who is not like Monsieur de Saldes; some one who is able, thank heaven, to love a great deal, and who loves me as much as he is able." I then told her of my engagement to Mr. L'Estrange.

"No, really, dear Bessie!" she exclaimed. "Are you really engaged? How very, very glad I am that it is all right! and is he very charming, dear? and should I like him? and would he like me? and do you love him very, very much, dear?"

"He is very learned and very clever, and quite the most charming person I ever met," I answered. "And he is so strong and gentle and good, that it is impossible not to love him."

"And how long have you been engaged to him, dear Bessie?" she asked, eagerly.

I could not help feeling rather sad as I told her that we had been engaged ever since I was seventeen.

"Good gracious, what a long time!" she exclaimed. "Why, how long is it? how old are you?"

"I am twenty-eight, my dear," I answered, with a little sigh.

"Twenty-eight! impossible!" she cried. "Why, I always fancied you were younger than I am."

I laughed and said that little whitey-brown women with unsalient features always looked younger than they really were.

"Then you have been engaged eleven whole years? Good gracious, how very awful!" she exclaimed. "Why didn't you marry?"

"Because William is only a poor curate, dear, and could not afford to keep a wife," I answered.

"But when are you going to marry? directly, now? as soon as ever you get back?"

I told her that there was no possibility of our marrying until he got some preferment: that at present he had only a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and that of course he could not support a wife upon that income.

"Good gracious!" she began again. "Then after losing the eleven best years of your life, you are actually going to wait for perhaps another eleven? Good gracious, what a dismal state of things!" and she sat down on the ground, with her hands clasped round her knees, looking into the red embers.

"My dear," said I, "I have not lost these eleven years, since I have passed them in loving the best and noblest human creature that I ever knew." Nevertheless, Ursula's discouraging view of the case affected me more than I was willing to own. It did seem rather hopeless — and she rang the changes on it in a way that was painful to me in spite of all her real kindness and my affection for her.

"Good gracious!" she ejaculated, thoughtfully to herself, still looking into the fire. "And isn't he likely to get some preferment soon?"

"Indeed I cannot tell," said I. "They know how distinguished and how hard-working he is, — perhaps something may turn up before very long."

"But eleven whole years! Good gracious, my dear, I don't see my way at all! What will you do if he doesn't get any preferment?" she continued after a pause.

"Wait on, I suppose," I said, rather drearily, and I began not to see my way either — so I got into bed as quickly as I could, and pretended to be asleep, that she might leave off saying "Good gracious!" at my unprosperous little love-affair any more.

Our Sunday function went off very brilliantly and was eminently successful. The church was crammed from one end to the other with the relations and friends of the young people who were the principal objects of interest in the ceremony. I found that it was not a confirmation service, but the taking of their first communion by the young village children who had just been confirmed. And what with the part they took and the part that we took in the performance, I must say that I think it was altogether as unedifying a spectacle as I ever assisted at. Our programme was singular but effective.

First came the glorious *Tantum ergo*, for which Monsieur Kiowski had sacrificed himself with such a good grace, and which went beautifully — Monsieur Jacques, with a roll of music for a bâton, directing for all the world as though we had been in a theatre.

Then Ursula sang her Marcello psalm, and the grave tones went surging over the church in great waves of sound and sending shivers down one's spine. Then followed a trio — also by Marcello — sung by Ursula, Monsieur Kiowski, and Monsieur Charles: this too was beautiful and perfectly devout. After it came Jeanne s and Madame Martin's sweet hymn to the Virgin; then a cantique by the village-girls, as trivial and profane as the romances one hears upon the street organs, and very like them; then Ursula got up again and sang her Stradella love-song, transmogrified for the first three or four bars into an *O Salutaris*, and then suddenly flaming out into very earthly ecstasies in good right Italian. Fortunately it was a song with a Da capo to it, so that she was able to relapse into devotion and Latin again at the conclusion. It was a splendid piece of audacity, and a splendid piece of art; but although I could not help being transported with it, my conscience kept putting up a regretful protest all the time, and I could not bear her doing it. However, she had never been taught anything but singing, and religion has to be learnt as well as everything else. The performance wound up with a quartet (the most serious they could find,) out of Rossini's *Tancredi*, sung without any attempt at disguise, in its native Italian. Mixed up with all this came bits of the regular mass music, executed in our tribune (but not by us) upon a little braying, fiendish old organ with about as much regard to time and tune as distinguishes the infant German band in London streets. Alternating with it came doleful gusts of nasal chanting from the officiating priests below. No one appeared to have the slightest idea what was the right moment for anything to take place, and we made three or four false starts, cropping out into *O Salutarses* and *Amabilises* upon improper occasions, and being rebuked for it and speedily reduced to silence by Monsieur le Curé, who kept up a series of mysterious telegraphic communications with us, by means of his arms, from the other end of the church, where he was (I suppose) praying at the high altar. Sometimes he graciously waved and beckoned; at other times he protested, and, as it were, thrust us back again into our seats; and once or twice he did something that looked uncommonly like shaking his fist at us, when we persisted in opening our mouths in the wrong place. His energetic and expressive movements were all we had to guide us, and I think it was wonderful that the music did not go worse astray.

Then there were long orations made by two poor little girls in their white communion-frocks, who took it by turns to stand up in the crowded church, accusing themselves of the most frightful iniquities, and addressing long pompous harangues to the priest, to their parents, to the assistant spectators, to their companions, to the Virgin, to God; which were declaimed with the most laboured gestures — evidently perfectly unspontaneous, and bearing no reference whatever to the words they were uttering.

"Vous me voyez prosternée," was asserted by one child, standing bolt upright, who, poor little soul, proceeded to inform us, "qu'elle avait perdu la robe de son innocence," and invited us with continual placid wavings of her arms, a shrill voice and cheerful countenance, to "écouter ses sanglots" and "contempler ses larmes." These recitations were relieved by a most remarkable set of evolutions — a sort of military entertainment without fire-arms — precipitately performed at intervals by all the little boys to the sound of a wooden clapper played by the priest; but the drilling had been incomplete, and the execution was rather agitated and leaving something to be desired. It was inexpressibly comical — but, at the same time on that very account, extremely painful and disagreeable. It went to my heart to see children, in themselves sacred, and doing so sacred a thing, going through a series of antics which made them look like so many absurd little parrots and apes. Ursula received many compliments as she went out, and people told her how much impressed they had been with the devotional feeling of what she had sung: her part of the business seemed the most solemn after all.

"Come, get in, get in!" cried Madame Olympe, who had gone on before us, and who was already seated in the carriage. "We must make haste if we mean to go on the river before it gets dark."

"I jumped in, Ursula jumped in, Monsieur Charles climbed up to the box; Jeanne, Monsieur Dessaix, and Monsieur Kiowski had already started walking — taking the short cut across the fields.

"Is there room for me?" asked Monsieur de Saldes. He had before said that he meant to walk, which was what I saw had determined Ursula upon driving.

"Yes, yes, there is plenty of room; get in!" said Madame Olympe. He got in, and as he did so on one side, Ursula got out on the other. "But what are you doing?"

asked Madame Olympe, rather impatiently.

"Only going to run after Jeanne and Jacques," said Ursula, setting off. "My feet got quite frozen in that cold tribune, and I want to warm them."

"There's room inside," shouted Madame Olympe, through the front window, to Monsieur Charles; he had no great-coat, and she thought he would be cold. "Get into the carriage and let the servant go upon the box."

"But, Olympe, I am quite comfortable up here," he answered.

"Get into the carriage."

"I have got a shawl over my knees," said he, appealingly.

"Get into the carriage."

"I was just going to smoke a little cigarette," he observed, mildly.

"But when I tell you to get into the carriage!" she answered, her voice working up ominously towards the treble key.

He did as he was bid, and we started. After we had gone steadily along for about ten minutes, one of the horses shied at a piece of paper that was lying in the road. Madame Olympe gave a scream: "It's the white horse!" cried she.

"It's the bay one," said Monsieur René, looking out.

The coachman whipped and whipped in vain; the animal jumped and fidgeted, but would not go by the place.

Madame Olympe was beginning to be a good deal frightened. "It's the white horse!" she exclaimed again.

Monsieur Charles now looked out in his turn. "No, Olympe," said he, "it is the bay horse."

"It's the white horse!" she vociferated, eyeing him despotically, between two screams. The beast now began to kick and plunge, and Madame Olympe got into a state of the most imperious terror.

"There is no white horse at all in the carriage," said Monsieur Charles.

"But when I tell you that I choose that it should be a white horse!" cried she in her highest key, and with her eyebrows running straight up her forehead into her hair. It was too funny, and we all went into fits of laughter, in which she could not help joining very heartily herself, in spite of her alarm. The gentlemen then got down, the restive creature was led past the obstacle, and presently we arrived safely at the water's edge, where we found the others waiting for us.

We jumped into the boat, and pushed off from shore: Monsieur de Saldes and Jeanne rowed. We were all very quiet; some of us were a little exhausted by the exertions of the morning, and all were depressed by the feeling that it was the last of our many happy excursions. What an evening it was! One whole side of the heavens was of a deep solemn rose-colour, with a wondrous diaper of red brown leaves embroidered upon it by the branches of a screen of trees which stood out in strong relief against it: the other side was a blaze of golden fire. This effect lasted the longest: it only seemed to grow into an ever-deepening amber, haunting that half of heaven like some brooding passionate regret, while the rose hue passed first into violet, then into dark purple, and then faded away into still silver grey. Soft opal tints came down from the skies and lay upon the face of the waters, as we rowed away from all the glory into a world of delicate twilight shadow. Suddenly, from the grey bank, burned out a single orange-coloured leaf. Oh! who shall explain the strange mystery by which one feels stabbed to the heart with a sharp pang of delight at some unexpected apparition of this kind? We all called aloud in one unanimous voice of salutation, as we floated past the little lonely flame. Presently the surface of the river became black as liquid ebony, the moon got up, and a pleasant rhythm of plashing oars, always accompanied by a bright flash of light, was all that marked our gentle progress through the water.

"Ah! Will no one sing and make this quite, quite perfect?" said Madame Olympe.

Monsieur Kiowski began the well-known air of the Sorrento boatmen, the *Fata d' Amalfi*, and Ursula joined in second. While they sang, Jeanne and René pulled in their oars, and we went drifting — drifting — drifting along in soft darkness, listening to the passionate southern sounds. I could not help thinking that, perhaps when I am dying, that solitary leaf will burn into my heart once more, as I drift silently with closed eyes into the waters of the other life.

Every one felt grieved when Madame Olympe unwillingly gave the signal for pulling to shore. The place where we landed was very shallow, and one had to step over large stepping-stones in the water in order to reach the bank. There was neither difficulty nor danger, and we accomplished it with perfect ease. Suddenly a plaintive voice was heard calling upon us all to stop. It was Monsieur Jacques, who had remained behind unperceived, and who now announced that it was simply impossible for

him to get out of the boat or over the stones. It was quite in vain that we reasoned with him, and assured him that nothing could be easier: he stood there wailing and imploring without making the least attempt to move, until Madame Olympe, touched with compassion, strode down the bank again, recrossed the stones, and whipping him up round the knees like a baby, brought him in her arms triumphantly through the water back to us.

Monsieur Kiowski left us almost as soon as we returned to the house, very amiably sorry that he could not wait to escort me on my journey, but promising to come very soon and be presented to mother in town. The dinner was dreary — the cloud of last moments was upon us: Madame Olympe hardly spoke; there seemed to be a sort of impassable wall built up between Ursula and Monsieur de Saldes; and Jeanne was miserable at losing us all. Monsieur Dessaix had a swelled face and went to bed before dinner. When we had gone back into the drawing-room, Madame Olympe began turning over our photograph-books. In looking through Ursula's she came upon a photograph of Colonel Hamilton, and looked at it with great interest for some time. She had not seen him for many years before his death. She then asked Ursula if she had no likeness of her mother; she said she had a miniature of her, and went to fetch it. When she showed it to us, I was struck with the unlikeness of the expression to her own. The colouring was the same, and so were the drooping lids; but the mouth looked all tremulous with tenderness, and I was at a loss to account for the sarcastic turn of Ursula's lips, until she showed us a small head of an Italian uncle of hers, a brother of her mother's, and I saw at once where it came from. We had nothing whatever of an evening. At about half-past ten, Madame Olympe said she had a headache, and folding me in her arms with a most maternal embrace, bade me farewell. I had to be off at four in the morning in order to catch the tidal train, and so we separated early, and indeed, with our opposed elements and dispositions of mind, it was quite the best thing to be done.

After Ursula and I had been some time in our room, it suddenly occurred to me that Madame Olympe had never given me a small parcel which she wished me to take over to England for her: so slipping on my dressing-gown I ran down by a back staircase which communicated directly with her apartment, to see about it. I cannot say how glad I am that it had so happened, for I had a last five minutes with her, so affectionate and tender that I would not have lost them for all the world. Just as I had bid her good-night for the second time, I recollected having left my photograph-book in the drawing-room, and as Madame Olympe assured me that no one was there, I ran through a little passage which led straight from her room into the drawing room, to look for it, or rather to feel for it. I had no candle, but I knew perfectly well where I had left it, — on the top of the music-stand behind the curtain in the bay window — and I had just laid my hand upon it and felt its clasps, when I saw a sudden light through the chink of the curtain, and Ursula and Monsieur de Saldes came in together.

"You have come down for your mother's miniature?" said he.

"Yes, I left it on the chimney-piece," she answered calmly, going towards the fireplace.

"It is there no longer," he said. "I have got it. I took it because I knew you would come down for it, and because I wanted to speak to you. All day I have endeavoured to get near you, but your systematic avoidance of me rendered it impossible; now you must hear me. For the last two days, for what reason God alone knows, you have appeared to take a strange delight in presenting yourself under the most repulsive and unfavourable aspect. You have expressed feelings in every way discreditable to you, and in words that, if you remember them, might make you blush. I now come to tell you that all this I am willing to overlook, to believe that it was temper — caprice — excitability — whatever name you choose to give it, and I ask you to become my wife."

I never was more stupified in my life than when I found myself the involuntary recipient of this extraordinary confidence. However, I thought it so essential that these two should understand each other, that I quietly sat down in my corner, determined not for the world to move or interrupt them. Anything like the insolence of his tone and manner it was impossible to conceive. I was at a loss to imagine how she would answer him.

"Your wife?" said Ursula. The words dropped with awful calmness into the silence of the night.

"Yes," he continued, in the same tone of aggressive arrogance. "I am well aware how terribly against you your birth and education have been, but I make the just allowance for it, and remember that

partly to these disadvantages and peculiar circumstances you also owe your strong individuality — which, while it is your snare, is also one of your most powerful attractions."

"Then," she said, with the most perfect composure, "I am to understand that you overlook my unfortunate antecedents and are willing to marry me on account of my originality? This is no doubt very kind, and highly flattering to me; but I think perhaps it might prove a dangerous experiment to both of us. Why, how little you know yourself, Monsieur de Saldes! Having married me for my unlikeness to other women, your first endeavour would be carefully to stamp out all the sharp corners of that individuality which has at present the good fortune to please you, and to blur me down into the dead level of everybody else. Failing to do this, as you would — for I am not made of very malleable stuff — you would soon get to hate me for the very thing that made you like me; after which I should probably have the gratification of seeing you devoted to some other woman immeasurably my inferior — a *Sophie de Malan!*" (this she said with unutterable contempt,) "whose principal attraction would probably consist in her utter unlikeness to myself. No: I am sensible of the honour you do me, but I think the hazard too great and must decline it; and since a vagabond I am, a vagabond I will remain."

"It is you that do yourself injustice, not I," he replied with warmth. "It is you that say these hard things of yourself, not I. Should I ask you to be my wife if I did not know your real worth? It is this that drives me distracted, to see you (*you!*) living with the sort of people you do, exposed to the odious familiarities of a Desaix"——

"I do not know what reason you may have for speaking of Monsieur Dessaix with such sovereign contempt," she said. "I have myself the greatest admiration for him, not only on account of his remarkable genius, but for the sake of his disinterested nature and the generous self-denial of his whole life. When at his father's death his two young sisters were thrown entirely upon his hands, he was engaged to a woman to whom he was passionately attached. He broke off his engagement and gave up all thoughts of marriage, in order to educate and provide for his sisters. After years of self-abnegation and hard labour he has had the gratification of seeing them both honourably married, but his own existence has been entirely sacrificed. Who are you, Monsieur de Saldes, that you despise this man? Whom have you lived to benefit? whom have you worked to serve?"

"I beg your pardon," he answered, "if I have spoken of your friend in a way that has hurt your feelings. I have not the slightest doubt that he is a most estimable person; but *you* are altogether of another order"——

"I have no desire whatever to repudiate my class, — the class to which my mother belonged," she said very quietly. "And that being the case, you must perceive how totally unfit I am for the honour you propose to me."

"But don't you see," he rejoined eagerly, "that your marriage with me at once places you in an entirely different sphere — the one for which nature intended you? All these miserable antecedents and odious surroundings, which make me so utterly wretched, would by the force of circumstances die a natural death. Your marriage with me would at once remove you from them."

"I see," said Ursula, slowly. "And I should give up my dear old Giambattista, who, when my father was dead and I was left alone in our wretched lodging, came and fetched me away and brought me home to his old wife, and housed, and fed, and clothed me, as if I had been his own child. And I should also, no doubt, give up Jacques, who nursed me through that terrible small-pox, when even my own father was afraid to come near me, and I, neglected and forlorn, was left to toss with fever and worry through as I might; — Jacques, who sat up night after night with me, fanning me, and putting little bits of ice into my dry mouth, as my mother might have done. The first day that I felt better I insisted on his bringing me a looking-glass. Shall I ever forget it? I burst into tears of despair; and Jacques, while the tears ran down his own cheeks, took my hands and said, 'Do not weep. Thy soul is not changed. Thou wilt be always lovely to thy friends! You, I remember, brought me a veil, and begged me to wear it when you called; the alteration in my complexion affected your finer sensibility so painfully. No, Monsieur de Saldes, I am properly alive to the compliment that you have paid me; but I am afraid I might find the conditions hard, and end with dying 'of the burden of an honour unto which I was not born.'"

"You purposely misunderstand me! Who talks of compliments? who talks of

honour? Oh, Ursula!" he cried, in great emotion, "do you not see how passionately I love you?"

"What!" she said. "A woman who finds virtue wearisome?"

"For heaven's sake don't recall those terrible words!—forget them—forget them, as I will!"

"What!" she continued, bitterly. "A woman who does not respect herself?"

"Yes! yes! and a thousand times yes, were it a thousand times true! Oh, child, could not you see that all my hate was love? where were your eyes that you did not see this? Where was your heart that you did not feel it? Why, child, at the very moment that you were uttering those horrid words my whole heart was going out in passionate adoration before you! God forgive me; I believe I adored the very words themselves! Don't you see that you have driven me mad—mad—mad!" and he threw himself at her feet in a paroxysm of passion.

"This is dreadful!" said Ursula, greatly shocked. "Pray, pray, Monsieur de Saldes, endeavour to control yourself"——

"I know," he answered, in the greatest agitation. "I beg your pardon—I have no right. See," he said, in broken accents, "I am quite calm now. Now tell me, I entreat of you, is there no hope? absolutely none? Tell me—only remember what it is that you are doing. If you reject me, you take away my last hope—my last anchor—the one thread by which I still hold to what is loveable and venerable in life."

"Do not ask it!" she said, in great trouble. "Monsieur de Saldes, I cannot marry you, for I cannot love you. And now, for heaven's sake, let us put an end to this painful interview; no earthly good can be gained by my staying here any longer—alas! what good has come of my staying so long? Good-night, Monsieur de Saldes"——

He had turned from her and sunk into a chair, and putting his arms on the table, laid his head down on them.

"Good-night, René," she said again. She spoke very gently, but her voice sounded hopelessly calm and composed. He, on the contrary, was shaken from head to foot by emotion. She went a step nearer to him, and stood for another instant waiting, but he did not speak nor lift his head, and like a ghost she passed noiselessly out of the room.

He remained in the same position for, I should think, nearly a quarter of an hour after she was gone, and I began to wonder if he would stay there all night, and what was to become of me. At last he gave a heavy sigh, got up, and went out into the garden through the conservatory, while I made a rush through the room and found myself in a second at the top of the staircase, with my heart beating like a great bell in my head and my ears, and all over my body.

I found Ursula walking up and down the room in a state of immense excitement.

"Did it ever happen to you to do a horribly painful thing that you knew was the only thing to do, and yet to feel all the while that in doing it you were shutting a stone down upon your heart forever?" She stopped for a few seconds, then suddenly said, "René has asked me to marry him and I have refused." And covering her face with her hands she went into a passion of crying.

I took her in my arms and tried to soothe and comfort her; but nothing could calm her sorrow, nothing stop those tears that flowed and flowed until I thought the whole woman would turn, like Undine, into a stream before my face. I implored her to reconsider her decision, told her that I was sure she had been hasty—that a man who loved her as much as it was clear he did, would never abide by an answer given in a moment of excitement—that a word, a sign, a look would be sufficient to recall him. She suddenly looked up in my face with those curious heavy eyes of hers and said,—"You think I am crying because I have refused him?—because I love him? My dear, it is not that: I am crying because I love him no more. I loved him once with an agony of love: for four whole years I loved him, when he didn't care about me, and the fire is all burnt out; and (oh! to think of it!) my heart was like a pinch of dry dust while he was lying at my feet. Oh! isn't it shocking that it should all come too late, and that I should have nothing left here"—and she struck her heart repeatedly with a great distress—"but a stone—a stone!"

She then by degrees told me how when she was a child of fifteen he had renewed his acquaintance with her father at Florence and had become almost an inmate of their house. He was always passionately fond of music, it seems, and would come and pass hour after hour listening to her singing. It was then that she got attached to him; but, by her account, all the passion was on her side, while nothing but his vanity was interested in the matter. "He played with

me," she said, "exactly as a cat plays with a mouse. He never once committed himself in words during all those four years that he all but lived with us; but he used at times to indulge in tendernesses that sent me into a paradise of happiness, and then at other times he would seem to treat me only as a little child, and pass me over and neglect and desert me completely for a while. Then when my health used to give way, so that I could neither eat nor sleep any more, he would suddenly come again, and cure me all in an instant with a look or a word that sent me on a ray of sunshine back into my poor fool's paradise again. What made it worse was, that at that very time there was a woman there — that Madame de Malan — whom he did really care about; and I went through tortures of jealousy when I was a mere child, that I can give you no idea of and that were terribly bad for my whole nature and character. It was a dreadful double jealousy that swallowed up my whole existence for a time; for you must know that she had contrived to bewitch my father too — my poor father, who was no longer young, — and she took him too completely away from me. In my utter desolateness I used to cast myself down before God and pray by turns that my father might be left to me — that René might be left to me — that she might take one and leave me the other; but no, nothing short of both would satisfy that inexorable love of admiration."

"Was she so very attractive then?" said I.

"Oh, she was a wretched twopence of a woman, *disant assez bien la romance*, with a shivering shred of a voice: a miserable little creature with painted eyes, and as flat as a board!" Here she unconsciously gave a superb glance at herself in the looking-glass, and burst out laughing at her own vehemence, while the tears were still lying in bright drops on her face. "My little Venetian maid, who saw all the pains she caused me, and hated her for it, used to say of her: — 'Mi no vedo sta beiezza. Non gha ne anca la radice di un petto!' In fact, she had no roots of any sort. She was made up of a morbid love of excitement at any price, and a restless vanity, unassuageable and pitiless, that, like the horseleech's daughter, was for ever crying, — 'Give — give — give!' But I, too, am pitiless," she continued, looking at the clock. "You have to be up at three, and here am I preventing you from getting a chance of rest. Oh, do go to bed, Bessie!"

"But, my dear child," said I, "how long ago did all this happen?"

"Five years ago," she answered. "I am four-and-twenty now."

"And have you never felt any inclination for any one since then?"

"Never," she said. "I have tried once or twice to get up a sort of something for people who have cared for me; but it was all of no use! I turned sick and weary in the midst of my flirtation, and clapped a sudden extinguisher down upon the miserable farthing rushlight that it was. I'm burnt out, and there's an end of it! Oh, Bessie, get to bed. I am so ashamed of having troubled you with all this! Be sure you wake me up to bid me good-by."

She began trying to take the pins out of her hair, and to undress herself, but her hands shook so that she couldn't untie her strings; and so, much against her will, I put the poor child to bed. What an odd nature it was! She said, after she had kissed me, as she turned her head on the pillow, "Don't trouble about me, dear Bess! I'm not worth it. I shall go in for ambition now, and marry a great duke. How pleased Lady Blankeney will be with the dear duchess!" She had hardly uttered the words before she was fast asleep. I stayed by her bedside for some minutes, looking at her face, which was as white as the sheet on which she lay, and at the black bar of her eyebrows, and at her long turned-up eyelashes, and then I lay down for an hour. At four I got up, and put on my things, and went once more softly to her bedside. She slept like a baby, and so I would not disturb her, but writing, "God bless you, dearest Ursula," on a slip of paper, left it on her pillow, and crept gently out of the room, and downstairs.

"Mademoiselle, la voiture est avancée," says the pasty, sleepy Hyacinthe.

I get in, I give a parting glance into the silver vapour that enshrouds the well-known landscape, the door is shut, and down the hill we go — through the gate, and thud — thud! over the wooden bridge with a sad heart, very unlike the anxious one that crossed the same water only a week ago; then across a bit of plain, starlit and mystical, that made me think of "Jacob's Dream" in the Dulwich Gallery, and then suddenly into the dark night of the forest. My dear French friends, farewell!

A gray still passage, heaven dissolving itself in rain, and an arrival in London, dripping, dismal, black; but there on the platform stood William and mother, and dear old aunt Emily, waving a large red-silk pocket-handkerchief as we rolled into

that Nature seems, wherever one goes, to insist on Frenchmen.

Emerson has always been too steadfast and loyal to his own task to devote himself to any particular reform or 'cause,' although to him, with Wendell Phillips, it is to a great extent to be ascribed that all educated men in the United States gave their adhesion to the anti-slavery movement which originated with earnest but ignorant men. To the machinery of that movement in its earlier days the philosopher could and did give freely of his money but not of his time. He had a great respect, almost a reverence, for Theodore Parker, who, with all the tastes of a scholar, threw his heart so fully into the costly task of liberating the slave which New England was reluctantly recognising as her own. None of the vast throng that attended the obsequies of that representative New England preacher can ever forget the thrilling strain in which Emerson spoke extemporaneously of him. Standing in the hall where Parker had so long uttered his discourses, he said:

'Tis plain to me that he has achieved an historic immortality here; that he has so woven himself in these few years into the history of Boston, that he can never be left out of your annals. It will not be in the acts of City Councils; nor of obsequious Mayors; nor in the State House, the proclamations of Governors with their failing virtue — failing them at critical moments, — that the coming generations will study what really befell; but in the plain lessons of Theodore Parker in this Music Hall, in Faneuil Hall, or in Legislative Committee-rooms, the true temper and authentic record of these days will be read. The next generation will care little for the chances of election that govern governors now; it will care little for fine gentlemen who behaved shabbily, but it will read very intelligently in his rough story, fortified with exact anecdotes, precise with names and dates, what part was taken by each actor; who threw himself into the cause of Humanity and who came to the rescue of civilization at a hard pinch, and who blocked its course. . . . Ah, my brave brother! it seems as if, in a frivolous age, our loss were immense, and your place cannot be supplied. But you will already be consoled in the transfer of your genius, knowing well that the nature of the world will affirm to all men, in all times that which for twenty-five years you valiantly spoke; that the winds of Italy murmur the same truth over your grave, the winds of America over these bereaved streets; that the sea which bore your mourners home affirms it, the stars in their courses, the inspirations of youth; whilst the polished and pleasant traitors to human rights, with perverted learning and disgraced graves, rot and are forgotten with their double tongue saying all that is sordid for the corruption of man.

When Theodore Parker died there sprang up on the spot where he had so long and nobly laboured something that seemed a legitimate sheaf from his sowing, — a pulpit to which every man with ability and a conviction was welcomed, whatever his creed. To this pulpit the puritan faith that nothing is secular in any sense that defines it from what is sacred, had survived in an ethical treatment of all living themes and interests; and so from Sunday to Sunday Emerson, Phillips, and others, taught and applied the lessons of religion and philosophy. This is, I believe, still the habit with the 'Parkerite Fraternity' of Boston, believed by many to be the representative Church of New England. Emerson often preached there, and with a warmth which had hardly been before associated with him. I should say that the most impressive utterance that I ever heard from him was a discourse delivered in that music hall about six years ago. There was not one but many themes and texts, but all related. He began by calling attention to the tendency to simplification. The inventor knows that a machine is new and improvable when it has a great many parts. The chemists already find the infinite variety of things contained in sixty-six elements, and physicists promise that this number shall be reduced to twenty, ten, five. Faraday declares his belief that all things will in the end be reduced to one element with two polarities. Religious progress has similarly been in the direction of simplification. Every great religion has in its ultimate development told its whole secret, concentrated its force, in some simple maxims. In our youth we talk of the various virtues, the many dangers and trials of life; as we get older we find ourselves returning to the proverbs of the nursery. In religion one old book serves many lands, ages, and varieties of character; nay, one or two golden rules out of the book are enough. The many teachers and scriptures are at last but various routes by which we always come to the simple law of obedience to the light in the soul. 'Seek nothing outside of thyself,' says one, 'Believe nothing against thy own spirit,' echoes another part of the world. Jesus said, 'Be lowly; hunger and thirst after justice; of your own minds judge what is right.' Swedenborg teaches that Heaven and Hell are the loves of the soul. George Fox removes the bushel from the light within. The sub-

stance of all morals is that a man should adhere to the path which the inner light has marked before him. The great waste in the world comes of the misapplication of energy. The great tragedies of the soul are strung on those threads not spun out of our own hearts. One records of Michael Angelo that he found him working on his statue with a lamp stuck in his cap, and it might almost symbolise the holier light of patient devotion to his art. No matter what your work is, let it be yours; no matter if you are tinker or preacher, blacksmith or President, let what you are doing be organic, let it be in your bones, and you open the door by which the affluence of Heaven and Earth shall stream into you. You shall have the hidden joy: and shall carry success with you. Look to yourself rather than to materials: nothing is unmanageable to a good hand; no place slippery to a good foot; all things are clear to a good head. The sin of Dogmatism, of creeds and catechisms, is that they destroy mental character. The youth says that he believes when he is only browbeaten; he say he thinks so and so, when that so and so are the denial of any right to think. Simplicity and grandeur are thus lost; and with them the sentiment of obligation to a principle of life and honour. In the legends of the Round Table it is told, that a witch wishing to make her child supremely wise, prepared certain herbs and put them in a pot to boil, intending to bathe the child's eyes with the decoction. She set a shepherd boy to stir the pot whilst she went away. Whilst he stirred it a raven dropped a twig into the pot, which spattered three drops of the liquid into the shepherd's eyes. Immediately all the future became as if passing before his eyes; and seeing that when the witch returned she meant to kill him, he left the pot and fled to the woods. Now if three drops of that all-revealing decoction should suddenly get into the eyes of every human being crowding along Broadway some day, how many of them would still go on with the affair they are pursuing on the street? Probably they would nearly all come to a dead stand! But there would, let us hope, be here and there a happy child of the Most High, who had taken hold of her or his life's thread by sacred appointment. These would move on without even a pause: the unveiled future would show the futility of many schemes, the idleness of many labours; but every genuine aim would only be exalted, and shown in their eternal and necessary relations. Finally, Humility was, the speaker declared, the one element to which all virtues are reducible. 'It was revealed unto me,' said the old Quaker, 'that what other men trample on must be thy food.' It is the spirit that accepts our trust, and is thus the creator of character and the guide to power. In closing this discourse the speaker read at length the story of the proposed humiliation, and the victory through humility, of Fra Christophero, in Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi*. I regret that I cannot give a report verbatim of this extraordinary discourse, which produced an effect, on those who heard it, beyond any that I have ever witnessed, many being moved at times to tears. I went with pencil and paper, intending to take down as much as I could, but at the end of the hour occupied by it, the paper remained blank, and the pencil had been forgotten. I can therefore only produce the record of my impressions of it, as they were written down the same day.

My conviction is, that to hear one of Emerson's religious discourses, as delivered by himself, would be more helpful to a young minister than a theological course in any university. Nothing can be more reverently thoughtful and grandly simple than his manner and tone. He quotes frequently from some Oriental Scripture, or great poet, and it is always done with the solemnity of an old Puritan taking his text. I remember well the lowering of his voice, as one might speak on his knees, as he recited the sublime paradoxes of Dante's Apostrophe to the Virgin:

> 'O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy son,
> Created beings all in lowliness
> Surpassing, as in height thou art
> Above them all.'

It is impossible to estimate the influence Emerson has had in chastening the style of writing and speaking in America. Were the Websters and Clays to return they would, I believe, find a generation yawning under their finest rhetoric. The spread-eagle's wings are visibly drooping on the stump and in Congress, and a calmer voice proceeds from the pulpit. The conditions under which this change has been wrought have been furnished by the diffusion of education through the free-school systems, but the most potent secondary cause has been this Sower, who, with the beginning of the generation now closing, went forth and scattered through the land pearl seed where rhetorical glass beads had hitherto been admired. And in all this time, so healthy

and impersonal had been his influence, Emerson has never had an eminent imitator. His method has from the first been affirmative; and he has thus revolutionized the old habits of thought by building, without the sound of a hammer, the nobler temple. An eminent Comtist has lately expressed the opinion that Europe is far more than America emancipated from the creeds and forms of the past: but where the leading minds are devoting themselves to the creation of the new instead of the destruction of the old, their kingdom comes without observation. I cannot agree with the critic to whom I have referred, but find that much is still treated as religious radicalism in Europe, which in America has already become conservatism.

In one of his earlier works Emerson speaks of people going to Europe to become American. Perhaps he spoke from experience in this. He has three times, I believe, travelled in Europe, and since his last return his faith in American tendencies has almost amounted to an enthusiasm. In his early lectures and addresses he speaks of the society around him as hopeless; the only things worth praising were the communities of the Fourierites, the St. Simonians, the Peace Societies, and the like, which were springing up everywhere. He made addresses favourable to negro-emancipation, to the enfranchisement of women, against war, and evidently regarded these as the uncombined elements of a new state which was to supersede American politics, which were hereditary, imported, transient. One of the finest of his productions is one on war, which was published as one of Miss Peabody's collection of *Æsthetic Papers*, of which it may be well to give some account here. He sees that war has been historically essential. 'The microscope reveals miniature butchery in atomies and infinitely small biters, that swim and fight in an illuminated drop of water; and the little globe is but a too faithful miniature of the large.' This strife in the little and large worlds comes of the great and beneficent principle — selp-help. In early days war forwarded the culture of man, as for example, the conquest of the East by Alexander. It also educates the senses, calls into action the will, and perfects the physical constitution. The sympathy with war is, however, a juvenile and temporary state. Trade, Art, Learning, Religion, have shown War to be fratricide. War and Peace have now been resolved into a mercury of the state of civilization. A nation so developed as to be without armaments were a nation that none would attack. With regard to the extreme cases urged against the individual non-resistant, he says, 'A wise man will never impawn his future being and action, and decide beforehand what he shall do in a given extreme event. Nature and God will instruct him in that hour.' The fact that a band of people have made universal peace an aim worthy of concert and prayer is the signal fact. A thought raised the mighty war-establishments to keep the peace of the globe, and a higher thought shall melt them away. It is to be done by a heroism greater than the heroisms of war; by 'men who have, by their intellectual insight, or else by their moral elevation, attained such a perception of their own intrinsic worth, that they do not think property or their own body a sufficient good to be saved by such a dereliction of principle as treating a man like a sheep.' I quote the concluding paragraphs of this lecture:

If the universal cry for reform of so many inveterate abuses, with which society rings, — if the desire of a large class of young men for a faith and hope, intellectual and religious, such as they have not yet found, be an omen to be trusted; if the disposition to rely more, in study and in action, on the unexplored riches of the human constitution, — if the search of the sublime laws of morals and the sources of hope and trust in man, and not in books, — in the present and not in the past, — proceed; if the rising generation can be provoked to think it unworthy to nestle into every abomination of the past, and shall feel the generous darings of austerity and virtue; then war has a short day, and human blood will cease to flow.

It is of little consequence in what manner, through what organs, this purpose of mercy and holiness is effected. The proposition of the Congress of Nations is undoubtedly that at which the present fabric of our society and the present course of events do point. But the mind, once prepared for the reign of principles, will easily find modes of expressing its will. There is the highest fitness in the place and and time in which this enterprise begun. Not in an obscure corner, not in a feudal Europe, not in an antiquated appanage where no onward step can be taken without rebellion, is the seed of benevolence laid in the furrow, with tears of hope; but in this broad America of God and man, where the forest is only now falling, or yet to fall, and the green earth open to the inundation of emigrant men from all quarters of oppression and guilt; here, where not a family, not a few men, but mankind, shall say what shall be; here we ask, shall it be War, or shall it be Peace?

With all the faith in America uttered in these words, there is an undertone of distrust in political and official America. But

from it there is traceable a growing tendency to identify Utopia with the complete development of American institutions, and a willingness to work through them. In this, he does but represent the experience of all the idealistic movements in that country; they sprang up by hundreds, but the social atmosphere refused their isolation, and they have everywhere been diffused into and become the leaven of the general society; so that in America, with a very few unthrifty exceptions, the only separate communities existing are those of ignorant fanatics, far nearer to gross and despotic social forms than the general body of society. In the anti-slavery agitation, Emerson especially saw the advance of a transcendent idea in the public mind. As year after year the numbers of the votes cast for candidates nominated in the interest of emancipation increased, he seemed to have the sense of the Indian, and to hear in these softly falling ballots the tread of distant triumphant armies. His lectures dealt more and more with the condition of the nation, and finally, when the late civil war broke out, no one shared more profoundly the hope of a renovated and nobler America, which was the pillar of fire that led the best of his countrymen through those desolate four years of wandering and war. Of such national importance was his advice now considered, that he was invited by a number of politicians and statesmen to give a lecture, in the spring of 1862, in Washington. And many thought that Emerson lecturing at Washington and consulted by President Lincoln in those days, was a higher sign than the banner of stars and stripes. It meant infallibly a new order in America, and one already outgrowing all prophecies. I find much difficulty in giving any adequate report of this lecture, which was delivered before a large audience and in the presence of President Lincoln and his Cabinet, whom, however, he did not fail to censure for the hesitation — especially in dealing with slavery — which they had not yet thrown off. So completely did Emerson utilise this singular opportunity, so heavily did he load every sentence with meaning, that to report partially, as I must, seems like mutilating a living form. In this lecture, to which he gave the title 'American Civilisation,' Emerson began by tracing the progress of man from his rude condition; the wigwam transformed to a stone house; the savage trail graded and bridged into a road, uniting clans into a society; the hunter become agriculturist. He notes the chief metres of the present civility of the world — 'the post-office, with its educating energy, augmented by cheapness, and guarded by a certain religious sentiment in mankind, shows the power of a wafer or a drop of wax or gluten to guard a letter, as it flies over sea, over land, and comes to its address as if a battalion of artillery brought it' — multitudes obeying law in opposition to their strongest passions — the higher influence of woman — the diffusion of knowledge so that the coarsest newspaper has scraps of science and poetry, which makes us hesitate to tear one before looking it through — the ship 'an abridgment and compound of a nation's arts — the skill that pervades complex details; the man that maintains himself; the chimney taught to burn its own smoke; the farm made to produce all that is consumed on it; the very prison compelled to maintain itself and yield a revenue, and better than that, made a reform school and a manufactory of honest men out of rogues. All these are examples of that tendency to combine antagonisms and utilise evil, which is the index of high civilisation.' He traced the influence of climate, of proximity to the sea, and other circumstances on civilisation, but found that everywhere it is dependent on a true, and not merely so-called morality. He said

Civilisation depends on morality. Everything good in man leans on what is higher. This rule holds in small as well as great. Thus, all our strength and success in the work of our hands depend on our borrowing the aid of the elements. You have seen a carpenter on a ladder with a broad axe chopping upward chips and slivers from a beam. How awkward; at what disadvantage he works. But see him on the ground, dressing his timber under him. Now, not his feeble muscles, but the force of gravity brings down the axe; that is to say, the planet itself splits his stick. The farmer had much ill-temper, laziness, and shirking to endure from his hand-sawyers, until one day he bethought him to put his saw-mill on the edge of a water fall; and the river never tires of turning his wheel; the river is good-natured and never hints an objection. . . . I admire still more the skill which, on the sea-shore, makes the tides drive the wheels and grind the corn, and which thus engages the assistance of the moon like a hired hand, to grind, and wind, and pump, and saw, and split stone, and roll iron. Now that is the wisdom of a man, in every instance of his labour, to hitch his waggon to a star, and see his chore done by the gods themselves. . . . We cannot bring the heavenly powers to us, but, if we will only choose our jobs in directions in which they travel, they will undertake them with the greatest pleasure. It is a peremptory rule with them

that *they never go out of their road.* We are dapper little busybodies, and run this way and that way superserviceably; but they swerve never from their foreordained paths, neither the sun, nor the moon, nor a bubble of air, nor a mote o dust. . . . And as our handiworks borrow the elements, so all our social and political action leans on principles. To accomplish anything excellent the will must work for catholic and universal ends. A puny creature walled in on every side, as Donne wrote —

'unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!'

But when his will leans on a principle, when he is the vehicle of ideas, he borrows their omnipotence. Gibraltar may be strong, but ideas are impregnable, and bestow on the hero their invincibility. 'It was a great instruction,' said a saint in Cromwell's war, 'that the best courages are but beams of the Almighty.' Hitch your wagon to a star. . . In this national crisis, it is not argument that we want, but that rare courage which dares commit itself to a principle, believing that Nature is its ally, and will create the instruments it requires and more than make good any petty and injurious profit which it may disturb. There never was such a combination as this of ours, and the rules to meet it are not set down in any history. We want men of original perception and original action, who can open their eyes wider than to a nationality — namely, to considerations of benefit to the human race — can act in the interest of civilisation. Government must not be a parish clerk — a justice of the peace. It has of necessity, in any crisis of the State, the absolute powers of a dictator. The existing Administration is entitled to the utmost candour. It is to be thanked for its angelic virtue compared with any executive experiences with which we have been familiar. But the times will not allow us to indulge in compliment. I wish I saw in the people that inspiration which, if Government will not obey the same, it would leave the Government behind, and create on the moment the means and executors it wanted. Better the war should more dangerously threaten us, — should threaten fracture in what is still whole, and punish us with burned capitals and slaughtered regiments, and so exasperate the people to energy — exasperate our nationality. There are scriptures written invisibly on men's hearts, whose letters do not come out until they are enraged. They can be read by war-fires, and by eyes in the last peril. We cannot but remember that there have been days in American history when, if the Free States had done their duty, slavery had been blocked by an immovable barrier, and our recent calamities for ever precluded. The Free States yielded, and every compromise was surrender, and invited new demands. Here, again, is a new occasion which Heaven offers to sense and virtue. It looks as if we held the fate of the fairest possession of mankind in our hands, to be saved by our firmness, or to be lost by hesitation. . . . The war is welcome to the Southerner: a chivalrous sport to him, like hunting, and suits his semi-civilised condition. On the climbing scale of progress he is just up to war, and has never appeared to such advantage as in the last twelvemonth. It does not suit us. We are advanced some ages on the war-state — to trade, art, and general cultivation. His labourer works for him at home, so that he loses no labour by the war. All our soldiers are labourers, so that the South, with its inferior numbers, is almost on a footing in effective war-population with the North. Again, so long as we fight without any affirmative step taken by the Government, any word intimating forfeiture in the rebel States of their old privileges under the law, they and we fight on the same side — for slavery. Again, if we conquer the enemy, what then? We shall still have to keep him under, and it will cost as much to keep him down, as it did to get him down. Then comes the summer, and the fever will drive our soldiers home. Next winter we must begin at the beginning and conquer him over again. What use, then, to take a fort, or privateer, or get possession of an inlet, or to capture a regiment of rebels? But one weapon we hold which is sure: Congress can, by edict, as a part of the military defence which it is the duty of Congress to provide, abolish slavery and pay for such slaves as we ought to pay for. Then the slaves near our armies will come to us; those in the interior will know in a week what their rights are, and will, where opportunity offers, prepare to take them. Instantly the armies that confront you must run home to protect their estates, and must stay there, and your enemies will disappear. . . . This is borrowing, as I said, the omnipotence of a principle. What is so foolish as the terror lest the blacks should be made furious by freedom and wages? It is denying these that is the outrage, and makes the danger from the blacks. I hope it is not a fatal objection to this policy that it is simple and beneficent thoroughly, which is the attribute of a moral action. . . . It is the maxim of natural philosophers that the natural forces wear out in time all obstacles, and take place; and 'tis the maxim of history that victory always falls at last where it ought to fall; or, there is a perpetual march or progress to ideas. But, in either case, no link of the chain can drop out. Nature works through her appointed elements, and ideas must work through the brains and the arms of good and brave men, or they are no better than dreams.

There is no doubt that the President and the statesmen who surrounded him on that occasion were deeply impressed by this lecture, and Mr. Emerson was taken by Mr. Seward to see the President, with whom the matter was, I have heard, more fully discussed. Mr. Lincoln, however, still doubted whether he could rely upon the politi-

cians and people of the North to stand by a measure which would so seriously affect the commercial conditions of the entire country, as the immediate abolition of slavery, in which Northern firms were almost equally interested partners with Southern plantations. Emerson maintained that a right idea did not disclose its whole commanding force until tried. Soon after the President began to move cautiously in the direction indicated, and proposed that Congress should offer to co-operate with any State that should enter upon the work of emancipation, and pay such State a large sum of money, and his proposition was at once adopted by Congress. The States, however, generally ridiculed the offer. A paragraph which Emerson wrote concerning this proposition shows how fine an impression President Lincoln had made upon him during their interview. 'More and better,' he wrote, 'than the President has spoken shall the effect of this message be; but, we are sure, not more or better than he hoped in his heart when, thoughtful of all the complexities of his position, he penned these cautious words.' The effect of that first plainly anti-slavery message that an American Congress had ever received, was indeed great. It proved to be a plain unanswerable admonition to the people, from one in whom they had confidence, that slavery stood in the path of the national union and had to be dealt with, and it made them ready for the next step. That step soon followed. The President admonished the insurgent States that on the following New Year's Day, to wit, that of 1863, he would proclaim slavery for ever abolished in every State that should be found in arms against the General Government.

It was known that the President had a way of sticking to his word, and this proclamation of Sept. 22, 1862, was a signal for a general exasperation of all the pro-slavery elements of the country, and a general joy amongst those who felt that the afflictions through which the nation was passing, could be compensated only by the liberation of the nation from the great wrong which they knew would continue to harry the country whilst it lasted. Emerson was called to address the people of Boston on this occasion, and none who had the happiness to hear him then — as the writer of this did — can ever forget the enthusiasm with which he celebrated the act, and how the multitude vibrated under his electric words:

We have recovered ourselves from our false position, and planted ourselves on a law of nature.

> 'If that fail,
> The pillared firmament is rottenness,
> And earth's base built on stubble.'

The Government has assured itself of the best constituency in the world; every spark of intellect, every virtuous feeling, every religious heart, every man of honour, every poet, every philosopher, the generosity of the cities, the health of the country, the strong arms of the mechanics, the endurance of the farmers, the passionate conscience of women, the sympathy of distant nations — all rally to its support. . . . With this blot removed from its national honour, this heavy load lifted off the national heart, we shall not fear henceforward to show our faces among mankind. . . It was well to delay the steamers at the wharves until this edict could be put on board. It will be an insurance to the ship as it goes plunging through the sea with glad tidings to all people. Happy are the young who find the pestilence cleansed out of the earth, leaving open to them an honest career. Happy the old, who see nature purified before they depart. Do not let the dying die; hold them back to this world until you have charged their ear and heart with this message to other spiritual societies, announcing the melioration of our planet.

> 'Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
> And Peace proclaims olives of endless age.'

(Those who in England shall read these radiant expressions — which did most truly utter the hope and joy of all honourable and earnest Americans — may, perhaps, judge how cold and cruel seemed the sneers which the ships that bore the glad tidings over the ocean brought back in response from so many of that 'constituency,' which Emerson had declared was thenceforth assured to America.)

When the proclamation of emancipation came on the 1st of January, 1863, the popular joy rose to its height. Men laughed and wept along the streets. 'When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongue with singing.' Bells were rung, cannon fired, the negroes passed the night in their chapels and greeted the day on their knees, and vast public meetings were held in the various cities to welcome and celebrate the event. At that held in the chief hall of Boston, Emerson read a poem, which he called the 'Boston Hymn,' of which I give a few verses:

> The word of the Lord by night
> To the watching Pilgrims came,
> As they sat by the sea-side,
> And filled their hearts with flame.

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel, his name is Freedom,
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the west,
As the sculptor uncovers his statue
When he has wrought his best.

. . . . .

Pay ransom to the owner
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

O North! give him beauty for rags,
And honour, O South! for his shame;
Nevada, coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race!
That sat in darkness long,
Be swift their feet as antelopes
And as Behemoth strong.

Come East, and West, and North,
By races as snow-flakes,
And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark.

Emerson's esteem for the President grew to be homage, and when Mr. Lincoln was assassinated he gave an address concerning him which more than any other touched the heart of the country. No other American has won so fair a wreath as that which Emerson laid on the grave of Lincoln.

Turning now from Emerson's political lectures, which it is to be hoped he may be induced to give to the public in a volume, we find a few papers contained in the pages of one or two different American magazines which are of great value. One of the most important of these is on 'Domestic Life.' It opens with exquisite pictures of the child, and the boy, and the enchantments which a few cheap things weave about them. The man he finds imprisoned in lucrative labours. For the demand is, *give us wealth and the home shall exist*. But wealth is a shift. The wise man angles with himself only, and with no meaner bait. We owe to man man, and to give money is only a come-off. Here is a fine passage, which must be quoted as it stands:

Let us understand that a house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands there under the sun and moon to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep: but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves; to be the shelter always open to the Good and the True, a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanour impossible to disconcert; whose inmates know what they want; who do not ask your house how theirs should be kept. They have arms, they cannot pause for trifles. The diet of the house does not create its order, but knowledge, character, action, absorb so much life and yield so much entertainment, that the refectory has ceased to be so curiously studied. With a change of aim has followed a change of the whole scale by which men and things were wont to be measured. Wealth and poverty are seen for what they are. It begins to be seen that the poor are only they who feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor.

Here also is a fine passage that cannot be condensed:

Every individual nature has its own beauty. One is struck in every company, at every fireside, with the riches of nature when he hears so many new tones, all musical; sees in each person original manners, which have a proper and peculiar charm, and reads new expressions of face. He perceives that nature has laid for each the foundations of a new building, if the soul will build thereon. There is no face, no form, which one cannot in fancy associate with great power of intellect, or with generosity of soul. In our experience, to be sure, beauty is not as it ought to be, the dower of man and woman as invariably as sensation. Beauty is, even in the beautiful, occasional; or, as one has said, culminating and perfect only a single moment, before which it is unripe, and after which it is on the wane. But beauty is never quite absent from our eyes. Every face, every figure, suggests its own right and sound estate. Our friends are not their own highest form. But let the hearts they have agitated witness what power has lurked in the traits of these structures of clay that pass and repass us. The secret power of form over the imagination and affections transcends all our philosophy. The first glance we meet may satisfy us that matter is the vehicle of higher powers than its own, and that no laws of line or surface can ever account for the inexhaustible expressive-

ness of form. We see heads that turn on the pivot of the spine, no more; and we see heads that seem to turn on a pivot as deep as the axle of the world, so slow, and lazily, and great, they move. We see on the lip of our companion the presence or absence of the great masters of thought and poetry to his mind. We read in his brow, on meeting him after many years, that he is where we left him, or that he has made great strides.

In the year 1861 the Hon. Josiah Quincy, the venerable ex-President of Harvard University, appeared for the last time at a college anniversary at Cambridge, and made an address, a kind of apology for old age, which led Emerson to write an essay. In it he enumerates four benefits of old age. The first is that at every stage we lose a foe.

The passions have answered their purpose: that slight, but dread overweight, with which, in each instance, Nature secures the execution of her aim, drops off. To keep man in the planet, she impresses the terror of death. To perfect the commissariat, she implants in each a little rapacity to get the supply, and a little over-supply of his wants. To insure the existence of the race, she reinforces the sexual instinct at the risk of disorder, grief, and pain. To secure strength, she plants cruel hunger and thirst, which so easily overdo their office and invite disease. But these temporary stays and shifts for the protection of the young animal are shed as fast as they can be replaced by nobler resources. We live in youth amidst this rabble of passions, quite too tender, quite too hungry and irritable. Later the interiors of mind and heart open and supply grander motives. We learn the fatal compensations that wait on every act. Then — one mischief at a time — this riotous time-destroying crew disappear.

A second advantage is that age has amassed a certain fund of merit, so that a success more or less signifies nothing.

When I chanced to meet the poet Wordsworth, then sixty-three years old, he told me 'that he had just had a fall and lost a tooth, and, when his companions were much concerned for the mischance, he had replied that he was glad it had not happened forty years before.' Well, nature takes care that we shall not lose our organs forty years too soon. A lawyer argued a cause yesterday in the Supreme Court, and I was struck with a certain air of levity and defiance which vastly became him. Thirty years ago it was a serious concern to him whether his pleading was good or effective.

A third felicity of old age is that it has found expression, whilst youth is yet tormented by a feeling of untried powers and unrealised pictures of a career. Every faculty new to each man goads him and drives him out into doleful deserts until it finds proper vents. One by one he learns to coin his wishes into facts, and at the end of fifty years his soul is appeased by seeing some sort of correspondence between his wish and his possession. This makes the value of age, the satisfaction it slowly offers to every craving. He is serene who does not feel himself pinched and wronged, but whose condition, in particular and in general, allows the utterance of his mind.

A fourth benefit is, that age sets its house in order and finishes its works — a supreme pleasure. The young man's year is a heap of beginnings, and no completed work to show for them at the end of a twelvemonth. The time is not lost however; they shall all be wanted at last. 'Bentley thought himself likely to live till fourscore, — long enough to read everything that was worth reading, — "Et tunc magna mei sub terris ibit imago." Much wider is spread the pleasure which the old men take in completing their secular affairs, the inventor his inventions, the agriculturist his experiments, and all old men in finishing their houses, rounding their estates, clearing their titles, reducing tangled interests to order, reconciling enmities, and leaving all in the best posture for the future. It must be believed that there is a proportion between the designs of a man and the length of his life; there is a calendar of his years, so of his performances.'

And in this idea Emerson finds a suggestion of the immortality of the soul, — a theme of which he is particularly fond, although his belief to some seems far from clear. He has indeed a fine sermon on immortality which he sometimes gives in places where his engagements cause him to remain on Sunday. It opens with a description of various kinds of the sepulture practised among different ages and races, and the ideas of the soul and its future represented by them. He finds intimations of immortality in the univeral desire of mankind for it, but thinks that the doctrine must rest chiefly upon the feeling in the individual of designs for which this life is inadequate. He also sees that the training of minds so carefully for annihilation is inconsistent with the economy of nature in other things; it would be like first drilling a regiment for years and then shooting them down.

Of several other lectures and papers of recent date, I must content myself with noticing a brief one on 'Ease in Work,' in

which much thought is condensed. For this he finds a text in Dryden's remark concerning Shakespeare, that 'all the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew from them, not laboriously but luckily.' We call thoughts and expressions of peculiar force and beauty, 'happy' and 'felicitous,' as if they were products of the writer's fortune rather than his toil. But as worm-eaten apples, no less than ripe, fall of themselves, so in ease of execution the falsest work may agree with the best.

But it is of prime importance to observe that the afore-mentioned mature fruit, which so falls at the tenderest touch into the hand, is no sudden, no idle product. It comes, on the contrary, of a depth of operation more profound, and testifies to a genius and sincerity in Nature more subtle and religious, than we can understand. This apple that in fancy we now pluck, and hardly need to pluck, from the burdened bough, — think what a pedigree it has, what æons of world-making and world-maturing must elapse, all the genius of God divinely assiduous, ere this could hang in ruddy and golden ripeness here! Think too what a concurrence and consent of elements, of sun and soil, of ocean-vapours and laden winds, of misty heats in the torrid zone and condensing blasts from the North, were required before a single apple could grow, before a single blossom could put forth its promise, tender and beautiful amidst the gladness of spring! — and, besides these consenting ministries of Nature, how the special genius of the tree must have wrought, making sacrifice of woody growth, and, by marvellous and ineffable alchemies, co-working with the earth beneath and the heaven above! Ah, not from any indifference, not from any haste or indolence in Nature, comes the fruits of her seasons and her centuries!

We should be unwise, he continues, to forget the antiquity of a pure original thought; it has a genesis equally ancient, earnest, and vital with any product of Nature, and relationships no less cosmical, implying the like industries, veritable and precious beyond all scope of affirmation.

With the birth of the man himself was it first born, and to the time of its perfect growth and birth into speech the burden of it was borne by every ruddy drop of his heart's blood, by every vigour of his body, — nerve and artery, eye and ear, and all the admirable servitors of the soul, steadily bringing to that invisible matrix where it houses their costly nutriments, their sacred offices; while every part and act of experience, every gush of jubilance, every stifle of woe, all sweet pangs of love and pity, all high breathings of faith and resolve, contribute to the form and bloom it finally wears. Yet the more profound and necessary product of one's spirit is the more likely at last to fall softly from him, — so softly, perhaps, that he himself shall be half-unaware when the separation occurs.

Our author quotes again from Dryden, who, not having the fear of Locke before his eyes, says, 'Shakespeare was naturally learned,' and affirms that if a soul has not been to school before entering the body, it is late for it to qualify as a teacher of mankind. Then follows this fine thought, which must be expressed in his own words:

Perhaps it is common for one's happiest thoughts, in the moment of their apparition in words, to affect him with a gentle surprise and sense of newness; but soon afterwards they may come to touch him, on the contrary, with a vague sense of reminiscence, as if his mother had sung them by his cradle, or somewhere under the rosy east of life, he had heard them from others. A statement of our own which seems to us *very* new and striking, is probably partial — is in some degree foreign to our hearts; that which one, being the soul he is, could not do otherwise than say, is probably what he was created for the purpose of saying, and will be found the most significant and living word. . . . May not the above considerations go far to explain that indifference, otherwise so astonishing, with which Shakespeare cast his work from him? It was his heart that wrote; but does the heart look with wonder and admiration on the crimson of its own currents?

Within the last two or three years Emerson has seemed to turn his attention mainly to poetry. We are now looking for every month to bring us his next book, which it is understood is to be a volume of Poems, of which the chief piece is a 'Spring Song,' — a song of many variations, now evolved from the first breath of the willow on his farm, and now from the strain of an Æolian harp. There will, I doubt not, be included in it some lyrics, given from time to time to the *Atlantic Monthly*, which are in form improvements on the verses of his early volume of Poems. One of the best of these is 'The Titmouse.' The overbold poet, far away from home, his bones turning to marble under the arctic cold, the frost-king tying his feet, finds life hemmed in with narrowing fence:

Well, in this broad bed lie and sleep,
The punctual stars will vigil keep,
Embalmed by purifying cold.
The wings shall sing their dead-march old,
The snow is no ignoble shroud,
The moon thy mourner, and the cloud.

Softly, — but this way fate was pointing,
'Twas coming fast to this anointing,
When piped a tiny voice hard by,
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry:
'Chic-chic-a-dee-dee!' saucy note,
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said, 'Good day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places,
Where January brings few men's faces.'

This poet, though he live apart,
Moved by a hospitable heart,
Sped, when I passed his sylvan fort,
To do the honours of his court,
As fits a feathered lord of the land;
Flew near, with soft wing grazed my hand;
Hopped on the bough, then, darting low,
Prints his small impress in the snow;
Shows feats of his gymnastic play,
Head downward, clinging to the spray.
Here was this atom, in full breath,
Hurling defiance at vast death.
This scrap of valour, just for play,
Fronts the north-wind, in waistcoat grey,
As if to shame my weak behaviour.
I greeted loud my little saviour:
'Thou pet! what dost here? and what for?
In these woods, thy small Labrador,
At this pinch, wee San Salvador!
What fire burns in that little chest,
So frolic, stout, and self-possest?
Didst steal the glow that lights the West?
Henceforth I wear no stripe but thine:
Ashes and black all hues outshine.
Why are not diamonds black and grey,
To ape thy dare-devil array?
And I affirm the spacious North
Exists to draw thy virtue forth.
I think no virtue goes with size:
The reason of all cowardice
Is, that men are overgrown,
And, to be valiant, must come down
To the titmouse dimension.'

I close these extracts with some 'Quatrains,' printed in a monthly magazine at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1860:

Cras, heri, hodie.

Shines the last age, the next with hope is seen,
To-day slinks poorly off unmarked between;
Future or Past no richer secret folds,
O friendless Present! than thy bosom holds.

Climacteric.

I am not wiser for my age,
Nor skilful by my grief;
Life loiters at the book's first page —
Ah! could we turn the leaf!

Botanist.

Go then to thy learned task;
I stay with the flowers of Spring;
Do thou of the ages ask
What me the hours will bring.

Forester.

He took the colour of his vest
From rabbit's coat or grouse's breast,
For, as the wood kinds lurk and hide,
So walks the woodman unespied.

Gardener.

True Brahmin, in the morning meadows wet,
Expound the Vedas of the violet,
Or, hid in vines, peeping through many a loop
See the plum redden and the beurré stoop.

Northman.

The gale that wrecked you on the sand,
It helped my rowers to row;
The storm is my best galley hand,
And drives me where I go.

From Alcuin.

The sea is the road of the bold,
Frontier of the wheat-sown plains,
The pit wherein the streams are rolled,
And fountain of the rains.

Nature.

Boon Nature yields each day a brag which we now first behold,
And trains us on to see the new, as if it were the old;
But blest is he who, playing deep, yet happy asks not why,
Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to live or die.

Natura in minimis.

As sings the pine tree in the wind,
So sings in the wind a sprig of the pine;
Her life and soul has laughing France
Shed in each drop of wine.

Orator.

He who has no hands
Perforce must use his tongue:
Foxes are so cunning
Because they are not strong.

Artist.

Quit the hut, frequent the palace —
Reck not what the people say;
For still where'er the trees grow biggest
Huntsmen find the easiest way.

Poet.

To clothe the fiery thought
In simple word succeeds;
For still the craft of genius is
To mask a king in weeds.

At Paris, on the opening of the International Exposition, I found many Americans ashamed of the poor display made by their country. The department seemed a wilderness, broken only by a few tubes of petroleum, and some small unopened boxes that promised little. But I could not share their chagrin. Indeed, I was rather glad to have my countrymen taught, even at the cost of some humiliation to national conceit, that protectionists cannot change the order of the world, nor make America excel in works that can be done better and more cheaply elsewhere. Not for fine cloths and cutlery would I see the duplicates of Sheffield, of Manchester, and the Black Country, in America. Let the banner of stars float over empty spaces in the Exhibition, until it can wave over original products instead of needless fac-similes, which only divert hands that might be developing new resources. Let Europe make our knives and boots, and welcome. Yet America is not unrepresented at Paris. At the end of the section were Bierstadt's picture of the Rocky Mountains, Church's Niagara, and close to these a fine portrait of Emerson; and I felt that this group of physical grandeurs, and the best head to match them, constituted the fair symbol and true exposition of that splendid possibility which America is.

From The New Monthly Magazine.

YACHTS AND YACHT-SAILING.

What can be more attractive to vision than the cerulean hue of the sky and ocean between the main and the Isle of Wight in fine summer weather? A few light fleecy clouds set off the face of the heaven, reflected in a sea scarcely disturbed by a ripple. Both shores bathed in gorgeous sunshine, all light, and life, and love. Vessels here and there dotting the road in a tranquillity like that of the blest, or clustered in particular localities. Some their sails loose, hanging in festoons from the yards, others dressed in flags of different colours, show their "gaily gilded trim, quick glancing to the sun." Here umbered hulls sleep like southern infancy on the bosom of northern beauty, and afar, towards the sea-line, white sails, having caught the breeze, move gently forward on their destination. In truth, nothing imparts more delightful sensations to a stranger than the prospect. The Isle of Wight, with the yacht squadron off its shores, and Plymouth Sound, with its beautiful contrasts of land, wood, water, and island, the western yacht squadron there in movement over against the citadel or under Staddon Heights, have shown scenes almost unrivalled, and during a succession of years have made a distinguished feature in our maritime tendencies. Defying rivalry, as they assumed, in the security of their own superiority, our yacht owners had forgotten that nothing stands still. An American rival crossed the Atlantic, and convinced them, as all the world has been convinced in other matters, that there is no truce to be made with improvement. Man is not to rest while he lives. "Onward!" is the word. Science has overcome superstition. The world does move, the denial of priestcraft notwithstanding. To-day may be only second best to to-morrow. No justification by present excellence will be admitted to supersede future advance.

The appearance of an American rival in our own waters is a tale that need not be repeated. It should have operated, in the case of the *American* a little time ago, as a spur to our diligence, a reproof for the vainglorious reliance of our sires upon an assumed superiority, that will soon set us in our place again. Englishmen love to be foremost in the race of amusement — in everything. Yachting is a manly sport, not a lubber's race after innocent hares. Fashion, amidst all its vagaries, never originated one amusement that was rational or in keeping with the national character — "yachting," to coin a word, is closely allied with an arm of the national defence, both in a naval and commercial sense, which has long been the pride of the people under the name of "boating." At least it had the merit of being within the reach of individuals of small pecuniary means, healthful, and full of wholesome excitement. For once, humanity, amusement, and reason were adopted by fashion. Yacht clubs are modern institutions. The first was formed at Cowes in 1815, and the second at Plymouth about ten years subsequently.

There is an exception in regard to Ireland. It is stated that a club of the same kind existed there in 1720, and that there are extant its rules and regulations, printed in 1765. This was called the Water Club, and was formed at Cork. It appears to have been a sort of "boat club" only, and limited to twenty-five members, of which six formed a committee for business. It had an admiral in chief and a vice-admiral. The club-house was upon Halbouline Island. Some of the rules and regulations lead to the belief that, like the regal elections at Dalkey,

in the Bay of Dublin, of which the celebra- Curran was so active a member, the meetings kept an eager eye upon the good cheer of the table in all seasons. The merry-makings of those times were not always restrained within the limits of prudence. The aquatic part of the institution found its strongest support in the conviviality of the members: perhaps was only an excuse for it. That such an idea is not uncharitable, the annals of social life in the sister kingdom in those days may be appealed to in proof. It appears that the boats *really* sailed some distance from the land. The admiral was annually elected, and received due honours, and his fleet was painted and gilded in a mode that would do honour to a lord mayor's barge, although inferior in choice edibles. There were regulations to prevent any member going ahead of the admiral if ever so good a sailor, and if "any one was very *sick* on board the fleet," the captain of the vessel might signal the admiral for leave to take the sufferer to the island — a striking proof of the tenderness with which the members and their friends were treated when young in seamanship, and a singular contrast to a modern trip to the Straits. Forfeits of half-a-crown were paid for offences, which money went to supply the fleet with powder! Those who had guns on board were to fire them as signals "when they could," and if they could not, flags were to be used instead. So much for the more striking rules at sea. On shore, the regulations were more characteristic of the surmise above expressed regarding the convivial manners of Irish yachtsmen. Admirals were not permitted to bring for good cheer more than two dishes, or two dozen of port wine to the club, as their share of a treat. No long-tail wigs, large sleeves, or ruffles were allowed to be worn at sea by any member. Any of the club who should venture "to talk of sailing after dinner" was to be fined a huge bumper, all business being considered settled before sitting down, whether it was or not. Non-attendance was punished by a fine of five shillings, "to buy gunpowder for the fleet." There was a chaplain appointed to the institution, whether an Irish bishop — for they were then without number — a refinement not yet introduced at Cowes, Plymouth, or Harwich, we believe — does not appear. What a pity that spiritual corps should ever have been reduced! Members were elected by ballot. When the company did not exceed fifteen, no one was allowed for his share more than one bottle of wine, not even with benefit episcopalian, "and a peremptory."* There was one provision, somewhat Irish, or at least superfluous — "each member entertains in his turn" (it is presumed some stranger), "unless out of the kingdom," or did it mean entertain the club?

The modern Cork Yacht Club was engrafted on the above, so it is stated, perhaps to give it pre-eminence in age. The former must be of a very different character in its details from the old one. The yacht clubs of Ireland are four, of which Dublin and Cork are the principal. There are two in Scotland — one in the Clyde and the other at Leith; one in Wales; and ten in England — seventeen in all. An eighteenth was forming at Lowestoft, where "yachting" commenced with much spirit. There are said to be four hundred sail of yachts in these clubs. The club at Cowes admits no yacht under thirty tons; that at Plymouth none under ten. In the other clubs the tonnage used not to be limited. The largest measured four hundred tons, and the smallest five. These clubs have all flags of their own, and privileges conceded by the Admiralty. Thus the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes carries the white ensign of the Navy, and the Plymouth the blue. The yachts have permission to visit the ports of most of the European nations free of port charges. They may also make fast to the Admiralty and coast-guard buoys.

This brief detail will afford an idea of the extent of these institutions, their strength and importance. Our southern harbours are exceedingly well adapted for the class of vessels of which they mainly consist. Our numerous islands — from Scilly to Shetland —offer every variety of scenery to attract the yachts and their companies. A number of excellent seamen are thus employed. Many private individuals obtain in these yachts a degree of nautical knowledge they could not acquire in murdering hares and rabbits. In their sailing matches a generous emulation is exerted, which calls out the higher scientific faculties of the mind. Many yacht owners, it is true, confine their cruises to the shores of the Isle of Wight — mere fox or hare killers, and such-like small geer. On the other hand, there are others that make our island coasts familiar through a large part of their extent, and prolong their cruises to the coast of Portugal, and even up the Mediterranean. But none dared to cross the Atlantic like our American sons.

The American yacht, named the *America*, some time ago by its unexpected superiority,

* We do not know what a "peremptory" may be, unless an extra bottle for the benefit of clergy.

was another proof of our contentedness with what existed in its actual state. Had we indulged our old position in manufactures and commerce in like manner, we should have been greatly behind hand in them, and been surpassed by our enterprising descendants. The stimulus of gain prevented this.

In the architecture of our yachts we have had no rivalry to force amendment until recently. We fear Mr. Bull is but a shopkeeper after all. The builder, not the man of science, was concerned. The builder endeavoured to equal his neighbour "over the way" in work, but he was careful of innovation. "What is," was generally right with him. The sailmaker followed the old plan up to the sky-scraper. The seaman stowed his ballast as he always does, to the best advantage for the trim of his boat. What more could be done? Thus there was a pretty close equality established in the sailing qualities of our yachts, as proved by their different contests. They were true Tories — no innovations! The whole scene was changed when a stranger, an American, came with a new model among them. The owners of the yachts, principally gentlemen of fortune, but destitute of scientific knowledge, as "gentlemen" should be, relied on the best builder, and paid generously, for what will not money procure except brains? They now saw the advantage of a little more study of the subject on their own part, and of a steam voyage across the Atlantic, if they hear of some startling improvement there, to examine for themselves whether the superiority be in the hull or cut of the sails. We cannot be beaten in workmanship; we only want the best lines, the model. The sails, too, were easily copied. Our defect has ever been that we credit nothing to our own disadvantage until too late. Possessing some of the first men of science in the world, to whom we owe our greatness, we are, as a people, the most unscientific, wedded to old things, and ungratefully negligent of our debt to the gifted minds that devote themselves to what is too abstruse for the general comprehension. Numbers of Englishmen visited New York. The American yachts and pilot-boats had been there matter of conversation for years, yet none examined them for the sake of improvement, or brought home their models, though it is possible they would not have been credited had they promulgated the American superiority. The appearance of the vessel itself might alone silence incredulity. The cut of the sails would be deemed unshapely to our neat cutters; but our liability to prejudice is well known — some fault must liquidate our insufferable conceit. We remember a case in point. A friend had a very pretty cutter-built yacht at Plymouth, of about forty tons' burthen. At dinner one day, a sea-going veteran did not like to hear so much boasting. "Nothing could beat that cutter — she would sail with anything at any time," said her owner. The old captain had a Dutch boat of less burthen that he declared should do as well, give him the choice of the time and wind. The race should be round the Eddystone Lighthouse. Our yacht friend was piqued. A day or two after, the wind just suited the old seaman. We started from Drake's Island, with an off-shore wind, which changed, and a tumbling sea, from the swell so considerable there, came on. The cutter was soon ahead. "Let us get out beyond the headlands," said old Captain N. "See, they are setting every bit of canvas; that is just what I want.'

Now this Dutch boat was square at the bows, with good breadth of beam, apparently heavy, but did not draw much water. As usual, she had outriggers, and looked like a galliot. We never dreamed of our success. When we were clear of Penlee Point and Rame Head, we began to gain upon the cutter. This we attributed to the very uneasy sea running. The late Mr. Collier, the father of the present Solicitor-General, was of the party. "No, no," said old N., "her lofty canvas makes her bows dip and her way slacken." It suffices that we were ahead of her at the Eddystone Rock, to the surprise of all in the cutter. She was well handled too, but nothing in yacht-sailing prevents the carrying on until all cracks, the generality of seamen are so prejudiced. It has happened even in a king's ship, that taking in sail in chase of an enemy has increased the way through the water. Now it is surprising how our yachts carry sail; nor can it be doubted that, without any alteration of their hulls, they would many of them sail much better were their sails better disposed, and they were not so fond of lofty canvas. The Yankee showed very superior judgment in this respect, without reckoning the different cut of his canvas. Two and two do not always make four in political economy, nor does the larger surface of a vessel's canvas always increase her speed through the water.

Why should we be beaten by an American? Why should our yacht club members put on long faces? Precisely because right principles were not looked to — the "leave well alone" system was adopted. The best

thing said upon the subject of the *America* — which, arriving at Cowes, I should have said made all the noise — was said by a landsman, that noble veteran soldier and lover of the sea — for what did he not love that was truly English? — the Marquis of Anglesey. "If they are right, we are all wrong," looking at the *America* as she lay at anchor. We run steamers neck to neck with the American; in consequence of their rivalry, we have been forced to lay by our old wall-sided merchantmen; our sailing vessels are equal to theirs, and last longer. Yet, but for their rivalry, we should still trade with our old tubs. The *America* gave us a fillip to carry our yachts up to the mark then existing. There, I fear, we stopped. Like the vessels of the royal navy, we had been at the standard of thirty or forty years ago. Private yards turned out the most splendid vessels, while our navy yards had not surpassed the *Caledonia*, launched in 1810, nor the *Canopus*, a French model, taken at the battle of the Nile. Why was this? Because one acted under the rule of "leave well alone," and the other of "move onward" — the one stimulated by rivalry and the desire of gain, the other without stimulus, except as in the present case of a Yankee rival. It is now come to steam.

The American pilot-boats have long been renowned, yet we had never heard of their being imitated here. The character of the American builders, in regard to light craft, was established long ago. It is forgotten now, perhaps, that at the close of the last unhappy war, in consequence of our landing parties on the defenceless parts of the American coast, they determined to retaliate. We landed under a strong covering naval force; the Americans could not do that upon the English coast. They therefore began a number of very fast-sailing schooners, to contain a hundred men besides the crew. There were none of our vessels that could come up with them. They were to land upon different parts of our coasts, burn and destroy all they could, and in half a dozen hours be at sea again, before any force could be collected to meet them. Our little sea villages and fishing towns would thus have been at the mercy of a foe, purely from the better sailing quality of the enemy's vessels.

Science and practice must ever agree, and yet in our larger naval architecture this was never yet the case. The first Admiralty report on steam was, that it could never be of use to his majesty or his heirs! The same rule applies to our yachts; with this difference — the experiments are not so costly. The right trim of a vessel is easily found without expense, and what depends upon this is soon remedied if defective, when its causes depend upon results apart from the lines of the hull. Our most beautiful yachts to the eye furnish no clue to their sailing qualities, just as the most symmetrical racer is not the best qualified for winning. What then shall we say of the late race of the *Henrietta* and her competitors? Our general principles of naval architecture in this branch may be sound, but we may err in carrying them out. In the case of the *America*, both the hull and sails of that yacht differed from our general ideas of the best forms. The most perfect bow is hardly yet decided upon as to its configuration in aiding velocity, yet much depends upon this point. The curves are various, but that of the least resistance is not fixed in practice. In wood there may be some difficulty of accommodating the material, but in iron there is none. The resistances offered in going through or over the water are not assigned. There is nothing like the build of the yacht for ascertaining these and similar points, such as the line of lowest resistance, and the most desirable point for the centre of gravity if it appear displaced. There was too much reason to fear that in times past construction depended generally upon the fancy of the builder in light vessels, and that the lines of beauty were fearful rivals of those which were best adapted for navigation. The overruling principle should be still to diminish resistance, for vessels of the same burthen and dimensions every way, and differing in form alone, rate their merits according to that law. The best are still what is called wedge-bottomed. Thus our yacht clubs are of considerable importance in a national sense. The American model continually improves. Some affect to undervalue that model, and declare that its speed depends upon its sails, and their stiffness under the breeze. This may enable the yacht to keep close to the wind, but it cannot be the cause of her superiority altogether. One said that the *America* sailed in a superior manner with the wind on the beam only, and another ascribed it to the mode in which the sails were connected with the spars. This is very natural, because nothing of moment is observed by the stranger so obviously as the rigging and cut of the sails. But we are much mistaken if the hull of the *America* did not possess points of comparison which had a considerable advantage over our own. It would

be well to have the dimensions and lines accurately taken and compared with the best vessels of the clubs. The clubs should keep models. The exact shape of the bow of the *America* was interesting in the way of comparison, when universally made known. Length goes far sometimes in sailing qualities, keeping the way well; but this is by no means uniformly the case. What, then, did all this prove? but that a sound principle was not yet clearly laid down, and that there was a great deal to be done to fix it. It is very clear that while sharp vessels have been among the best sailers, those of a good beam and flat have been so also. The truth is, that one of these qualities alone does not fulfil the main object. It is the excellence of all combined that carries the day.

A register of the sailing qualities of the vessels of the yacht club, and models, should be kept at Cowes and other club-houses. Repeated trials would ascertain the most excellent models and qualities. We must protest, however, against denominating a yacht the best because it is so in one mode of sailing. Nothing must rest in this way upon generals. One yacht will be the best sailer with the wind on the beam, another with the wind aft, and so on. We know that changes of model alter the sailing qualities, but we want to know how those changes operate, so that they may be applied to render the vessel more perfect. A yacht club registering the dimensions of the different vessels, the trim, the configuration of the hull, the quantity of canvas, the rate of sailing with every wind, would tend very much to the information desired. This was not done formerly, and we are strangers to the topic at present, as far as practical observation goes.

The Americans said that if we came up with the *America*, or if we possessed her, they would try to build something that should beat us still. That is the true principle of all improvement — never leave well alone. They might or might not be successful in such a case, but we trust that the annunciation will prevail not only with our yacht builders, but that our yacht owners will study the subject a little more, and in place of the club rooms spend time in the builders' yards. Indeed, one or two had already begun to alter their vessels, and orders had gone to America for boats to be built and sent over. We never heard the result. An idle man of fortune, fond of sailing, should study the Yankee model, and, theoretically master of it, he will quickly become experienced, without taking the tools in his hand — that is, if he possess a good and clear head. He will sometimes see an importance in what the common eye passes over as of little moment, and will reap the good effects. There is nothing with which we are concerned that it does not concern us to do well. It was a remarkable trait of Napoleon Bonaparte that he observed and mastered the details of everything. Nelson, when mortally wounded, and being carried below, seeing the tiller-rope shot away, ordered a new one to be rove, though the more immediate duty of others to attend to it.

But we are told that the yacht clubs are idle things, and worse than useless; that they are mere child's play, mere cockboats, that keep the sea only in fine weather. This we flatly deny, and the Americans have nobly proved in the *Henrietta* and her consorts. Members of the clubs have made very interesting cruises in their "cockboats," as some affect to denominate them who know nothing of the matter. There is no class of vessels more seaworthy. Not only do we apply this to the larger yachts — because vessels from a hundred to four hundred tons speak for themselves — but to the smallest, that are entered. All are capable of keeping the sea. It is astonishing how securely and well, under good management, let the spirited Americans proclaim to us. Few are aware that a boat only sixteen feet and a half long, nine wide, and five and a half deep, actually came to Europe safely from Diu, in the western peninsula of India. James Botello, in a boat of the above dimensions, reached Lisbon in the reign of King John, with four companions, but no pilot or seamen. He was obliged to put to death several men because they mutinied. The boat was immediately burned by the order of the King of Portugal, lest it should be known in Europe it was possible to perform so long a voyage in so small a vessel. The ocean navigation by boats would furnish a wonderful history of perils encountered, and final security. Take the case of the unworthy Captain Bligh. Our yacht clubs are not the less useful or amusing from their small dimensions. The only disadvantage is sustained by those who choose to encounter a sea navigation in the confined space which is alone permitted them where the dimensions are restricted — a matter of taste and adventure alone. We have ourselves encountered some rough weather in a man-of-war's jolly-boat, and never experienced any danger beyond that to which larger craft would have been amenable.

Let our yachts of all dimensions, then, be multiplied. The amusement is so unimpeachable, so scientific and manly, while with prudence the cost need be very little compared with that of a stable of hunters for thick-headed squires following a yelping pack of dogs after a harmless hare. There is no exhilaration more fresh than that imparted by the seabreeze, no spirit-elevation more gladdening, none more manly and innocent. Alas! that with us the days when we in little ploughed the wave! They have passed away. The voyage to the solitary rock or green-turfed islet, and the hearty repast on the edge of the breaking surf, cannot be forgotten. Its memory is still grateful.

It may not be amiss to close these rambling remarks with a tale of our boyhood. The incident occurred when we were accustomed to pull an oar until our hands were blistered, not up a river, but on the stormy West of England coast. The impression the story made can never be obliterated. It has, no doubt, been published subsequently, though we have not met with it. The hero of the story lived near Bridport, we well remember. He was a gentleman of fortune, and kept a cutter-rigged yacht, in which he often cruised along the south-western coast.

The name of Weld is familiar in Dorsetshire, and was connected with yacht-sailing long before clubs for this purpose were established. Mr. Weld's yacht used to take its station at Weymouth whenever George III. and the royal family visited that watering-place, and one or two other yachts kept by other individuals did the same. The *Alarm* cutter, of the Royal Yacht Club, formed afterwards at Cowes, belongs to one of the same family.

He was cruising about off Weymouth, when a second yacht, cutter-rigged, began to contend with him which should first get back. The sea then rose high; Mr. Weld struck his topmast, hoisted in his boat, and made all snug. His rival, Mr. Sturt, struck his topmast also, but feared to hoist in his boat, from the high state of the sea. They were at this time about two leagues from the land. The boat still impeding the course of the yacht, and thus giving his opponent the advantage, Sturt proposed to one of his seamen, in order to get rid of the impediment, to jump into the boat and take it to Weymouth. The tar, seeing the state of the sea, wisely refused, and his master then proposed to go himself, leaving the race to his crew. He took a pocket-compass, got the mast stepped, cast off the painter, hoisted sail, and kept a good look-out to clear the Shambles, a hard sand lying off the south-east part of the Isle of Portland, distant about three miles from the Bill. From twelve to fifteen feet of water only are over this sand at low tide. The sea continued to run high, but the boat shipped no water. It was soon perceptible that the ebb tide was carrying the boat rapidly towards the danger. In order to avoid so terrible a disaster it became necessary to shake the reef out of the sail, but in order to do this the helm must be abandoned, and the boat would inevitably broach-to. The alternative was horrible. The boat was soon borne bow on towards the fatal sands. The waves were observed ahead, white with foam, and breaking tremendously. The moment was as awful a one as could be encountered by man, and not the less so from the impossibility of doing anything with the reasonable chance of preserving existence. The clearance of the Shambles to the eastward or westward became no longer possible.

By great exertion Sturt contrived to throw out all the ballast, that the boat might not sink when it got into the surf. There he sat, with the roar of the breakers in his ears and the foam leaping and jumping up ahead. He felt at that moment his case was hopeless, and began, in his despair, to sing or roar out the song, "Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!" much as boys whistle through a churchyard at night to keep up their courage. A sea now struck the boat, and he was in the very jaws of death. A second on the quarter, and the boat broached-to, overset, and the waves rolled over and over her. He recovered the boat again by swimming to it as it lay on its side, and, clinging fast, got off his coat, then his waistcoat and shirt, though with great difficulty.

He had now floated fifteen miles from land. A hollow sea continually broke over him. He still indulged a hope of life. Despair afterwards came upon him. Thoughts of his wife and children rushed into his mind, and at one time he thought he saw them. Then a determination to struggle to the last for his preservation arose. He continued to clear the boat of the mast and sails, though continually washed off. He then got upon the gunwale, and by his weight righted the boat and got in, but the waves continually overwhelmed him, and he had to regain the boat by swimming every time, until he became nearly exhausted, while the salt spray, getting into his eyes, nearly blinded him. Still no relief

appeared, his distance from the land increased, and his spirits began to flag. The love of life was still uppermost, and he continued to maintain his contest with the waves, that as often washed him off and buried him in their foam, yet conscious that he could not maintain his situation much longer, having been two hours in the water. He now recollected that fishermen caught in a gale let a spar fastened to the boat's painter go ahead to break the violence of the waves; he therefore got the painter fast to a seat of the boat, in doing which he was so repeatedly buried beneath the the water that he nearly lost his breath. Sea-birds came and hovered round his head, and he even shouted to keep them off.

When a heavy sea approached, he got away from the boat to leeward, holding the painter, and found that the boat broke the violence of the wave, so that only a part came over him, and this kept up his spirits a little. Still no sail was in sight, the sea rising, and evening approaching. He had been three hours in the water, when he saw two sails about a mile to leeward — too far off to hail them. His strength continued to diminish, owing to his swimming off to avoid the seas, and then having to swim each time up to the boat again. It was four o'clock, and he had been in the water from twelve, when a brig came within half a mile. He made every exertion in his power to attract the attention of the crew, and succeeded, for he saw some of the men go into the shrouds to look. Whether they saw him or not, they continued their course, and left him to his fate. His heart sunk; his last hope seemed gone. He had drifted farther than ever from the land, the wind was rising, and the tide carrying him on fast to Portland Race. He got his wife's watch out of his fob, tied it to the waistband of his trousers, and then fastened them to the thwart of the boat, thinking they might lead to a discovery who he was, knowing well that the wind as it stood must drive his body on shore near Bridport, not far from his own house. Living or dying now seemed to become indifferent; all the terrors of death had ceased. He fastened the painter to his body, that it might drift with the boat. Thus he continued generally a couple of feet under water, sometimes tossed about, within the boat or on her bottom, washed off at times, and sometimes losing her for several minutes together. Yet his recollection did not fail him, nor his strength to the degree that might be expected, for he could always tread water long enough to see the boat, and then swim to her.

It was about half-past four o'clock when he saw eight vessels to windward, standing towards where he was. This refreshed his spirits. About five o'clock, three or four passed without seeing him, or he being able to make them hear for the roar of the sea. Three more passed in the same way, and he was still unnoticed. What an anxious moment! Two more were coming up, being the last of the eight, and some of the crew of a brig saw him, they going aloft to make him out. The brig then tacked and bore towards him, but did not lower a boat, at which he felt an inconceivable dread come over him. She passed on, and only one vessel remained. It was getting dark, a high sea running, and Portland Race within two miles. He got on the boat's bottom and hailed the vessel, was washed off, but got on again. At last he was seen by some soldiers, and a boat lowered. At the sight, all his firmness forsook him, and he burst into tears! Retching came on from the quantity of salt water he had swallowed, but when the boat reached him he had recovered himself. He was even so full of presence of mind as to loose his trousers and throw them into the ship's boat. He then tried to get in, but his strength failed him, and he was pulled in by the legs When once in the boat, he was able to steer her to the ship. His limbs were benumbed, he was sorely bruised, had a violent pain in the side, dizziness of the eyes, weakness, and a great inclination to sleep. He had been five hours and a half in the sea. The vessel reached Portland Roads the same evening, about eight o'clock. He soon recovered, and a day or two afterwards presented the master of the vessel with a piece of plate, and gave five guineas to each of the boatmen.

We received from the United States a copy of the log of the *Henrietta* the other day. It is only another proof of what may and can be done by a people who will not be ruled by precedent, and the notion of leaving "well" alone because "better" is a novelty. Our antecedents never instructed their offspring in this belief. As doubt is generally the parent of truth, just so it would seem that daring is the parent of success.

CYRUS REDDING.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A DULL LIFE.

I THINK there is no country in the world so dreary and oppressive as the country round New Orleans. It is a vast swamp, below the level of the Mississippi, covered with cedars, not evergreen, but deciduous; and when I was there in the early spring, there was not a single leaf upon them. For miles these dreary forests extend, with almost always the same aspect, except, perhaps, for a few miles the trees may be bathed in yellow slimy mud half-way up their trunks, where some lake or river has been swelled and risen for a time some ten or fifteen feet higher than usual.

Natural scenery, untouched by man, has, almost everywhere in the world, some beauty; not always a lovely, graceful beauty, but a beautiful dreariness, or a beautiful wildness, or a beautiful quaintness, or a beautiful luxuriance. Here, in this swampy, slimy Louisiana, there is ugly dreariness, ugly wildness, ugly quaintness, and the country often struck me as absolutely ugly, and, with its alligators basking in the rivers, as almost revolting, somewhat as if it were a country in a geological period not prepared for man's appearance.

We were in New Orleans in 1858, and the state of society was not more pleasant to contemplate than the natural scenery; the moral atmosphere was as offensive as the swamp miasma. Every day we heard of murders and assassinations in the streets, and crime ruled in society. The fear of vengeance from criminals very often prevented the injured from seeking the protection of the law — in fact, the state of the city was almost lawless. The aspect of the streets was quiet enough, perhaps, with the exception of a few drunken Irish and Germans, whom I saw sometimes absolutely rolling on the pavement; but it was impossible to speak to any person without hearing of recent crime, and the daily papers were crammed with revolting records.

I detested New Orleans; I detested the great Hotel St. Charles, with its 800 people sitting down to table together; and I detested the conversation I heard there at dinner, and in the immense drawing-room crowded with fine ladies. Fine gives no idea how fine these planters' ladies were; indeed, much more extravagantly dressed than crowned heads in old countries, and some wore more jewels in the early morning than a princess would wear in any evening in England. Everything I saw in New Orleans disgusted me. I could not visit the slave auction or slave depôts without suffering with horror for days after; and I could not look at the daily paper, with its little black running negroes heading innumerable advertisements of runaways, without feeling sick with sympathy for the sufferings of these human beings so indicated.

In fact, I never lost the feeling of the presence of slavery. It met me everywhere; its influence was felt everywhere: in the book-shops, by the glaring absence of certain books; in the pulpit, by the doctrines doctored to please the congregation; in the cars, by the division of white and black; in the schools, from the absence of every child supposed to have a tinge of black blood; in the evening, by the gun to send all coloured people home — everywhere, at every time, the presence of slavery was heavy upon me.

The conversations at that time, in almost all groups of people, were directly or indirectly about slavery and the infamy of the North; this infamy all connected with the peculiar institution. One evening we went to the only scientific society in the city — a poor, struggling, ill-supported association — and the interest of the lecture I heard there turned, too, on slavery. It went to prove that the Egyptians had negro slaves, and that these African races from all time had been *servants*, and always ought to be, and always would be.

There was quite enough in this city to make the heart of man sad; and though the country around was sad too, there is always the sky when one is out of the narrow streets. So I often used to go by the railway to different points in the woods, or on the Lake Ponchartrain, to get the refreshment of the beautiful blue sky and the gorgeous setting sun.

One day I went to Carrolton, a collection of white wooden villas, with green verandahs and gardens, very ugly and utterly uninteresting, but it is on the very verge of the uncultivated, untouched forest swamps. It was, in fact, one of the few places where it was possible to get a view of that melancholy country, and so one day, very near to Carrolton, I encamped with my sketching umbrella, &c., to make a view of the monotonous wall of deciduous cedars which rose beyond the one field which had been cleared, and cultivation attempted, but unsuccessfully; and this field, which was my foreground, was now a swamp covered with rank grass, dwarf palm, and dead stalks of tall plants. The trees beyond were leafless,

but clothed in waving garments from the topmost branches to the ground, of grey moss — monotonous and fantastic.

The first day, I had not been seated more than half an hour, in dead stillness when I heard steps close behind me, and, looking up, saw a young lady, very pale and slender, with a timid, tired look, walking up to me, with a negro woman, who, like most other household slaves, was rather fat, and remarkable for her ready smile and gay handkerchief, arranged turbanlike on her head. I said at once, "Good morning," and, as the timid young lady halted close to me, she said, "Good day, ma'am," and then she stood behind me, for at least twenty minutes, until I began to feel her eyes on my fingers, and to get quite nervous; but, as she looked so pale and so very timid, I did not dare to say, "Go away; you prevent me from drawing," and so I turned round in despair, and said, "You must find it very dull and tiring standing so long." "Oh, no! oh, no! I could stand here all day, and never feel weary at all, I am so interested." This was said quickly, but in a very low voice. "Good heavens!" thought I, "I hope not; this is very desperate;" and seeing the negro squat down, reminded me it would be better for us both if the young lady would sit down. So I pulled out a corner of a mackintosh cloak, and said, "Pray sit down." The young lady instantly accepted my not very politely-worded offer, and sat down by me, saying, in a very low voice, lower than before, "Oh, you are very kind!" The "kind" was almost inaudible. I went on drawing. The young lady never spoke, but watched me intensely. Half an hour passed, and I began to wonder, but I determined not to break silence first, and so, by my watch, which I took out and looked at, another half-hour passed, when the silent young lady got up, and saying, "Shall you come to-morrow?" awakened her sleeping negress, and, being assured I should be there again the next day, said "Good morning," and walked away. She went into a very little wooden villa behind me, which very dull-looking little house was now invested with interest for me, for this pale, uninteresting young lady excited my interest, she was so very quiet; and now I had had time to examine her, I had found out she had quite perfect features — not a fault to be found with the lovely lines of brow, nose, and chin, with all so expressionless, and so colourless, that no one could be struck with her beauty: it was beauty to discover for yourself by patient investigation. If there was any expression, it was pathos. She did not look open-eyed and stupid, as you may perhaps imagine the word expressionless to mean, but utterly weighed down, listless, and without any feeling, or desire, or restlessness, or pain, or pleasure, or anything. She looked as if she were *ennuyée*, and did not know it even.

The next day, unfortunately, there was what the Americans called a "young tornado" — that is to say, a little tempest — which flooded the country with its rain and tore up the trees with its winds, and it was, of course, impossible to think of sketching. I was very glad it was not an old tornado, if this was a specimen of the power of a young tornado. Two days after this the ground was still wet, but I went off by rail to Carrolton, and, in india-rubber boots, waded to my sketching place. Before I was installed even, my pale young lady came out of her little bathing-machine like house, with her negress, and walked up to me with her, "Good day, ma'am." The negress said, "Oh! I be very glad you come, for Miss Cecilia sat all day at the window for three days, looking for de fine weather. I don't know what she do if you don't come."

I was touched, and said, "Miss Cecilia must have very little to do, if she has so much time to think about my drawing."

Miss Cecilia blushed a little, and said very low, "I have nothing to do."

This was said in perfect good faith, and so quietly, and so much as if it were a matter of course, that I was quite staggered.

"Nothing to do? nothing to do?" I said, accented as a question.

"Nothing to do," she answered quietly.

Then we sat down as before, in silence, and I gave her a seat on my mackintosh and two air cushions, and made her very comfortable; and there we sat in silence.

The negress had gone into the house saying, "You will take care of Miss Cecilia," and not waiting for my answer.

Miss Cecilia sat with her hands (which were enveloped in little white cotton gloves) folded over her knees, and leaned forward, watching me intensely — watching the brush as it went into cobalt and emerald, green and sepia, and pink madder, trying hard to get the strange grey of the shroud-like moss.

I did not look up, but I felt her eyes, and gradually I lost my power of concentration on my work, and inwardly gave it up and determined to gratify my curiosity about my strange Cecilia; but I went on pretending to work and not looking at her.

"Miss Cecilia," said I, "do you paint?"

"No," said she.

"Do you sing?"

"No," said she.

"Do you ride on horseback?"

"No, no," said she.

"Do you write many letters?"

"None," said she.

"Do you like embroidery?"

"No," said she.

"Do you like crochet?"

"I do it, but I don't think I like it."

You must not think this was a brisk conversation — very far from it — there was a long gap after each "No;" and it was only the last sentence which gave me any hope of a conversation.

"What do you like?" said I.

"I do not know," said she, very low and languidly.

"But I am sure you like sitting here with me, Cecilia," said I, boldly calling her by her Christian name.

"Yes," she answered, "*very*, very much."

"Ah," rejoined I, "I am very glad that you like it very, *very* much; and you like it very, *very* much, why? tell me?"

"Oh, because it amuses me to see you take so much trouble about what I can't understand. There is nothing to draw. Why don't you draw our house? And what did you come here for? nobody ever came here before like you."

I was delighted to explain to her as well as I could a traveller's reasons for sketching, but she evidently did not really comprehend or sympathise with what I said.

Whilst I was talking, a negro woman came up to me and said, "My missus says you're to bring what you're doing to her to look at, and you're to come to the back door."

I hardly understood this message, and said so: "I don't know what your mistress wants, but if it is to look at my drawing tell her to come to me."

"Oh, I dar'n't say that; you must come along; you're to go in at the back kitchen door."

Now I confess I was a little angry and refused to go, which was very childish, for if I had had the sense to have submitted quietly I should have seen something of another family of slave-owners, and perhaps have been able to give this great lady a little lesson, but I was insulted by this continual contempt which I found any kind of steady work was exposed to. Perhaps, if this had been the first time a fine lady had treated me like a slave, because I worked like a slave, I should not have been angry; but it was the last touch which quite overset my good humour, and I shall for ever regret it. Ah, what a pity I did not go to that back kitchen-door! What I should have seen and heard must remain for ever unseen and unheard, because I was put out of temper by a very natural message considering where I was and who sent it. I had the satisfaction of seeing the lady leaning out of an upper window of her house trying to see me, and Cecilia told me she was very rich and had a great many slaves, and was very cruel sometimes when she was ill and irritable.

Cecilia, after a long silence, for I was cross and quiet, said, "I want to know how you dared to go into the cypress wood the other day — are you not afraid of the runaway slaves there? They say they are worse than wild beasts."

"Oh no; there can't be any so close to the town. I was not afraid; I only went for a little walk. Don't you ever go for a walk?"

"No, never."

This reminded me of a fashionable young lady in New Orleans, who had never seen the country at all round her city, and who did not know of what we were speaking when we spoke of the long grey moss one day at a dinner party. I told my companion this, and she said, "Oh, she had seen it, no doubt, in the shops ready for stuffing mattresses, and thought it was horse-hair! But I am not astonished she had not seen it in the country: why should she go to see it?"

I tried to make her understand the many reasons — moral, physical, and intellectual — why we should take walks in the country, or rides, or drives, or all three; but I suppose my disquisition was very dull, for she did not seem to care about it, and fell into her listless attitude. So after a little silence I fell into the cross-questioning method, which was the only possible one with my strange companion.

"Have you always lived here?"

"No, we lived in New Orleans when I was little and my parents were alive. Since their death I have always lived there with grandmother," said she, pointing to the green and white box.

Then, in answer to my questions, she told me she was twenty, and that her father and mother had died of yellow fever when she was five years old and her only brother seven; that she had doted on, and adored her brother John; that he had been quite different from her, very lively and very clever; and that he could not bear to live a quiet life, so he ran away from home and had joined General Walker, who was his

great hero, and had been killed in Nicaragua. She told me how a letter came to her grandmother and she had to read it as her grandmother was too blind, and how, after understanding the terrible news, she fell down in a faint and was sick for weeks and weeks after. "But," said she wearily, "that is six years ago; a very long time ago." She went on to tell me, that her grandmother was very old and infirm, and now quite blind, that she was very kind and very good, but that she would never let her go out anywhere, because it cost money, nor learn the piano, or sing, because that cost money too, and because she could not bear a noise or bustle in the house: the rooms being divided with wood only, you could hear every sound in the house as if it were one room.

"She is very good to me," said Cecilia. "She has a little money; and as my father died in debt, it is very good of her to keep me. She says I and my brother have cost her a great deal of money."

"If she said that," said I to myself, "I do not think she has been very good to you, and it is fortunate for you if you think so."

"She is a great sufferer now," continued Cecilia, "and Zoe has to sit by her for hours, holding her hands or combing her hair, and sometimes for days she will not see me. She does not believe I know how to nurse or do anything. Zoe is a very good creature: I should not be here now, but Zoe has the sense to say, when grandmother asks where I am, 'Miss Cecil is close by; I can see her.'"

I sat silently wondering at this dull life, and thinking of all the avenues to activity in any little town in England for a young lady like Cecilia — the church, the chapel, the little social societies for charity, all of which occupy those who are too poor or too pious for balls, picnics, and country gaieties. We have in England so many small organizations that it would be strange there to find a being who did not deliberately choose it, leading so isolated a life as my poor Cecilia. In England the clergyman or the minister and the doctor are the steady friends of the most solitary woman.

"Do you not go to church?" I said.

"Sometimes, but not very often. Grandmamma will not let me go alone; and as she likes the minister to come and read prayers to her, I stay with her; but I like to go to church best, because I like to see the people."

"But don't you see any one — not the doctor?" said I, determined to find out if this life were really so cut off from all human fellowship as it seemed.

"Oh, sometimes we do see the doctor."

Cecilia blushed deeply with some emotion or other, as she mentioned the doctor, so I asked her if she liked her grandmother's doctor.

"Oh yes, very well," said she.

But this did not satisfy me, and I put ingenious questions, which it would be very tedious to relate, until I extracted the following episode in her life.

Two years ago, in the middle of the summer, there had been a terrible attack of yellow fever, which had been more than usually fatal; the deaths followed so quickly — hundreds upon hundreds — that a deadly panic seized the people, and in many places the doctors and nurses fled. Hospitals were obliged to be hastily prepared where the rich and poor were taken alike. The doctor, Cecilia's friend, had under his care a hospital for children, which was the schoolhouse, hastily adapted to its new purpose. The long rows of desks and forms were covered with mattresses, and children in every stage of the disease were crowded together: some were nursed by relations, but the greater part by ladies who volunteered to do what few women dared to do for hire. This doctor had taken Cecilia, in spite of her grandmother's disapprobation, and put her into this hospital, where it was evident he had soon felt her worth, for he had made her, young as she was, chief of a wing. He had praised her devotedness, he had depended upon her, he had called her his Sister of Charity, and entrusted many difficult missions to her care; she had found out what liberty was; for she had been about alone on the business of the hospital and found herself full of courage and life. She was intensely grateful to the man who had made her useful and found her good for something, and she had evidently regarded the doctor as the good angel of her life. He had made a mark in her life; but she, alas! had not, it seemed, occupied his attention after the pestilence had passed. He was, probably a very busy man, and had almost forgotten her; he did remember her, indeed, sometimes; but he was too full of his own family affairs, his patients, and his negroes, to think much of his devoted Cecilia.

"Ah!" said she, with the longest sigh I ever heard, "I don't know how it was, and of course it is very wicked, but I never was so happy in all my life! Every day I was up at four and never in bed until twelve,

and the more I did the stronger I was; but now I do nothing all day I am very weak."

"But don't you visit the doctor's wife?"

"No; his wife is a fine lady, and I cannot dress so well as she does, so I do not like to go; people here think a great deal about dress. If you can't dress you can't visit the planters' families, and the doctor's family is quite a fashionable family. I am too poor, in reality, to go among such people."

"Then, why did not your grandmother give you a good education so that you might give lessons and earn money, as you can never be in what you call fashionable society?"

"Oh," said Cecilia, "she is too proud for that; and, besides, all the governesses and teachers come from the North, and I never could have been so clever and accomplished as they are."

Then she told me about the planters who lived in the great houses, and the retired storekeepers of New Orleans who lived in the little villas around us. She said they were very proud indeed; that they did just bow to her in passing, that was all, though many of them had known her and her grandmother for fifteen years. She said her grandmother had been quite well known, and had had eight hundred slaves.

"You have only Zoe now?" I said.

"Only Zoe," said she; "but Zoe is married and has had four children."

"And where are they?" asked I, with a certain shuddering curiosity.

"They are all gone away."

"Sold?" said I, with my heart aching within me.

"Yes," said Cecilia, quite quietly, with no emotion.

"But don't you think it wrong of your grandmother to sell another woman's children?" said I, hotly and boldly—too boldly considering I was in Louisiana, where a less bold speech has been punished with tar and feathers.

"Zoe's children?" said she, not understanding my implication at all.

"Yes," said I; "Zoe is a woman! Zoe's children!"

Cecilia looked at me with eyes wide open, quite astonished, and said, "But, you see, grandmamma could not afford to keep five people, and she wanted money; so, of course, she sold them. What should you have done with them?"

Here was a puzzling question! Cecilia looked at me as if she could not guess in the least my thought. I think she rather imagined I was proposing they should be drowned as kittens—these unhappy black babies; she had no idea, certainly, that any one could think there was a responsibility somewhere to bring them up as Christian children. I did not attempt to answer her question, for I am sure I did not know what I should have done with them; but I asked her another, "Do you not think it wrong to have slaves?"

"I never thought about it; does any one think it wrong?"

Here was an opportunity for argument, and I hardly knew how to begin, so I hazarded, "Have you read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'"?

"No, never," said she. "I have not read many books, for, as grandmother is blind, she won't buy any books. I have read the Bible all through, but I do not remember anything about slavery being wrong in it."

I entered into the subject heart and soul, and told her there were millions of people who thought slavery wrong; and I told her how England had freed her slaves, and how work was done better for fair pay than fear; and how the labourer, who was free, was respected, and the effect of this respect for work on all people—ladies and gentlemen and all. She became so intensely interested in this new idea that I was afraid she might speak out imprudently, so I cautioned her and told her of the experience of some of my abolitionist friends. Her face lighted up, and her beautiful eyes kindled as I told her how many women had suffered for saying that they thought slavery wrong. I went on to tell her of Miss M. G. and others who had been born slave-owners and rich, and who had freed all their slaves and lived a life of hard work and poverty rather than have any share in what they conceived to be a great iniquity.

"Supposing you are right that slavery is wrong, what will happen to us all here? Shall we be treated like Sodom and Gomorrah?"

I told her I thought that by God's laws, as we knew them, society could not be peaceful, constituted as this was in opposition to His evident intentions; that I did not think she need fear fire or brimstone, but that she must look for some change; what it would be I could not tell. It was getting late, and the damp mist was rising, so I was obliged to go. I walked with Cecilia to her door, kissed her, and promised to come the next day. Alas! the next day we received sad news from England, and we were obliged to start immediately for Mobile on our way home.

I had no regrets in leaving New Orleans

except in causing some sorrow to some poor negro friends of ours, and the one deep regret of being unable to fulfil my engagement with poor Cecilia — poor, poor Cecilia! It was sad for her to lose her new friend, and it seemed as if her life was doomed to sadness and disappointment. I tormented myself with the imagination of this lonely figure standing waiting in the marsh, and longing for the strange visitor to come and continue the conversation which had just begun to be so intimate, affectionate, and interesting. I thought of her going home to the dull house and the dull inmates. I was grieved to the heart to think of her daily bitter disappointments, and I was then provoked and sorry I had not given her my name and address, for she really did not know my name; it was a tormenting pain to me the whole of my journey; and though I had written to her before leaving, and sent her a parcel of books, I had not faith enough in the post of Louisiana to believe she would ever receive the letter or the packet. In my letter I begged of her to write to me at New York and also to London. Alas! there was no letter at New York. I wrote again to her with no result. Weeks passed, we arrived in England, but never a letter has come to me from Cecilia. At the beginning of the war I wrote to her again, but I have never received any answer. Great changes have taken place in New Orleans since I was there, and I have this satisfaction in thinking of Cecilia, that whatever change has taken place in her fate, must be for the better. She is dead, perhaps; she has fallen in with some Federal officer who may love her; or she is again a hospital nurse. There is little doubt that she is happier now than when she sat beside me that first day I met her; probably, the ideas I gave her were thought over and over in her mind, and she was prepared for what has happened and ready for the time of change.

The life of this poor young lady in Louisiana was the dullest life I ever knew — dull, because her domestic life happened to be sad, lonely; dull, because she was poor; dull, because she was in a slave State; dull, because the country was dull and dreary; dull, because she was a young lady with nothing to do and very little education. Happily, such a dull life is not possible in many countries, and was rare no doubt in the country where I came across it.

THE FATE OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

To the Editor of the London Times: —

Sir, — By a letter received yesterday from Dr. Kirk, dated Zanzibar, February 8 (eleven days later than the previous dates), I learn that a despatch reached His Highness the Sultan on the previous day from the governor of Quiloa, containing a most important statement with regard to Dr. Livingstone. The despatch stated that traders had arrived at that port (Quiloa) from the far interior, beyond Lake Nyassa, and that at the end of November last (*i. e.*, two months after the time of the reported catastrophe), when they were at Maksura (within ten miles of the supposed place of the massacre), nothing was known of any mishap having befallen Livingstone. They said, on the contrary, that the traveller had continued onward towards the Avisa or Babisa country, after having met with a hospitable reception on the western shore of the north end of Lake Nyassa. Dr. Kirk adds, however, that as Maksura is short of the place of attack described by the Johanna men, he almost fears to communicate this intelligence, lest it should buoy up hopes which may too soon be broken.

At the same time, as I have all along questioned the veracity of these cowardly runaways, the Johanna men, founding my distrust on the testimony of those who know them well, this latest information from very near the scene of the reported disaster gives me further grounds for the hope that the great traveller may still be alive, a hope which I expressed when this painful subject was first brought before the public.

At all events, it is now more than ever obvious that the course which it suggested, and which is sanctioned by the council of the Royal Geographical Society — namely, to have an expedition sent out to clear up the mystery — is the proper one to pursue. It is proposed to intrust the command of the search party, with the permission of the board of admiralty, to Mr. E. D. Young, who managed the Pioneer steam vessel, on the Zambesi for two years, under Livingstone, and who has now a post on board her Majesty's yacht Victoria and Albert. Provided with an iron boat, to be sent out with him, it is hoped that her Majesty's government will instruct the naval authorities at the Cape to forward Mr. Young and his companions to the Zambesi. Once arrived there, the leader is so well known to the natives that, after selecting a negro crew, his boat will be carried in pieces, past the cataracts of the Shiré, and afterwards

launched on that river, thence to navigate the Lake Nyassa to its northern end, near which the disaster is said to have occurred. If the sad story be true, and Livingstone has really been killed, the news will doubtless have spread along the shores of the lake, or great line of traffic of the country. Again, his instruments, note-books, guns, &c. — the relics of his expedition — will have found their way as articles of barter among the natives. In the absence of such signs, and in the event of the exploring party finding no proofs whatever of his death, why, then I shall firmly believe that the man who was appointed her Majesty's consul to all the chiefs in the interior of South Africa is still carrying out his great mission.

In conclusion, I do not hesitate to say that this search after Livingstone would meet with the hearty approval of the country. It can be carried out at small cost and accomplished within a few months, thus clearing away the painful suspense which hangs over the fate of the illustrious traveller; and surely the civilized world will expect that such a tribute of respect, at least, shall be paid to so renowned and disinterested an explorer.

I remain your obedient servant.
RODERICK I. MURCHISON.
16 Belgrave square, April 23.

P. S. In proof of the intense interest which is taken in the desire to ascertain the fate of my valued friend, I may state that I have received more than twenty applications from competent men to serve as volunteers in the "Livingstone Search Expedition."

POETRY. — Poetry, as we believe, preserves and purifies language, cultivates good taste, helps memory, fills the mind with fair images and high, unselfish thoughts; wondrously increases our perception and enjoyment of natural beauty, relieves the pain of our usual lack or poverty of expression, shaping and bringing within compass multifarious thoughts and feelings, otherwise inexpressible. But the boon of boons, including all the rest, is the general enlargement, elevation, emancipation of the soul. Poetry universalizes. In its last result it is never despondent, but inspired with the loftiest joy and courage. It begins in the glad sense of universal beauty, and when it bestows the same glad sense upon its hearers, its result is accomplished. Here and there you find a short poem, exceptional, expressing a despondent mood, but the best poetry in its total effect is cheerful and encouraging. Even when it treats of sorrow, of pain, of death, it is sympathetic, but not despondent and gloomy. The very production of the exceptional sad poem indicates a degree of victory over the sadness. The "Iliad," treating much of war, wounds, and violent death, is animated and exhilarating throughout; of Dante's great poem, the first part is most read, for its fierce picturesqueness and dreadful fascination, but the second is an ascending symphony of hope and faith, and the third part a hymn of heavenly rapture. Chaucer is cheerful as the green landscape after a spring shower; Spenser full of rich vivacity and bold adventure; Shakespeare's book a multifarious world of movement and interest; nothing did Goethe so much abhor, in life and in literature, as despondency, discouragement. The poet, when he is most himself, rises to a high and serene view. He will not exhibit grief, misery, horror, in isolated sharpness, and for the mere sensational effect; these must lose their harsh and painful prominence, and fall into place in a large and noble circle of ideas. The merely painful always marks as inferior the work in which it is found. Didactic poetry and doctrinal poetry are also inferior, so far as they are narrowed not merely by human but by particular limitations, concerned too much with certain people, opinions, circumstances, with the temporary and accidental. In the pure mountain air which blows over the realm of true poetry no mental epidemic can exist, or if it rises thither it melts away; fever of partisanship, itch of personality, opthalmia of dogmatism, lie below with fog upon the marshlands. Yet the poet escapes not the influence of his time; usually it affects him far too much. He is apt to fall into sudden timidity in the midst of his boldest enterprises, apt to yield to the pressure of the hour. Also his delicate senses persuade him to luxury and sloth. His experience of the stupidity and the selfishness which have possession of so many human beings goads him sometimes into one or another form of cynicism. He may sometimes write below his own dignity and that of his art. But, remember, if he puts any evil (here is not meant by evil what this person or that person may object to, put contradiction of his own better self, treason to humanity) — if he puts any wickedness into his poetry, it is so much the less poetry. So far, it suffers loss of value and of rank. The external facts, too, and incidents connected with composition and publication are often ugly, nauseous, and warping. The ideal, the typical poet, has all but superhuman power of vision and of speech. But in the actual, every poet is very limited and imperfect. Even the great poets are faulty, full of faults and short-comings. Each, limited already in his genius, is also limited from without, and does not do even as well as he might. On every side a dull and perverse world of persons and circumstances presses in upon his work. — *Fraser's Maagzine.*

General Changarnier has just broken his long silence on political affairs, dating from his arrest at the time of the *coup d'état*, and has written an essay in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the reorganization of the army. His judgment is not favourable to the Government scheme; at the same time, he disclaims any intention of systematic opposition, and admits that after the battle of Sadowa there was a pretext for making some kind of alteration. That battle, by the way, he describes, with the characteristic jealousy of Frenchmen at the military successes of other nations, as "one of the greatest disasters in the history of France." The General does not care much about rifled cannon and modern arms of precision; he denies that the Prussian needle-gun was the main cause of the Prussian success last summer; yet he grants that France must not be behind other nations in these matters, and that, if soldiers even fancy that they are worse armed than their opponents, they are pretty sure to follow their leaders with distrust. He has no faith in the Prussian landwehr system, and asserts that the Prussian army, in the campaign with Austria, being composed to a great extent of raw troops suddenly taken from sedentary occupations, could not have supported the fatigue of a long war, and that, even as it was, they filled the hospitals with sick, and studded the roads with loiterers. With reference to the French army, Changarnier is in favour of a comparatively small, but thoroughly disciplined, force of professional soldiers, and is strongly opposed to the formation of a large reserve of imperfectly drilled amateurs. One of the most important principles he lays down, however, is that, after a certain point, mere numbers are useless, or even mischievous. "No doubt," he argues, "if 3,000 men are pitted against 5,000, the odds are very great in favour of the larger force. But when you come to 60,000 against 100,000, the chances change considerably, and the higher the numbers go, the less important it is that an army should be equally matched. The larger an army, the more difficult it is to handle, and there is a point, soon reached, at which it cannot be handled to any good purpose at all." It cannot be doubted that such is the case; and the gallant General's words should be borne in mind by those alarmists in this country who would have us maintain an enormous standing army because the Continental Powers think fit to do the same. Changarnier denounces as ruinous and absurd any attempt on the part of France to put on foot an army equal in point of numbers to the largest that could by possibility be brought against her; and such an attempt would even be more ruinous and absurd with us. — *London Review*, 20 *April*.

Antiphonal Chanting.—The Rev. George Venables, Vicar of Friezland, writing to the *Churchman* on this subject, says: — "As much attention is now given to Church congregational singing and chanting, allow me to mention a method which I once introduced into a church for promoting good antiphonal chanting. It might be introduced in singing hymns also, if desirable. The plan is simply that of dividing the congregation, as nearly as practicable, into two equal portions, one-half chanting the first verse, the other half the second verse, and so throughout. The effect is excellent. A nice spirit of singing seems to be engendered by it, as a not improper feeling of emulation arises, by which 'the two great companies' (Nehemiah xiii. 31, 40, 43) rival one another in their endeavour to 'sing unto the Lord, and to make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.' The idea was original on my part when I began it, but most of your readers will know that it is the ancient method of chanting. My conviction is that this arrangement does much to promote that thorough and hearty congregational singing and chanting which all our offices recognise, and which we ought to encourage."

Bamboos for Paper. — The considerable trade which is now carried on between the West Indies and America in bamboos for the manufacture of paper is new to that part of the world, but the Chinese have long applied the bamboo to the same purpose. The article is only second in importance, says the *Morning Star*, to tea as exports from Foo chow. The young shoots are used for food in Shanghai and Ningpo, and during the autumn provide freight for several steamers. It is manufactured also into paper, of which an immense quantity is sent to Che-foo and Tien-tsin, the trade being carried on upon a smaller scale with Ningpo, Shanghai, and Woochang. Our paper-makers are always grumbling about the supply of rags — why don't they try bamboo?

The Rev. Francis Trench communicates to *Notes and Queries* an anecdote of David Hume, which he says he found in the "Memoirs of James, Earl of Claremont" (edition 1810): — "He once professed hinself the admirer of a young, most beautiful, and accomplished lady at Turin, who only laughed at his passion. One day he addressed her in the usual commonplace strain, that he was *abîmé, anéanti*. 'Oh! pour anéanti,' replied the lady, 'ce n'est en effet qu'une opération très-naturelle de votre système.'"

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *The Nightingale in the East*, 1854.
2. *John Bull and the Taxes*, 1865.
3. *The Reform Battle in Hyde Park*, 1866.
4. *Stop the Beer on Sunday*, 1860.
5. *Be Merry on Christmas Day*, 1866.
6. *Grand Conversation on Napoleon*, 1830.
7. *The Lakes of Killarney*, 1840.
8. *Spencer the Rover*, 1827.
9. *Work, Boys, Work*, 1861.
10. *The Oakham Poachers*, 1819.
11. *Müller's Lament*, 1860.
12. *What do you think of Billy Roupell*, 1861.
13. *The Road Hill Murder*, 1861.
14. *Wonderful Mr. Spurgeon*, 1860.
15. *Shakspeare's House*, 1858.
16. *Death of Lord Palmerston*, 1865.
17. *Church and Chapel*, 1859.
18. *Answer to the Protestant Drum*, 1852.
19. *Elegy on the Death of Prince Albert*, 1860.
20. *The Prince of Wales' Baby*, 1861.
21. *A Night in a London Workhouse*, 1866.
22. *A Catalogue of Halfpenny Ballads* (500), 1866.
23. *Dreadful Accident on the Ice in Regent's Park*, 1867.
24. *The Lions in Trafalgar Square*. 1867.

Price, One Halfpenny each.

Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun once said 'he knew a wise friend who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads of a nation, he need not care who should make the laws.'* Ingenious M. Meusnier de Querlon, too, once seriously projected the writing of the history of his country by a chronological series of Songs and Ballads; and, beyond a doubt, honest Andrew's words contain a considerable amount of truth, however difficult his more airy Gallic neighbour might have found it to make his history a complete one. We can well imagine the effect of such glowing impassioned words as

'Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled'

on the hearts of a band of Scotch patriots; or of the 'Marseillaise'

'Aux armes, citoyens, formez vos bataillons,
Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillon'

on the crowd of hungry savages who hastened to 'The Feast of Pikes;' with what lusty throats, when King Henry came back from Agincourt, the men of London city shouted

'Owre kynge went forth to Normandy
With grace and mygt of chivalry,
The God for him wrought marvelously,
Wherefore Englonde may call and cry
Deo gratias:'*

or, how, one and all, throughout Cornish land, the brave hearts and sturdy lips of the people, when their favourite Knight was in durance vile, made the country-side ring with

'And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
And shall Trelawney die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why.'

There have been Ballads and Songs in every age of every civilised country, which gave utterance, not simply to the noble thoughts of some rapt minstrel or inspired bard, but to the deep and passionate longings, the undying patriotism, the heroic patience, the invincible courage, the sublime self-sacrifice, the rapture or the agony of a whole people; and it was this that lent immortal fire and music to the lips of the singer; though his verse may have lacked the martial splendour of Macaulay, or the smooth and subtle strength of Aytoun. So far, therefore, we may well endorse the dictum of worthy Mr. Fletcher; and still be a long way from making Acts of Parliament out of Ballads. But there comes a time in the history of every highly-civilised people, amid all the golden fruits of Religion, Philosophy, Art, Poetry, Science, Discovery and Wealth, with the baser results of Luxury and Refinement, when the Nation no longer speaks as a whole. The classes that in a simpler age were more or less one, or bound together by the tie of common duties, needs, and pleasures, become selfish and distinct. Each begins to have its own heroes, poets, teachers, maxims and favourite rules; and then, amid the clash of conflicting creeds, the jargon of schools, the cries of hungry ambition, the lofty reasonings of the philosopher, the proud flights of science and of song, the insatiable cravings of increasing wealth, and the dreams of self-indulgence,—among the great, the mighty, the rich, and the prosperous,—the words of the lower and poorer classes pass unheeded and almost unknown beyond their own immediate circle.

* These well-known words have been variously attributed to men as different and as wide apart in every respect as Robert Burns and William Cobbett. But there is no doubt that they belong to honest Andrew. Vide 'Political Works,' 266: and Whately's 'Bacon,' p. 175. Fletcher died in 1716.

* 'Percy's Reliques,' ii., 22.

And yet this very circle, narrow as it comparatively is, in the midst of a great country like England, and in the heart of the mightiest city in the world, has its own pet heroes, poets, and teachers, its own favourite maxims, sayings, and rules; and, above all, its own Literature; with which few but the multitude of ardent disciples have any real acquaintance. Of that Literature Mr. Catnach * and his successors, Disley and Fortey, are the High priests; Seven Dials is the shrine; while the question of authorship in the majority of cases is as great a mystery as that of the Homeric poems themselves. As to the shrine, it was known and famous as long ago as the days of 'delightful old Vinny Bourne'— as Cowper affectionately calls him — and even then as the seat of Song—

> 'Qua Septem vicos conterminat una Columna,
> Consistunt Nymphæ Sirenum ex agmine binæ.' †

The '*Column*' has long ago given way to a far more sightly and useful building, and the ragged sirens with their cracked voices and wearisome importunities must be now looked for in the crowded recesses of the New Cut. But the ground is still sacred, Catnach is still the presiding genius of all the neighbouring grimy streets, and the Literature, though somewhat fallen from its ancient glory, includes that wonderful domain of 'Halfpenny Ballads' to which we are now about to introduce our readers; forming, more or less, a separate class by themselves; distinct, as will be seen, in subject, style, and beauty. We have now before us a catalogue containing five or six hundred of these Ballads, and out of them, with considerable care—as choice flowers out of a dainty garden — about a hundred have been selected, of which two dozen are named at the head of this Article. No mere selection, indeed, can give a true idea of all their varied beauties, or even of the innumerable topics on which they touch; so lofty is the flight of genius, so various are the themes which poesy seizes on, ennobles, and makes her own for ever; but we have done what we could in the difficult task, and those ardent readers whose thirst shall be still unquenched must go themselves to the fountain head.

The Ballads may be roughly divided into about eight classes, 'Famous Men and Women,' 'Historical,' 'Modern Events,' 'Religious.' 'Miscellaneous,' 'Murder,' 'Political,' 'The Royal Family.' The modes of treatment are so curious, the metres employed so lawless, the beauties and the blots so many and so unexpected, that the difficulty is where to begin and what to select. The critic is fairly distracted by the infinite variety that besets and captivates him. The only way, therefore, in such a garden of roses, is to begin boldly, pluck the first flower that comes to hand, and arrange the bouquet as we best may. We turn, therefore, to 'Famous Men and Women,' and light at once on the fair name of Florence Nightingale, as 'The Nightingale in the East.' It's a far stretch from 'Seven Dials' to the Crimea, but the poet, nothing daunted by the greatness of his subject, thus plunges boldly *in medias res*, —

> 'On a dark lonely night on the Crimea's dread shore
> There had been bloodshed and strife on the morning before,
> The dead and the dying lay bleeding around,
> Some crying for help — there's none to be found;
> Now God in his mercy he pityed their cries,
> And the soldier so cheerful in the morning do rise;
> So forward, my lads, may your hearts never fail,
> You're cheered by the presence of a sweet Nightingale.' *

There is a fine abruptness in the three opening lines, but in spite of the rough music of the second, the whole picture is at once before the reader's eye; and in the midst of dead and dying heroes, some silent for ever, and some crying madly for help in their last agony, is the poet's fit occasion for obeying the great canon of 'Nec deus intersit, &c.,' and making a bold dash for

* The most elaborate production of '*Jemmy Catnach*,' as he was popularly called was, 'An Attempt to Exhibit the Leading Events in the Queen's Life, in Cuts and Verse,' price 2*d.*; printed on a folio sheet adorned with 12 cuts, interspersed with verses of descriptive poetry, and bearing date Dec. 10, 1821. Catnach was then at the height of his fame as a printer of ballads in Monmouth-Court, Seven Dials, where he spent a hardworking, busy life, and died in 1840, ætat. 49, having amassed a fortune of 10,000*l.* He was the son of a decent north-country printer, and began at first with a small shop, and a small trade in halfpenny songs, relying for their composition on one or two of his 'bards,' and when they were typsy, being driven to write himself. During the Peninsular war, and specially at the time of Queen Caroline's trial, his business had increased so enormously as at times to require two or three presses going night and day to keep pace with the demand. At a later period he turned his attention to the 'Gallows' Ballads, and here he reaped a golden harvest. He retired from business in 1839, and was succeeded by a Mr. Fortey.

† Vin. Bourne, 'Poemata,' p. 61.

* In every extract from these ballads care has been taken to quote most exactly, *verbatim*, *literatim*, — and if it were lawful to say so, — *punctuatim*.

the heroine in the closing line. Stanza II. tells us that 'this woman was sent' from Heaven to succour the brave, that her eyes beam with pleasure, as some wounded ones are brought in with fever 'and life almost gone,' while

> 'Some with *dismantled* * limbs, some to fragments is torn:'

but, all keeping up their spirits, and hearts that never fail, in the presence of their sweet Nightingale. Yet, in utter defiance of this horrible scene of carnage and confusion, the grim woodcut at the head of the Ballad represents our fair countrywoman as seated cosily by the side of a downy four-post bed, and handing a Basin of Hot Gruel (with Brandy in it beyond all doubt) to a stalwart but 'dismantled' Dragoon, propped up with pillows and looking the very picture of easy comfort.

The name of Florence Nightingale is graven deeply on the hearts of the English people, and far and wide over the world, wherever the English language is spoken, goodness, and valour, and beauty are proud to claim kindred with her; but we doubt whether she ever reached a prouder apotheosis than —

> 'The soldier's they say she's an angel from Heaven,
> Sing praises to this woman, deny it who can,
> And all women was sent for the comfort of man!'

Our next hero is Mr. Spurgeon, who for the last few years has probably preached more sermons, in better English, in spite of their slang, with a mightier voice, to a greater number of thousands, in a larger Rotunda, than any other young man of the age. All ages, ranks, and classes, have been found among his audience, from the days of the front rows and half-guinea reserved seats at the Surrey Music Hall, to the present free seats at the Tabernacle; critics, embryo orators, profound admirers, and ungodly scoffers, ladies of fashion, unbelievers, and Christians of every known shade, have all 'sat under' him. So great is his eloquence, that in the words of our poet

> 'He can please the duke, the lord, the squire,
> And ladies with gold lockets,
> He can make the very sovereigns jump
> Out of old women's pockets.'

So mighty is the thunder of his eloquence that,

> 'If Spurgeon went into St. Paul's
> I'm sure he'd not dissemble,
> His voice would make the dome to rise,
> And St. Paul's church for to tremble.'

So winning are his persuasive powers, as to make guineas fly from the closest of 'buttoned pockets;' to rouse his hearers to the heights of 'kingdom come,' or sink them to the depths of troubled anxiety about 'their poor souls,' or as our poet again expresses it,

> 'An't he the one to harass?'

In the great days of his Exeter Hall performances, when the Tabernacle was not yet built, Mr. Spurgeon is said — though the story is probably mythical — to have delighted and amazed his great band of admiring disciples by sliding down the balusters of the rostrum (from which he preaches), from the top to the bottom, to illustrate the fatal ease with which man slides into the pit of destruction, while 'sliding up again' * was to symbolize the difficulty of winning his way back to the path of virtue. Action, gesticulation, and frantic ejaculations of the freest kind, were among the favourite weapons of these oratorical displays, and it is probably to some well-known and favourite resort of this kind that the bard alludes when he says,

> 'He can look above and look below,
> He can deeply sigh and groan, ah!
> He can shake the rocks and swallow the whale,
> He's a greater man than Jonah.'

No wonder, therefore, that

> 'This wonderful man surprises the land,
> Parson, lawyer, snob and surgeon,
> From every place they run a race
> To the wonderful man call'd Spurgeon.'

At the head of this Ballad, there is a facetious woodcut, which to Mr. Spurgeon must have been a bitterness 'beyond that of aloes itself.' For, if there be anything in this life which Mr. Spurgeon hates, despises, and holds in pious abhorrence — it is a bishop; and here he is, at the top of this half-sheet, arrayed in full episcopal robes, in all the atrocious splendour of a full-bottomed wig, crowned with a mitre, lawn sleeves, a pastoral-staff in his right hand, and a bag of 30,000*l.* in his left;

* Another version of this ballad here has '*mangled*,' but *dismantled* is clearly the true reading.

* 'Sed revocare gradum . . . . ,
Hic labor, hoc opus est.'

while, with indignant foot, he tramples on the words, THE BILL! * This is very hard on the reverend divine, though he simply shares the luckless fate of the 'illustres Viri' of the 'Nuremberg Chronicle,' which, according to Dr. Maitland, was finished in July, 1493, and, 'that those who could not read the text might study, and be edified by, the pictures of cities and of illustrious men (*tum civitatum tum illustrium virorum*)' was adorned with woodcuts on almost every page. † As in the ballad a bishop *in Pontificalibus* stands for, and is the effigy of, Mr. Spurgeon; so in the famous 'Chronicle,' one and the same woodcut, at folio 52, stands for Hosea, Sadoc, and Scipio Africanus; further on, for Juno and the prophetess Hulda; or, at a later page, for Zephaniah, Æsop, Aulus Gellius, and John Wicliffe! So, therefore, wonderful Mr. Spurgeon must be content to share the common fate of all reverend persons whose fame reaches the poet of Seven Dials, and be handed down to posterity under the guise of a jolly bishop in lawn sleeves, trampling on reform.

In passing on to 'Lord Palmerston' we come to a kindred subject; for the Preacher of the Surrey Rotunda was said to have been a great favourite of the late Viscount, who 'sat under' him more than once. All know how popular the Prime Minister was, and how widely his loss was felt; we are not, therefore, surprised to find his elegy enclosed in a broad border of black, and seven heavy stanzas of dolorous rhyme devoted to his memory. Whether the poet is affected by the greatness of his theme, or fairly swallowed up in grief, it is hard to say, but his usual sprightliness and flow of verse seem to have utterly forsaken him. His poem is an unbroken wail of the flattest and dullest monotone. Thus it opens —

'You sons of Brittania,
In silence now weep,
For the loss of that statesman
Who in death's arms do sleep,
For that noble Lord Palmerston
Briton's deplore.
The glory of England
Alas is no more.

Mourn Briton's, mourn,
And in silence deplore
For the glory of England
Who now is no more.'

There are seven stanzas of this kind, but none rising above the dead level of Tupperian bathos, informing us (among other events) that 'he was born in October, seventeen eighty-four, that good able statesman who now is no more!' that he has been useful to England, to his country, to his Queen, to all foreign nations, who all 'felt the loss of the late Sir Robert Peel, but will miss "Pam" far more;' that Great Britain is lost in grief, and Victoria our Queen so 'quite overcome' when the news reached her —

'That she said my good statesman
Alas, is no more!
Lord Palmerston's gone
To that still silent bourne,
To his Queen and his country
He can never return.'

Step by step in his doleful strain the bard thus leads us on, and then with Shaksperian art having reminded us of

'That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns'

he closes his sad flight with

'We hope now Lord Palmerston
To glory is gone,
The twentieth day of October
He was just eighty-one.'

Cordially joining in this last pious aspiration for the welfare of departed greatness, we reach the grave of the warlike Mr. 'Tom Sayers' who, also,

'Is gone to that silent bourne,
Where he must lay till the judgment day,
No more he can return.'

Of whom also the poet, in the fierceness of his grief, with a fine defiance of rhyme and a spondaic exuberance in the second line, further sings, —

'At his residence in Camden Town,
Alas! Tom Sayers died!
On the eighth day of November
Eighteen hundred and sixty-five.
Tom is by all lamented
Since his equal none can find,
Tom expired in the prime of life
At the age of thirty-nine.'

* This effigy must clearly have been drawn to illustrate the conduct of some Right Rev. Divine in 1832.

† Maitland's 'Essays,' pp. 83, 84. So, in an early copy of Fox's 'Martyrs,' a single woodcut represents two different companies of *six* burned at different places and times; and the same picture serves for Margery Polley, martyred, at p. 1524, and Cicely Ormes, at p. 1835.

Mr. Sayers, the poem further tells us, 'was born at Brighton, where passed his youthful days,' was twelve years a pugilist, fought 'sixteen hard battles, and only once was beat,' his last victory being over 'the bold Benicia Boy;' no one could speak of Tom 'with envy or disdain,' though 'now he's gone' to a land where, alas! his knowledge of the manly art of self-defence will be useless.

But we must hasten on; merely quoting, ere we go, a single verse from 'Robert Stephenson's gone, God rest him,' which informs us that

> 'He died like a lamb, did that wonderful man
> Generations to come will long bless him,
> *Up aloft he has gone*, never more to return
> The Father of Railways, God rest him.
> Signed, JOHN MORGAN,
> Orchard Street, S. W.'

We notice this stanza, not only because we have a new simile instead of the invariable 'still, silent bourne,' but because it is the only ballad out of all the five hundred which bears the author's name.

Our next half-sheet, headed 'Shakespeare's House,' is altogether so singular, that we despair of giving our readers any adequate idea of what it is like. It was clearly written, many years ago, when a great outcry was raised against the notion of some Yankee speculator coming over to England and buying up the house of 'Sweet Will' for Barnum's museum. It starts in indignant passion that such a desecration should have been even thought of! 'to mutilate Nature's learned home'—

> 'A spot renowned before and after death'—

would be a national disgrace, and rouse the whole world to join in the bitter, though mysterious chorus of

> 'Profanation, degradation, — Oh England, thou
> art a tardanation!'

It seems, indeed, impossible to the bard that England could ever sink to such a depth of infamy; yet, he continues in a strain of fine sarcastic irony, 'Let it go, let it go, let the Jews get hold it, let Yankee Barnums prowl along those sacred walls,'

> '——— our Shakespere needs no fame,
> 'Tis but a house! a house! what's in a name?
> Let it be sold, or in the sea be tossed—
> His love and mighty labours ne'er will be lost.
> (Cho.) *Altercation, dilapidation, — Time steps in and cheats the Nation.*'

Under our second heading of 'Historical,' we have a dozen or two ballads, the titles of which sufficiently indicate their several subjects. The poet confines himself to no one kind of metre, and occasionally soars above all the restraints of rhyme; 'for though metre,' says De Quincey, 'is naturally and necessarily adopted in cases of impassioned themes, for the very obvious reason that rhythmus is both a cause of impassioned feeling, an ally of such feeling, and a natural effect of it; yet interrogations and passionate ejaculations are no more than natural when metre has attuned the mind for such effects;' and thus the poet is often hurried away into utter forgetfulness of all technical rules; but for the most part the style of verse is hum-drum itself. For example, 'The Battle of Boulogne' thus opens:

> 'On the second of August, eighteen hundred and one,
> We sailed with Lord Nelson to the port of Boulogne,
> For to cut out their shipping which was all in vain,
> But to our misfortune they were all moored and chained,'

and after crawling heavily through six or seven like stanzas, winds up with a single verse, which reveals in the most bare-faced way the drift of the whole poem, viz., to draw money from an admiring crowd for the benefit of the six 'dismantled' mariners who on a Saturday evening may be found in the New Cut or Leather Lane, each without arms or without legs, but all possessed of stentorian voices, and all with dismal potency howling out

> 'And you that relieve us, the Lord will you bless,
> For assisting poor sailors in the time of distress,
> May the Lord put an end to all cruel wars,
> And peace and content be to all British Tars.'

But these impostors are well known in the profession as belonging to the thieves' kitchen; and we are bound to add that, throughout the whole range of ballads, there is scarcely another trace to be found of the Muse's degradation to the baser purposes of mendicity. 'The Battle of Algiers,' in ten fiery stanzas, is a much more honest composition; and, inspired by a grim wood cut of a yacht and a schooner under full canvas, and a river steamer gallantly leading the way headlong into a group of lofty shipping, thus boldly the poet begins:

'Come all you Britons stout and bold that love your native land,
Rejoicing in our victory, Lord Exmouth gave command;
Lord Exmouth will your rights maintain as you shall plainly see,
How we fought like lions bold, to set the Christians free.
You British Tars be steady, and maintain your glorious name,
You'll ever find Lord Exmouth to lead you into fame.'

As far as mere facts and dates are concerned neither Nelson nor Exmouth have cause to complain, and both are extolled to the skies as true British heroes; but 'The Duke of Marlborough' in our next ballad has just cause of complaint in being made to sing a song of five stanzas on his death-bed from a wound at the Battle of Ramilies (1706) where both his horse and his aide-de-camp were shot 'all by a musket-ball;'* whereas we know that John Churchill fought at Oudenarde in 1708, at Malplaquet in 1709, and died in his bed at Blenheim in 1722. The bard is clearly at sea as to his facts and his chronology, for he makes the battle take place at night, and during an earthquake, in the reign of merry King Charles II.! who had been quietly buried in Westminster Abbey twenty-one years before, when Marlborough was only thirty-five years old, but had just won his laurels under Turenne. The ballad is addressed to —

'You generals all and champions bold
That knock down palaces and castle walls,'

and coming from the mouth of one who had been guilty more than once of treason and perjury both to William of Orange and to James, offers to its more special audience some singularly inappropriate advice in this final verse —

'Now on a Bed of sickness laid
I am resigned to die,
Yet Generals and Champions bold
Stand true as well as I;
Take no bribes, stand true to your men
And fight with courage bold,
I have led my men through smoke and fire
But neer was bribed with gold.'

Our next section of 'Modern Events' is characterised throughout by such a general sameness of treatment as to need few examples by way of illustration. They are clearly written, for the most part, hastily, on the spur of the moment; and though they may command a good sale at first, they do so not by the wit, beauty, or aptness of the verse, but by the absorbing interest of the calamity which it describes. Thus, say, an appalling accident happens in London; the news spreads like wildfire throughout the city, and gives rise to rumours, even more dreadful than the reality. Before night it is embalmed in verse by one out of five or six well-known bards who get their living by writing for Seven Dials, and then chanting their own strains to the people. The inspiration of the poet is swift, the execution of the work rapid, * but the pay is small. 'I gets a shilling a copy for my verses' (says one) 'besides what I can make by selling 'em.' But the verses are ready and go to press at once. A thousand or two copies are struck off instantly, and the 'Orfle Calamity' is soon flying all over London from the mouths of a dozen or twenty minstrels, in the New Cut, in Leather Lane, Houndsditch, Bermondsey, Whitechapel, High Street, Tottenham-court-road — or wherever a crowd of listeners can be easily and safely called together. If the subject admits of it, two minstrels chant the same strain,

'In lofty verse
Pathetic they alternately rehearse,' †

each taking a line in turn, and each vying with the other in doleful tragedy of look and voice. A moment suffices to give out in sepulchral accents, 'Dreadful Accident this day on the Ice in Regent's Park,' and then the dirge begins —

'You feeling Christians, both high and low
O listen to this sad tale of woe;
On that fatal Tuesday boys and men so brave
In the Regent's Park met a watery grave.
Their cries were dreadful — see the parent's wild,
O God of Heaven in mercy save my child!
For the ice gave way, the people lined the shore
Upwards of fifty sank to rise no more.

* This is founded on fact: for when Marlborough was in the act of mounting a second horse, the head of Col. Brienfield, his aide-de-camp, was carried off by a cannon-ball as he held the Duke's stirrup.

* How rapid may be judged from the following fact. On Thursday, Feb. 21, a woman named Walker was brought before the magistrate and charged with robbing Mr. F. Brown, her master, a publican, to whom she had offered her services as a *man*. She was sent to prison, and there her sex was discovered. The next morning, at 10 A.M., two men and two women were singing her personal history and adventures in the New Cut, to a large but not select audience, under the title of 'The She Barman of Southwark.' It was great trash, but sold well.

† C. Lamb's translation of V. Bourne.

(Then in full chorus from both voices)
In Regent's Park, O hear those dreadful cries,
They sank that Tuesday never more to rise.'

The dismal horror attending on a dozen such verses shouted out *con spirito* in the midst of a busy thoroughfare, spreads rapidly, and the crowd thickens as they stand aghast, all intently listening, and all eager to buy, whilst

———— 'patulis stant rictibus omnes' *

at shop doors, and at open windows, old people and young, drinking in every scrap of the doleful strain, and on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of the minstrels in the crowd as the pathos deepens at the words —

'O see that father how he stands so calm
The Boy on his shoulder, the girl under his arm,
Don't let him die, that father good and brave
The Boat has reach'd them, Oh! thank God they're saved.'

Such a ballad is sure to be popular, and unless the weather is unusually cold or wet, a couple of active singers will dispose of twenty or thirty dozen copies in a single day. And in this way an edition of 5,000 or 10,000 soon runs off, to the extreme advantage of Mr. Catnach, if not to the immortality of the poet.

Other topics in this class, such as the 'Norwich Festival,' 'The Wreck of the London,' 'A Night in a London Workhouse,' and the 'Yelverton Marriage Case,' or 'The Lady beat the Soldier,' are, for the most part, so alike in point of general treatment, that one specimen exemplifies them all. Here and there, indeed, in the dull, dead level of commonplace, a single, solitary line sparkles up to the surface, as where alluding to what the famous 'Amateur Casual' went through in his Night at Lambeth Workhouse, the poet says

'*So he went through his degrees like a blessed brick* †
Thro' scenes he had never seen before Sir,
So good luck to him I say, forever and a day,
For bestowing a thought upon the poor Sir.'

But this is altogether an exception to the rule, and nothing can be duller or more prosaic than the heavy lamentations which he pours forth over the 'Loss of the London,' or more trumpery than the vulgar smartness of 'The Lady who loved her Father's Groom.' Making but one more quotation from 'The Trafalgar Square Lions,' we must leave 'Modern Events.' Here again we have a spark of humour. No sooner are the Lions in their places than they catch sight of the monster on the top of Northumberland House —

'They shouted, brother pray how do you do?
Put down your tail and quickly come down,
And Trafalgar Square we will gallop round.
Oh, no! said the other, that game won't do,
I'm known here my friends far better than you,
I'm aristocratic, my boys, I tell you true,
Sir Edwin Landseer's Lions.'

We pass on, therefore, to the next division of our subject, the 'Religious Ballads;" and here we come upon an entirely new stratum, and with one step dash headlong into the raging waters of religious controversy between the Protestant and Romish Churches. With the exception of a single sheet, which contains 'Patient Job,' and 'The Hymn of May,' all the Ballads are clearly the work of a red-hot Irish Papist, armed with all the resources of an unscrupulous tongue, and a mighty zeal for convarsion.' A verse or two from 'Job,' and 'The Hymn of May' will at once show the character of the milder Protestant muse. Both compositions are in the same metre, both evince the same lofty contempt for rhyme, and both are so entirely to the same tune, that they might well pass for parts of one poem. If 'Job' says —

'Come all you worthy Christians
That dwell within this land,
Who spend your time with royalty,
Remember you're but man.
* *
Be watchful of your latter end
Be ready when you're called,
There's many changes in this world
Some rises and some falls' —

the 'Hymn of May' promptly replies with equal gravity —

'The life of a man is no more than a span
He flourishes here as a flower,
We are here today and tomorrow we're gone
We're all of us gone in an hour!'

The other Religious Ballads seem to be importations from County Cork for the express edification of the lower orders of Irish

* V. Bourne's Poem, 'Seven Dials.'

† Mr. James Greenwood, indeed, not only deserves infinite praise for thus heroically 'graduating at Lambeth,' but for having so called public attention to the infamies of the workhouse as to rouse the feeling which has culminated in Mr. Hardy's admirable legislation.

Papists, who yet haunt the grimiest dens and courts of Whitechapel, St. Giles's, and the New Cut. One of the finest flowers of the bouquet is entitled, 'Answer to the Protestant Drum,' in which the poet apparently replies to some attack on the Romish Church, which has roused his anger to the highest pitch of fury. The whole eleven stanzas are one long, blazing, rant against the Reformed Church, and everything connected with it. Every word of that Church against the Virgin Mary is 'heinous and blasphemous,' —

'She is honoured by Christians, despised by Philistines,
And insulted by those of the Protestant Drum.

For those who insult her the very hottest corner in the hottest of all imaginable places is scarcely warm enough, —

'Where is Luther and Calvin in — they're all burning
They're calling for aid, but they cant find no aid.

And thus with a string of double negatives, that seem to him of almost Grecian potency, he pursues his hapless victims through all the torments of chains, flaming fire, and raging thirst, until he comes to King Henry VIII. As for the Reformation, it was 'Satan who invented it;' but 'King Harry' was in all the wickedness his grand aid and abettor, and is now in the hottest place with Luther and Calvin. And not only was he head and chief in all wickedness, 'the curse of the land,' but guilty of incest, and the author of all the intolerable woes which the word Orange has wrought in Ireland. 'Young Nancy,' whispers Satan, 'is charming, by all means take her, and get rid of poor, doating Catharine,' and so it came to pass that —

'*King Harry, Anne's father, who wed his own daughter*
T'was from his cursed lust that Orange first sprang,
But what may we wonder when churches he planned,
And then march'd to Hell with his Protestant Drum.'

No wonder, therefore, that when this monstrous arch-heretic's life came to an end, and having 'started for the next world he called on St. Peter to let him in,' pleading that he was the champion of the Reformation, and a great English king, he met with a flat denial, —

'O King, says St. Peter, the curse of the nations
You denied Pope and Popery, and that you have done,
So fly from those gates, and down to —— straight
And rattle away with your Protestant Drum.'

Having thus demolished the Protestant Church, Bluff King Hal, and the Reformation in about ten stanzas, he disappears with a grand flourish of trumpets —

'So now to conclude and finish these lines
I think I have answered the Protestant Drum,
If God in His mercy would open their eyes
They'd all become Catholics every one.'

Meanwhile, until that desirable time shall arrive, we must be content to pass on to our next section of 'Miscellaneous' Ballads, of which, however, we almost despair of giving our readers any adequate notion by mere extracts. We wander from grave to gay, from lively to severe, from boisterous fun to faint satire, to touches of mild sentiment and mysterious bathos, until we fancy that all the blazing metaphors and fiery denunciations of the 'Protestant Drum' school must be an entire myth. Yet they issue from the same press, and find a sale among the same appreciating admirers. What pensive housemaid, in these perilous days of crinolines and 'chignons,' could withstand the fascination of a Ballad beginning thus: —

'One morning serene as I roved in solitude
For to view the magnitude of the ardent way,
The warbling choristers sung most enchantingly
With their sweet melody tuned each spray.
And there I saw a form most rare, bright and majestic,
In blooming attitude she did appear,
&c. &c. &c. &c.'

It is fairly entrancing to hear of a maiden whose cheeks were roses, eyes serene, distilling balmy dew, 'fairer than Pandora, or Venus, Juno, Dido or Diaphy,' * the centre of graces, 'the godess of harmony;' no wonder, therefore, that Betty's hand is in her purse,

'*Audit, et excurrit, nudis ancilla lacertis*'†

in a trice she has the precious Ballad safe in the recesses of her pocket. Or, suppose

* Daphne (?)
† V. Bourne, 'Poemata.'

Betty married to Splitfig the grocer at the corner of Leather Lane, and in matronly dignity standing at her husband's shop-door, how can she turn a deaf ear to such blandishment as

'I sing in praise of woman, and it will not you surprise,
For I can prove a woman is an angel in disguise,
My mother was a woman, my father was a man
For he always said a woman was the glory of the land.
The God bless the women, speak well of the women,
May Heaven bless the women, they're the glory of the land.'

For, not only is woman an angel, a jewel, a treasure, not only may she wear a crinoline 'big enough to cover half the street i she thinks fit,'—but the wretch that strikes his wife

——— 'may perdition be his doom
May she beat him with the fire-shovel up and down the room.'

Many a warning story has been written on the dangers of poaching, but it would be hard to set them forth in a more pointed light than Mr. Catnach in 'The Oakham Poachers.' There is a reckless defiance of all the laws of rhyme in this ballad, in entire accordance with the lawlessness of its heroes, though not quite in unison with the attendant woodcut which represents a very respectable old gentleman, with his wife and children cosily taking tea at a round table.

Here and there among sorry rhymes we stumble upon an old friend, as 'The last Rose of Summer,' or, 'Let Fame sound the Trumpet,' 'Time has not Thinned thy Flowing Hair,' or 'The Bay of Biscay;' and still more rarely on a stanza of real poetry, such as 'Come into the Garden, Maud,' which reads oddly enough on the same page with 'The Labouring Man' in ten verses of this kind

'To please you all, I do intend,
So listen to these lines I've penned
About the labouring man.'

'Village Regulations' is a sentimental retrospect (much after the fashion of some of Mr. C. Dickens' musings) of 'My Boyhood's Home;' and not without a faint sparkle of wit,—thus at v. 2,

'When I saw the little wooden bridge my heart beat with joy
Where I used to fish with benten pin and bit of thread when I was a boy,
There was the same lonely milestone over which I used to leap,
Grazing on the hill stood Old Farmer Granger's sheep,
Further on there were three barns, five cows, a dunghill, and two hayricks,
A pigeon house, one cock, four hens, and five little chicks,
A pump, a horsetrough, two swans, six ducks to be seen,
Ducking their heads and their goslings in a pond that looked muddy and green.'
Chorus. Regulations, &c.

'Ivy up every house, nasturtions all round the back,
Large geraniums well cultivated with five green leaves and two black.
One coach yard paved with stones that look like petrified kidney potatoes
One inn, two public houses, three fourpenny shops, and no waiters.
Besides, there's one great mansion I've kept back for that I cannot bear
It's the Poorhouse I mean, and I hope and trust none of us may ever go there.'

From the domain of sentiment, beauty, and romance, we now pass to the ghastly regions of crime, especially that of 'Murder,' which no less a critic and philosopher than Thomas De Quincey has treated as 'one of the Fine Arts,' and made the subject of one of his most brilliant Essays, but which here comes before us in all its naked deformity; in spite of some considerable variety in the mode of treatment. Of these 'Dying Speeches and Confessions' we have thirteen before us, stretching from the famous murder of Maria Martin by W. Corder in the Red Barn (1825) down to J. R. Jeffery's murder of his little boy in October, 1866. Many of these are clearly by the same hand, probably one of the five or six well-known authors, who also chant their own verses in the streets. 'I gets,' says one of the fraternity, 'I gets a shilling a copy for the verses *written by the wretched culprit* the night previous to his execution.'* 'And I,' says another, 'did the helegy on Rush. I didn't write it to horder; I knew that they would want a copy of verses from the wretched culprit. And when the publisher (Mr. Catnach) read it; "that's the thing for the streets," he says. But I only got a shilling for it.' 'It's the same poet as does 'em all,' says a

* Mayhew's 'London Poor,' vol. iii.

third authority, 'and the same tip; *no more nor a bob for nothing*.' This was paltry pay under any circumstances, but still more so when we find from Mr. Mayhew that in the case of the chief modern murders these 'Execution Ballads' commanded a most enormous sale; thus,

'Of Rush's murder' . .	2,500,000 copies.
Of the Mannings . .	2,500,000 „
Of Courvoisier . . .	1,666,000 „
Of Greenacre . . .	1,666,000 „
Of Corder (Maria Martin) .	166,000 „

So that Catnach must have reaped a golden harvest for many a long day, even if sold to the street patterers or singers at the low rate of 3*d*. a dozen.

The 'Dying Speech and Confession Ballad,' strictly so called, is said to have been unknown in the trade until the year 1820,* when a change in the law prolonged the term of existence between the trial and death of the criminal. 'Before that,' says a street patterer,† 'there wasn't no time for lamentation; sentence to-day, scragging to-morrow, or, leastways, Friday to Monday.' And with regard to this matter of *time*, it must also be noted that many of the most popular Ballads being composed on the spur of the moment for the purpose of being sung while all London is ringing with the event, all niceties of rhyme, metre, and orthography have to be utterly disregarded.

As far as can be ascertained, the sale of Ballads in Rush's case far exceeded that of any now before us. Even that of Müller did not amount to more than forty or fifty thousand copies — though no modern murd.r ever surpassed it in atrocity, or in the profound interest which it excited throughout England. And this difference is no doubt to be explained by the fact that since Rush's day the daily penny newspapers have almost forestalled the Halfpenny Ballads by giving a full account of the different enormities in all their minute and hideous details. The force of public opinion, too, thus exerted through the Press, has been brought to bear on the question of crime, and much of the morbid sympathy which found expression in the case of such a monster as Rush, had died away in 1864, when detectives tracked Müller across the Atlantic, and brought him back to be hanged by an English hangman, in the presence of an English mob. To every one of the murderers, Constance Kent at Roadhill House, Jeffery, Forward at Ramsgate, and the Pirates of the 'Flowery Land' — one and all alike — stern justice is meted out with inflexible severity. The wretched girl who at Salisbury confessed her crime to the judge, makes no excuse for her guilt, but tells only of the intolerable remorse that would give her no rest —

'My infant brother so haunted me,
I not one moment could happy be.
And if for the murder they do me try,
I declare I'm guilty, and deserve to die.'

'Scoundrels,' 'malefactors,' 'villains,' are the gentlest names for this Newgate gallery, and the gallows in every case is promised, with a sort of grim satisfaction, that augurs strongly for a deep popular belief in the justice of those solemn words, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.'

'The Political Ballads are ten in number, of which seven are devoted to the special subject of Reform, the ridicule of 'Johnny Russell,' and the express glorification of 'Gladstone, Beales, Bright, and Co.' The remaining three are 'John Bull and the Taxes,' 'Stop the Beer on Sunday,' and a 'Political Litany on the Present Session of Parliament,' amusing enough in their way, but of which a verse or two will amply suffice as specimens. 'John Bull and the Taxes' is probably a new edition of an older prose ballad, whch dates as far back as Washington Irving's Sketch Book, and in fourteen brisk stanzas strings together the innumerable articles on which a hungry Chancellor of the Exchequer lays his iron hand, after the following fashion: —

'They are going to tax the butter
And they're going to tax the eggs,
They are going to tax the three-cocked hats
And tax the wooden legs.
They will lay a tax on everything
You have to keep you warm,
They'll in future tax the children
A week before they're born.'

This is clearly a verse out of the older bal-

* The street singers say so; but in the 'Roxburghe Ballads' there are many professing to be written by criminals, from which we take a single verse: —

'I am a poor prisoner condemned to die,
Ah wo is me, ah wo is me for my great folly,
Fast fettered in irons in place where I lie
Be warned young wantons, hemp passeth green holly.
My parents were of good degree
By whom I would not ruled be.
"Lord Jesu receive me, with mercy relieve me
Receive O sweet Saviour my spirit unto thee."'
Luke Hutton's Dying Lament, day before he was hanged at York, 1659.

† Mayhew's 'London Poor.'

lad, while another quite as clearly belongs to our own times: —

> 'They will tax the ladies crinolines
> Won't that be jolly fun,
> And the day before Good Friday
> They'll tax the hot-cross buns.
> They are going to tax the Pork-pie hats,
> With feathers white and red
> Because they say their only flats
> That put them on their head.'

But in spite of the heavy burden of all this taxation, the author is in a good temper all the way through, and the whole business seems to him more or less a good joke, even when he attributes all taxes 'to the Whigs,' and 'Satan' their prime chief and instigator; in this latter point agreeing with sturdy old Sam Johnson's reply to Boswell, 'Sir, I have always said, the first Whig was the Devil.' *

The 'Political Litany' differs from all our other ballads in being entirely in prose, and for the most part is rather a bitter satire on the noble Earl Russell (then Prime Minister, February, 1866), whom the poet irreverently addresses as 'O dearly bought and never to be forgotten Johnny,' while he is equally severe on Johnny's coadjutors in office, as a single sentence will prove: —

> 'When the *Whigs* † shall cease to be a milk and water set, and prove to the people of England that like good and trusty servants, they will stick up for their rights, and pass such measures as will be for the benefit of the nation at large; then and not till then shall we consider them as trumps, and look upon them with confidence.'

But it is for Johnny himself that he specially reserves his sagest advice, his keenest wit, his sharpest warning. The burden and chorus of one of the ballads is —

> 'When we get Johnny's Reform,'

a future date, which in his eyes is clearly equivalent to the 'Greek Kalends.' Reform is a mere shadow, a scrap of moonshine, a popular cry, which

> 'Little Johnny bless the darling boy
> Long time has nursed as his favourite toy,'

but which will never be realized; a sor o dreamy, minor millennium, when 'boys and girls shall have almond rock and cakes for nuffin,'

> 'Tipplers will get tight three times a day,'

farmers will learn to double their miserable eight shillings a week for the labouring man, and in the midst of the universal rejoicing, 'little Johnny' himself

> 'His little body he will strut, sir,
> Like a crow along a gutter
> *When* we get the New Reform.'

But the house of Russell is not to be trusted, as we learn from our next ballad on 'Little Johnny, O!' which is prefaced by a few stinging questions and answers. 'Now, my child,' says the catechist, 'what is your name?' 'Weathercock Johnny, *alias* Jack the Reformer.' Having answered to his name, he is told that first he has to 'amend his ways which are in a most shaky condition;' secondly, 'to take a few of Palmerston's Pills to invigorate his political system;' and thirdly, 'to stick up for the people, and speak up *according to his size* as long as he remains in office;' while Gladstone is implored to 'keep his weather eye open and jog the memory of his fellow-servant John, so as to *guide his little feet* if he should chance to stray from the right path.'

As for the question of Reform itself, it's a mere *cry* and nothing more. His interrogators insult the little statesman by hoping that 'Reform will so apply to railways that they shall supply a sufficient number of surgeons with splints and bandages to each train, with a good supply of coffins for those who are headstrong enough to travel by rail.' As to the processions, and grand 'Agricultural Hall meetings,' they are '*vox et præterea nihil*,' —

> 'Many they aloud will shout,
> For Reform, Reform,
> *Scarcely knowing what about*
> Bawl Reform, Reform.'

Such was the state of things only a few months ago; but alas for the fickleness of the crowd, the intelligent artisan, and the 'working man,' by the time we get to the date of 'The Reform Battle in Hyde Park' all is changed. The noble Earl and all his Whiggish allies are for a time clean wiped out and forgotten, and the poet now reserves all his vials of wrath for

* 'Sir,' replies obsequious Bozzy, 'he was.' — Croker's 'Boswell,' p. 606.

† In a very recent edition of this ballad, the word *Whigs* is amusingly converted into Tories, so as to apply to the present Government.

'The titled tories who keep you down
Which you cannot endure,
And the reason I to tell am bound
You're but working men — and poor.'

There are some ten other stanzas of a like calibre, but though Mr. Catnach has enriched them with a most graphic woodcut (*date* 1832) representing one Bishop, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel, headed by 'little Johnny' carrying a banner of 'Victoria and Reform,' all issuing in triumph from 'St. Stephen's School,' the whole thing is a mere piece of idle banter, which never rises above the level of a noisy chorus between people and bobbies, roughs and iron railings.

Even in the two latest of the Political Ballads, bearing date the middle of February, just as Parliament opened, and the *titled Tories* were tried, convicted, and condemned at the Agricultural Hall under the fiery sway of the impassioned O'Donoghue — before it was even known for what crimes they were indicted — even in these there is little more than abuse for that 'poor outcast' the member for Calne, and unfortunate Mr. Doulton.

The Royal Ballads are but three in number, — on the death of the Prince Consort, the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and the birth of his eldest son, — and of these we may take, as a sample, the 'Elegy on the Death of H.R.H. Prince Albert,' surmounted by a portrait of the 'Prince as he appeared on the morning of his Marriage,' and edged with a broad margin of black. The poet is lost in grief, and his mournful numbers flow heavily as he tells of 'Britannia lamenting and calling on the daughters of Britain to join in sorrowful condolence with their beloved Queen:

'We grieve for thy loss, Queen Victoria
And all over Britain deplore
Thy Consort, thy own dearest Consort
Is gone, and thy Albert's no more.'

He extols her Majesty as 'A mother, a Queen, and a wife,' and implores the choicest blessings of Heaven on her, and on the 'dear Royal children,' who

'Their dear royal hearts are bewildering
On earth they will see him no more;
He is gone, he is gone now before them,
He is gone to that sad silent bourne
Where numbers have travelled before him,
And from which t ere can no one return.'

This may be very homely sympathy, but it is respectful and hearty. The poet hardly dares to intrude on the privacy of the Royal mourners, but with kindly hand touches on the many virtues of the departed Prince, claiming for him that from men of all ranks,

'From all men below and above'

he won universal love and respect, that for 'The Institutions he was always the right man,' while the poor found in him a 'free and helping hand.' And in these words the writer not only expresses the verdict of the nation but gives utterance to a far deeper feeling of loyal sympathy with his bereaved Queen, which triumphs over all the miseries of sorry rhyme and indifferent orthography. Thousands and tens of thousands of Her Majesty's poorest subjects were purchasers of this Halfpenny Ballad, and felt the national loss as deeply as those who could appreciate the poet Laureate's nobler song of sorrow —

'O silent Father of our Kings to be
Mourned in this golden hour of Jubilee.'*

These Halfpenny Sheets form almost the entire poetry of Seven Dials, and though they teach little or no history, they show, at least, what kind of Poetry finds the most favourable reception and the readiest sale among our lowest classes. As far as we can ascertain, there are in London eight or ten publishers of the Fortey and Disley stamp — though not on so large a scale. Of Ballad-singers and patterers of prose recitations (such as the 'Political Catechism') there may be about a hundred scattered over the metropolis, who haunt such localities as the New Cut, Tottenham Court Road, Whitechapel, and Clerkenwell Green; and according to the weather, the state of trade, and the character of their wares, earn a scanty or a jovial living by chanting such strains as we have now laid before our readers. 'Songs if they're over-religious,' says one minstrel, 'don't sell at all; though a tidy moral does werry well. But a good, awful, murder's the thing. I've knowed,' says our authority, 'a man sell a ream † a day of *them*, — that's twenty dozen you know;' and this sale may go on for days, so that, with forty or fifty men at work as minstrels, a popular Ballad will soon attain a circulation of thirty or forty or fifty thousand. Now and then 'Catnach' himself composes

* Tennyson's 'Exhibition Ode,' July, 1862.

† A *ream* costs him 3*s*. in Seven Dials, and these he retails at a halfpenny each, or even a penny, if the murder is a very fearful one, as in Muller's case, thus reaping a harvest of 250 or 300 per cent.

a Song, and in this case is saved the cost of copyright, though his expenses are very trifling, even when he has to purchase it. If one of the patterers writes a Ballad on a taking subject, he hastens at once to Seven Dials, where, if accepted, his reward is 'a glass of rum, a slice of cake, and five dozen copies,' — which, if the accident or murder be a very awful one, are struck off for him while he waits. A murder always sells well, so does a fire, or a fearful railway accident. A good love story embracing

'infidi perjuria nautæ
Deceptamque dolo nympham'*

often does fairly; but Politics among the lowest class are a drug. Even the famous '*Ballad on Pam's death didn't do much* except among the better sort of people;' and though the roughs are fond enough of shouting *Reform*, they don't care, it would seem, to spend money on it.

We have submitted this wretched doggerel to our readers, that they may form some idea of the kind of Street Literature which is still popular with so many of the lower classes. It is humiliating, in the midst of all the schools and teaching of the present day, to find such rubbish continually poured forth, and eagerly read. Still there are some redeeming features in this weary waste. *Taken as a whole*, the moral tone of the ballads, if not lofty, is certainly not bad; and the number of single stanzas that could not be quoted in these pages on account of their gross or indecent language is very small; while that of entire Ballads, to be excluded on the same ground, is still smaller.

Compared with a volume of the famous 'Roxburghe Ballads,' which range between the years 1560 and 1700, our present five hundred from Seven Dials are models of purity and cleanliness. In the second volume of that famous collection there are about 580 Ballads, or broadsides, printed as ours still are on sheets of the thinnest and commonest paper; and at least three-fourths of these (especially of the later dates) are so grossly, openly indecent, as to be incapable of quotation. A few are slightly political, and refer to such topics as the 'Meal-tub Plot;' and a few to such themes as shipwrecks, and naval fights; but the majority are broadly and coarsely amorous; evidently written by persons above the lowest rank, for the express purpose of raising indecent and unclean thoughts in the minds of their readers; not by hinted indelicacy or vulgar coarseness of style, but by studied filthiness. No such nastiness is to be found in the Halfpenny Ballads of Seven Dials; though there is abundance of slang, vulgarity, and occasional coarseness of expression. For open indecency and grosser pruriency we must go to a class of songs and song-books, authors and customers, of a higher class; to penny and twopenny and sixpenny packets of uncleanness, to some of the minor Music Halls, where delicacies are to be had at a price beyond the reach of the New Cut. The men who wrote the filthy Ballads in the 'Roxburghe Collection' were of a far higher class than those who write for Seven Dials; and they found higher readers amid the wide-spread deep depravity of their day. The thousands who now buy the Halfpenny Ballads of St. Giles's, would rise to better taste, and the appreciation of higher models, if they had a higher class of authors, and a nobler range of verse. For, though the poet to reach them must needs be to some extent one of themselves, — must understand their ways of life, and forms of speech, — there is no need that he should be as ignorant, or vulgar, or vitiated as those for whom he writes. The Disley or Fortey of the day prints his ten or twenty thousand of 'The Oakham Poachers,' or 'The Prince of Wales' Baby, because these subjects are all the rage at the moment, and he can get no better minstrelsy so cheap. But there are yet in the minds and hearts of the poorest class, who can read and enjoy a Halfpenny Ballad on the 'Awful Accident in Hyde Park,' deeper feelings, and purer tastes ready to spring up under the least culture, and, if fairly appealed to, to be brought out into full life and bear abundant and goodly fruit. They have no peculiar relish for bad spelling, or for faulty rhyme. Feeling and intelligence, a sense of such inborn goodness as Miss Nightingale's; a love of fair play, and an old-fashioned liking for what is true and brave; a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a deep current of loyalty to the throne and to their native land, yet linger in the thousands who look to Seven Dials for inspiration. If any real poet should arise who would be content to sing in good, plain, honest Saxon, such topics as they love to hear; of men and women great in goodness or in vice, of life and death in their widest sense, of crime and disaster, of human sorrows and joys whether in Chick Lane or Windsor Castle; he would achieve an immortality not far below that of the 'silver clarion' of Tennyson himself. We do not despair of his advent, and the sooner he comes the better for Seven Dials; and for us all.

* V. Bourne. 'Poemata.'

CHAPTER XIV.

Next morning Mr. Brownlow was not well enough to go to business. He was not ill. He repeated the assurance a score of times to himself and to his children. He had not slept well, that was all — and perhaps a day's rest, a little quiet and tranquillity, would do him good. He had got up at his usual hour, and was down to breakfast, and read his paper, and everything went on in its ordinary way; but yet he was indisposed — and a day's rest would do him good. Young John assented heartily, and was very willing to take his father's place for the day and manage all his business. It was a bright morning, and the room was full of flowers, and the young leaves fluttered at the windows in the earliest green of spring. It was exhilarating to stand in the great recesses of the windows and look out upon the park, all green and budding, and think it was all yours and your children's — a sort of feeling which had little effect upon the young people, but was sweet yet overwhelming to their father as he stood and looked out in the quiet of the morning. All his — all theirs; yet perhaps ——

"I don't think I shall go down to-day," he said. "You can tell Wrinkell to send me up the papers in the Wardell case. He knows what I want. He can send the — the new clerk up with them — Powys I mean."

"Powys?" said Jack.

"Well, yes, Powys, is there any reason why he should not send Powys?" said Mr. Brownlow, peremptorily, feeling hot and conscious, and ready to take offence.

"No, certainly," said Jack, with some surprise. He did not take to Powys, that was unquestionable; yet the chances are he would never have remarked upon Mr. Brownlow's choice of him but for the curious impatience and peremptoriness in his father's tone.

"I like him," said Mr. Brownlow — "he knows what he has to do, and — he does it. I like a man who does that — it gives one confidence for the time to come."

"Yes," said Jack. "I never cared for him, sir, as you know. He is not my ideal of a clerk —but that is nothing; only I rather think Wrinkell has changed his opinion lately. The young fellow gets on well enough — but there is a difference. I suppose that sort of extra punctuality and virtue can only last a certain time."

"I daresay these are very fine notions, Jack," said his father; "but I am not quite such an accomplished man of the world, I suppose, as if I had been brought up at Eton. I believe in virtue lasting a long time. You must bear with my old-fashioned prejudices." This Mr. Brownlow said in a way which puzzled Jack, for he was not a man given to sneers.

"Of course, if you take it like that, sir, I have not another word to say," said the young man, and he went away feeling bitterly hostile to Powys, who seemed to be the cause of it all. He said to himself that to be snubbed on account of a clerk was a new experience, and lost himself in conjectures as to the cause of this unexplained partiality — "a fellow who is going to the bad and all," Jack said to himself; and his feeling was somewhat vindictive, and he did not feel so sorry as he ought to have done that Powys was going to the bad. It seemed on the whole a kind of retribution. Mr. Wrinkell himself had been sent for to Brownlows on various occasions, but it was not an honour that had been accorded to any of the clerks; and now this young fellow, whose appearance and conduct had both begun to be doubtful, was to have the privilege. Jack did not comprehend it; uneasy unexpressed suspicions came into his mind, all utterly wide of the mark, yet not the less uncomfortable. The mare was a comfort to him as she went off in one of her long dashes, without ever talking breath, like an arrow down the avenue; and so was the momentary glimpse of a little face at the window, to which he took off his hat; but notwithstanding these consolations, he was irritated and somewhat disturbed. On account of a cad! He had no right to give such a title to his father's favourite; but still it must be allowed that it was a little hard.

"Who is Powys?" said Sara when her brother was gone. "And why are you angry, papa? You are cross, you know, and that is not like you. I am afraid you must be ill."

"Cross, am I?" said Mr. Brownlow. "I suppose I am not quite well — I told you I had a bad night."

"Yes —— but what has Powys to do with it? — and who is he?" said Sara, looking into his face.

Then various possibilities rushed into her father's mind; should he tell her what he was going to ask of her? Should he claim her promise and hold her to her word? Should he make an attempt, the only one possible, to secure for himself a confidant and counsellor? Ah, no! that was out of the question. He might sully his own honour, but never, never his child's. And he felt, even with a certain exultation, that his child would not have yielded to the temptation — that she would balk him instead of obeying him, did she know why. He felt this in his inmost mind, and he was glad. She would do what he asked her, trusting in him, and in her it would be a virtue — only his should be the sin.

"Who is he?" he said, with a doubtful smile which resulted from his own thoughts, and not from her question. "You will know who he is before long. I want to be civil to him, Sara. He is not just like any other clerk. I would bring him, if you would not be shocked — to lunch"——

"Shocked!" said Sara, with one of her princess airs — "I am not a great lady. You are Mr. Brownlow the solicitor, papa — I hope I know my proper place."

"Yes," said John Brownlow; but the words brought an uneasy colour to his face, and confounded him in the midst of his projects. To keep her from being merely Mr. Brownlow the solicitor's daughter, he was going to soil his own

honour and risk her happiness; and yet it was thus that she asserted her condition whenever she had a chance. He left her as soon as he could, taking no such advantage of his unusual holiday as Sara supposed he would. He left the breakfast room-which was so bright, and wandered away into the library, a room which, busy man as he was, he occupied very soldom. It was of all the rooms in Brownlows, the one which had most appearance of having been made by a new proprietor. There were books in it, to be sure, which had belonged to the Brownlows, the solicitors, for generations; but these were not half or quarter part enough to fill the room, which was larger than any two rooms in the High Street — and consequently it had been necessary to fill the vacant space with ranges upon ranges of literature out of the bookseller's, which had not mellowed on the shelves, nor come to belong to them by nature. Mr. Brownlow did not think of this, but yet he was somehow conscious of it when, with the prospect of a long unoccupied day before him, he went into this room. It was on the other side of the house, turned away from the sunshine, and looking out upon nothing but evergreens, sombre corners of shrubberies, and the paths which led to the kitchen and stables. He went in and sat down by the table, and looked round at all the shelves, and drew a blotting-book towards him mechanically. What did he want with it? he had no letters to write there — nothing to do that belonged to that luxurious leisurely place. If there was work to be done, it was at the office that he ought to do it. He had not the habit of writing here — nor even of reading. The handsome library had nothing to do with his life. This, perhaps, was why he established himself in it on the special day of which we speak. It seemed to him as if any moment his fine house might topple down about his ears like a house of cards. He had thought over it in the High Street till he was sick and his head swam; perhaps some new light might fall on the subject if he were to think of it here. This was why he established himself at the table, making in his leisure a pretence to himself of having something to do. If he had been used to any sort of guile or dishonourable dealing, the chances are it would have been easier for him; but it is hard upon a man to change the habits of his life. John Brownlow had to maintain with himself a fight harder than that which a man ordinarily has to fight against temptation; for the fact was that this was far, very far from being his case. He was not tempted to do wrong. It was the good impulse which in his mind had come to be the thing to be struggled against. What he wanted was to do what was right; but with all the steadiness of a virtuous resolution he had set himself to struggle against his impulse and to do wrong.

Here was the state of the case: He had found, as he undoubtedly believed, the woman whom more than twenty years ago he had given himself so much trouble to find. She was here, a poor woman — to whom old Mrs. Thomson's fifty thousand pounds would be equal to as many millions — with a son, whose every prospect would be changed, whose life would begin on a totally different level, if his legitimate inheritance came to him as it ought: this was all very distinct and clear. But, on the other hand, to withdraw that fifty thousand pounds from his own affairs at this moment, would be next to ruin to John Brownlow. It would be a loss to him of almost as much more. It would reduce him again hopelessly to the character of the country solicitor — a character which he had not abandoned, which he had, in short, rather prided himself in keeping up, but which was very different, in conjunction with his present standing in the county, from what it would be were he Brownlow the solicitor alone. And then there was the awful question of interest, which ought to have been accumulating all these five-and-twenty years. He thought to himself, as he reflected, that his best course would have been to reject young Powys's application and throw him off, and leave him to find occupation where he could. Then, if the young man had discovered anything, it would at least have been a fair fight. But he had of his own will entered into relations with him; he had him under his eyes day by day, a standing temptation, a standing reproach; he had kept him close by him to make discoveries that otherwise he probably never would have made; and he had made discoveries. At any moment the demand might come which should change the character of the position altogether. All this was old ground over which he had gone time after time. There was nothing new in it but the sudden remedy which had occurred to him on the previous night as he walked home. He had not as yet confessed to himself that he had accepted that suggestion, and yet only half voluntarily he had taken the first step to bring it about. It was a remedy almost as bad as the original danger — very unpalatable, very mortifying — but it was better than utter downfall. By moments, Mr. Brownlow's heart revolted altogether against it. It was selling his child, even though it was for her own sake — it was taking advantage of her best instincts, of her rash girlish readiness to put her future in his hands. And there were also other questions involved. When it came to the point, would Sara hold by her promise — had she meant it, in earnest, as a real promise when she made it? And then she was a girl who would do anything, everything for her father's sake, in the way of self-sacrifice, but would she understand sacrificing herself to save, not her father, but Brownlows? All these were very doubtful questions. Mr. Brownlow, who had never before been in anybody's power, who knew nothing about mysteries, found himself now, as it were, in everybody's power, threading a darkling way, from which his own efforts could never deliver him. He was in the power of young Powys, who any day could come to his door and demand — how much? any sum almost — his whole fortune — with no alternative but that of a lawsuit, which

CHAPTER XV. — LUNCHEON.

It was like a dream to the young Canadian when he followed the master of the house into the dining-room; — not that *that*, or any other social privilege, would have struck the youth with astonishment or exultation as it would have done a young man from Masterton; but because he had just behaved so ungratefully and ungraciously, and had no right to any such recompense. He had heard enough in the office about Brownlows to know that it was an unprecedented honour that was being paid him; but it was the coals of fire thus heaped upon his head which he principally felt. Sara was already at the head of the table in all that perfection of dainty apparel which dazzles the eyes of people unused to it. Naturally the stranger knew nothing about any one particular of her dress, but he felt, without knowing how, the difference between that costly simplicity and all the finery of the women he was accustomed to see. It was a different sphere and atmosphere altogether from any he had ever entered; and the only advantage he had over any of his fellow-clerks who might have been introduced in the same way was, that he had mastered the first grand rule of good breeding, and had forgotten himself. He had no time to think how he ought to behave in his own person. His mind was too much occupied by the novelty of the sphere into which he was thus suddenly brought. Sara inclined her head graciously as he was brought in, and was not surprised; but as for Mr. Hardcastle, whose seat was just opposite that of young Powys, words could not express his consternation. One of the clerks! Mr. Brownlow the solicitor was not such a great man himself that he should feel justified in introducing his clerks at his table; and after that, what next? A rapid calculation passed through Mr. Hardcastle's mind as he stared at the new-comer. If this sort of thing was to go on, it would have to be looked to. If Mr. Brownlow thought it right for Sara, he certainly should not think it right for his Fanny. Jack Brownlow himself, with Brownlows perhaps, and at least a large share of his father's fortune, was not to be despised; but the clerks! The Rector even felt himself injured — though, to be sure, young Powys or any other clerk could not have dreamed of paying addresses to him. And it must be admitted that the conversation was not lively at table. Mr. Brownlow was embarrassed as knowing his own intentions, which, of course, nobody else did. Mr. Hardcastle was astonished and partially affronted. And Powys kept silence. Thus there was only Sara to keep up a little appearance of animation at the table. It is at such moments that the true superiority of womankind really shows itself. She was not embarrassed — the social difference which, as she thought, existed between her and her father's clerk was so great and complete that Sara felt herself as fully at liberty to be gracious to him, as if he had been his own mother or sister.

"If Mr. Powys walked all the way he must want his luncheon, papa," she said. "Don't you think it is a pretty road? Of course it is not grand like your scenery in Canada. We don't have any Niagaras in England; but it is pleasant, don't you think?"

"It is very pleasant," said young Powys; "but there are more things in Canada than Niagara."

"I suppose so," said Sara, who was rather of opinion that he ought to have been much flattered by her allusion to Canada; and there are prettier places in England than Dewsbury — but still people who belong to it are fond of it all the same. Mr. Hardcastle, this is the dish you are so fond of — are you ill, like papa, that you don't eat to-day?"

"Not ill, my dear," said the Rector, with meaning — "only like your papa a little out of sorts."

"I don't know why people should be out of sorts who have everything they can possibly want," said Sara. "I think it is wicked both of papa and you. If you were poor men in the village, with not enough for your children to eat, you would know better than to be out of sorts. I am sure it would do us all a great deal of good if we were suddenly ruined," the young woman continued, looking her father, as it happened, full in the face. Of course she did not mean anything. It came into her head all at once to say this, and she said it; but equally of course it fell with a very different significance on her father's ears. He changed colour in spite of himself — he dropped on his plate a morsel he was carrying to his mouth. A sick sensation came over him. Sara did not know very much about the foundation of his fortune, but still she knew something; and she was just as likely as not to let fall some word which would throw final illumination upon the mind of the young stranger. Mr. Brownlow smiled a sickly sort of smile at her from the other end of the table.

"Don't use such strong language," he said. "Being ruined means with Sara going to live in a cottage covered with roses, and taking care of one's aged father; but, my darling, your father is not yet old enough to give in to being ruined, even should such a chance happen to us. So you must make up your mind to do without the cottage. The roses you can have, as many as you like."

"Sara means by ruin, that is to say," said the Rector, "something rather better than the best that I have been able to struggle into, and nothing to do for it. I should accept her ruin with all my heart."

"You are laughing at me," said Sara, "both of you. Fanny would know if she were here. You understand, don't you, Mr Powys? What do I care for cottages or roses? but if one were suddenly brought face to face with the realities of life" ——

"You have got that out of a book, Sara," said the Rector.

"And if I have, Mr. Hardcastle?" said Sara,

"I hope some books are true. I know what I mean, whether you know it or not. And so does Mr. Powys," she added, suddenly meeting the stranger's eye.

This appeal was unlucky, for it neutralised the amusement of the two elder gentlemen, and brought them back to their starting-point. It was a mistake in every way, for Powys, though he was looking on with interest and wonder, did not understand what Sara meant. He looked at her when she spoke, and reddened, and faltered something, and then betook himself to his plate with great assiduity, to hide his perplexity. He had never known anything but the realities of life. He had known them in their most primitive shape, and he was beginning to become acquainted with them still more bitterly in the shape they take in the midst of civilisation, when poverty has to contend with more than the primitive necessities. And, to think of this dainty creature, whose very air that she breathed seemed different from that of his world, desiring to be brought face to face with such realities! He had been looking at her with great reverence, but now there mingled with his reverence just that shade of conscious superiority which a man likes to feel. He was not good, sweet, delightsome, celestial, as she was, but he knew better — precious distinction between the woman and the man.

But Sara, always thinking of him as so different from herself that she could use freedom with him, was not satisfied. "You understand me?" she said, repeating her appeal.

"No," said young Powys; "at least if it is real poverty she speaks of, I don't think Miss Brownlow can know what it means." He turned to her father as he spoke with the instinct of natural good-breeding. And thereupon there occurred a curious change. The two gentlemen began to approve of the stranger. Sara, who up to this moment had been so gracious, approved of him no more.

"You are quite right," said the Rector; "what Miss Brownlow is thinking of is an imaginary poverty which exists no longer — if it ever existed. If your father had ever been a poor curate, my dear Sara, like myself, for instance" ——

"Oh, if you are all going to turn against me —" said Sara, with a little shrug of her shoulders. And she turned away as much as she could do it without rudeness from the side of the table at which young Powys sat, and began in revenge to talk society. "So Fanny is at Ridley," she said; "what does she mean by always being at Ridley? The Keppels are very well, but they are not so charming as that comes to. Is there any one nice staying there just now?"

"Perhaps you and I should not agree about niceness," said the Rector. "There are several people down for Easter. There is Sir Joseph Scrape, for instance, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer once, before you were born. I am very fond of him, but you would prefer his grandson, Sara, if he happened to have a grandson."

"On the contrary, I like old gentlemen," said Sara. "I never see anything else, for one thing. There is yourself, Mr. Hardcastle, and papa" ——

"Well, I suppose I am an old gentleman," said the Rector, ruefully; "at least to babies like you. That is how things go in this world — one shifts the burden on to one's neighbour. Probably Sir Joseph is of my mind, and thinks somebody else old. And then, in revenge, we have nothing to do but to call you young creatures babies, though you have the world in your hands," Mr. Hardcastle added, with a sigh; for he was a vigourous man, and a widower, and had been already twice married, and saw no reason why he should not take that step again. And it was hard upon him to be called an old gentleman in this unabashed and open way.

"Well, they have the world before them," said Mr. Brownlow; "but I am not so sure that they have it in their hands."

"We have nothing in our hands," said Sara, indignantly — "even I, though papa is awfully good to me. I don't mean to speak slang, but he is *awfully* good, you know; and what does it matter? I daren't go anywhere by myself, or do anything that everybody else doesn't do. And as for Fanny, she would not so much as take a walk if she thought you did not like it."

"Fanny is a very good girl," said Mr. Hardcastle, with a certain melting in his voice.

"We are all very good girls!" said Sara; "but what is the use of it? We have to do everything we are told just the same; and have old Lady Motherwell, for example, sitting upon one, whenever she has a chance. And then you say we have the world in our hands! If you were to let us do a little as we pleased, and be happy our own way" ——

"Then you have changed your mind," said Mr. Brownlow. He was smiling, but yet underneath that he was very serious, not able to refrain from giving in his mind a thousand times more weight than they deserved to his daughter's light and random words, though he knew well enough they were random and light. "I thought you were a dutiful child, who would do what I asked you, even in the most important transaction of your life — so you said once, at least."

"Anything you asked me, papa?" cried Sara, with a sudden change of countenance. "Yes, to be sure! anything! Not because I am dutiful, but because — you are surely all very stupid to-day — because — Don't you know what I mean?"

"Yes," said young Powys, who all this time had not spoken a word. Perhaps in her impatience her eye had fallen upon him; perhaps it was because he could not help it; but however that might be, the monosyllable sent a little electric shock round the table. As for the speaker himself, he had no sooner uttered it than he reddened like a girl up to his very hair.

Sara started a little, and became suddenly silent, looking at the unexpected interpreter she had got; and as for the Rector, he stared with the air of a man who asks himself, What next?

The sudden pause thus made in the conversation by his inadvertent reply, confused the young man most of all. He felt it down to the very tips of his fingers. It went tingling through and through him, as if he were the centre of the electricity — as indeed he was. His first impulse, to get up and run away, of course could not be yielded to; and as luncheon was over by this time, and the servants gone, and the business of the meal over, it was harder than ever to find any shelter to retire behind. Despair at last, however, gave him a little courage. "I think, sir," he said, turning to Mr. Brownlow, "if you have no commands for me that I had better go. Mr. Wrinkell will want to know your opinion; unless, indeed" ——

"I am not well enough for work," said Mr. Brownlow, "and you may as well take a holiday as you are here. It will do you good. Go and look at the horses, and take a stroll in the park. Of course you are fond of the country. I don't think there is much to see in the house" ——

"If Mr. Powys would like to see the Claude, I will take him into the drawing-room," said Sara with all her original benignity. Powys, to tell the truth, did not very well know whether he was standing on his head, or on the other and more ordinary extremity. He was confounded by the grace showed to him. And being a backwoodsman by nature, and knowing not much more than Masterton in the civilised world, the fact is that at first, before he considered the matter, he had not an idea what a Claude was. But that made no difference; he was ready to have gone to Pandemonium if the same offer had been made to show the way. Not that he had fallen in love at first sight with the young mistress of Brownlows. He was too much dazzled, too much surprised for that; but he had understood what she meant, and the finest little delicate thread of *rapport* had come into existence between them. As for Sara's condescension and benignity, he liked it. Her brother would have driven him frantic with a tithe of the affability which Sara thought her duty under the circumstances; but from her it was what it ought to be. The young man did not think it was possible that such a privilege was to be accorded to him, but he looked at her gratefully, thanking her with his eyes. And Sara looked at him, and for an instant saw into those eyes, and became suddenly sensible that it was not her father's clerk, but a man, a young man, to whom she had made this obliging offer. It was not an idea that had entered her head before; he was a clerk whom Mr. Brownlow chose to bring in to luncheon. He might have been a hundred for anything Sara cared. Now, all at once it dawned upon her that the clerk was a man, and young, and also well-looking, a discovery which filled her with a certain mixture of horror and amusement. "Well, how was I to know?" she said to herself, although, to be sure, she had been sitting at the same table with him for about an hour.

"Certainly, if Powys likes, let him see the Claude; but I should think he would prefer the horses," said Mr. Brownlow; and then Sara rose and shook out her long skirt, and made a little sign to the stranger, to follow her. When the two young creatures disappeared, Mr. Hardcastle, who had been staring at them, open-mouthed, turned round aghast and pale with consternation upon his friend.

"Brownlow, are you mad?" he said; "good heavens! if it was anybody but you I should think it was softening of the brain."

"It may be softening of the brain," said Mr. Brownlow, cheerfully; "I don't know what the symptoms are. What's wrong?"

"What's wrong?" said the Rector — he had to stop to pour himself out a glass of wine to collect his faculties — "why it looks as if you meant it. Send your clerk off with your child, a young fellow like that, as if they were equals! Your *clerk!* I should not permit it with my Fanny, I can tell you that."

"Do you think Sara will run away with him?" said Mr. Brownlow, smiling. "I feel sure I can trust *him* not to do it. Why, what nonsense you are speaking! If you have no more confidence in my little friend Fanny, I have. *She* would be in no danger from my clerk if she were to see him every day, and show him all the pictures in the world."

"Oh, Fanny, — that is not the question," said the Rector, half suspicious of the praise, and half pleased. "It was Sara we were talking of. I don't believe she would care if a man was a chimney-sweep. You have inoculated her with your dreadful Radical ideas" ——

"I? I am not a Radical," said Mr. Brownlow; and he still smiled, though he entered into no further explanation. As for the Rector, he gulped down his wine subsided into his neckcloth, as he did when he was disturbed in his mind. He had no parallel in his experience to this amazing indiscretion. Fanny? — no; to be sure Fanny was a very good girl and knew her place better — she would not have offered to show the Claude, though it had been the finest Claude in the world, even to a curate, much less to a clerk. And then it seemed to Mr. Hardcastle that Mr. Brownlow's eyes looked very heavy, and that there were many tokens half visible about him of softening of the brain.

Meanwhile Sara went sweeping along the great wide fresh airy passages, and through the hall, and up the grand staircase. Her dress was of silk, and rustled — not a vulgar rustle, like that which announces some women offensively wherever they go, but a soft satiny silvery ripple of sound which harmonised her going like a low accompaniment. Young Powys had only seen her for the first time that day, and he was a reasonable young fellow, and had not a thought of love or love-making in his mind.

Love! as if anything so preposterous could ever arise between this young princess and a poor lawyer's clerk, maintaining his mother and his little sisters on sixty pounds a-year. But yet, he was a young man, and she was a girl; and following after her as he did, it was not in human nature not to behold and note the fair creature with her glistening robes and her shining hair. Now and then, when she passed through a patch of sunshine from one of the windows, she seemed to light up all over, and reflect it back again, and send forth soft rays of responsive light. Though she was so slender and slight, her step was as steady and free as his own, Canadian and backwoodsman as he was; and yet, as she moved, her pretty head swayed by times like the head of a tall lily upon the breeze, not with weakness, but with the flexile grace that belonged to her nature. Powys saw all this, and it bewitched him, though she was altogether out of his sphere. Something in the atmosphere about her went to his head. It was the most delicate intoxication that ever man felt, and yet it was intoxication in a way. He went up-stairs after her, feeling like a man in a dream, not knowing what fairy palace, what new event she might be leading him to; but quite willing and ready, under her guidance, to meet any destiny that might await him. The Claude was so placed in the great drawing-room that the actual landscape, so far as the mild greenness of the park could be called landscape, met your eye as you turned from the immortal landscape of the picture. Sara went straight up to it without a pause, and showed her companion where he was to stand. "This is the Claude," she said, with a majestic little wave of her hand by way of introduction. And the young man stood and looked at the picture, with her dress almost touching him. If he did not know much about the Claude at the commencement, he knew still less now. But he looked into the clear depths of the picture with the most devout attention. There was a ripple of water, and a straight line of light gleaming down into it, penetrating the stream, and casting up all the crisp cool glistening wavelets against its own glow. But as for the young spectator, who was not a connoisseur, his head got confused somehow between the sun on Claude's ripples of water, and the sun as it had fallen in the hall upon Sara's hair and her dress.

"It is very lovely," he said, rather more because he thought it was the thing he ought to say than from any other cause.

"Yes," said Sara; "we are very proud of our Claude; but I should like to know why active men like papa should like those sort of pictures; he prefers landscapes to everything else — whereas they make me impatient. I want something that lives and breathes. I like pictures of life — not that one everlasting line of light fixed down upon the canvas with no possibility of change."

"I don't know much about pictures," said Powys — "but yet — don't you think it is less natural still to see one everlasting attitude — like that, for instance, on the other wall? people don't keep doing one particular thing all their lives."

"I should like to be a policeman and tell them to move on," said Sara. "That woman there, who is giving the bread to the beggar — she has been the vexation of my life; why can't she give it and have done with it? I think I hate pictures — I don't see what we want with them. I always want to know what happened next."

"But nothing need happen at all here," said Powys with unconscious comprehension, turning to the Claude again. He was a little out of his depth, and not used to this kind of talk, but more and more it was going to his head, and that intoxication carried him on.

"That is the worst of all," said Sara. "Why doesn't there come a storm? — what is the good of everything always being the same? That was what I meant down-stairs when you pretended you did not understand."

What was the poor young fellow to say? He was penetrated to his very heart by the sweet poison of this unprecedented flattery — for it was flattery, though Sara meant nothing more than the freemasonry of youth. She had forgotten he was a clerk, standing there before the Claude; she had even forgotten her own horror at the discovery that he was a man. He was young like herself, willing to follow her lead, and he "understood;" which after all, though Sara was not particularly wise, is the true test of social capabilities. He did know what she meant, though in that one case he had not responded; and Sara, like everybody else of quick intelligence and rapid mind, met with a great many people who stared and did not know what she meant. This was why she did the stranger the honour of a half reproach; — it brought the poor youth's intoxication to its height.

"But I don't think you understand," he said, ruefully, apologetically, pathetically, laying himself down at her feet, as it were, to be trod upon if she pleased — "you don't know how hard it is to be poor; so long as it was only one's self, perhaps, or so long as it was mere hardship; but there is worse than that; you have to feel yourself mean and sordid — you have to do shabby things. You have to put yourself under galling obligations; but I ought not to speak to you like this — that is what it really is to be poor."

Sara stood and looked at him, opening her eyes wider and wider. This was not in the least like the cottage with the roses, but she had forgotten all about that; what she was thinking of now was whether he was referring to his own case — whether his life was like that — whether her father could not do something for him; but for the natural grace of sympathy which restrained her, she would have said so right out; but in her simplicity she said some-

thing very near as bad. "Mr. Powys," she said, quite earnestly, "do you live in Masterton all alone?"

Then he woke up and came to himself. It was like falling from a great height, and finding one's feet, in a very confused, sheepish sort of way, on the common ground. And the thought crossed his mind, also, that she might think he was referring to himself, and made him still more sheepish and confused. But yet, now that he was roused, he was able to answer for himself. "No, Miss Brownlow," he said; "my mother and my little sisters are with me. I don't live alone."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Sara whose turn it now was to blush. "I hope you like Masterton?" This very faltering and uncomfortable question was the end of the interview; for it was very clear no answer was required. And then she showed him the way down-stairs, and he went his way by himself, retracing the very steps which he had taken when he was following her. He felt, poor fellow, as if he had made a mistake somehow, and done something wrong, and went out very rueful into the park, as he would have gone to his desk, in strict obedience to his employer's commands.

CHAPTER XVI.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Brownlow did really look as if he were taking a holiday. He came forth into the avenue as Sara was going out and joined her, and she seized her opportunity, and took his arm and led him up and down in the afternoon sunshine. It is a pretty sight to see a girl clinging to her father, pouring all her guesses and philosophies into his ears, and claiming his confidence. It is a different kind of intercourse, more picturesque, more amusing, in some ways even more touching, than the intercourse of a mother and daughter, especially when there is, as with these two, no mother in the case, and the one sole parent has both offices to fulfil. Sara clung to her father's arm, and congratulated herself upon having got him out, and promised herself a good long talk. "For I never see you, papa," she said; "you know I never see you. You are at that horrid office the whole long day."

"Only all the mornings and all the evenings," said Mr. Brownlow, "which is a pretty good proportion, I think, of life."

"Oh, but there is always Jack or somebody," said Sara tightening her clasp of his arm; "and sometimes one wants only you."

"Have you something to say to me, then?" said her father, with a little curiosity, even anxiety, — for of course his own disturbed thoughts accompanied him everywhere, and put meanings into every word that was said.

"Something!" said Sara, with indignation; "heaps of things. I want to tell you and I want to ask you; —but, by the by, answer me first, before I forget, is this Mr. Powys very poor?"

"Powys!" said Mr. Brownlow, with a suppressed thrill of excitement. "What of Powys? It seems to me I hear of nothing else. Where has the young fellow gone?"

"*I* did not do anything to him," said Sara, turning her large eyes full of mock reproach upon her father's face. "You need not ask him from me in that way. I suppose he has gone home — to his mother and his little sisters," she added dropping her voice.

"And what do you know about his mother and his little sisters?" said Mr. Brownlow, startled yet amused by her tone.

"Well, he told me he had such people belonging to him, papa," said Sara; "and he gave me a very grand description before that of what it is to be poor. I want to know if he is very poor? and could I send anything to them, or do anything? or are they too grand for that? or couldn't you raise his salary, or something? You ought to do something, since he is a favourite of your own."

"Did he complain to you?" said Mr. Brownlow, in consternation; "and I trust in goodness, Sara, you did not propose to do anything for them, as you say?"

"No, indeed; I had not the courage," said Sara. "I never have sense enough to do such things. Complain! oh, dear no; he did not complain. But he was so much in earnest about it, you know, *apropos* of that silly speech I made at luncheon, that he made me quite uncomfortable. Is he a — a gentleman, papa?"

"He is my clerk," said Mr. Brownlow, shortly; and then the conversation dropped. Sara was not a young woman to be stopped in this way in ordinary cases, though she did stop this time, seeing her father fully meant it; but all the same she did not stop thinking which indeed, in her case, was a thing very difficult to do.

Then Mr. Brownlow began to nerve himself for a great effort. It excited him as nothing had excited him for many a long year. He drew his child's arm more closely through his own, and drew her nearer to him. They were going slowly down the avenue, upon which the afternoon sunshine lay warm, all marked and lined across by columns of trees, and the light shadows of the half-developed foliage. "Do you know," he said, "I have been thinking a great deal lately about a thing you once said to me. I don't know whether you meant it" ——

"I never say anything I don't mean," said Sara, interrupting him; but she too felt that something more than usual was coming, and did not enlarge upon the subject. "What was it, papa?" she said, clinging still closer to his arm

"You refused Motherwell," said Mr. Brownlow, "though he could have given you an excellent position, and is, they tell me, a very honest fellow. I told you to consider it, but you refused him, Sara."

"Well, no," said Sara, candidly; "refusing people is very clumsy sort of work, unless you want to tell of it after, and that is mean. I did

not refuse him. I only contrived, you know, that he should not speak."

"Well, I suppose it comes to about the same thing," said Mr. Brownlow. "What I am going to say now is very serious. You once told me you would marry the man I asked you to marry. Hush, my darling, don't speak yet. I daresay you never thought I would ask such a proof of confidence from you; but there are strange turns in circumstances. I am not going to be cruel, like a tyrannical father in a book; but if I were to ask you to do such a great thing for me — to do it blindly without asking questions, to try to love and to marry a man, not of your own choice, but mine — Sara, would you do it? Don't speak yet. I would not bind you. At the last moment you should be free to withdraw from the bargain" —

"Let me speak, papa!" cried Sara. "Do you mean to say that you *need* this — that you really *want* it? Is it something that can't be done any other way? first tell me that."

"I don't think it can be done any other way," said Mr. Brownlow, sadly, with a sigh.

"Then, of course, I will do it," said Sara. She turned to him as she spoke, and fixed her eyes intently on his face. Her levity, her lightness, her careless freedom were all gone. No doubt she had meant the original promise, as she said, but she had made it with a certain gay bravado, little dreaming of anything to follow. Now she was suddenly sobered and silenced. There was no mistaking the reality in Mr. Brownlow's face. Sara was not a careful thoughtful woman: she was a creature who leapt at conclusions, and would not linger over the most solemn decision. And then she was not old enough to see both sides of a question. She jumped at it, and gave her pledge, and fixed her fate more quickly than another temperament would have chosen a pair of gloves. But for all that she was very grave. She looked up in her father's face questioning him with her eyes. She was ready to put her life in his hands, to give him her future, her happiness, as if it had been a flower for his coat. But yet she was sufficiently roused to see that this was no laughing matter. "Of course I will do it," she repeated, without any grandeur of expression; but she never looked so grave, or had been so serious all her life.

As for her father, he looked at her with a gaze that seemed to devour her. He wanted to see into her heart. He wanted to look through and through those two blue spheres into the soul which was below, and he could not do it. He was so intent upon this that he did not even perceive at the first minute that she had consented. Then the words caught his ear and went to his heart — "'Of course I will do it." When he caught the meaning strangely enough his object went altogether out of his mind, and he thought of nothing but of the half pathetic, unhesitating, magnificent generosity of his child. She had not asked a question, why or wherefore, but had given herself up at once with a kind of prodigal readiness. A sudden gush of tears, such as had not refreshed them for years, came into Mr. Brownlow's eyes. Not that they ran over, or fell, or displayed themselves in any way, but they came up under the bushy eyebrows like water under reeds, making a certain glimmer in the shade. "My dear child!" he said, with a voice that had a jar in it such as profound emotion gives; and he gathered up her two little hands into his, and pressed them together, holding her fast to him. He was so touched that his impulse was to give her back her word, not to take advantage of it; to let everything go to ruin if it would, and keep his child safe. But was it not for herself? It was in the moment when this painful sweetness was going to his very heart, that he bent over her and kissed her on the forehead. He could not say anything, but there are many occasions, besides those proper to lovers, when that which is inexpressible may be put into a kiss. The touch of her father's lips on Sara's forehead told her a hundred things; love, sorrow, pain, and a certain poignant mixture of joy and humiliation. He could not have uttered a word to save his life. She was willing to do it, with a lavish youthful promptitude; and he, was he to accept the sacrifice? This was what John Brownlow was thinking when he stooped over her and pressed his lips on his child's brow. She had taken from him the power of speech.

Such a supreme moment cannot last. Sara, too, not knowing why, had felt that *serrement du cœur*, and had been pierced by the same poignant sweetness. But she knew little reason for it, and none in particular why her father should be so moved, and her spirits came back to her long before his did. She walked along by his side in silence, feeling by the close pressure of her hands that he had not quite come to himself, for some time after *she* had come back to herself. With every step she took the impression glided off Sara's mind; her natural lightheartedness returned to her. Moreover, she was not to be compelled to marry that very day, so there was no need for being miserable about it just yet at least. She was about to speak half-a-dozen times before she really ventured on utterance; and when at last she took her step out of the solemnity and sublimity of the situation, this was how Sara plunged into it, without any interval of repose.

"I beg your pardon, papa; I would not trouble you if I could help it. But please, now it is all decided, will you just tell me — am I to marry anybody that turns up? or is there any one in particular? I beg your pardon, but one likes to know."

Mr. Brownlow was struck by this demand, as was to be expected. It affected his nerves, though nobody had been aware that he had any nerves. He gave an abrupt, short laugh, which was not very merry, and clasped her hands tighter than ever in his.

"Sara" he said, "this is not a joke. Do you know there is scarcely anything I would not have done rather than ask this of you? It is a very serious matter to me."

"I am sure I am treating it very seriously," said Sara. "I don't take it for a joke; but you see papa, there is a difference. What you care for is that it should be settled. It is not you that have the marrying to do; but for my part it is *that* that is of the most importance. I should rather like to know who it was, if it would be the same to you."

Once more Mr. Brownlow pressed in his own the soft, slender hands, he held. "You shall know in time — you shall know in good time," he said, "if it is inevitable;" and he gave a sort of moan over her as a woman might have done. His beautiful * child! who was fit for a prince's bride, if any prince were good enough. Perhaps even yet the necessity might be escaped.

"But I should like to know now," said Sara; and then she gave a little start, and coloured suddenly, and looked him quickly, keenly in the face! "Papa!" she said; " — "you don't mean — do you mean — this Mr. Powys, perhaps?"

Mr. Brownlow actually shrank from her eye. He grew pale, almost green; faltered, dropped her hands — "My darling!" he said feebly. He had not once dreamt of making any revelation on this subject. He had not even intended to put it to her at all, had it not come to him, as it were, by necessity; and consequently he was quite unprepared to defend himself. As for Sara, she clung to him closer, and looked him still more keenly in the eyes.

"Tell me," she said; "I will keep my word all the same. It will make no difference to me. Papa, tell me! it is better I should know at once."

"You ought not to have asked me that question, Sara," said Mr. Brownlow, recovering himself; "If I ask such a sacrifice of you, you shall know all about it in good time. I can't tell, my own scheme does not look so reasonable to me as it did — I may give it up altogether. But in the mean time don't ask me any more questions. And if you should repent, even at the last moment"——

"But if it is necessary to you, papa?" said Sara, opening her eyes — "if it has to be done, what does it matter whether I repent or not?"

"Nothing is necessary to me that would cost your happiness," said Mr. Brownlow. And then they went on again for some time in silence. As for Sara, she had no inclination to have the magnificence of her sacrifice thus interfered with. For the moment her feeling was that, on the whole it would even be better that the marriage to which she devoted herself should be an unhappy and unfit one If it were happy it would not be a sacrifice; and to be able to repent at the last, like any commonplace young woman following her own inclinations, was not at all according to Sara's estimation of the contract. She went on by her father's side, thinking of that and of some other things in silence.

* The fact was, Sara was not beautiful. There was not the least trace of perfection about her; but her father had prepossessions and prejudices, such as parents are apt to have, unphilosophical as it may be.

Her thoughts were of a very different tenor from his. She was not taking the matter tragically as he supposed — no blank veil had been thrown over Sara's future by this intimation, though Mr. Brownlow, walking absorbed by her side, was inclined to think so. On the contrary, her imagination had begun to play with the idea lightly, as with a far-off possibility in which there was some excitement, and even some amusement possible. While her father relapsed into painful consideration of the whole subject, Sara went on demurely by his side, not without the dawnings of a smile about the corners of her mouth. There was nothing said between them for a long time. It seemed to Mr. Brownlow as if the conversation had broken off at such a point that it would be hard to recommence it. He seemed to have committed and betrayed himself without doing any good whatever by it; and he was wroth at his own weakness. Softening of the brain! There might be something in what the Rector said. Perhaps it was disease, and not the pressure of circumstances, which had made him to take seriously the first note of alarm. Perhaps his own scheme to secure Brownlows and his fortune to Sara was premature, if not unnecessary. It was while he was thus opening up anew the whole matter, that Sara at last ventured to betray the tenor of her thoughts.

"Papa," she said, "I asked you a question just now, and you did not answer me; but answer me now, for I want to know. This — this — gentleman — Mr. Powys. Is he — a gentleman, papa?"

"I told you he was my clerk, Sara," said Mr. Brownlow, much annoyed by the question.

"I know you did, but that is not quite enough. A man may be a gentleman though he is a clerk. I want a plain answer," said Sara, looking up again into her father's face.

And he was not without the common weakness of Englishmen for good connections — very far from that. He would not have minded, to tell the truth, giving a thousand pounds or so on the spot to any known family of Powys which would have adopted the young Canadian into its bosom. "I don't know what Powys has to do with the matter," he said; and then unconsciously his tone changed. "It is a good name; and I think — I imagine — he must belong somehow to the Lady Powys who once lived near Masterton. His father was well born, but, I believe," added Mr. Brownlow, with a slight shiver, "that he married — beneath him. I think so. I can't say I am quite sure."

"I should have thought you would have known everything," said Sara. "Of course, papa, you know I am dying to ask you a hundred questions, but I won't, if you will only just tell me one thing. A girl may promise to accept any one — whom — whom her people wish her to have; but is it as certain," said Sara, solemnly, "that he — will have me?"

Then Mr. Brownlow stood still for a moment, looking with wonder, incomprehension, and a certain mixture of awe and dismay upon

his child. Sara, obeying his movement, stood still also with her eyes cast down, and just showing a glimmer of malice under their lids, with the colour glowing softly in her cheeks, with the ghost of a smile coming and going round her pretty mouth. "Oh child, child!" was all Mr. Brownlow said. He was moved to smile in spite of himself, but he was more moved to wonder. After all, she was making a joke of it — or was it really possible that, in this careless smiling way, the young creature, who had thrust her life into his hands like a flower, to be disposed of as he would, was going forward to meet all unknown evils and dangers? The sober, steady, calculating man could understand a great many things more abstruse, but he could not understand this.

This, however, was about the end of their conference, for they had reached old Betty's cottage by this time, who came out, ungrateful old woman as she was, to curtsy as humbly to Mr. Brownlow as if he had been twenty old squires, and to ask after his health. And Sara had occasion to speak to her friend Pamela on the other side of the way. It was not consistent with the father's dignity, of course, to go with her to visit those humble neighbours, but he stood at the gate with old Betty behind in a whirl of curtsies, watching while Sara's tall, straight, graceful figure went across the road, and Pamela, with her little, fresh, bright, dewy face, like an April morning, came running out to meet her. "Poor little thing!" Mr. Brownlow said to himself — though he could not have explained why he was sorry for Pamela; and then he turned back slowly and went home, crossing the long shadows of the trees. He was not satisfied with himself or with his day's work. He was like a doctor accustomed to regard with a cool and impartial eye the diseases of others, but much at a loss when he had his own personal pains in hand. He was uneasy and ashamed when he was alone and reminded himself that he had managed very badly. What was he to do? Was he to act as a doctor would, and put his domestic malady into the hands of a brother practitioner? But this was a suggestion at which he shuddered. Was he to take Jack into his counsel and get the aid of his judgment? — but Jack was worse, a thousand times worse, than a stranger. He had all his life been considered a very clever lawyer, and he knew it: he had got scores of people out of scrapes, and, one way or other, half the country was beholden to him; and he could do nothing but get himself deeper and deeper into his own miserable scrape. Faint thoughts of making it into "a case" and taking opinions on it — taking Wrinkell's opinion, for instance, quietly, his old friend who had a clear head and a great deal of experience — came into his mind. He had made a muddle of it himself. And then the Rector's question recurred to him with still greater force — could it be softening of the brain? Perhaps it would be best to speak to the doctor first of all.

Meanwhile Sara had gone into Mrs. Swayne's little dark parlour, out of the sunshine, and had seated herself at Pamela's post in the window, very dreamy and full of thought. She did not even speak for a long time, but let her little friend prattle to her. "I saw you and Mr. Brownlow coming down the avenue," said Pamela; "what a long time you were, and how strange it looked! Sometimes you had a great deal to say, and then for a long time you would walk on and on, and never look at each other. Was he scolding you? Sometimes I thought he was."

Sara made no answer to this question; she only uttered a long, somewhat demonstrative sigh, and then went off upon a way of her own. "I wonder how it would have felt to have had a mother?" she said, and sighed again to her companion's great dismay.

"How it would have felt?" said Pamela; "That is just the one thing that makes me feel I don't envy you. You have quantities and quantities of fine things, but I have mamma."

"And I have papa," said Sara, quickly, not disposed to be set at a disadvantage; "that was not what I meant. Sometimes, though you may think it very wicked, I feel as if I was rather glad; for, of course, if mamma had been living it would have been very different for me; and then sometimes I think I would give a great deal —— Look here. I don't like talking of such things; but did you ever think what you would do if you were married? Fanny Hardcastle likes talking of it. How do you think you should feel? to the — gentleman, you know?"

"Think," said Pamela; "does one need to think about it? love him, to be sure." And this she said with a rising colour, and with two rays of new light waking up in her eyes.

"Ah, love him," said Sara; "it is very easy to talk; but how are you to love him? that does not come of itself just when it is told, you know; at least I suppose it doesn't — I am sure I never tried."

"But if you did not love him, of course you would not marry him," said Pamela, getting confused.

"Yes — that is just one of the things it is so easy to say," said Sara; "and I suppose at your age you don't know any better. Don't you know that people *have* to marry whether they like it or not? and when they never, never would have thought of it themselves? I suppose," said Sara, in the strength of her superior knowledge, "that most of us are married like that. Because it suits our people, or because — I don't know what — anything but one's own will." And this little speech the young martyr again rounded with a sigh.

"Are you going to be married?" said Pamela, drawing a footstool close to her friend's feet, and looking up with awe into her face. "I wish you would tell me. Mamma has gone to Dewsbury, and she will not be back for an hour. Oh, do tell me — I will never repeat it to any-

body. And, dear Miss Brownlow, if you don't love him" ——

"Hush," said Sara, "I never said anything about a *him*. It is you who are such a romantic little girl. What I was speaking of was one's duty; one has to do one's duty whether one likes it or not."

This oracular speech was very disappointing to Pamela. She looked up eagerly with her bright eyes, trying to make out the romance which she had no doubt existed. "I can fancy," she said, softly, "why you wanted your mother;" and her little hand stole into Sara's, which lay on her knee. Sara did not resist the soft caress. She took the hand, and pressed it close between her own, which were longer, and not so rounded and childlike; and then, being a girl of uncertain disposition, she laughed, to Pamela's great surprise and dismay.

"I think, perhaps, I like to be my own mistress best," she said; "if mamma had lived she never would have let me do anything I wanted to do — and then most likely she would not have known what I meant. It is Jack, you know, who is most like mamma."

"But he is very nice," said Pamela, quickly; and then she bent down her head as quickly, feeling the hot crimson rushing to her face, though she did not well know why. Sara took no notice of it —never observed it, indeed — and kept smoothing down in her own her little neighbour's soft small hand.

"Oh, yes," she said, "and I am very fond of my brother; only he and I are not alike, you know. I wonder who Jack will marry, if he ever marries; but it is very fine to hear him talk of that — perhaps he never did to you. He is so scornful of everybody who falls in love, and calls them asses, and all sorts of things. I should just like to see him fall in love himself. If he were to make a very foolish marriage it would be fun. They say those dreadfully wise people always do."

"Do they?" said Pamela; and she bent down to look at the border of her little black silk apron, and to set it to rights, very energetically, with her unoccupied hand. But she did not ask any further questions; and so the two girls sat together for a few minutes, hand clasped in hand, the head of the one almost touching the other, yet each far afield in her own thoughts; of which, to tell the truth, though she was so much the elder and the wiser, Sara's thoughts were the least painful, the least heavy, of the two.

"You don't give me any advice, Pamela," she said at last. "Come up the avenue with me at least. Papa has gone home, and it is quite dark here out of the sun. Put on your hat and come with me. I like the light when it slants so, and falls in long lines. I think you have a headache to-day, and a walk will do you good."

"Yes, I think I have a little headache," said Pamela, softly; and she put on her hat and followed her companion out. The sunshine had passed beyond Betty's cottage, and cut the avenue obliquely in two — the one end all light, the other all gloom. The two young creatures ran lightly across the shady end, Sara, as always, leading the way. Her mind, it is true, was as full as it could be of her father's communication, but the burden sat lightly on her. Now and then a word or two would tingle, as it were, in her ears; now and then it would occur to her that her fate was sealed, as she said, and a sigh, half false half true, would come to her lips; but, in the mean time, she was more amused by the novelty of the position than discouraged by the approach of fate.

"What are you thinking of?" she said, when they came into the tender light in the further part of the avenue; for the two, by this time, had slackened their pace, and drawn close together, as is the wont of girls, though they did not speak.

"I was only looking at our shadows going before us," said Pamela, and this time the little girl echoed very softly Sara's sigh.

"They are not at all beautiful to look at; they are shadows on stilts," said Sara; "you might think of something more interesting than that."

"But I wish something did go before us like that to show the way," said Pamela. "I wish it was true about guardian angels — if we could only see them, that is to say; and then it is so difficult to know" ——

"What," said Sara; "you are too young to want a guardian angel; you are not much more than a little angel yourself. When one has begun to go daily further from the east, one knows the good of being quite a child."

"But I am not quite a child," said Pamela, under her breath.

"Oh yes, you are. But look here, Jack must be coming; don't you hear the wheels? I did not know it was so late. Shall you mind going back alone, for I must run and dress? And please come to me in the morning as soon as ever they are gone, I have such heaps of things to say."

Saying this, Sara ran off, flying along under the trees, she and her shadow; and poor little Pamela, not so much distressed as perhaps she ought to have been to be left alone, turned back towards the house. The dogcart was audible before it dashed through the gate, and Pamela's heart beat, keeping time with the ringing of the mare's feet and the sound of the wheels. But it stopped before Betty's door, and some one jumped down, and the mare and the dogcart and the groom dashed past Pamela in a kind of whirlwind. Mr. John had keen eyes, and saw something before him in the avenue; and he was quick-witted, and timed his inquiries after Betty in the most prudent way. Before Pamela, whose heart beat louder than ever, was halfway down the avenue, he had joined her, evidently, whatever Betty or Mrs. Swayne might say to the contrary, in the most purely accidental way.

"This is luck," said Jack; "I have not seen

you for two whole days, except at the window, which doesn't count. I don't know how we managed to endure the dulness before that window came to be inhabited. Come this way a little under the chestnuts — you have the sun in your eyes."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Pamela, "and I must not wait; I am going home."

"I suppose you have been walking with Sara, and she has left you to go home alone," said Jack; "it is like her. She never thinks of anything. But tell me what you have been doing these two frightfully long days?"

From which it will be seen that Mr. John, as well as his sister, had made a little progress towards intimacy since he became first acquainted with the lodgers at Mrs. Swayne's.

"I don't think they have been frightfully long days," said Pamela, making the least little timid response to his emphasis and to his eyes — wrong, no doubt, but almost inevitable. "I have been doing nothing more than usual; mamma has wanted me, that is all."

"Then it is too bad of mamma," said Jack; "you know you ought to be out every day. I must come and talk to her about it — air and exercise, you know."

"But you are not a doctor," said Pamela, with a soft ring of laughter — not that he was witty, but that the poor child was happy, and showed it in spite of herself; for Mr. John had turned, and was walking down the avenue, very slowly, pausing almost every minute, and not at all like a man who was going home to dinner. He was still young. I suppose that was why he preferred Pamela to the more momentous fact which was in course of preparation at the great house.

"I am a little of everything," he said; "I should like to go out to Australia, and get a farm, and keep sheep. Don't you like the old stories and the old pictures with the shepherdesses? If you had a little hut all covered with flowers, and a crook with ribbons" ——

"Oh, but I should not like to be a shepherdess," cried Pamela, in haste.

"Shouldn't you? Well, I did not mean that; but to go out into the bush, or the backwoods, or whatever they call it, and do everything, and get everything for one's self. Shouldn't you like that? Better than all the nonsense and all the ceremony here," said Jack, bending down to see under the shade of her hat, which, as it happened, was difficult enough.

"*We* don't have much ceremony," said Pamela, "but if I was a lady like your sister" ——

"Like Sara!" said Jack; and he nodded his head with a little brotherly contempt. "Don't be anything different from what you are, please. I should like people to wear always the same dress, and keep exactly as they were when — the first time, you know. I like you, for instance, in your red cloak. I never see a red cloak without thinking of you. I hope you will keep that one for ever and ever," said the philosophical youth. As for Pamela she could not but feel a little confused, wondering whether this, or Sara's description of her brother, was the reality. And she should not have known what to answer but that the bell at the house interfered in her behalf, and began to sound forth its touching call — a sound that could not be gainsaid.

"There is the bell," she cried; "you will be too late for dinner. Oh, please, don't come any further. There is old Betty looking out."

"Bother dinner," said Mr. John, "and old Betty too," he added under his breath. He had taken her hand, the same hand which Sara had been holding, to bid her good-bye, no doubt in the ordinary way. At all events, old Betty's vicinity made the farewell all that politeness required. But he did not leave her until he had opened the gate for her, and watched her enter at her own door. "When my sister leaves Miss Preston in the avenue," he said, turning gravely to Betty, with that severe propriety for which he was distinguished, "be sure you always see her safely home; she is too young to walk about alone." And with these dignified words Mr. John walked on, having seen the last of her, leaving Betty speechless with amazement. "As if I done it!" Betty said. And then he went home to dinner. Thus both Mr. Brownlow's children, though he did not know it, had begun to make little speculations for themselves in undiscovered ways.

JASPER. — This durable and beautiful substance, observes the *Scientific Review*, which has hitherto been obtainable only in limited quantities, chiefly from Siberia and Russia, is now procured, to almost any required extent, at Saint Gervais, in Savoy, where the quarry has a surface of at least 24,000 square yards, and a depth of about twenty-two yards. It is a variety of quartz, which is characterized by being opaque, however thin the plates into which it may be cut, and is of various colours — red, brown, green, &c., that at present used for jewellery being green with red spots. It resists for indefinite periods the action of the weather, and is an excellent material for ornamentation, whether as stands for small objects, &c., or as panels, columns, &c., to be used by the architect. Some of what is found at Saint Gervais bears close resemblance to the beautiful species termed *rouge antique*; it is of a fine red, and without veins.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHARLES LAMB.

'How pleasant it is to reflect that all these lovers of books have *themselves become books*,' says Leigh Hunt, when thinking over his favourite book-lovers of the past. And, he continues, 'I should like to remain visible in this shape. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do, what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind, when he is no more.' In glancing with Leigh Hunt round our book-shelves we cannot but feel that of all human spirits who remain visible in book shape, to keep immortal company with us, there is not one who comes nearer home to us than Charles Lamb. His writings are at the head of those which we take closely to heart in a sort of bed and board acquaintanceship, because the authors have given themselves to us so intimately in the shape of their books, that they come near to us in the warmth of real life; the spirit being so much more than the mere letter. In the visibility of embodied personality, the books of Charles Lamb are of a kind in which the species almost constitutes the genus. He lives in them as fully, as vividly, as Johnson does in Boswell's *Life* and draws us to him by a tie of tenderer love. He keeps on talking to us, not like a book, but as in life, making the old curious inquisition into the commonplaces of nature, and minor motives of humanity, with the old quaint mental twist in his views; the naiveness that makes confession so charming; passing over his own troubles with that pathetic briskness with which his freakish humour kept the face of things astir, like a phosphorescent sea at night, to hide the darkling depths below; the wit luminous in his eye, the stammer on his tongue, the touch of St. Vitus in his mental movement; his frank heart and open hand making his frailties more human than some good people's virtues; — and the acquaintanceship keeps growing until we know him personally, even as Hunt and Hazlitt, Jem White or Wordsworth did, as dear lovable and gentle Charles Lamb.

With the work of his friend Mr. Proctor (or Barry Cornwall) most probably closes the record of Charles Lamb's life. We know now all that we are likely to gather from personal observers. The story is told, or rather we have the complete data for a story that will be told again and again so long as the English language lives in this world. We are enabled to see him as he lived and moved in the eyes of friends and companions, as well as look at his strange life and delightful character from within, by his own light. We know with what quiet heroism he bore his load for life; how lightly he jested with his lips when his heart was so heavy at times; how deftly he turned his mortal pain into immortal pleasure for us. The key to Charles Lamb's writing may be found in his unique character, and the main clues to his character are visible in his life.

Lamb was born almost in penury, and brought up as a charity boy. This is the plain truth, although the good Sergeant Talfourd amiably tries to festoon the fact and drape Lamb's first entrance on the stage of life as elegantly as he can. He has a knack of cutting the beef with the ham-knife to ennoble the flavour: or shall we say, he tells the truth so lovingly? And so blandly does he allude to the poor parents who were 'endued with sentiments and with manners which might well become the gentlest blood,' and the 'daily beauty of a cheerful submission to a state bordering on the servile,' that on our first introduction we feel a pervading air of gentility. In spite of which, Charles Lamb was one of those favourite children of nature who get put out to that old nurse — of many heroic spirits the stern mother — Poverty.

Charles Lamb was born on the 18th of February 1775, in one of the chambers of the Temple. His father was clerk to Mr. Samuel Salt, a barrister, one of the benchers of the Inner Temple, or rather, he was a kind of factotum, doing all the service that his master required, and doing it cleverly too. The father's family came from Lincolnshire, the mother's from Hertfordshire, and Lamb in one of his essays claims the latter county for his 'native fields.' Lamb never attempted to trace his ancestry beyond two or three generations. Perhaps he shared in the feeling illustrated by Sydney Smith, who said his grandfather had disappeared about the time of the assizes, and they made no further inquiries. He certainly had no false pride on the subject of his birth, and he left it to his brother John to keep up the dignity of their house.

Lamb had only one brother and one sister; John being twelve and Mary ten years older than himself. He spent the first seven years of his life in the Temple. There he had early access to Mr. Salt's books, and was 'tumbled into a spacious closet of good old English reading, and browsed at will on that fair and wholesome pasturage.' It is thus he speaks of his sister Mary, but the description doubtless applies

to himself. Here he first began to wander in those twisted walks of literature, which he loved so much in after days, and snuff the odour of old books, as fragrant to him as the 'blossoms of the tree of knowledge which grew in the happy orchard.' He seems to have been a born antique in certain tendencies; and these early surroundings, which threw over him a shadow of the past, must have deepened that antique colouring of his mind.

From the long line of dark chambers, and narrow lane and lowering archway, the boy issued forth to walk the 'old and awful cloisters of Edward.' When he was nearly eight years of age he was presented to the school of Christ's Hospital, where he remained as a scholar for some seven years. Here he appears to have been a little like Charlotte Bronté when she first went to school and her companions were romping around her: she said she could not play — she had not learned to play. 'While others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a young monk.' And here he learned, amongst other things, to question the propriety of 'grace before meat,' especially such graces as prefaced their 'cold bread and cheese suppers with a preamble, connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination, which religion has to offer.' He also learned the value of having a home near at hand, and the preciousness of a sister Mary in it. To her thoughtful care, he was indebted for many little additions to the school-fare, such as 'slices of extraordinary bread and butter,' 'lumps of double refined sugar,' a smack of ginger or cinnamon to make his 'mess of millet' less repugnant, and, crowning treat of all, a 'hot plate of roast veal,' or the 'more tempting griskin' that had been cooked at home. These dainties were brought to him by his good old aunt, who would 'toddle' off with any good thing she could get for him; and he used to feel ashamed to see her come and sit down on the 'old coal-hole steps' and open her apron and bring out her basin. 'I remember,' says Lamb, 'the contending passions at the unfolding — there was love for the bringer; shame for the things brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and at the top of all, hunger predominant.'

Lamb remained at Christ's Hospital seven years. Here he made the acquaintance of Coleridge, who was his elder by two years, and who had already begun to lift up his visionary brow and talk of coming glories and vast projects as he looked down long shining vistas of the future. His influence on Lamb was unquestionably great, and the friendship deepened all through life. Such a radiating mind could not come near others without warming and quickening them into a larger life. In dedicating his first collected works to Coleridge (1818), Lamb says, 'You first kindled in me, if not the power, yet the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindliness.' But in matters political and religious, Lamb never became a very enthusiastic disciple. He listened and wondered at the new heavens that rose, 'like an exhalation,' over the old earth at the incantation of Coleridge's talk; but a bit of pavement that he could feel firm under foot was more to the mind of Lamb than all the cloudlands going. He had not the large diffusive imagination of his friend, and his whole nature clung to those realities that help to concentrate the mind *here* and *now*. He dwelt in the present, and was no dim explorer of the future; he nestled in the homely valleys, and did not range the mountain tops of thought. Whatsoever poetic tinge the mind of Lamb may have caught from the glory of Coleridge's sunrise, it certainly was not dyed for life with any colour not its own.

On leaving Christ's Hospital, Lamb had to enter the workday world instead of going to college, as he would have wished. His brother John had a comfortable clerkship in the 'South Sea House,' and from the 'old and awful cloisters' to this grave above ground Lamb went to continue his musings and colour his mind, and earn a little money. The old house stood, says Lamb, amongst so many richer houses, their 'poor neighbour out of business.' Some forms of business were still kept up, but the soul had long since fled. Lamb tells us that the absence of bustle was delightful, the indolence almost cloistral. With what reverence he would pace the great bare rooms and courts at eventide. How he would ponder over the 'dead tomes' and ancient portraits; the dusty maps of Mexico, 'dim as dreams,' and 'soundings of the bay of Panama.'

At seventen years of age, Lamb obtained an appointment as clerk in the accountant's office of the East India Company, and in the India house he served for the space of thirty-three years. It has been a matter of regret to many that Charles Lamb should have been doomed for so long to the drudgery of the desk. And, naturally enough, he did not take to it because he liked it, but because he was in the habit of sub-

mitting with a wise cheerfulness to necessity, and of standing upright under his burthen instead of stooping to make it heavier. Not but what he at times kicked against the clerk's stool, and almost cursed the desk at which he sat. He found his duties continually interfering with his tendency to write those delightful epistles to his friends. He complains to Cottle of those bothering clerks and brokers who 'always press in proportion as you seem to be doing something that is not business. I could exclaim a little profanely, but I think you do not like swearing.' On another occasion he did break out in what he calls a 'maddish letter' to Wordsworth, and 'exclaim a little profanely.' In despite of which, the clerkship was Lamb's best and only means of living by his pen. Hazlitt, who wrote with ten times the facility of Lamb, could hardly earn his bread by it. It was well for Lamb that he had not to live by literature. Six or seven hours' labour a day, with a steady income, always sure, always increasing, was a more sensible, a *saner* thing for Charles Lamb than if he had sought to work his imagination alone. The time came when he had enough to brood over, and he did not need more brooding-time. To find an anchorage six hours a day for his hurt mind and vagrant temperament, to be taken out of his introspective self, was a god-send to Charles Lamb. It is also better for the world. The literary result of his life is, that we have his best expressed in the smallest compass; and if we can get a man's best in four volumes, it is a pity that circumstances should compel him to dilute it into twenty.

They do say that Lamb was late at office sometimes, and that his superior remonstrated with him. 'Mr. Lamb,' says he, 'I am sorry to find that you are the last to arrive of a morning.' 'Oh, yes,' replied Lamb; 'but then you know, I make up for it. I am always the first to leave in the afternoon.' The official is said to have perceived something logical in the explanation, but to have had only a confused sense of its satisfactoriness.

I repeat, the time came when the dull drudgery at the India House was a blessing to poor Lamb, and the desk was a tangible something on which to lay hold and steady his confused senses. There was an hereditary taint of insanity in Lamb's family. And when Charles had turned his twentieth year this broke out in himself. He refers to the immediate cause of madness in words to be yet quoted. On this occasion Lamb spent six weeks in a lunatic asylum at Hoxton. He writes to Coleridge in 1796, saying 'The six weeks that finished last year and began this your humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse. I am somewhat rational now, and don't bite any one; but mad I was.' And he tells his friend, 'At some future time I will amuse you with an account as full as memory will permit of the strange turn my fancy took. I look back upon it at times with a gloomy kind of envy; for, while it lasted, I had many, many hours of pure happiness. Dream not, Coleridge, of having tasted all the grandeur and wildness of fancy till you have gone mad. All now seems to me vapid — comparatively so. Excuse this selfish digression.' His sister Mary had previously suffered from the same fearful malady.

In this year (1796) occurred the dreadful deed which beclouded the whole of Lamb's after life. The family had removed from the Temple to Little Queen Street, Holborn. The father had left the service of Mr. Salt, and the mother was ill and bedridden. Mary had been nursing her mother day and night with the utmost devotedness: 'Of all people in the world,' says Lamb, 'she was most thoroughly devoid of all selfishness.' In the September of this year she became moody and queer, and on the 23rd of the month her madness broke loose. Just before dinner-time she snatched up a case-knife and ran round the room after the little girl who was her apprentice; hurled about the knives and forks, one of which struck her father on the forehead and felled him to the floor; then, as a climax to her frenzied fit, she stabbed her mother to the heart. Charles was at hand, but could only seize the knife and prevent her doing further mischief. Mary was placed in an asylum for a time, where her temporary recovery was rapid. But what a recovery! — the cloud of madness only passing away to reveal all the more clearly what the poor thing had done! Now arose the question whether the sister should be confined for life. The brother John advocated this, and other friends chimed in with his view. Mary herself expected it would be so.

Poor thing [writes Charles], they say she was but the other morning saying she knew she must go to Bethlem for life; that one of her brothers would have it so; the other would wish it not, but be obliged to go with the stream; that she had often, as she passed Bethlem, thought it likely: 'Here it may be my fate to end my days.'

Charles, however, pleaded for her release, and promised to take her, and care for her and watch over her. And well he kept his word. Only one despairing cry did he utter through long years of painful endurance. In a letter to Coleridge, written May 12th, 1800, he almost wishes that poor Mary were dead. He had just seen her off to the asylum the day before. 'She will get better again,' he says; 'but this constant liability to relapse is dreadful.' Nor is it the least of their evils that her case and their story are so well known. They are in a manner marked, and have to hear the whisperings around them. On this occasion he writes with nothing in the house but Hetty's dead body to keep him company. 'To-morrow I bury her' (an old maid-servant of theirs); 'and then I shall be quite alone. My heart is quite sunk. I am completely shipwrecked. I almost wish that Mary were dead.' Indeed, this tale of the Lambs, brother and sister, going forth into their wilderness of woe to live their life of '*dual* loneliness' is touching as anything that ever took place since the going forth of Ishmael and his mother into the desert. It is a tale to shake the hearts of grown men, and make them yearn over this forlorn pair feelingly as ever the heart of childhood aches over those 'pretty babes' who wandered hand in hand to and fro in the wood, and

> When they saw the darksome night,
> They sat them down and cried.

closely as Lamb and his sister clung together, and dear as grew their companionship in such desolation, they were compelled to part so often, after all; to part with the bitterness of that separation when the mind of the one is about to enter its cloud and leave all life dark for both — the one lost in the darkness within, the other left groping unavailingly in the darkness without. They generally knew when the worst fits of insanity were coming on, and Charles would ask for a day's absence from office as if for a day's pleasure. He would take his sister by the arm, and these two poor anguished souls made the best of their way to the asylum. They have been met, carrying the strait waistcoat with them, the tears running down their cheeks, hurrying along as fast as they could on purpose to get there before the gathering blackness burst and they were caught in the full fury of the storm.

In electing to live alone for his sister, Charles Lamb was undoubtedly bidding farewell to his love's young dream — his one tender passion for some fair 'Alice W—n.' He many times mentions this young lady. In his *Dream Children: a Reverie*, he has a vision of what might have been had he married her; and he says:

> I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens.

He speaks of a picture which he had seen as —

> that beauty with the cool blue pastoral drapery, and a lamb; with the bright yellow Hertfordshire hair, and eye of walchet hue — so like my Alice.

After he had been in the lunatic asylum, he tells Coleridge that his head had run upon him a good deal in his madness, 'as much almost as on *another person*, who was the more immediate cause of my frenzy.' He wrote poetry, too, about his Alice, kept a little journal of his love for her, and tells us that his sister Mary would often lend an ear to his 'desponding lovesick lay.' But the poetry is lost for us: the journal was burnt, his passion was put away, as it were a childish thing, when Lamb rose up in his sterner manhood for his terrible conflict with calamity. Did the lovely Alice quite fade away, one wonders; or did she not live on in that image of purity which ever nestled and smiled at the heart of Charles Lamb's life, clear and tremulous as the dew-drop in a flower, breathing sweetness and shedding grace?

Mind you, Lamb had no notion of anything heroic in thus giving up all to live for his sister, yet the act, as De Quincey justly says, rises into a grandeur not paralleled once in a generation. And so we linger over it, and say all honour to him

> Whom neither shape of danger could dismay,
> Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
> Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
> Turned his necessity to glorious gain.

Lamb was in his twenty-first year when he stood alone in the world, and took upon himself the burthen of his family. It was a desolate home and a desolate outlook to which Mary returned after the awful deed that deprived them of a mother. Great was their need of reliance on Him who, as

Charles said with his pathetic wit, 'tempers the wind to the shorn Lambs.'

My poor, dear, dearest sister [Lamb writes], the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgment on our house, is restored to her senses — to a dreadful sense of what has passed; awful to her mind, but tempered with a religious resignation. She knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a fit of frenzy and the terrible guilt of a mother's murder. She bears her situation as one who *has no right to complain.*

With what entireness Lamb lived for his sister, and with what affectionate solicitude he sought to solace her we may partly gather from one of his letters; he is speaking of visiting, and says:

It was not a family where I could take Mary with me, and I am afraid there is something of dishonesty in any pleasures I take without her.

He was 'all conscience and tender heart' to his sister. 'God love her!' he exclaims; 'may we two never love each other less.' And it may be added they never did. Mary Lamb was altogether worthy of her brother's love. In addition to the bond of affection which bound them together through affliction, she was a woman of great mental attractions. She was a continual reader. When in the asylum, Charles took care to furnish her with plenty of books, for they were like her daily bread. She was a delightful writer. Hazlitt held her to be the only woman he had met who could reason. 'Were I to give way to my feelings,' says Wordsworth, in the note to his poem on Charles Lamb, 'I should dwell not only on her genius and intellectual powers, but upon the delicacy and refinement of manner which she maintained inviolable under most trying circumstances. She was loved and honoured by all her brother's friends.'

After the death of his father, whose querulous selfishness in his dotage Lamb had borne with much meekness, he and his sister removed to Pentonville, where Lamb 'fell in love' with the beautiful Quakeress who used to pass him day after day, serenely unconscious of having a place in his regards. From Pentonville they removed to Southampton Buildings, on their way back to the Temple. This was in the year 1800. In the Temple, first at No. 16, Mitre Court, and next at No. 4, Inner Temple Lane, they dwelt for some sixteen years. And there it was that Lamb gathered about him such a group of famous men, and held his memorable evenings once a week. There was Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, Barnes of the *Times*, and Haydon the painter, Carey the translator of Dante, Godwin and Thelwall, Jem White and George Dyer; sometimes Coleridge and Wordsworth, Manning and Talfourd, Hood, and the gay and gentlemanly murderer Janus Weathercock.

Lamb was as catholic in his friendship as in his love of books. Speaking of Lamb's library, Leigh Hunt observes:

There Mr. Southey takes his place again with an old radical friend; there Jeremy Collier is at peace with Dryden; there the lion Martin Luther lies down with the Quaker lamb Sewell.

So was it with his personal friends. His sweetness of nature was the solvent of strongest differences; his attraction was powerful enough to gather and hold together the widest opposites. Lamb had many illustrious friends, with whose names his own will be handed on in immortal companionship. But we do not feel that his best known literary friends were those who got the nearest to him. He himself proclaims that his '*intimados*' were, to confess the truth, a 'ragged regiment' in the eye of the world — men whom he had found floating on the surface of society, and the colour or something else in the weed pleased him. The 'burrs stuck to him; but they were good, loving burrs for all that.' 'Some of Lamb's friends were strange characters,' says Wordsworth, 'whom his philanthropic peculiarities induced him to countenance.' And the stranger the character, that is, the more original and unsophisticated, the closer Lamb stuck to them. There was Jem White; he is nothing to the world now, yet, living, he was one of Lamb's earliest friends and most beloved of 'chums;' whom he could thoroughly 'cordialise' with; and when he died, Lamb says, 'He carried away with him half the fun of the world, — of my world, at least.' This pleasant fellow endeared himself to Lamb, by giving an annual supper to the poor boy chimney-sweepers of London, upon which occasions Lamb presided at one of the tables. His description of the feast is as good as Burns's *Jolly Beggars*, the humour of the thing being akin in some respects. Jem White was in his glory doing an act of kindness which yielded so much fun for Lamb, who laughed till his eyes filled with tears to see the sable younkers 'lick in the unctuous meat,' and listen to Jem's 'more unctuous sayings,' followed by a cheer from the whole dark host,

at which 'hundreds of grinning teeth startled the sight with their brightness.'

If Jem White was one half the fun of Lamb's world, surely George Dyer was the other half. He was guileless as Nathaniel; simple and 'prodigious' as Dominie Sampson; an unsophisticated native of the golden age; a 'mild Arcadian, ever blooming with fresh delight for Lamb; a daily beauty in the London streets, his verdant simplicity looking like a bit of evergreen there. He was as absent-minded as Bowles when he presented a friend with a copy of the Bible, and inscribed it 'from the author.' He had a head uniformly wrong, a heart uniformly right, and he dwelt in Clifford's Inn, said Lamb, 'like a dove on the asp's nest.' He was a friend indeed to Lamb. It was not merely what he said or did when present; he was for ever doing something that lasted Lamb for weeks in laughter. The very thought of him tickled Lamb to the heart-roots. On one occasion he informed George that Lord Castlereagh was the author of the Waverley novels, and off he trotted to communicate the fact to Leigh Hunt, who, being a public writer, ought to be immediately made acquainted with a secret so important.

'Is it true,' said Lamb to him, 'as commonly reported, that you are to be made a lord?' 'Oh dear no, Mr. Lamb, I could not think of such a thing; it is not true, I assure you.' 'I thought not,' said Lamb, 'and I contradict it wherever I go: but the Government will not ask your consent; they may raise you to the peerage without your ever knowing it.' 'I hope not, Mr. Lamb; indeed, indeed, I hope not; it would not suit me at all!' And Dyer went his way greatly bewildered, still pondering over the possibility of such a thing. The dear, good soul! What a god-send to Lamb was his unfathomable simplicity. How Lamb must have doated on his delightful unworldliness and crooned over him with 'murmurs made to bless.'

Other of his friends, such as Manning, Rickman, and Burney, Lamb must have been more fraternally familiar with than he could have been with the more famous men. 'I am glad you esteem Manning,' he writes to Coleridge in 1826, 'though you see but his husk or shrine. He discloses not, save to select worshippers; and will leave the world without any one hardly but me knowing how stupendous a creature he is.' This was the gentleman who went to China, as Lamb suggested, to teach perspective to the Chinese, and to whom he wrote some of his most amazing letters, in which his humour turns everything topsy-turvy. Of Martin Burney, Lamb said he was on the top round of his ladder of friendship up which angels were yet climbing, and one or two, alas, descending.

Well known is the great love of Charles Lamb for his favourite London. He was a true child of its streets by birth; its scenery formed his earliest picture-books; the first awakening images of his young life. The 'fresco of the Virtues which Italianised the end of Paper Buildings' gave him his earliest hint of Allegory. His nature had struck root among the bricks of the old City, and there it clung lovingly and blossomed like some fragrant trailer breathing sweetness and freshness as if all Cockneydom was in flower. London was his home in spite of its homelessness for those who so often migrate as Lamb had done. He never breathed so freely as in its thronged thoroughfares. He loved its very smoke because it had been the medium most familiar to his vision. He liked to feel the pulse of its mighty heart and be in the rush of its great river of life. Its murmurs made a music that he could appreciate; he had an 'ear' for that! 'I would live in London,' he cries, 'shirtless, bookless. I love the sweet security of streets, and would set up my tabernacle there. He tells us how he would walk the streets with the tears running down his face for joy and sympathy with the fulness of its life:

> Streets, streets, streets; markets, theatres, churches; Covent Gardens; shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat sempstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying; authors in the streets, with spectacles — George Dyers (you know them by their gait); lamps lit at night; pastry-cooks' and silver smiths' shops; beautiful Quakers of Pentonville; noise of coaches; drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen at night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at midnight, cries of 'Fire!' and 'Stop thief!' inns-of-court, with their learned air, and halls and butteries just like Cambridge colleges; old book-stalls, Jeremy Taylors, Burtons on *Melancholy*, and *Religio Medicis*, on every stall; — these are thy pleasures, O London with-the-many-sins. O City, abounding in —— for these may Keswick and her giant-brood go hang.

This must have sounded singular to Wordsworth, who was as great a lover of his mountain solitudes as was Lamb of his London streets. The poet held that his friend was a 'scorner of the fields' more in show than truth. But it does not seem to have been so. Lamb declares that his love

for natural scenery would be abundantly satisfied by the patches of long waving grass and the stunted trees that blackened in some of the old church yards bordering on the Thames, and that a mob of happy faces crowding up at the pit door of Drury Lane Theatre, just at the hour of six, gave him ten thousand sincerer pleasures than he could have received from all the flocks of silly sheep that ever whitened the plains of Arcadia or Epsom Downs.

As he told Wordsworth, he certainly was not in the least romance-bit about Nature. He paid the great poet a visit in 1802. He entered the Lake country towards the close of a splendid day, and saw the monntains lying grand in a gorgeous sunset:

> Such an impression [he says] I never received from objects of sight. Glorious creatures! I shall never forget how ye lay about, in the dusk, like an entrenchment — gone to bed, as it seemed, for the night.

They haunted him after his return to London. Bnt the great live city soon regained its old supremacy in his regards. Mountains he admitted were grand things to look at, but houses in streets were the places to live in! And it was there that he most appreciated the country. He liked to hear the waters murmur, and leaves rustle, and birds sing, in the pages of some favourite book, he being shut in and safe within the sound of London. 'But,' he remarks by way of warning, 'let not the lying poets be believed, who entice men from the cheerful streets.'

He preferred to be shut in-doors with a book on a winter's evening to the finest summer sunset. 'I dread the prospect of summer,' he exclaimed, when he was in the country, 'with his all-day long days. No need of his assistance to make the country dull.' On being asked how he felt when amongst the mountains and lakes of Cumberland, he said, humorously, he was obliged to think of the ham and beef shop at the corner of St. Martin's Lane. As though he felt it necessary to steady himself upon this common-place bit of well known reality amid the dizzying sublimities of nature.

One of the most provocative and entertaining aspects of Lamb's character lies in this discovery, that all his manifold simplicities of nature and fragrant blossoming of delicate fancies, his love of the choice things in poetry, his keen zest for unsophisticated human beings, his sensibilities of a tremulous tenderness, had no root in a love of external nature. He needed no mental nourishment from the country world of grass and leaves, jargoning of birds, lapse of pleasant waters, field scents or freshness of flowers. He asked not the baptism of the dewy dawn, or benediction of the closing day in any rural solitude. He could live and grow, and keep his nature *leafy* in London. This is a fact in human nature as interesting in a literary point of view, and as surprising as is the novel fact, so delightful to boyhood when it learns, for the first time, that mustard and cress may be grown with a bit of flannel and a drop of water, and does not need to take root in the earth at all.

After his thirty-three years' service at the India House, Lamb was set free with a pension of 400*l*. a year. He made immense fun of his situation, or rather his out-of-situation. He was like a man suddenly released from the law of gravitation, who could not touch solid earth, and was blown hither and thither by every gust of his new life. At first he could but dimly apprehend his felicity, and was too confused to taste its fulness. He tells us that he wandered about thinking he was happy and knowing he was not. He could scarcely trust himself with himself. It was like passing out of time into eternity — for it is a sort of eternity when a man has all his time to himself. Unfortunately Lamb found that no work was worse than overwork. More particularly when he had retired into the country to spend his latter days. His leaving London we look upon as a huge mistake. London was his true city of refuge; he who shared so largely in that feeling which made Charles Lloyd take lodgings in his more melancholy fits, at a brazier's shop in Fetter Lane, close to Fleet Street, to drown his morbid thoughts with the roar of the city. The pity was that he and Mary could not have found such a home as Coleridge did among wise and generous friends.

It is curious to note in connection with this life-long feeling of Lamb's that he died at last and was buried in the country. He died at Edmonton on December 27th, 1834, his end being somewhat sudden. His old friends had been failing and fading away one by one; he greatly missed their old familiar faces — especially that of Coleridge, his friend for fifty years. One day when out for a morning walk he stumbled against a loose stone and fell. This, as he would have been delighted to point out, would hardly have happened in London. His face was slightly wounded and erysipelas followed. He had not the strength left to combat the disease, and he sank gradually, be-

ing quite calm and resigned, and gently passed away at the age of fifty-nine years. Mary Lamb lived on for some thirteen years, and then she was laid near him in the same grave in the churchyard of Edmonton; and united as they were in life by such bonds of affliction and tender ties of holy love, in death they were not divided.

Lamb was not one who could 'rest and expatiate in the life to come.' The thought of it made him shrink all the more snugly into our warm world of human clay, and draw about him more cosily the curtains that shut out the world not realised.

Of course, we have to allow for the play of his humour here as elsewhere. They are no true readers of Lamb who do not see that he made the most of his weakness — his delight in small associations, his eager grasp of this life, his shiverings when he stood in thought upon the brink of the next. But he had more than the common dread of the 'shadow feared of man.' He had an open loving heart for his fellow creatures, but kept it closed on the ghostly side of things. He confessed to an intolerable disinclination to dying: especially in winter time did this feeling beset him. He could see no satisfaction in the assurance that he should 'lie down with kings and emperors in death,' who in his lifetime never greatly coveted the society of such bedfellows. Why, to comfort him, 'must Alice W—— n be a goblin?' Why must knowledge come to him, if at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition instead of our familiar process of reading? Should he, could he, enjoy friendships *there*, wanting the old smiling indications, the recognisable face, the sweet assurance of a look? And how did he know that a ghost would or could laugh, even at the very best of his jokes? He was not content to pass away like a weaver's shuttle. These metaphors of death made him all the more in love with life: all the more in love with this green earth, and the face of town and country, the pleasant voices and palpable touch of friends, and the 'sweet security' of streets. 'I do not want to be weaned by age,' he remarks, 'or drop like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave.' Any alteration in his standing place discomposed and puzzled him.

> My household gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood.
>
> A new state of being staggers me.
>
> I am a Christian, Englishman, *Templar*. God help me when I come to put off these snug relations, and to get abroad into the world to come. I shall be like the 'crow on the sand,' as Wordsworth has it.

Doubtless that awful shadow which brooded over the house and heart of Charles Lamb — a shadow that chased him in 'all manner of sunshine' — made his nature shrink from the future, and nestle closer and closer to any firm bit of the tangible present. Such a sudden, appalling glimpse of the Eternal — a lightning flash, that left a lifelong darkness after it — must have vastly increased his natural dread of the unknown. Then to live for years and years in a state of listening suspense, always apprehensive of something terrible going to happen, haunted by some old echo of the past or foreboding of the future calamity, must have made his whole life perturbed and troubled; and so he clung to the old place and the old friends, old books and old faces, with all the tendrils of his nature growing about them, until they seemed to become a part, and the better part, of his life. Not that he dwelt on the subject dolefully, or sought to make life look dismal, or death dreadful for others. On the contrary, he made merry with his own frailties, and turned the morbidity of his temperament into healthy humour for us; edged that grim cloud of his life with the most exquisite freaks of playful light. Some queer twist in his head, he explained, prevented his facing the prospective, and looking forward to it as the place of home and friends.

This feeling of Lamb's had nothing to do with matters of conscience. With Wordsworth we can say of him,

> Oh, he was good, if ever good man lived.

He was a Christian — a Christian of the simple child-like faith that we may believe our Father so much loves. He had the charity of a Christian, lived the life of a Christian, and we cannot doubt that he died the death of a Christian. Dr. Johnson, as we all know, had a still gloomier feeling about death; a constant dread of it, with no such relief as Lamb found in the mercurialities of his temperament.

Lamb was a small spare man, with a fine Titian head, full of dumb eloquence, as Hazlitt described it, and limbs very fragile to sustain it. A pair of *immaterial legs* Hood called them! His hair was almost black, his complexion dark, his look grave, his smile inexpressibly sweet, with a touch of sadness in it; one of the kindliest that ever brightened a manly countenance. His face was full of lines, in which might be

read strange writing; nor was it wanting in those puckers and corners where the quips and cranks and wreathed smiles loved to lurk. The brow was earnest, and the eyes looked out earnestly, at times with a fiery gleam. They were restless, and glittered as if sharp enough to pick up pins and needles — so quick in turning. 'It was no common face,' says Hood, 'none of those *willow pattern* ones which Nature turns out by thousands at her potteries; but more like a chance specimen of the Chinese ware — one to the set, unique, antique, quaint. ("Including the *crack*," Lamb would have said.) You might have *sworn* to it piecemeal, a separate affidavit for each feature.' Lamb has touched the main features of his own life and character in a brief and humorous sketch:

> Charles, born in the Inner Temple, February 10th, 1775; pensioned off, 1825, after thirty-three years' service; is now a gentleman at large; can remember few specialities in his life, except that he once caught a swallow flying (teste suâ manu); below the middle stature; . . . stammers abominably, and is *therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism or a poor quibble, than in set or edifying speeches:* has, consequently, been libelled with aiming at wit, which is, at least, as good as aiming at dulness. A small eater, but not drinker; confesses a partiality for the production of the juniper berry; was a great smoker of tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff.
>
> His true works are in Leadenhall Street, filling some hundred folios.

Of his other works he says:

> Crude they are, I grant you — a sort of unlicked, incondite things; villanously pranked in an affected array of antique modes and phrases. They had not been his, if they had been other than such; and better it is that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness than to affect a naturalness (so-called) that should be strange to him.

Lamb has likewise left us plenty of hints scattered up and down his works, for us to put together, and make him out with tolerable completeness.

'The truth is, he says, he gave himself too little concern about what he uttered, and in whose presence. It was hit or miss with him. He had not the reticence of that wise man who, seeing some one coming in the midst of some refreshing fun, said, 'Here comes a fool; *let us be grave!*' He remarks that he too much affected that dangerous figure — irony. 'He sowed doubtful speeches, and reaped plain unequivocal hatred.' Not that any one ever really hated Lamb, any more than he could hate others.

Of course, there were persons who did not understand him; he nonplussed them so. He was not like anybody whom they knew; never saw such a man in their lives! For example, there is no doubt that he puzzled that respectable officer of the stamp department, who said to him, 'Mr. Lamb, don't you think Milton was a very clever man?' Whereupon Lamb, taking up a candlestick, commenced capering round him with wild delight, singing —

> Hey diddle dumpling, my son John
> Went to bed with his breeches on,

and requested that he might be allowed to examine the gentleman's head phrenologically. A better nature never breathed, and no man was ever more beloved. Why, he sat for a whole series of the British Admirals to oblige a friend, and save the cost of a model. On another occasion he took charge of a school to oblige the schoolmaster, and then, carrying his good-nature still farther, gave all the boys a holiday! He once saw a crowd of hungry children with their wistful faces at a pastry-cook's window, and went in and supplied them with cakes all round. He wanted to help a friend of his, and hardly knew how to do it delicately enough. So first it took the shape of a bequest; then he said, 'You may just as well have it beforehand, you know, and have done with the thing.'

Barry Cornwall also relates how Lamb saw him looking dull, and fancying he might be in want of money, said to him, 'My dear boy — I have a quantity of useless things — I have now, in my desk, a — hundred pounds that I — I don't know what to do with. Take it.'

No kindlier human soul ever looked through human eyes; the dewy light of pity all a-twinkle with humour. Unless we go back to the fountain-head, we shall hardly find elsewhere, save in Shakespeare's writings, such tenderness of Christian charity as Lamb had. He does not sit down to plead the cause of the poor. He never sets up as a preacher of Christianity: never lectures us on our duties. His Christianity has not encrusted round him in any formal out-side way. He had the spirit of it within him, and it breathes through his work in the most natural manner, and goes forth in loving effluence to melt its way into other hearts. Nor shall we find out of Shakespeare, I

think, such a cordial, exquisite humour mixed and perfected with such a heart-touching sense of things human. His humour is not a thing apart to be held up and admired as a special splendid qualtity; it did not exist to that end. It is so blended with his quaint humanity and sweetness of character. It is just the smile of Christianity. But that smile was made up of sad experience, and heartache, and gentleness, and great love. The salt of his sayings had in it a taste of tears. He often had to 'coin his heart for jests,' and, Ophelia-like, turn the terrors and frowns of calamity to 'favour and to prettiness.' This makes his humour so full of heart, so sincere.

There may have been persons, I repeat, that Lamb could not 'cordialise' with. He tells us that he was a bundle of prejudices, made up of likings and dislikings; the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, and antipathies. He could not like all people alike. He was trying the greater part of life to like Scotchmen, and had to give up in despair. On the other hand, Scotchmen did not like him, and not one of them ever tried to. 'We know each other,' says Lamb, 'at first sight!' He belonged to an order of imperfect intellects which is essentially anti-Caledonian. His mind was rather suggestive than comprehensive; — he could enjoy the profile view of a truth, and did not always seek to get it full face. He loved out-of-the-way humours, and heads with some diverting twist in them. He threw out hints, caught passing glimpses of things, and sowed germs of thought, but had not a maturing mind. The brain of the Scotchman, he says, is constituted on quite a different plan. 'You never catch his mind in undress. You never see his ideas in growth — if, indeed, they ever grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. He never hints or suggests. You cannot cry "halves" to anything he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at meridian; you never see the first of dawn, the early streak. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no borderland with him. You cannot hover with him on the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You cannot make excursions with him, for he sets you right. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country.' Minds of this class, and they are not confined to Scotland, were not calculated to do justice to the humours of Lamb. In presence of this kind of character, he delighted to caper round with the candlestick in his hand, and give full scope to his piquant peculiarities. He liked to catch up some stolid lump of solemn foolishness or impassible common sense, and whirl it off its feet in the maddest, merriest maze and dance of contradiction. 'You are a matter-of-fact man,' says he. 'Now I'm a matter-of-lie man: 'tis odd if we two can't make some fun;' and away he went. With such his wit became a Will-o'-the-wisp, leading into all sorts of unsafe places. 'Truth,' he held, 'was precious; not to be wasted on everybody!' Not that there was any malice in his mirth. Nor was he a lover of quips and cranks, merely as such. He did not seek for funny matter on purpose to turn it out in a freakish manner. He did not affect quaintness: it was natural to him. He did not hunt after paradoxes; he was a paradox. He tells us that he could not divest himself of an unseasonable disposition to levity upon the most awful occasions. Anything awful made him laugh. He was at Hazlitt's marriage, and says he had like to have been turned out during the ceremony. So strangely did some things strike and ricochet on his nonsensorium. This was the touch of madness in his temperament which I have termed a mental St. Vitus's dance. His sister Mary had it likewise, and in her abnormal moods would at times pour out puns in the wildest profusion.

It gave a 'sparkle of uneasy light' to his eye, a spasmodic suddenness to his humour. Then, humour is often the sad and suffering man's make-believe. He seems to say, 'Let us have a good hearty laugh. I do so want to cry.' It was so with Hood. We often feel the heart-ache in his laughter and could say with Lear's fool, 'Cry to it, nuncle!' So was it with Lamb, although there was not so much hysteria in his feeling as in Hood's. But what wisdom there is in his whimsies! his wit is often sense brought to the finest point. How his most erratic movements and far-fetched expressions strike home! His mind has a lightning-like zig-zag which is its straight line of smiting. It was not that Lamb could not take the common view of things and appraise facts the ordinary way. His perfect acquaintance with their every-day features is implied in his extraordinary treatment of them. He can see straight enough for all the apparent obliquity of vision. We know where the beaten highway runs when he chooses to go across the fields and meet you unexpectedly. But he had a natural tendency to

look at the *other* side of things, and remember their forgotten aspects and set them forth in a ludicrous or pathetic light, — or rather in the cross lights of both humour and pathos. It was an illustration of his character, that he should, when a child, have given his sympathy to the man in the parable who built his house on the sand, not to him who built on the rock. Then, with regard to the parable of the ten virgins, the sympathies of most readers run rejoicingly alongside the five wise ones whose lamps were ready trimmed and who tripped off so happily at the sound of the Bridegroom's voice. Lamb's would have remained with the five foolish ones, trying to rouse them out of their stupor, rubbing the sleep out of their eyes, seeking to get a little oil for them, hurrying them along 'like good girls,' and pleading for them at the gate, stammering out all sorts of excuses for their delay. This is the source of much of his humour; his way of looking at the other side of things. When a boy he was walking one day with Mary in a churchyard, and he noticed that all the tombstones were inscribed with words of praise for the departed. 'Mary,' said he, 'where do all the naughty people lie?' Even so he has a word of humourous compassion for the man who was taken prisoner for sheep-stealing and his sheep was taken too! Thus, as Lamb said, the poor fellow lost 'his first, last, and only hope of a mutton pie.' This characteristic of Lamb's mind climaxed in a horrible thought when he suggested the possibility that after Clarence had chosen his favourite liquor to be drowned in and he was shut down, past help, and filling fast, it may not have been Malmsey after all!

What Wordsworth was to the wayside common places, the weeds and wild flowers, rocks, and hedgerows of the external world, that was Lamb in prose to the kindred common things of humanity. He was the Good Samaritan of all sorts of road-side subjects that had been hitherto passed by in disdain as too mean for literature. Neglected objects made all the more pathetic appeal to him and he sealed them for his own. He loved to stop and administer the quaintest comfort to the comfortless, or with fancy 'archly bending' moralise on most familiar things. He made much of that which had been made so little of before. His attraction for and attention to all that was unpretentious almost amounted to a foible, although it was the natural reaction of his dislike to all that was pretentious. But if his subjects be poor there is nothing sordid in his treatment. Poverty looks rich when clothed by his gentle loving spirit. Here there is nothing of the solemn, priest-like severity of Wordsworth; nothing of the stern squalor of Crabbe. The dim and dirt-begrimed image is transfigured by an overflow of this kindliest human soul. No lost heir was ever recovered from the chimney-sweeper's clutches and stripped of his dark disguise with more loving tendance or peculiar care than that with which Lamb brings in his outsider of humanity, his foundling, and touches the poor dim face so tenderly with a dropping tear and then lights it up suddenly with a smile of his humour, till the commom human features are seen and the lost likeness is recognised. Then, the raiment for which the old rags are exchanged. How precise and dainty it is! Slightly old-fashioned of course, for it has been kept some time, laid up in lavender as it were. He turns out his new-found favourites with a touch of modest gentility and antique grace, and introduces them to us with an air at once fine and formal. His beggar, his chimney-sweeper is at heart a gentleman, for they come from a gentle heart. Whatsoever common-place or outcast subject he may be at work on, he touches that nature which lies at the root of all gentlehood. And so artistic and sure is his touch that he appears to feature and finish common clay with the delicate sharpness of marble. Yet so human is his spirit that he seems to lay on endearment after endearment, caress after caress, so that the result looks more like a simple growth of Nature than a complex work of Art; a live child rather than the statue of one. If his material be common-place, his handling is quite uncommon.

The most minute poring of personal affection cannot discover anything very precious in Lamb's poetry. He was not a poet, but a humorist. He could not have been meant by nature for a poet. She had not given him a musical soul. He did not care to wander and muse alone; had not the poet habit. We are told that he would rather be in a crowd of people whom he disliked, than be left by himself. Mental haze and twilight he shunned because of the terrible shadows that might take living shape. His gleams of poetry are almost inseparable from the twinkle of his humour, and when he wrote his verses he had not got into that vein of incomparable humour which afterwards yielded such riches to his essays and letters.

Some lines written a year after his mother's death have a keener thrill and a more searching accent than usual. He thankfully

feels the 'sweet resignedness of hope drawn heavenward' on the ebbing tide of their great affliction, and rejoices over one of Mary's recoveries.

Thou didst not keep
Her soul in death. O keep not now, my Lord,
Thy servants in far worse — in spiritual death
And darkness, blacker than those feared shadows
O' the valley all must tread. Lend us Thy balms,
Thou dear Physician of the sin-sick soul,
And heal our cleansèd bosoms of the wounds
With which the world hath pierced us thro' and thro'
Give us new flesh, new birth.

There are few things in poetry more pathetic than this:

Thou and I, dear friend,
With filial recognition sweet, shall know
One day the face of our dear mother in heaven;
And her remembered looks of love shall greet,
With answering looks of love; her placid smiles
Meet with a smile as placid; and her hand
With drops of fondness wet, nor fear repulse.

His criticisms are generally as perfect as they are brief. They are only glances at the subject, yet they go to the heart of the matter. They are all essence of criticism, and a sentence often contains more than many a long and elaborate review. But it is in his essays and letters that he lives most fully and comes home most closely to the business and bosoms of men.

Charles Lamb was no teacher of his time, and had no commanding or immediate influence on his contemporaries. He lifted up no banner, summoned no contending hosts to the conflict, did no battle on the side of faction or party, and was possessed of no vast intellectual powers. But this he *was* — one of the most affectionate, most lovable, most piquantly imperfect of dear, good fellows that ever won their way into the human heart, and one of the most hearty, most English, most curiously felicitous humourists — emphatically one of the *best* — that ever lived. He has left us in his works a perennial source of refining pleasure, full of freshness and moral health, and kindly communicative warmth, over which countless readers will bend with smiling face or moistened eye; and the sad will feel a solace, the weary gather heart's-ease, the cold and narrow of nature may warm them and expand in the generous glow to be found in the writings of Charles Lamb. And this he *did*: — He threw his life in with that of his sister, for her to share the best of both. He took her hand and drew her to his side, and made his abode in the same desert with her, where they dwelt together in 'double singleness.' He chose to stand with her straight under the black cloud always suspended over them, always threatening danger and possible death, on purpose to be near her and administer unto her such a cup of comfort as could be filled for her by a brother's love. For many long and troubled years he kept his proud resolve and bore his burden contentedly, fought his battle nobly, carried his shield in front of his sister, and smiled in her face sweetly, while his own heart often ached so bitterly. He triumphed in his tragic conflict with an adverse fate, and in his life he has left us one of the noblest illustrations of our English sense of duty; a beacon that will long shine through the night of time with a still and holy light, a look of lofty cheer, and kindle encouragement in the lives of many others who have to suffer long and journey desolately, and climb the hill Difficulty with more at heart than they can well bear. And surely we may conclude with and rest in the pleasant thought that a sorely tried soul like this of Lamb's can now look back over the past life with its sordid cares and clouds of confusion, its failures and defects, its slips of the foot in climbing, and *feel* what we can now *see:* that is, the *clear victorious result of all*, and calmly smile at all that's past from some unclouded summit.

GERALD MASSEY.

"FANNY FERN'S FIRST LITERARY SUCCESS." — "Fifteen or sixteen years ago, 'Artemas Ward,' 'Mrs. Partington,' and 'Miles O'Reilly' were labouring together in one office, each in his degree, working on the *Carpet Bag*, a not very comic paper, which was then trying hard to live, and was published in Boston. We may be mistaken, but we think 'Fanny Fern' was first successful in the columns of the same journal." — *The Nation.* To the foregoing, "Fanny" replies in the *Nation* as follows: — "Sir: Fanny Fern's *first* article was written for a one-horse religious magazine in Boston, called the *Mother's Assistant*, or some such name. The remuneration for that article was *fifty cents*, and the writer went up four pair of stairs five times to the office of the editor to get it, beside being put through this catechism: — 'Widow, eh? See you have on black! Children? How many? Girls or boys?'"

CHAPTER VII. — JOCK HALL'S JOURNEY.

JOHN SPENCE, who, as we have seen, was connected with the early history of Adam Mercer, had now reached an extreme old age, somewhere between eighty and ninety years. As he himself for a considerable time had stuck to the ambiguous epoch of "aboon fourscore," it was concluded, by his friends, that his ninth decade had nearly ended. He was hale and hearty, however — "in possession of all his faculties," as we may say — with no complaint but "the rheumatics," which had soldered his joints so as to keep him generally a prisoner in the large chair "ayont the fire," or to compel him to use crutches when he "hirpled" across the floor; or, as was his delight in genial weather, to occupy the bench at his cottage door, there to fondle the young dogs and cultivate his acquaintance with the old ones. He had of course long ago given up all active work, and was a pensioner on his Lordship; but he still tenaciously clung to the title of "Senior Keeper." The vermin even which he had killed, and nailed, as a warning to evil-doers, over the gable-ends and walls of outhouses, had, with the exception of a few fragments of bleached fossils, long since passed away, giving place to later remains.

John was a great favourite with his master; and his advice was always asked in all matters connected with the game on the estate of Castle Bennock. His anecdotes and reminiscences of old sporting days which he had spent with three generations of the family, and with generations of their friends and relations, were inexhaustible. And when the great annual festival of "the 12th" came round and the Castle was crowded, and the very dogs seemed to snuff the game in the air and become excited, then John's cottage, with its kennels and all its belongings, became a constant scene of attraction to the sportsmen; and there he held a sort of court, with the dignity and gravity of an old Nimrod.

The cottage was beautifully situated in a retired nook at the entrance of a glen, beside a fresh mountain stream, and surrounded by a scattered wood of wild birches, mountain ash, and alder. The first ridge of Benturk rose beyond the tree tops, with an almost clean sweep of loose stones, ribbed by wintry floods, and dotted by tufts of heather and bits of emerald-green pasture, up to the range of rocks which ramparted the higher peaks, around which in every direction faded away the endless moorland of hill and glen.

John had long been a widower, and now resided with his eldest son Hugh, whose hair was already sprinkled with white, as brown heather with streaks of snow.

Although the distance which separated John Spence from Adam Mercer was only about thirty miles, there had been little intercourse between the cousins. A ridge of hills and a wild district intervened, without any direct communication. The mail-coach which passed through Drumsylie did not come within miles of Castle Bennock. Letters were rare between them, and were very expensive at that time to all but M. P.'s, who could frank them for themselves or their friends. And so it was that while John and Adam occasionally heard of each other, and exchanged messages by mutual friends, or even met after intervals of years, they nevertheless lived as in different lands.

It was late on the Tuesday after his flight that Jock Hall, for reasons known only to himself, entered the cottage of John Spence and walked up to the blazing fire, beside which the old keeper was seated alone.

"Wat day, Mr. Spence!" said Jock, as his clothes began to smoke almost as violently as the fire which shone on his wet and tattered garments.

John Spence was evidently astonished by the sudden appearance and blunt familiarity of a total stranger, whose miserable and woe-begone condition was by no means prepossessing. Keeping his eye on him, John slowly drew a crutch between his knees, as if anxious to be assured of present help.

"Wha the mis-chief are ye?" asked Spence in an angry voice.

"A frien', Mr. Spence — a frien'! But let me heat mysel' awee — for I hae travelled far through moss and mire, and sleepit last nicht in a roofless biggin', an' a' to see you — and syne I'll gie ye my cracks."

Spence, more puzzled than ever, only gave a growl, and said, "A frien' in need is doot a frien' indeed, and I suppose ye'll be nae frien' in need, and ye tak' me for the frien' indeed, but maybe ye're mistaen!"

Hall being longer silent than was agreeable, Spence at last said impatiently, "Nane o' yer nonsense wi' me! I'll ca' in the keepers. Ye're ane o' thae beggin' ne'er-do-weel tramps that we hae ower mony o'. Gang to the door and cry loud for Hugh. He's up in the plantin'; the guidwife and bairns are doon at the Castle. Be quick, or be aff on yer business."

Jock very coolly replied, "My business

is wi' you, an' I'm glad I hae gotten ye by yersel' an' naebody near. I'll *no* ca' Hugh an' I ken *ye* canna do't. Sae I'll jist wait till he comes, and tell ye my business in the meantime. Wi' your leave, Mr. Spence, I'll tak' a seat;" on which he drew a chair to the side of the fire opposite old John, who, partly from fear and partly from a sense of his own weakness, and also from curiosity, said nothing, but watched Hall with a look of childish astonishment, his under lip hanging helplessly down, and his hand firmly grasping the crutch. His only remark was — "My certes, ye're a cool ane! I hae seen the day "—— but what he had seen vanished in another growl, ended by a groan.

"Tak' a snuff, Mr. Spence," said Hall, as he rose and offered his tin box to the keeper. "Snuff is meat and music; it's better than a bite o' bread when hungry, and maist as gude as a dram when cauld, and at a' times it is pleasant tae sowl and body. Dinna spare't!"

There was not, as usual, much to spare of the luxury, but Spence refused it on the ground that he had never snuffed, and "didna like to get a habit o't."

"I think," said Jock, "ye micht trust yersel' at fourscore for no doing that."

The keeper made no reply, but kept his small grey eyes under his bushy eyebrows fixed on his strange visitor.

When Jock had resumed his seat he said, "Ye'll ken weel, I'se warrant, Mr. Spence, a' the best shootin' grun' aboot Benturk? Ye'll nae doot ken the best bits for fillin' yer bag when the win 'is east or wast, north or south? And ye'll ken the Lang Slap? and the Craigdarroch brae? and the short cut by the peat moss, past the Big Stane, and doon by the whins to the Cairntupple muir? And ye'll ken "——

Old Spence could stand this no longer, and he interrupted Jock by exclaiming, "Confoond yer gab and yer impudence! dauring to sit afore me there as if ye were maister and I servant! What do ye mean?"

"I was but axin a ceevil question, Mr. Spence; and I suppose ye'll no deny that ye ken thae places?"

"An' what if I do? what if I do?" retorted the keeper.

"Jist this," said Jock, without a movement in the muscles of his countenance, "that I ken them tae for mony a year; and sae baith o' us hae common frien's amang the hills."

"What do *ye* ken aboot them?" asked Spence, not less pacified, nor less puzzled.

"Because," said Jock, "I hae shot ower them a' as a poacher — my name is Jock Hall, parish o' Drumsylie — and I hae had the best sport on them ever" ——

But this was too much. With an exclamation that need not be recorded, Spence made an attempt to rise with the help of his crutches, but was gently laid back in his chair by Jock, who said —

"Muckle ye'll mak o't! as the auld wife said to the guse wammlin in the glaur. Sit doon — sit doon, Mr. Spence," as he quietly helped him back to his chair. "I'll be as guid to you as Hugh; and I'll ca' in Hugh ony time ye like: sae be easy. For I wish atween oursels to tell ye aboot an auld poacher and an auld acquaintance o' yours and mine, Sergeant Adam Mercer; for it's aboot him I've come." This announcement induced John to resume his seat without further trouble, on which Jock said, "Noo I'll ca' Hugh to ye, gin ye bid me, as ye seem feared for me;" and he motioned as if to go to the door.

"I'm no feared for you nor for mortal man!" replied Spence, asserting his dignity in spite of his fears; "but, my fac! ye micht be feared pittin' yer fit into a trap like this! and if Hugh grips ye!" —— He left the rest to be inferred.

"Pfuff!" said Jock. "As to that, man, I hae been in every jail roon' aboot! A jail wad be comfort compared wi' the road I hae travelled and the hole I been sleepin' in sin' I left Drumsylie! But wull ye no hear me aboot Adam Mercer?"

Spence could not comprehend the character he had to deal with, but beginning to think him probably "a natural," he told him to "say awa'."

Jock now gathered all his wits about him, so as to be able to give a long and tolerably lucid history of the events which were then agitating the little world of Drumsylie, and of which the Sergeant was the centre. He particularly described the part that Mr. Smellie had taken in the affair, and, perhaps, from more than one grudge he bore to the said gentleman, he made him the chief, if not the only real enemy of the Sergeant.

The only point which Jock failed to make intelligible to the keeper was his account of the Starling. It may have been the confusion of ideas incident to old age when dealing with subjects which do not link themselves to the past, or it may have been something else; but so it was that there got jumbled up in the keeper's mind such a number of things connected with a bird which was the bairn of the Sergeant's

bairn, which whistled songs, and told Jock he was a man, and disturbed the peace of the parish, and broke the Sabbath, and deposed the Sergeant, that he could not solve the mystery for himself, nor could Jock make it clearer. He therefore accepted of Spence's confusion as the natural result of a true estimate of the facts of the case, and accordingly declared that "the bird was a kin' o' witch, a maist extraordinar' cratur, that seemed to ken a' things, and unless he was mistaen wad pit a' things richt gin the hinner en'. The keeper declared "his detestation o' a' speakin birds;" and his opinion that "birds were made for shootin', or for ha'en their necks thrawn — unless whan layin' or hatchin'."

But what practical object, it may be asked, had Hall in view in this volunteer mission of his? It was to get Spence to ask his Lordship, as being the greatest man in the district, to interfere in the matter, and thus by all possible means to get Smellie, if not Mr. Porteous, muzzled.

Jock had, however, touched a far sorer point than he was aware of when he described Smellie as the propagator of the early history of the Sergeant as a poacher. This, along with all that had been narrated, so roused the indignation of Spence, who had the warmest regard for the Sergeant apart from his being his cousin, and from the fact of his having connived in some degree at his poaching, that, forgetting for a moment the polluted presence of a confessed poacher like Hall, he told him to call Hugh; but added, "What wull ye do if he kens what ye are, my man? It's easy to get oot o' the teeth o' an auld dog like me, wha's a guid bit aboon fourscore. But Hugh! — certes he wad pit baith o' us ower his head! What *wad* he say if he kent a poacher was sitting at his fireside?"

"I didna say, Mr. Spence, that I *am* a poacher, but that I *was* ane; nor did I say that I wad be ane again; nor could Hugh or ony ane else pruve mair than has been pruved a'ready against me, and paid for by sowl and body to jails and judges: sae let that flee stick to the wa'!" answered Jock; and having done so, he went to the door and, with stentorian lungs, called the younger keeper in a voice which waked up all the dogs to howl and bark as if they had been aware of the poaching habits of the shouter.

As Hugh came to the door, at which Jock calmly stood, he said to him in a careless tone, as if he had known him all his life: "Yer faither wants ye," and, entering the kitchen, he resumed his former seat, folding his arms and looking at the fire

"Wha the sorrow hae ye got here, faither, cheek by jowl wi' ye?" asked the tall and powerful keeper, scanning Jock with a most critical eye.

"A frien' o' my cousin's, Adam Mercer," replied old Spence. "But speer ye nae questions, Hugh, and ye'll get nae lees. He has come on business that I'll tell ye aboot. But tak' him ben in the meantime, and gie him some bread and cheese, yi' a drap milk, till his supper's ready. He'll stay here till morning. Mak' a bed ready for him in the laft."

Hugh, in the absence of his wife, obeyed his father's orders, though not without rather a strong feeling of lessened dignity as a keeper in being thus made the servant of a ragged-looking tramp. While Jock partook of his meal in private, and afterwards went out to smoke his pipe and look about him, old Spence entered into earnest conference with his son Hugh. After giving his rather confused and muddled, yet sufficiently correct, edition of Mercer's story, he concentrated his whole attention and that of his son on the fact that Peter Smellie was the enemy of Adam Mercer, and had been so for some time; that he had joined the minister to persecute him; and, among other things, had also revealed the story of Adam's poaching more than thirty years before, to raise prejudice against his character and that of Spence as a keeper.

"Wha's Smellie? I dinna mind him!" asked Hugh.

"Nae loss, Hugh! — nae loss at a'. I never spak' o't to onybody afore, and ye'll no clipe aboot it, for every dog should hae his chance; and if a man should miss wi' ae barrel, he may nevertheless hit wi' the tither; and I dinna want to fash the man mair than is necessar'. But this same Smellie had a shop here at the clachan aboon twenty years syne, and I got him mony a job to do — for he was then in the grocer line — aboot the Castle; an' didna the rogue —— Is the door steekit?" asked the old man in a whisper. Hugh nodded. "An' didna the rogue," continued old John, "forge my name tae a bill for 50*l.*! That did he; and I could hae hanged him! But I never telt on him till this hour, but made him pay the half o't, and I paid the ither half mysel'; and Adam see'd me sae distressed for the money that he gied me 5*l.* to help. Naebody kent o't excep' mysel' and Adam, wha was on a veesit to me at the time, and saw it was a forgery; and I axed him *never*

to say a word aboot it, and I'll wager he never did, for a clean-speerited man and honourable is the Sergeant! Wéel, Smellie by my advice left the kintra-side for Drumsylie, and noo he's turning against Adam! Isna that awfu'? Is't no deevilish? Him like a doug pointing at Adam! As weel a moose point at a gled!"

"That's a particular bonnie job indeed," said Hugh. "I wad like to pepper the sneaky chiel wi' snipe-dust for't. But what can be dune noo?"

"Dune! Mair than Smellie wad like, and eneuch to mak him lowse his grip o' Adam!" said the old man. "I hae a letter bamboozlin' my head, and I'll maybe grip it in the mornin' afore breakfast-time! Be ye ready to write it doon as I tell ye, and it'll start Smellie ower his calico and braid claith, or I'm mistaen!"

Hugh was ordered to meet his father in the morning, to indite the intended epistle.

As the evening drew on, the family who occupied the keeper's house were gathered together like crows flying to their rookery. Mrs. Hugh, who had been helping at a large washing in "the big house," returned with a blythe face, full of cheer and womanly kindness.

"Hech! but I hae had sic a day o't! What a washing! an' it's no half dune! But wha hae we here?" she asked, as she espied Jock seated near the fire. "Dae I ken ye?" she further inquired, looking at him with a sceptical smile, as if she feared to appear rude to one whom she ought, perhaps, to have recognised.

Jock, with a sense of respect due to her, rose, and said, "I houp no, for maybe I wad be nae credit to ye as an acquaintance."

"A frien' o' my cousin's, Adam Mercer o' Drumsylie. Sit doon, my man," remarked old Spence.

"I'm glad to see ye," said the happy *sonsy* wife, stretching out her hand to Jock, who took it reluctantly, and gazed in the woman's face with an awkward expression.

"It's been soft weather, and bad for travellin', and ye hae come a far gait," she continued; and forthwith began to arrange her house. Almost at her heels the children arrived. There were two flaxen-haired girls, one ten and the other near twelve, with bare feet, and their locks tied up like sheaves of ripe golden grain. Then came a stout lad of about seven, from school and play. All looked as fresh and full of life as young deer from the forest.

"Gang awa, bairns, and snod yersels," said Mrs. Hugh.

"This man," said old Spence, who was jealous of his authority over the houshould, pointing to Jock, "wull tak' his supper wi' us. He's to sleep in the stable-laft."

"He's welcome, he's welcome," said Mrs. Hugh. "The bed is no braw, but it's clean, and it's our best for strangers."

The last to enter, as the sun was setting, was John, the eldest, a lad of about fourteen, the very picture of a pure-eyed, ruddy-complexioned, healthy, and happy lad. He had left school to assist his father in attending to his duties.

"What luck, Johnnie?" asked his father as the boy entered with his fishing basket over his shoulder.

"Middling only,' replied John, "the water was raither low, and the tak' wasna guid. There were plenty o' rises, but they were unco shy. But I hae gotten, for a' that, a wheen for breakfast;" and he unslung his basket and poured out from it a number of fine trout.

Jock's attention was now excited. Here was evidence of an art which he flattered himself he understood and could speak about.

"Pretty fair," was his remark, as he rose and examined them; "whaur got ye them?"

"In the Blackcraig water," the boy replied.

"Let me luik at yer flee, laddie?" asked Jock. The boy produced it. "Broon heckle — bad! — ye should hae tried a teal's feather on a day like this."

Johnnie looked with respect at the stranger. "Are *ye* a fisher?" he asked.

"I hae tried my han'," said Jock. And so the conversation began, until soon the two were seated together at the window. Then followed such a talk on the mysteries of the craft as none but students of the angle could understand: — the arrangement and effect of various "dressings," of wings, bodies, heckles, &c., being discussed with intense interest, until all felt they had in Jock a master.

"Ye seem to understan' the business weel," remarked Hugh.

"I wad need," replied Jock. "When a man's life, no to speak o' his pleasure, depen's on't, he needs to fish wi' a watchfu' ee and canny han'. But at a' times, toom or hungry, it's a great diverteesement!"

Both Johnnie and his father cordially assented to the truth of the sentiment.

"Eh, man! what a conceit it is when ye reach a fine run on a warm spring mornin', the wuds hotchin' wi' birds, an' dauds o' licht noo and thans glintin' on the water;

an' the water itsel' in trim order, a wee doon, after a nicht's spate, and wi' a drap o' porter in't, an' rowin' and bubblin' ower the big stanes, curlin' into the linn and oot o't; and you up tae the henches in a dark neuk whaur the fish canna see ye; an' than to get a lang cast in the breeze that soughs in the bushes, an' see yer flee licht in the verra place ye want, quiet as a midge lichts on yer nose, or a bumbee on a flower o' clover, an' "——

Johnnie was bursting with almost as much excitement as Jock, but, did not interrupt him except with a laugh expressive of his delight.

"An' then," continued Jock, "whan a muckle chiel o' a salmon, wi' oot time to consider whether yer flee is for his wame or only for his mouth — whether its made by natur' or by Jock Hall, — plays flap! and by mistak' gangs to digest what he has gotten for his breakfast, but canna swallow the line alang wi' his mornin' meal till he taks some exercise! — an' then to see the line ticht, and the rod bendin' like a heuk, and tae fin' something gaun frae the fish up the line and rod till it reaches yer verra heart that thumps *pit pat*, at yer throat, in spite o' you; until the bonnie cratur', after rinning up and down like mad, skulkin' beside a stane to cure his teethache, and trying every dodge, at last gies in, comes to yer han' beat in fair play, and lies on the shore sayin' 'Waes me' wi' his tail, an' makin' his will wi' his gills and mouth time aboot! — eh, man! it's splendid!" Jock wearied himself with the description.

"Whaur hae ye fished?" asked Hugh, after a pause in which he had evidently enjoyed Jock's description.

"In the wast water and east water; in the big linn and wee linn, in the Loch o' the Whinns, in the Red Burn, an' in "——

"I dinna ken thae waters at a'," remarked the keeper, interrupting him, "nor ever heard o' them!"

"Nor me," chimed in old John, "though I hae been here for mair than fifty years."

"Maybe no," said Jock with a laugh, "for they're in the back o' the beyonts, and that's a place few folk hae seen, I do assure you — ha! ha! ha!" Jock had, in fact, fished the best streams watched by the keepers throughout the whole district. Young John was delighted with this new acquaintance, and looked up to him with the greatest reverence.

"What kin' o' flee do ye fish wi'?" asked Johnnie. "Hae ye ony aboot ye enoo?"

"I hae a few," said Hall, as he unbuttoned his waistcoat, displaying a tattered shirt within. Then diving into some hidden recess near his heart, he drew forth a large old pocket-book and placed it on the table. He opened it with caution and circumspection, and spread out before the delighted Johnnie, and his no less interested father, entwined circles of gut, with flies innumerable. "That's the ane," Jock would say, holding up a small, black, hairy thing. "I killed ten dizzen wi' — thumpers tae, three pun's some o' them — afore twa o'clock. Eh, man, he's a murderin' chiel this!" exhibiting another. "But it was this ither ane," holding up one larger and more gaudy, "that nicked four salmon in three hours to their great surprise! And thae flees," taking up other favourites, "wi' the muir fowl wing and black body, are guid killers; but isna this a cracker wi' the wee touch o' silver? it killt mair salmon — whaur, ye needna speer — than I could carry hame on a heather wuddie! But," he added after a pause, "I maun, as yer frien', warn ye that it's no the flee, nor the water, nor the rod, nor the win', nor the licht, can do the job wi'oot the watchfu' e'e and steady han'! I think I could maist catch fish in a boyne o' water if there were ony tae catch!"

While the preparations for supper were going on within doors, Jock went out to have a "dauner," or saunter, but, in truth, from a modest wish to appear as if not expecting to be asked to partake of supper with the family.

The table was spread with a white homemade linen cloth, and deep plates were put down, each with a horn spoon beside it.

A large pot, containing potatoes which had been pared, before they were placed on the fire, was now put on the floor, and a pound of fresh butter with some salt having been added to its contents, the whole was beat and mashed with a heavy wooden beetle worked by Hugh and his son — for the work required no small patience and labour — into a soft mass, forming an excellent dish of "champed potatoes," which, when served up with rich milk, was "a dainty dish to set before a king," even without the four-and-twenty blackbirds. Then followed a second course of "barley scones," and thick crisp oatmeal cakes, with fresh butter, cheese, and milk.

Before supper was served Jock Hall was missed, and Johnnie sent in search of him.

After repeated shouts he found him wandering about the woods, but he had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to join the family. Jock said "It wasna for him to gang ben," — "he had had eneuch in

the afternoon," — "he wad hae a bite after hin," &c. But he entered, and without speaking a word seated himself in the place allotted to him.

"Tak' in your chair, Maister Hall," — Jock could not believe his ears! — "and mak' what supper ye can," said Mrs. Hugh. "We're plain kintra folk here awa'," — an apology to Jock for their having nothing extra at supper to mark their respect for a friend of the Sergeant's! What were Jock's Hall's thoughts? The character of an impostor seemed forced upon him when he most desired to be an honest man.

Then the old man reverently took off his "Kilmarnock cowl," a coloured worsted night-cap, and said grace, thanking God for all his mercies, "of the least of which," he added, "we are not worthy." After supper Mrs. Hugh gave a long account of the labours of the day, and of the big washing, and told how she had met Lady Mary, and Lady Caroline, and Lord M——, and how they had been talking to the children, and been speering for father and grandfather.

A happy family was that assembled under the keeper's roof. The youngest child, a boy, was ever welcome on old John's knee, who never seemed able to exhaust the pleasure he derived from his grandson's prattle. His large watch, which approached in size to a house clock, with its large pewter seal, was an endless source of amusement; so also was the splendid rabbit shadowed on the wall, with moving ears and moving mouth, created by John's hands; and his imitation of dogs, cats, and all other domestic animals, in which he was an adept; — nay, his very crutches, were turned to account to please the boy, and much more to please his grandfather. The elder daughters clung round their mother in a group, frankly talking to her in mutual confidence and love. The boys enjoyed the same liberty with their father, and indulged unchecked in expressions of affection. All was freedom without rudeness, play without riot, because genuine heartfelt affection united all.

Jock did not join in the conversation, except when he was asked questions by Mrs. Hugh about Drumsylie, its shops and its people. On the whole he was shy and reserved. Any one who could have watched his eye and his heart would have seen both busy contemplating a picture of ordinary family life such as they had never beheld. But Jock still felt as if he was not in his right place — as if he were one who would have been cast out into the darkness had his real character been known. His impressions were still more deepened when, before going to bed, the large Bible was placed on the table, and Hugh, amidst the silence of the family, said, "We'll hae worship." The chapter for the evening was the fifteenth of St. Luke. It was as if written for poor Hall, though not selected for his special benefit. Are such adaptations to human wants to be called chance? He who can feed the wild beasts of the desert, or the sparrow amidst the waste of wintry snows, can surely give food to the hungry soul of a Prodigal Son, who does not know the food he needs, nor the Father who can supply it.

They did not ask Jock if he would remain for evening worship. "The stranger within the gate" was assumed to be, for the time, a member of the household. It was for him to renounce his recognised right, not for the family either to doubt or deny it. But Jock never even argued the question with himself. He listened with head bent down, as if ashamed to hold it up, and following the example set to him, he knelt down — for the first time in his life — in prayer. Did he pray? Was it all a mere form? Was it by constraint, and not willingly? What his thoughts were on such an occasion, or whether they were gathered up in prayer to the living God, who can tell? But if the one thought even, for the first time, possessed him, that maybe there was a Person beyond the seen and temporal who belonged not to the world and man, but to whom both belonged, whose Name he could now associate with no evil but with all good, who possibly knew him and wished him to be good like Himself; — if there was even a glimmer in his soul, as he knelt down, that *he* might say "Our Father which art in Heaven," then was there cast into his heart, though he knew it not, the germ of a new life which might grow into life eternal.

The prayer of Hugh the keeper was simple, earnest, and direct, a real utterance from one person to another — yet as from a man to God, couched in his own homely dialect to Him whom the people of every language and tongue worship. It grew naturally out of the chapter which he had just read. He acknowledged that all were as lost sheep; as money lost in the dust of earth; miserable prodigals lost to their Father and to themselves, and who were poor and needy, feeding on husks, having no satisfaction, and finding no man to give unto them. He prayed God to bring them all into the fold of the Good Shepherd,

who had given his life for the sheep, and to keep them in it; to gather them as the lost coins into the treasury of Him who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor; to stir them all to say "I will arise, and go to my Father," in the firm hope that their Father would meet them afar off, and receive them with joy. After praying for the afflicted in body and mind, for the orphan and widow, the outcast and stranger, he prayed that God who had mercy on us who deserved nothing, would make us merciful to others; and then concluded with the Lord's Prayer.

Had any one seen poor Hall that night as he lay in the hay-loft, a clean blanket under him and more than one over him, they might have discovered in his open eyes, and heard in his half-muttered expressions, and noticed even from his wakeful tossings to and fro, a something stirring in his soul the value of which he himself could not fully estimate.

CHAPTER VIII. — JOCK HALL'S RETURN.

Old John Spence was an early riser. He did not share Charles Lamb's fears of indulging the ambition of rising with the sun. The latter part of the day was to him a period of repose, a *siesta* of half-sleepy meditation, which not unfrequently passed into a deep-toned sleep in his arm-chair. In a lucid interval, during the evening of Jock's arrival, he had been considering how he might best help the Sergeant out of his difficulties. He had not for a moment accepted of Hall's policy suggesting his lordship's interference. With the instinct of an old servant, he felt that to be out of the question. So he had infomed Jock, bidding him not to think of his lordship, but assuring him that he would see what could be done to muzzle Smellie. Having matured his plans, he was ready at daybreak to execute them, and accordingly embraced the first opportunity of taking Hugh into a small closet, where the little business which required writing was generally transacted, and where a venerable *escritoire* stood, in whose drawers and secret recesses were carefully deposited all papers relating to that department of his lordship's estate over which John was chief.

The door having been carefully shut and barred, the old keeper seated in an arm-chair, and his son Hugh at the *escritoire*, John said, "Get the pen and paper ready."

"A' richt," said Hugh, having mended his pen and tried it on his thumb-nail, looking at it carefully as he held it up in the light.

"Weel, then, begin! Write — 'Sir;' no 'Dear Sir,' but jist 'Sir.' Of course ye'll pit the direction 'To Mr. Peter Smellie.' Eh? — halt a wee — should I say Mr. or plain Peter? Jist mak' it plain Peter — say, 'To Peter Smellie.'"

"To Peter Smellie," echoed Hugh.

"John Spence, keeper — or raither, John Spence, *senior* keeper — wishes to tell ye that ye are a scoondrill."

After writing these words with the exception of the last, Hugh said, "Be canny, faither, or maybe he might prosecute you."

"Let him try't!" replied John; "but let scoondrill stan'. It's the verra pooder and shot o' my letter; wi'oot that, it's a' tow and colfin."

"I'm no sure, faither, if I can spell't," said Hugh, who did not like the rather doubtful expression, and put off the writing of it by asking, "Hoo, faither, d'ye spell scoonrell?"

"What ither way than the auld way?"

"But I never wrote it afore, for I hae had little to do wi' ony o' the squad."

"Weel, I wad say — s, k, oo, oo, n, d, r, i, l, l, or to that effec'. Keep in the *drill* whatever ye do, for that's what I mean to gie him!"

Having written this very decided introduction, Hugh went on with his letter, which when completed ran as follows: —

"John Spence, Senior Keeper, Castle Bennock, to Peter Smellie, Draper, Drumsylie.

"You are a skoondrill, and you kno it! But nobody else knos it but my son and me and Serjent Mercer. I wuss you to understan that he knos all about yon black business o' yours, 20 year back. This comes to let you kno that unless you leve him alone, and don't molest him, I will send you to Botany Bay, as you deserve. Medle not with the Sergeant, or it wull be to your cost. Attend to this hint. I wull have you weel watched. You are in Mr. Mercer's power. Bewar!

"Your servt.

"John Spence."

"I houp," said John, as he had the letter read over to him, "that will mak' the whitrat leave aff sookan the Sergeant's throat! If no, I'll hunt him like a fox oot o' the kintra side. But no' a word o' this, mind ye, to ony leevan cratur, mair especial to yon trampin' chiel. Gie Smellie a chance. Sae let the letter be sent aff the nicht wi' Sandy the Post. The sooner the better. The nesty taed! Him to be preaching to Adam oot o' his clay hole!"

The letter was despatched that night by the post. It was not thought discreet to intrust Jock with the secret, nor to let Adam Mercer know in the meantime anything about this countermine.

Breakfast being over, Hall proposed to return to Drumsylie. Before doing so he wished some positive assurance of obtaining aid in favour of the Sergeant from Spence. But all he could get out of the keeper was to "keep his mind easy — no to fear — he wad look after the Sergeant."

Old Spence would not, however, permit of Jock's immediate departure, but invited him to remain a day or two "and rest himsel'." It was benevolently added, that "he could help Johnnie to fish at an odd hour, and to sort the dogs and horses in ordinar' hours." The fact was, old Spence did not wish Hall to return immediately to Drumsylie, until events there had time to be affected by his letter to Smellie. Jock was too glad of the opportunity afforded him of proving that he might be trusted to do whatever work he was fitted for, and that he was not "a lazy tramper" by choice.

As the week was drawing to an end, Jock made up his mind to return to his old haunts, for home he had none. He had also an undefined longing to see the Sergeant, and to know how it fared with him.

But when the day arrived for his departure, Hugh suggested that perhaps Jock would like to see the Castle, where he had business with his Lordship to transact pertaining to the game. It was not, he said, every day he would have such a chance of seeing so grand a place, and maybe he might see his lordship! — at a distance. Besides, it would not take him far out of his road; and Hugh, when he had finished his business, would accompany him part of the way home, as he had to visit a distant part of the estate in the discharge of his professional duties.

Jock's curiosity was excited to see the great house not as a beggar or a poacher, but under the genteel protection of a keeper and confidential servant, when a live lord might be scanned from afar without fear.

When Jock came to bid farewell to old Spence, he approached him, bonnet in hand, with every token of respect. He said little but "Thank ye — thank ye, Mr. Spence, for yer guidness;" and whispering, added, "I'm sorry if I offended ye. But maybe ye could get a job for me if I canna fa' into honest wark at Drumsylie? I'll break my back, or break my heart, to please you or ony dacent man that will help me to feed my body (it's na mickle buik) and to cover't — little will keep the cauld oot, for my hide is weel tanned wi' win' and weather."

Spence looked with interest at the poor but earnest pleader at his elbow, and nodded encouragingly to him.

"Eh, man!" said Jock, "what a pity ye dinna snuff! I wad lee ye my auld snuff-box 'gin ye wad tak' it."

Spence smiled and thanked him — ay, even shook hands with him! — an honour which went to Jock's heart; and Spence added, "My compliments to my cousin Adam, and tell him to keep his heart up and his pooder dry."

Mrs. Spence had prepared a good "rung" of bread and cheese, which she stuffed into Jock's pocket to support him in his journey.

"Awfu' guid o' ye — maist awfu'!" said Jock, as he eyed the honest woman pressing the food into its ragged receptacle.

Jock looked around and asked for Johnnie. On being told that he was at the stables, he went off to find him, and, having succeeded, took him aside and said — "Johnnie, laddie, I hae been treated by yer folk like a lord, tho' after a' I dinna weel ken hoo a lord is treated; but, howsomdever, wi'oot ony clavers aboot it, here's to ye in a present the best buik o' flees in the kintra side. Tak' them, and welcome." And Jock made up his "Book of Sports," which had been his most cheerful companion for many a year, and almost forcing John to take it, added, "I hae an obligation to ax: never tell yer folk aboot it till I'm awa', and never tell ony stranger atween this and Drumsylie that ye got it frae Jock Hall." And before the astonished boy could thank him as the generous giver of so many keys to unlock every pool of its treasure, on every day in the year and at all seasons, Jock was off to join Hugh.

In a short time Hugh was conducting Jock towards the Castle. After they passed the lodge, and were walking along the beautiful avenue and beneath the fine old trees, with the splendid park sweeping around, the moment the turrets of the Castle were descried Hugh said, "Now, Hall, dinna speak to onybody unless they speak to you, and gie a discreet answer. The least said is soonest mended. Dae my biddin'; for I'm takin' a great responsibility in bringin' ye in here. His lordship wadna be pleased to see a trampin' chiel like you. But I'll tak' care he doesna see ye."

"Never fear me," said Jock; "I'll be as quiet as a dead rabbit. But I think I see'd his lordship afore?"

"Whaur?" asked Hugh, with an expression of astonishment.

"He ance tried me, I think, as a maugistrat'," replied Jock, equally placid.

"Tried ye!" exclaimed Hugh, pausing in his walk as if he had got into some scrape and was about to enter a second—"tried ye for what?"

"Oh, never heed," said Jock; "dinna be ower particular. It was a drucken habble I got into wi' twa tailor chappies that struck me, and my head and ee were bun' wi' a bluidy napkin at the trial, and his lordship wull no ken me."

"Was that a'!" carelessly remarked Hugh. "Ye micht hae thrashed nine o' them and no got yersel' hurt."

But Jock did not tell the whole history of one of his poaching affrays.

Hugh ensconced Jock in the shrubbery until he ascertained from one of the servants that his lordship had gone out to walk in the grounds, that the ladies were taking an airing in the carriage, and that it was quite possible to get a peep into the great hall and the public rooms opening from it, without being discovered. As Hugh, accompanied by Jock, crept almost noiselessly along the passages, he directed with underbreath Jock's attention to the noble apartments, the arms and suits of mail hung round the walls of the great entrance-hall, the stags' heads, the stuffed birds, and one or two fine paintings of boar-hunts. But when the drawing-room door was opened, and there flashed upon Jock's eyes all the splendour of colour reflected from large mirrors, in which he saw, for the first time, his own odd figure from crown to toe (that made him start as if he had seen a ghost), and when through the windows he beheld all the beauty of flowers that filled the parterres, dotted with *jets d'eaux*, white statues and urns, and surrounded by bowery foliage, a vision presented itself which was as new to him as if he had passed into Eden from the lodgings of Mrs. Craigie.

He did not speak a word, but only remarked that it was "nae doubt unco braw, and wad cost a heap o' siller." But, as they were retreating, suddenly the inner door of the hall opened, and his lordship stood before them!

"Heeven be aboot us!" exclaimed Spence, and in a lower voice added, "Dune for, dune for life!" He looked round him, as if for some means of concealing himself, but in vain. The door by which they had entered was closed behind them. Jock, seeing only a plain-looking little gentleman in a Glengarry bonnet and tweed suit, never imagined that this could be a lord, and was accordingly quite composed. Spence, with his eyes fixed on the ground and his face flushed to the roots of his hair, seemed speechless.

His lordship was a slight-built man, of about forty, with pleasing hazel eyes and large moustache. He had retired from the army, and was much liked for his frank manner and good humour. Seeing his keeper in such perplexity, accompanied by a person so disreputable-looking, he said, "Hollo, Spence! whom have you got here? I hope not a poacher, eh?"

I humbly beg your lordship's pardon; but, my lord, the fac' is"——stammered Hugh.

"Is that his lordship?" whispered Jock.

"Haud yer tongue!" replied Hugh in an undertone of intense vehemence. Then addressing his lordship, he said, "He's no poacher, my lord; no, no, but only"——

"Oh! an acquaintance, I suppose, who"——

"No that either, no that either," interrupted Hugh, as his dignity was frying on account of his companion, whom he wished a hundred miles away, "but an acquaintance o' an acquaintance o' my faither's lang syne—a most respectable man—Sergeant Mercer, in Drumsylie, and I took the leeberty, thinking yer lordship was out, to"——

"To show him the house. Quite right, Spence; quite right; glad you did so." Then addressing Jock, he said, "Never here before, I suppose?"

Jock drew himself up, placed his hands along his sides, heels in, toes out, then gave the military salute.

"Been in the army? In what regiment? Have you seen service?"

"Yes, sir—yes, my lord," replied Jock; "as yer honour says, I have seen service."

This was information to Spence, who breathed more freely as he received such unexpected evidence of Jock's respectability.

"Where?" inquired his lordship, seating himself on one of the lobby chairs, and folding his arms.

"In the berrick-yaird o' Stirlin', yer honour," replied Jock; "but in what regiment I dinna mind. It was a first, second, or third something; but I hae forgotten."

"The barrack-yard?" said his lordship, laughing; "pray how long did you serve his Majesty in that severe campaign?"

"About a week, or may be a fortnight," said Jock.

"What!" exclaimed his lordship; "a fortnight only? And what after that?"

"I ran off as fast as I could," said Jock; "never stopped till I reached Drumsylie."

Hugh turned his back as if to run away, with sundry half-muttered exclamations of horror and alarm for the friend of a sergeant. His lordship burst into a fit of laughter, and said,—"On my honour, you're a candid fellow." But he evidently assumed that Jock was probably a half-witted character, who did not comprehend the full meaning of his admission. He was confirmed in his supposition by Jock going on to say, in the most easy and simple fashion,—

"I 'listed when I was fou; and though I had nae objections at ony time to fire a gun at a bird or a Frenchman, or to fecht them that wad fecht me, yet the sodjers at Stirlin' made a fule o' me, and keepit me walkin' and trampin' back and forrid for twa weeks in the yaird, as if they were breckin' a horse; and I could dae naething, neither fish, nor even shoot craws, wi'oot the leave o' an ill-tongued corporal. I couldna' thole that, could I? It wasna in the bargain, and sae I left, and they didna think it worth their while to speer after me."

"Egad!" said his lordship, laughing, "I dare say not, I dare say not! Do you know what they might have done to you if they had caught you, my man?" asked his lordship.

"Shot me, I expec'," said Jock; "but I wasna worth the pooder; and, to tell the truth, I wad raither be shot like a gled for harryin' a paitrick's nest, than be kept a' my days in a cage o' a berricks at Stirlin'! I wasna heedin' whether they shot me or no," added Jock, looking round him, and stroking his chin as if in a half dream.

"The black dog tak' ye!" said Spence, who lost his temper. "My lord, I declare"——

"Never mind, Spence, never mind; let him speak to me; and go you to the servants' hall until I send for you."

Spence bowed and retired, thankful to be released from his present agony. His lordship, who had a passion for characters which the keeper could not comprehend, gave a sign to Jock to remain, and then went on with the following catechism.

"What did your parents do?"

"Little guid and mickle ill."

"Were you at school?"

"No that I mind o'."

"How have you lived?"

"Guid kens!"

"What have you been?"

"A ne'er-do-weel — a kin' o' cheat-the-wuddy. Sae folk tell me, and I suppose they're richt."

"Are you married?"

"That's no a bad ane, after a'!" said Jock, with a quiet laugh, turning his head away.

"A bad what?" asked his lordship, perplexed by the reply.

"I jist thocht," said Jock, "yer honour was jokin' to think that ony wumman wad marry me! He! he! Lassies wad be cheaper than cast-awa shoon afore ony o' them wad tak Jock Hall — unless," he added, in a lower tone, with a laugh, "ane like Luckie Cragie. But yer lordship wull no ken her, I'se warrant."

"I have not that honour," said his lordship, with a smile. "But I must admit that you don't give yourself a good character, anyhow."

"I hae nane to gie," said Jock, with the same impassible look.

"On my word," added his lordship, "I think you're an honest fellow!"

"It's mair," said Jock, "than onybody else thinks. But if I had wark, I'm no sure but I wad be honest."

His lordship said nothing, but stared at Hall as if measuring him from head to foot. Jock returned his gaze. It was as if two different portions of a broken-up world had met. His lordship felt uncertain whether to deal with Jock as a fool or as a reprobate. He still inclined to the opinion that he had "a want," and accordingly continued his catechism, asking "whether he would like to have this house?"

"I wad that!" said Jock, emphatically.

"And what would you make of it?"

"I wad," replied Jock, "fill it fu' wi puir ne'er-do-weel, faitherless and mitherless bairns, and pit Sergeant Mercer and his wife ower them — that's Mr. Spence's cousin."

"Hillo!" said his lordship, "that would make a large party! and what would you do with them, when here assembled, my man?"

"I wad feed them," said Jock, "wi' the sheep and nowt in the park, and the birds frae the heather, and the fish frae the burns, and gie them the flowers aboot the doors — and schule them weel, and learn them trades; and shoot th[illegible] them, if they didna do weel.[illegible]

"Ha! ha! ha! And what [illegible] do with me and my wife and daughters?" asked his lordship.

"I wad mak you their faither, and them

their mither and sisters. Ye never wad be idle or want pleasure among sic a hantle o' fine lads and lasses. Eh! yer honour," continued Jock, with fire in his eyes, "ye never lay trimblin' on a stair-head on a snawy nicht; and got a spoonfu' or twa o' cauld parritch in the mornin' tae cool ye, wi' curses and kicks tae warm ye, for no stealin' yer ain meat; nor see'd yer wee brithers an' sisters deein' like troots, openin' their mooths wi' naethin' to pit in them; or faix ye wad be thankfu' tae help mitherless and faitherless bairns, and instead o' sendin' young craturs to jail wad sen' aulder folk that ill-used them; ay, and may be some rich folk, and some ministers and elders amang them for no luikin' after them."

His lordship looked with wide-open eyes at Jock; and for a moment, amidst his ease and luxury, his fits of *ennui* and difficulty in killing time, his sense of the shallowness and emptiness of much of his life, with the selfishness of idle society, there flashed upon his naturally kind heart a gleam of noble duties yet to perform, and noble privileges to enjoy, though not perhaps in the exact form suggested by Jock Hall. But this was not the time to discuss these. So he only said, "You are not a bad fellow — not at all. Here are a few shillings for you."

"Na! na!" said Jock, "I didna come here to beg; I'll no tak them."

"Come, come! said his lordship, "you won't disoblige me, will you?" and he thrust the money into Jock's hand; and ringing a bell, he ordered the servant who appeared in reply to it to take Jock to the servants' hall, and to send Hugh Spence to the business room.

Jock made a low bow and salaam, and retired.

"William," said his lordship to another servant, who happened to be passing, "go to the old clothes press and select a complete suit for that poor fellow."

When Hugh was summoned into the presence of his lordship, he had sad misgivings as to the result of the interview, and had prepared a long apologetic speech, which however he had hardly begun when he was cut short by his lordship saying, "You have picked up a rare character, Spence, upon my honour! But I like the fellow. He is an original, and has something in him. I can't quite make him out."

"Nor me either, my lord, I do assure you," interrupted Spence.

"But I have taken rather a fancy for him. He is neither knave nor fool, yet I cannot call him good or wise — no, no — ha! ah! ha! — not that, *quite*; but there is something about him which takes me, and if any friend of yours has an interest in him, I won't object — quite the reverse — to your getting him something to do about the kennels. I really would like it. So look to him." Hugh, having made a low bow and remained discreetly silent, according to his own prudential aphorism of "least said being soonest mended," his lordship conversed on the special business for which he had sent for him, with which we have nothing to do.

When Jock and Spence returned along the avenue, not a word was spoken for a a time. Jock carried a large bundle, with the general contents of which both were acquainted. After a while Spence remarked, as if to break the silence, "Weel, what do ye think o' his lordship?"

"He looks a fine bit decent sponsible bodie," said Jock, as if speaking of a nobody.

"I should think sae!" remarked Hugh, evidently chagrined by the cool criticism of his companion.

"Were ye no frichted for him?" asked Hugh.

"Wha? — me?" replied Jock. "Frichted for what? He said naethin' to fricht me. Certes I was mair frichted when I stood afore him for thrashin' the twa tailors! The man didna molest me, but was unco ceevil, as I was to him, and gied me siller and claes as I never got frae mortal man, no tae speak o' a lord. Frichted! I was ower prood to be frichted."

"Aweel, aweel," said the keeper, "ye're a queer cratur, Hall! and if ye haena' gowd ye hae brass. I was tremblin' for ye!"

"Nae wunner," said Jock; "*ye* had somethin' tae lose, but I had naethin'. What could he dae to me but pit me oot o' the hoose? and I was gaun oot mysel. Jock Hall is ower far doon for ony mortal man tae pit him doon farther. He *may* be better, but he canna be waur. Naebody can hurt a dead dowg, can they?"

"Tuts, Jock," said Hugh, "I didna mean to flite on ye. I ax yer pardon."

"Gae awa, gae awa wi' yer nonsense, Mr. Spence!" replied Jock — "that's what naebody ever did, to ax my pardon, and it's no for a man like you to begin. Ye micht as weel ax a rattan's pardon for eatin' a' yer cheese. In troth I'm no gien mysel tae that fashion o' axin' pardons, for it wad be a heap o' trouble for folk to grant them. But, man, if I got wark, I would maybe be able yet to ax pardon o' a decent man, and to get it too for the axin'!"

"I'll no forget ye, I do assure ye," said Spence, kindly. "You and me may meet afore lang up the way at the cottage."

Jock could not resist the new emotion which prompted him to seize the keeper's hand and give it a hearty squeeze. On the strength of the renewed friendship, he offered him a snuff.

The keeper, from commands received from his lordship, found that he could not accompany Jock as far on his road as he had anticipated, but was obliged to part with him where his path to Drumsylie led across the moorland. Here they sat down on a heathery hill, when Spence said, "Before we part, I would like to ken frae yersel', Hall, how *ye* are a frien' to Adam Mercer?"

"I never said I was a frien' to Adam Mercer," replied Jock.

Hugh, as if for the first time suspecting Hall of deception, said firmly, "But ye did! I declare ye did, and my faither believed you!"

"I never did sic a thing," said Jock, as firmly, in reply. "I couldna say that wi'oot a lee, and *that* I never telt tae you or yours, altho' I hae telt an unco heap to ser' my turn in my day. But I said that Adam Mercer was a frien' to me."

Hugh, not quite perceiving the difference yet, asked, "Hoo was he a frien' to you?"

"I'll tell ye," said Jock, looking earnestly at Hugh. "Had a man ta'en ye into his hoose, and fed ye whan starvin', and pit shoon on ye whan barefitted, and spak to ye no as if ye were a brute beast, I tak it ye wad understan' what a frien' was! Mind ye what I said, that I'm no sic a gomeril — bad as I am — or sae wantin' in decency as to even mysel' to be the Sergeant's frien', but I said he was *my* frien' — and that he was!"

"What way wur ye brocht up that ye cam to be sae puir as to need Adam's assistance or ony other man's? Ye surely had as guid a chance as ony o' yer neebors?"

Jock's countenance began to assume that excited expression which the vivid recollection of his past life, especially of his youth, seemed always to produce. But Hall tried to check himself when symptoms of his hysteria began to manifest themselves in the muscles of his throat. He rose and took a few hurried paces to and fro on the heather, as if resolved to gain his self-possession, and not leave his newly-acquired friend the keeper under the impression that he was either desperately wicked or incurably insane. A new motive had come into play — a portion of his heart which had lain as it were dormant until stimulated by the Sergeant's kindness had assumed a power which was rapidly, under benign influences, gaining the ascendency. In spite of, or rather perhaps because of, his inward struggle, his face for a moment was deadly pale. His hands were clenched. He seemed as if discharging from every muscle a stream of suddenly-generated electricity. Turning at length to Hugh, he said, with knit brow and keenly-piercing eyes, "What made ye ax me sic a question, Mr. Spence? — What for? I'll no tell ye, for I canna tell you or ony man hoo I was brocht up!"

But he did tell him — as if forced to do so in order to get rid of the demon — much of what our readers already know of those sad days of misery, and he added, "And noo, had ye been like a wild fox and the hounds after ye, and nae mair cared for than a dowg wi' a kettle at its tail, hidin' half mad up a close ayont a midden; or a cat nigh staned to death, pechin' its life awa' in a hole; and if ye kent never a man or woman but hated ye, and, waur than a', gin ye hated them; and if ye heard your ain faither and mither cursing ye frae the time ye war a bairn till they gaed awa' in their coffins wi' your curses followin' after them, — ye wad ken what it was to hae ae friend on earth; — and now I hae mair than ane!" And poor Jock, for the first time probably in his life, sobbed like a child.

Spence said nothing but "puir fellow!" and whiffed his pipe, which he had just lighted, with more than usual vehemence.

Jock soon resumed his usual calm,

> "As one whose brain demoniac frenzy fires
> Owes to his fit, in which his soul hath tost,
> Profounder quiet, when the fit retires,—
> Even so the dire phantasma which had crost
> His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost,
> Left his mind still as a deep evening stream."

The keeper, hardly knowing what to say, remarked, "It's ae consolation, that your wicked faither and mither will be weel punished noo for a' their sins. *Ye* neednа curse them! They're beyond ony hairm that ye can do them. They're cursed eneuch, wi'oot your meddlin' wi' them."

"Guid forbid!" exclaimed Jock. "I houp no! I houp no! That wad be maist awfu'!"

"Maybe," said the keeper; "but it's what they deserve. And surely when their ain bairn curses them, *he* can say naethin' against it."

"*I* never cursed them, did I?" asked Jock, as if stupified.

"Ye did that, and nae mistak'!" replied the keeper.

"Losh, it was a bad job if I did!" said Jock. "I'm sure I dinna want to hairm them, puir bodies, though they hairmed me. In fac' I'm willin' tae let byganes be byganes wi' them, and sae maybe their Maker will no be ower sair on them. Ye dinna think, Mr. Spence, that it's possible my faither and mither are baith in the bad place?"

"Whaur else wad they be, if no there?" asked the keeper.

"It's mair than I can say!" replied Jock. "I only thocht they were dead in the kirkyard. But — but — ken ye ony road o' gettin' them oot if they're there?"

"Ye had better," said Hugh, "gie ower botherin' yesel' to take *them* oot; rather try, man, to keep yersel' oot."

"Lost sheep! — lost money! — lost, ne'er-do-weel prodigal!" muttered Jock, as he gazed on the heather at his feet; "an' I'm here and them there! How comes that aboot?" he asked, in a dreamy mood.

"God's mercy!" answered Hugh; "and we should be merciful to ither folk, as God is merciful to oursel's."

"That's what for I wish thae puir sowls to get oot o' that jail! But I'll never curse faither or mither mair," muttered Jock.

"The less the better," said the keeper. "That wark is no' for man! An' as for them that's awa', the Bible says, 'Shall not the Judge o' a' the yirth do richt?' I wad think sae! Let us tak care o' oorsel's, and o' them that's leevin', an' God will do what's richt tae them that's ayont the grave. He has mair wisdom and love than us!"

Jock was engaged outwardly in tearing bits of heather, and twisting them mechanically together; but what his inward work was I know not. At last he said, "I haena heard an aith sin' I left Drumsylie, and that's extraordinar' to me, I can assure you, Mr. Spence!"

"Dinna let yer heart doon ower far, Jock," said the keeper, kindly. "I'll stan' yer friend, especially sin his lordship wishes me to help you. Ye have got guid claes in that bundle, I'se warrant — the verra claes worn by himself'! Pit them on ye, and think what's on ye, and be dacent! Drop a' drinkin,' swearin,' and sic trash; bend yer back tae your burden, ca' yer han's at yer wark, pay yer way, and keep a ceevil tongue in yer head, and then 'whistle ower the lave o't!' There's my han' to ye. Farewell, and ye'll hear frae me some day soon."

"God's blessin' be wi' ye!" replied poor Jock.

They then rose and parted. Each after awhile looked over his shoulder and waved his hand.

One of the first things Jock did after parting with Hugh was to undo his parcel, and when he did so there was spread before his wondering eyes such a display of clothing of every kind as he had never dreamt of in connection with his own person. All seemed to his eyes as if fresh from the tailor's hands. Jock looked at his treasures in detail, held them up, turned them over, laid them down, and repeated the process with such a grin on his face and exclamations on his lips as can neither be described nor repeated. After awhile his resolution seemed to be taken; for descending to a clear mountain stream, he stripped himself of his usual habiliments, and, though they were old familiar friends, cast them aside as if in scorn, stuffing them into a hole in the bank. After performing long and careful ablutions, he decked himself in his new rig, and tying up in a bundle his superfluous trappings, emerged on the moorland in appearance and in dignity the very lord of the manor! "Faix," thought Jock, as he paced along, "the Sterlin' wasna far wrang when it telt me that 'a man's a man for a' that!'"

Instead of pursuing his way direct to Drumsylie, he diverged to a village halfway between Castle Bennock and his final destination. With his money in his pocket he put up like a gentleman at a superior lodging-house, where he was received with the respect becoming his appearance. Early on Sunday morning, when few were awake, he entered Drumsylie with a sheepish feeling and such fear of attracting the attention of its *gamins* as made him run quickly to the house of an old widow, where he hoped to avoid all impertinent inquiries until he could determine upon his future proceedings. These were materially affected by the information which in due time he received, that Adam Mercer had been suddenly seized with illness on the day after he had left Drumsylie, and was confined to bed.

From the Saturday Review, May 11.

THE LONDON CONFERENCE.

THE task of the London Conference was virtually accomplished when Lord STANLEY consented to guarantee the neutrality of Luxemburg. From the first there had evidently been little risk of failure, inasmuch as both the ligitants and the assessors were deeply interested in a successful result. The latest precedent of a similar meeting was happily in all respects inapplicable. In the middle of the Danish war, and in view of the inevitable defeat of the weaker party, the English Government made a desperate attempt to terminate hostilities by inducing the belligerents to meet with the neutral Powers in conference. Unfortunately, Prussia, then servilely followed by Austria, had determined on completing the conquest of Schleswig; nor were all the arbitrators sincere in their desire for peace. The Emperor of the FRENCH had been irritated by the refusal of England either to go to war on behalf of Poland, or to concur in his proposal of a European Congress; and consequently, throughout the Danish war, he affected to regard the successes of Germany rather as a check to England than as a menace to himself. The Plenipotentiaries at the present Conference have had the easier duty of saving the honour of two Governments which would otherwise have engaged in an unprofitable duel. In strict justice, it might have been sufficient to reject the unfounded pretentions of France, which had no ground for interfering with the Prussian occupation of Luxemburg; but a decision in favour of one party would certainly not have terminated the quarrel. Diplomatic tribunals are rather mediators than judges; and, luckily, the King of HOLLAND contributed to the settlement of the dispute a colourably legal claim on the fortress of Luxemburg. As long as he was, in his ducal capacity, a German prince, the presence of a Prussian garrison in a Federal fortress was perfectly compatible with his sovereign rights; but the violent dissolution of the Confederacy, followed by the exclusion of Luxemburg from the new North-German League, technically converted the mixed right of the GRAND DUKE into absolute dominion. Not thinking it expedient to demand the evacuation of the fortress, and feeling some uneasiness at the possible demands of Prussia on his more important possessions, the King of HOLLAND proposed to transfer Luxemburg, with all its appendages, to an owner who might be able and willing to prosecute a doubtful claim. It was in virtue of the contract with the GRAND DUKE that France acquired an interest in the subject-matter, but Prussia was fully justified in regarding the occupation of Luxemburg as a German or European question, lying wholly beyond the competence of the local ruler. If the fortress was considered a necessary safeguard against a French invasion of Germany, it was absurd to transfer it to the possible invader. On the other hand, the Prussian garrison offered no menace to France which might not have been as reasonably apprehended or resented at any time during the last two-and-fifty years. The military importance of the position is probably exaggerated in conventional language for diplomatic porposes. CARNOT, indeed, is said to have asserted that Luxemburg was, after Gibraltar, the most formidable fortress in Europe; but modern experience, in America and elsewhere, has shown that strong places may be extemporized during war; and, when Luxemburg is demolished, there is nothing to prevent the Prussian Government from doubling the defences and armament of Trèves. The real security both of Germany and of France consists in the unlimited resources of either Power, and in the certainty that permanent conquests on either side would be impossible. The hope of recovering Alsace or Lorraine has for several generations ceased to inspire the most sanguine of German patriots; and though French ambition has been more recently undeceived, the disillusion has extended rapidly in the course of the present dispute. Less than a year has passed since the negotiation for the Saarbruck coal-fields, and the stranger demand for a rectification of the frontier. The discovery that even the purchase of a German principality is impracticable will not fail to be remembered.

Since France required some concession as a pretext for withdrawing an untenable claim, it was obviously necessary that Prussia also should get something, or seem to get something. There is indeed every reason to believe that the strong man of Germany, fully armed, will, without the aid of any Conference, henceforth keep his house in peace; but as he is requested to unfasten one joint of his harness, he naturally asks his friendly advisers to provide him with an equivalent security. The neutralization of Luxemburg may possibly be equivalent to a fortified town, as long as it is respected in time of war; but garrisons and batteries protect themselves,

while parchment limitations of the rights of war tend to become inoperative as soon as they are applicable. If a French army wished to pass through Luxemburg on its way to Rhenish Prussia, it would probably be found that some breach of engagement on the part of the enemy justified a disregard of pledges of neutrality. The Great Powers were therefore desired to prove the sincerity of their love of peace by making themselves responsible for the neutrality of Luxemburg; and, by the acceptance of the proposal, Germany has obtained a perfect verbal security against the dangers which are supposed to arise from the demolition of the fortress. The Prussian demand was reasonable; although the English Plenipotentiaries were at first naturally unwilling to undertake new Continental liabilities. Lord STANLEY is a consistent advocate of non-interference, but he properly regarded the case of Luxemburg as exceptional. To a certain extent, the guarantee will be only renewed, or continued; for the territory of the King of the NETHERLANDS was guaranteed by the Great Powers in 1814, and all existing securities were expressly maintained at the final arrangement between Belgium and Holland in 1839. It is true that the evacuation of the fortress will render the obligation more onerous, as well as more necessary, especially as the proposed pledge will be given to Prussia, rather than to Belgium or Holland; but, on a balance of inconveniences, Lord STANLEY has determined to remove the only remaining obstacle to a settlement of the principal dispute. The neutrality of Luxemburg is henceforth guaranteed by the six Great Powers, including Italy, which owes to England the formal recognition of its well-earned rank in Europe. The Conference has apparently not undertaken to determine the commercial position of the neutralized territory. It is evident that Luxemburg cannot, like a French province before the Revolution, establish a fiscal system of its own, or allow its produce to be taxed as soon as it passes the frontier. It is equally impossible that it should trade freely with both its powerful neighbours, as the French and German Customs systems reciprocally exclude one another. Unless the province is to be deprived of all hope of prosperity, it must be enclosed within one of the two commercial frontiers. The inhabitants, having hitherto traded chiefly with Germany, would prefer unrestricted intercourse with the States of the Zollverein to any advantage which could be derived from free access to French markets; and their wishes are seconded by the French iron-masters, who object to competition with the ore of Luxemburg. Diplomatists will look rather to the political consequences of commercial amalgamation than to the material interests of the province. If a little army of French Custom-house officers separated Luxemburg from Germany, the Duchy might almost as well be a department of France; and experience has shown that the Customs-Union which Prussia has long directed has a tendency to produce political approximation. It is difficult to understand Count BISMARK's motive for having left Luxemburg, after last year's war, outside the new Confederation and the Zollverein. He may probably be still indifferent to a commercial union with the Duchy, but he will certainly oppose a corresponding pretension on the part of France.

With the happy close of the deliberations of the Conference, charges and recriminations will cease to disturb timid minds. German journalists complained that the armaments of France were proceeding, while Prussia had not yet summoned a soldier to his colours, or bought an additional horse. It is possible that the statement may have had some foundation in fact, although it was probably exaggerated; but though the numbers of the French army may have been increased, the Government, even if it had wished to deceive an enemy, would not have wantonly encouraged the hopes of its subjects for the purpose of aggravating their subsequent disappointment. The Emperor NAPOLEON has ascertained, by his recent experiment, the entire change which has passed over the minds of the present generation. The great body of Frenchmen regard the speeches of M. THIERS and the inflammatory essays of M. DE GIRARDIN as antiquarian relics of obsolete opinion. The keen susceptibility of the nation to any stain on its honour retains its former delicacy, but the great body of politicians decline to regard the partial realization of German unity as an affront to France. In the present instance, as in many others, popular cant serves as an index to the public opinion which it echoes and travesties. The working-men who have been taught by habitual adulation to assume the airs of a representative aristocracy publish platitudes in favour of peace with their German brethren, which are at least more innocent than demands for the aggrandizement of France. That French democracy, reflecting on its own qualities, should select a love of peace as its favourite virtue, is a whimsical proof of the blindness which attends corporate as

well as individual vanity. Not many years have passed since democratic writers, including MICHELET and VICTOR HUGO, held up moderate Governments to the contempt of patriots, because they neglected to resume the boundaries of the Republic and the Empire. As a German poet said with more truth than melody, the greedy ravens were always croaking themselves hoarse about the Rhine, which his countrymen, for their part, absolutely refused to surrender. It is one of the advantages of democracy that conversion operates simultaneously on masses, and that deserted creeds are instantly forgotten. Twenty years of victory had persuaded the French people that it was their mission to propagate civilization by conquest. Half a century of peace had scarcely untaught them the disastrous lesson; but the rise of Italy, and more especially of Germany, seems to have convinced Frenchmen of the present day that other nations also have rights, and that peace is better than war. The Germans, having for centuries found themselves the victims of French ambition, were excusably suspicious, and jealous of making the first concession; but the intelligent opinion of Europe was unanimously opposed to an unnecessary contest, and in smoothing away the difficulties which impeded a friendly arrangement, the Conference has enjoyed the great advantage of swimming with the stream.

From the Spectator, May 11.

LORD STANLEY AND THE LUXEMBURG QUESTION.

WHAT is an endorsement on the back of a bill? Is it a promise to pay if the other parties to the transaction do not, or only in case they do? We should have thought that a simple question enough in commercial ethics, but that the *Times* has chosen this week to assume the second answer. It declares that a man is responsible for his signature unless the acceptor has paid the bill, and so rendered the signature unnecessary. The Prussian Government has been asked to evacuate the fortress of Luxemburg as a concession to the sensitive dignity of France, and has agreed, it is reported, upon the condition that Europe shall guarantee its neutrality. In plainer words, each of the Five Powers is to pledge itself in writing to declare war upon any Power which may attempt to seize this military position. Thereupon, the *Times* declares that such a promise is without danger, because "if all the Powers act together resistance would be out of the question, while, on the other hand, any repudiation by one Power of its obligations would necessarily absolve the others." If the acceptor does not pay the endorser *ceases* to be liable, a novel doctrine, which proclaimed in big type in the City article of the first commercial journal in the world, will, we doubt not, carry much comfort to the souls of bankrupts, speculators, and rogues generally. If Lord Stanley has agreed to guarantee Luxemburg with any such *arrière pensée*, he has simply agreed to a fraud which, of all forms of political fraud, we should have thought most alien to his political character. His forte is surely judicious directness, not diplomatic subtlety, and till he himself avows it we refuse to believe that he is playing a game of which Lord Palmerston would have been ashamed. He did at least try to keep his pledge to Denmark. The need of the guarantee can only arise when Luxemburg has been occupied by one of the Powers, and if that occupation of itself annuls the pledge, what is the use of giving it? It is merely a farce, a pledge to do that which, while pledging ourselves, we acknowledge that we never intend to do — a grandiloquent assertion that we will be responsible for the bill *if* the acceptor pays it. Even the *Times* seems to feel this is a little disreputable, for after using this argument it argues that the pledge after all is a little one, because we already guarantee Holland. As a matter of fact, that statement is a trick, for we do not directly guarantee Holland against the great Powers, but only against Belgium — a very different thing; but suppose we do, as Lord Stanley on Thursday seemed to assume, what is that to the point? The guarantee for Holland, on the *Times'* own showing, is as unreal as any other. Nobody but a great power can attack Holland, and the moment a great power breaks its obligation ours ceases, and we may skulk away contented, like a hound who has stolen a bone and escaped the expected whip. We are not liable, because the contingency we promised to provide against has occurred. "If you hit that little boy again," says Fifth Form, "I shall thrash you," and the bully desists. By and by, plucking up his courage, he hits the little boy, and Fifth Form walks off, consoling himself as he goes by muttering that if "people will not keep their agreements he is not bound to keep his."

We looked to Lord Stanley to pursue a manlier diplomacy than this, and must, till

he confesses the contrary, believe that he intends the guarantee, if he gives it, to be a reality, a promise to resist the use of Luxemburg by France against Germany. That is the common sense of the pledge, that is why it is asked, that is why it is conceded. And in this view, we believe, no more dangerous pledge could be made by Great Britain. It is nonsense to compare it with our guarantee of Belgium. We should fight for Belgium anyhow, and the guarantee makes no practical difference, except to give the advocates of war a new and unanswerable argument. But without the guarantee we should not dream of fighting for Luxemburg. Moreover, no power will attack Belgium merely as an incident in a campaign; but Luxemburg is very likely indeed to be incidentally occupied. It is just the place a French General, wanting to sever railway communications along the Rhine, would declare himself compelled to take, and then Prussia would be able to demand our alliance against France. We do not want to fight France. Except a war with America, no calamity could be so detrimental to us, to Europe, and to civilization, so ruinous to commerce, so fatal to progress, so meaningless in result. What have we to get from France? Yet if the guarantee does not mean that we are liable to a risk of this demand, to a sudden war with our nearest neighbour, or a confession of cowardice before the world, what does it mean? If we are to allow France to take Luxemburg, what does Prussia gain in exchange for her fortress? Just this, — that if it is very convenient to us to defend Luxemburg, we shall have legal *locus standi* when we say we intend to do it. What is the value of that to Prussia — of her right to ask an acquaintance to commence a grand Chancery suit for her own advantage and his detriment?

But we shall be told the guarantee is essential to preserve the honour of Prussia, and so to maintain peace. It is a bit of high comedy, like an English duel, but one which it is necessary for the political grandees to go through with. There is a certain amount of truth in that suggestion, but then the question arises why England, which of all Powers manages high comedy worst, should be compelled to play her part. How is it her interest? The *Times*, which cares about nothing but the price of Consols, always assumes that peace is the grand interest of this country, and that might be true, were the peace real. But it may very well be doubted whether the condition of armed preparation now maintained all over Europe is not worse than war, whether it does not exhaust the nations more, more deeply imperil the profits upon trade. At all events, it is clear that there is a future price at which even peace may be dear. If France and Prussia equally accept our mediation, and find no new cause of quarrel in some detail, and rest content without trying their relative strength about Luxemburg, then we shall have purchased a postponement of a war which we can keep out of, at the price of a future war into which, if we are decently honest and straightforward, we must perforce enter. We buy an escape from the annoyance of giving evidence in a Chancery suit at the price of a Chancery suit to which we shall be principal parties. That is at least exceedingly bad economy, as Lord Stanley out of office would probably be the first to see.

It would be rather a grotesque finale for the negotiations if we found ourselves burdened with a guarantee without obtaining the compensatory peace. Of course, as England assents to the *sine qua non*, war can, if France and Prussia are equally willing, be easily postponed, but are they willing? The Foreign Office thinks so apparently, but the British Foreign Office has always shown itself the most credulous of detective establishments, and the broad facts do not bear out that theory. It is almost certain, as certain as anything carefully concealed by officials can be, that France is arming fast, and that Berlin is taking either real or affected umbrage at these armaments, the reality and the affectation being about equally dangerous. It is argued, of course, in France that the collection of the camp at Châlons two months earlier than usual, the enlargement of that camp, the completion of the works at Metz, the incessant manufacture of cartridges, the increase in the effectives, and above all, the calling out of the reserves, are all precautionary measures; but they have been taken on a scale and at a cost which Sovereigns do not sanction unless they see very serious dangers ahead, and they are continuing now, when, to believe the newspapers and the funds, the reign of peace has been solidly re-established. Why is the Emperor embarrassing his exchequer, if he feels so certain that the Conference is sure to give him a great diplomatic victory, for the evacuation of Luxemburg *is* a victory for him? and why does Count von Bismarck pass the word to demi-official journals to complain of armaments which, as he knows, cannot be made the subject of official remonstrance? France will not take orders as to the extent of her

armaments from any power in the world, least of all from the one which has so recently excited her jealousy, and with which she is in such open diplomatic conflict. It is not like Count von Bismarck to publish statements so wounding to the *amour propre* of an adversary merely because they are wounding, with no intention of following them up, and no motive in calling the attention of the people behind him. The clouds are very thick still, and though they seem to be breaking, perhaps we may say are breaking, the barometer is still far from having risen to "set fair." Despite the meeting of Conference, the acceptance of a basis, — the neutralization of the Duchy, — which does not involve the grand point at issue, and the optimist tone of the British official world, the grand security for peace is still that if Napoleon fights he knows he must succeed, and that in a war between equals success is never certain.

One word more. If the Conference succeeds in maintaining peace one fact will be established of far greater importance than any possible solution of the Luxemburg question. The European tribunal dissolved by the Crimean war will have been re-established, to the immense benefit of mankind. There is no longer a power on the Continent which can do as it likes, without consulting anybody, but many Powers so equal and so bound together that they must perforce prefer the *régime* of law to the *régime* of force. The fate of Belgium and Holland, for example, is no longer dependent upon Napoleon's fiat, or that of Denmark upon the policy of Berlin. The Powers are jealous again, and with reason, and every accession of territory, however small, every intrigue, however secret, will be watched with anxious care, and, if needful, arrested by the Council of Five, which alone has the strength to maintain the European peace and an interest in doing so. When France arms to obtain a bit of outlying land and cannot obtain it, Europe is safe from the aggression of any less potent State.

From the Economist, May 11.

LORD STANLEY'S ENGLISH GUARANTEE.

Lord Stanley admitted on Thursday night that he has engaged on behalf of England to give the guarantee of the neutrality of Luxembourg demanded by Prussia from the great Powers. It seems to be Lord Stanley's happy fortune, after representing as long as he has been in Parliament an almost extreme form of the principle of non-intervention, to come out as the direct heir to Lord Palmerston's policy in both extorting satisfaction for real injuries from weak but presumptuous nations, and in multiplying those vague and dangerous engagements of the English Crown, which we have more than once had to regret bitterly in the past. We not only do not blame, we heartily approve of, Lord Stanley's policy in the case of the dispute with Spain concerning the Queen Victoria. It was not a pleasant thing for England, who took so humble a part in the great European dispute of 1864, to have to take so high-handed a line with Spain in 1866. *Parcere superbis, debellere subjectos*, has been rather too much the English motto under Lord Palmerston's foreign policy. But that is not Lord Stanley's fault, and no Minister in his place could have done otherwise than he did in our little misunderstanding with Spain. But it will be, we think, his fault and greatly to his discredit if he completes, as he intimates that he intends to complete, this hitherto merely accidental resemblance, by launching England into new and large engagements, the true bearing of which on our own national interests, if ever we are called upon to fulfil them, no one can foresee; and the high probability that we *shall* some day be called upon to fulfil them, every one can even now foresee. Indeed, as far as we can understand, the only apology which is made for the policy of giving an English guarantee to the neutrality of Luxembourg, is, that while it staves off the war for the present, it does not much enlarge the extent of our engagements for the future. Now, the fact is quite the reverse. If we take these new engagements, honestly and with the sincere purpose of keeping them to the best of our ability, they do enlarge indefinitely, most dangerously, our liabilities for the future. If we take them in the strong hope, and with a half-formed resolve, that some way shall be found to relieve us of these engagements if ever they become troublesome, then we are guilty of one of the most dishonourable acts of which any nation could be guilty. Two great nations relying on our guarantee, and asserting that they would not rely on anything less, that we will assist in protecting the neutrality of Luxembourg from violation in case of any great European quarrel, retire from the threatening position they had just assumed. Each of them believes that we are now bound to prevent a very advantageous position from falling into the hands of its adversary; that if it should ever be

desired by that adversary, we are bound to help the other in recovering it, and punishing the breach of faith. They consider that this promise of help from us in preventing Luxembourg from becoming a stronghold in their adversary's hand, will compensate for any advantage they might now have, either in position or preparation. Prussia has at present a great advantage in position. She holds Luxembourg, and can stay there if she pleases. If she retires, she retires on the express understanding that we will aid her in preventing it from ever falling into French hands, or in recovering it from French hands and restoring its neutrality, if necessary. If we are permitting Prussia to give up this great advantage of possession, in reliance on our aid for protecting the neutrality of Luxembourg against France in years to come, and yet are not ourselves prepared to sacrifice much, in life, and money, and prosperity, for the sake of redeeming that pledge, whenever it may be demanded from us, we are setting the disgraceful example of light promises and insincere professions. When the *Times* says, in apology for this most serious and important responsibility which we are undertaking, "England would never dream of committing herself to isolated action in this matter; she undertakes no responsibility which is not, to the same extent, shared by every member of the Conference;" it is evident that it means to point out a probable mode of escape from the obligation we are incurring, founded on the likelihood that some other members of the guaranteeing Conference will repudiate their obligations. Now, we must say that to enter into this obligation in the express hope that if it should ever be incumbent on us to fulfil it, we can, probably, plead other bad examples as an excuse for not complying, is to accustom ourselves, from the very beginning, to the idea that we are not, in any serious sense, undertaking a national obligation at all. Of course, no question of putting the guarantee in execution can arise till some one power fails in her duty. If that one Power be a *great* power, — such a power as France or Prussia for instance, — it is not likely that she will fail alone. She will have supporters and advocates in the excuses she will make for her failure. In that case, and that alone, the true obligation of our guarantee comes into effect. We ought then to say at once, "We side against the power which violates the neutrality of Luxembourg;" and if, on the contrary, we say, "Our obligation to observe the treaty is no greater than that of the offending power; as France or Prussia is indifferent to national obligations, we cannot be expected to stand to ours," — where was the force of the obligation? The whole guarantee is, then, a mockery, delusion, and snare. It *cannot* have any active effect until some one of the great Powers breaks through it. And if that is to justify us also in crying off, the whole thing is a pretence and a sham. We maintain that if we enter into this very serious obligation, we ought to do so in all honour and scrupulousness, and with the deliberate intention of aiding those who are true to the treaty against any who are untrue to it, at great national sacrifice and cost. To begin by insinuating that our obligation is no greater than that of others, and that we can cry off if others do, is to begin with dishonourable intentions already half-formed in our minds.

But we are told by Lord Stanley, by the *Times* and the *Standard*, that this guarantee for the neutrality of Luxembourg is no real enlargement of the engagements we have already taken, almost, indeed, a diminution of them, because it defines better what we are expected to do, and extends the number of our colleagues in the duty. Certainly this is a very important argument, if only it were a true one. *Primâ facie*, it does not seem very probable that it can be true. Prussia would scarcely insist on our giving this guarantee of neutrality as a *sine qua non*, if it did not give her any fresh security. We are told that war or peace depended on our giving this engagement. In that case, it does not seem a very plausible statement that our engagement is no practical addition to our national responsibilities. War or peace would scarcely depend on our signing a merely formal document, which could not alter the practical course of events. And, in truth, nothing can be more absurdly contrary to the fact than to say that the new guarantee does not extend, and extend in a very important way, the military obligations of England. What is argued by the organs of the Government,— the *Times* and *Standard*, — is, that we have already guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium, and, of course, of Belgian Luxembourg, so that to take in a few more square miles of neutral territory will not make much difference. Unfortunately, it makes this difference, that the territory now to be included is to be included precisely on this account, — that it contains the key to a wholly new set of international jealousies and military positions. Belgium, as guaranteed at present, is a responsibility heavy enough. Practically, the guarantee of French Belgium is a guarantee against France, the only country speaking in any

measure the same language with Belgium, and likely on any account to covet its possession. But the new piece of country is a fragment of German soil, and is likely to be coveted — indeed, is coveted at present — by both France and Germany alike. It is, what Belgium Luxembourg has never been, the bone of contention between *two* first-class Powers of great military resources — nay, it is what Belgian Luxembourg has never been, a military position of the first strategic importance, both from its natural advantages and from its holding the centre of a widely-branching railway system. So far is it from the truth, that we do not extend our obligations by taking this territory into the area where neutrality is guaranteed, that the effectual motive which has induced Lord Stanley to promise this guarantee is the entirely new security which it gives to Prussia and France that Great Britain will side with either in preventing the attempt of the other to seize, annex, or garrison it. Small as the territory of Dutch Luxembourg is, it is the key of a new and most important political and military position, which the rise of North Germany to its great European position has rendered one of the first importance to each of the great European rivals of the future. It is this wholly new political and military battle-ground, the neutrality of which we have for the first time engaged to guarantee.

When it is said that we have virtually guaranteed this before, it must be said in complete ignorance of our actual treaty obligations. Lord Stanley says that "we have guaranteed the Duchy of Luxembourg to the King of Holland in the most full, absolute, and unqualified manner." Now, in the first place, that is only a guarantee of *territorial possession*, and not a guarantee of neutrality; nor does it touch in the least the question now at issue, — the right of garrisoning the fortress of Luxembourg. Nobody cares about the mere territorial possession. No one will go to war for a few square miles of country. It is the right of garrison now in dispute, and that is the real stress of the difficulty. The King of Holland might hold the territory for ever, and no one dispute it, if only Prussia or France could have either of them her way about the military question. The treaty of 1831 defined the limits of Belgium, and gave Belgium the guarantee of Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, for its independence and neutrality. The treaty of 1839 altered the boundaries of Luxembourg as between Belgium and Holland; and again gave to Belgium, — not to Holland, to whom the territory now in question belongs, — the guarantee of the same powers for its political independence and neutrality. "Belgium," said the 7th Article of the annex to that treaty, "within the limits specified in Articles I, II, and IV, shall form an independent and perpetually neutral State. It shall be bound to observe neutrality towards all other States." We have never given any such guarantee as that to Holland or Dutch Luxembourg. The claims of Holland to that sort of European guardianship must be traced back to the general arrangements of 1814 and 1815, which have so constantly been violated by all the powers who were parties to those treaties, especially in the case of one of the strongest guarantees given, — the case of Cracow, — that every one now admits that they have lost validity. The treaties of 1831 and 1839 give no sort of engagement on the part of Great Britain that it will defend the independence or the neutrality of Holland in general, still less of Dutch-Luxembourg. They only guarantee *territory* to Holland, — territory and independence and neutrality to Belgium.

When it is said that it is not easy to imagine any campaign in which the Dutch territory of Luxembourg could be seized by any great Power, and in which the neutrality of Belgian Luxembourg would not also be violated, an argument is raised which has not only no force at all, but if it had, would be good for a gradual extension of our guarantee to the whole of Europe. If, because we have guaranteed one spot of ground liable to certain dangers, we are to guarantee all neighbouring spots of ground liable to other and different dangers, there is no reason why we should ever stop at all. The use of such an argument as this by the advocates of Lord Stanley's policy shows the essential weakness of Lord Stanley's position.

The simple truth is, that in guaranteeing the neutrality of the spot occupied by the present fortress of Luxembourg, we do enter once more on the dangerous policy of giving vague and most important engagements, the force of which we hardly know ourselves, and which, indeed, we set out by wishing to make light of, and the execution of which, whenever it is demanded from us, perhaps in a quite different state of Europe, may be contrary to our interests and contrary even to the true demands of political justice. We are going to do this on the spendthrift principle, that to accept a bill for an indefinite sum not due for an indefinite time, is always better than to make an immediate sacrifice of comfort, however small. It would

be very disagreeable to us to see Europe going to war just now. We can stave off this war by taking new, vague, indefinitely large obligations for the future, which we hope we may be never called upon, and in our hearts we have never seriously resolved, to fulfil. We ourselves should object seriously even to repeating again the words of obligation, which have now lost so much force through the violations of their pledges by all the parties to the treaties of 1814 and 1815; to renew, formally, those obligations would be in itself a fresh obligation. But not only to renew but to add to them obligations of a very formidable nature, seems to us a policy of the most alarming kind. And the Minister who takes these obligations in our name is the Minister on whom we have all so long depended for refusing the sanction of England to the policy of vague, and dangerous because vague, interventions.

From All The Year Round.

GENUINE LETTER OF THANKS.

The following epistle, for the genuineness of which we have authority to vouch, bears no date, but is known to have been written about the year 1770.

It is an interesting, because authentic, evidence of the social position of the "Parson" in a bygone day; who was hat in hand to his patron; who thought it in no wise derogatory to his cloth to dine in the servants' hall, to pay court to the housekeeper, and make love to my lady's "woman," or even to marry her, with my lady's countenance and approval. A social position admirably described by Macaulay.

As concerns the letter itself, the mingled simplicity and servility of the good man, its author, his gratitude for favours conferred, and his keen eye towards benefits to come, his presentation of his family after the fashion of modern mendicants of a lower class, his prolixity and tautology (frightfully suggestive of the sermons under which such of his parishioners as understood English — they were, probably, few, for he was a Welsh parson — groaned on Sundays), these points, and other humourous touches of character self-disclosed, make the letter very curious and droll.

Reverend and Worthy, Indulgent and Compassionate, Bounteous and very Valuable Sir.

The present you have sent me has laid me under an obligation to write rather sooner than I intended; and if I was not to seize the very first opportunity that offered to return you thanks after the reception of so considerable a present, I should be guilty of such a piece of insensibility and ingratitude as the very stones (to allude to the dialect of Heaven) would become vocal, and rise up and upbraid me; especially as a few grateful expressions may be so easily uttered without any expense obtained, and the least that can be rendered to any person by whom a favour is bestowed. No one is more ready to acknowledge a benefit, nor, perhaps, less able to make a retaliation, than myself. I have it in my heart to do as much, and in my power to do as little, as any man living; however, as far as the efficacy and value of thankful and affectionate expressions extend, I am free to do the uttermost, and if it was possible for a sheet of paper to contain, on the one hand, and if it was not altogether unnecessary on the other, I would give you as many thanks as the clothes contain threads.

I thank you, dear sir, for the handsome and very valuable black coat, I thank you for the genteel blue coat, I thank you for the neat cloth breeches, I thank you for the pieces you have sent to repair them with, I thank you for the beautiful wig, I thank you for paying the carriage of the whole; I shall further add that, by the present you have animated and heightened my affections, which your former hospitable behaviour had before enkindled. Shall I tell you I constantly and fervently pray for you, and am daily forming a thousand wishes for your present and future welfare? Dear sir, I need only say you have won my heart by your favours; I bless God for what you have done for me, and am surely to conclude from this instance of your bounty that you will be a great friend to me and my family. Dear sir, I thank you, and again I thank you. On Saturday last I received your parcel. Immediately I had my hair cut off, that I might have the honour on the Sabbath to appear in your wig; and being desirous to wear the black coat once, for your sake, went to the meeting in it. My body was never so genteelly arrayed since it came out of the hands of its Creator; the clothes fitted me well, and looked gracefully upon me. Dear sir, I thank you, and again I thank you.

Was proud to tell Mr. Ashworth what a present you had sent me; Mr. Ashworth seemed quite pleased. Indeed, if anybody who had seen me in my ragged and dirty apparel two years ago, had seen me last

Sabbath so decently clothed in your things, would have been apt to think me the reality of one of Ovid's Metamorphoses, there being so striking a difference between my past and my present appearance. Dear sir, I thank you, and again I thank you. To conclude, dear sir, you say in your last letter, "I have sent you some clothes, if you will not refuse them." Dear sir, what do you mean? I am surprised at your expression. If you had sent me an old pair of shoes or stockings, I should have been obliged and very thankful for them, much more so for a present so large and rich as yours, the value of which I so well know, and I am persuaded they were never yours for ten pounds. Dear sir, if at any time you have an old garment to spare, hat or anything else, I shall receive it with thanks, and my family enjoy the benefit of it. What follows I am ashamed to write, yet must own that your present would have been more complete if you had obliged me with a waistcoat along with it, having not one proper to wear with the coats you have sent me, they being so valuable, and fit me so well, it would be a pity to break them for that. I have nothing to add but an expression of the sincerest and most prevailing concern for your real happiness, and am, dear Sir, what I shall always be proud to call myself, and my wife and boys with me, your highly benefited and greatly obliged and humble Servants,

JOHN & MARY, THOMAS & JOHN BUTT.

P.S. The hand, spelling, and composing am sensible, is wretched, time being short, matter great, tackle bad and obliged to write in haste.

As I have had my hair cut off, and at a loss for a cap, if you have one to dispose of, either silk or velvet, shall be very glad of it.

GOLDEN HAIR. — Mr. Erasmus Wilson, in his new *Journal of Cutaneous Medicines and Diseases of the Skin*, is eloquent on the "Dangers of Dyeing the Hair." "Art," he tells us, "is progressive; a few years back, when the mania for altering the shade of colour of the hair first broke out, ladies were content with washing their heads with an alkaline solution, soda or potash, until a considerable portion of the colouring matter was removed, and with it, of course, much of the freshness and silky beauty of the hair. This bleached hair, which approached artificial or dead hair in its qualities, was then polished with a little oil, and the process was complete. But chemistry has now enabled the artisans of hair to move a stage onwards; to add a dye in the place of the abstracted natural colour, and to convert the head into a kind of coloured mop. It comes to pass thus: the head is washed with an alkaline solution, and dried near the fire; this part of the process occupies an hour. The manipulator then brushes through the hair the dye, an acid solution of varying strength, and the exhausted and dry hair is made to absorb this fluid by the aid of hot tongs and hot plates of metal, This latter part of the process demands care and skill, and time also it would appear; for our informant, the lady operated upon, reports that the whole proceeding occupied seven hours and a half. But at last came the result, not the end, but the beginning of the end. When the lady rose from the operating chair, she was charmed by the vision of a pale gold *chevelure*, her natural colour being a dark brown; and she went to her home in perfect delight. But in a very few hours the vision began to change, first to a bright orange-yellow, and then to a deep yolk of egg yellow that was perfectly hideous. To correct this evil, another operation was to be gone through, another seven hours and a half of tedious and painful manipulation; and this time, like the last, with a similar result, — first the golden sheen of the rising sun; but, as evening advanced, a deep saffron and red tint like the setting sun portending a coming storm; or, rather, like the elfin locks of the demons of a pantomime. The lady's disappointment and vexation may be more easily imagined than described; she was advised that nothing more could be done; that, if she disapproved of her present appearance, her head must be shaved; and she submitted to the necessity and to the consequent annoyance of wearing a wig. The proceeding we are now discussing is called the 'instantaneous' process, and we have styled it an operation, having in our mind a surgical undertaking; the suffering was so severe, says our informant, that she was obliged to scream with pain, the burning was so intense that she walked about the room in a frantic state; and sal volatile was administered to keep up her strength. More than a week after this grave operation she came to us to be relieved of inflammation of the scalp, and the effects of a superficial gangrenous burn. She complained of a feeling of lethargy, and feared that some poisonous matter might have been absorbed through the scalp into the system; and it was clear that her nervous system had undergone a serious shock, and that she had escaped by a very narrow margin from an attack of deranged function of the liver verging on jaundice. On the sixteenth day after the operation the gangrenous burn remained unhealed.

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INTO MARY'S BOSOM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

[It was a mediæval superstition that women dying in child-bed did not go into purgatory, but were carried direct into the bosom of the Mother of God.]

MARY, mother of all mothers,
  First in love and pain, — on earth
Having known, above all others,
  Mysteries of death and birth,
Take, from travail sore released,
One more mother to thy breast!

She, like thee, was pure and good,
  Happy-hearted, young and sweet;
Given to prayer, of Dorcas mood,
  Open hand and active feet;
Nought missed from her childless life
In her full content as wife.

But God said — (though no one heard,
  Neither friend nor husband dear) —
"Be it according to My word:
  Other lot awaits thee here:
One more living soul must be
Born into this world — for Me."

So, as glad as autumn leaf
  Hiding the small bud of spring,
She, without one fear or grief,
  Her "Magnificat" did sing:
And his wondrous ways adored,
Like the handmaid of the Lord.

Nay, as neared her solemn day
  Which brought with it life or death,
Still her heart kept light and gay,
  Still her eyes of earnest faith
Smiled, with deeper peace possessed —
"He will do what seems Him best."

And He did He led her, brave
  In her blindfold childlike trust,
To the threshold of the grave —
  To His palace-gate. All just
He must be, or could not, here,
Thus so merciless appear.

He must see with larger eyes,
  He must love with deeper love: —
We, half-loving, scarce half-wise,
  Clutch at those He doth remove;
See no cause for — struggle long
With our sharp mysterious wrong.

But for her, dear saint! gone up
  "Into Mary's bosom" straight,
All the honey of her cup
  Yet unspilled — not left to wait
Till her milky mother-breast
Felt the sword-thrust, like the rest.

Eight sweet days she had, full stored
  With her new maternal bliss
O'er her man-child from the Lord, —
  Then He took her. So, to this
Melt her seven-and-twenty years; —
Gone, like night when morn appears.

Let the February sun,
  Shining on the bursting buds,
And the baby life begun,
  And the bird life in the woods, —
On her grave still calmly shine,
With a beauty all Divine.

Though we cannot trace God's ways,
  They to her may plain appear,
And her voice that sang His praise
  May still sing it, loud and clear,
O'er this silence of death-sleep, —
Wondering at those who weep.

Thus, Our Father, one by one
  Into Thy bright house we go,
With our work undone or done,
  With our footsteps swift or slow.
Dark the door that doth divide, —
But, O God, the other side.

— *Good Words.*

UNDIPLOMATIC — VERY.

The reflections of an ex-Diplomate of very old standing and very slow-going. Apropos of LORD STANLEY *and the Luxemburg Conference.*

OH, dear, what can the matter be,
  Oh, dear, what shall we do!
Here's diplomacy blurting
  Straightfoward out what is true.

Here's a Conference meeting,
  Doing what has to be done,
Getting the business over,
  Ere *we* the work had begun.

Where's all the humming and ha-ing —
  Settling of bases and powers,
All the pooh-pooh, and paw-pawing,
  We used to dwell on for hours?

Plenipos meet in a jiffey!
  Settle their case in a crack!
Draw up their protocol, sign it —
  Hurry their messengers back.

Up in the House jumps young STANLEY
  Blurts out things, just as they fall
Some people *may* think it manly,
  'Taint diplomatic at all!

Punch.

From the Quarterly Review.

A Journey to Ashango-Land and further Penetration into Equatorial Africa. By Paul B. Du Chaillu. London: 1867.

WHEN Mr. Du Chaillu published, in 1861, his 'Explorations in Equatorial Africa,' the book met, in several quarters, with an unfavourable, not to say hostile reception. Some of his critics went so far as to assert that the work was a fiction, and that the author had not travelled in the interior of Africa at all. It is not necessary to confute insinuations which nobody now pretends to believe; but we do not deny that the volume was open to adverse criticism, and that the narrative involved contradictions which it was difficult to explain. There was a confusion of dates, and also a confusion of journeys, which made it difficult to explain some points of the narrative, and certainly the most was made of these discrepancies and mistakes. We who had examined Mr. Du Chaillu's original journals never doubted for a moment the main truth of his narrative, although we saw that, owing to the manipulation of a literary hand in preparing his book in America, his published work mixed together separate journeys, and betrayed a strangely involved chronology. It was on these grounds that the maps drawn up by Dr. Barth and Dr. Petermann in 1862 moved all the positions of the places he had visited much nearer the coast than he had fixed them, so as to reduce greatly the length of his routes. We all know how the accounts of the gorilla were discredited by those who had never an opportunity of witnessing the animal's habits, as only one or two stuffed specimens had reached the museums of Europe. Some writers asserted that Mr. Du Chaillu had never seen the animal alive, and that the specimens he brought or sent to England had been purchased by him from natives on the coast. Several naturalists declared that the habits he ascribed to the strange brute — such as that of beating its breast violently when enraged — were contrary to all experience of the ape tribe, and incredible. Mr. Du Chaillu was the first to make known to geographers the existence of the Fans, a cannibal tribe, who in recent times, have rapidly made their way from the interior, urged by the thirst for trade and European commodities, and have now actually reached the coast. But their very existence was denied; and the statement that some of the native African harps had strings made of vegetable fibre was declared to be false.

Under such imputations Mr. Du Chaillu was unwilling to rest, and he resolved to confute his opponents by the logic of facts, that is, by undertaking another journey into the interior of Africa and furnishing himself with materials to prove conclusively the substantial truth of his former narrative It is impossible not to admire the courage and enterprise he has shown, and we think also that he deserves the highest credit for the forgiving and generous tone in which he speaks of his assailants. He says in his Preface to the new work which we propose to review, —

'Although hurt to the quick by these unfair and ungenerous criticisms I cherished no malice towards my detractors, for I knew the time would come when the truth of all that was essential in the statements which had been disputed would be made clear; I was consoled besides by the support of many eminent men, who refused to believe that my narrative and observations were deliberate falsehoods. Making no pretensions to infallibility, any more than other travellers, I was ready to acknowledge any mistake that I might have fallen into, in the course of compiling my book from my rough notes. The only revenge I cherished was that of better preparing myself for another journey into the same region, providing myself with instruments and apparatus which I did not possess on my first exploration, and thus being enabled to vindicate my former account by facts not to be controverted.'

The result, as regards the establishment of Mr. Du Chaillu's character for veracity, has been most satisfactory; and we set so high a value on the character of every man who labours to enlighten the world, as to deem this one gain not dearly purchased by the heavy losses and bitter disappointments in which Mr. Du Chaillu's second expedition has ended.

Meanwhile Dr. Petermann had made the *amende honorable* with regard to the position of the places which Mr. Du Chaillu had formerly visited; for, in 1862, a French Government expedition, under Messrs. Serval and Griffon Du Bellay, explored the Ogobai River, and not only proved the truth of the traveller's general account of it, but showed that the Ashira Country was not far from the longitude which he had assigned to it.* Dr. Petermann, on receiving the French map, reconstructed his own as Mr. Du Chaillu had originally laid

* In an article on *Le Gabon* in 'Le Tour du Monde' (1865), p. 278, Dr. Griffon Du Bellay says of Mr. Du Chaillu, 'Ce que je puis affirmer, c'est que son livre contient beaucoup de details d'une parfaite exactitude, et plus d'une peinture de mœurs réellement prises sur le vif.'

it down. As to the Fans, Captain Burton confirmed his statement, after having actually travelled amongst them; and the French officers proclaim that their cannibal appetites are only too well authenticated, adding the fact of their recent apparition and migration towards the sea-coast. In his second expedition, Mr. Du Chaillu was not only able to observe the gorilla in the woods, but he obtained several fine specimens from the natives, and one of them he shipped for England alive, but unfortunately it died on the passage. He sent to England harps with vegetable strings, and they of course speak for themselves. In his former travels he had described a new kind of otter-like animal to which the name of *Potamogale velox* was given; and he brought home with him its skin, which was all that he was then able to procure. It was asserted that the animal which owned the skin did not belong to the order under which otters are classed, and was a rodent; but Mr. Du Chaillu was fortunate enough to have his conjecture entirely established by the Profes-or of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh: moreover he obtained in his late journey several specimens of the *Potamogale*, and they entirely confirm his opinion He has answered the doubts and insinuations which were so unscrupulously thrown upon his claims as a discoverer in Natural History, by adding to the Fauna of Africa at least eighty new species. But the best vindication of all is the series of carefully-made solar and lunar observations—amounting to several hundreds — which he has brought home, and committed to the officers of Greenwich Observatory, by whom they have been reduced and tested with the most satisfactory results; so that the principal points of his journey are now laid down on the map with unerring accuracy. Here is enough, and more than enough, to justify the countenance and encouragement which Mr. Du Chaillu received at first from such a geographer as Murchison, and such a naturalist as Owen. As in all similar cases, the stones wantonly, if not maliciously, thrown at an unknown man, have helped to raise the pedestal of his subsequent fame; and were Mr. Du Chaillu less generous than he is, he could afford to forgive the detractors who have goaded him to new efforts, and made him as accurate as he was already earnest in his work.

These feelings may be traced in Mr. Du Chaillu's statement of his objects in this second journey:—

'I had also a strong desire to fix with scientific accuracy the geographical position of the places I had already discovered, and to vindicate by fresh observations, and the acquisition of further specimens, the truth of the remarks I had published on the ethnology and natural history of the country. Beyond this there was the vague hope of being able to reach in the far interior some unknown western tributary of the Nile, and to descend by it to the great river, and thence to the Mediterranean.'

He took great pains to qualify himself for the successful prosecution of his task. Owing to the absence of all scientific instruments on his former journey, he had laid down the positions of places by compass bearings only, and this made it the more difficult to defend himself against attacks on his accuracy. But he now prepared himself by going through a course of instruction in the use of instruments, and the mode of taking astronomical observations. He [illegible] took lessons in the art of photography, p[illegible] viding himself with an ample store of [illegible] terials in order to bring back faithful [illegible] pictures of the scenery, natives, and ani[illegible] of the unknown regions he intended to [illegible] plore — all of which, as we shall see in [illegible] sequel, were unfortunately lost.

He freighted a small schooner called [illegible] *Mentor*, and sailed in her from England [illegible] the coast of Africa on the 6th of Aug[illegible] 1863. He reached the mouth of the F[illegible] nand Vaz River on the 10th of Octo[illegible] and it is interesting to see how warmly [illegible] was welcomed by the African Chiefs wh[illegible] he had formerly known. One of them [illegible] came on board hugged him in his gre[illegible] arms and exclaimed —

'Are you Chaillie, or are you his spi[illegible]? Have you come from the dead? Tell me qu[illegible], for I don't know whether I am to believe [illegible] own eyes; perhaps I am getting a fool.'

But now came the first of a series of misfortunes which Mr. Du Chaillu had to endure, and which brought his expedition at last to a disastrous end. One of the causes which have shut out explorers from this part of the African coast is the want of harbours, and the savage surf that fringes the shore. The whole breadth of the mouth of the river was one uninterrupted line of breakers, through which it was necessary to land the cargo in native boats. In one of them he placed all his scientific instruments and many other valuable articles, and, accompanied by the Captain, embarked himself in the canoe, which was soon swamped by the waves. It was with some difficulty that their lives were saved by the negroes, who,

as Mr. Du Chaillu says, 'swam under me and buoyed me up with their own bodies.' But all the astronomical instruments were spoilt by the salt-water, and with them went the power of effecting the principal object of the journey. We can hardly imagine a more bitter disappointment than this. However, there was no help for it, and all that he could do was to send to England for a second set of instruments, and to wait patiently until it arrived.

The region which Mr. Du Chaillu was about to explore lies between the first and second degrees of south latitude, and he intended to proceed eastward across the continent in almost a straight line from the coast. He says:—

'Equatorial Africa from the western coast, as far as I have been, is covered with an almost impenetrable jungle. The jungle begins where the sea ceases to beat its continual waves, and how much further this woody belt extends further explorations alone will be able to show. From my furthest point it extended eastward as far as my eyes could reach. I may say, however, that near the banks of a large river running from a north-east direction towards the south-west prairie lands were to be seen according to the accounts the Ashangos had received.'

The difficulties which beset the traveller who tries to penetrate into the interior are almost insuperable. Independently of the harbourless and surf-bound coast, the deadly climate, and the hostility of savage tribes, there is the supposed necessityof carrying an immense quantity of presents to propitiate the different African chiefs. A white man must literally buy his way with goods as he proceeds, and he becomes, of course, poorer as he advances, so that it seems as if he must at last necessarily stop when he is farthest from the coast, and when it is most essential to satisfy the rapacity of the natives. Perhaps the most prudent course would be not to carry presents at all, as they only excite the cupidity of the negroes. And Mr. Du Chaillu was kindly treated by the natives on his return when he had lost everything. For the transport of goods there are no beasts of burden; neither horses nor camels nor asses nor oxen. The only domesticated animals are goats and fowls, and the only carriers of loads are the blacks themselves. They use for this purpose long narrow baskets called *otaitais*, which rest on the back, and are secured to the head and arm of the bearer by straps made of strong plaited rushes. Mr. Du Chaillu's baggage required at starting not fewer than a hundred porters, and infinite was the trouble and difficulty he had with the various relays which succeeded each other in his march. But he was fortunate in his body-guard of ten negroes, of the Commi tribe on the coast, who behaved admirably throughout, and to whom his return in safety was entirely owing. He says:—

'I chose for my body-guard ten faithful negroes, some of whom had accompanied me on my former journey. It was on these men that my own safety among the savage and unfriendly tribes we might expect to meet with in the far interior depended. I knew I could thoroughly rely upon them, and that come what might they would never hurt a hair of my head.'

While waiting for the arrival of fresh instruments from England, Mr. Du Chaillu made several excursions in the neighbourhood of the coast. The most important of these were to the wooded country which lies to the south-east of Cape St. Catherine, and which he believes is 'the head-quarters of the gorilla or the district in which he exists in the greatest number, but where he is wildest and most difficult to get near.' Here suddenly one morning he came upon a party of four of these brutes.

'They were all busily engaged in tearing down the larger trees. One of the females had a young one following her. I had an excellent opportunity of watching the movements of the impish-looking band. The shaggy hides, the protuberant abdomens, the hideous features of these strange creatures whose forms so nearly resemble man made up a picture like a vision in some morbid dream. In destroying a tree they first grasped the base of the stem with one of their feet, and then with their powerful arms pulled it down, a matter of not much difficulty with so loosely formed a stem as that of the plaintain. They then set upon the juicy heart of the tree at the bases of the leaves and devoured it with great voracity. While eating they made a kind of clucking noise expressive of contentment.'

Shortly afterwards, when Mr. Du Chaillu had returned to the mouth of the Fernand Vaz River, three live gorillas were captured by the natives and brought to him. One of these was a large full-grown female, another her baby, the third a vigorous young male. The first two soon died, for the mother had been severely wounded, and her young one only survived her three days. But the male gorilla was christened Tom, and sent on board ship, consigned to Messrs. Baring in London. He died, however, on the passage, most probably of a

broken heart, for the species seems to be untameable, and captivity fills them with uncontrollable rage. At a later period of his journey Mr. Du Chaillu came suddenly in the forest upon a whole group of gorillas disporting themselves amongst the trees, but he did not happen to have his rifle in his hand, and they escaped unharmed. Before quitting the subject, we may mention that he is now of opinion that gorillas and not chimpanzees, as he was formerly inclined to think, were the animals seen and captured by the Carthaginians under Hanno, as related in the 'Periplus.' 'Even the name "gorilla," given to the animal in the "Periplus," is not very greatly different from its native name at the present day, "ngina" or "ngilla," especially in the indistinct way in which it is sometimes pronounced.' In one of his preliminary excursions he discovered and caught two specimens of a new species of animal called the Ipi or scaly Ant-eater, belonging to the pangolin genus (*Manis* of Zoologists), which lives in burrows in the earth, or sometimes in the large hollows of colossal trunks of trees that have fallen on the ground. One of their skeletons is now in the collection of the British Museum.*

At last, in September, 1864, Mr. Du Chaillu had received his new supply of instruments from England, and at the end of that month he started on his exploration into the interior. It will give some idea of the difficulty he had to encounter in the transport of his goods, when we mention that he had no less than forty-seven large chests filled with them, besides ten boxes containing his photographic apparatus and chemicals, and fifty voluminous bundles of miscellaneous articles: in fact, a load for a hundred men. He dressed his body-guard of ten Commi negroes in thick canvas trousers, blue woollen shirts, and worsted caps, and each man had a blanket to keep him warm at night.

He had, however, been nearly prevented from setting out on his expedition at all. During his absence in Europe, the chiefs of the clans on the coast had met and passed a law that no Mpongwé (the trading tribe of the Gaboon), or white man, should be allowed to ascend the river Fernand Vaz or the Ogobai.

'It is the universal rule amongst the coast tribes of West Africa to prevent, if possible, all strangers from penetrating into the interior, even if it be only to the next tribe, through fear that they should lose the exclusive privilege of trading with these tribes. Indeed, every tribe tries to prevent all strangers from communicating with the tribe next in advance of them.'

It was necessary to get this law repealed, and in November, 1863, a grand palaver was held on the subject in the village where Mr. Du Chaillu was staying. One of the most important chiefs, called Olenga-Yombi, a notorious drunkard, who presided at the meeting, had been propitiated by the present of a very long blue coat, the tails of which dangled about his ankles when he walked, and a light yellow waistcoat with gilt buttons. The debate took place in the Council-house of the village, a large open shed, where chairs were placed for the principal speakers. The result was that Mr. Du Chaillu was made free of the river, while the Mpongwé trader was still rigorously excluded. The speakers argued that the white man did not go into the interior to trade, but to shoot animals and bring away the skins and bones. 'Truly,' they said, 'we do not know what Chaillie has in his stomach to want such things, but we must let him go.'

In the beginning of October, 1864, Mr. Du Chaillu started on his journey. He first proceeded in two canoes up the Fernand Vaz river, and then up the Rembo and Ovenga rivers as far as the village of Obindji, where his overland route was to commence. Here the porters assembled who had been sent from the Ashira country by King Olenda to carry the baggage; but instead of a hundred porters, which was the least number required, there were only sixty. He was therefore obliged to send only half of the loads forward, and to wait for the return of the men to carry the other half. A friendly old chief, named Quenguesa, who accompanied him from the coast, addressed the body-guard of Commi negroes before leaving Obindji, and gave them some excellent advice. He told them to look up to 'Chaillie' as their chief, and obey him. He warned them not to touch plantains or ground nuts lying on the road, or in the street of a village, for this showed the[illegible] it.

* The skeleton of another animal, very similar to the Ipi of Mr. Du Chaillu, was brought afterwards to England, and was said to have been found in the neighbourhood of the river Niger. It was described by Dr. Gray in the 'Proceedings of the Zoological Society,' April, 1865, under the name of *Pholidotus Africanus*. Mr. Du Chaillu says 'The specimen of *Pholidotus Africanus*, on which the describer of the species founds his measurement, and the skull of which he figured, I have ascertained, by my own examination in the British Museum, is not the one said to be received from the Niger, but the specimen which I sent. The Niger specimen is very much smaller. I mention this, because Dr. Gray, doubtless through inadvertency, has omitted to mention my name at all in connection with the species.'

was a 'tricky village,' and the temptation was intended as a trap.

'When a house is given to you in any village keep to that house and go into no other: and if you see a seat do not sit upon it, for these are seats which none but the owners can sit upon. But above all beware of the women!'

After marching across a wild, hilly, and wooded country, the party emerged on the undulating grass land of Ashira, which Mr. Du Chaillu has described in his former volume, and arrived at the village of Olenda on the 19th of November. Here he determined to try and visit the Falls of Samba Nagoshi, which are in the Ngouyai river, north of Olenda, and which he had in vain attempted to reach on his previous journey. His route lay parallel to the Ovigui river, which flows into the Ngouyai, and after two or three days' march through forest and swamp, he embarked in a leaky rotten canoe, not far from the point of confluence of the two rivers. The Ngouyai is a fine large river flowing northwards, which Mr. Du Chaillu discovered on his former journey, and when he now entered it he was, he says, up to this time the only white man who had ever embarked on its waters.

'The Ovigui, at its junction with the Ngouyai, is about thirty-five yards broad, and is at this time of the year (the rainy season) a deep stream. The banks are clothed with uninterrupted forest, leaving only little entrances here and there at the ports of the villages which lie backwards from the river. Silence and monotony reign over the landscape, unenlivened by the flight and song of birds or the movement of animals.'

On approaching the rapids below the falls, the party left the canoe, and scrambled along the bank. A rocky island in the middle of the river breaks the rush of the water into two unequal parts, and the height of the cataract is only about fifteen feet. Mr. Du Chaillu says: —

'The sight was wild, grand, and beautiful; yet it did not quite impress me with the awe that the rapids below inspired. We see here the river Ngouyai after flowing through the Apingi Valley in the interior, and receiving the waters of the Ovigui and many other streams, bursting through the barrier of the hilly range which separates the interior of Africa from the coast land. The high ridges which have been broken through by the river rise on each side, covered with varied forest, and the shattered fragments encumber the bed of the stream for miles.'

On his return to Olenda, Mr. Du Chaillu found trouble awaiting him. One of the chiefs of the Apingi tribe, whose villages lay in the line of his intended route, had died during his absence, and the cry arose that the stranger was the cause of his death through witchcraft. The result was that, after a grand palaver it was decided that Mr. Du Chaillu should pass through the Otando country, which lies to the south of the Apingi, and a message was sent to the Otando chief apprizing him of the proposed visit, and requesting him to send a party of men to Olenda to assist in carrying the baggage. In the meantime, however, a terrible calamity occurred. The small-pox broke out with fearful violence among the people of Olenda, and they declared that the white man was an evil spirit, who had brought the plague, or *eviva*, as they called it amongst them. Old King Quengueza stood gallantly by his friend, and asked them whether he, the king, who held the passage of the Rembo river, had come with his white man into the bush amongst these pigs of Ashira to be cursed? He was urged by Mr. Du Chaillu to return to his own country, but he refused to leave him in the hour of difficulty and danger, saying, 'Chaillie, I cannot go back. I came to see you through this country, and I should feel shame to leave you in your troubles. What would the Commi people say? They would laugh at me, and say Quengueza had no power to help Chaillie on his way. No, I shall not leave you!' At last, however, Mr. Du Chaillu persuaded him to go, and he was left alone with his little band of Commi negroes. They were soon attacked by the disease, which spread like a destroying angel through the villages, and at last king Olenda himself sickened and died. Famine followed in its train, and the natives cursed the traveller as the author of their misfortunes.

'The once cheerful prairie of Ashira,' he says, 'had now become a gloomy valley of the dead; each village was a charnel house — wherever I walked the most heartrending sights met my view. The poor victims of the loathsome disease in all its worst stages lay about in sheds and huts; there were hideous sores filled with maggots, and swarms of carrion flies buzzed about the living but putrid carcasses. The stench in the neighbourhood of the huts was insupportable. Some of the sick were raving and others, emaciated, with sunken eyes, victims of hunger as well as of disease. Many wretched creatures from other villages were abandoned to die in the bush.'

And yet the poor negroes behaved with a kindness which might have been looked for in vain amongst a more civilized people.

there was a good deal of iron there, and that all their swords, spears, and arrow-heads were made of iron bought from that country. The iron sold by the traders on the West Coast does not reach so far inland as Ashango.

At Niembouai, one of the principal Ashango villages, there was a grand palaver whether the white man should be allowed to proceed, but the question was carried unanimously in the affirmative. While waiting there Mr. Du Chaillu took the opportunity of visiting the settlement of the Obongos, one of whose villages was in the neighbourhood. These are a curious race of dwarf negroes covered with tufts of hair on their bodies. They seem to be as distinct from the surrounding population as gipsies are amongst ourselves, and to be almost as low in the scale of humanity as the tree Dyaks of Borneo. They neither plant nor sow, but are expert trappers and fishermen, and feed on roots, berries, and nuts which they find in the forest, while they sell the game they catch to the settled inhabitants. The Ashangos despise them, but treat them with kindness, and often give their old worn grass-cloths to the Obongos. Their huts are filthily dirty, swarming with fleas, so that it was impossible to stay in them. They fled at the approach of the strangers, and in the course of several visits Mr. Du Chaillu could only succeed in finding 'at home' five or six women and a youth, whom he took the trouble to measure, and found their average height to be about four feet eight inches:—

'One of the women,' he says, 'in the course of a short time, lost all her shyness, and began to ridicule the men for having run from us. She said they were as timid as the nchende (squirrel), who cried "que que," and in squeaking she twisted her little body into odd contortions, with such droll effect that we all laughed. When I brought out my tape to measure her, her fears returned; thinking perhaps that it was a kind of snake I was uncoiling out of its case, she trembled all over. I told her I was not going to kill her, but it required annother present to quiet her again. I accomplished my task at last.'

After leaving Niembouai, the Ashango porters repeated the experiment which had been formerly tried by the Ishogos. They laid down their loads and demanded more pay. Again the Commi negroes took up their guns and pointed them at the heads of the offenders, who instantly yielded, and said laughing, 'Let us stop awhile and have a smoke. Do you think we would leave you in the woods? People may be left in a village, but not in the forest.' The Ashangos seem to be more civilised than the other tribes nearer the coast. One proof of this is the extent of their dress, which is made of the palm-leaves of the country. Even the children do not go naked, and the robes of the chiefs are of unusually large size, worn gracefully on their bodies. All of the inhabitants, both male and female, shave off their eyebrows and pluck out their eyelashes, and, like the Ishogos, smear themselves with a red powder. They are not drunkards like the Aponos, though palm-trees are abundant in the country, and they drink the palm wine but in moderation. Mr. Du Chaillu was now on his way to the territory of the Njavi tribe, who live to the east of Ashango land, and as he approached the village of Mobana through the forest he was again robbed by his porters, three of whom ran away with their loads. The boxes, however, were recovered, with the articles they contained, *minus* the contents of some medicine bottles, which, amongst other things, held arsenic; and there was afterwards a report that some of the natives had died mysteriously after touching the white man's goods. Next day two more boxes were stolen in Mobana, and the chief was summoned, and he and his people were accused of the theft. Many were the palavers, and in vain were the detectives set to work. A novel kind of 'distress' was proposed by the natives to recover the goods, for they said that if they only knew the village to which the things had been taken, they would go and seize some of their women!

Mobana is situated on the top of a high hill, and the land slopes down gradually towards the East. Here Mr. Du Chaillu heard again of a large river flowing further to the eastward, which he supposes to be the Congo; but, as we shall see, he was unable to reach it, for an unexpected disaster awaited him, which brought his expedition to an untimely end. The same kind of country through which he had already travelled seemed to extend onwards to the east: hilly ranges, clothed with forest and interspersed with open prairies, in which lie the villages of the negroes. At last, on the 21st of July, he reached the village of Mouaou Kombo, which was fated to be the limit of his journey. The natives became more and more unwilling to allow him to proceed, and a deputation from some villages further ahead arrived at Mouaou to threaten the inhabitants with war if they came with him through their country. Of course there

was a palaver, and in the meantime Mr. Du Chaillu was obliged to stay at Mouaou. But he did not like to remain in the village, and formed an encampment at some little distance in the woods on the borders of one of the beautifully clear streams which he says are so frequent in this mountainous region.

'The place was a very pleasant one, under the shade of magnificent trees, whose closely-interwoven arms would protect us from the night mist which dissolves in a soaking drizzle almost every night in this humid country.'

But this distrust of the hospitality of the villagers displeased them, and they came and entreated him to come back. He at last complied with the request, and entered Mouaou with all his baggage in a sort of triumphal procession. The chief came out in state with his countenance painted and his royal bell ringing; and his head-wife told them that she was cooking a large pot of vegetables to refresh the travellers.

'Alas!' says Mr. Du Chaillu, 'the joy was soon turned into terror! Four men from the hostile village, arrayed in warrior's attire, and brandishing plaintain-leaves over their heads, came in. They said they had held their palaver this morning, and had decided not to let the Oguizi pass; there would be war if the Mouaou people attempted to bring me.

'Kombo, who was seated by my side, told me to hide myself in my hut, so as not to give the strangers the pleasure of seeing me; he then ordered my men to make a demonstration with their guns to intimidate these vapouring warriors. I laughed as I saw the men taking to their heels as soon as Igala advanced towards them, firing his gun in the air. But my men got excited, and hurrying forward into the open space to fire their guns in the air, one of the weapons loaded with ball went off before the muzzle was elevated. I did not see the act, but immediately after the report of the guns, I was startled to see the Mouaou villagers, with affrighted looks and shouts of alarm, running in all directions. The king and his kondé, who were both near me, fled along with the rest.'

A negro had been killed not far from the hut, and at first it was thought that he was the only victim. This accident might have been got over, for the natives seemed willing to take payment in beads and cloth as the price of the life that had been lost. The war drums had ceased beating, and they were going to hold a palaver, when suddenly a woman came rushing out of a hut, wailing and tearing her hair, to announce that the head wife of the chief had been killed by the bullet, which, after passing through the body of the negro, had pierced the thin wall of her hut. There was now a general shout of 'War!' and Mr. Du Chaillu and his little party were compelled to retreat.

'Away we went; Igala took the best of our remaining dogs, and led the van, I bringing up the rear. It was not an instant too soon. Before we were well on the forest-path leading [illegible] from the village, a number of arrows were discharged at us; Igala was hit in the leg, and [illegible] one of the missiles struck me on the hand, cutting through one of my fingers to the bone. [illegible] Macondai and Rebouka, in leaving the village, [illegible] narrowly escaped being transfixed with spears, [illegible] and only succeeded in repelling their assailants [illegible] by pointing their guns at them. If I had [illegible] not stopped them from firing they would have [illegible] shot a number of them. Wild shouts and the tramp [illegible] of scores of infuriated savages close behind [illegible] us put us on our mettle. I shouted to my men [illegible] not to fire, for we were in the wrong, and I told [illegible] the villagers we should not shoot them if they [illegible] did not pursue us to the forest, but that if they [illegible] followed us we should certainly kill them. My [illegible] Commi boys behaved exceedingly well; they [illegible] were cool and steady, and keeping a firm line [illegible] we marched away through the street of the village.'

After running four or five miles pursued [illegible] by the infuriated blacks, Mr. Du Chaillu or[illegible]dered his men to make a stand, and, firing [illegible] his rifle, shot two of the leading negroes. [illegible] This made them keep at a more respectful [illegible] distance, but they still followed the retreat[illegible]ing party, and Mr. Du Chaillu was again [illegible] struck by a barbed arrow in his side. He [illegible] says:—

'The unfeigned sorrow and devotion of my [illegible] men at this juncture were most gratifying [illegible] to me. I was getting weak from loss of blood, [illegible] and a burning thirst was tormenting me. They [illegible] asked what was to become of them if I should [illegible] die? I told them to keep together, come what [illegible] might; and if they escaped, to deliver all my [illegible] journals and papers to the white men.'

Twice again the Commi negros fired [illegible] upon their pursuers, and each time with [illegible] effect. This effectually frightened them, [illegible] and although they followed at a distance for [illegible] some time through the forest, they did not [illegible] venture to show themselves, and at last [illegible] were heard no longer. One of Mr. Du [illegible] Chaillu's men was badly wounded, and he [illegible] himself suffered acute pain from the poisoned arrows which had struck him. But [illegible] the poison is not very virulent, and if the [illegible] wound is an external one, it is seldom fatal.

We need not give details of the rest of Mr. Du Chaillu's retreat. It was over the same ground which he had formerly traversed, and he met with no opposition from the natives. On the contrary, they welcomed him in the most friendly manner, and often pressed him to stay with them. The Ishogos especially, whom he calls the kindest-hearted and gentlest negroes he ever met with, received the fugitives with enthusiasm, and as he passed through their villages followed him with shouts, 'Go on well, go on well; nothing bad shall happen to you.' Perhaps the boasting of his Commi body-guard had something to do with his, by inspiring admiration of their valour; for as they increased the distance between themselves and the Ashangos, they magnified their own prowess, and told wonderful stories of the numbers of the enemy they had slain. In a short time the three or four who had fallen by their guns were multiplied to a hundred and fifty, and, like Falstaff about his men in buckram, each told a tale of the numbers he had killed with his own hand. We need not wonder at the awe which such deeds of prowess inspired, nor that the audience clapped their hands, and cried out, 'You are men! You are men!' As he passed along he saw fearful evidences of the violence of the small-pox which had raged in the district. In many places the ground was strewed with human skulls and bones, and some villages had been entirely deserted. Goumbi, on the Rembo, one of the chief towns of King Quengueza, had become a ruin, and one clan of the Commi tribe was almost wholly destroyed. The old man himself was broken-hearted, but he refused to listen to his people who wished human victims to be sacrificed as the authors of the witchcraft which had caused the plague. 'No,' he said, 'it was no witchcraft, but a wind sent by God. Enough people have died, and we must kill no more.' He entreated Mr. Du Chaillu to return again to Africa. 'Come again,' he exclaimed, 'and go no more into the bush; and when you come bring me a big bell, a sword with a silver handle that will not rust, and two chests, one of brass, and another of ebony, for I want to see how you work the wood that we send to you.'

At last, on the 21st of September, 1865, Mr. Du Chaillu reached the mouth of the Fernand Vaz river, and found a vessel there loading for London. He had lost everything but his journals, and had neither money nor property with him, but he was taken on board as a passenger, and soon after arrived safely in England. Thus ended this second most adventurous journey, of which some may think that the results have been meagre, if we compare them with the danger and the cost. It is the narrative of brave adventure, dogged by misfortune, and ending in disappointment. But this was not Mr. Du Chaillu's fault.

Though his advance from the coast has not exceeded 240 miles in a direct line, he has made many important additions to natural history, and thrown a new and interesting light on the nature of the country, and the manners and condition of its inhabitants. The region is almost impenetrable from the want of harbours on the surf-beaten coast, the deadliness of the climate, the rains which last for ten months of the year, the intricacy of the jungle which covers nearly the entire surface, and the jealous suspicions of the natives. The narrative affords abundant proof that, if any one could overcome these obstacles it was Mr. Du Chaillu — the man who, in the first instance, had been the victim of a conspiracy to make him out an impostor, to deny him all merit as a discoverer, and to suppress his name from the very specimens he had sent home. This second journey places him above the reach of cavil; and if he has failed, he has shown all future travellers the qualities needed for success.

Almost acclimatised by residence on the coast; endued with rare energy, courage, and perseverance; personally popular with the natives for that kindly disposition which we see in the management of his guides, speaking their dialects with fluency, and showing masterly tact in his 'palavers' with them, thoroughly acquainted with their habits, he seems to possess all the qualifications of an African traveller. But he was able to advance only a few hundred miles inland, and then barely escaped the fate which has befallen so many brave and distinguished men, from Mungo Park down to — we can scarcely bring ourselves to abandon hope, as, with deepest sorrow, we add the last most honoured name — Livingstone. It may be well worth while seriously to consider whether it is wise or right to expose valuable lives to such risks in such expeditions. To solve the great problem of the sources of the Nile, to dispel the darkness which has shrouded the cradle of the mysterious river for so many ages, and to set at rest a question which from the time of Herodotus had vexed geographers, historians, and philosophers, is a feat to immortalize the name of the discoverer. We can quite understand, therefore, why travellers persevered in the attempt, and will persevere all the more for

But can you believe his word?" blandly d Dr. Mair.

As muckle as yours," replied the Sergt; "mair especial' as guid and learned agree wi' him, but no wi' you."

How do *you* know they are good and ed?" asked Dr. Mair, smiling.

Hoo do I ken *ye're* good and learned, no leein'? Their word is surely as as yours," said Adam.

But God might surely reveal to me the ," replied Mair, "rather than to ten sand so-called learned men. Babes and lings, you know, may receive what is ealed from the great and self-confi-."

My word! ye're neither a babe nor a lin', doctor, as ye ca' yersel'; and, deon't, neither am I!" said the Sert. "Onyhoo, I think it's mair likely Almighty wad reveal himsel' to a' the ble and guid doctors rather than to you , forbye a' yer niggers!"

But I have testimonials of my cures!" nued Dr. Mair.

Wha kens aboot yer testimonials!" exed Adam. "Could naebody get testials but you? And hae ye testimonials them ye kill't? I'se warrant no! I tell gain I dinna believe *ye* could fin' oot a' the clever men in the world could-

But it's possible?" asked Dr. Mair, a smile.

'ossible!" said the Sergeant; "but it's housand times mair possible that ye're in' yersel' or cheatin' me. Sae ye may "

But I charge nothing for my attendance, ear sir, only for the medicine."

ust so," replied the Sergeant; "sae shillings for what maybe didna cost ye rbee — pills o' aitmeal or peasebrose. I auld sodger, and canna be made a fule t way."

do not depend on my pills so much as r prayers for the cure of disease," said uack, solemnly. "Oh, Sergeant! have o faith in prayer?"

houp I hae," replied the Sergeant; I hae nae faith in *you* — nane whatrer!" — sae gud day wi' ye!"

. Mair packed up his quack medicine ence, which was meant to be impres-. He sighed, as if in sorrow for human ance and unbelief; but seeing no fable effect produced on the Sergeant id, "Your blood be on your own unring head! I am free of it."

Amen!" said the Sergeant; "and gang yer business to auld wives and idewits, that deserve to dee if they trust the like o' you."

And so the great Dr. Mair departed in wrath — real or pretended — to pursue his calling as a leech, verily sucking the blood of the credulous, of whom there are not a few among rich and poor, who, loving quackery, are quacked.

CHAPTER X. — CORPORAL DICK.

It was immediately after this interview that a very different person paid his annual visit to the Sergeant. This was his old comrade, Corporal Dick, who lived in the village of Darnic, several hours' journey by the "Highflyer," coach from Drumsylie.

The Corporal, while serving in the same regiment with the Sergeant, had been impressed, as we indicated in our first chapter, by the Christian character of the Sergeant. Those early impressions had been deepened shortly after his return home. We need not here record the circumstances in which this decided change in his sentiments and character had taken place. Many of our Scotch readers, at least, have heard of the movement in the beginning of this century, by the devoted Haldanes, who, as gentlemen of fortune, and possessing the sincerest and strongest Christian convictions, broke the formality which was crushing Christian life in many a district of Scotland. They did the same kind of work for the Church in the North which Wesley and Whitefield had done for that in the South, though with less permanent results as far as this world is concerned. Dick joined the "Haldaneites." Along with all the zeal and strictness characteristic of a small body, he possessed a large share of *bonhomie*, and of the freedom, subdued and regulated, of the old soldier.

At these annual visits the old veterans fought their battles over again, recalling old comrades and repeating old stories; neither, however, being old in their affections or their memories. But never had the Corporal visited his friend with a more eager desire to "hear his news" than on the present occasion. He had often asked people from Drumsylie, whom he happened to meet, what all this disputing and talk about Adam Mercer meant? And every new reply he received to his question, whether favourable or unfavourable to the Sergeant, only puzzled him the more. One thing, however, he never could be persuaded of — that his friend Adam Mercer would do anything unbecoming to his "superior officer," as he called the minister; or "break the Sabbath," which, like

evêry Scotchman, he held in peculiar veneration; or be art or part in any mutiny against the ordinances or principles of true religion. And yet, how could he account for all that had been told him by "decent folk" and well-informed persons? The good he heard of the Sergeant was believed in by the Corporal as a matter of course; but what of the evil, which seemed to rest upon apparently equally good authority?

Dick would himself hear the details of the "affair," or the battle, as it might turn out.

It was therefore a glad day for both Adam and the Corporal when the latter entered his cottage; — a most pleasant change of thought to both — a glad remembrance of a grand old time already invested with romance — a meeting of men of character, of truth and honour, who could call each other by the loyal name of Friend.

We must allow the reader to fill up the outline which alone we can give of the meeting — the hearty greetings between the two old soldiers; the minute questions by the one, the full and candid answers by the other; the smiling Katie ever and anon filling up the vacancies left in the narrative of ecclesiastical trials by the Sergeant's modesty or his want of memory; the joyous satisfaction of Dick, as he found his faith in his comrade vindicated, and saw how firm and impregnable he was in his position, without anything to shake confidence in his long-tried integrity, courage, and Christian singleness of heart. The Corporal's only regret was to see the Sergeant wanting in his usual elasticity of spirits. The fire in his eye was gone, and the quiet yet joyous laugh no longer responded to the old jokes, — a smile being all he could muster. But the Corporal was determined to rouse him. "The wars" would do it if anything would. And so, when supper came piping hot, with bubbling half-browned toasted cheese, mutton-pie, tea and toast, followed by a little whiskey-punch, and all without gluttony or drunkenness, but with sobriety and thankfulness felt and expressed — then did the reminiscences begin! And it would be difficult to say how often the phrase, "D'ye mind, Sergeant?" was introduced, as old officers and men, old jokes and old everything — marches, bivouacs, retreats, charges, sieges, battles — were recalled, with their anxieties and hardships passed away and their glory alone remaining.

"Heigho!" the Corporal would say, as he paused in his excitement, "it's growing a dream already, Adam! There's no mony can speak noo aboot these auld times; — no auld to you and me, but auld tae them wha's heads are taen up wi' naething but getting money oot o' the peace we helped to get for the kintra: and little thanks for a' we did — little thanks, little thanks atweel!" the Corporal would ejaculate in a die-away murmur.

But this was not a time to complain, but to rouse — not to pile arms, but to fire. And so the Corporal said, "Did I tell ye o' the sang made by Sandie Tamson? Ye'll mind Sandie weel — the schulemaster that listed? a maist clever chiel!"

"I mind him fine," said the Sergeant. "It was me that listed him. I hae heard a hartle o' his sangs."

"But nae this ane," said Dick, "for he made it — at least he said sae — for our auld Colonel in Perth. It seems Sandie, puir fallow, took to drink — or raither ne'er gied it ower — and sae he cam' beggin' in a kin' o' private genteel way, ye ken, to the Colonel; and when he got siller he wrote this sang for him. He gied me a copy for half-a-crown. I'll let ye hear't — altho' my pipe is no sae guid as yer Sterlin's."

As the Corporal cleared his voice, the Sergeant lifted the nightcap from his ear, and said, "Sing awa'."

Dost thou remember, soldier, old and hoary,
The days we fought and conquered side by side,
On fields of battle famous now in story,
Where Britons triumphed, and where Britons died?
Dost thou remember all our old campaigning,
O'er many a field of Portugal and Spain?
Of our old comrades few are now remaining —
How many sleep upon the bloody plain!
Of our old comrades, &c.

Dost thou remember all those marches weary,
From gathering foes, to reach Corunna's shore?
Who can forget that midnight, sad and dreary,
When in his grave we laid the noble Moore!
But ere he died our General heard us cheering,
And saw us charge with vict'ry's flag unfurled;
And then he slept, without his ever fearing
For British soldiers conquering o'er the world.
And then he slept, &c.

Rememb'rest thou the bloody Albuhera!
The deadly breach in Badajoz's walls!
Vittoria! Salamanca! Talavera!
Till Roncesvalles echoed to our balls!
Ha! how we drove the Frenchmen all before us,
As foam is driven before the stormy breeze!
We fought right on, with conquering banners o'er us,
From Torres Vedras to the Pyrenées.
We fought right on, &c.

days are past, my soldier, old and hoary,
ll the scars are on thy manly brow;
th have shared the danger and the glory,
let us share the peace and comfort now.
to my home, for thou hast not another,
lry those tears, for thou shalt beg no more;
take this hand, and let us march together
to the grave, where life's campaign is o'er!
There, take this hand, &c.*

ile the song was being sung the Ser- turned his head on his pillow away he Corporal. When it was finished, d, "Come here, Dick."

Corporal went to the bed, and seized rgeant's proffered hand.

hat sang will do me mair guid than a' nedicine. The guidwife will gie ye croon for puir Sandie Tamson."

n asking Katie to leave him alone for moments with the Corporal, the Ser- continued, retaining his hand —

m no ill, my auld friend; but I'm no — I'm no weel. There's a waight on ind, and an oppression aboot me that me doun."

inna gie in, Adam — dinna gie in, wi' elp o' Him that has brocht ye thro' a waur fecht," replied the Corporal, sat down beside him. "D'ye mind, ne when ye followed Cainish up the at Badajoz? and d'ye mind when lorious fallow Loyd was kill't at Nivel- Noo" ——

h, Dick! thae days, man, are by. I'm at I was," said the Sergeant. "I'm a rippled, wounded veteran, no fit for ony service — no even as an elder," he , with a bitter smile.

inna fash yer thoomb, Adam, aboot usiness," said Dick. "Ye deserved to een drummed oot o' the regiment — n the kirk — no your kirk nor mine, e kirk o a' the honest and sensible folk, had swithered aboot that bird: I hae crack wi' the cratur, and it's jist rdinar sensible like — sae crouse anty — it wad be like murder tae a neck like that! In fac, a bird is than a bird when it can speak and

hank ye, Corporal," said Adam.

's some glamour has come ower the er," said Dick, "just like what cam our Colonel, when he made us charge ousand at Busaco, and had, in coorse, tae fa' back on his supports in disgrace — no jist in disgrace, for we never cam tae that, nor never wull, I hope — but in confusion."

"God's wull be done, auld comrade!" replied Adam; "but it's His wull, I think, that I maun fa' on the field, and if so, I'm no feared — na — na! Like a guid sodger, I wad like tae endure hardness."

"Ye're speakin' ower muckle," interrupted Dick, "and wearyin' yersel'."

"I maun hae my sae oot, Corporal, afore the forlorn hope marches," continued the Sergeant; "and as I was remarkin', and because I dinna want tae be interrupted wi' the affairs o' this life, so as to please Him wha has ca'd me to be a sodger — I maun mak my last wull and testament noo or never, and I trust you, Dick, mair than a' the lawyers and law papers i' the worl'." And he held out his feverish hand to the Corporal, who gave it a responsive squeeze.

"Ye see, Corporal," said the Sergeant, I hae nae fortun' to leave; but I hae laid by something for my Katie — and what *she* has been tae me, God alane kens!" He paused. "And then there's wee Mary, that I luv amaist as weel as my Charlie; and then there's the bird. Na, Corporal, dinna blame me for speakin' aboot the bird! The Apostle, when aboot to be offered up, spak aboot his cloak, and nae dead cloak was ever dearer to him than the leevin' bird is tae me, because it was, as ye ken, dear tae the wee fallow that was my ain flesh and bluid, wha is waiting for me. Ye mind Charlie?

"Mind Charlie!" exclaimed the Corporal. "Wait awee, Adam!" and he brought forth an old pocket-book, from which he took a bit of paper, and, unfolding it, held up a lock of silken hair. The Sergeant suddenly seized the relic and kissed it, and then returned it to the Corporal, who, without saying a word, restored it to its old place of safety.

But Dick now began to see that the Sergeant seemed to be rather excited, and no longer able to talk in his usual slow and measured manner; and so he said to him —

"Wait till the morn, Adam, and we'll put a' richt to yer satisfaction."

"Na, na, Corporal!" replied Adam, "I never like pittin' aff — no a fecht even. What ought to be dune, should be dune when it can — sae listen to me: — Ye'll help Katie tae gaither her siller and gear thegither — it's no muckle atweel! — and see that her and Mary, wi' the bird, are pit in a bit hoose near yersel'. They can fen' on what I'll lea' them, wi' their ain wark tae help. Ye'll stan' their frien' — I ken,

* ese words may be sung to the French air of — *ouviens-tu? disait un Capitaine.*" —

said yer name was Dick — Cornal

no! not Cornal yet," replied Dick, I'm sorry tae say, my braw wo- Corporal only."

ithet "braw" drew down a curtsy in reply to his "Gude day; ye'll send the Doctor."

ott, whom Effie represented, was a w words, who never attempted to he philosophy, if he knew it, of his t, but prescribed his doses as firmly elingly as the gunner loads his He left his patients to choose life apparently as if their choice was a indifference to him; yet never- e possessed a most feeling heart, not in looks or words, but in deeds ice and self-sacrifice, for which, many, he got little thanks, and less Effie had more than insinuated. e in the parish seemed to have a iction as to the duty of the doctor em, when unwell, at all hours, and distances, by day or night; while y of consideration for his health and for his pocket singularly pro- ng. "I do not grudge," he once give my professional aid gratis to and needy, and even to others who me if they would; nay, I do not many cases to send a bag of meal mily, but I think I am entitled, eing considered greedy, and with- nding for it, to get my empty bag !"

ctor was ever riding to and fro, his with winter's cold and summer's ding oftener on his saddle than at re-side, watching all sorts of cases ouses and lowly cottages by night, ering by day for miles to return he anxiety and discomforts of the . Poor fellow! is it to be won- that he was too often tempted to stimulants to support his strength up the genial spirits, which regu- rest, and a happy home should plied. But all liked the Doctor, ed him; though, alas! such men air — herbalists, vendors of won- ls and "saws," bone-setters, and race of ignorant and presuming esident or itinerant — could al- ose on the credulous, and could marvellous cures for such prices entered poor Scott's pocket.

ctor in due time visited Adam. wrong, Sergeant?" was his abrupt and he immediately proceeded to tongue and pulse, and other signs and symptoms. He then prescribed some simple medicine, rather gentler than Effie's; and said little, except that he would call back soon. The case was at last declared to be typhoid fever.

CHAPTER XIII. — MR. SMELLIE'S DIPLOMACY.

Mr. Smellie was not only a draper, but the greatest in that line in the parish of Drumsylie. His shop had the largest display of goods in the village. Handkerchiefs, cravats, Paisley shawls, printed calicoes, &c., streamed in every variety of colour from strings across the large window, dotted with hats and bonnets for male and female customers. He was looked upon as a well-to-do, religious man, who carefully made the most of both worlds. He was a bachelor, and lived in a very small house, above his shop, which was reached by a screw stair. A small charity boy, with a singularly sedate countenance — he may for aught I know be now a rich merchant on the London Exchange — kept the shop. I mention his name, Eben, or Ebenezer Peat, to preserve for some possible biographer the important part which the as yet great unknown played in his early life. The only domestic was old Peggy; of whom beyond her name, I know nothing. She may have been great, and no doubt was, if she did her duty with zeal and love to Peter Smellie. She inhabited the kitchen, and her master the parlour, attached to which was a small bed closet. The parlour was cold and stiff, like a cell for a condemned Pharisee. There was little furniture in it save an old sofa, whose hard bony skeleton had a hide of black haircloth over it, and a small round cushion of the same character, with rather bristly hairs, in a recess at the end of it. A few stuffed mahogany chairs were ranged along the wall; an arm-chair beside the small fire, and a round table with a dark wax-cloth cover, completed the furniture of the apartment. There were, besides, a few old books of theology — which guaranteed Mr. Smellie's orthodoxy, if not his reading; a copy of "Buchan's Domestic Medicine," and a sampler which hung on the wall, sewed by his only sister, long dead, on which was worked a rude symbol of Castle Bennock, and three swans floating under it, nearly as large as the castle, while beneath all, amidst what was intended for flowers, were the symbols "For P. S. by M. S."

Mr. Smellie sat near a small fire that

seemed like a yellow cairngorm shining amidst basalt, reading his newspaper, when a letter was laid upon his table by Peggy without any remark except, "A letter."

"From whom, Peggy?" asked Smellie.

"Dinna ken; was left on the coonter."

Mr. Smellie opened it. No sooner did he recognize the signature, than he laid aside the paper — the *Edinburgh Courant*, even then long established.

He read the letter over and over again, very possibly a hundred times if one might judge from the time it remained in his hands. At last he put it down quietly, as if afraid it would make a noise, and stared at the small fire. He then paced across the room; lay down on the sofa; resumed his seat at the fire; took up the letter, again perused it, and again laid it slowly down. He alone could decipher his own thoughts while doing all this. For a time he was confused and bewildered, as if endeavouring to comprehend his altered position. It was to him as if some one whom he had hanged or murdered had come to life again. What was he to do now with reference to the Sergeant? This was what puzzled him — what could he do to save himself? He had felt safe in the hands of an honourable man — at a distance. He had in fact, during many years of comparative ease as to worldly things, almost forgotten this his old attempt at cheating. He had long ago repented, as he thought, of the crime; but that which was past had now risen from the dead, and God seemed to require it at his hands!

Had not his own continued sinfulness restored the dead past to life? It was a great shock for him to learn for the first time that his enemy, as he looked upon Adam, knew it all, and had him in his power. And then to learn also that the Sergeant had never divulged it! What could he do? Would he provoke Adam to blast his character, to triumph over him, to expose him to the Kirk Session and the parish? nay to — to banish him! Or would he repent truly of all this false, hollow past which was now being dimly revealed to him; confess his evil doing to the Sergeant, and ask his forgiveness, as well as that of God; trust his mercy, bless him for his generosity, acknowledge that he was the better man, and seek by a new and true life to imitate him? O Mr. Peter Smellie! this is indeed one of those moments in thy life on which a single step to the right or left may lead thee to light or darkness, to heaven or to hell. Thy soul, of immeasurable littleness estimated by the world, but of infinite greatness estimated by eternal truth and righteousness is now engaged in a battle in which its eternal destiny is likely to be determined! Confront then the good and evil masters, God and mammon, who are contending for the mastery; serve the one and despise the other, and even thou mayest yet be great because good. But if not! then in a few minutes mayest thou be irrevocably on the road to thine own place; and though this will be nothing to Drumsylie, it will be everything to thee!

The battle went hard against Saul, and the Philistines of vanity, pride, and a wicked consistency were pressing hard upon him! One thing only, the easiest for the time, he determined to do, and that was to get out of the scrape — as his bad angel soothingly suggested — as speedily and as easily as possible. He must not keep up the quarrel longer with the Sergeant; this much seemed clear: for such a course was dangerous. He must also immediately assure John Spence of obedience to his commands. So, without delay, he wrote to Spence, imploring him, as he himself expected mercy from God, to be silent regarding the old crime; assuring him that he had mistaken the part he had taken in this most painful case, and promising him to do all he could to deliver the Sergeant out of trouble, which would be at once his duty and his pleasure. This letter, being written, was a great relief to his mind: it delivered him, as he hoped, from immediate danger at least, and enabled him to concentrate his acute faculties on the carrying out of his plans for securing his own safety.

His thoughts were for the moment broken by Eben announcing, as he was wont to do, a superior customer whom it was expedient for the master himself to serve. The customer on the present occasion was Miss Thomasina Porteous, who had come to purchase some article for herself, and a cheap shawl, out of the Session Charity Fund, for their poor, persecuted, common friend, as she called Mrs. Craigie.

Mr. Smellie was unusually silent: he did not respond to the order for Mrs. Craigie with his accustomed smile. After a little, Miss Thomasina blandly remarked, "The Sergeant is very ill, and I have no doubt from a bad conscience — there's no peace, you know, Mr. Smellie, to the wicked."

"I am aware!" said Mr. Smellie, drily. "This cheap shawl," he added, selecting and spreading out one before her, "is good enough, I suppose, for a pauper?"

"Considering all she has suffered from that man, I think she should get a better

se, or something in addition, Mr. Smellie," id the lady.

"Eben!" said Smellie, "go up-stairs. I ish to speak to Miss Porteous alone."

The boy disappeared.

"As a friend, Miss Porteous," whispered mellie, "permit me to say, *in strictest con-* dence — you understand?"

"Quite!" replied Miss Thomasina, with look of intense curiosity.

"That I have learned some things about Mrs. Craigie," continued Mr. Smellie, which should make us *extremely* cautious helping or trusting her."

"Indeed!" said Miss Thomasina.

"And as regards the Sergeant," said Mr. mellie, "there is — rightly or wrongly is t the question — a strong sympathy felt r him in the parish. It is human nature feel, you know, for the weak side, even it is the worst side; and from my pro- und respect for our excellent minister, er whom you exercise such great and use- influence, I would advise" ——

"That he should yield, Mr. Smellie?" errupted Miss Thomasina, with an ex- ession of wonder.

"No, no, Miss Porteous," replied the rthy Peter, "that may be impossible; t that we should allow Providence to al with Adam. He is ill. The Doctor, eard to-day, thinks it may come to ty- us fever. He is threatened, at least; l" ——

"He may die?" said the lady. "I hope , poor man, for his own sake. It would a solemn judgment!"

"I did not say die," continued Smellie; at many things may occur — repentance a new mind, &c. Anyhow," he added h a smile, "he should, in my very hum- opinion, be dealt wi' charitably — nay, ould say kindly. Our justice should be mpered wi' mercy, so that no enemy could ice over us, and that we should feel a d conscience — the best o' blessings," he ded, with a sigh — "as knowing that we l exhausted every means o' bringing him s right mind; for, between us baith, and wing your Christian principles, I do re- y houp that at heart he is a good man. rgie me for hinting it, but I really be- ve it. Now, if he dees, we'll have no ame. So I say, or rather suggest, that, your leave, we should in the meantime things alone, and say no more about this l business. I leave you to propose this our worthy minister."

"I think *our* kindness and charity, Mr. ellie," replied Miss Porteous, "are not uired at present. My word, no! My poor brother requires both, not Mercer. See how he is petted! Those upstart Gordons have been sending him, I hear, all sorts of things: wine and grapes — grapes that even I tasted once only in my life, when my mother died. And Mrs. Gordon called on him yesterday in her carriage! It's absolutely ridiculous! I would even say an insult! tho' I'm sure I don't wish the man any ill — not I; but only that we must not spoil him, and make a fool of my brother and the Session, as if Mercer was innocent. I assure you my brother feels this sort of mawkish sympathy very much — very much."

"It is quite natural that he should do so," replied Mr. Smellie; "and so do I. But nevertheless, I again say we must be merciful; for mercy rejoiceth over judgment. So I say, let things alone for the present. Let us withdraw our hand when Providence begins to work; — in the meantime, in the meantime."

Miss Thomasina was not prepared for these new views on the part of the high-principled, firm, and consistent elder: they crossed her purpose. She had no idea of giving up the battle in this easy way. What had she to do with Providence? To stand firm and fast to principle was, she had ever been taught, the one thing needful; and until the Sergeant confessed his fault, it seemed to her as if he should be treated as a heathen and a publican!

Mr. Smellie very properly put in the saving clause, "But no waur — no waur, Miss Porteous." He also oiled his argument by presenting his customer with a new pair of gloves out of a parcel just received from Edinburgh, as evidence of his admiration for her high character.

The lady smiled and left the shop, and said she would communicate the substance of their conversation to her brother.

"Kindly, kindly, as becomes your warm heart," said Mr. Smellie. He also expressed a hope that the gloves would fit her fingers as neatly as in his heart he hoped his arguments would fit the mind of his minister.

Another diplomatic stroke in Mr. Smellie's extremity was to obtain the aid of his easy brother-elder, Mr. Menzies, to adjust matters with the Sergeant, so as to enable Mr. Porteous to back out of the ecclesiastical mess in which the Session had become involved.

"I hae been thinking, my good frien'," said Smellie to Menzies, as both were seated beside the twinkling fire in the sanctum over the draper's shop, "that possibly — possibly — we micht men' matters atween

the Session and Sergeant Mercer. He is verra ill, an' the thocht is neither pleasant nor satisfactory to us that he should die — a providential event which *micht* happen — wi' this scandal ower his head. I am willin', for ane, to do whatever is reasonable in the case, and I'm sure sae are ye; for ye ken, Mr. Menzies, there's nae man perfec' — nane! The fac is, I'm no perfec' mysel'!" confessed Mr. Smellie, with a look intended to express the humility of which he was profoundly unconscious.

Mr. Menzies, though not at all prepared for this sudden outburst of charity, welcomed it very sincerely. "I'm glad," said he, "to hear a man o' your influence in the Session say so" — for Menzies had himself personally experienced to a large degree the *dour* influence of the draper over him; and, though his better nature had often wished to rebel against it, yet the logical meshes of his more astute and strong-willed brother had hitherto entangled him. But now, with the liberty of speech granted in so genial a manner by Smellie, Mr. Menzies said, "I wull admit that Mr. Mercer was, until this unfortunate business happened, a maist respectable man — I mean he was apparently, and I wad fain houp sincerely — a quiet neebour, and a douce elder. I never had cause to doot him till the day ye telt me he had been ance a poacher. But we mauna be ower hard, Mr. Smellie, on the sins o' youth, or even o' riper years. Ye mind the paraphrase —

> "For while the lamp holds on to burn,
> The greatest sinner may return,"

I wad do onything that was consistent to get him oot o' this job wi' the minister an' the Session. But hoo can it be managed, Mr. Smellie?"

"I think," said Smellie, meditatively, "that if we could only get the minister pleased, things wad richt."

"Between oorsels as his frien's," said Menzies, with a laugh, "he's no easy to please when he taks a thraw! But maybe we're as muckle to blame as him."

"That bird," remarked Smellie, as he poked up his almost extinguished fire, "has played a' the mischief! Could we no get it decently oot o' the way yet, Mr. Menzies?"

"What d'ye mean, neebour?" asked Menzies, looking puzzled.

"Weel, I'll tell ye," replied the draper. "The Sergeant and me, ye ken, cast oot; but you and him, as well as the wife, are friendly. Noo, what do ye say to seeing them in a friendly way; and as the Sergeant is in bed" ——

"They say its a fivver," interrupted Menzies, "and may come to be verra dangerous."

"Weel, a-weel," said Smellie, "in that case what I propose micht be easier dune: the wife micht gie you the bird, for peace sake — for conscience sake — for her guidman's sake — and ye micht do awa' wi't, and the Sergeant ken naething about it; for, ye see, being an auld sodger, he's prood as prood can be; and Mr. Porteous wud be satisfied, and maybe, for peace sake, wad never speer hoo it was done, and we wad hae a guid excuse for sayin' nae mair about it in the Session. If the Sergeant dee'd, nae hairm would be done; if he got weel, he wad be thankfu' that the strammash was a' ower, and himsel' restored, wi'oot bein[illegible] pit aboot for his bird. Eh?"

"I wadna like to meddle wi' the cratur[illegible]," said Menzies, shaking his head.

"But, man do ye no see," argued S[illegible]lie, "that it wad stultify you to refuse do[illegible]ng what is easier for you than for him to d[illegible]o? Hoo can ye blame him for no killing a p[illegible]pet o' his dead bairn, if ye wadna kill a stran[illegible]nge bird yoursel'?"

"Can *ye* no kill't then?" asked Menzi[illegible]ies.

"I wad hae nae difficulty in doing that [illegible] — nane," said Smellie, "but they wadna tr[illegible]rust me, and wadna lippen to me; but they w[illegible]wad trust you. It's surely your duty, [illegible] Mr. Menzies, to do this, and mair, [illegible] for peace."

"Maybe," said Menzies. "It's a cr[illegible]ruel job. I'll think aboot it."

"Ay," said Smellie, putting his hand [illegible] on his shoulder; "an' ye'll do it, too, when [illegible] ye get the opportunity — I dinna say to ki[illegible]ill't, that needna be; but onyhoo, to let it [illegible] flee awa, — that's the plan! Try't. If the [illegible] wife consents ye canna blame yersel'. I'm a[illegible]wfu' keen to get this job by, an' this stane o' [illegible] offence out o' the road. But mind, ye'll [illegible]never, never, let on I bid ye, or it will bl[illegible] up the mercifu' plan. Will ye keep a [illegible]uiet sough aboot me, whatever ye do? [illegible]And, moreover, never breathe a word about [illegible] the auld poaching business; I hae reason[illegible] for this, Mr. Menzies — reasons."

Such was Smellie's "game," as it [illegible]ight be called. For his own selfish ends he [illegible] was really anxious to get Mr. Porteous to [illegible] feel kindly towards the Sergeant, and to re[illegible]race as far as possible all the steps he had t[illegible]aken in the case. He was actuated by fea[illegible] lest Adam, if crushed, should be induced to [illegible] turn against him, and, in revenge, expo[illegible] his

ishonest conduct. There possibly
with this motive a slight feeling of
n and gratitude for the generous
h Adam had played towards him
it is just as likely that he hated
-for there is nothing more hateful
d, bad man, than to be under an
to one whom he personally dis-
was very doubtful how far Mr.
, from the strong and public posi-
had taken in the case, would, or
ld, unless he had opened up to him
h back-door of escape as Smellie
riving. If this could be accom-
without himself being implicated,
aw some hope of ultimate reconcil-
d the consequent removal on the
's part of the temptation to

nzies was ill at ease. The work
to him by Smellie was not agreea-
he was only induced to attempt its
nce in the hope that the escape of
ing would lead ultimately to the
n of Adam, and the quashing of all
gs against him.
hese feelings he called upon Mrs.

received very coldly by her. She
l him with what she called the
cy," and felt grieved besides that
ever visited her husband during
vious weeks of trial. He was, as
sed it, "a sight for sair een." Mr.
made the best excuse he could, and
the circumstances in which he
placed towards Adam as the rea-
he had not visited her sooner. He
however painful it was to him, he
theless been obliged by his ordina-
to do his duty, and he hoped not in
e might now be the means of mak-
between his friend, Mr. Mercer,
inister.
harlie's bairn," said the Starling,
enzies had given a preliminary
d was about to approach the ques-
h had chiefly brought him to the
"I'm Charlie's bairn — a man's
kick kur — whitt, whitt."
arling seemed unable or unwilling
e sentence; at last it came out
distinct — "a man's a man for a'

nzies did not feel comfortable.
a wunner, Mrs. Mercer," at last
at you and Adam likin' that bird!
ly enticing, and by ordinar, I maun

e's naething wrang wi' the bird,"
s examining the seam of her apron, and adding in an indifferent tone of voice, "if folk wad only let it alane, it's discreet, and wad hairm naebody."

"I'm sure, Mrs. Mercer," he said, "I'm real sorry aboot the hale business; and I am resolved, if possible, to get Adam oot o' the han's o' the Session, and bring peace atween a' parties."

Katie shook her foot, twirled her thumbs, but said nothing.

"It's a pity indeed," the elder continued, "that a *bird* should come atween an office-bearer like Adam, and his minister and the Session! It's no richt — it's no richt; and yet neither you nor Adam could pit it awa, e'en at the request o' the Session, wi' yer ain haun's. Na, na — that *was* askin' ower muckle."

"Ye ken best, nae doot," said Katie, with a touch of sarcasm in her voice. "You and the Session hae made a bonnie job o' the guidman noo!"

"I'm grieved he's no weel," said Menzies; "but to be candid, Mrs. Mercer, it wasna a' the faut o' the Session at the warst, but pairtly his ain. He was ower stiff, and was neither to haud nor bin'."

"A bairn could haud him noo, and bin' him tae," said Katie.

"There's a chasteesement in't," remarked Menzies, becoming slightly annoyed at Katie's cool reception of him. "He should hear the voice in the rod. Afflictions dinna come wi'oot a reason. They spring not from the ground. They're sent for a purpose; and ye should examine and search yer heart, Mrs. Mercer, in a' sincerity and humility, to ken *why* this affliction has come, and *at this time*," emphatically added Mr. Menzies.

"Nae doot," said Katie, returning to the hem of her apron.

The way seemed marvellously opened to Mr. Menzies, as he thought he saw Katie humbled and alive to the Sergeant's greater share of wrong in causing the schism. He felt as if the Starling were in his hand, — a fact of which the bird seemed ignorant, as he whistled "Wha'll be king but Charlie!"

Mr. Menzies continued — "If I could be ony help to ye, Mrs. Mercer, I wad be proud and thankfu' to bring aboot frien'ship atween Adam and Mr. Porteous; and thus gie peace to puir Adam."

"Peace to Adam?" exclaimed Katie, looking up to the elder's face.

"Ay, peace to Adam," said Mr. Menzies, encouraged to open up his plan; "but, I fear, as lang as that bird is in the cage, peace wull never be."

Katie dropped her apron, and stared at Mr. Menzies as if she was petrified.

"Dinna think, dinna think," said Mr. Menzies, "that I propose to kill the bit thing" — Katie dropped her eyes again on her apron — "but," he continued, "I canna see what hairm it wad do, and I think it wad do a hantle o' guid, if ye wad let me tak oot the cage, and let the bird flee awa' to sing wi' the lave o' birds."

Katie rose up, her face pale with — dare we say it? — suppressed passion. This address of Menzies was strength and comfort indeed in her affliction! She seized his arm, drew him gently to the door of her bedroom, which was so far open as to enable him to see Adam in his bed sound asleep. One arm of the Sergeant was extended over the bed, his face was towards them, and his grey locks escaped from under his nightcap; he looked calm and composed. Katie then led Menzies to the door, and he followed her as by a blind instinct. She then whispered in his ear —

"I wadna gie that man in health or sickness, life or death, for a' the Session! If *he's* no a Christian, I'm nane, for I want to be like *him*. If *he* hasna God's blessing, wae's me for the world! I daur ye to come here, and speak ill o' him, as if he was in ony faut! I daur ony o' ye touch his bird! As weel howk a grave for me as for Charlie's bairn! Tell that to Smellie — tell't to the parish, and lee me alane wi' my ain heart, my ain guidman, and my ain Saviour, to live or dee as the Almighty wills!"

Katie turned back into her kitchen, while poor Menzies walked out into the street, feeling no anger but much pain, and more than ever convinced that he had been made a tool of by Smellie, contrary to his own common sense and better feeling.

Menzies made a very short report of the scene to the draper, saying that he would wash his hands clean of the whole business; to which Smellie only said thoughtfully, as Menzies left his shop, "I wish I could do the same — but I'll try!"

Miss Thomasina had, in the meantime, told her brother what had taken place during her interview with Mr. Smellie. Mr. Porteous was amazed and confounded by the sudden and unaccountable revolution in his elder. But his own resolution to remain firm was as decided as ever; for there is a glory often experienced by some men when placed in circumstances where they stand alone — the glory of recognising themselves as being necessarily sufferers for conscience sake — of being above all earthly influences — of being firm, consistent, fearless, true to their principles, when others prove weak, cowardly, or compromising. Doubts and difficulties, from whatever source they come, are then looked upon as so many temptations; and the repeated resistance of them, as so many evidences of unswerving loyalty to truth. There is no genuine money but has a false coinage very like it in circulation. Members of the Drumsylie Session had genuine money, but also some amalgam that was not the pure gold though it glittered.

"I shall never yield one jot of my principles," Mr. Porteous said to Miss Thomasina, "come what may! Yield? Never! The man must and shall acknowledge his sin before the Kirk Session, should they meet, duly constituted, round his bed, before I can be reconciled to him!" And yet all this vehemence was in no small degree occasioned by the intrusion of better thoughts, which because they rebuked him were so unpleasant. His irritation measured on the whole very fairly his disbelief in the thorough soundness of his own position, and made him more willing than he had any idea of to be reconciled to Adam."

We need not report the conversation which immediately after this took place in the Manse between Smellie and Mr. Porteous. The draper was calm, smiling, [illegible] circumspect. He would follow Mr. Por[illegible]ous into the darkest recesses of his den[illegible] order to draw him out into his own li[illegible] He repeated all he had said to Miss Th[illegible]asina as to the necessity and advantage[illegible] leniency, forgiveness, and mercy; but [illegible]parently in vain. The minister was [illegible] verily "given to change." The case, [illegible] said, had been finally settled by the Sess[illegible] and must go to the Presbytery, which al[illegible] could determine its final issue. But he [illegible] willing to reconsider the question as put [illegible] Mr. Smellie, and to meet his wishes if p[illegible]ble — though he did not see how. An[illegible] Smellie returned, to his room and went [illegible] bed, wishing he had left the Serge[illegible] and his bird to their own devices; and [illegible] Porteous retired to rest with very much [illegible] same feelings.

CHAPTER XIV. — THE SERGEANT'S SICKNESS AND HIS SICK NURSE.

Dr. Scott, as the reader knows, visited Adam, and felt a great interest in his patient. The Doctor was a man of few words, very shy, and, as has been indicated, even abrupt and gruff, his only affectation being his desire to appear devoid of any feeling which

might, as it were, interfere with severe medical treatment or a surgical operation. He liked to be thought stern and decided. The fact was that his intense sympathy pained him, and he tried to steel himself against it. When he scolded his patients it was because they made him suffer so much, and because, moreover, he was angry with himself for being angry with them. He, therefore, affected unconcern at the very time when his anxiety for a patient made him sleepless, and compelled him often, when in bed, to read medical journals with the aid of a long yellow candle, instead of spending in sleep such portions of his night-life as the sick permitted him to enjoy. He had watched Adam's whole conduct as an elder — had heard much about his labours from the village patients — and, as the result of his observations, had made up his mind that he was a man of a rare and right stamp. When the "disturbance," as it was called, about the Starling agitated the community, few ever heard the Doctor express his opinion on the great question; but many listened to his loud laugh — wondering as to its meaning — when the case was mentioned, and when he only stroked his chin, as if to calm his merriment. Some friends who were more in his confidence heard him utter such phrases, in alluding to the matter, as — "only indigestion," "ecclesiastical hysteria," referring to forms of evil that are rarely dealt with in church courts.

His attendance on the Sergeant was, therefore, a duty which was pleasing to him. He was not very hopeful of success, however, from the time when the fever developed into typhoid of a malignant and extremely infectious type.

The first thing which the Doctor advised as necessary for the Sergeant's recovery, was the procuring of a sick nurse. Poor Katie protested against the proposal. What could any one do that she was not fit for? What cared she for sleep? She never at any time slept soundly — so she alleged — and could do with very little sleep; was easily wakened up — the scratch of a mouse would do it; and Adam would do *her* bidding, for he was always so good and kind: a stranger, moreover, would but irritate him, and "put her about." And who would assist? Who would risk their life? Had they not their own family to attend? Would they bring the fever into their own house? &c. &c.

"Na, na;" she concluded, "lee Adam to me, and God will provide!"

So she argued, as taught by observation and experience; for most people in our country villages — now as then — are apt to be seized with panic in the presence of any disease pronounced to be dangerous and contagious. To procure, therefore, a nurse for the sick, except among near relations, is extremely difficult; unless it be some worthless creature who will drink the wine poured out for the patient, or consume the delicacies left for his nourishment. We have known, when cholera broke out in a country town in Scotland, a stranger nurse refused even lodgings in any house within it, lest she should spread the disease!

It was a chill and gusty evening, and Katie sat beside the fire in the Sergeant's room, her mind full of "hows" and "whens," and tossed to and fro by anxiety about her Adam, and questionings as to what she should or could do for his comfort. The rising wind shook the bushes and tree-tops in the little garden. The dust in clouds hurried along the street of the village. The sky was dark with gathering signs of rain. There was a depressing sadness in the world without, and little cheer in the room within. The Sergeant lay in a sort of uneasy restless dose, sometimes tossing his hands, starting up and asking where he was, and then falling back again on his pillow with a heavy sigh. Although his wife was not seriously alarmed she was nevertheless very miserable at heart, and felt unutterably lonely. But for her quiet faith in God, and the demand made upon her for active exertion, she would have yielded to passionate grief, or fallen into sullen despair.

Her thoughts were suddenly disturbed by little Mary telling her that some one was at the street door. Bidding Mary take her place, she hastened to the kitchen and opened the door. Jock Hall entered, in his usual unceremonious way.

"Ye needna speak, Mistress Mercer," he said as he sat down on a chair near the door; "I ken a' aboot it!"

Katie was as much startled as she was the first time he entered her house. His appearance as to dress and respectability was, however, unquestionably improved.

"Jock Hall, as I declare!" exclaimed Katie in a whisper.

"The same, at yer service; and yet no jist the same," replied Jock in as low a voice.

"Ye may say sae," said Katie. "What's come ower ye? Whaur hae ye been? Whaur got ye thae claes? Ye're like a gentleman, Jock!"

"I houp sae," replied Hall; "I oucht to be sae; I gat a' this frae Adam."

"The guidman?" inquired Katie; "that's impossible! He never had claes like thae!"

"Claes or no claes," said Jock, "it's him I got them frae."

"I dinna understan' hoo that could be,' said Katie.

"Nor me," said Jock; "but *sae* it is, and never heed the noo *hoo* it is. I'm come, as usual, on business."

"Say awa," said Katie, "but speak laigh. It's nae shoon ye're needin', I houp? For" ——

Jock waved his hand as if to silence her, and proceeded —

"I'm telt my frien' — I mean the Sergeant — is awfu' ill wi' a fivver that's deedly smittal."

We may here explain that Jock had previously called upon Dr. Scott, and thrusting his head into the surgery — his body and its new dress being concealed by the half-opened door — had asked —

"Is't true that Sergeant Mercer is awfu' ill wi' a smittal fivver?"

The Doctor, who was writing some prescription, on discovering who the person was who put this question, said no more in reply than — "Deadly! deadly! so ye need not trouble them, Jock, by begging at their door — be off!"

"Mrs Mercer," replied Jock, "wull need a nurse — wull she?"

"No doubt," replied the doctor with a smile, "but I have no time to speak to *you* on such business; you had better go and get your friend Mrs. Craigie. She'll help Mary."

"Thank ye!" said Jock, and disappeared.

But to return to his interview with Mrs. Mercer.

"I'm telt, Mrs. Mercer," he said, "that the Sergeant needs some nurse — that is, as I understan', some ane that wad watch him day and nicht, and keep their een open like a whitrat; somebody that wadna heed haein' muckle tae do, and that could haud a guid, but friendly grip o' Mr. Mercer gif his nerves rise. An' I hae been thinkin' ye'll fin't a bother tae get sic a bodie in Drumsylie — unless, maybe, ane that wad wark for a hantle o' siller; some decent woman like Luckie Craigie, wha micht" ——

"Dinna bother me the noo, Jock, wi' ony nonsense," said Katie, "I'm no fit for't. If ye need onything yersel', tell me what it is, and, if possible, I'll gie ye't; for I maun gang back tae the room."

"Ay," said Jock, "that's jist it. I want something frae ye, and I houp I'll get it. I want an extraordinar favour o' ye; for, as I was sayin', ye'll fin't ill tae get ony ane to watch Mr. Mercer. But if *I* get ane that doesna care for his life — that respecs and loes Adam — that wadna take a bawbee o siller" —

"I'll pay them decently," interrupted Katie.

"And that," continued Jock, as if not interrupted, "has strength tae watch wi' leevin' man or woman, — what wad ye say?"

"If there's sic a bodie in the toon as that," said Katie, "I wad be blythe tae *try* them; no tae fix them, maybe, but to *try*, as the Doctor insists on't."

"Weel," said Jock, "the favour I hae to ax, altho' it's ower muckle, is to let *me* try my han' — let me speak, and dinna lauch at me! I'm no feered for death, as I hae been mony a time feered for life. I hae had by ordinar experience watchin', ye ken, as a poacher, fisher, and a' that kin' o' thing, sin' I was a bairn; sae I can sleep wi' my een open; and I'm strong, for I hae thrashed keepers, and tailors, and a' sorts o' folk; fac, I was tempted to gie a blue ee tae Smellie! But let sleepin' dogs lie."

Katie was taken so much aback by this speech as to let Jock go on without interruption; but she at last exclaimed — "Ye're a kind cratur, Jock, and I'm muckle obleeged to you; but I really canna think o't. It 'ill no work; it wad pit ye aboot, an' mak' a cleish-me-claver in the toon; an' — an'" ——

"I care as little for the toon," said Jock, "as the toon cares for me! Ye'll no be bothered wi' me, mind, gif ye let me help ye. I hae got clean pease strae for a bed frae Geordie Miller the carrier, and a sackfu' for a bowster; and I ken ye hae a sort o' laft, and I'll pit up there; and it's no aften I hae sic a bed; and cauld parritch or cauld praties wull dae for my meat, an' I need nae mair; an' I hae braw thick stockin's — I can pit on twa pair if necessar', tae walk as quiet as a cat stealin' cream; sae gif ye'll let me, I'll do my best endeavour to help ye."

"Oh, Jock, man!" said Mrs. Mercer, "ye're unco guid. I'll think o't — I'll think o't, and speer at the Doctor — I wull, indeed; and if sae be he needs — Whisht! What's that?" ejaculated Katie, starting from her chair, as little Mary entered the kitchen hurriedly, saying —

"Come fast, mither!"

Katie was in a moment beside her husband, who for the first time manifested symptoms of violent excitement, declaring

that he must rise and dress for church, as he heard the eight o'clock bells ringing. In vain she expostulated with him in the tenderest manner. He ought to rise, he said, and would rise. Was he not an elder? and had he not to stand at the plate? and would he, for any consideration, be late? What did she mean! Had she lost her senses! And so on.

This was the climax of a weary and terribly anxious time for Katie. For some nights she had, as she said, hardly "booed na ee," and every day her lonely sorrow was becoming truly "too deep for tears." The unexpected visit of even Jock Hall had helped for a moment to cause a reaction and to take her out of herself; and now that she perceived beyond doubt, what she was slow hitherto to believe, that her husband "wasna himsel'"—nay, that even *she* was strange to him, and was addressed by him in accents and with expressions betokening irritation towards her, and with words which were, for the first time, wanting in love, she became bewildered, and felt as if God had indeed sent her a terrible chastisement. It was fortunate, indeed, that Hall had called—for neither her arguments nor her strength could avail on the present occasion. She immediately summoned Jock to her assistance. He quickly cast off his boots, and approached the bed softly and gently. With a strong hand he laid the Sergeant back on his pillow, saying, "Ye will gang to the kirk, Sergeant, but I maun tell ye something afore ye gang. Ye'll mind Jock Hall? him that ye gied the boots to? An' ye'll mind Mr. Spence? I hae got an erran' frae him to you. He said ye wad be glad tae hear't."

The Sergeant stared at Jock with a half-excited, half-stupid gaze. But the chain of his associations had for a moment been broken, and he was quiet as a child, the bells ringing no more, as he paused to hear the message from Spence the keeper. Jock's first experiment at nursing had proved successful. He was permitted, therefore, for that night only, as Katie said, to occupy the loft, to which he brought his straw bed and straw bolster; and his presence proved, more than once during the night, an invaluable aid.

The Doctor called next morning. Among his other causes for anxiety, one, and not the least, had been the impossibility of finding a respectable nurse. He was therefore not a little astonished to discover Jock Hall, the "ne'er-do-weel," well dressed, and seated beside the Sergeant. He did not at first ask any explanations of so unexpected a phenomenon, but at once admitted that he was better than none. But before leaving, and after questioning Jock, and studying his whole demeanour, and, moreover, after hearing something about him from Mrs. Mercer, he smiled and said, "Keep him by all means—I think I can answer for him;" and muttering to himself—"Peculiar temperament—hysterical, but curable with diet—a character—will take fancies—seems fond of the Sergeant—contagious fever—we shall try him by all means."

"Don't drink?" he abruptly asked Jock.

"Like a beast," Jock replied; "for a beast drinks jist when he needs it, Doctor, and sae div I; but I dinna need it, and winna need it, I noo think, a' my days."

"You'll do," said the Doctor; and so Jock was officially appointed to be Adam's nurse.

Adam Mercer lay many weary days with the fever heavy upon him—like a ship lying to in a hurricane, all the waves and billows pressing on her, while the question is, which will last longest, the storm or the ship? Those who have watched beside a lingering case of fever can alone comprehend the effect which intense anxiety, during a few weeks only, caused by the hourly conflict of "hopes and fears that kindle hope, an undistinguishable throng," produces on the whole nervous system.

Katie was brought into deep waters. She had never taken it home to herself that Adam might die. Their life had hitherto been quiet and even—so like, so very like, was day to day, that no storm was anticipated as likely to disturb the blessed calm. Now at the prospect of losing him, and being left alone in the wide, wide wilderness, without her companion and guide—her earthly all, in spite of the unearthly links of faith and love that bound them—her whole flesh shrunk as from the approach of a terrible enemy. Then it was that old truths lying in her heart were summoned to her aid, to become practical powers in this her hour of need. She recalled all she had learned as to God's ends in sending affliction, with the corresponding duties of a Christian in receiving it. She was made to realise in her experience the gulf which separates *knowing* from *being* and *doing*—the right theory from the right practice. And thus it was that during a night of watching she fought a great battle in her soul between her own will and God's will, in her endeavour to say, not with her lips, for that was easy, but from her heart, "Thy will be done!" Often did she exclaim to herself, "Na, God forgie me, but I *canna*

g, as he said, but from a sense of duty — each of his great-coat pockets, a bottle of is best port wine for Mr. Mercer, of which e had, possibly, not more than a dozen in is cellar. He had many mingled thoughts s he knocked, one Saturday — in spite of is "preparations" — at the cottage door, which, as usual, was opened by Mary. Recognising the minister, she went to summon Mrs. Mercer from the Sergeant's room; while Mr. Porteous stood with his back to he kitchen fire, and once more gazed at he Starling, who again returned his gaze as almly as on the memorable morning when ey were first introduced.

Mrs. Mercer did not immediately appear, s she was disrobing herself of some of her ight-gear — laying aside her flannel cap nd large shawl, and making herself more dy. Mary, as she peeped through the artially opened door, saw the minister giving a bit of bread that was on the table to he Starling. Though the bird did not acnowledge the gift except by a few gutturls, yet he was pleased to accept it as a token of good-will, for he ate it with evident tisfaction, and cleaned his beak as if for her occupation.

Katie soon emerged from the room, from hich no sound came save an occasional heavy gh, and mutterings from Adam, in his istress. Her hair was dishevelled, her face ale, her step tottering, and years seemed to ave been added to her age. Her eyes had o tear to dim their earnest and halfbstracted gaze. This visit of the minister, which she instinctively interpreted as one f sympathy and good-will — how could it e else? — at once surprised and delighted her. It was like a sudden burst of sunshine, which began to thaw her heart, and also to brighten the future. She sat down beside Mr. Porteous, who, with outstretched hand advanced to meet her; and holding his hand with a firm grasp, she gazed into his face with a look of silent but unutterable sorrow. He turned his face away. "Oh! sir," at last she said, "God bless you — God bless you for comin'! I'm lanely, lanely, and my heart is like to break. It's kind, kind o' ye;" and still holding his hand, while she covered her eyes with her apron as she rocked to and fro in the anguish of her spirit; "the loss," she continued, "o' my wee pet was sair — ye ken what it was to us baith," and she looked at the empty cot opposite, "when ye used to sit here, and he there — but oh! it was naething to this, naething to this!"

The minister was not prepared for this welcome, nor for this mark of unbounded confidence on Katie's part revealed in her open heart, which poured itself out before him. He returned the pressure of her hand, and said —

"Be comforted, Mrs. Mercer! It is the Lord! He alone, not man, can aid."

Katie gently withdrew her hand from his, as if she felt that she was taking too great a liberty, and as if for a moment the cloud of the last few weeks had returned and shadowed her confidence in his good-will to her. The minister, too, could not at once dismiss a feeling of awkwardness from his mind, though he sincerely wished to do so. He had seldom come into immediate contact, and never in circumstances like the present, with such simple and unfeigned sorrow.

"Oh, sir," she said, "ye little ken hoo Adam respeckit and lo'ed ye. He never, never booed his knee at the chair ye're sittin' on wi'oot prayin' for you — prayin' for a blessin' on yoursel', on your wark, an' on your preaching. I'm sure, if ye had only heard him the last time he came frae the kirk" — the minister recollected that this was after his deposition by the Session — "hoo he wrastled for the grace o' God tae be wi' ye, it wad hae dune yer heart guid and greatly encouraged you. Forgie me forgie me for sayin' this: but eh, he was, and is, a precious man; tho' he'll no be lang wi' us noo!" And Katie, without weeping, again rocked to and fro.

The minister opened his heart to all Mrs. Mercer said, and her words dropped into it, without any argument to prepare their way, like drops of dew.

"He is a good man," he replied; "yes, a good man is Adam; and I pray God his life may be spared."

"O thank ye, thank ye!" said Katie. "Ay, pray God his life may be spared — and mine too, for I'll no survive him; I canna do't! nae mair could wee Mary!"

Mary was all the while eagerly listening at the door, which was not quite closed, and as she heard those words and the low cry from her "mother" beseeching the minister to pray, she ran out, and falling down before him, with muffled sobs hid her face in the folds of his great-coat, and said, "Oh, minister, dinna let faither dee! dinna let him dee!" And she clasped and clapped the knees of him whom she thought had mysterious power with God.

The minister lifted up the agonised child, patted her fondly on the head, and then gazed on her thin but sweet face. She was pale from her self-denying labours in the sick room.

"Ye maun excuse the bairn," said Katie, "for she haesna been oot o' the hoose except for an errand sin' Adam grew ill. I canna get her tae sleep or eat as she used to do — she's sae fond o' the guidman. I'm awfu' behadden tae her. Come here, my wee wifie." And Mrs. Mercer pressed her head and tearful face to her bosom, where Mary's sobs were smothered in a large brown shawl. "She's no strong, but extraordinar' speerity," continued Mrs. Mercer in a low voice and apologetically to Mr. Porteous; "and ye maun just excuse us baith."

"I think," said the minister, in a sad voice, "it would be good for us all to engage in prayer."

They did so.

Just as they rose from their knees, the slight noise which it occasioned — for hitherto the conversation had been conducted in whispers — caused the Starling to leap up on his perch. Then with clear accents, that rung over the silent house, he said, "I'm Charlie's bairn!"

Katie looked up to the cage, and for the first time in her life felt something akin to downright anger at the bird. His words seemed to her to be a most unseasonable interruption — a text for a dispute — a reminiscence of what she did not wish then to be recalled.

"Whisht, ye impudent cratur!" she exclaimed; adding, as if to correct his rudeness, "ye'll disturb yer maister."

The bird looked down with his head askance, and scratched it as if puzzled and asking "What's wrong?"

"Oh," said Katie, turning to the minister as if caught in some delinquency, "it's no my faut, sir; ye maun forgie the bird; he doesna ken better."

"Never mind, never mind," said Mr. Porteous, kindly, "it is but a trifle, and not worthy of our notice at such a solemn moment; it must not distract our minds from higher things."

"I'm muckle obleeged to ye, sir," said Katie, rising and making a curtsey. Feeling, however, that a crisis had come from which she could not escape if she would, she bid Mary "gang ben and watch, and shut the door." When Mary had obeyed, she turned to Mr. Porteous and said, "Ye maun excuse me, sir, but I canna thole ye to be angry about the bird."

"Pray say nothing more of that business, I implore you, Mrs. Mercer, just now," said Mr. Porteous, putting his hand kindly on her arm; "there is no need for it."

This did not deter Katie from uttering what was now oppressing her heart more than ever, but rather encouraged her — in it.

"Ye maun let me speak, or I'll bu[illegible]st," she said. "Oh, sir, it has been an [illegible]wfu' grief this — just awfu' to us baith. But dinna, dinna think Adam was to blam[illegible]e as muckle as me. I'm in faut, no him. It wasna frae want o' respec' to you, sir; na[illegible], na, that couldna be; but frae love to our ba[illegible]irn, that was sae uncommon ta'en up wi' yersel'."

"I remember the lovely boy well," said Mr. Porteous.

"Naebody that ever see'd him," contin[illegible]nued Katie, "but wad mind him — his bonnie [illegible] een like blabs o' dew, and his bit mooth that was sae sweet tae kiss. An' ye mind [illegible] the nicht he dee'd, hoo he clapped yer [illegible] head when ye were prayin there at his bed[illegible]side, and hoo he said his ain wee prayer; and hoo" —— Here Katie rose in rathe[illegible]r an excited manner, and opened a press, and taking from it several articles, approa[illegible]ched the minister and said — "See, there's [illegible]'s his shoon, and there's his frock; and this i[illegible]s the clean cap and frills that was on his bo[illegible]nnie head when he lay a corp; and that wa[illegible]s the whistle he had when he cracked wi' the bird, and gied him a bit o' his piece; a[illegible]nd it was the last thing he did, when he cou[illegible]ldna eat, to insist on me giein' a wee bit ta[illegible]e his bairn, as he ca'ed it, ye ken; and he grat when he was sae waik that he cou[illegible]ldna whistle till't. O, my bairn, my bo[illegible]nie bairn!" she went on, in low accent[illegible] of profound sorrow, as she returned to the press these small memorials of a too cher[illegible]ished grief.

"You must not mourn as those who have no hope, my friend," said the minister; "your dear child is with Jesus."

"Thank ye, sir, for that," said Katie, but continued to press towards the point she had in view. "An' it was me hindered Adam frae killin' my bairn's pet," she continued, resuming her seat beside the minister. "He said he wad throttle it, or cast it into the fire."

The minister shook his head, remarking, "Tut tut! that would never do."

"That's what I said," continued Katie; "an' whan he rowed up the sleeves o' his sark, and took haud o' the bit thing tae thraw its neck, I wadna let him, but daured him to do it; and I ken't ye wad hae dune the same, fur the sake o' wee Charlie, that was sae fond o' you. O forgie me, forgie him, if I was wrang! A mither's feelings are no easy hauden doon!"

Was this account the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? Per-

ps not. But then, good brother or sister, defend not even this weary mourner from see! Take the first stone and cast it at er! Yet methinks as you do so, I see the Perfect One writing on the ground; and if He is writing her condemnation, 'tis in the dust of earth, which will soon be covered over.

"No more about this painful affair, I beseech you," said the minister, taking a very arge and long pinch of snuff; "let us ather try and comfort Adam. That is our resent duty."

"God Himsel' bless ye!" said Katie kissng the back of his hand; "but ye maunna ang near him; dinna risk yer valuable fe; the fivver is awfu' smittal. Dr. Scott rull let naebody in."

"And have you no nurse?" inquired Mr. Porteous.

This question recalled to her mind what eemed another mysterious stumbling-block. She knew not what to say in reply. Jock Hall was at that moment seated like a tatue beside the bed, and what would the minister think when he saw this representaive of parish wickedness in an elder's house?

She had no time for lengthened explanaions; all she said, therefore, was, "The only nurse Dr. Scott and me could get was ane doot a puir bodie, yet awfu' strang and it tae haud Adam doon, when aside himel'; and he had nae fear o' his life — and was a gratefu' cratur — and had taen a great notion o' Adam, and being kin' o' reormed — that — that I maun jist confess, he nurse is Jock Hall."

"Jock Hall!" exclaimed the minister liftng his eyebrows with an expression of asonishment; "is it possible? But I leave o you and the Doctor the selection of a nurse. It is a secular matter, with which fficially I have nothing to do. My busiess is with spiritual things; let me therefore see the Sergeant. I have no fear. 'm in God's hands. All I have to do is ny duty. That is my principle."

"Jist let me ben a minute first," asked Katie.

She went accordingly to the room and whispered to Jock, "Gang to the laft; the minister is comin' ben. — Quick!"

"Mind what ye're about!" said Jock, ointing to his patient. "Be canny — be anny — nae preachin', or ye'll rue't."

As the minister entered the room he saw Jock Hall rapidly vanishing from behind he door like a spectre, as he stole to his len among the straw.

Mr. Porteous stood beside the Sergeant's bed, and Katie said to her husband, bending over him —

"This is the minister, Adam, come to see you."

She somehow felt it right that he should know the fact.

"God bless you and give you his peace!" said Mr. Porteous in a low voice.

The Sergeant opened his eyes, and slowly turned his head, breathing hard, and gazing with a vacant stare at his pastor.

"Do you know me, Adam?" asked the minister.

The Sergeant gave the military salute and replied, "We are all ready, Captain! Lead! we follow! and please God to victory!" He was evidently in the "current of the heady fight," and in his delirious dreams fancied that he was once more one of a forlorn hope about to advance to the horrors of the breach of a beleagured city, or to mount the ladder to scale its walls. Closing his eyes and clasping his hands, he added with a solemn voice, "And now, my God, enable me to do my duty! I put my trust in thee! If I die, remember my mother. Amen. Advance, men! Up! Steady!"

The minister did not move or speak for a few seconds, and then said, "It is peace, my friend — not war. It is your own minister who is speaking to you."

Suddenly the Sergeant started and looked upward with an open, excited eye, as if he saw something. A smile played over his features. Then with a tone of voice tremulous with emotion, and his arms stretched towards some silent object, he said, "My boy — my darling! You there! Oh, yes. I'm coming to you. Quick, comrades! Up!" A moment's silence, and then if possible a steadier gaze with a look of rapture. "Oh, my wee Charlie! I hear ye! Is the starling livin'? Ay, ay — that it is? I dinna kill't! Hoo could ye think that! It was dear to you, and was therefore dear to me and to your mither — an'"— Then covering his face with his hands he said, "Oh! whatna licht is that? I canna thole't it's sae bricht! It's like the Son o' man!"

He fell back exhausted into what seemed an almost unconscious state.

"He's gane — he's gane!" exclaimed Katie.

"He's no gane! gie him the brandy!" said Jock, as he slipped rapidly into the room from the kitchen; for Jock was too anxious to be far away. In an instant he had measured out the prescribed quantity of brandy and milk in a spoon, and, lifting

the Sergeant's head, he said, "Tak it, my bonnie man!" The Sergeant obeyed as if he was a child; and then whispering to Katie, Jock said, "The doctor telt ye, woman, to keep him quiet;" and then he slipped again out of the room.

The Sergeant returned to his old state of quiet repose.

Mr. Porteous stood in silence stroking his chin. Seizing the fevered hand of the Sergeant he fervently said, "God bless and preserve you, my dear friend!" Then turning to Mrs. Mercer, he motioned her to accompany him to the kitchen. But for a few seconds he gazed out of the window blowing his nose. At length, turning round and addressing her, he said, "I have taken the liberty of placing these two bottles of my own port in that corner for Mr. Mercer. Be assured that I feel deeply for you. Do not distrust me. Let me only add that if Mary *must* be taken out of the house for a time to escape infection, as I am disposed to think she should be, I will take her to the Manse, if I cannot find another place for her as good as this — which would be difficult."

"Oh, Mr. Porteous! I maun thank ye for"——

"Not a word, not a word of thanks, Mrs. Mercer," interrupted the minister; "it is my duty. But rely on my friendship for you and yours. The Lord has smitten, and it is for us to bear;" and shaking her hand cordially, he left the house.

"God's ways are not our ways," said Katie to herself, "and He kens hoo to mak' a way o' escape out o' every trial."

CHAPTER XVI. — THE UPSHOT.

As the minister walked along the street, with the old umbrella, his inseparable companion in all kinds of weather, wet or dry, under his arm, and with his head rather bent as if in thought, he was met by Mrs. Cragie, who suddenly darted out — for she had been watching his coming — from the "close" in which she lived, and curtsied humbly before him.

"Beg pardon, sir," she said, "it's a fine day — I houp ye're weel. Ye'll excuse me, sir."

"What is it? what is it?" asked Mr. Porteous, in rather a sharp tone of voice.

"Weel," she said, cracking her fingers as if in a puzzle, "I just thocht if my dear wee Mary was in ony danger frae the fivver at the Sergeant's, I wad be willint — oo ay, real willint — for freendship's sake, to tak her in."

"Very possibly you would," replied Mr. Porteous, drily, "and if I think this advisable I shall let you know. But my own decided opinion at present is, that in all probability she won't need your kindness."

"Thank ye, sir," said the meek Cragie, whose expression need not be analysed as she looked after Mr. Porteous, who paced on with his usual step to Mr Smellie's shop.

No sooner had he entered the "mercantile establishment" of this distinguished draper, than with a nod he asked its worthy master to follow him up to the sanctum. The boy was charged to let no one interrupt them.

When both were seated in the confidential retreat — the scene of many a small parish plot and plan, — Mr. Porteous said, "I have just come from visiting our friend, Adam Mercer."

"Indeed," replied Smellie, as he looked rather anxious and drew his chair away. "I'm tellt it's most dangerous and deadly."

"Are *you* afraid? An elder? Mr. Smellie!"

"Me; I'm not frightened," replied the elder, as he drew his chair back to its former position nearer that of his minister. "I wasn't thinking what I was doing. How did ye find the worthy man? for worthy he is, in spite o' his great fauts — in fact, I might say, his sins."

"I need not, Mr. Smellie," said Mr. Porteous, "now tell you all I heard and witnessed, but I may say in general that I was touched — very much touched by the sight of that home of deep sorrow. Poor people!" and Mr. Porteous seemed disposed to fall into a reverie.

If there is any thing which can touch the selfish heart and draw it forth into brotherly sympathy, it is the coming into personal contact with a good man who suffers from causes beyond his will. The sense is awakened of the presence of a higher power dealing with him, and thus averting the arm disposed to strike. We dare not smite one in the hands of God. It kindles in us a feeling of dependence on the same omnipotent power, and quickens the consciousness of our own deserts were we dealt with according to our sins. There is in all affliction a shadow of the cross, which must harden or soften — lead us upward or drag us downward. If it awakens the pride of pity only in those who stand afar off, it opens up the life-springs of sympathy in those who draw nigh.

Mr. Smellie was so far off from the Sergeant that he had neither pity nor sympathy: the minister's better nature had been touched, the shell of the nut had been pierced, and he now possessed both.

"I hope," said Smellie, "ye will condescend to adopt my plan of charity with him. Ye ken, sir, I aye stand by you. I recognise you as my teacher and guide, and it's not my part to lead, but to follow. Yet if ye *could* see — oh, if ye *could* see your way, in consistency, of course, with principle, to —— ye understan', sir? I hope I do not offend. I'm for peace; more especially as the Doctor thinks he may recover."

And if he should recover, Mr. Smellie, thy charity might induce him to think well of thee. Is that your plan?

"Recover," said Mr. Porteous, with a sigh, "I fear not. He is feeble, the fever is strong"

"Maybe, then, it might be as well to say nothing about this business until, in Providence, it is determined whether he lives or dies?" inquired the elder.

Did he now think that if the Sergeant died he would be freed from all difficulty, as far as Adam was concerned? Ah, thou art an unstable because double-minded man, Mr. Smellie!

"I have been thinking," Mr. Porteous went on to say, "that, as it is a principle of mine to meet as far as possible the wishes of my people — as far as *possible*, observe, that is, in consistency with higher principles — I am quite willing to meet *your* wishes, and those of the Session, should they agree with yours, and to recognise in the Sergeant's great affliction the hand of a chastening Providence, and as such to accept it. And instead, therefore, of our demanding, as we had a full right to do in our then knowledge of the case, any personal sacrifice on the part of the poor Sergeant — a sacrifice, moreover, which I now feel would be — but we need not discuss again the painful question, or open it up; it is *res judicata*. But if you feel yourself free at our first meeting of Session to move the withdrawal of the whole case, on the several points I have hinted at, and which I shall more fully explain to the Session, and if our friend Mr. Menzies is disposed to second your motion, I am willing to yield — I won't object."

Mr. Smellie was sincerely disposed, for reasons known to the reader, to agree with Mr. Porteous in his view of the case. He perceived at once that his being the originator of such a well-attested and official movement as was proposed on behalf of the Sergeant would be such a testimonial in his favour as would satisfy John Spence should the Sergeant die; and also have the same good results with all parties, as far as his own personal safety was concerned, should the Sergeant live.

With this understanding they parted.

Next day in church Mr. Porteous offered up a very earnest prayer for "one of our members, and an office-bearer of the congregation, who is in great distress," adding the petition that his invaluable life might be spared, and his wife comforted in her great distress. One might hear a pin fall while these words were being uttered; and never did the hearts of the congregation respond with a truer "Amen" to their minister's supplications.

At the next meeting of Session, Mr. Smellie brought forward his motion in most becoming and feeling terms. Indeed, no man could have appeared more feeling. more humble, or more charitable. Mr. Menzies seconded the motion with real good-will. Mr. Porteous then rose and expressed his regret that duty, principle, and faithfulness to all parties had compelled him to act as he had hitherto done; but he added that from the interview he had had with Mrs. Mercer, and from the scene of solemn and afflicting chastisement he had witnessed in the Sergeant's house, and from his desire always to meet the wishes of his Kirk Session, he was disposed to recommend Mr. Smellie's motion to their most favourable consideration.

The motion was received with much surprise and pleasure by the minority. Mr. Gordon, in his own name, and in the name of those who had supported him, thanked their worthy Moderator for the kind and Christian manner in which he had acted. All protests and appeals to the Presbytery were withdrawn, and a minute to that effect was prepared with care by the minister, in which his principles were not compromised. And so the matter "took end" by the restoration of Adam to his position as an elder.

No one was happier at the conclusion come to by the Session than the watchmaker. He said that "he took the leeberty o' just makin' a remark to the effect that he thocht they wad a' be the better o' what had happened; for it was his opinion that even the best Kirk coorts, like the best toon clocks, whiles gaed wrang. Stoor dried up the ile and stopped the wheels till they gaed ower slow and dreich, far ahint the richt time. An' baith coorts and clocks were therefore a hantle the better o' bein' scoored. Depen' on't," he added, "the Session wull

gang fine and smooth after this repair;" and he thanked the minister for his motion, without insinuating that he had caused the dust, but rather giving him credit for having cleared it away, and once more oiling the machine. In this sense the compliment was evidently understood, and blandly accepted by Mr. Porteous. Even the solemn Mr. Smellie smiled graciously.

We must return now to the Sergeant.

It would only weary the reader to give a narrative of the events which happened during the period of his recovery. Dr. Scott watched by him many a night, feeling his pulse, and muttering to himself about the twitching of the muscles of the fingers, as indicating the state of the brain. Often did he warn Katie, when too hopeful, that "he was not yet out of the wood," and oftener encouraged her, when desponding, by assuring her that he "had seen worse ships come to land." As the captain steers his ship in a hurricane, adjusting every rag of sail, and directing her carefully by the wind and compass, according to the laws of storms, so did the Doctor guide his patient. What a quantity of snuff he consumed during those long and dreary days! What —— No! he had not once taken toddy until the night when bending over the Sergeant he heard the joyful question put by him, "Is that you, Dr. Scott? What are you doing here?" and when, almost kissing Katie, he said, "He is oot o' the wood at last, thank God!"

"The Almighty bless you!" replied Katie, as she, too, bent over her husband and heard him once more in calmness and with love utter her name. His next questions were, "Hoo's wee Mary? Is the bird livin'?"

One evening soon after this, Adam, pale and weak, was seated, propped up with pillows, in his old arm-chair, near the window in his kitchen. The birds and the streams were singing their old songs, and the trees were unfolding their last leaves, and robing themselves in the rich foliage of "the leafy month of June;" white fleecy clouds were sailing across the blue expanse of the sky; the sun in the west was displaying its glory, ever varying since creation; and all was calm and peaceful in the heavens above, and, as far as men could see, in the earth beneath.

Jock Hall was seated beside Adam, looking up with a smile into his face, and saying little except such expressions of happiness as, "I'm real prood to see you this length, Sergeant! Ye're lookin' braw! It's the wifie did it and maybe the Doctor; but baith are by ordinar'. Keep in yer haun's, or ye'll get cauld and be as bad as ever."

Katie was at his other hand knitting. Why interpret her quiet thoughts of deepest peace? And little Mary sat on her chair by the fire.

This was the first day in which Adam, weak and tottering, had been brought, by the Doctor's advice, out of the sick-room.

Mr. Porteous unexpectedly rapped at the door, and on being admitted, gazed with a kindly expression on the group before him. Approaching them, he shook hands with each, not omitting even Jock Hall, and then sat down. After saying a few suitable words of comfort and of thanksgiving, he remarked, pointing to Jock, that "he was snatched as a brand from the burning." Jock, as he bent down, and counted his fingers, replied that the minister "wasna maybe far wrang. It was him that did it," he added, as he pointed his thumb over his shoulder; "an' though he wasna frichted for the lowe, I'm thinkin' he maybe got his fingers burned wi' me."

After a minute of silence, Mr. Porteous said, "I am glad to tell you, Mr. Mercer, that the Session have unanimously restored you to the office of elder. When you are better we shall talk over this business as friends, though it need never be mentioned more. Hitherto, in your weakness, I requested those who could have communicated the news to you not to do so, in case it might agitate you; besides, I wished to have the pleasure of telling it to you myself. I shall say no more, except that I give you full credit for acting up to your light, or, let me say, according to the feelings of your kind heart, which I respect."

A few quiet drops trickled down Adam's pale cheek, as in silence he stretched out his feeble and trembling hand to his minister. The minister accepted it, and shook it cordially, and then gazed up to the roof, his shaggy eyebrows working up and down as if they were pumping tears out of his eyes, and sending them back again to his heart. Katie sat with covered face, not in sorrow as of yore, but gratitude too deep for words.

"Will ye tak' a snuff, sir?" said Jock Hall, as he offered his tin box to the minister. "When I fish the Eastwater I'll sen' ye as bonnie a basketfu' as ever ye seed, for yer kindness to the Sergeant; and ye needna wunner muckle if ye see me in the kirk wi' him sune."

The Starling, for some unaccountable reason, hopped from spar to spar of his cage, as if he was leaping for a wager.

Mary was attracted by the bird. Supposing him to want food, she rose, mounted a chair, and noiselessly opened the door of the cage, yet forgetting the food in her eagerness and suppressed excitement. As she descended for it, the Starling found the door open, and stood at it for a moment bowing to the company. He then flew out and, lighting on the shoulder of the Sergeant, looked round the happy group, fluttered his feathers, gazed on the minister steadily, and uttered in his clearest tones, "I'm Charlie's bairn — 'A man's a man for a' that!'"

ATHLETIC SPORTS. — Though no one doubts that gymnastics are essential to the full development of the body, we can imagine some who would demur to the assertion that they were necessary to the development of the mind. Great geniuses, they may tell us, have often been remarkable for a quiet retiring character, and a dislike even from childhood for boisterous amusements. That instances may be brought in proof of such a position we dare not deny, but that it stands as a general rule, or anything approaching to it, is manifestly false. The history of developed genius is all the other way. The Greek and Latin poets were all, or nearly all, athletes. Horace's sentiments are known to all the world. Catullus goes so far as to boast of his training: "*Ego gymnasi ui flos, ego eram decus olei*," and other poets were equally ingenuous. And if we turn to our own country, we have not to look far for striking instances. What says Byron? —

> "And I have loved thee, ocean! and my joy
> Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
> Borne like thy bubbles onwards: from a boy
> I wantoned with thy breakers."

But what need of looking even so far when we can turn to the prince of poets himself? Who shall say how much the mental development of the matchless Bard of Avon was due to the bold and vigorous exercise of which we get a glimpse in the daring, though perhaps inexcusable, raids on Sir Thomas Lucy's deer, in the hardy company of the poachers? But we are not going out of our way to prove by examples that vigorous bodily exercise is requisite for mental development. Those who know anything about schoolboys will have only one opinion about "mopes." Books are an excelling thing, and so is butter; but, unless you can lay a solid foundation of bread in the one case and of vigorous exercise in the other, the books and the butter will both be useless.

Allowing, then, the advantages, and even the necessity of athletic sports, the real practical point is to settle where advantages end and evils begin. Since physical perfection should be subservient to the intellectual and moral development of the man, it is clear that the bounds of discretion may easily be overstepped. Racing, jumping, boating, and cricketing are open to few dangers, but wrestling and boxing should be patronized with greater reluctance. Galen altogether disapproved of wrestling in the gymnastic curriculum on account of the imminent risks that were run of fracture and dislocation. Boxing, too, is of dubious prudence, in spite of all that young men may think to the contrary. Of course it is a very grand thing to be able to maintain one's rights against half a dozen coal-heavers, or to figure as the champion of injured respectability against insolent blackguardism, as Sir Robert Clifton did a little time back in the public streets. But these are exceptional cases, and few men can be pointed out who are distinguished both as pugilists and scholars. But the greatest and most dangerous abuse, and one that ought most sedulously to be discouraged among young men, is what is technically known as "training." Who cannot appreciate the indignant periods of the ancients when they decry the insane discipline of over-enthusiastic athletes? Then as now they studied to bring their bodies to a premature perfection, at the expense of both mind and body for the remainder of their lives. Those who have gone through the severest training become in the end dull, listless, and stupid, subject to numerous diseases, and in many instances the ultimate victims of gluttony and drunkenness. Their unnatural vigour seldom lasts more than five years. It was especially remarked by the Greeks that no one who in boyhood won the prize at the Olympic games ever distinguished himself afterwards. The three years immediately preceding seventeen are years of great mental development, and nature cannot at the same time endure any severe taxing of the physical constitution. Prudence, therefore, especially at this critical period of life, must ever go hand in hand with vigour, for the evils of excess outweigh by far the evils of deficiency. But, as long as due bounds are preserved, athletic sports may ever be hailed as the best friends both of mind and body. The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said, when he was looking on at a cricket match, that as long as these were the sports of Englishmen, they need never fear invasion. To this we think we may add a more powerful encouragement, for we sincerely believe that, as long as athletic sports hold their proper place in our educational establishments, we need never fear the invasion of degeneracy nor the tyranny of ignorance. — *Westminster Gazette.*

From Once a Week.

INDIAN TEXTILE FABRICS.

The people of India at the present time number at least two hundred million souls, affording, in the language of the commercial world, a "splendid market" for the looms of England. If it were incumbent upon us to clothe all these people, our machinery, it is scarcely necessary to say, would be utterly inadequate to perform the task. But there is no such necessity. India in many fabrics need not depend upon her foreign lord; indeed, the servant in many respects is called upon to supply the master. Whilst it is admitted that in all matters of art the native has a much purer taste than the British manufacturer, yet we suspect it will be a surprise to the latter to be told that many Indian calicoes are both superior and cheaper than those imported from England. Of course this is not the rule, as we may know from the very large amount of cotton goods manufactured annually for the Indian market. Large as this importation is, those who have lived in India will not be surprised to hear that it is diminishing. We have treated the natives, who were intelligent manufacturers long before the light of civilization had reached these islands, just as we treated South Sea Islanders: the most barbarous designs, the most flaring colours, the most adulterated materials, are thought good enough for the "d——d niggers," as they are termed by some young puppies in regimentals, just fresh from school. The natural result is, that British manufactures of any pretence to art are avoided most cautiously by all the better classes of India. When we are told that our colours will not wash, or that they are so loaded with size that they become mildewed on the voyage, that the variegated face of damask is imitated by stamping the pattern upon the size with which they are plastered, it is no wonder that we are losing our footing in our own dependency, and that even Prussia is supplanting us in dyed goods.

Great as is the damage to our credit brought about by such frauds, there is a still more disastrous source of loss to us in our ignorance of the wants of the native, and our failure to appreciate their art requirements, which are always based upon refined taste. Our manufacturers seem to think that because the native is scantily clothed he is little better than a savage; the real fact is that the Hindoo possesses a delicacy of organization and an instinctive appreciation of appropriate form and colour in design, which is wholly foreign to the nature of the thick fingered Anglo-Saxon. A native, with a rude bamboo loom, will with his fingers and toes finish a piece of muslin which cannot, by all the application of our most delicate machinery, be produced in Europe.

Clearly, then, there is a physiological reason why our effort to compete with them is a failure in the more delicate fields of operation, but there are other fields that remain open if we will only fit ourselves to the task. In the cheaper calicoes we are, of course, unrivalled; but immediately we attempt print goods for the Indian market, the inflexible nature of the Briton comes out. Forgetting the difference in climate, and the nature of the garment, &c., he persists in sending out patterns which may delight the eye of Molly the cook, but which sorely offend a people trained for thousands of years to the appreciation of the pure and simple in design and to the subdued harmonies of colour.

It has long been clear that our manufacturers are very inadequately informed as to the requirements of her Majesty's Indian subjects. Indeed, their ignorance is inevitable.

The distance of this great dependency renders the market a sealed book to our manufacturers in the best sense of the term. Our productions would sell in almost unlimited quantities, if the Manchester manufacturer took the same care to consult the tastes of the Hindoos as they take to consult the markets of the continent. The Government of India, in the interests of commerce, have just taken a step which it is hoped will diffuse among our manufacturers a juster view of Indian wants, and among the natives themselves a more accurate estimate of the requirements of Europeans. In order to bring about this reciprocal benefit, it has caused a set of volumes, containing working specimens of all the textile fabrics of India, to be distributed throughout the great capitals of our textile manufacturing districts, and, together with these, a volume containing photographic sketches of the different Indian tribes, habited in the peculiar and diverse fashions of the East. Upon the nature of the garment worn depends, more or less, the nature of the ornamentation required. A print which may be admirably adapted for a trouser pattern — for many of the natives wear trousers, good reader — may be utterly unsuitable for a saree, or the scarf-like wrapper which forms the whole body and head-dress of a large portion of the native women. Again, the turban is folded in the East in wonderfully diverse manners. Here, again, texture of material

as well as ornamentation has to be consulted. In some turbans as many as sixty yards of material are employed; hence the necessity for great lightness in the fabric used for this purpose. It is also necessary for the manufacturer to know that the clothing of nearly the whole Hindoo race consists of mere wrappers wound round the body. Needle and thread is therefore not required in making them up. The Mahomedans, on the other hand, of the better class, use made-up clothes — jackets and trousers. These differences of race and religion require to be known in order to fabricate materials suitable to the market. A pattern that may suit a tunic, for instance, would be utterly out of place in a waist-cloth or a turban. As a rule, the natives like small patterns, and the reason is obvious. A garment that is worn folded would cut a large pattern, and make it look utterly ridiculous. Checks and tartans are in much request in India; indeed, the natives have copied many of our English plaids, a proof that they are not averse to those European designs which fulfil their own ideas of what is fit. If we wish to succeed in securing the Indian market, we must give them what they like, and not what we may imagine will be suitable for them; and once secured, the trade is likely to last, for there is nothing more remarkable in the tastes as regards dress of that vast country than its fixity. The Hindoo does not look for spring, summer, and winter dresses, as we do here. The dictum of dress-makers do not change in a week the style of the make, or the colour of the costume. Many of the patterns now worn are the same as they were centuries ago. The simplicity of the costume, no doubt, has much to do with this fixity — or, in other words, the unvarying mind of the people finds its expression in dress as in all other matters. This conservatism is of the utmost importance to the manufacturer. A pattern happily caught, a combination of colours once accepted, he may go on for years with the certainty that the market will not cry out for a new design. He has only to know the appropriate lengths and breadths of the scarf-like articles of dress generally used, and he may go on making them for centuries, for there are no fashionable tailors or milliners to interfere with him. As the material leaves the loom it is ready to be worn.

It may not be uninteresting to give a sketch of the nature of the garments — male and female — that have been for ages, now are, and probably will be for ages to come, used as the costume of the vast majority of the native population. The simplest and the commonest article is the dhotee, or waist-cloth. It is almost universally a white cotton scarf wound round the loins, and then brought up between the legs. In some cases the dhotee is so small as barely to fulfil the purposes of decency. It is scarcely necessary to say that this scanty costume is worn only by the working-classes and the poorest people. Nevertheless, such is the population of India, that even to supply these insignificant garments the looms of Lancashire would have to be doubled. The longee is a scarf worn over the shoulder and upper part of the body. This article of dress is made of silk as well as cotton, and it is ornamented in both materials with gold. The dhotee, on the contrary, is invariably made of the softest cotton, and as it requires to be constantly washed, it is rarely ornamented. This, with the turban, comprises the sum of the dress of the working population. The saree of the women, as we have said, is still more comprehensive, as it serves for body garment and head-dress at the same time. The native women array themselves very gracefully in the saree. Its ample folds can be turned to the purposes of coquetry with great skill, and the agile fingers of a dark beauty can arrange the dress with such quickness and art, that we are told by a gentleman who has been in India, they often change the garment in public places after bathing without the slightest impropriety — slipping off the wet saree and replacing it with a dry one without exposing the skin in the slightest degree.

Cotton being the material mostly in use, it seems extraordinary that our power-looms should not have swept away the rude hand-looms of the natives; but this, we are told, is far from being the case. Indian cotton goods are much softer, we are told, than the English make. This is a matter of great importance to a sensitive people like the Hindoo; it is more porous, again a very necessary quality in the tropics, where so much moisture is perpetually passing off by way of the skin. There are certain colours again that are favourites in these body garments, and the method of ornamentation with gold is a matter respecting which the natives are very fastidious.

But in these matters of detail, the most ample information is given in the 700 working patterns to be found in the volumes provided for the manufacturers by the Indian Government. If he goes wrong after the pains that have been taken to put him in the right path, the fault is his own.

But whilst the larger market is for the

kind of garments that leave the loom ready for use, there is still a great demand for jackets, coats, and trousers, worn by men, and for bodices, trousers, and skirts or petticoats, worn by women. The Mahomedans have always worn these articles of dress, and in course of time their example has been sparingly followed even by the Hindoos. These articles of dress do not quite answer to those worn in Europe; but they are made with needle and thread, and have a general resemblance to those worn by ourselves. In these latter kind of dresses we have not hitherto competed with the native manufacturers. They are in most cases ornamented, in some instances very richly so, and here the Oriental is our master, and if we hope ever to compete with him we must sit patiently at his feet, and learn the lesson which he seems to have acquired by some instinct of his nature. The sun — that great natural institution of the east — no doubt has much to do with the native's aptitude for dealing with colour. The first thing that strikes the European in looking at a collection of Indian fabrics is the sobriety and harmony of hue which they present. But if we only consider for a moment, we shall see how this comes about in the most natural manner. If English or French dyes were used, they would reflect so much light as to be unendurable. The dead look of Indian colours is fully compensated by the superfluity of light in which they are seen. Take a Coventry ribbon, a blue for instance, and place it beside an Indian ribbon; the first appears the brighter and more cheerful in this country; but under an Indian sun its garish tone would be intolerable, whilst the Indian blue would be, comparatively speaking, cool and refreshing. But there is something more than the deadness, which strikes us as peculiar to Indian tints, their tones are wholly different. Their green is by no means the same mixture of blue and yellow as with us; the same with their purples and oranges. Again, their primaries are different; their whole chromatic scale, in short, is pitched a note or two lower. All these niceties our manufacturers must patiently acquire if they desire to serve the upper ten million in India. For our part, we scarcely dare to hope they will ever succeed; the sources of the art lie deep in the very nature of the Indian mind and climate; we believe there is but one kind of dyed goods that we have ever succeeded in making palatable to Orientals, and that one is "Turkey red," which still sells extensively in the East; we are not certain, however, whether it is much used in India proper: the East is a wide field, and covers the peoples in the Indian archipelago, China, and Japan, all of which are far inferior, artistically, to the Hindoos.

But we may be customers to India for their fabrics to a very much larger extent than we are at present, if we fail to imitate them for the Indian market. As a rule we look upon them, as we do upon a Cashmere shawl, as articles *de luxe*, beyond the means of the middle classes. This is true of the rarer qualities of these precious fabrics, but by no means true of a very large portion of them. Dacca muslins, for instance, have long been imported into the country, and might be used far more generally than they are. The highest qualities of this fabric are splendid examples of the superiority of intelligent labour over the most elaborate machinery. The native woman spins with the finger a yarn which surpasses in fineness the trophies of machine-spun yarn paraded in the Great Exhibition of 1862 as a marvel of European skill. There is a class of muslin termed "woven air," the fabric of which is so marvellously fine, that the Hindoos themselves are fond of relating all kinds of strange tales respecting it.

Mr. Bolt, in his "Considerations of the Affairs of India," speaking of the Dacca muslins, says that according to report, the Emperor Aurungzebe once "was angry with his daughter for showing her skin through her clothes, whereupon the young princess remonstrated in her justification, that she had seven *jamahs*, or suits, on: another tale was to the effect that, "in the Nabob Allaverdy Khwan's time, a weaver was chastised and turned out of the city of Dacca for his neglect in not preventing his cow from eating up a piece of 'Abrovan,' which he had spread and left upon the grass," — the muslin, of course, being so fine that the animal could not see it upon the herbage.

The "woven air," or "king's muslin," was formerly made only for persons of distinction and to order. Since so many of the native courts have been swept away — and especially since the Great Mogul has disappeared from the scene — this high-class muslin has not been made in any quantities; but still there is a sufficient demand to keep the art of making it from falling into disuse.

So delicate is the manufacture of the short staple of the Dacca cotton, that it can only be woven into yarn at certain times of the day. The morning is generally so employed before the dew has left the grass: if spinning is carried on after that time, the spinner, who is always a woman under thirty years of age, spins the yarn over a

pan of water, the evaporation of which affords sufficient moisture to prevent the fibres from becoming too brittle to handle. Delicate as the muslin is, it will wash, which European muslins will not. The durability of the Dacca muslin, notwithstanding its surprising fineness — a piece of "evening dew," one yard wide and four yards long, only weighing 566 grains — is said to be owing to the greater number of twists given to the Dacca yarn, as compared with the finest muslin yarns of England or France. The time taken to spin and weave the threads in a piece of "woven air" is very great, the reader will not therefore be surprised to hear that it sells at the rate of a guinea a yard.

The "Abrovan," or "Running-water," is considered the second class of muslin; Sabnam, or Evening-dew, is the third quality. It is so called because it is so fine that it can scarcely be distinguished from dew upon the grass. There are several other very fine Dacca muslins that are known by distinctive names, but the three so poetically designated are the most famous. The Daghdhobees, who remove iron-mould from this precious material, use the juice of the amrold plant for that purpose; and to remove other spots or stains, a composition of ghee, lime, and mineral alkali. There are Mahomedans who also repair this "woven air" with a skill equal to that of the Hindoo, who weaves it. For instance, it is said that an expert Rafuger, or darner, "can extract a thread twenty yards long from a piece of the finest muslin of the same dimensions, and replace it with one of the finest quality." It is said that they execute their finest work under the influence of opium.

A still more exquisite and expensive work of the Indian loom is the figured muslin. A piece of this fabric, measuring twenty yards, made in 1776, cost as much as 56*l*. The splendid yet subdued effect of weaving gold and silver thread into the different fabrics made in India has never even been approached by Europeans. Some of their silks have a sheen upon them like the breast of a pigeon, or indeed of the Impeyan pheasant. In nature we never find that even the most splendid effects offend the eye by appearing garish. The Indian artist seems to have caught the very art there is in nature, and he uses his gold and silver with a caution, a prodigality, and an economy fitted for the occasion. The native never throws away gold where it will not be seen. Thus in the turban-cloth only the end that hangs down by the neck is thus ornamented, in the waist-cloth the fringed end, &c. The gold thread is so very pure that it never tarnishes, and it *washes* just as well as the other threads of the garment. The thread of the precious metals is called kullabutoon, and is manufactured wholly by hand. Captain Meadows Taylor gives the following description of its manufacture: — "For gold thread a piece of silver, about the length and thickness of a man's forefinger, is gilded at least three times heavily with the purest gold, all alloy being previously discharged from the silver. This piece of gilt silver is beaten out to the size of a stout wire, and is then drawn through successive holes in a steel plate until the wire is literally as thin as a hair. The gilding is not disturbed by this process, and the wire finally appears as if of fine gold. It is then flattened in an extremely delicate and skilful manner. The workman, seated before a small and highly-polished steel anvil, about two inches broad, with a steel plate, in which there are two or three holes, set opposite to him and perpendicular to the anvil, and draws through these holes as many wires — two or three, as it may be — by a motion of the finger and thumb of his left hand, striking them rapidly but firmly with a steel hammer, the face of which is also polished like that of the anvil. This flattens the wire perfectly; and such is the skill of manipulation, that no portion of the wire escapes the blows of the hammer, the action of drawing the wire, rapid as it is, being adjusted to the length which will be covered by the face of the hammer in its descent. No system of rollers or other machinery could probably ensure the same effect, whether of extreme thinness of the flattened wire, or its softness and ductility." This flattened wire is then wound round silk thread, and is ready for use. This affords another example of the fact that intelligent human labour can always excel the work of the most elaborate machinery.

The hand is educated to a delicacy of touch that is marvellous, and that delicacy is transmitted through succeeding generations, until the native manipulator acquires a kind of instinctive aptness which gives him all the unfailing regularity of a machine directed by the intelligence of man. The embroidery on the woven garments, in which this absolutely pure gold is employed, never tarnishes. An instance of the value of using nothing but the pure metal was afforded at the late Dublin Exhibition. Several Irish poplins, in which gold and silver thread was used, had to be changed during the progress of the Exhibition on account of their becoming so tarnished,

whereas the gold-embroidered fabrics of India there exhibited retained their lustre unimpaired throughout. If Dr. Forbes Watson, by his labours, in pointing out this fact to our manufacturers, can get them to imitate the truthfulness of the native artizan, he will deserve their warmest thanks, and if he can induce the dyers to send nothing to India that the dhobee can wash out by his rough method of manipulating with stones upon the washboard, India will reap the benefit of European science and skill, which at present she holds at little worth, in this matter at least. The native has found out the way to print fast colours, and Dr. Forbes Watson has been at the trouble of indicating them to our manufacturers; but there are some other people besides the Hindoos who are difficult to move from their old methods of doing things. The machinery of Manchester certainly prints better than the native can do with his rough methods; but even here a certain variety is given by the hand work which in some measure makes it more agreeable to the eye than the monotonous repetition of the same exact form produced by machinery.

With the Indian embroideries every lady is well acquainted. The price of labour is so cheap in India, that there is no reason why she may not export a very much larger amount of this kind of work than she does. Lace, again, is work just suited to the patient fingers of the Hindoo women. We understand the fabrication of it has lately been introduced into that country, and it is likely to succeed admirably.

But we must come at last to that article of attire which is in every woman's thoughts —the Cashmere shawl. We are told that, in consequence of a famine which occurred in Cashmere, a great number of so-called Cashmere shawls are now made within our own territory. The report of the Lahore Central Committee for the last International Exhibition, states, that with respect to shawl manufacture,—

"This is now by far the most important manufacture in the Punjab; but thirty years ago it was almost entirely confined to Cashmere. At the period alluded to, a terrible famine visited Cashmere, and in consequence numbers of the shawl weavers emigrated to the Punjab, and settled in Umritsur, Nurpur, Dinangar, Tilaknath, Jelalpur, and Loodianah, in all of which places the manufacture continues to flourish. The best shawls of Punjab manufacture are manufactured in Umritsur, which is also an emporium of the shawl trade. But (and we must entreat the attention of the ladies to what follows) none of the shawls made in the Punjab can compete with the best shawls made in Cashmere itself; first, because the Punjab manufacturers are unable to obtain the finest species of wool, and secondly, by reason of the inferiority of the dyeing, the excellence of which in Cashmere is attributed to some chemical peculiarity in the water. The wool, on which the purity of the shawl depends, is from the domestic goat of Thibet, whence it is exported, *viâ* Yarkanal, to Cashmere. The wool is called pashum, and is the fine growth that lies under the hair and close to the skin. Many animals in cold countries have a similar kind of wool underneath the hair. The camel, the yak, and the shepherd's dog also have this winter under-clothing, which they cast off in the summer; but in neither of these animals is it so fine or of such good colour for dyeing purposes as that of the shawl goat. The Cashmere emigrants, not being able to obtain the true wool, use the best they can get in place of it, and the result is, that European firms have lately been complaining of the adulterations of the texture of the Cashmere shawls. This is done by mixing up Kirmanhee wool with real pashum. It is now sought to provide against this falsification by forming a guild of trades in these shawls, which shall have the power of affixing on all genuine shawls a trade-mark guaranteeing it to be genuiue pashum, and fixing a heavy penalty on all counterfeits." We trust our statement has not rendered any lady suspicious of the integrity of her Cashmere; but we confess that when we hear of the price even at the place of their manufacture of the genuine article, we look with some suspicion on the so-called Cashmeres that we sometimes see in the windows of the London dealers in them. We are told that "a woven shawl of the best materials, and weighing seven pounds, will cost in Cashmere as much as 300*l.* Of this amount the cost of the materials, including thread, is 30*l.*; the wages of labour, 100*l.*; miscellaneous expenses, 50*l.*; duty, 50*l.*" If we add to this the cost of carriage to England and insurance, it will be clear that very few will be able to afford such costly garments, even in this country of nobles and merchant princes.

The Cashmere shawl is really a warm garment, but what keeps out the cold also keeps out the heat. There are plenty of warm fabrics made in the northern parts of India, and many of the woolen garments are very much like our Scotch plaids, even to

the pattern. It must refresh the eye of the Highlander to see in these far distant lands garments that remind him of his home, and it shows that, under like conditions, the results of human labour are wonderfully similar. We cannot conclude this article more appropriately than by recommending the manufacturers who would aspire to feed the almost limitless market of India, to visit the Indian Museum, Whitehall, where he will find a most curious collection of fabrics collected with great care by the government from all parts of India, and where he may learn all the details he requires from Dr. Forbes Watson, who has made the subject of the textile manufactures of the people in India his study, and by his writings* has done good work in bringing the customers of both countries in contact with each other to their mutual advantage and enrichment.

A. W.

From the Spectator.

THE COUNTESS DE BOIGNE. †

This book is a curiosity in its authorship and in itself. The writer of it, the Comtesse de Boigne, has left the mark of all her own peculiarities in the characters, the incidents, and the sentiments of her romance, and the best introduction to it will be a sketch of her curious career. Eléonore Adèle Osmond (such was her miden name) was born in 1780, and died, aged eighty-six, last year at Paris. Her father, the Marquis d'Osmond, was the eldest of three brothers, all illustrious in the pre-revolutionary time. The Marquis himself was born at St. Domingo, served his country from an early age till the year 1788, when he was named Ambassador at the Hague. He married an English young lady, Miss Dillon, of small fortune, and he himself was poorly endowed. His lady very soon after their marriage was appointed one of the *dames attendantes* on Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire, daughters of Louis XV. They became much attached to the Marquis, his wife, and young daughter, Adèle, and as the child grew up she was constantly either at Belle Vue or Versailles. She was a remarkably lovely child, and becoming the *pet* of Marie Antoinette, she was almost always with the *first* Dauphin, whose precarious health led his physicians to place him at Meudon; and thus, Mesdames inhabiting Bellevue, and Adèle being with them every day, she was the perpetual playfellow and amuser of the poor Royal child. She never ceased to repeat the stories of her young time, and to tell curious details respecting Louis XVI. and his Queen. It seemed to her always in after years as if those days were dreams. She could hardly believe in the harsh contrasts so soon to follow.

The father of Adèle in 1791 was named Ambassador to St. Petersburg, but one event following quickly after another allowed him no opportunity of performing the duties of that office, and he assisted Mesdames to emigrate to Italy, whither Madame d'Osmond and her son and daughters accompanied them. There an asylum for these unfortunate daughters of Royalty was prepared by the generous care of Pius VI.; but although the Marquis soon followed, deserting, like so many of his order, the fallen King and Queen, he would not remain, nor allow his wife and family to remain, chargeable on Mesdames.

To Naples therefore they went, and there again Adèle was under the special patronage of a Queen, for Caroline, the sister of Marie Antoinette, undertook all the expenses of her education, settling a pension of 12,000 livres on the Marquis for that purpose, but stipulating that it was to cease when the education was completed. So it was that our future Comtesse de Boigne became the friend and companion of the excellent Marie Amélie, late ex-Queen of the French.

They did not, however, remain more than ten months at Naples. The Marchioness had her own English family to visit, and in England they had their home for a considerable time, at any rate till Adèle was seventeen years of age, and had come to the end of her education and of the Naples pension.

She must have been a young lady of some nerve and not a little cleverness. How far the love of her parents, always, we think, particularly strong among French girls, was her all-pervading motive for the conduct which followed, and which cannot but be in English eyes most repugnant to every feeling of delicacy, must remain unknown. But the fact is that she was addressed by a military servant of the East India Company, an old man just returned from India with immense riches, how reputably acquired no one knew, with shattered health, and with all the characteristics of a soldier and a nabob. Smitten by Adèle's beauty, he warm-

* "The Textile Manufactures and Costumes of the People of India," by J. Forbes Watson, M. D. Printed for the Indian Office, 1867.

† *Une Passion dans le Grand Monde.* Par Eléonore Adèle Osmond, Comtesse de Boigne. 2 tomes. Paris: Lévy. 1867.

but if these barrack rooms were artificially kept at the same temperature, the great difference must have been rather one of light than of heat. In the latter of these passages we have apparently a real case of the specific effect caused by excluding light, and light alone, on animal life, for the closing of the eyelids could only affect the general health through the optic nerve; but then even here the general sanitary effect of light on the *body*, as distinguished from that on the mere visual apparatus, is not excluded, though the evidence that creatures kept wholly in the dark, no less than those prevented from opening their eyes, fatten faster than others, seems to show that the influence of light generally is to excite, and that its exclusion leaves the organization more at rest for the processes of mere assimilation. It would be worth inquiring what effect, if any, is produced on the general bodily condition of blind *men* by the quiescence of the optic nerve. From general experience, we should be apt to doubt whether it is in any degree the same as that here supposed to take effect on the lower animals. The usual impression certainly is that the organization of the blind increases in acuteness in all the other senses in precise proportion to the loss they have sustained in the privation of sight; and, of course, if the general activity of the mental organization is not diminished, there would not be any probability of a greater stimulus to the mere assimilating processes. What we miss so much in Dr. Forbes Winslow's account of this interesting subject is any attempt to isolate for us carefully the specific effects of light. He tells us, for instance, of the bad effects of mining work, and of cellar work, and so forth, but here the absence of effectual ventilation is probably a far more important incident than the absence of light. He tells us nothing whatever of the diseases (if any) mental or bodily peculiar to the blind. He tells us exceedingly little of either good or bad effects produced by light which can be clearly separated from more general causes. In short, this book throws little explicit light on any one subject, and is little more than a rather curious account of the various impressions and superstitions on the subject of solar and lunar influences, — most of which science has not confirmed, — and a very few rather vague conclusions which it has confirmed.

Dr. Forbes Winslow himself has evidently little or no belief in any special influence of the moon's light on mental disease, except so far as he considers all excess of light, especially if it prevents sleep, exciting to the mind. But he quotes for us from Dr. Moseley and others some curious cases of an apparent influence of the moon, — probably exercised through the atmosphere, since it took effect as much at new moons, when the moon gives no light, as at full moons, — on hæmorrhages of the lungs, on which it is of course not at all unnatural that special conditions of the atmospheric tides, by increasing or lightening the pressure on the blood vessels of the lungs, should have a very considerable effect. The most curious of these cases seems to be the following (which certainly does not seem to belong properly to a treatise on "the influence of light:") —

"Dr. Moseley remarks that the greater hæmorrhages from the lungs or those of plethora, like all periodical attacks of this kind (undisturbed in their natural course by peculiar circumstances), obey the influence of the moon. Of this, he says, he has had many proofs. That there are not more authenticated by others is owing, he believes, to the theory on which the fact depends not being sufficiently known to prevent the result escaping unnoticed. In another portion of his work he remarks that most of the patients whom he had attended in the spring of the year 1777 during attacks of fever were much affected in the head at every new and full moon. He refers to the case of a man who had a severe attack of hæmoptysis always at the moon's full. When speaking of the mode of treating these hæmorrhagic conditions, he advises the physician to be watchful in every case of the kind when the moon's influence was considered to be greatest on the earth. He cites the history of a gentleman who suffered from hæmorrhage of the lungs, who was advised to leave England during the winter and to reside in the south of France. Whilst there his attacks came on periodically, *obeying faithfully the principal changes of the moon.* Dr. Moseley considers this to be one of the most decisive examples of lunar influence recorded in medical history. The following particulars of his illness deserve attentive consideration. On February 14, 1786, when near Toulon, hæmorrhage came on; the moon was at its full on the preceding day. On February 29, when at Aix, in Provence, he had another attack. There was a new moon on the 28th. The moon was again at its full on the 13th of April, and on the 15th the patient had another attack of hæmoptysis. A new moon appeared on the 29th of the same month, and on the 26th, when at Tain upon the Rhone, he had a relapse. At Châlones, in Burgundy, there was a full moon on the 13th of May, and on the 14th his hæmorrhage returned. At Dijon, June 11, when the moon was again at its full, he had another attack. On July 11, at Paris, the moon was again at its full. At this lunar period the hæmorrhage returned. Again, when at Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, on August 9, the

moon was then at its full. The hæmoptysis returned. Dr. Moseley alluded to the remarkable fact that the last three attacks of hæmorrhage from the lungs came on *at the instant the moon appeared above the horizon.*"

If this curious relation between the atmospheric tides and the hæmorrhages of the lungs could be traced in any sufficient number of cases o exclude the possibility of mere coincidence, a mechanical influence of great importance on the physiology of the body would have been discovered which would affect seriously many other branches of medicine. Dr. Forbes Winslow's essay, however, is faulty in suggesting so much and establishing so little, on the curious and interesting subject with which he has dealt.

THE COURTSHIP OF PIETY.

1.

Blue-eyed Miss Piety, walking sedately,
Mused thus beside the classic Isis lately: —
  Must I for ever spend my days apart,
Watching the mild flame of a maiden heart?
Or pointing upward, bidding all men see
The light from heaven that is so clear to me?
Deem'd by the idle foolish and demented,
By those who love me best misrepresented!
O for a helpmate, tough and rough and strong,
  Book-learnëd, fearless, arm'd with pen of steel,
To battle with the world that does me wrong,
  And phrase in terms the truths I only feel!"

2.

Who knoweth not the gentle English maid,
  The nymph for ever young,
In clean trim gown of academic shade,
With face so sweet, yet staid,
  And antique proverbs silvery on her tongue?
Who hath not heard how wise men have pursued her
Sung in her praise, and wooed her?
How they have built her temples in the land,
  Mad for her eyes of heaven's profoundest blue;
And how, tho' many a wooer seeks her hand,
  She smileth on so few?
And how altho' she is divinely fair,
  In vesta' black she clothes her vestal limbs,
And lists to dwell a maid, apart in prayer,
Teaching the little children everywhere
  How to sing sweet old hymns.

3.

Now, while the maiden mused in a sweet sorrow,
  She heard a voice of hard metallic ring,
  Close to her, murmuring, —
"Miss Piety, good morrow."
And, turning, she perceived approaching near
  A dapper little man in broadcloth guise,
Who curiously along the ground did peer
  With little twinkling intellectual eyes.
As to the maid his tripping feet he bent,
He seemëd with his wisdom well content;
  Deeply he breath'd, his boots with mud were soiled;
A little hammer gript he while he went,
  Seeking the shady places; and he oiled
With self-complacent smile full soft and sleek
The smooth steel of his cheek.
With courteous bow, "Good morrow, Miss," said he;
"My name is Science, you remember me?"
At this the maiden turned to fly, not heeding;
But the Professor seized her hand, proceeding: —

4.

"So cold, so coy! why is it, sweet, that still
We comprehend each other's hearts so ill?
True, now and then, on evidence quite clear,
  I have disputed certain things you say;
But ladies will be ladies! — and, my dear,
  Willing am I my wife should have her way.
Simplicity but makes your face more fine —
  What should a lady do with demonstrations?
How Incompatible? Ah no, be mine!
  Wedded together, we should rule the nations.
Our compact shall be legal, fair, and strict:
  To grace what church you please you shall be free,
Your fancies I will never contradict;
  And hark you if we ever disagree
On questions that affect this mortal sphere,
  'Twill be my best endeavour, do not doubt it,
To let the people whom we govern hear
  As little as is possible about it."

5.

With terrible look for one so beautiful,
  Stood Piety erect. "Begone!" said she;
"An ugly little wretch, that lies by rule,
  I pity those who link their lots with thee,
And look for happiness in such a school.
  I hate you: let me be!"
Then Science tried to speak, but in his eyes,
  Less used to sunlight than the dark, was shed
A sudden sunbeam from the summer skies —
  A kind of green vertigo fill'd his head —
And when it passed away, to his surprise,
  Miss Piety had fled.

6.

Yet ere her pensive foot had wander'd far,
  She saw, upon the river-bank reclined,
A youth whose eye was fixëd like a star,
  With dews of his deep soul's desire purblind

Heavy his lank hair stream'd across his brows,
To the wind's voice his eager heart kept tune;
He saw the Sun gleam white through the green boughs,
And deemëd that he look'd upon the Moon;
Then sadly for a space
The lady paused, and looked upon his face;
For well, with heart that grieved,
The dreamer METAPHYSICS' face she knew,
Who, wandering from fatherland, perceived
Heaven beyond heaven in her eyes of blue.
But as she look'd on him,
He turn'd and saw her — sprang unto her side —
With eyes by their exceeding lustre dim
Look'd in her face, and cried: —

7.

"*Ach, lieber Gott!* mine love, and art thou there?
Belovëd shape, for ever wandering;
But now, upon the white Moon's threshold fair
I saw thee beckoning.
And — *leider!* — yester-eve thy phantom face
The luminous space of Saturn's rings did gladden —
I faint — within thy nebulous embrace
Gesund mich baden.
O ever-roaming, insubstantial love.
Beautiful roamer thro' eternity!
On earth, on air, in the blue gulfs above,
Thy breath full oft I feel, yet seldom thee.
Over all worlds glimmers thy footstep bright,
Leaving a blinding agony of light.
But would thou wert for ever near, to set
Thy truth on scoffing souls that find thee never.
I am not I, Thou art not Thou, and yet
I love thee, Love, for ever!"

8.

He clasp'd the empty air, crying in pain,
"*Ach lieber Gott* — a dream — and gone again!"
For PIETY had stolen from his side,
Sighing most tearfully, "He loves me true!
And yet I have no heart to be his bride;
How might he aid the work I have to do?
Men deem him wild — they laugh to scorn his powers —
How would they mock a bridal such as ours?"

9.

And as she spake, she heard across the dells
The vesper murmur of the Minster bells,
And saw along the pleasant greenwood way,
A child that led an aged man to pray.
'Tis will'd," she sigh'd, "that all in vain should love, —
That lonely I should labour as before!"
And raised the faithful eyes to Heaven above,
And vowed to live a Maid for evermore.

— *Spectator.* CALIBAN.

From the Fortnightly Review.

MUSIC THE EXPRESSION OF CHARACTER.

THERE are few things that are at once so interesting and so difficult as the analysis of the mental phenomena which exist in connection with musical performances of all kinds. Next to the love of personal adornment, there is no other gratification, in which mind and sense each plays its part, that is so universal as the passion for music. It is found strong and influential in the lowest savage races, in men of the highest culture and the noblest gifts in civilized society, and in connection with every variety of personal character, of individual tastes and pursuits, and of physical temperament. Setting aside the half-legendary accounts of the musical gifts of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in more modern times we have distinguished men, so unlike as Henry the Eighth, Luther, Louis the Fourteenth of France, Frederick the Great of Prussia, and the great Duke of Wellington, all sensitive to the musical influences in a high degree, in contrast with its almost complete absence in a mind in many respects most sensitive and highly organized — that of the first Napoleon; and in the large majority of our greatest modern English statesmen. The contrasts in the case of poets are as striking. The sensibility to musical sounds in Shakespeare and Milton was exquisite; in Goethe it was comparatively feeble, and rather the result of a deliberate exercise of the reflective and self-inspecting faculty, than the true spontaneous action of genuine sensibility. Still more was the perception of musical beauty in Wordsworth and Keble little better than an act of the intellect, allied with a certain fondness for melody when associated with pleasant thoughts and memories. In Cowper, the refined, the sensitive, and the lover of all moral and natural harmony, the musical faculty scarcely existed; while in Rogers, man of the world, banker and minor poet, and the most caustic of talking satirists, it was strong and vivid to extreme old age. The same variety exists in ordinary people, but still with the qualification that very few persons are altogether destitute of all capacity for being pleased or affected by music. The number of the absolutely destitute is, indeed, so small, that, taken in company with our present improved notions on matters of art, scarcely any educated man will avow that he cares nothing whatever for music. It is almost as dangerous to imply this in talking to a

stranger, as it is to suggest that he is incapable of understanding a joke, or to venture on a pun in a mixed company.

The love of music, again, and the capacity for appreciating it, show themselves under very variable conditions. The power of feeling, loving, and criticising the masterpieces of the great writers is frequently associated with an utter incapacity for learning to play or sing with tolerable skill. There are people whose ear for tune, when listening to the performance of others, is in a high degree sensitive, and who are yet not only unable to sing in tune themselves, but are unable to tell whether they really are or are not singing in tune. There are others whose natural musical capacities have never been cultivated either by study or by the hearing of good music, who yet are instinctively attracted only by the compositions of the great writers, and even by those which are as a rule only understood by good musicians after a considerable amount of study. This is notably the case with several of the later writings of Beethoven. It is notorious that a large number of educated musicians never thoroughly enter into and enjoy these extraordinary compositions, while of those who do comprehend them and rank them among his noblest masterpieces, very many only arrived at this conviction after long familiarity, and after training themselves to understand them by renewed critical studies of the development of his genius in his first and second periods. Still we occasionally meet with persons of genuine natural musical sensibility, but of little or no training, and prepared by no large acquaintance with Beethoven's earlier works, who are yet at once taken captive by many portions of these later wonders, and who perceive in them none of that fragmentary, crude, and abrupt character of which they were once almost universally accused. Take, for instance, the principal melody in the last great movement of his Choral Symphony, upon which it is stated that he bestowed extraordinary labour, touching and retouching its brief phrases for several days together, and at length bringing it to the full perfection that he required with enthusiastic delight. Nevertheless, M. Fétis, one of the most accomplished, capable, and unprejudiced of musical critics, can see neither beauty, nor grandeur, nor musical fitness in this now celebrated theme. Yet to myself, and to multitudes more, it is one of the most ravishing of melodies, and combines grandeur, simplicity, and grace with that passionate intensity in which Beethoven is without a rival; and I have known various persons, whose sole power of perception lay in a delicate musical sensibility, scarcely at all cultivated, do homage to its power at the first hearing.

A question then naturally arises as to the source of the gratification thus experienced in listening to or performing musical sounds in their innumerable varieties. Is it simply a matter of study and association and habit that makes one composition appear good to one listener and bad to another? Or is there a certain real and definite difference between good and bad music, which corresponds to the difference between good and bad poetry, and good and bad oratory and prose writing? Is it, again, simply a matter of taste, resulting solely from a peculiarity of physical organisation, that makes one person like Handel better than Haydn, Beethoven better than Mozart, and the Gregorian Tones better than Lord Mornington's popular chant; just as one person likes blue better than green, or scarlet better than yellow or crimson; or — to descend to more absolutely corporeal sensations — as an Englishman likes English cookery and a Frenchman likes French cookery? Or, on the contrary, is music actually what it is often rhetorically called, a language; not only capable of being employed with various degrees of skill and originality, but a distinct reflection of the personal character of a composer, taken as a moral and intellectual whole? I say, "what it is often rhetorically called," because there are few subjects on which it is so easy and so common to talk and write not only rhetorical though somewhat vague sense, but pure rhetorical nonsense, in which the speaker or writer, not having any meaning to express, unfortunately does not adopt Lord Chatham's suggestion to the miserable gentleman in the House of Commons, when he advised him to say nothing whenever he meant nothing.

At first sight there is undoubtedly a good deal to be said in favour of the view which deprives music of all claim to be regarded as a species of articulate language, which has its own peculiar but by no means arbitrarily chosen instrumentality for the expression of ideas. It has no instrument corresponding to the words of written and spoken language. Words, whether in their written or spoken form, represent certain special separate ideas which everybody employs with a more or less correct appreciation of their force. When a man talks of love, nobody supposes that he means anger, though the single word "love" is susceptible of all sorts of various modifications of

meaning. When he speaks of walking, or running, or flying, it is impossible to suppose that he wishes to convey an idea of sitting still. He may speak with rapid utterance, and yet be discoursing about repose or sleep, and be perfectly sure of being understood. Even when he aims at conveying ideas of a more abstract and metaphysical kind, he may speak to listeners who have some sort of clue to the meaning he wishes to convey. If he employs the term "analogy," in a room full of chance acquaintances, probably a good many would think he meant simply "likeness," but no one would think he meant absolute "difference." And all this, because spoken language is nothing more than a vast collection of articulate sounds, which the whole race who speak it have agreed to associate with certain definite ideas. In musical sounds, on the contrary, whether those of melody or harmony, nothing of this kind exists. There are no definitely agreed upon successions or combinations of sounds which necessarily recall certain clearly understood ideas to the mind. We cannot express love by a major third, or anger by a minor third, or describe the skies by arpeggios, or gardens and fields by a diminished seventh. The means by which musical combinations are made to express anything at all are so subtle and difficult to handle, that it is only to the sympathetic understanding that their existence can be made comprehensible. To the ordinary observer their various qualities seem a pure hypothesis, and to have no objective existence whatsoever.

Further, it is not to be denied that vocal music, when stripped of its words, loses that precise definitiveness of meaning which appears to be its great charm when sung by a competent performer. The music itself is said to have no real meaning of its own, because it is incapable of conveying precise intellectual conceptions without the aid of articulate speech. So, again, it is argued that there is no appreciable difference between sacred and secular music, and that it is by mere conventionalism that some compositions are called religious, and others non-religious. What is the difference between sacred and secular music, we are asked, except that one is grave, slow, solemn, and apt to fall into the minor key? Strip it all alike of its words, and nobody can tell which pieces are fit for the church and which for the concert-room. The very phraseology of musical terms, we are reminded, betrays the inherent unmeaningness of all music. Handel's oratorio *Samson* is certainly a sacred composition, but here, in its introductory instrumental portion, is a movement called a minuet. In the lists of popularly accepted sacred music, too, there are not a few pieces which most of the English music-loving public delights in as being truly pure, elevating, and "Scriptural;" and yet it turns out that these are nothing but airs from Handel's operas, adapted to Biblical words, and sung in all simplicity in churches and cathedrals, and in Sabbatarian reading-rooms on Sunday evenings, when nothing but "Sacred Music" is considered lawful. How can music, it is asked, be any thing more than a mere sensuous gratification of the ear, when the same melody which is a charming love-song, as "*Dove sei, amato bene*," on the stage, proves an edifying sacred song in the shape of "Holy, holy, Lord?" and when an air, sung to the words "Lord, remember David," proves quite as delightful in its original shape, as "*Rendi'l sereno*, in the opera of *Sosarmes*? Then, too, there are those curious adaptations of Roman Catholic hymn tunes to Protestant purposes which are so popular in this country. If there is a flagrant contrariety between an operatic love ditty and a verse from the Psalms, what is to be said for the innate truth of expression of hymn tunes that do duty equally to the satisfaction of singers as expressions of the Catholic doctrines of Transubstantiation and the worship of the Virgin Mary, and of the extremest Lutherianism and Calvinism of Dissenting congregations? In Low Church and Nonconformist compilations of hymn tunes, few are greater favourites than the melodies known as "*Tantum Ergo*," "*Alma*," and "The Sicilian Mariner's Hymn." Yet their original words are as utterly Roman in their meaning as any hymns in the Missal or the Breviary. And the latest popular adaptation is the oddest of all. In Dr. Monk's "Hymns, Ancient and Modern" is a tune which, with an amusing appropriateness, is termed "Innocents," which is nothing more or less than a somewhat vulgar "Litany of the Blessed Virgin." very popular, like a great deal of other bad music, among English Catholics. Seeing, then, that one may go any Sunday into a London Anglican Church, and hear a congregation singing with delight a half-dancing sort of a tune to a Calvinistic "Olney hymn," and then cross the street and listen to the same strain sung with equal gusto to the invocation, "*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis*," with what reasonableness can it be contended that music is anything more than a pleasant succession of sounds, destitute of all real expressiveness of their own, and waiting to be galvanized into temporary life by the addition of some sort of words, operatic

or theological, Papistical, High Church, or ultra-Protestant?

In arguing, then, in defence of the inherent and true expressiveness of musical sound, it is, in the first place, necessary to say what is thus meant, and how far it can be adequately described as an actual language, corresponding to, and expressive of, the intelligent and emotional nature of man. That it possesses, apart from some accompanying words, the definiteness which attaches to articulate speech, is not to be maintained. Those who contend for its wonderful and unapproachable powers of expressing and influencing the feelings, are often misled into confounding force and depth with exact distinctness of intellectual conception. Seeing and delighting in its capacity for producing effects unattainable by other means, they claim for it an attribute to which it cannot pretend. It must be fully admitted that the ideas and emotions that are called into vivid action by the music of the greatest masters are less distinct in their outline, so to say, than those which are expressed by spoken words, and in their own peculiar range, by painting and sculpture. If we take the most powerfully expressive pieces of dramatic music, and sever them from the words which they were written to express, it cannot be denied that they would, to a certain extent, suffer as exponents of human feeling, human thought, and human character. Yet, on the other hand, they have a real meaning of their own, which it would be as absurd to deny, as to assert that laughter, as such, is not the expression of enjoyment. Take, for example, the following, which are among the greatest masterpieces of writers of different periods. The "*Che faro,*" from Glück's *Orfeo*, is a song scarcely to be surpassed in the intensity of its tragic pathos, which is felt even by those who scarcely understand a word of Italian. To those who do understand it, the appropriateness of every phrase is manifest, and its effect is proportionately increased. But to adapt any other words which should convey ideas not practically corresponding with the original, and should yet be felt to be a natural vehicle for the music, would be an impossibility. If they did not express emotions substantially the same with which the half-maddened husband is supposed to watch the lifeless body of the striken Eurydice, the musical sounds would strike one as inappropriate and unmeaning. Take next another masterpiece of tragic passion and pathos, Handel's "Deeper and deeper still," with the song "Waft her, angels," to which the recitative leads up; if these wonderful notes were sung to words dissimilar in character, the effect would be simply ludicrous. The emotions expressed must be more or less identical with those attributed to the despairing Jephtha, although, no doubt, the circumstances which are supposed to arouse them may be varied. Or try the experiment of adaptation upon the *Ave verum* of Mozart, or the concluding phrases of the *Recordare* in the same composer's *Requiem*, or on the last song in Beethoven's *Lieder Kreis*, or on his *An dir allein*, that sacred song in which he expresses the emotions of religious penitence and exultation with the same extraordinary intensity with which Mozart expresses those of adoration, love, and hope in the *Ave verum* and the *Recordare*. In all these, any attempt at the adaptation of different words will only serve to show the perfect fitness of their melodious cadences and the progresssive harmonies for embodying the ideas which the composers had actually present in their minds. And it is the same with such almost purely instrumental movements as the "Amen" chorus with which Handel closes his *Messiah*. Here we have a fugue of by no means brief duration, worked up with all the resources of counterpoint, and the only syllables the singers utter through its entire length, are those of the word "Amen," which is repeated again and again with interminable variations of spinning out, as it appears to the non-musical ear, entirely without any sense at all. Yet, in reality, the artistic propriety and the fulness of meaning of this fugue are as perfect as its contrapuntal skill. It is long, and it repeats the one word "Amen" again an again, because it is the concluding movement of a long work, in which each idea in the whole narrative of the life and death of Christ is developed at considerable length. To say "Amen" once, or to prolong its repetition only through a few bars, would be out of proportion to the previous treatment of the detailed portions of the whole work. The "Amen" chorus is thus simply an expression of the gratitude and joy with which the devout mind contemplates the conclusion of the sufferings of Christ and the commencement of his glories in heaven. The word "Amen" is a mere conventional vehicle for expressing the thoughts that absorb the Christian intelligence; and, as the composer exerts his utmost powers in working up his melodious theme till he attains the unrivalled climax (at the sixth bar from the end), it seems as if the mind could bear no more, and exhausted with exultation, subsides at once into repose and silent thought. Here and there, indeed, it must be confessed that even the greatest writers may set

music to words for which it is so ill-adapted that it gains considerably by the substitution of others quite different in character; a fact which, however, confirms my argument, though at the expense of the composer himself. For example, there is a song of Handel's in his opera *Ætius*, which in the Italian original is simply narrative, and of a pastoral and trivial kind. When Dr. Arnold hashed up a species of oratorio out of the great master's operatic works in general, he took this same "*Nasce al bosco*" and set it to the noble words of the Psalmist, "He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters," &c., and the result is a splendid song, in which the music is perfectly expressive of ideas which none but a very great writer could worthily embody. The recitative usually sung with the adapted song is said to be Arnold's own, and is so excellent, that for its sake, and in acknowledgment of his skill in the conversion of the air from a pastoral ditty to a magnificent religious hymn, some portion of his barbarous proceedings may be, perhaps, condoned.

Those critics who insist that the meaning of music entirely depends upon the words which it accompanies, should be further referred to one or two examples of purely instrumental works, in which a distinct intelligent sentiment is so irresistibly felt that there can be no two opinions as to what the music means. And I will take first the two men who both stand in the highest rank as composers, but whose modes, as artists, of expressing themselves were singularly unlike. It would be difficult to name two masters of the art in whom the systems upon which musical sounds are employed as a vehicle for thought and feeling were more dissimilar than Mozart and Beethoven. Mozart was one of the greatest contrapuntists that have ever lived; while in Beethoven the contrapuntal faculty was but feebly developed, though as an original and imaginative harmonist it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that he is without a rival.* Listen, then, to the finale in Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, in which an orchestral movement of the utmost brilliancy is planned in the form of a fugue, and carried out on a scale and with a success simply marvellous; and then compare it with the final movement in Beethoven's last-written pianoforte sonata, the wonderful Op. CXI. The feeling of intensity, exultation, power, and almost rapturous enjoyment is as striking in both of them, as is the difference between their modes of treatment and the instrumentality by which the same result is attained. It is impossible to hear and understand either of them, and yet uphold the theory that all the meaning of music lies in the words. In their very identity of expression, too, the personal characters of the two men are revealed in the clearest light. In the utmost height of the excitement of his climax, Mozart's tendency to serenity, sweetness, and enjoyment is vividly felt; while from the simple announcement of his slowly moving theme, up to the agitated trills in which Beethoven's excitement culminates, we are ever conscious that with him repose was the result of the forcible control of passionate emotion.

As for the popular notion that there exists an essential difference between secular and sacred music as such, it is as superficial as it is untenable. It is as unreal as the corresponding theory that religious emotions and ideas are the product of one set of faculties, and secular feelings and knowledge the product of another set. Love is love, and joy is joy, and hope is hope, whether the objects which arouse them are Divine or human; and they therefore express themselves in similar language, whether spoken or sung. The idea that religious music is in its nature unlike all other music, is of a piece with the preposterous but equally prevalent belief, that when we speak on religious subjects, especially when men are preaching from a pulpit, it is proper to adopt a conventionally solemn tone of voice, and to use a conventional cast of phraseology. Of course, as there are certain ideas and emotions which never enter into acts of religious worship or meditation, so there are certain varieties of musical expression which would be out of all character in sacred composition. Everything of the nature of frivolity, for example, is utterly out of character and senseless in religious music. But after excluding all such ridiculous incongruities, the fact remains that there is absolutely no difference in style between the sacred and the secular works of the great masters. The madrigals of Palestrina are like his masses and motets; Bach's fugues for the clavecin are just like many of the choruses in his "Passion Musik" and his masses; were it not for the words, nobody could say whether any one of Handel's songs belongs to an oratorio or an opera;

* For the sake of the general reader it may be as well to add, that by counterpoint is meant the development of a melody by the (apparently) independent movement of the various voices or instruments, each repeating and modifying the melody in its own way, all in combination producing a harmonious whole; while by harmony, as such, is meant simply the progression of combinations of sounds in agreeable and expressive sequences. A fugue exhibits the most elaborately planned form of contrapuntal treatment; an ordinary psalm or hymn tune is a specimen of mere harmony.

the *Agnus Dei* in Mozart's First Mass is to a great extent like the *Dove sono* in his *Figaro;* and so with all the rest of his works, and those of still later writers. And for the reason just stated, that human emotions are identical in their nature, though of course varying in their intensity and combinations, whether the outward objects which excite them are Divine or human.

It should not be forgotten, too, that the various stages by which the present condition of the musical art has been developed, practically correspond to the varieties of articulate languge, whether past or present. All languages are not equally perfect as instruments for the embodiment of idea and feeling. Greek and Latin, English and French, Italian and German, all have their characteristics, their merits and their defects. So it is with the forms which have prevailed in the musical art during the last three centuries. The musical forms of to-day, as wrought out by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, are as unlike those of Palestrina and Di Lasso, as Greek is unlike Latin, or German unlike French. The intervening forms, again, which may be taken as attaining their highest perfection in Handel, have a character solely their own; and, like the several varieties of articulate languages, each stage in musical development is especially adapted for the perfect expression of some one class of thoughts or emotions. The English tongue has a wonderful power for poetic and oratorical expression, but who would think of ranking it with Greek or with French as a vehicle of scientific expression, or with German as a language of sentiment? And thus in music. It was not alone the genius of Palestrina, but the musical forms of the time, which make his works and those of the other great masters of the sixteenth century the most purely spiritual music in existence. At the same time, not only those forms, but the forms of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were inadequate to the production of the gorgeous splendour of the orchestra as developed in the nineteenth century. The highly cultivated and sympathetic musical intelligence enjoys every school, and finds in its works a true and natural expression of its thoughts and sensibilities; just as Homer, and Sophocles, and Horace, and Dante, and Goethe, and Molière, are the cherished companions of the highly cultivated Englishman.

In every musical school, too, there is that other capacity to be recognised which is to be noted in every spoken language. The personal character of the writer displays itself in the works of a great composer as distinctly as those of a writer in ordinary prose language. The peculiarities of the man Mozart are as clearly revealed in his music as in his letters and in the records of his life. It is the same with Beethoven; the same with Mendelssohn; the same with Handel and Haydn. In Handel's writings there is to be found the expression of every human passion; but it would be ridiculous to pretend that the tenderness, the sweetness, the mingled joyousness and sadness, which are almost always present in combination in Mozart, are to be found prominent in the universally gifted Handel, who even in his lightest moods impresses us with a sense of force and power. It may seem, perhaps, a whimsical notion; but yet it is hardly extravagant to add that in Handel, as in Shakspeare, we seem to be in company with a prosperous man. That the two men were prosperous in the trade of money-getting, and, wonderful to add, as theatrical managers, is a fact which everybody knows, and which ought ever to be enforced on the attention of those prosaic people who imagine that there is a sort of incompatibility between the gifts of genius and a capacity for business. However, this much, I think, cannot be denied, that as nobody would ever imagine, from their works, that either Shakspeare or Handel were unfortunate, melancholy men, so nobody would ever imagine that Beethoven was the reverse; or, again, that Weber was a thriving, jovial man of the world, or that Rossini waged a fruitless struggle for bread and for health. In the great Sebastian Bach's writings, too, I see the revelation of the peculiarities of his history, as distinguished from that of his great contemporary. Fiery passions, with their conflicts, find no expression in any of the works of the quiet, contented, domestic musical director of Leipsic. Even in the most jubilant and triumphant bursts and climaxes in his Mass in B minor, — the noblest mass ever written, and by a Protestant, too, — the clear, bright, genial, and self-possessed nature of the man is still manifest; and he goes on pouring forth his streams of brilliant, interlacing harmonies with a fertility and a sense of enjoyment that bespeaks at once a mind at ease and an imagination as exuberant as it was powerful and well-instructed. Altogether it seems to me as impossible to deny that musical sound is a voice speaking from the mind, as that the written styles of Addison and Macaulay, and the spoken style of Johnson, were the natural products of the peculiarities of their several characters.

J. M. Capes.

From Good Words.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF FIRE-DAMP.

SOME years since I paid a visit in Staffordshire, and one of the entertainments by which my host sought to make my time pass pleasantly was a descent into a coal mine. I rather liked the idea, as I had never been down one, and at once agreed to go. The mine that was to be honoured with our inspection was that of West B——. It was an old mine, of considerable size and depth — the depth of the shaft being, if I recollect rightly, about 960 feet. There were some six or eight in our company, among whom were two young men, the sons of the owner, and a superior workman — I do not know his proper technical designation — perhaps underground bailiff; at any rate, something equivalent to what we above ground should call the foreman.

I expected that we would go down in a bucket, or box, but there was nothing of that sort; we stood upon something like a small platform and clung to the chain by which we were lowered. I rather repented of my readiness to join the party when I saw the means by which we were to descend, but I had not courage or time to dissent from what seemed the recognised mode of procedure. No one else seemed to mind it, and two or three of those who were familiar with the ways of the place stuck out one of their legs at right angles to stave us off from the sides of the shaft as we descended. "All right," said some one, and away we went. My first sensation was that sort of deliquium or swimming in the head that the reader may have experienced when he dreams that he is falling down a precipice. Fortunately it did not relax the muscles, for as it passed away I found myself clinging to the chain like grim death; probably it was only momentary, as I had time to observe the rapidity with which we passed into total darkness. The story about seeing stars at noonday from the bottom of a coal pit cannot be true, at any rate if the pit is what is called an up-cast shaft. We went down the up-cast shaft — that is, the shaft by which the air which has entered the pit by the down-cast shaft returns to the upper regions, after having circulated through the mine; and looking upwards through this air, we could see nothing of the opening of the pit almost immediately after beginning to descend. I suppose the air was so loaded with impurities, coal dust, vitiated vapours, &c., that, seen in quantity, it was as muddy and impenetrable to light as the river Thames at London Bridge, although on the small scale both appear transparent. Down, down, we went, and presently we became aware of a little drizzling rain. It was the water, which, pouring or trickling from the sides of the shaft, sparked off from every projection. As we went deeper this got worse, and by the time we reached the bottom we were in a heavy shower.

Suddenly we stopped; we had reached the foot of the shaft. We found ourselves in the midst of a group of horses, one of which, a blind old beast, I remember, came knocking up against me and nearly upset me.

Some of us were then furnished with lights. I was one of those that were not. When I say that the lights were all naked and without protection, the reader will see that my visit must have been made a good many years ago. Under the guidance of the foreman we then set off on our tour. The main passage, along which we went at first, was what I imagine would be considered a lofty and spacious gallery, laid with rails. It was comparatively broad, and seemed to my eye about nine or ten feet high. We proceeded along this for, I daresay, a quarter of a mile. By-and-by our leaders turned into an apparently unused side gallery, narrower than the main passage, in which the foreman had something about the ventilation to point out to the owners. Hitherto we had seen no men mining; we had met men with horses drawing trucks, and others going about their occupations, but no men working. We proceeded along this smaller gallery for about 150 yards or so. The place was dirty, sloppy, and wet, and, of course, dark; and feeling no particular interest in what the foreman was desirous of pointing out to the owners, I lagged behind a little. I might have been twenty paces behind the rest of the party, when a sudden light started up among them — I can compare it to nothing but the flash with which lightning is imitated in the theatre. The reader knows (or if he does not know, I shall tell him) that this is done by placing a lighted taper-end between the middle and ring finger of the hand, held out with the palm upwards. Into the palm a quantity of powdered resin is poured, not spread out but piled up around the taper. The resin is then chucked into the air, and is ignited in passing through the flame, which then spreads out like a large mushroom. The whole is over almost instantaneously, and the resemblance to sheet lightning, to those who

do not see the operator or the mushroom, but merely the flash of light, is very perfect. Well, this was exactly what I saw — with a difference. The difference was, that when the light flashed up to the roof and assumed the mushroom shape, it did not disappear like the other. Instead of being extinguished as instantaneously as it arose, it continued extending and spreading out along the roof on every side. My first idea when I saw the light was, that this was some civility on the part of the owners to show off the mysteries of the place to their visitors, as I had seen the Blue-John Mine in Derbyshire, and other stalactitic caves, illuminated by Roman candles and other lights. That idea only lasted for a second. As the light extended, every one rushed panic-stricken from it as fast as they could run. I guessed the truth in a moment, and turned to fly. There was no difficulty in finding my way, the whole place being illuminated. After flying along for some time I looked back; the whole of the gallery where we had been was one body of fire — not a bright lambent blaze, but lurid, reddish volumes of flame rolling on like billows of fiery mist. Their form was liker that of the volumes of black smoke which we may see at times issuing out of large factory chimneys, than anything else I can compare it to. My notions of explosions of fire-damp were, that they took place with the rapidity of an explosion of gunpowder. But it was not so in this case, at any rate. I do not mean that it was slow, but that its speed was no greater than that of a man. All those who were at the end of the gallery where it took place did, in point of fact, outrun it. Neither was there any noise or sound of explosion; at least, I noticed none, and if there had been I think I must have observed it, for, all things considered, I was tolerably collected. The report must have taken place at the pit-mouth, as from the mouth of a gun. The fire rolled silently along in great billows of reddish flame, one wave tumbling over another, in quick succession. And a curious and a very beautiful thing was the edges of these billows; they were fringed with sparks of blue flame, dashed off like sparks from a grindstone. Even at that dreadful moment I could not avoid being struck by their beauty.

All this I must have gathered at a glance — in an instant of time. In front of the billowy mass of fire rolling on towards me I saw the dark figures of my companions tearing along at headlong speed. Then turning, I again dashed on. When I came to the loftier main passage I heard a voice behind me cry out, "Down on your face!" and by-and-by one figure after another sprang past me and dashed themselves headlong on the ground. I can liken the reckless, frantic way in which it was done, to nothing but boys, when bathing, taking "headers" into a stream. Without reasoning about it I followed suit, and flung myself into a puddle, and then peering backwards under my arm, waited the approach of the sea of flame, the wall of fire, which was approaching. It had not yet come out of the side gallery, but the glare of its light preceded it. Presently it rolled into sight, filling the whole mouth of the side gallery, from top to bottom. Had it overtaken us in it, not a soul would have escaped alive; but when it entered the larger gallery it lifted, just as one sees a mist lifting on the mountains, and then rolled along the roof, passing over our heads. How much space there was between us and it, I cannot say; I imagine it filled the upper two-thirds, leaving a space of perhaps two or three feet free from flame. Nor can I well say how long we lay below this fiery furnace; it might have been five minutes or a quarter of an hour. Judging from our sensations it must have been hours, but we did not experience so great heat as I should have expected. We felt it more afterwards; probably the anxiety of the moment made us insensible to its intensity.

After the lapse of some time the volume of fire above began to diminish, the stratum got thinner and thinner; it eddied, and curled, and streamed about, leaving the more prominent parts of the roof exposed like islands; then it wandered about like fiery serpents and tongues of flame, licking a corner here, or flickering about a stone there, but ever moving towards the shaft. As it thus abated, presently one head was raised from the ground, then another, until we all began to get up. We then gathered together, but there were no mutual congratulations, nor external acknowledgment of thanks to God, however much some may have felt. But I doubt if there was much feeling of that kind, the sense of peril was yet too strong; we had escaped one great danger, but we knew that we were still exposed to the risk of many others which often followed such explosions. The first danger was want of air; the fire had used what was in the mine almost wholly up, and we might perish from want of it. "Follow me," said the foreman, and he started off, not for the mouth of the mine, but for some part of it which, from its connections or position, he knew to be better, or more likely to be sup-

plied with air than any other part. The miners knew this too, doubtless, for on our arrival at the place in question, we found them trooping in from different quarters, until there might be above a hundred present; and I was much struck by one thing in them which was not according to my anticipations. I thought that men who were habitually exposed to any danger became callous to it, and faced it with indifference. It was not so with these miners; we, who scarcely understood the magnitude of the danger through which we had passed, were far cooler and more collected than they. Almost every one of them was thoroughly unmanned, and shook in every fibre. I know the ague well (*experientia docet*), and the uncontrollable shaking which bids defiance to the strongest exercise of the will, but I never saw a worse tremor in ague than in these men. While gathered together in this part of the mine a loud crack ran through the roof above our heads, which so alarmed the already nerveless miners that some of them actually sunk upon the ground. The explanation of this anomaly in men's courage is, I think, that where they see their danger, and can exert themselves to ward it off or escape it, familiarity with it will produce contempt for it; but where they are utterly helpless, and know that they are so, familiarity with it only adds to its terrors. This is the case with earthquakes. No familiarity with them enables a man to meet them with composure; the more he has felt, the more frightened he becomes. I remember seeing another instance of the same kind on board the *Tyne*, when she was wrecked on the rocks at St. Alban's Head. The sailors on deck were as cool as cucumbers, but the stokers and firemen below were unmanned exactly in the same way as the miners at West B——. They could not see their death, and they could do nothing to save themselves if the ship had foundered.

After waiting a considerable time in this part of the mine — perhaps an hour — we again started, and made for the mouth of the pit. As we approached it we heard shouts, and presently came upon a body of men, who, having heard the explosion, had been sent down to see what mischief had been done. Although the explosion had travelled so deliberately when it passed over us, it had had sufficient violence when it reached the shaft to blow the roof of the building adjoining the pit-mouth clean off. Fortunately, it had not destroyed the gear there, and we were able to ascend without delay. Right glad was I to find myself once more in the open air. The explosion had drawn a crowd of agitated men and women to the mouth of the mine. Alas! the meaning of the dull report, and the cloud of smoke, and the fragments of the building at the pit-mouth flying in the air, were too well known in the neighbourhood, and many an anxious heart found relief in a burst of tears when we were able to announce, on our appearance at the surface, that no lives had been lost. We escaped with almost miraculously slight injury for men who had gone through an explosion of fire-damp. I saw one man, who had got a lick from the flame, having his shoulder treated with oil, or some such application, but that was the only casualty that came under my notice.

I have never been down a coal-pit since.

ANDREW MURRAY.

From the Examiner, 18th May.

RUSSIA.

THE Luxemburg hitch has been got over, but it unfortunately has displayed to the world how much of jealousy and mistrust is between France and Prussia. Before the Luxemburg quarrel it might all be denied, and was denied. The Prussian monarch or Government has never hitherto been in a position to defy or provoke France. The attitude is new, therefore; and the feeling which it excites is felt not only in the breast of the Emperor, but in that of every Frenchman.

Bismarck and Napoleon the Third are, however, wary politicians. Each is a man to consider and prepare before he strikes. Besides, Bismarck's hand is held back by that of his sovereign, who is far more timid, more doubtful of the future, and unwilling to risk his crown in another venture. It does not, indeed, require any great degree of prudence to be unwilling to enter upon such a contest single-handed. Prussia would not do so last year, and has reason to congratulate herself on the alliance she formed. But where is the ally now? Bismark is said to have made a pressing overture to Austria. "Fight in your alliance!" answered von Beust. "We did so in Slesvig, and what was our reward? You turned upon us the moment after."

We believe that there is but one ally possible for either party, and that is Russia. The Czar has thus the fortunes of Europe, and the fate of future wars in his hands.

He is coming through Berlin to Paris, and no doubt will receive the offers and explications of both sides.

For the next year, then, much, in all probability, depends upon the conduct and desires of the Russian Cabinet. Alexander's own character is soft and vacillating, and would, no doubt, incline him to remain friends with both parties. But this is an impossible policy. Russia would gain nothing by it, and would risk the loss of much. For an alliance she can command almost her own terms from either party. And these terms may be little less than the empire of the Levant.

It would be idle to enter into particulars, or attempt to foreshadow what Prussia or what France might give to Russia as the price of her alliance and co-operation. Equally idle would it be to pretend to decide into which balance Russia would definitively throw her sword. All this is for the future. But certain it seems, that the peace of Europe for the next few years depends in no slight degree upon the Czar. The prudent French Emperor is not a prince to precipitate war without a powerful alliance. The King of of Prussia, though not so prudent or so completely master of his actions, still holds by the same principle. He never gave in fully to Bismarck until the latter brought him the Italian alliance.

In the situation of rivalry into which France and Prussia have been brought, it is not alone to foreign alliances that they must look. Were the war between them to be immediate, these foreign alliances would be everything. But towards a more remote war, each Government has to seek strength at home. Strength of what sort? Napoleon the Third certainly sits heavy on the liberal aspirations of Frenchmen, and though the discontent will probably never break out against him personally, yet he is not immortal; still less so is his system.

Whilst the Prussians rejoice at this crevice in French armour, the French regard with no less hope the wide splits in the German panoply. From north to south the land is full of disaffection towards Prussia; and if southern States and populations have abetted in the quarrel just ended, it was more with the hope of recovering their own power and independence in the struggle than from the patriotic desire to make Germany triumph over France. Peasants and gentry, from the Rhine to the Vistula, abhor the Prussian government. Taxes are doubled, military service and oppression ditto. The Customs union, for the present in pieces, will not be put together again without being made fiscally profitable to the ruling country. Prussia, in fact, has, by distrust of a liberal domestic policy, made as many foes and grievances as friends or causes of attachment; and it is still a problem how far united Germany would support Berlin in a lengthened war against France. The French, therefore, gather hope from time, as the Prussians do.

From the Saturday Review.

MADAME RECAMIER.*

In France, where the influence of women has always been exceptionally great, whether as regards the manners, the literature or the politics of any epoch, the *salon* has at all times had a place approaching that of a national institution. Be it by dint of intellect, wit, skill and vivacity in intrigue, or even sheer beauty of person, it is hard to name a period on which some female leader of society or other has failed to set her mark. With all its changes, the Revolution could only so far modify this traditional feature of French life as to open the doors of the *salon* to queens of another order. Nor did the women of the new era fall short of the occasion. In the freer play of intellect and action that followed upon the relaxation of etiquette, there was even much to make up for any loss in the more stilted or aristocratic graces of the *vieille cour*. The brief but bright caıeer of Madame Roland was followed by the still more transient yet brilliant sway of Madame Tallien. The interval between the setting of the star of Notre Dame de Thermidor and the glittering dawn of the Empire was lit by the genius of Madame de Staël, whose enforced eclipse left in turn the firmament of Parisian Society open to the ascendency of her friend and pupil, Madame Récamier. If there was any degeneracy to be detected in the long line of female sovereignty it was in superficial splendour only that the falling off was to be seen. The courtly but prudish graces of the Hotel de Rambouillet, the select gatherings of the little court at Sceaux, and the lively coteries of the Marchioness du Deffand were not unworthily represented in the quiet and unadorned parlour of the Abbaye aux Bois.

With nothing like the talents which im-

* *Memoirs of Madame Récamier.* Translated from the French and Edited by Isaphine M. Layster. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

mortalized the author of *Corinne*, Madame Récamier won herself a place of not less social influence among the men and women of her day. It is to no special gift of intellect or talent for intrigue that we are able to trace this ascendancy. The most direct and common test of intellectual power is indeed, in her case, wholly lacking. No pressure of her friends and admirers could ever prevail upon her to publish a line. Whatever impulse she might be capable of giving to the thoughts of others, a kind of constitutional reluctance restrained her from making public her own. Her friends speak in raptures of her letters, but she herself, it appears, was at pains to get them back towards the end of her life, and left orders to burn, after her death, the packet which contained them together with certain fragmentary memoirs which she had begun to put together in her half blind state. Of all her correspondence, which was known to be voluminous, no more than a bare half-dozen scraps find a place in the biography which we owe to her niece, Madame Lenormant. Ballanche, who addressed her as the muse who inspired his utterances, so far worked upon her at one time as to engage her upon a translation of Petrarch, but we do not find that she ever made any great way with it. It is surprising, indeed, how little echo has come down to us of the wit and wisdom that held her contemporaries entranced. Not an epigram of hers, scarcely a *mot* or a sally of humour or imagination from her lips, has been preserved to us. Men of the highest mark for energy and discrimination of mind held converse with her as with an oracle, yet they have put nothing on record beyond a vague and general acknowledgment of her intellect. It was not her beauty either, by itself, that lent this singular power of fascination to all that she said, for that power remained unimpaired long after she became conscious, as she used to say, that the little Savoyards no longer turned back in the streets to look at her. Nor would such elements of attraction have gone for much with her own sex; yet we know how women — clever women too — bowed to her autocracy without betraying a suspicion that anything illusory lay at the bottom of what passed for a quality of the mind. If wealth and social position, again, went any way toward establishing her early prestige, we cannot forget that her weight in society was to the full as great long after riches had made themselves wings and flown away. We must clearly look elsewhere than either to intellect, wealth, beauty, or all three combined, for the secret of that witchery which was so distinctive of Madame Récamier. From all that we learn of her, it is plain that the flame of her genius was calm and steady rather than intense. It drew its heat and light far more from the heart than from the head. And her warmth of heart was of a nature to kindle rather than to consume. There was something, we are led to infer, in her constitutional temperament which, even beyond her delicate and indefinable tact, may afford the real clue to much of her mysterious ascendancy. Love seems to have existed in her as a yearning of the soul almost entirely free from those elements of passion which are grounded in the difference of the sexes. There was in it not so much of the desire which centres in a single object, as of the emotion which seeks to diffuse itself over the very widest sphere of objects. It could thus be warm and deep, while pure and inaccessible to evil. Sainte-Beuve's remark, that she had carried the art of friendship to perfection, helps us here to give the true key to her character. A warm and constant friend, she never admitted, never showed herself, a lover. Satisfied with the arrangement which gave her from an early age nothing more than the name and status of a wife, she could let her natural affection range with freedom and security wherever it met with a response that left intact her dignity and self-respect. Such coquetry as she showed rose rather from an instinctive desire to please and attract than from anything approaching to a vicious instinct, or a silly desire to swell the list of her conquests. What seemed to begin in flirtation never went to the point of danger, and men who at first sight loved her passionately usually ended by becoming her true friends. The nearest approach ever made by her towards a love affair was the short and romantic passage in her life when the ardent admiration of Prince Augustus of Prussia seemed to have aroused a responsive flame. But even this faint passion died away before the pathetic appeal of her husband. The child-wife could not find it in her to break off, when age and adversity had settled upon him, the platonic ties of an earlier and more prosperous day. She at once withdrew the application for a divorce. Madame Lenormant's statement of this delicate matter is such as decisively to set aside the singular supposition entertained by some that Juliette Bernard was the daughter of M. Récamier. The relation between the pair was, however, in other respects, parental and filial rather than conjugal. The banker was forty-two, and his beautiful bride but fifteen, when their marriage took place in 1793. It was not

till the break-up of the Reign of Terror that society awoke to the recognition of its new queen and goddess. At eighteen she emerged from childhood into all the splendour of youth. Her beauty became the talk of Paris. Her saloons, the abode of wealth and taste, and lit with her charms and wit, were the centre of the fashionable world. A graphic account of the splendours and the personages assembled there is given by Miss Berry. The Duke de Guignes, Adrien and Matthieu De Montmorency, M. de Narbonne, Madame de Staël, Camille Jordan, and others who had returned from exile, met with Barrière, Eugène Beuharnais, Fouché, Bernadotte, Masséna, Moreau, M. de la Harpe, and all rising actors of the new *régime*. Lucien Buonaparte — first as Romeo, then openly under his own name — made fierce love to the beautiful but unimpressionable Juliette. The First Consul she met but twice, and whatever admiration her beauty may have inspired in him seems to have been lost in jealousy of her influence. Napoleon was weak enough to give out publicly, in the *salon* of Josephine, that he should regard as his personal enemy any foreigner who frequented the house of Madame Récamier. She was, however, successful in obtaining from him, partly through Bernadotte, her father's release, when M. Bernard was compromised in the Vendéan conspiracy. One of the fragments we have from Madame Récamier's own pen gives touching instances of her sympathy and active share in the trial of Moreau, Polignac, and George Cadoudal. In spite, however, of Napoleon's anger at her opposition, he certainly made overtures through Fouché, in the year 1805, with the view of attaching Madame Récamier to the Imperial household. Her refusal was never forgiven by him, and no doubt added weight to the motives which led, in 1811, to the decree for her exile beyond forty leagues from Paris. With the other members of the Buonaparte family she contracted a close and romantic friendship. Hortense, in every trouble and perplexity, found refuge in her sympathy and her counsels. Caroline, Madame Murat, gave her, when in exile, the warmest welcome at Naples, and a letter of the widowed queen which forms part of the present memoir speaks of the tender affection which subsisted between these two women. When in England, the beautiful Frenchwoman received the most flattering attentions from the Prince of Wales and the highest English aristocracy, as well as from the exiled Duke of Orleans and his brothers the Princes of Beaujolais and Montpensier. By the populace she was actually mobbed, like the beautiful Gunnings in Kensington gardens. The enthusiasm of Madame de Staël for the Duke of Wellington was far from being shared by Madame Récamier. If we can believe that the Duke said to her, on calling at her house the day after Waterloo, "I have given him a good beating," we may understand that dislike of Napoleon failed to qualify the disgust of a loyal Frenchwoman. Her door was thenceforth closed against the Duke's awkward overtures. A couple of notes from the hero speak more of his appreciation of female charms than of his mastery either of the language of France or of that of ordinary gallantry.

It was at the bedside of Madame de Staël that Madame Récamier made the acquaintance of Chateaubriand, and between this variously gifted pair grew up that romantic friendship which gave its chief tone to the subsequent life of each. Her friends at first trembled for her peace of mind from the contact with so tumultuous a nature. But the serene integrity and self-control of Madame Récamier became, on the contrary, the means of purifying and chastening the passionate and disordered soul of the poet. Idolized by his contemporaries, and spoiled especially by enthusiastic women, Chateaubriand had become enamoured of himself. He had sunk, like Byron, into a morbid melancholy. To dispel the clouds that obscured his genius became the mission of Madame Récamier. And the change in his temper is soon made apparent, even from the tone of his correspondence. His self-absorption is less conspicuous. His irritability is soothed. He is telling the simple truth when he writes to his devoted friend, "You have transformed my nature." From that crisis in his life the memoirs of Madame Récamier do little more than follow the vicissitudes and struggles of Chateaubriand's career. In her retreat at the Abbaye aux Bois it was for him that she toiled to keep up her hold upon society, bringing together every lion of the literary or political world, at once to do him homage and to dispel his *ennui*. Thither came all the young intellects of the Restoration and the monarchy of July — Benjamin Constant, Thierry, David d'Angers, Delacroix, the Ampères father and son, Pasquier, Cousin, Villemain, Montalembert. Lamartine read there his *Méditations*, and Delphine Gay recited her first verses. Sir Humphrey Davy and his wife, Maria Edgeworth, Mary Berry, and Alexander Humboldt are among those who have left memorials of their visits. It was there that, in the summer of 1829, a brilliant assemblage heard the presiding genius read

his tragedy of *Moses*. In her journeys in search of health, the first thought of Madame Récamier was how to take him with her. When that was impossible she pined with solitude on his behalf, while her shortest absence filled him with despair. Even his wife's first eager question was, "What will be done then? What is to become of M. de Chateaubriand?" As years run on, there begins to be even something of the ludicrous in this couple of old folks alternately cosseting and complimenting each other. We almost forget the minor satellites who circled round the central glow of Madame Récamier's friendship. Poor Ballanche himself — her faithful shadow, the "hierophant," as Chateaubriand patronizingly called him, of the little sect that gathered round her altar — seems to shrink into nothingness; while we have so long lost sight of M. Récamier that we scarcely become sensible of the fact of his death till the decease of Madame de Chateaubriand leaves the poet free to offer his hand to the idol of his heart. "But why should we marry?" was the sensible reply of Madame Récamier, who probably felt the ridicule that might attach to such an union. There was no impropriety in her taking care of him. Years, and the blindness that had of late been stealing over her, seemed to confer that right. For his sake indeed she twice submitted, though uselessly, to an operation for the recovery of her sight. At his bedside, on the 4th of July, 1848, her anguish was intensified by the thought that she could not see his dying looks. In losing him the mainspring of her life was gone. She could still speak of him as but momentarily absent, and at the daily hour of his visits, her niece tells us, she would still tremble with the sense of his presence. The friends were but a few months divided. The cholera, of which she had a perpetual dread, carried her off, after a short but severe struggle, on the 11th of May, 1849. All Madame Récamier's beauty, strange to say, returned after death. There were no traces of suffering — no wrinkles, or signs of age, to mar her features. Her expression was grave and angelic. She looked like a beautiful statue. The grace and sweetness of her last sleep seemed to be the ineffaceable impress of that spirit of tenderness and love which during life had acted like a talisman upon every heart.

There is not much in the scanty and fragmentary memoirs compiled by her niece, to let us into the secret workings of Madame Récamier's mind and character. In that respect we owe perhaps more to the recollections afforded us by an intimate friend — an Englishwoman, Madame Möhl; beside the copious notices in the *Mémoires d'outre-tombe*, and the suggestive and touching sketch which forms one of the series of *Causeries de Lundi* by her friend M. Sainte-Beuve. Guizot, Lemoine, Madame d'Hautefeuille, and others who knew her well have contributed many traits of character. But the work of Madame Lenormant is fuller of details, and gives the most complete narrative of Madame Récamier's career. The original work itself was indeed faulty in execution, the arrangement of materials confused, and the style in places rambling and obscure. In presenting it in an English dress, primarily for the sake of the American public, Mrs. Luyster has done well in rendering it more methodical and compact, without interfering with its integrity or with the individuality of its authorship.

BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

I. — SHADE IN LIGHT.

LIGHT! emblem of all good and joy!
 Shade! emblem of all ill!
And yet in this strange mingled life
 We need the shadow still.
A lamp with softly shaded light,
To soothe and spare the tender sight,
  Will only throw
  A brighter glow
Upon our books and work below.

We could not bear unchanging day,
 However fair its light.
Ere long the wearied eye would hail,
As boon untold, the evening pale,
 The solace of the night.
And who would prize our summer glow,
If winter gloom they did not know?
  Or rightly praise
  The glad spring rays,
Who never saw our rainy days?

How grateful in Arabian plain
 Of white and sparkling sand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
 Across the weary land.
And where the tropic glories rise,
Responsive to the fiery skies,
  We could not dare
  To meet the glare,
Or blindness were our bitter share.

Where is the soul, so meek and pure,
 Who through his earthly days
Life's fullest sunshine could endure,
 In clear and cloudless blaze?

The sympathetic eye would dim,
And others pine unmarked by him,
Were no chill shade
Around him laid,
And light of joy could never fade.

He, who the light-commanding word
First spake and formed the eye,
Knows what that wondrous eye can bear,
And tempers with providing care,
By cloud and night, all hurtful glare,
By shadows ever nigh.
So, in all wise and loving ways,
He blends the darkenings of our days,
To win our sight
From scenes of night,
To seek the True and Only Light.

We need some shadow o'er our bliss,
Lest we forget the Giver:
So, often in our deepest joy,
There comes a solemn quiver;
We could not tell from whence it came,
The subtle cause we cannot name;
Its twilight fall
May well recall
Calm thought of Him who gave us all.

There are, who all undazzled tread
Awhile the sunniest plain;
But they have sought the blessèd shade,
By One great Rock of Ages made,
A sure, safe rest to gain.
Unshaded light of earth soon blinds
To light of heaven sincerest minds:
Oh, envy not
A cloudless lot!
We ask, indeed, we know not what.

So is it here, so is it now!
Not always will it be!
There is a land that needs no shade,
A morn will rise which cannot fade,
And we, like flame-robed angels made,
That glory soon may see.
No cloud upon its radiant joy,
No shadow o'er its bright employ,
No sleep, no night,
But perfect sight,
The Lord our Everlasting Light.

II. — LIGHT IN SHADE.

"There is no rose without a thorn!"
Who has not found it true,
And known that griefs of gladness born
Our footsteps still pursue;

That in the grandest harmony
The strangest discords rise;
The brightest bow we only see
Upon the darkest skies?

No thornless rose! So, more and more,
Our pleasant hopes are laid,
Where waves this sable legend o'er
A still sepulchral shade.

But Faith and Love, with angel-might,
Break up Life's dismal tomb,
Transmuting into golden light
The words of leaden gloom.

Reversing all this funeral pall,
White raiment they disclose,
Their happy song floats full and long:
"No thorn without a rose!"

"No shadow, but its sister light
Not far away must burn;
No weary night, but morning bright
Shall follow in its turn.

"No chilly snow, but safe below
A million buds are sleeping;
No wintry days, but fair spring rays
Are swiftly onward sweeping.

"No burning glare of summer air,
But fullest is the shade;
And ruddy fruit bends every shoot,
Because the blossoms fade.

"No note of sorrow, but shall melt
In sweetest chord unguessed;
No labour, all too pressing felt,
But ends in quiet rest.

"No sigh, but from the harps above
Soft echoing tones shall win;
No heart-wound, but the Lord of Love
Shall pour His comfort in.

"No withering hopes, while loving best
Thy Father's chosen way;
No anxious care, for He will bear
Thy burdens every day.

"Thy claim to rest on Jesu's breast
All weariness shall be;
And pain thy portal to his heart
Of wondrous sympathy.

"No conflict, but the King's own hand
Shall end the glorious strife;
No death, but leads thee to the land
Of everlasting life."

Sweet seraph voices, Faith and Love!
Sing on within our hearts
This strain of music from above,
Till we have learnt our parts:

Until we see your alchemy
On all that years disclose,
And, taught by you, still find it true,
"No thorn without a rose."

— *Sunday Magazine.* H.

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SAKYA MOUNI AT BODHIMANDA.*

Yes, life's long strife is o'er;
At last I reach the shore;
The waves and billows all are overpast;
Each step I upward gained,
Each conflict I sustained,
Has its due meed of blessing at the last.

Vigil and fast were right,
They raised me out of night,
Each came with power to purify and bless;
But now, as crown of all,
The cold, dark shadows fall;
I sink and fail in utter Nothingness.

Oh, bliss beyond compare,
With neither joy nor care,
Hushed every sound of harmony or strife;
The consciousness intense
Of losing lower sense,
Not-being, with the memory of life!

Just as in haschisch dreams
The rapture noblest seems,
When visions glorious yield to slumbers deep,
So, through all time's expanse,
The soul's ecstatic trance
Finds its high bliss in everlasting sleep.

Just as when music floats,
Its subtlest, sweetest notes,
Half hushed to silence, thrill through ear and brain,
So the intensest bliss
Is when we know but this —
Know we are not, with neither joy nor pain.

All good deeds done to man,
When first our work began,
These lie behind, forgotten and remote;
In clear Nirvana's day
They melt and pass away; —
Who counts the atoms that in sunshine float?

As when in Ocean's wave
The rain-drop finds a grave,
It fears no more the storm-wind or the heat,
So shall the cleansèd soul
Plunge in the boundless Whole,
And, seeking freedom, into Nought retreat.

For dreary were the range
Through Being's endless change,
Base forms of brute, or lower births of man;
What profit have we found,
In vain delusions drowned,
To end at last as poor as we began, —

Still weary war to wage
Against disease and age,
Bent limbs, dim eyes, weak brain, and failing breath;
Through each new type of life,
To know the same vain strife,
And taste a thousand times the bitterness of death!

But, oh, the rapture deep
Of that entrancèd sleep,
When Wisdom's self has 'numbed the thrice-blest soul.
When every sound is hushed,
And o'er each sense have rushed
The mighty waves that from Nirvana roll!

Far better be as nought
Than live thus overwrought,
Deceived, and mocked, and captive led, and blind;
Far better Nothingness
Than all this sore distress,
Where brute, dull matter triumphs over mind.

And is this, then, the end?
And does our bliss depend
On knowing that we are not what we seem?
Is there no deeper joy
That nothing can destroy —
A sleep in which we dream not that we dream?

Is this, for all who live,
The best boon Heaven can give,
To enter on the drear and darksome night;
To feel the boundless void,
Where Being lies destroyed,
And self is lost in Nothing infinite?

Were it not better far
To know not that we are,
To lose the very sense of Being's pain,
Than still to watch the spark
Of life through all the dark,
And tremble lest it burst in flames again?

Yes, the true Wisdom's way,
The only perfect day,
Is pure Not-being, Nothing absolute;
The dark abyss profound,
Where comes nor light nor sound,
And the vast orb lies motionless and mute.

E. H. Plumptre.

— *Contemporary Review.*

* At Bodhimanda is the sacred fig-tree, the "tree of wisdom," which all Buddhists reverence as having witnessed their founder's attainment of *Nirvana*, and his consequent identification with Buddha, or the Supreme Intelligence.

From the Christian Remembrancer.

Le Récit d'une Sœur. Souvenirs de Famille recueillies par Mme. Augustus Craven, née La Ferronnays. Sixth Edition. Paris: Didier. 1866.

OFTEN has it been remarked how the fresh spring of the French Church coincided with that in our own, and how that decade which began with 1830 was a period of stern trial, when the axe was laid to the root of a tree; and when, if there was a great outpouring of grace, there was also severe sifting, which all could not withstand.

The journals of Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin have already shown the effect of this movement in one private family, where, in the sister, every holy sentiment was quickened and intensified; in the brother, the defection of Lamenais seemed for a time to wrench away the very foundations of faith. We have here another intimate and close portraiture of the workings of religion upon individual minds; but there is this great difference between the books, that whereas genius and reflection are the prominent natural characteristics of the two Guérins, here we have only action and feeling without more thought than is the ordinary heritage of intelligent sensible people.

It would, however, be doing the La Ferronnays family injustice to treat their religion as merely the work of a revival. The father and mother belonged to that grand old race of French noblesse, whose faith as well as their loyalty was their support through the trials of the Great Revolution. True it is that there was many a profligate, many an unbeliever, among the fugitives from France, and that the hospitality of the Germans who received the emigrants was often shamefully requited; but there were also a large number who suffered with cheerful patience and deep, earnest religion, and more and more of these are coming to light. In this book we have the genuine documents, journals and letters, only pieced out here and there by Mrs. Augustus Craven, one of the few surviving members of the family, and with the stamp of authenticity in every line. The nucleus of the work, so to speak, was the narrative, the composition of which was the solace of her sister-in-law, Madame Albert de la Ferronnays, in the first months of her widowhood, and around this accumulated the memorials of others of the family, and of the remaining years of the young widow herself. As a picture of earthly love lifted to heavenly love, and of a character ripened, through its affections, for heaven, we think the history unrivalled.

The Comte de la Ferronnays was married to Mademoiselle de Montsoreau at Klagenfurth, in Carinthia, in 1802, in the midst of the troubles of emigration. On the return of the Bourbons to France, he stood high in favour with Louis XVIII., and was French Ambassador at Petersburg, and Minister of Foreign Affairs under Charles X. Ten children were born to him, of whom Charles, the eldest, was by many years the senior — three died, and there remained the *dramatis personæ* of the *Récit* — Albert, Fernand, Pauline (the narrator), Eugénie, Olga, and Albertine, the latter being much younger than the rest.

Ill health sent M. de la Ferronnays to Italy in 1829, and there it was that the tidings of the Thirty Days reached the family. Their principles were strongly loyal and legitimist, and their adherence to their fallen sovereign was at the expense of much worldly prosperity. They established themselves in a villa at Castellamare, where the young people (including Charles's wife) seem to have revelled in the beauty of the view outside, while they treated the inconveniences within as the beginning of such an exile of poverty and distress as their parents had endured in the first Revolution. There was a great room in the house entirely unfurnished, but with windows looking out on the gulf and mountains, and there they used to bring their own tables and chairs, and spend the morning in reading, writing, laughing and talking. In the winter they were at Naples or its neighbourhood, going a great deal into society, and leading a very joyous and affectionate family life, in close intimacy with many dear and valued friends. Eugénie's chief friend was Flavie Lefebvre, afterwards Marquise de Raigecour, a name that recalls the saintly Madame Elizabeth's dearest friend in the last generation, as indeed the intimates of the family constantly recall to us the tragedies of the past age. Mme. de Tourrels, the Dauphin's governess and the last lady taken from Marie Antoinette, was a kinswoman, and was Pauline's godmother, and again and again do we meet with persons whose names recall touching memories.

The good mother of the family took the daughters into society on principle; for, as she afterwards says in one of her very sensible letters, she observed that the young married women, who comported themselves

like runaway horses, were chiefly those who had been kept so strictly in the background in their girlhood that they had gained no experience while yet under guidance. Still there was something in the constant round of pleasure — something too in Naples itself, that with the more thoughtful left a sense of unsatisfactoriness. Eugénie, who had scarcely left childhood behind, was the merriest of all, but she used afterwards to say, that she did not like to recollect those days, and Albert, who was about one-and-twenty, bright, gentle, and scrupulously religious, several times told Pauline in the course of the winter, that it was not good for him to be always in a place where serious life was impossible, and that some fine day he should go and '*se retremper*' in solitude. It was too easy at Naples, he said, to forget everything, and in 1831 he joined a like-minded, elder friend, M. Rio, in a tour in Tuscany, in the course of which he became acquainted with the Comte de Montalembert, and formed a close friendship, which continued to be the comfort of the rest of the family when Albert had been taken from them.

After this journey, in the January of 1832, the friends came to Rome, and there it was that the romance of Albert's life began. He went to call upon a lady whom his parents had known at Petersburg, the Countess von Alopeus. She was a German by birth, and her husband, a Swede, had been in the Russian diplomatic service, where the La Ferronnays family had become acquainted with her. Her husband was recently dead, and she was travelling with her only daughter, her two sons being in the Russian service. The daughter was born at Petersburg in 1808, and had received the name of Alexandrine, in compliment to the Emperor Alexander, her godfather. His participation in the ceremony had caused her to be baptized by immersion according to the Greek ritual, although her parents were both Lutherans, and brought her up in their doctrine. Madame d'Alopeus was a celebrated beauty with perfectly regular features, and Alexandrine, though not judged by connoisseurs to be equal to her in symmetry of feature, was exceedingly lovely, and had a greater charm of expression. They were excessively admired, and it used to be said that no one could say whether the daughter were loved for the sake of the mother or the mother for the sake of the daughter. The Countess was a gay woman, delighting in all this admiration, and had brought up her daughter to the constant round of Russian dissipation. Numerous admirers had been at Alexandrine's feet — 379, according to a joke of Montalembert's — but without gaining her heart; and once, when her mother had tried to force her into a marriage repugnant to her feelings, she had escaped it by an appeal to the Emperor Nicholas, who had then said to her mother, as he held Alexandrine's hand, 'Promise me, Madame, that you will never bestow this child in marriage but according to her inclination.'

Alexandrine was already on terms of friendship with Pauline, but Albert had never seen her till this memorable call, on the 17th of January, 1832, when her beauty and sweetness captivated him on the spot, and he went home to his friends in such a state of admiration that they laughed at him. She was not at that time much struck with him. Her fond recollections, however, are dated from that time; and in the long hours which — five years later — she used to spend in dreaming over her desk, and recording her cherished memories, with minuteness that even Pauline sometimes thought excessive, she went back to the first day when Albert inspired her with respect.

She had gone, on the 5th of February, with a Protestant friend to hear the nuns singing at the conventual church of Trinità del Monte. Albert was there on his knees as a devout worshipper; and as they came out of church together, she told him that had she been alone, she would gladly have knelt too. 'Why did you not?' said he. 'Why this respect of persons?' 'This boldness in a man of twenty pleased me. Never had any man spoken to me so wisely' — says the hitherto spoilt, flattered beauty, who had no doubt thought herself saying something extremely gracious and patronizing.

A few days after, she continues, while walking in the gardens of the Villa Pamfili, 'We talked, I think, for an hour of religion, immortality, and death, which we said would be sweet in those fair gardens. This conversation, so unlike those that had wearied my ear in the world — this conversation sank into the depths of my heart.' It was then that his depth and piety made Alexandrine attach herself to Albert; and on his side, so much was her faith upon his mind, that in very early morning, in a pilgrim's frock and barefooted, he made the pilgrimage of the Seven Basilica, to pray for her conversion, and even to offer his own life as a sacrifice if at such a price it might be vouchsafed.

We pass rapidly over this portion of the journals; if there was nothing beyond, we should have been inclined to call it senti-

ment tinged with religion. The most notable point in it is how Alexandrine, after all her campaigns in the most brilliant society in the world, and after having supped full of adulation, surrendered her whole heart to the mastery of the younger man, of no high pretension to wealth or rank, who, while absolutely fascinated by her charms, always kept his God in the first place, and showed that he did so. In April, Mme. and Mlle. d'Alopeus went to reside near Naples, and lived in close intercourse with the rest of the La Ferronnays family, and there we find the coupling of the most exalted self-restrained piety with all the little extravagances of a lover. For instance, — Alexandrine went for the first time since her father's death to the opera, and put on a white dress, in which she enjoyed showing herself to Albert and Pauline. She returned home to Vomero at one o'clock at night, little guessing that Albert followed her carriage all the way up the steep road, pushing the wheels behind at the worst places, merely that he might have one glimpse of the flutter of her dress — unseen by her — when she left the carriage in the courtyard.

The mutual love was confessed, but there were many difficulties in the way. Mme. d'Alopeus had engaged herself to a Russian prince, named Paul Lapoukhyn, and thus could not free herself from the respects due to the Czar. Indeed Alexandrine, being a maid of honour to the Empress, needed his consent to her marriage, and his dislike to French alliances was well known. Besides, the lady had expected a far more brilliant worldly lot for her beautiful daughter than a marriage with a younger son of a family in the situation of the La Ferronays, and though she seems to have been delusively affectionate and caressing when Albert was with her, no sooner was he absent than she and her niece tried to persuade Alexandrine out of her attachment.

M. de la Ferronnays too, though, like all the family, charmed with Alexandrine, and greatly flattered by the much-courted lady's preference for Albert, had many doubts as to the prudence of a marriage between his son and one bred up in the excess of Russian luxury, and for many months the affair remained in doubt. At last, in May, 1833, it became expedient for Mme. de la Ferronnays to go on business to France, taking with her the elder ones of the family, and leaving M. de la Ferronnays at Rome, where the two youngest girls, Olga and Albertine, were to be placed at the convent of Trinità del Monte to prepare for Olga's first communion. Albert was to have been of the party to France, but at Cività Vecchia he told his mother that he was feeling unwell, and would follow her by the packet two days later, when he had been bled. The next morning, however, he was in a violent fever, and poor M. de la Ferronnays first became aware of his dangerous state while from the window of the room the steamer was still visible carrying away the mother and sisters, who had gone on board the previous night.

During the height of Albert's danger, Alexandrine arrived at Rome with her mother, and had the comfort of almost daily seeing the little girls in the convent, and hearing their report of their brother. It seems to have been what passed between him and his father during his illness, and the extreme anxiety of Alexandrine on the other hand, that made their parents at last consent to their engagement; and though Madame d'Alopeus on going to Germany had a short relapse into her original ambitious views for her daughter, constancy at last prevailed, and Albert and Alexandrine were married at Naples on the 17th of April, 1834, first in the chapel of the Palazzo Acton, and afterwards by the Protestant Minister, M Valette.

A time of perfect happiness followed. A great villa had been taken at Castellamare, Albert and Alexandrine lived on the ground floor, Charles, his wife and child, above them, and the main body of the family in the upper story. Each set of apartments had a balcony, communicating with the rest by external staircases. Pauline was on the eve of marriage with Mr. Craven, an English diplomate, and the life during that summer seems to have been like paradise to the whole party. This is Pauline's description:

'I said that Albert and Alexandrine occupied the ground floor, whose windows opened at the top of some steps into the garden. On the night I specially recollect, their sitting-room was full of lights, flowers, and music, Eugénie was singing, and we were seated on the steps outside, listening to her incomparable voice, while talking, inhaling the sweet perfume of roses and orange blossoms, and gazing out on an unrivalled view, lighted by the moon and stars, and illuminated likewise by the fires that, during that year, were bursting from Vesuvius, and of which a large stream, flowing from the summit of the volcano, was descending towards the plain in the direction of Ottagano. Ah! we were all perfectly happy at that moment. The bliss of Albert and Alexandrine seemed to us the presage and guarantee of our own, — ours completed theirs. The devoted affection of

Eugénie, more expansive than ever, made her as mirthful as a bird, as bright as a sunbeam; and Fernand joined with her in enlivening days the importance of which might have made them serious. Yet even then, in the midst of all this cheerfulness, Eugénie often said to me, "O, my dear, what a pretty thing is life — what then will heaven be! Then death must be better worth than all this!" The end of the evenings was generally spent with Charles and Emma, whose tender-hearted sympathy left nothing to desire. They had the most spacious of our balconies, and there we all assembled, and remained together often till late into the night — those Italian nights that one cannot weary of enjoying, and which in summer are lovelier than day. Never had our parents' affection been more completely gratified; never, perhaps, had they more restfully enjoyed the happiness of having us all about them. We were, alas, at our culmination; but it must be confessed that this summit was gilded, and if ever it might be said of happiness that it was too great, too perfect to last, it was so with ours.

'The cloud that was so soon to darken it was already casting its shadow. For one day, six weeks previously, we had been uneasy about Albert; but anxiety, the gnawing worm of bliss, still respected ours. and, though alarmed for the moment, we had quickly recovered the security of inexperience. It was not till much later, when Alexandrine was near the end of her ordeal, that going back from anguish to anguish, even to the first alarm that disturbed her serenity, she arrived at the day when for the first time she saw Albert hastily put his handkerchief to his lips, and take it away spotted with blood. And that day? *It was the tenth after their marriage.*' — Vol. i. pp. 198–200.

Other symptoms caused it to be thought that Castellmare did not agree with Albert, and he was ordered to Sorrento, where the brothers and sisters frequently visited them. There was as yet no blight upon their joy, and they continued to enjoy their exquisite life. Perhaps few persons were ever more capable of full enjoyment than this family. They had all the happiness inspired by fervent piety; they were full of the delights of the easy mirthful intercourse of a large and united family in the first bloom of youth; they were cultivated and accomplished so as to appreciate the exquisite scenes of nature and art, as well as the historical associations of Italy; and there is also about the whole of their writings and speeches an indescribable air of the very highest breeding, as if with all their simplicity and humility they were unconsciously the very *creme de la creme* of society. In one of his letters, Albert tells his sisters not to lose their cosmopolitan grace and become exclusively French, English, Italian, or anything else; and even in these black and white pages, their facility of different languages and the different nationalities of their friends make us understand something of what this charm may have been. Alexandrine, half German, half Swede, a Russian subject, and yet her French as perfect as if it had been natural to her, must have been a perfect specimen of each country's best. Her manner was very lively, and her beauty seems to have been simply and frankly the pride of all the family — and there are many notices of her dress on different occasions — but so fond and affectionate as to take away the sense of frivolity. The length of time she took in dressing — partly owing to her short sight — was always a matter of innocent raillery, and it is worth recollecting for the sake of the sequel.

Pisa was recommended to Albert for the winter, and he took up his abode there with his wife in apartments, where Alexandrine showed that it had been doing her injustice to fear her expensive tastes, for she was a capital economist, with all her elegance. Albert was better, and the only shade of trouble was at this time the manner in which the difference in faith could not fail to be felt between two people thus intimately connected. Alexandrine had previously shown herself much inclined to the Roman Catholic Church, but since her marriage her mother (now Princess Lapoukhyn) had written to her that to hear of her changing her faith would nail her (her mother) up in her coffin. This had much startled Alexandrine, and besides, though when among Protestants she was inclined to defend Catholicity, the same impulse led her, when alone among Catholics, to stand up for the doctrines she had been taught. On the whole, however, her religious teaching and impressions seem to have been exceedingly vague, and chiefly to have consisted in pious sentiments affecting a mind of great natural sweetness and purity, and thus she was exactly in the state to be completely mastered by the strength of positive and systematic belief, thoroughly acted on by those with whom her lot was cast.

In October, they received a long visit form Montalembert, who had begun apparently by slightly distrusting and regretting Albert's passion for the beautiful Swede, but on his arrival, yielded to her charm and became her fast friend for life. Here is a description of their way of spending their time, taken from a letter to Eugénie:

'Besides my reading of Dante, Montalembert reads us legends. He is now reading us some

delicious ones of S. Francis d'Assisi, a very kind Saint, who calls all the creatures his brothers and sisters. He says, "*frate lupo*," and talks long to this same wolf, and calls the turtle doves my sisters, &c. Montal. is likewise writing the life of St. Elizabeth, a German and a queen, — for whom he has made many journeys into Germany. He is to read it to us when it is finished. It will be delightful, but I beg you to tell no one of it but Pauline. I am sure he had rather it was not talked of beforehand. So pray let it remain between us two. He is so fond of this Saint Elizabeth, he collects the most minute details about her. He told us a story of a knight who wore the colours of a saint who had appeared to him in a vision: it was pretty. The story did not end there, but it is too long to be told in a letter. Tell me what you think of this life we are leading. For my part, I love it! Besides, we have subscribed to the library at Leghorn, and our tables are covered with Reviews, newspapers (these for Montal.), with W. Scott's novels for Albert, and other books of all sorts for him and for me. Albert is beginning to learn German, but he does not throw himself into it with your laudable desperation. I am sure you will soon know it.' — P. 227.

It is amusing to find Montalembert advising Alexandrine to burn *Father Clement* — a clever English book, well known thirty years ago, which had been lent her by some Protestant friends. She calls it 'a soi-disant antidote to Catholicism, which had had contrary effect from what it was intended to produce.' She is quite right, the Protestants of the book are Presbyterians, and Father Clement is by far the most beautiful character in it and has the best of the argument. In Alexandrine's history it must always be borne in mind that her original doctrine was Lutheranism, and it was the Catholicity — not so much of Rome as of the Church Universal — that was attracting her. She had begun by feeling much drawn to the Greek Church, but the bias was now given by her human affections and the examples she saw. She continues:

'Montal. made me sing a number of ballads and national airs that he had collected in his travels. Among them was a charming German hymn, on words taken from S. Bernard (Jesu, *wie süss, wer dein gedenkt*) saying that nothing is so sweet as the thought of Jesus, nor so sweet as His Presence. Montal. was always asking me for it, though at first he thought it almost profane to let me sing it; but then he was surprised to find that I sang it with an expression approaching, he said, to that which was thrown into it by three pious young women at Ratisbon, who used to sing it at their work.' — Pp. 229-30.

We cannot help lingering on this innocent brightness, so well crowning the young life of one to whom his mother could write on his birthday, the 21st of January, 1835: 'It is twenty-three years to-day since I embraced you for the first time. I seem to have gone back to that time, for since that day, not one has passed but my heart has been filled with you. You have always been so excellent, that not the slightest cloud has darkened my affection for you, not the shadow of a slight irritation has come between us.' Probably, however, there was much truth in the self-dissection that we have from Albert's own hand, in his journal, which was in the form of a letter, addressed, his sister believes, to the Abbé Martin de Nodier. It is worth reading, because it so curiously shows the difference between the self-reliant character fostered by our public school education and the tender diffidence engendered by the careful training and watching of foreign discipline.

'Pisa, *Feb.* 1835. — You know, dear friend, that you have often accused me of making myself out worse than I am. If you knew my whole life, you would soon change your mind, and find that my good character is terribly usurped, to such a degree that I am sometimes tormented by the thought that there must be deceit in my nature. It is true that I have never been thoroughly bad, and that I never refused the brilliant but fugitive flashes that have marked * my soul. But am I not even more guilty? Dante describes such dubious souls as rejected alike by heaven and hell. I take everything up, at first, with fervour, and at the same time what had found me most ardent, leaves me dulled and disgusted. Often before my marriage, in the most exalted period of my passion, I felt discouraged. . . . . I owe this feebleness and inconstancy partly to my weak health and my delicate and irritable temperament, and partly also to an education without positive aim. My father made all imaginable sacrifices for me, but the men to whom he entrusted me abused his confidence. I was naturally gentle and active; without them I might have committed greater errors, but I should have retained more energy. When I left them I had lost the freshness of heart that some privileged souls retain long after their entrance into life, and yet I was as timid as a child. Then I came to Italy, where the climate did me more harm than good, for it increased the excitability of my imagination and the irritability of my temperament. Thenceforth, I have been the sport of the two beings we have within us, sometimes good and raising myself to the highest regions it has been given me to attain, sometimes let-

* 'Sillonne.'

ting myself be drawn where my other life chooses to lead me, often dragged by my two natures both ways at once, without strength to gain the mastery over them, and by directing them by my own will to make them contribute to my moral and physical perfection.' — Vol. i. pp. 235–7.

Such a nature as this seems hardly fit for the active battle of life. There was no doubt much that was morbid in it, and depression of spirits was the natural effect of illness; but Albert seems to have had that remarkable power — so inconceivable to the world, which S. Paul mentions among the paradoxes of the Christian life, of being 'sorrowful yet alway rejoic.ng.'

One more extract from his Pisa journal we must make to show the sweet tenderness of his nature:

'*Feb.* 17. — My day began with a sad spectacle. Eight convicts were sweeping in front of our door, chained two and two with heavy fetters, and dressed in red, the sign here of being condemned for a term. Only two were in yellow, the token of a convict for life. These two likewise had in large letters upon their breast "*Furto Violente.*" They are but recently sentenced, I think, judging by their clothes, and were no doubt the same who were lately exposed in the square, and condemned for this crime. A dreadful sight are these men, blotted out of society, with nothing more to expect from it but scorn, fear, or pity. What bitter feelings must fill their souls! O merciful God, just God, cause resignation to bring them calmness and hope in a better life! May the example of JESUS, our Saviour, teach them to accept their bitter cup, and recollect that the Divine Pattern of resignation and suffering was also a pattern of virtue and love. O Lord, my gentle JESUS, when forsaken of men, Thy angels sustained Thee, and shed tears for their Master's grief. Grant even to those unworthy of such a grace, that when men abandon the wretched, the angels from heaven may come and sustain those who are unable to hope, save in Thee, and must fail without Thy aid. Oh, pardon them; let one tear be on their heart ere their death.' — Vol. i. p. 232.

On the whole, Albert's health had not become worse during the winter, and it was decided that the summer should be spent at Korsan, Prince Lapoukhyn's estate in the Ukraine. Sea voyages were thought beneficial, and the journey to Odessa was to be made by water. In March therefore the journey was made to Naples, where the whole family were again together, and where the sisters for the last time saw Albert up and walking about.

They embarked for Malta, and thence sailed again for Smyrna, Constantinople and Odessa, enjoying to the utmost the lovely scenery of the Greek waters and all its associations, and in health for complete delight. They were met at Odessa by Alexandrine's mother and her husband, and kept their quarantine in a very agreeable fashion. They were permitted to see and talk to their friends, as long as they did not touch them, and they had a large and comfortable house, and an excellent cook whom Prince Lapoukhyn had put into quarantine with them. In due time they arrived at Korsan, in the midst of the Ukraine, one of the splendid palaces of the Russian nobility, full of copies of the most perfect works of art, and with an orangery in the centre of the house.

The visit began there joyfully; but before it had lasted a fortnight, the hæmorrhage began to recur, and in a few days so violent an attack came on that for a short time there was imminent danger. On one of those days of anxiety Alexandrine, opening her New Testament at hap-hazard, fell upon the words: 'Honour widows that are widows indeed.' It was her first realization of what was impending over her.

However, Albert regained strength and set out to return, travelling through Austria. In the meantime M. de la Ferronnays had purchased the Château de Boury, in Normandy, and gone to reside there with the rest of the family. This had been a great delight to Albert, who had become weary of his wandering, exiled life, and longed to return to France. At Vienna, however, he was sentenced by his physicians to spend the winter at Venice, a mandate that he accepted with instinctive reluctance. It was at Vienna that he and Alexandrine for the last time went into society, and the last time that she appeared in full dress or was at any public festival.

When she arrived at Venice, in October, she was still as it were halting between two opinions: she was still swayed entirely by human affections. She writes to Montalembert on the 23d of October:

'Let me speak to you with the greatest frankness. That of a sister is permissible to me, towards you, for no sister could love you better. I have a sorrow that constantly occupies me. My happiness would be in being of the same religion as Albert; but, besides the doubts that still remain with me, what chiefly withholds me is, that I should break my mother's heart — that mother to whom I owe the very happiness of being married to Albert. I should break her heart *physically* as well as *morally*. I know she cannot believe that Catholics regard

as possible the salvation of those of a different faith, and she would always think that by changing, I should fix — not only for time but eternity — a frightful gulf between myself and my own family. What mother would consent under such an idea? Indeed, I myself, if I were told that my poor father had the *worse* portion, and that Albert was destined for the better, and that by choosing one I should separate myself from the other for ever, I think that since happiness would be promised to Albert, I should let him enjoy it alone, and that I would go to rejoin my poor father, like the Pagan prince.' — Vol. i. p. 327.

Here she tells at length the story of the Frisian chief — whom Pauline has already described as a great hero of hers — who refused baptism rather than forsake his forefathers when they were consigned to perdition by Christian teachers, not content to leave them to stand or fall to their own Master. Her mind had not yet learnt to contemplate the obligation of seeking God in His highest Truth, and His appointed means of union with Himself, and communication of His grace; as yet it was mere pious sentiment to be derived from prayer, intellectual exercises, or the exaltation of sacred music. She had attended no Protestant worship since she was at Naples — she delighted in being present at those in Italian churches, and was ill with grief at the separation when Albert communicated without her. At this point she remained through the early part of the winter, but in the beginning of March, Albert had a terrible attack of inflammation — Fernand was with him, and the others were sent for from Boury. He seemed so near death on the night of the 6th of March, that he asked for a confessor, and then it was that Alexandrine cried in her anguish, 'Have we come to this — have we really come to this! Now I am a Catholic!' At the moment Albert seems to have been too ill, or too much occupied with collecting his thoughts for confession, to notice her words; but he began to rally almost immediately after the priest left him, and a relic of S. François de Sales was brought to him in the course of the day, to which his rapid improvement was so much ascribed by all around him, that Alexandrine became more entirely confirmed in her resolution. Of course the joy her change gave to him was no small assistance in his partial recovery, and she never hesitated for a moment after the words had been spoken, regarding them, as she said, as a 'moment of inspiration,' and she wrote both to her mother and to Pauline Craven. M. and Mme. de la Ferronnays and Eugénie were daily expected, and Albert, who knew by this time that his state was hopeless, begged her to remain among them, and not make her home with her own mother, saying however, 'You are too young — you will marry again.' He was better by the time his parents arrived, and Eugénie wrote to her elder sister in a spirit of much thankfulness for both the joys that had met them on their arrival, though with no delusive expectations:

'How strange it is,' writes the young girl in this her first experience of trouble, 'to dare to approach everything, utter everything, and thus look grief in the face so very near. I think the reason it can be done is the constant thought of the other life, the certainty that happiness is nowhere but there, that life in this world is only a journey, of which one longs for the end, where weariness will rest, gloom be enlightened, and this our great need of love and thirst for happiness, will be satisfied.' — Vol. i. p. 375.

By the 10th of April, Albert was well enough to be taken by easy stages to Paris, where he arrived on the 13th of May, and was placed under the care of Dr. Hahnemann, the inventor of homœopathy, then an old man of eighty. He was so much struck with Alexandrine that he took her hand and told her that in sixty years of practice he had never seen so loving a wife. But this loving wife had become so awake to the full blessings of the Church, that she could write to Montalembert that she should be happier as a widow, as a Catholic, than even with Albert if she were to continue a Protestant. Looking over this letter in after times, she wrote on the margin: 'O, how winning is truth, since only one of its rays, lighting on my heart, even before I embraced it, could thus make itself preferable to Albert!' This would, indeed, be a perilous book to one who did not feel that Alexandrine's gladness flowed from her new sense of union with the Church; and that the Church is as truly ours as it became hers when she quitted the religion in which she had been, as it were, a mere unit, instead of a member of a great body connected with one Head.

On Trinity Sunday, the 29th of May, 1836, after attending mass in church, she dressed herself in white, with a broad blue ribbon crossed on her breast, and then returned to her husband's room, where the Abbé Martin de Noirlieu, his most confidential friend and spiritual guide, said mass at a temporary altar, and then received the abjuration which was made by Alexandrine on her knees, and which was afterwards attested by her husband, his parents, and his

brother and sister. There was no question of baptizing her conditionally, as the Roman Catholic Church *does* respect the validity of Greek baptism. It was striking, that on that night the Princess Lapoukhyn dreamt, in Alexandrine's words, 'that she saw me a little child again, sitting down, dressed only in my little shift, with my head crowned with a wreath of flowers like darts; that the costume vexed her; and then that I wanted to give her these large flowers in my crown, but she refused them — Oh! till when?'

There was a strange, deep, holy bliss and repose resting on them all at this time. To some of them it was but the Delectable Mountains; to Albert it was the Land of Beulah — a time of almost unbroken peace and joy.

'On the night of the 1st or 2d of June,' his wife writes: 'I was in Eugénie's room at one o'clock in the morning. I thought Albert was asleep. Suddenly we heard the notes of the piano; it made a painful impression on us. I knew it was Albert, and I think I said it was the last time he would touch those notes. I went to him. He was in a melancholy but very sweet reverie. His faithful nurse, a sister of the order of Bon Secours, was there too.' — Vol. i. p. 401.

Still he was on some days so well that it was hoped that he might go to the chapel of L'Enfant Jésus to share with his wife in her first communion; but he was too much reduced to be able to receive, fasting, in the forenoon, and on that account a dispensation was obtained from the Archbishop of Paris for a mass to be celebrated at midnight in his room, on Sunday, the 3d of June, as the only hour when he could receive, fasting. Otherwise, he could not have communicated except as a dying man, and the service must have been unsuitable to so joyful an occasion. The celebrating priest was the Abbé Gerbet, an intimate friend, and one of those most closely connected with the French revival, the author of 'Rome Chrétienne,' and other books much valued in the French Church. He died in 1859, Bishop of Rossignan. At the time Albert was forced to be in his bed. His parents, his sisters Eugénie and Olga, and his friend M. de Montalembert, were the other communicants. Alexandrine was in white, her bridal veil on her head, and the altar was decked with the richest silks of her scarcely-used trousseau. She knelt by her husband's side, holding his hand, but when the moment for her reception came, he withdrew it from her, saying 'Go, go; be altogether God's.'

A kind of trance of spiritual ecstasy seemed to enwrap Alexandrine in these days. Her journals seem lifted above the world. One of her wedding-presents had been a pearl necklace, which, however her mother would not let her wear at her marriage because of the German saying, *Perlen deuten Thränen*, and she now sold it, and gave the price to the poor as a thank-offering. She wrote these thoughts on it: —

'Pearls, tokens of tears,
Pearls, tears of the sea,
Tearfully gathered from its depths,
Often tearfully worn amid the pleasures of this world,
Tearfully laid aside in the greatest of earthly sorrows,
Now at last go and dry tears by being changed into bread.'

Her devotions absorbed her greatly, and perhaps the last feeling of self-reproach in Albert's sensitive mind was for one moment's complaint that she was less occupied with him than usual. At the sight of her tears he begged her pardon most tenderly, and afterwards said to Eugénie, 'I have been bad; I have been jealous of God.'

Once too he threw his arm round his wife's neck with the irrepressible cry, 'I am dying; and we should have been so happy!' but in general his heart was wholly fixed above, and his resignation perfect. He lived to see Mrs. Craven again, and survived till the 29th of June. That night Alexandrine was so physically exhausted with watching and fatigue that she was perfectly bewildered, and fancied herself speaking to Fernand in a window, where no one was standing. Eugénie made her lie down on her bed; and when Albert asked for her she did not know where she was going, and twice passed before his bed without seeing anything. He died at six o'clock in the morning. His father alone spoke, 'You who have never grieved us — the best of children — be blessed. Go! Do you hear me still? You are looking at your Alexandrine, you are blessing her.' These were his broken words, while the Abbé Martin knelt beside the bed, and the nursing sister recited the Litany of the Dying. The Abbé Martin began the words of the parting absolution: ere it was ended, Albert was gone.

And then follows the question — What would become of these highly-wrought feelings of Alexandrine? A large list might be written of disappointments in widows. Many a woman has been carried by a be-

loved husband into a higher world; and has lapsed again, when the excitement was over, into a commonplace, worldly frame of mind, and has forgotten her first faith in more senses than one. Alexandrine's own mother had, after scarcely four years, returned to a gay life and married again; and would she herself, only twenty-eight, beautiful, admired, childless, and by nature lively playful, and with the keenest enjoyment of all the pleasures of the world, remain faithful to the tone of exalted devotion to which she had been so recently introduced, and remain true to the beautiful portrait that Eugénie copies from S. Francois de Sales as descriptive of her in the early days of her bereavement?

'The widow indeed in the Church is like a little March violet, who diffuses a peerless sweetness around her by the fragrance of her devotion, remains almost always hidden beneath the large leaves of her lowliness, and by her subdued colour witnesses to her chastened state.'

This is the question answered by the second volume, to us the more interesting of the two, since it not only completely develops Alexandrine, but likewise brings into much fuller relief the two sisters, Eugénie and Olga, and the parents, who hitherto were only a sort of chorus in the life-drama of the loves of Albert and Alexandrine.

The young widow was at first almost lifted above grief, but in a few days came a terrible reaction of agonizing sorrow and longing for death, when no one could afford her any comfort but the Abbé Gerbet. At the end of a week she went with he others to Boury, a dull and far from beautiful place in a flat country of field, divided by monotonous poplars. It looked very dreary o the sisters, who had been accustomed to the loveliness of Italy but it accorded with Alexandrine's state of mind, and she always was much attached to the place. Eugénie above all devoted herself to be her constant companion and comforter, and there was a certain calmness in her life, which she was grieved to break upon by the necessity of going to meet her mother at Kreuznach. Her health was perfect; she speaks once in her private journal of almost detesting her body as a prison whose bars would not give way; but she suffered from a terrible lassitude.

'I feel so indolent, so dejected, that I do not like to write even in this book. I do not know how I would pass away my life—in hearing music—always music in turning over pious books, but rather still his own papers—in talking of immortality and the eternal reunion—and I have scarcely any of these enjoyments But what matters it? How can I wish for any solace whatever to my wretched, dejected, colourless life, without him?' — Vol. ii. p. 34.

In September she returned to Boury, and there the Abbé Gerbet met her. He was, as it seemed raised up by Heaven itself to console and heal this sick and rent heart;' and she never ceased to consider his presence at Boury at that time as one of the most thankworthy blessings of her life. On the 23d of September Eugénie wrote to her sister—

'Alex and I are leading quite a monastic life. Not a soul to see, not a visit to make or expect. Now and then we laugh; then we are surprised to hear ourselves, and we tell each other that one laughs all one's life. *I think that is because of hope.*' — Vol. ii. p. 86.

Mrs. Craven paid them a visit in the course of the next month, and if our brief outline has taught our readers to love Alexandrine as the perusal of the book has made us do, they will not grudge reading the following picture, as a companion to her exquisite moonlight of three years before:—

'A servant received us at the hall-door, and told us that my father, mother, and Eugénie—who did not expect us that day—were gone to dine at Dangu, and that Madame Albert (for so Alexandrina always chose to be called) was alone upstairs in her room. He wanted to inform her; I made the mistake of preventing him, and hastening upstairs I crossed the corridor, and entered Alexandrine's room withou knocking. There was a thick carpet on the floor, and the door opened noiselessly and I was but a few steps from her without her seeing me. O what a shock the sight of her was! I had left her at Paris, carefully, even elegantly dressed, for I forgot to say so elsewhere) Albert, even in his last days, had clung to the pleasure of seeing her in the dresses and jewels she had worn in their happy days and was soon about to lay aside forever. Now, I found her in the deep mourning which, as Eugénie had well said, seemed to be deeper on her than on any one else. She was seated on a carved high-backed chair, which Albert had given her, and leaning o a table of the same kind covered with a sky-blue cloth. The mournful widow's cap which she was to wear habitually was hung on the back of her chair; her head was uncovered, and her brown hair in confusion. A single small lamp on the table lighted the large room, and the bed curtains (thick green damask, also bought at Venice by Albert) still hid me from her. I saw her then, almost as in the portrait I possess. It was a moment that I shall never forget. I advanced—'Alexandrine!' She quickly raised her head, saw me, and sprang to

embrace me; but surprise and agitation made her stumble, and she fell on the floor at full length. I was much frightened, for I thought she had fainted, but she was herself again quickly, and her first words were to ask pardon. "Do not think I am always like this," she said. "Oh no; I assure you, you will find me much calmer than you suppose. There are still many things that I enjoy." Indeed, when once recovered from the first shock, she sat down by me, and with a sort of tranquillity, we had our first sad conversation, and in spite of all that had happened since we parted, and of all she had to tell me — in spite of our sorrow and our tears, this first hour of meeting was to both of us more sweet than painful.' — Vol. ii. pp. 36–38.

It was a peaceful life that the family were leading, under the grey sky, Eugénie devoting herself to Alexandrine, and she dwelling for ever on the papers aud journals from whence she compiled the narrative of the first volume, while Olga, now fifteen, was growing up into an important member of the circle. Eugénie was naturally of a blithe, mirthful temper, with extreme ardour in whatever she was doing, whether in the way of devotion or of common life, and her brother's death had infused into her such a deep and fervent spirit of piety, that it seemed as if only a directly religious consecration could satisfy her aspirations. Olga — tall, fair, slender, and graceful — had a graver and more thoughtful disposition by nature; and this was enhanced by the constant inconveniences caused by her defective eyesight. Her eyes had been weak ever since she was eight years old, and in so peculiar a manner that she could not see in a full light. In a shaded room, or out of doors after sunset, she could see as well as other people, but on a bright day she was dazzled, and could perceive nothing distinctly. She was eager in study, and in the cultivation of her talents, but she was often checked in the midst by incapacity of seeing, and reuced to sitting in a twilight room, dreamily touching the keys of her piano. Sometimes, when in a picture gallery, enjoying herself thoroughly, a ray of sunshine upon the most noted of all would entirely hide it from her. Sometimes when a walk was taken to see some charming landscape, at the very moment when all emerged from the shady path, and exclaimed at the glory of the scene, that very glory eclipsed the whole to her. Sometimes at church she would close her book, without showing either grief or impatience, and, as she said, begin to think, because she could not read. These constant privations, whenever they recurred, were quietly laid by her as sacrifices before God, and she thus acquired a peculiarly calm, sweet, meditative character, and a sort of angelic gentleness. Once when she had been taken to witness the grand procession of the Fête Dieu, at Naples, she saw perfectly till the moment it passed, when the sun, flashing on the gilded banners and on the soldiers' weapons, completely blinded her for the time. After a silence she said, to her sister, 'I saw nothing; but I am not vexed, I have been so happy thinking what God will let me see in Paradise to make up for all I miss here.' — P. 122, note.

'These eyes that, dazzled now and weak,
At glancing motes in sunshine blink,
Shall see the King's full glory break,
Nor from the blissful vision shrink.'

Of all the family Mrs. Craven considers her father to have been most affected, and the most beneficially, by his son's death. Faith had never been absent from his mind: he had always been a good, loyal, upright man and with a warmth of heart and attractiveness of manner that made him greatly beloved; but from this time his religious sentiments were quickened, and his piety, humility, and charity became remarkable, and continually grew and increased. 'Oh,' said his wife to Pauline during this visit, 'how I envy and admire your father! Since our dear child has been in heaven, he seems to be there himself.'

Music was the only thing that still seemed to give Alexandrine pleasure, and the Abbé Gerbet ministered to this enjoyment by composing hymns to several of the tunes to which lighter songs had been sung by her and loved by Albert. One composed by the Duke de Rohan, often sung in their days of courtship, beginning —

'Ton souvenir est toujours là,'

he now changed for one beginning more brightly than the worldly lament —

'Oui, l'espérance est toujours là.'

To appreciate French poetry is always difficult, but the Abbé Gerbet was a veritable poet soul, and his thoughts are always exquisite. There is a charming morning hymn of his at page 48 of vol. ii., which was sung at the family devotions in the chapel. Eugénie, Olga, Alexandrine, and the brothers when at home, formed a choir; an organ was purchased, and played by Eugénie, and village girls were trained to assist with their voices. The Christmas midnight mass, when Alexandrine and Olga led the Adeste

Fideles, the Adoremus and Magnificat, and the choir boys wore white tunics and blue ribbons — made out of M. de la Ferronays' *cordon du Saint-Esprit* — is described by Eugénie with intense delight, and is only inferior in beauty to that three years before, described with equal zest by that other Eugénie, plodding through the frosty night to her homely little church, and delighting in her bouquet of the fair flowers of the hoar-frost.

The young ladies began to collect classes of village girls for religious instruction, for the Curé was very old and in feeble health, and they found them very ignorant, one difficulty being that of making them understand that '*Le Saint-Esprit*' is not a Saint, like S. Peter or S. Paul. Alexandrine also began to exert herself among the poor. Her first endeavours are described by her father-in-law with a certain tone of amusement, as if he had a shade of doubt of their permanence in the Russian beauty: —

'Alexandrine revives under the influence of the Abbé Gerbet's kind conversations. She takes much delight in them, and is thus regaining her activity of mind. Besides, she works, she knits, I know not whether well or ill, but she makes an enormous number of caps and petticoats. She goes to see the poor and takes them money; she goes to see the sick, and takes them recipes; she even sometimes hazards a prescription — two days ago a bread poultice, *l'imprudente!* and yesterday she even went so far as to order a mustard plaster! — Vol. ii. p. 53.

This was in a letter to Mrs. Craven, who was on her way to Lisbon, where her husband had an appointment. The spirits of youth were returning fast to Eugénie. 'Sometimes,' she says, 'I am so merry that I can only speak in recitative;' but after describing one of her pranks, she adds —

'Ah! my Pauline, what do you say to such diversions to our usually grave thoughts? They are strange, and contrast with this poor Alex's deep heart. But, *que veux-tu?* She will allow herself, as you know, and will have, no society. These innocent little jokes occupy her for a few minutes and make her laugh. They do not distract her from her grief, but they take up some of the moments which would be spent in seeing that happiness is over for her.' — Vol. ii. p. 66.

Eugénie had always seemed to her sister marked out by her intensity of devotedness for a strictly religious life of conventual character, but their mother's opinion was otherwise. She wrote thus to her eldest daughter: —

'O my dear child, do not tell me that you think all is over with my dear Jane,* or that so many charming gifts will be buried and lost. Believe me, there is something in her nature of the little boy in the child's story-book, who, when in winter he was sledging and snowballing, cried, "Ah! if it could always be winter!" and in the delight of spring flowers, "Ah! if there were no end to spring!", and the same with summer and autumn. At Paris, she thought she could live nowhere else, and that the religious opportunities and interests of all kinds were as necessary to her as air to breathe. Now here, she cannot understand how she can ever leave her poor people and her chapel to return to Paris. If such a circumstance as I imagine possible should come to pass, I do not see why we should think her invulnerable to such a new impression, and you quite give me pain when you seem to accept her life such as she has made it, without foresight, and under the influence of the present period. After all, God is there, and, as you say, He has given us too many proofs of His protection for us not to give ourselves up entirely to Him. Most wonderful! I ask of Him nothing for Eugénie but to let me clearly perceive His will concerning her, and to continue to bless her.' — Vol. ii. p. 152.

This was written a few months after Albert's death, and we cannot refrain from giving a little more from the papers of this excellent woman. Deeply pious herself, she had a strong dislike to all that was peculiar, exaggerated, narrow, or calculated to attract notice; and when Eugénie in the sweet, youthful severity of her twenty years, talked of wishing to be plain instead of beautiful, or showed an open disdain for the affairs of common life, with a degree of scorn for those who attended to them, Madame de la Ferronnays was distressed, tried to check her, and then almost repented, and wrote thus to Mrs. Craven in the begining of 1837: —

'Perhaps I am wrong, and I acknowledge it; but this in part arises from the notion I have always formed of perfection, which I always viewed as becoming all things to all men, preferring rather to give up some attractive devout observance than to grieve or vex others by marking their great distance behind, and never losing sight of the aim of showing how loveable and how easy is that love of God which always inspires such consideration for others as I like to see in practice. However, there is great perfection in thus rising all at once without looking at the earth. Eugénie has chosen the better part, and this would perhaps be God's judg-

* Eugénie's pet name.

ment between us two. Certainly, I am far from her, and it is perhaps for this humbling reason that I do not always understand or approve her. *My* large wings hover scarcely two feet above the earth; and when I say my wings, I fear they are really good stout hooks that fasten me to the earth, and hinder me from rising, merely allowing me to lift up my head a little and gaze at the sky and things ethereal.'— Vol. ii. p. 117.

This wise and humble woman — this model for the many mothers perplexed by their daughters' aspirations — writes again in the July of the same year:

'Eugénie has gained much for some time past. Last winter the idea of a *ménagement* could not penetrate her head. She pushed her devotion in full front, through the very narrowest places.* and always seemed put out† when there was any attempt at recommending her the least precautions on this head. Now the dear child understands them of her own accord, and takes them of herself; and this is a great pleasure to me. She is the first to devise the right means; and for my part, I think the little efforts to be able to serve God without grieving or shocking any one are so many fresh pleasures.'— *Ibid.*

This softening in Eugénie was a preparation for 'the circumstance' her mother 'had thought possible.' The intimate friends of the family were the Marquis and Marquise de Mun. The former had been one of the members of the numerous emigrant household with which Madame de Tessé roamed through Switzerland and Germany, and had been with Madame de Montagu when she learnt the tidings of the martyrdom of her sister, mother, and grandmother. In the spring of 1837 they lost their only daughter, Antonine, a great friend of Eugénie's, and the intensity of their sorrow occupied the La Ferronnays family so completely, that when it became perceptible that nothing would so console them as a marriage between their only son Adrien and Eugénie de la Ferronnays, she would hardly have dared to grieve them by a refusal. In November, 1837, Alexandrine writes:—

'My Paule, — Eugénie is writing to you in the drawing-room, and every one there is busy, so I shall do the same and come to gossip a little with you. Perhaps it is an omen, like some other little things that for the first time I cannot find a single sheet of my black-edged writing paper (to which I hold, as to all my mourning). This is a parenthesis, before coming to a singular, unforeseen thing, worthy of the strangeness of life, of which you already probably know something through your mother, who hides nothing from you. Then, to the point. I shall not tell you much, for, first, I am very prudent, and will not commit myself, and then because, in fact, I am sure of nothing. But I will agree with you that I am a little surprised, and that it appears to me that our Eugénie's complete aversion to marriage is slightly shaking. Poor dear, she would be displeased with me if she saw this, and that would, perhaps, be enough to put an end to this mood. We must take care, the least imprudent word might overthrow the little flower that is just beginning to spring out of the snow. So, Pauline, you must answer me, on a sheet apart, to myself (for Heaven's sake not in a letter to Eugénie; do not mistake). Do not allow yourself the slightest pleasantry with her, nor the most remote insinuation. Nothing — nothing, if you wish for this marriage.

'For my own part, I do not know what I wish; but I see that *he* does not at all displease Eugénie, and I think it not impossible that he may seize on her heart by surprise, provided he knows how to set about it, and I confess I think him capable of knowing.

'I will say to *you*, my Paule, that I think I am not too presumptuous when I say that this heart of Eugénie's is almost in my hands. I was almost alarmed to perceive this, and the terrible responsibility it gives me. I pray God to direct every word I may say to this angel, and to every one else, in this matter. I did not think I had such an ascendency over her; I thought, on the contrary, that she governed me. Yet still she says things like what she used to say, some months ago, that she had rather be grilled on a fire than change her condition, &c., &c. But I represent to her that, unless she is absolutely decided against marriage, she had better have an amiable man whom she can love, than run the risk of having to consent later to an unloving marriage to please her friends.'— Vol. ii. p. 152–4.

A few days later, the mother could write that all was arranged, and her heart swam with gratitude, and Eugénie herself, in a few hurried lines, says:—

'O life! life! it is very short, but it has time to be thoroughly overset. Joy and grief, take care it shall not be monotonous. I have one wish clear, — always to love death, and to long most of all to see God.'— Vol. ii. p. 155.

Poor Eugénie! she was more startled than happy, or perhaps she was startled at her own happiness, and full of dread of the future; but on her first visit to her future home at Lumigny, the terrible void left by the daughter's death, and the affliction of the parents, convinced her more and more that there was a vocation for her there.

* 'Elle présentait sa dévotion de front, aux passages les plus étroits.

† 'Contrariée.'

Mr. Craven could not leave Lisbon, but his wife came alone to attend the marriage, and, after a terrible voyage, arrived just in time. The wedding took place two days after, on one of the first days of March, 1838, but the joyfulness of the day was much discomposed by an accident that befell Madame de Mun on the way to the chapel. Her dress caught in a doorway, her hands were in a muff, which prevented her from catching her son's arm, and she fell, cutting her forehead so that Eugénie, who ran to assist her, had her bridal dress spotted with blood. Madame de Mun would not permit the wedding to be delayed, and the accident proved to be of no consequence, but it made a painful impression.

Alexandrine took a full share in these family joys, and showed herself cheerful, active, and possessed of a playfulness that, as Mrs. Craven says, with half an apology, rendered her a very amusing person. But these festivals left her afterwards a prey to the reaction of bitter regrets for her own past happiness. Sometimes she almost seems to hug her grief, one would at first say morbidly, but that it gradually reveals itself that she felt this sorrow was her preservation from becoming again absorbed in the worldly pleasures for which her natural inclination was so strong. Her love for Albert had given her mind a direction towards Heaven, and she clung to it the more on that account. In the summer she made another journey to meet her mother in Germany, not without regret that she would thus be prevented from spending the anniversary of her husband's death at his tomb at Boury. How she did spend it must be told in the words of her own letter to Eugénie:

'Ischl, *July* 3, 1838. — Dear Sister, I have always something to tell you, and I am going to make a long story, though I am tired of so much writing. Yet, in the drawing-room this evening I had a secret jubilation, a delicious enthusiasm, which made me think of beginning my letter with "Blessed be God for having brought me to Ischl. The material things of the evening, and the conversation between four women, without reckoning ourselves, cooled me somewhat. But my mind is still full of gladness. I have been able to do a service to a dying consumptive patient and a priest. Unless I had come to Ischl he would have died under a load, from which, by God's grace, I have been able to deliver him.

'I like to tell you all at length. Yesterday I took a fancy to go into the garden (if I had not gone thither I should not have had the pleasure of being where I have been). I first admired the roses, the butterflies, &c., and then sat down in a little arbour to read Bossuet. I was surprised to hear bells ringing, and thought something was going on at church. I asked a maid, who answered, with some agitation, that the Holy Sacrament was being brought to the sick young priest. I had heard mamma mention this young priest, and had already struggled with my shyness to tell her that I wished to go and see him. This took me there naturally. I knelt down like every one else, under the gateway, while the priests passed; then I went up also, and was present at his acceptation of the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. All those present wept, even the parish priest. Afterwards I asked leave to come near the patient. I said I had seen my husband under the same disease. I was much moved. Consumptive, and a priest — a priest only for eleven months — and whom I knew to have made himself ill by over-study. Oh, it all seemed so holy! He had a peaceful smile. I asked his blessing and knelt down by his bed: he seemed touched, and blessed me, with his cold hands on my head. It was a sweet recollection all day. I much wished to return to-day: he had told me he should be glad of it: *happily* I was told he was worse and his death expected every moment; this gave me an excuse for returning in the evening. Thank God, mamma never hinders me. He asked pardon for not talking, saying it was forbidden. After having looked at him with pity and respect, and watched the oppression that, alas! I know so well, I was going, when the happy thought occurred to me of saying how I wished I could do anything for him. He softly said, "There might be something." I quickly asked what. He answered, — "If I knew all the circumstances." I insisted. He said, — and again I met that strange symptom in this disease of fancying oneself recovering, that when he was better he would tell me. Judge whether I insisted. Then he said, "It cannot be told here." There was a nurse: I understood, and so did she: she left the room softly, and I told him we were alone. He hesitated, and said it was too bold. I cried out that I begged him to regard me as a sister, and thus to speak to me, that we are all brethren. This made him speak in an instant. He had a debt that he felt immense (it is 300 francs). He had studied though exceedingly poor: his books had ruined him; and his parents have eleven children. He was dreadfully grieved at leaving them this debt, the amount of which he had only calculated a few days previously. Imagine if I did not tell him that he had it no longer, and whether I was not happy! He thanked me, and I thanked him for the great delight he had afforded me. Oh! to hear him say that he was relieved of an enormous weight; it was sweet, I assure you. But he repeated that "it was too bold, that but for his illness he should not have done it, but illness changes one," while I repeated that we had but one Father and are all brethren. When I bade him sleep well that night, he smiled at me, as if to say that *now* he could. To-morrow I shall

carry him the money, after my dear seven o'clock mass. He will not die to-night. I long to give it to him, — I can hear him cough, my window is open, and I have just seen his light, for it is his room that I see from hence. I ask you if it is not Albert who gave us these lodgings, where we established ourselves on the 29th of June.* Oh! what a sweet favour from God is this! What delicious thoughts I had while at work this evening! After a thing like this I do not feel my troubles for some hours, I feel nothing but faith and love. Oh! sweet, fraternal, Catholic union! How sweet and peaceful was the whole scene in his room yesterday and to-day, — a sunbeam shone on his bed through the Venetian blinds; he has a piano and flowers, a little white smiling room. A priest's death appears to me a degree more solemn than it did before. He wrote to his parents to-day. Oh, may they come in time!'

'*Wednesday, July* 4. — I carried it to him this morning. I cannot tell you what I felt when I saw the joy in his eyes, and heard him again say that "a great burthen was taken off his heart, and that he was able to sleep for some hours last night." When I told him I was so happy to have been there, he answered that it was he who was happy, that he had not known what to do, and that God had sent an angel to his succour. He said this quite simply, and I could accept the word more than one usually can, since angels are but the messengers of God, and it seems evident that I was the messenger of His will. Oh! what good it does one! This is the second time I have had the pleasure of being able to assist a priest: M. L— last year, and this year one in a decline. I always have such a wish to give any pleasure to consumptive patients, especially in their last moments, and I had so prayed that God would give me a very good work for Albert's anniversary. Send this letter to our good and holy friend, † for I cannot write all this twice, and I should like him to know my joy.

'I get blessings wherever I can. The other day I made an old dying woman give me one, and heard her say almost the same words as I have heard M. l'Abbé quote, "Suffering is not sinning."'

The young priest died a few days after Alexandrine left Ischl. She went thence to Vienna and Prague. Near Prague lay Kirchberg, the residence of the Duke de Blacas, the same ex-minister of Louis XVIII. whose name is now become so interesting to us for the sake of that exquisite collection of antiques which have just been purchased from his heirs for the British Museum. His duchess was a sister of Madame de la Ferronnays, and Kirchberg was at this time giving shelter to the exiled Royal Family of France.

* The day of Albert's death.
† The Abbe Gerbet.

Eugénie writes to her sister: —

'Listen how our Alex. made her entrée at the Castle of Kirchberg. There is nothing like a shy person for making a bold stroke! You know she was to have a meeting with my aunt two leagues from the castle. She came to the place and found no one. Then all alone, without Julien or Constance, * she got into a sort of cart, with a great bag in her hand, her bonnet all on one side, as often befalls her, and effected her entrance at the castle, where she was received by my aunt with the greatest affection, and on the spot presented to all the royal family! Then at the end of two hours, she set out to meet her mother. Poor dear! Fancy her arriving in a cart, her hair disordered, her shyness enduring this terrible trial of awkwardness. As to her success, I am not uneasy. Does she not always please, and everywhere, no matter how? We know that she was excellently received by every one, and was further expected with great curiosity.' — Vol. ii. p. 205.

She says herself: —

'It was rather strong for me, was it not, and all without time to change my dress or my stockings, and with hair that there had not been time to plait and scarcely to fasten up. It was a real *coup de feu*, in the midst of which I had to silence my vanity; but altogether I was greatly interested.'

A-propos to her vanity, as she calls it, the Princess Lapoukhyn was so urgent with Alexandrine to make her mourning less deep, that she yielded, so far as to change her black caps and collars for white ones. 'She would persuade me to wear silk, and even grey. Poor mamma! she would like imperceptibly to *me remondaniser* a little, and I do not like to vex her, but she little guesses the effect that little word *grey* had on me the other day.' Nor did Alexandrine even make any further alteration in her costume, to which she clung, not only as a memorial of her Albert, but as a preservative from the allurements of the love of admiration, which was so natural to her that once in the last year of her life, when she was told of some one who had been struck with her appearance, she cried out, half playfully, indignantly, 'If some one told me I was pretty in my last agony, I should be pleased.'

She returned to France in the autumn, and found Eugénie exceedingly happy in her new home at Lumigny, so happy that she almost wondered at herself, and delighted in summing up in her letters all the joys

* Her servants.

of her life, and these were increased on the 25th of April, 1839, by the birth of a son. In the autumn there was a general family assembly at Boury, including the Cravens, who were on their way to reside at Brussels, and afterwards M. and Madame de la Ferronnays, with their two youngest daughters and Alexandrine, set out to spend the winter at Naples, partly for the sake of revisiting scenes so much endeared to them, partly because variety was thought good for Olga, and because the ladies of the family had always thought that M. de la Ferronnays suffered from the want of all natural beauty in this dull Norman landscape.

Olga's journal here becomes the principal guide. Mrs. Craven describes its very aspect as touching, the irregular writing so recalling her infirmity, and there is about the expressions a certain childish artlessness that we fear a translation can never render. She was then just seventeen, and the scenery of Italy charmed her intensely. At Naples, too, she met two Russian playmates of her early childhood, and was so full of enjoyment that she then seems to have had the one naughty fit (or what so seemed to her) of her innocent life. She writes in her diary: —

'To-day, I have had both sorrow and joy; sorrow, because my father was displeased that I stayed so late yesterday evening with the Narishkins, and I am so foolishly timid that I stayed a whole hour with him, wishing to speak it all out with him, and instead of daring to open my mouth, I cried. Mamma told me, because of yesterday evening, that she was frightened to see how easily I let myself be carried away by the charm of present pleasure. It is quite true, I let myself go with every impression without ever having energy to consider the consequences and take good resolution. Well, *pazienza*, may God make me good, and correct me of my faults.

'I said likewise that I have had joys. Ah, yes; a true joy. Fernand told me that yesterday evening he was with E. S. R. and M., and they read aloud a letter from Père Lacordaire, addressed some years ago to R. — a magnificent letter! At first they made jokes, but by the end every one was grave, and at last they all took good and serious resolutions, and to-day I have a note from the N's telling me that R. told them he said his prayers yesterday for the first time since last October. This gave me pleasure such as I cannot express. It seems to me as if, if everybody was good, I should be better.

'My God, my God, by Thy suffering and death, by which Thou hast promised to refuse nothing, let this be lasting, let them become good. Bless them, my God; bless Fernand, and grant him the grace of Thy love! Make E. become good and serious, and let him know, I pray Thee, what a happiness it is to love Thee. Bless S. and make him become a Catholic. Confirm R. and restore all his better feelings; protect, inspire, strengthen them. Bless them a thousand times, O Lord, and let this not pass away, I implore Thee; let them all find pious wives, to help, encourage, and love them. I shall pray much for all this to-morrow morning, for I am going early to church to confess and communicate.

'L'Abbé told me to-night to say my prayers, and go to sleep banishing all thought of sadness. I am going to do so. Bless me also, O my God, I pray Thee; I love Thee, and I will love Thee all my life; inspire me with the prayers I ought to make, and grant, me of Thy favour, a little fervour.

'My God, my God, may Thy will be entirely done in me. Thou knowest what I wish, but I would have none of it, if it be not Thy will. Make me truly good, humble, modest; give me the energy I need to correct myself. Lord, Thou knowest that I should like to be happy, and that is not surprising to Thee, is it, my God? Thou knowest the kind of happiness I desire; if Thou wilt, give it to me. But hear me not, if I ask what displeases Thee. Let me die rather than offend Thee mortally: that I have always asked. Make me ask it always. I pray for all I love, — my dear father and mother, my brothers, my beloved sisters, my friends Mathilde and Fanny, my other sisters, Euphémie and Nathalie. I will love Thee, my God. Pardon my many faults; I will not think of them, I will only think of Thee, my God, of Thy infinite love; I cast myself into Thine arms. Let me love Thee, Lord, and never love any one more than Thee.' — Vol. ii. pp. 255-7.

We have given this day's journal at length, though well aware that some will deem it puerile or trifling, because we find in no other means could the peculiar tender sweetness and confidence of Olga's nature be shown. She wrote at the same time all that was on her mind to Eugénie, and her answer to the confession of the little fit of dissipation is well worth preserving: —

'*Feb.* 17*th*, 1840. — Dear little Sister, to tell you the truth, I believe you are only experiencing the passing effect of your first year in a world where everything is striking, surprising, agitating. Distrust yourself, my Olgette, try to master your thoughts if you can. Amuse yourself simply in the world. You are so young! When the time of true sorrow has come, you will regret having saddened your poor heart at the moment when it only wanted to expand and be happy. What is the ruling notion in all this? A vague uneasiness about the future, a sort of haste to know how it will be fixed. Be then at peace, trust to God, and direct your thoughts and will to Him when you feel yourself agitated by this wave of the

world. My sweet little sister, let me recommend you one thing in which you have never yet failed; but you never should fail. Whatever are your thoughts, feelings, dreams, confide them always, never shut them up within yourself, for the devil makes his profit of these wrong retreats into ourselves. When one has a mother like ours, and a sister like our Pauline, to whom one can say everything, and who only argue with you with tenderness for what you express, would it not be a sin to refuse such assistance?

'Watch over yourself, distrust your languor, give yourself a little physical and moral activity, just as I set myself sometimes to laugh and talk in order to conquer my frequent inclination to be silent. Walk about, do many things in a day, never refuse a commission, set chairs when they are wanted, pick up handkerchiefs for those who let them fall, and keep off your absent fits as one keeps off bad thoughts. Believe me, it is necessary: these are real little acts of virtue; they will cost you something, but they must be done. Another piece of advice with regard to Albertine. You must help her out of childhood; the work belongs to you. Give it a little of the interest you expend too much on other things. Be to her what Pauline was to me. When she took possession of me I was a raw lump (*morceau brut*), she polished and formed me. The doors of my understanding were all closed; she opened them, and that time has always seemed to me like the passing from night to day. Will not you do the same for Albertine? If I was there, I should do it *con amore*, for Pauline is always before my mind. Do not forget to answer me. Tell me how you contrive with your dress, and how your purse stands. Pray have no debts.' — Vol. ii. pp. 259-60.

In April Madame de la Ferronnays and Olga went to spend a couple of months with Madame de Blacas, who was then at Goritz with the Royal Family, then consisting of the Duke de Bordeaux, his sister, not yet married, and the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême. They were very gracious, but it seems to have been horribly dull for poor little Olga, except when she was with the young princess — Mademoiselle, as she was termed — who was delighted with her young companion. We cannot refrain from giving another extract from the naïve journal: —

'*Sunday, May* 17*th*. — This evening, at the King's, there were a good many people from Goritz, some very pretty. As no work is done on Sunday, there are cards. I lost. Mademoiselle was charming, with natural flowers in her hair. At half-past eight the Queen rises and dismisses the company, then sits down again, and one remains *en petit comité* till nine, when every one retires. Mademoiselle told me she was always in bed by thirty-five minutes past nine. She gets up at six — that is not bad — nine hours' sleep! Oh! poor princes, they do not lead a very gay life. In the evening everybody sits working round a circular table, and Mademoiselle often yawns with all her might without the least restraint. She laughed as she told me how she spent her time in her brother's absence. She was alone with her uncle, her aunt, and Mme. de G. "It was very serious," she said. I should think so! More so than Boury, when there is nobody but me to make talk. Well, though I was sometimes tired at Boury, and longed to travel a little, I never was unhappy there. On the contrary, I had delightful moments of calmness and serenity such as one can hardly experience, I think, except in a regular life, especially in the midst of a numerous family where there is all the charm I have always experienced in mine. A uniform life is not at all wearisome. Yet one does want a little variety from time to time. Then my life, such as I dream of it, would be charming.'

'*Saturday*, 23*d*. — To-day I went out with Mademoiselle in the carriage and on foot. She gave me a charming little parasol when she went to Strasaldo. I do not think there exists, or ever existed, even in a fairy tale, a more charming princess.

'A walk with her, then a long time in her room. She played the harp, and I sang. Got up at five to say adieu to the Queen, who goes at six. Walk to Saint Maur, my aunt's country-house, with her, my mother, Stanislas and Olivier.* A delightful place, but these walks are real crosses to me, because of my eyes, and I am not allowed to mention them to every one. I had much rather do so, as an excuse for my awkwardness and *maladresse* in these walks. I always have the *spleen* in them. I cannot say a word. I cannot tell how to answer when I am asked how I like the view. My God, I assure Thee it is a cross. I hope Thou so lookest on it. I offer it to Thee certainly, but I cannot say I like it, or that I had not much rather be without it.' — Vol. ii. pp. 266–7.

Poor little dear, the next day she writes:—

'I read over what I wrote in my journal yesterday and thought myself horribly silly, and it actually came to mamma's eyes, and she thought so too. I will not set down all that comes into my head, it is so absurd when one reads it again. I end all my *châteaux en Espagne* by giving myself up entirely to God, and to-day there is no great merit in it, for I desire nothing at all, not even what I thought I desired yesterday. It quite chills me that mamma thought that silly. Imaginary sentiments are always ridiculous. I will write no more of that kind, and think it as little as possible.'

The real sorrows that were to cloud the poor child's life began to gather. Eugénie's health was breaking, and after the birth of

* Her cousins, the Count de Blacas and Duke de Tourzel.

her second son she was ordered to Italy, where she arrived in the autumn of 1841, with her husband and her eldest child, and the usual home party went to spend the winter at Rome, all except Alexandrine, who was with her own relations, having lately lost one of her brothers.

Madame de la Ferronnays had for some time past been anxious about her husband's health: occasional spasms had attacked him, and though these were always relieved at once by bleeding, she much dreaded that there was some deep cause for them. When, therefore, his death took place, on the 17th of January, 1842, so suddenly that Olga and Albertine were dressing for a ball at the time, she could scarcely be said to be unprepared. Indeed, in her first letter to her eldest daughter, written only four days later, she says, 'The dread of this moment had been the fixed idea of her life for forty years; she had feared losing him from the moment she was his, and had never had an hour of entire forgetfulness that thus it might be. Trust and prayer to God alone had kept her up under the trembling of heart in which she had lived.' She finishes this first letter, 'God has just laid His cross on my shoulders. I hope to bear it, if He will give me strength.' On the following day she writes at length to her daughter the history of the event, and of the many blessings that attended it. She herself had been unwell and in bed for the previous week, and had been a little surprised that he had not waited for her to join him as usual in the course of devotions at the Seven Churches, ending by communicating at S. Peter's. On the Sunday he dined with the Princess Borghese, and there was much interested in the account of a young Jew, at present a blasphemer, but for whose conversion Count Théodore de Bussière, an excellent French gentleman, was very anxious. M. de la Ferronnays told his wife about it on his return, speaking warmly of the good done by M. de Bussière, and adding sadly, 'I do nothing.'

The next day he went to mass, and afterwards took a walk with Eugénie and her husband; his wife 'though quite well, reserving herself to take the two girls to the ball for which they were preparing, 'to the great compassion, I think, of our good angels, and of all who watch over us in heaven.' After gathering flowers with them in complete enjoyment of a lovely day, he left them and drove to Santa Maria Maggiore, where, as he told his wife on his return, he went through, according to a daily custom of long standing, the Office of Preparation for death, and then the 'Remember,' an intercessory prayer, was repeated by him more than twenty times, for, as he said, 'objects without number.' Then after the Benediction he returned home, delighted with his afternoon, talked to his wife about it, sat down to his desk and wrote, then dined, and afterwards had a game at play with his little grandson. There was a charcoal brazier in the room, and he had been warming his feet there, but probably the organic disease was really the cause of the attack that came on. He left the room, and presently his wife was summoned and was told he had a spasm. A surgeon was sent for; by the time he came he was so much better that he did not bleed him; but just as he was gone another attack came on. Madame de la Ferronnays hurried to the stairs to have the surgeon recalled. When she returned the Abbé Gerbet (who happily was then residing at Rome) was repeating the Absolution of the dying.

There was a glorious, radiant look of hope and joy; a murmured farewell to wife and children; an embrace to the crucifix; a word of thanks to Eugénie for raising his head with a pillow; and then the hand was motionless — the pulse beat no more. Who could have wished the last day of his life to be spent otherwise? Madame de la Ferronnays knelt on by his side. When her son-in-law came to her, hours after, she said, 'I am well, I feel so near him. I think we have never been so united.' And at daybreak she went to church, and received the Holy Communion they had intended to receive together (it was the festival called Cathedra Sancti Petri), and doubtless together they did receive it. Except when at church, she sat or knelt continually beside the bed, only now and then yielding to entreaties that she would lie down in Eugénie's room. Priests came and went, and prayers were constantly round her; but she was hardly conscious of aught but a constant effort to repeat that she strove to unite her agony to that of our Lord and His blessed Mother at the foot of the Cross. At last, the Abbé Gerbet roused her by pulling by the arm, saying, with much emotion, that 'Bussière had something to tell her that would please her, and in which M. de la Ferronnays was concerned.'

Alphonso Ratisbonne, the Jew of whom M. de la Ferronnays had taken such interest, though he had never seen him, a highly educated man, son of a rich banker at Strasburg, had been sauntering in the church of Sant' Andrea delle Fratte, where

preparations for the funeral were being made, when, in the words of the Abbé Gerbet's letter to Mrs. Craven, 'he was suddenly converted, like S. Paul on his way to Damascus, by one of the miraculous strokes of Divine power and goodness. He was standing opposite to a chapel dedicated to the Guardian Angel, when suddenly a luminous apparition of the Holy Virgin signed to him to go towards the chapel. An irresistible force drew him thither, he fell on his knees, and instantly became a Christian. His first words to his companions were, "That gentleman must have prayed much for me."'

We make no comment. Alphonso Ratisbonne lives a bright light of the Church, and the history is testified to by the Abbé Gerbet, Count Théodore de la Bussière, and Count Théobald Valsh; and these are not men whose witness should be lightly regarded. Nor is this the place for the discussion. Our business is with the La Ferronnays family, who, as well may be believed, were lifted up with exceeding thankfulness, such as bore them, as it were, above their grief. Alexandrine, hurrying back to them, wrote, 'Never was I in such an atmosphere of holy and gentle sorrow, virtue, simplicity, and visible Divine protection.' Eugénie's spiritual nature rose at first, but at the expense of her already shattered frame, and as her disease made progress, her spirits sank into a state of extreme depression.

The physicians ordered her to leave Rome. She went on the 2d of April, leaving her little Robert with his grandmother. Madame de Bussière heard her whisper as the child was lifted into the carriage for her last kiss. 'You will never see your mother again;' but she seemed almost cheerful, as if feeling that apart from her dear ones she could better make the sacrifice. She was better at Naples, where she met her early friend Mme. de Raigecour, who, herself in delicate health, was on the way to the East with her husband. They embarked together for Palermo, where they arrived on the 6th, and still she seemed better, but at seven o'clock the next morning her husband knocked at the Raigecours' bedroom door, and they, hurrying to her bedside, found her expiring 'without a convulsion, without an effort, as gently as she had lived.' In her paper-case was found the beginning of a letter to Mrs. Craven, 'Dear Sister of my life,'—no more, the last words she ever wrote.

M. de Raigecour wrote the tidings to the Abbé Gerbet, who conveyed them to the mother. 'Our angels in heaven thought we had not strength to receive that last sigh,' she says to Pauline. One hardly dares dwell on the beauty of that mother's resignation and strength, while, as she said, she saw her 'tree of shelter losing its leaves one by one,' and already for Olga she had great anxieties, so severely had the sudden shock of her father's death told upon the young girl. The sense of being her mother's comfort, however, bore Olga up under this last stroke, and as soon as the widowed son-in-law returned from Naples the family returned to France, where Mrs. Craven came to meet them.

She had been very ill from the shock of Eugénie's death, but almost the first day of her going out at Brussels she had the great pleasure of meeting Alphonso Ratisbonne. He was about to become a Jesuit, saying that to Him who had given him so much he could not offer 'less than all.' He told Mrs. Craven that he considered no earthly tie equal to that which bound him to her father. 'I owe him more than life,' he said; 'I feel myself more his child than you yourself.'

The conversation she had with the convert infinitely cheered the daughter, and she felt strong enough for the sad meeting with her mother and sisters. She took them back with her to Brussels, and whilst she had the charge of them, Alexandrine, now consoler and comforter-general, was needed by her own family. Another stroke was near. The autumn was to be spent at a lonely little sea-place called Blankenburg, as being quieter than Brussels; and there, one stormy afternoon, when walking on the beach, some inexpressible change was remarked by Pauline on Olga's face, that assured her that she would die. That very night a pain in the side came on: they took her to Brussels for advice, and there she lingered five months, suffering at first especially from a nervous affection that made her ready to weep at everything, until the time when her state was hopeless, when her cheerfulness became unfailing. The spirit in which she endured is shown by one trait. Two days before her death, when broth was offered her, she said: 'I like water better;' then, 'I *like* better — JESUS CHRIST on the Cross did not say, I like.'

Her last words, as she lay with her arms crossed on her breast, were, 'I believe, I love, I hope, I repent. Into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' Then a few inarticulate words, among them the name of Eugénie; and even when speech was over, the triumphant joy of her countenance

made her gasping breath seem like the panting of one close to the goal of a long race. She died on the 10th of February, 1843, thirteen months after her father, nine months after her sister. Alexandrine had already returned, and with her mother's full consent, resolved thenceforth to devote herself wholly to Mme. de la Ferronnays, who had now only little Albertine, still a mere child, besides her married daughter, who of course could not be always with her. We have scarcely dwelt upon Alexandrine during the preceding two years, during which she was first gathering up all the sacred treasures of memory in Italy, and then ministering to all the afflicted round her — all the time working away at the Memoir of her married life, which, as before said, is the groundwork of the whole book — a seven years' task of love, to which she put her last touch on the very day of Olga's death. It was just after Olga had received extreme unction that on leaving her room Mrs. Craven was seized with a fit of weeping, and was for some time nearly choked with tears. Presently Alexandrine gravely and gently said, 'You weep because our Olga is going to heaven, and now she is almost beyond this world you would bring her back. Tell me then what happiness you can secure for her on earth?' Her tone and accent, her sister says, were 'indescribably impressive.' Indeed, these seven years had been a time of growth, and in it she attained to the development in which we now see her, as the blessing to her home, the active devoted labourer among the poor, and as a being constantly living as one above the world. Far from shrinking from the house of mourning, the mother and daughter-in-law went from Olga's death-bed to that of old M. de Mun, who had never really recovered from the loss of his daughter, but was now dying in so blessed a frame that, as he was listening to the chapter of Thomas à Kempis on the joys of heaven, he said, 'I have read that often all through my life, but never understood it till now.' After spending some weeks with the widow and her son, they returned to Boury, whence Mme. de la Ferronnays writes one of her patient, beautiful letters: —

'Boury, *Sept.* 1, 1843. — My dear beloved daughter, let us see how long it is since I wrote to you; I look at my diary and find it is the fourth day, — a long time. There was a time when one letter was scarcely ended before one thought of beginning another. Then there was movement and life, but, now what can be done to get out of the tomb I am plunged into? I see nothing, I understand nothing, I think of nothing. Besides, our convent life is so methodical and punctual that time sometimes fails me, and this regularity is a remedy, a refreshing balm to our wounds. And what wounds? Three living limbs cut — torn away, and the first wound still fresh and open. Certainly, if our good God were not the foundation of all our occupations and did not fill most of them, we should find nothing around us but death; but He restores life, at least I hope it is He.

'I often pass from one frame of mind to another. The other day, on the stairs, I felt suddenly as if I were forsaken alone on a desert island, and I often have the restlessness of mind of wanting to be wherever I am not. On the whole, however, I had rather be here than elsewhere; I am more entirely with those dear ones; and then this dear chapel, where I hope they sometimes pity and weep for me, and understand how I miss their beauteous songs and heavenly voices. My kind Alexandrine is practising on the organ, and I feel most thankful to her. I know it is to please me, and so it does, for I cling to all that still remains of the past, or that can in the least remind me of it. Is it weakness or strength? I cannot tell, I should be inclined to call it weakness, and perhaps want of complete resignation: I know not how to make my sacrifice complete; I fasten myself on little things for want of great ones. But I think I can also say that there is a little desire to gratify those who want to gratify me, and to whom this gives interest and occupation. If I were alone, nothing would be thought of. Poor Alexandrine practised till nearly twelve on the organ last night, and this morning she played beautiful harmonious things. But the voices! Ah, that is what nothing can restore to us on earth.

'After breakfast, I begin by reading with Albertine, and afterwards with Alexandrine. Then Albertine brings me her historical exercises; I listen to her practice on the piano, and afterwards go into my room and arrange my letters,* and then time flies. At four I go to the cemetery, then for a little while to the chapel, then dinner, then a visit to poor Louise Thiars, or some one else, then the meeting in the drawing-room, where we are reading aloud the life of S. Francis of Assisi, then to prayers, and on our return, tea and bed; and then it is that sometimes when I am alone in my room, I am taken by nervous fears that keep me from sleeping. The complete solitude then becomes so oppressive that I should never sleep at all did I not think that those dear ones are around me, and guard my rest. We shall stay here then, as we are, till the 1st of November, perhaps longer, if the weather is fine. Dear child, I like to think you have such a fine season for your sea-bathing. Last year — ah! were we then at Blankenburg — if it had been as fine as now, — but no, she was ill already, she had that pain in the side. I am always fancying I

* Her husband's letters to herself.

am hearing of all these afflictions.' — Vol. ii. pp. 350–2.

As Madame de la Ferronnays began, through her spirit of resignation, to recover the tone of her mind, Alexandrine threw herself more and more into the world of devotion, and became more detached from ordinary life. Abbé Gerbet, her first confessor, was still at Rome, and Père de Ravignan was now her guide, and led her higher and higher; 'the first,' Mrs. Craven says, 'taught her to walk, the second to climb.' An intense desire took possession of her to devote herself entirely to God; she seemed to fear allowing any earthly consideration to detain her, and for a time entered the establishment called the Filles de Sion, founded by Père Alphonso Ratisbonne; but it did not answer; her spirit was too strong and independent for monastic life, and by Père Ravignan's advice she gave it up, and, as she said, 'returned to her sweet part of Ruth,' much the happier and more at peace for the experiment having been made, and being, as it were, off her mind. There was plenty of work for her to busy herself on in comparative independence of action, though not isolation; she became a member of one of those orders of S. Vincent de Paul that find and authorize work for every one in their degree, and while living at home toiled with all her heart for the poor.

Once she had been a great letter-writer, and loved to sit dreaming over her desk; but now she was too busy to write often or at length, though her notes gained in strength and spirit. In the summer of 1845 she spent some time with Mrs. Craven at Baden, writing beforehand to say she only wanted 'a maid-servant's corner;' but the fond sister had of course prepared a room as pretty as she could make it, such as Alexandrine with her elegant tastes would have once enjoyed. But now, while coaxing her sister, and laughing at herself, she could not be satisfied till all the ornaments were taken away, and the furniture reduced to the merest necessaries — it was a sort of repugnance to luxury and a love of likeness to the poor, and in the few weeks she spent at Baden she had found out so many poor that she spent all the mornings, and part of many afternoons, in attending on them. She read a good deal, but solely religious books; on secular books, such as memoirs, histories, or novels, such as had formerly interested her to an unusual degree, she had no power of fixing her attention.

'One day, in the course of this summer, we happened to be at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Those who know Baden are aware that from one of the balconies of this hotel all that is passing on the promenade may be plainly seen and heard. We were on this balcony at nightfall; we heard the band play (and admirably) a waltz, and through the trees we saw the numerous groups of company, and from that distance everything took that festival air which is so easily assumed on a fine summer evening by this sort of assembly in the open air. This is even one of those external impressions that awaken in the heart of the young a feeling of gaiety and life that is not without danger to some.

'A few years earlier, Alexandrine would have carefully fled from any impression of this kind, because of the heartrending regrets the contrast would have awakened, and also from a sort of dread (inspired by her self-distrust) of again finding herself accessible to the least attraction in a worldly or brilliant amusement, be it what it might. Recollecting this, I asked her what she thought of those distant sounds of mirth, which brought back to me so vividly the past days. She quietly answered me, with a smile, that she never thought of those days now, and continued to look at the promenade and the starry sky with an expression she wore sometimes, and which made her really beautiful. As I write, I see her as she was then, for the moment is one of those we have spoken of as difficult to describe as it is impossible to forget. She remained a moment thus: then taking from her pocket a little book, where she set down anything that interested her in her readings, "Here," she said, "this is what is really beautiful, interesting, and important," and she read me in Latin these words of, I think, S. Augustine, "*O amare! O ire! O sibi perire! O ad Deum pervenire!*" Never, never have I forgotten the tone in which she read those words, nor the hour, the place, the day, when I heard them. But I feel that it is very difficult to communicate this impression. All this, however, must tend to show the nature of the change in her soul, a change which was only the more complete triumph of that great love, which without excluding one of those affections that flow from it, can alone and without any of these, be sufficient for the heart and fill it.' — Vol. ii. pp. 366–7.

Can we add anything to this? Yet there are a few traits more that must be given to show how the earthly love had raised the heart to heavenly love, and how sufficient Heaven now was to the once broken heart. 'We have had terrible days,' said Alexandrine, 'but now I mourn my Albert cheerfully.'

Her cares for the poor occupied her more and more. She gave away or sold for their benefit whatever was not absolutely necessary to her, and once when Mrs. Craven

chanced to open her wardrobe, at Paris, she found nothing there but two black gowns and a small stock of linen. One day, when she had been caught in a violent rain on one of the errands to the poor, which she always made on foot in all weathers, she took refuge in a house of the Sisters of Charity, where she was well known. One of the sisters told her that she had a pressing request to make her, on behalf of a poor woman who was in great need of a pair of shoes. Alexandrine at once took out the money, and presently a pair of shoes appeared, which the good sister insisted she should put on herself, instead of the worn-out pair she had on. Another time, a lady who had seen her in a church, went to the sisters of the convent it belonged to, and said that she had seen a lady, no doubt too poor to buy necessaries, and that she should be glad to send her milk. She was much confused on hearing that this was Madame Albert de la Ferronnays; but Alexandrine herself was exceedingly amused at the blunder. This, however, was not till privation had really reduced her. She became more and more attached to her duties among the Parisian poor, and more unable to leave them when her mother-in-law went into the country. For several years after Albert's death she had kept on the lodgings in which he died, lending them to priests who had to be in Paris on business; but when first her charities had begun to engross her, she gave this up as a selfish expense; and she now decided on taking an apartment at the convent of S. Thomas de Villeneuve. Mrs. Craven tried to dissuade her, feeling sure that she would injure herself by going without the comforts that she could not avoid in family life; but her mind was not to be changed, for she could not bear to leave her poor people for three months in the depth of winter.

All she could she gave to them. She would not have the fire kept up in her room when she was out, and she often returned shivering. Her diet was very different from what she was used to, and by the first week of 1848 she was seriously ill with inflammation. Her mother-in-law and Albertine were sent for; and, after an illness spent in full consciousness and perfect peace and hope, she died, on the 8th of February, 1848, having survived Albert twelve years. Her last words were not as those of one solely engrossed in the thought of reunion with him; they were of the higher Love.

The last remembrance Pauline had of her was standing in the sunshine in the cemetery at Boury, with a spray of jessamine in her hand, her face bright, her eyes on the sky, as she said:

'"O Pauline, how could I not love God, how can I not be transported when I think of Him! Is there any merit in that, even of faith, when I think of His miracle in my soul? when I feel that after so loving and desiring earthly happiness, I have had it, — lost it, and been in the depth of despair? but now my soul is so transformed and filled with happiness, that all I ever knew or imagined is nothing, nothing at all, in comparison."

'"But, suppose you could be offered again such a life as I had hoped for you with Albert, and for long years?"

'"I would not take it."'

After such a conversation it was blessed to think of her as laid in the other half of the double grave she had prepared long before, with a cross between, engraven with the words: —

'Quod Deus conjunxit, homo non separabit.'

Madame de la Ferronnays survived till the 15th of November of the same year, when she died of a short illness in Mrs. Craven's house at Baden. We feel that we have not done justice to the family portraits here presented to us, drawn by their own hands. Many beautiful portions have necessarily been passed over, among them the letters from the Abbé Gerbet, and the Comte de Montalembert, which form a marked feature in the book; but we hope we have said enough to set this most attractive type of excellence in some degree before our readers' eyes, and show the gradual growth of the saint from the bright beauty.

It is, perhaps, a shock to some readers to be so fully brought into a family interior. One almost feels oneself intruding: but it is now long since these joys and sorrows have become the treasures of memory, and Mrs. Craven, in compiling her collection, has but acted in compliance with a wish long ago expressed by M. de Montalembert, to make others know that a pure and sanctified love, 'the cup that God hath deigned to bless, need not sparkle less, or rather, that it may sparkle more than the world's gay garish feast.' It is to the credit of the French that they have appreciated the beauty at least of the delineation. Only a hundred copies were printed in 1865 for private distribution; but an article in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' made the characters of Eugénie, Albert, and Alexandrine known, and the volumes that lie before us in the spring of 1867 are of the sixth edition.

From the Cornhill Magazine.

THE FLEET PARSONS AND THE FLEET MARRIAGES.

In the year 1837 a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the state, custody, and authenticity of non-parochial registers in England and Wales. An Act — the provisions of which are still in force — for registering births, deaths, and marriages by a general civil process, was about to come into operation; and thus the future registration of the entire community had been secured. But as regarded the past, the only registers recognized by law were those kept at parish churches. It was proposed as far as possible to supply the deficiency involved in this exclusiveness, and to place all trustworthy non-parochial registers relating to previous years on the same footing as that of the records which were about to be kept under the new Act. With this object in view, and with the further design of discovering the best method for collecting and arranging these non-parochial records, the commissioners pursued their investigations.

The results attained by the commission were highly satisfactory. A large number of registers were submitted to the commissioners' examination, and were finally on their recommendation made evidence by the Act 3 & 4 Vict. cap. 92 — the documents, with the consent of their late custodians, being permanently deposited in the keeping of the Registrar-General. A comparatively small number of the volumes having been found untrustworthy, were returned to the various local authorities by whom they had been forwarded to London.

Amongst the registers which came into the hands of the commissioners at this time, were those curious and interesting records which have chiefly supplied us with our materials for the present paper — the records, namely, of the celebrated Fleet marriages. The books were more than 1,200 in number; nearly a thousand of them, however, being small pamphlets or memorandum-books extremely unlike the volumes employed for registration purposes. These registers had been purchased by Government in the year 1821, and since that date had been at the Registry of the diocese of London. They were now handed over to the commissioners, that their claims to be made evidence might be reconsidered; for hitherto they had been of but doubtful and disputed value in courts of law.

For various reasons which will become apparent to the reader as we proceed to an examination of these extraordinary records, the commissioners came to the conclusion that they could not advise the placing of them on the same footing as those other non-parochial registers of which they had expressed their full approval. This conclusion, therefore, they signified in their report; adding, however, a recommendation that the Fleet books should be deposited in the same office with more unimpeachable documents. The suggestion was adopted; and the Fleet registers are now preserved at the office of the Registrar-General, Somerset House, where they are open to search, upon the payment of a small fee.

Many years ago, Mr. J. S. Burn, the author of the *History of Parish Registers*, published a valuable account of the Fleet marriages, and of that strange class of men who performed them. Having, by the kind permission of the Registrar-General, had such access to the registers as has enabled us to discover some things which will be new even to the readers of Mr. Burn's volume, we propose to give in these pages the results of our investigation, while we shall amplify the narrative from other sources. But before calling attention to the documents themselves, it is necessary to refer to the state of the English law as to marriage at the period which they illustrate — a period embracing the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the first half of the eighteenth.

It would seem then, in the first place, that prior to the coming into force of Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act in March, 1754, it was not absolutely essential to the *validity* of matrimony that it should be presided over by a priest, or attended by any religious ceremony whatever. That is to say, the mutual consent of competent parties to become man and wife, when avowed before witnesses, even though accompanied by no solemnities such as the law enjoined and common custom followed, was held in a certain restricted sense to constitute real matrimony. It is true that marriage thus contracted was abhorred by the Church, and that the ecclesiastical law censured and punished it, and could, moreover, compel its solemnization according to prescribed form *in facie ecclesiæ*. Such marriage could not, however, be *annulled*. This, as it appears, had been acknowledged by the ecclesiastical courts from the thirteenth century downwards; and the practice of those courts had always been recognized by the English common and statute law.

The view of marriage implied in this practice had doubtless taken its origin in

the theological doctrine which taught that marriage was a sacrament. For it had been admitted in that doctrine that the sacramental *fact* lay in the understanding between the contracting parties themselves, and not in the religious ceremonial or priestly benediction which attended the union. Hence the clandestine marriages which the ecclesiastical law came to denounce and punish, found, in some sort, their excuse in the Church's own admission respecting the nature of matrimony.*

But a marriage such as those to which we have referred, although a contract indissoluble between the parties themselves, and although recognized by the law as valid and binding, did not constitute a full and complete marriage, unless celebrated in the presence, and with the intervention, of a priest in orders.† This priestly intervention, however, even if itself informally practised, seems to have redeemed such marriage from the incompleteness which otherwise characterized it, and to have bestowed upon it the essentials, although not the privileges, of marriage performed *in facie ecclesiæ*.‡ The Fleet weddings, then, which were (for the most part) celebrated by ordained priests, but in an irregular manner, appear to have occupied a kind of middle position between marriages performed according to the full injunctions of the law on the one hand, and those contracted without *any* ministerial intervention on the other. They lacked the ecclesiastical sanction and privilege awarded to the former; but they possessed a completeness which was wanting to the latter. They were punishable by the law as to the manner of their celebration, for some of those who performed them underwent legal penalties; but they were nevertheless complete in law, as is witnessed by their invariable recognition as complete marriages in the numerous bigamy cases to which they gave rise.

But let us now inquire into the circumstances which were the immediate means of bringing the Fleet into notoriety as a place for the celebration of clandestine marriages. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, such marriages were of frequent occurrence in various London churches. Like the Fleet weddings themselves, and for similar reasons, they were irregular, punishable, and yet valid. They were not at first performed by persons of bad character. They took place for the most part in buildings which were supposed, for different reasons, to be exempted from the visitation of the bishop as ordinary — the exemption being made an excuse for dispensing with banns or license. In the year 1674, these clandestine and informal marriages in churches had become so numerous that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners issued an order against them. With this order the origin of the Fleet marriages is to be identified. The issue of it was not likely to destroy the existing demand for clandestine matrimony; and it simply had the effect of changing, and that greatly for the worse, the persons by whom, and the circumstances under which, the required commodity was to be supplied.

In the days of which we are writing, a large number of dissolute clergymen were to be found within and about the Fleet Prison. Some of these were confined in the prison itself; others of them, although also *détenus* for debt, being privileged to reside within the rules of the Fleet. These men discovered in the recent order of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners the means of their own pecuniary benefit. They at once espoused the cause of candidates for clandestine matrimony, and undertook to meet the popular demand. They began to marry couples on application, without notice and without publicity, the only *sine quâ non* being the payment of fees; and the amount of these fees was permitted to vary, according to the pecuniary capacities of the applicants for matrimony, although, as we shall hereafter see, the parsons invariably secured as large a remuneration for their services as possible. These marriages were at first often solemnized in the Fleet Chapel; but the Act 10 Anne, cap. 19, at length put an end to their celebration there, and henceforth they took place (as indeed was not unfrequently the case before) in the various brandy-shops and other places at which the parsons lodged, or still oftener in certain taverns which came to be known as regular marriage-houses, the landlords whereof derived their profits from matrimony just as as they did from malt liquors. In many cases rooms were specially fitted up for the performance of the ceremony, and these apartments were often dignified with the title of "chapel" — the name of a saint being sometimes prefixed to the word chapel in the ordinary manner. As soon as the Fleet became associated in

* See *Stephens's Clergy Law*, vol. i. p. 672. Also *Letter to the Lord Brougham and Vaux on the Opinions of the Judges in the Irish Marriage Cases*, by Sir JOHN STODDART, Knt. LL.D., 1844.

† Opinions of the Judges in the case of Queen *v.* Millis. *Stephens's Clergy Law*, vol. i.

‡ Roper's *Husband and Wife*, vol. ii. pp. 446-50.

the public mind with clandestine marriage, it was voluntarily resorted to by many abandoned clergymen.

It should not, then, be supposed that any privilege, attached or even pretended to be attached to the neighbourhood of the Fleet, was the basis of the irregular matrimonial practices which had sprung up there. It is, indeed, far from true that all the so-called Fleet marriages took place in that locality. On the contrary, we find from the registers that many of the parsons travelled all over London to perform weddings; and it was not an unusual circumstance for them to be summoned into different parts of the country also, to exercise their functions as the priests of Hymen there. The solution of the question as to how the Fleet came specially to be connected with clandestine marriage, is to be found simply in the circumstance that at the period when secret matrimony was driven from its ancient strongholds, the Fleet and its purlieus happened to contain just such men as were best suited for carrying on the persecuted trade: men, that is to say, whose pockets were empty, and whose reputation was destroyed, and who had consequently nothing further to lose through pecuniary penalties, or by the antagonism of respectable society.

The marriages in the Fleet continued to increase year by year. From the 19th October, 1704, to the 12th February, 1705, no less than 2,954 weddings had been celebrated (by evidence), besides others known to have been omitted. The maximum of the marriages was probably attained in the year preceding that in which Lord Hardwicke's Act came into force, viz. in 1753–4. It was in 1712 that the Fleet Chapel became unavailable for the practices of the Fleet parsons; and from about this date, we apprehend, the grosser features of their trade began to manifest themselves.

A traffic was now carried on, the shamelessness of which is almost incredible. The taverns and other houses where matrimony had at first taken place, doubtless with some sort of privacy, became known and spoken of as regular marriage-shops. They displayed, suspended from their walls, the huge and elaborate signboards of the day, explaining the nature of the accommodation offered within. But information more precise than the clasped hands, tied knots, and other symbolical devices of these signboards was provided. Notices were put up over the doors offering immediate marriage in the plainest terms, and stating the cheapness with which the ceremony might be secured. Touters, such as those which now haunt the entrances of cheap photograph-shops, lounged about the marriage-houses, suggesting the "parson" to passers-by, and fluently urging the facility with which the reverend gentleman's services might be secured. The better to ensure the zeal of these touters, they were generally allowed to participate in whatever gains they were instrumental in bringing to their employers. Thus stimulated, they occasionally carried their zeal to such an extreme as to attempt to drag people to matrimony, and to overcome reluctance by purely physical means. Respectable church-goers, passing Ludgate Hill to service, were not secure from the molestations of these men, who pursued their calling with as much vigour on Sundays as on other days. Sometimes the parsons themselves plied for customers on their own account; and it is said that the more degraded of them would offer to perform the marriage service on terms as low as a pipeful of tobacco or a dram of spirits. That the reverend gentlemen not unfrequently thus advertised themselves in person is intimated in *Peregrine Pickle*, at that point when the faithful *Pipes* gives battle to the turnkey on being expelled from the Fleet Prison. We will quote the passage to which we refer, for it gives, no doubt, a just notion of the social *status* of the Fleet parsons.

"A ring of butchers," says the tale, "was immediately formed; a couple of the reverend flamens who, in morning gowns, ply for marriages in that quarter of the town, constituted themselves seconds and umpires of the approaching contest, and the battle began. . . . Pipes was congratulated upon his victory, not only by his friend Hatchway, but also by the bye-standers, particularly the priest who had espoused his cause, and who now invited the strangers to his lodgings in a neighbouring alehouse, where they were entertained so much to their liking, that they determined to seek no other habitation while they should continue in town."

The bulk of the applicants for matrimony at the Fleet were doubtless of the lower orders. Labourers from the country, mechanics and small tradespeople of every description, constituted a large proportion of the parsons' patrons. Sailors too were amongst their most steady supporters; and when the ships of the Royal Navy came into port, there was often a vast rush of seamen to the Fleet. Jack is notorious for the breadth of his views on the subject of matrimony; and very likely in making

up his mind to be united at the Fleet to the Polly of the hour, he argued with himself respecting the parson who should perform the ceremony somewhat as Touchstone did of Sir Oliver Martext: — "I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife." In the present day sailors exhibit a strong preference for being married without any religious service at all: they are now found to apply for matrimony at the register offices* more frequently than almost any other class of the community. But other grades of society besides those already mentioned sometimes had recourse to the Fleet for clandestine marriage. In turning the pages of the registers, we find that not a few of the persons married are described as gentlemen and gentlewomen; and at the period of which we are writing, these terms, we suppose, were more significant than at present. From particulars occasionally inserted in the entries of marriages, moreover, we learn definitely that country gentlemen, lawyers from the Temple, officers in the army, and sometimes people of rank and title, were amongst those who sought the services of the Fleet parson. While, therefore, our ideas of the marriages in general may justly lead us amongst the lower classes, it must not be forgotten that the upper ten thousand occasionally patronised our naughty parsons, and that the dreary purlieus of the Fleet were now and then lighted up by erratic flashes of quality and fashion.

So far we have spoken of *bonâ fide* weddings only. But the reader must learn that the lust after fees on the part of the Fleet parsons often led them to promote and perform marriages which were no marriages at all, but mere fictitious semblances of them. Young gentlemen, for instance, were sometimes made half intoxicated, and then entrapped into union with characters of the most degraded description. And these women, it is almost needless to say, quickly broke the bonds thus iniquitously tied, and contracted fresh marriages with new victims. The priests also readily lent themselves to the petitions of unfortunate girls, who were desirous of procuring, for the satisfaction of their friends, certificates to the effect that they had been married. In these cases a man was hired to personate a husband; the mockery of a marriage service was gone through, an entry was made in the register, and a certificate issued. There is an instance on record of a young fruitseller from the Fleet Bridge being seized upon to counterfeit a husband under such circumstances. The youth was paid ten shillings for the job. We learn from the registers too that feigned marriages sometimes took place with the object above alluded to, between *two women* — the parson being aware of, or at any rate strongly suspecting, the disguise of the one who personated the man. Considering the daring dishonesties of some of the reverend gentlemen, there is every reason for believing that they not unfrequently made entries in their books, and issued certified extracts, even where no pretence of a marriage-service had been gone through at all: and, indeed, this practice was less iniquitous as well as less troublesome than that of getting up a fictitious wedding in order to register it.

It is not difficult to form some idea of the kind of scene enacted at the generality of Fleet weddings. Having chosen the tavern or marriage-house at which they would be united — not an easy choice to make, we imagine, taking into consideration the counter representations of rival touters — the couple would be shown, with their friends, into that chamber of the establishment allotted to matrimony — a room doubtless redolent with the perfumes of spirits and tobacco. Any misgivings which might arise in the minds of the candidates for marriage as to the validity of the solemnities about to take place, were dispelled by the appearance of the parson, whose manner was important and dignified, and who had attired himself in thoroughly orthodox (although somewhat dirty) canonicals. What did it matter that the reverend priest's nose was somewhat red, and that the hand in which he held his book was suggestively tremulous? He was in orders; he had been at Oxford; and — he read, at least, as one having authority.

Meanwhile the spirits of all concerned had been duly supported with liquor, which it was of course the landlord's interest to circulate as freely as possible. Supposing the pecuniosity of the bridegroom to be sufficiently obvious, the service proceeded without any allusion on the part of the reverend priest to the question of fees. If, however, the solvency of the husband elect were open to doubt, we may be sure that the parson, before completing the ceremony, came to a definite understanding

* Registrar-General's Annual Report for 1864, p. viii.

with him as to terms. As we shall hereafter see, the service was often left unfinished because an amount of money sufficient to meet the clerical ideas was not forthcoming.

The service read was of course that of the Church of England — although probably a modified and abbreviated version of it. At the commencement of a pocket-book kept by one of the parsons, we have found portions of the office for matrimony — apparently transcribed for reading from — so rendered as to lead to the conclusion that references to the Deity were, when it was practicable, omitted. For instance, in the passage which accompanies the giving of the ring, the invocation worded in the Prayer-book thus, — "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," — is altered into the phrase, "From this time forth for ever more. Amen;" and the promise given by man and woman to hold together "according to to God's holy ordinance" is rendered simply, "according to law." It was only to be expected that the parsons would reduce the directly religious portions of the service to the smallest possible limits. A clerk was generally present at the ceremony to say the *Amens*. He was either a person regularly employed for the purpose by the clergyman, or a pot-boy or some other tavern functionary fetched in for the occasion. Sometimes the proprietor of the marriage-house himself acted in this capacity, and kept the register also. Occasionally a woman was suddenly called upon to officiate as clerk.

The ceremony over, the parson made a note of the marriage in his pocketbook; this entry being subsequently transcribed into a larger and more regular register, which might belong either to the parson himself, or to the marriage-house keeper. In some cases the insertion was made in the pages of the more bulky volume direct. But this insertion, it would seem, never took place at all unless it was specially paid for; it was omitted, too, on those occasions when it was desired that the marriage should be kept entirely secret. If possible, the parson now sold a certificate of the event which had just taken place, to the parties married; and they were, generally speaking, desirous of obtaining such a document. Considerable efforts were made to render the certificates legal and impressive in appearance. In many cases forms were printed upon sheets of vellum, which sheets were each headed with an imposing engraving of the Royal Arms. A form such as these was now produced and filled in. The fee demanded for the certificate varied, like the marriage-fees themselves, according to circumstances. In pursuance of that simple rule which guided the entire conduct of the Fleet parsons in all pecuniary affairs, the priest took as much for it as he could get. In various entries which we shall presently extract from the registers, mention will be found of the different amounts received on the score of certificates issued.

And now, if he were in a position to afford it, and assuming the marriage to have occurred at a tavern, the bridegroom treated the wedding-party to a repast. The feast was not of a refined description. On account, however, of the large quantity of punch and other drinks consumed at the entertainment, it was a portion of the proceedings in which the landlord took a vivid interest; and we may imagine him always endeavouring to promote the festivities. The parson too, who was generally present at these feasts, doubtless regarded such conviviality as an important item in a wedding programme. And here we must close our description; for the orgies that often followed were of a character such as cannot be described in these pages.

Let us, therefore, turn to our documents themselves, and proceed to extract from them information on such further points in the lives and labours of the parsons as may appear interesting. We shall have to do principally with the pocketbooks — those queer little volumes of matrimonial memoranda to which we have before referred; for in them is to be found much matter eminently characteristic of their owners, matter which has in most cases been excluded from the larger registers. We will quote in the first place a few jottings, which express the ideas of different Fleet parsons on the subjects of their own mode of existence and moral standing.

Doctor Gaynham, one of the most notorious of Fleet notorieties, and who, as Mr. Burn tells us, acquired the unenviable title of "Bishop of Hell," is not at all inclined to own the degradation implied in that designation. Such at least would seem to be the case from his having inserted on the flyleaf of one of his pocketbooks, apparently as applicable to himself, the following high-flown lines: —

The Great Good Man wm fortune doth displace
May into scarceness fall, but not disgrace.
His sacred person none will dare profane,
Poor he may be, but never can be mean.

He holds his value with the wise and good,
And prostrate seems as great as when he stood.
So ruin'd Temples sacred awe dispense;
They lose their height, but keep their Reverence:
The pious crowd the fallen Pile deplore,
And what they ne'er can raise, they still adore.

We are afraid that the poor "bishop's" life did not in the slightest degree reflect this picture of virtuous misfortune. But perhaps his quotation merely represents the moral ideal to which he aspired, and not the condition to which he pretended to have attained; we will at any rate give him the benefit of the doubt.

Mr. Walter Wyatt, another prominent vendor of clandestine matrimony, is quite pathetic in his acknowledgments of evil and his desires after good. "The fear of the Lord," he writes, "is the beginning of wisdom. The marrying in the Fleet is the beginning of eternal woe. . . . May God forgive me what is past, and give me grace to forsake such a wicked place, where truth and virtue can't take place unless you are resolved to starve."

Another parson, who was, we fear, a miserably degraded character, — Mr. John Floud, expresses his private feelings in the following verse: —

I have Liv'd so long I am weary Living,
I wish I was dead and my sins forgiven:
Then I am sure to go to heaven,
Although I liv'd at sixes & sevens.

A portion of poor Mr. Floud's wishes was realized very suddenly. His fatal illness, of a few hours' duration, and his death, are recorded by one of the marriage-house keepers. He was seized while celebrating a wedding. The man who records the decease only mentions it as occasioning him the loss of some marriage-fees which in the ordinary course of things would have fallen to his share.

In a private pocketbook belonging to a fourth parson, the unhappy priest comments upon the course of his existence thus — "A wicked life is a damnable thing." A fifth gentleman takes an entirely different and much more cheerful view of his mode of living, and writes — "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Jubilate. Always the best." Another parson dedicates his pocketbook — false entries and all — to "My God and King."

The principal object of the Fleet clergymen in practising clandestine matrimony having been to make money, we may properly give a prominent place to any evidence we have as to the amount which they were able to realize. The average sum received by the parsons for a wedding seems to have been about six shillings only; although in individual cases the fee was much higher. The following quotations will exemplify the more liberal class of payments. It will be observed that the amount obtained for a wedding was sometimes divided amongst the different persons concerned in bringing it about — the touter, clerk, tavern-keeper, &c. In some instances the tavern-keepers kept a parson as a portion of their establishment, to whom they paid a fixed weekly salary. We suppose, however, that they more commonly sent for any parson they pleased, upon an application for a wedding being made at their "shop;" and since in many cases one or more parsons lodged on the premises, they would not have far to send. In those comparatively rare instances in which the parson himself was the proprietor of the "chapel," the division of fees of course rested with him; but it generally happened that he was in the hands of a marriage-house keeper, when his share of the gains was determined by that functionary. The entries to which we wish to call the reader's attention are as follows: —

10 Dec: 1728. Wm Salkeld a Marriner, and Mary Jones, both of St Andrews, Holborn. B & Sp. Pr Jno Floud. Marr: ten shillings, two and sixpence Clark; one Do Register, two and sixpence Certificate. They were married at twelve at night.

Sep. 30. 1742. Chambers Bute Gent: of the Parish of Foston in Derbyshire and Ann Trye of Amney in Glocestershire Sp. N.B. My Landlord Overs Invited me to mary the Couple &c at the Salutation Tavern near Gt Andrew Ch. He had 2 Gs out of 4.

Oct. 3d 1742. James Higham Marriner of St Margts West. Br Alice Sergant do Sp. were married at Lilly's. Pd 17 : 6. Marriage. 4s A; Clk 5: C. 3 Boles of Bunch (*sic, for bowls of punch.*)

1742. October 24. Benjamin & Rose Married at ye Leg Tavern but would give no other account of themselves. pd £1. 10s

Subjoined are two entries showing that when money was not to be had, articles of jewellery, dress, &c., were occasionally accepted in its place, or by way of pledge. We fear we cannot undertake to explain the signs and abbreviations employed. In the first example, however, it is plain that the bridegroom tendered to the parson, in cash, a sum which the reverend gentleman considered insufficient, whereupon a ring was deposited with him by way of security

for a further amount. The second entry r itself.

Nov 11th 1743. John Hudson of St George Midx Baker a Widowr and Cathe Buckingham of St Giles Cripplegate Spr ——,, ——,,——,,——G–n; a Ring pledged for d——Bos:—:g:—.

Feb. 2. 1745. James Fraizer of Coll Sole's Rigt of Foot Br & Elisabeth Fisher of Stain Sp: Dare O all. P dm. Left a Silver Buckle forye Bousom of a Shirt and a Hankerchife for 1s: 3.

It would seem (as we have already intimated) that the parson himself, and not the keeper of the marriage-house, was in the habit of conducting the pecuniary negotiations. We will now give a few extracts from the books of different parsons, illustrative of the interruptions which often occurred in the midst of the marriage-service, and the disputes which were wont to arise between the priests and the applicants for matrimony, on account of the all-important question of fees.

September 14. 1737. A coachman came & was half married & wou'd give but 3s 6d & went off.

June 21st 1740. John Jones of Eaton Sutton in Bedfordshire and Mary Steward of the same came to Woods in Fleet Lane about six oclock in the morning. Mr. Ashwell and self had been down the markett Wood called him and I went with him there found the said man and wooman offer'd Mr. Ashwell 3 shilling to marry him he would not so he swore very much and would have knocked him down but for me. was not married. took this memorandom that they might not Pretend afterwards they was married and not Register'd.

The Mr. Ashwell referred to above was a man famous for the number of his marriages. He appears to have kept a clerk in regular employ, who, as it seems, made the foregoing entry, and also the following:—

July (1774) 15. Came a man and wooman to the Green Canister, he was an Irishman and Taylor to bee married. Gave Mr. Ashwell 2: 6. but would have 5s went away and abuised Mr. Ashwell very much, told him he was a Thief and I was worse. Took this account because should not say they was married and not Registered. N.B. The Fellow said Mr. Warren was his relation.

A few more extracts of the same description may be added;—

May 28th 1742. Thomas Tinworth of Lowton in Essex B & Sart: & Jane Palmer ditto Sp. Half married went away (he had 4s) to fetch more money. Saide he had a hundred Pound left by his father, his uncle had it in his hands took this account because She should not come and say they were married and not [registered.]

October 17. 1743. Michael Hickey of St Catherines by the Tower Marriner & Br & Elizabeth Hudson—7s only. N.B. These were half marrie ye day before.

(1745) June 4. John Greenruff, of Farnham Royall in Bucks Sawyer W. & Martha Brookwell of do W. Ash. d.y. These people was with us in the June Before and the man forced her away Half Done because he would not pay. 4: 8. (Ash).

Before leaving the subject of fees, we may mention that Mr. Walter Wyatt, a person whose pathetic aspirations after a better life we have already noticed, has left certain entries in one of his memorandum books, by means of which we are able to form some idea as to the amount of his weekly profits. Assuming the sums he gives to represent the whole of his receipts, we find that they amounted to about 17*l.* 10*s.* per week, or more than 900*l.* a year. But it should be stated that Wyatt was one of the most prominent and pushing of the Fleet clergymen, and for that reason his receipts would be likely to exceed those of most of his confraternity.

The parsons certainly cannot be charged with want of zeal and diligence in the performance of their priestly functions. They appear to have been accessible at all hours of the day and night. An entry describing a marriage which took place at midnight has already been quoted, and another in which the parson was stated to be in requisition at six o'clock in the morning. Two of the following extracts relate to weddings celebrated at even more unseasonable hours:—

Thomas Delves, Nobleman's Sert White Hart Court of West: & Betty Rushworth Do B & Sp. The Cock. Married at 3 o'clock in the Morning. Behav'd Rudely.

"Christms. Day at night Late about the Hour of 12 came to Mr. Alders 1739 John Newbury Gent and Maria Diens and a 3rd Person. Gave —(the sum here indicated is not intelligible) —behav'd Rudely told me that my Gown ought to be stript of my Back.

Sep. 1.——John Bell of the Pa of Walthamstow——and Ba: & Sarah Smith of Shad-well St Pauls wid. Mrs. Horskins's 4 clock morn. Jno Floud.

We will now call the reader's attention to the practice of antedating the registers—a practice to which many of the Fleet parsons and marriage-house keepers were al-

ways ready to lend themselves. Some of them seem to have demurred when requested to do this; but others evidently did it as a matter of course whenever they were paid for the extra trouble. The famous Mr. Floud was amongst those who appear never to have made any objection. The following entry will afford an example of the practice: —

Novemb^r 5. 1742 was married Benjamin Richards of the Parish of St Martin in the Fields B^r and Judith Lance do Sp. at the Bull & Garter & gave g& for an antidate (*sic*) to March ye 11th in the same year which Lilly comply'd wth and put em in his book accordingly there being a vacancy in the Book sutable to the time.

The marriage described took place under the auspices of Mr. Ashwell before referred to. "Lilly," who is alluded to in the entry, was a prominent character in connection with the Fleet marriages. He kept the Hand and Pen tavern near Fleet Bridge — a notorious marriage-house, at which more weddings seems to have been celebrated than at any other. One of Lilly's handbills is quoted by Mr. Burn. It runs thus: —

J. Lilly at ye Hand and Pen, next door to the china shop, Fleet Bridge, London, will be perform'd the solemnization of marriages by a gentleman regularly bred att one of our universities, and lawfully ordain'd according to the institutions of the Church of England, and is ready to wait on any person in town or countrey.

Lilly was evidently an exceedingly sharp man of business, and even our astute parsons themselves had some difficulty in keeping pace with him. They often allude to his rogueries in his private memoranda. Mr. Walter Wyatt, for instance, makes the following note respecting him: — "These are to certify that J. L. is a rouge (*sic*)." No doubt Mr. Lilly entertained a precisely similar opinion of Mr. Wyatt and he might justly do so.

But to proceed with our instances of antedating: —

1729. June—. George Mattocks of Giles Cripplegate B^r and Catherine Smith of St George Southwark wid^w. N.B. George had liv'd some years Prior to the Marriage, & had several children, & had things done by Jos. accordingly.

That is, "Jos" (Joshua Lilly) dated the marriage entry "some years" back.

1729. June 10. John Nelson of ye Pa of St Georges Hanover Batchelor & Gardner & Mary Barns of the same Sp. married. J^no Floud Min. Cer: Dated 5 November 1727 to please their Parents — at Wheelers. J. F. Mint.

In this case the marriage was either not entered in the larger register at all, or if an entry was made, the date inserted must have been forged so as to correspond with that of the certificate issued. The following extract will additionally exemplify the entire willingness of the parsons to accommodate their customers in the matter of dates: —

1729 June 25 } W^m.Knight of the Parish of Hampstead Gardner and Batchelor & Joanna Woodward of ye Pa of Wildson Spinister p^r J^no Floud. The said Wm Knight on the other side — (the latter part of the entry is on a second leaf) — [had ?] his Certificate Dated 24th Blank Left unfill'd up for the month and year none to search but himself.

We understand by this that Mr. William Knight could not upon the spur of the moment so accurately calculate the exigencies of his private position as to be able at once to state the period to which he wished his marriage ascribed. He accordingly took away his certificate unfinished, in order that he might put two and two together at leisure, and then fill in such a date as would suit his circumstances.

The clearly-proved unscrupulous misdating of the registers by the parsons, the strong probability that many of the entries which they made were entire fabrications, and the total absence of signatures, either of the parties married or of the witnesses who might have been present at the weddings, have constituted the main reason for the rejection of Fleet registers as evidence, to which we have already adverted. It will at once be perceived that such irregularities fully justified such a rejection; and the reader will not wonder that the commissioners of 1837, having fully examined the records, objected to their being placed upon a footing different from that on which they had previously stood. We may state that in some pedigree cases the registers have, under a kind of protest, been received by certain judges as *declarations*, and as collateral evidence they have not been regarded as without value. But at all times they have been held to be extremely doubtful, and any opinion in their favour has been enunciated with the greatest caution.

It is not to be wondered at that many persons married at the Fleet, in a short time

became anxious to free themselves from the bonds which they had incurred. Under these circumstances they seem to have held that all they had to do to ensure entire liberty was to procure an erasure of their names from the register books. Applications with this object were therefore often made to the parsons, who, upon the usual condition, were found willing to entertain them. From some memoranda we learn that moneys were occasionally paid for the promise of erasures, and that the erasures were never made. An entry illustrative of this species of fraud, will be found amongst our subsequent extracts.

We have selected for quotation from the pocket-books the following notes, which will be entertaining in various ways. It will be seen that the persons frequently comment upon the "vile behaviour" of the persons married. One would imagine that the "behaviour" must have been very "vile" indeed to call forth the observations of a Fleet clergyman; there is abundant evidence, indeed, that it was so. On some occasions the bridegrooms and their friends exhibited the most outrageous violence, with the object of intimidating the parsons into marrying them cheaply; and it happened not unfrequently that the reverend gentlemen were glad to hurry the marriage ceremony to a conclusion on almost any terms, that they might escape from the ruffianly gang which composed the bridal party.

John and Elizabeth August 30th 1737. at Mr Sandy's the Fleet. He said he belonged to the sea and had his own hair.

Decembr 12th 1739. About ye Hour of 10 in ye Evening there came 2 men and One woman to Mr Burnfords The man yt was married appear'd by Dress as a Gentleman of fortune and ye woman yt was married like a Lady of Quality, ye Man yt came with em seemed to me to be a Tayler who sd he knew Mr B—d very well & me likewise. The Gentlman would not pay but in a mean and scandalous manner, he offerd d. & and went Down stairs and Down ye Court came back Again & pd g. in all and went away without telling of their names. N.B. He sd he had 2 Xn Names viz: John Skinner & ye Gentlewoman sd her name was Elizabeth. N.B. Ye Gentlewoman when married had on a floured Silk Round Gown & after she was married she pulls of her flowr'd Gown & underneath She had a Large full Black Silk gown on & went away in ye same. Ye other was wrapt up. B—d Absent.

1741. May ye 12th 1741. A certain man with a spott in one eye a Sinament coat And a young woman wth a Pritty Genteel face & Appearance came to Mrs. Crooks and were Married she had on a Linnen Gown the Man sd his name was Edward But would not tell who he was only yt he came from Spitalfield. The young woman sd her Name was Ann More of ye same Parish.

8 Oct: 1741. Robt ——— Mary at Newmarket married. Poold of his coat because it was Black, said he would not be married in that coat for yt Reason pd 2s 6.

1742-3 Jany 16. John Whitham of Hutton it Essex Husb. Br & Mary Westaby Do. Sp. N.B. Vile Behav'd the fellow would not say with this ring I thee wed &c. Parish affair. Bull Garter.

The "Bull and Garter" was a noted tavern in the Fleet. The signs of some other taverns often alluded to in the registers were "The Two Fighting Cocks and Walnut Tree," "The Green Canister," "The Noah's Ark," "Jock's Last Shift," "The Shepherd and Goat," "The Leg," &c.

1742 Novmbr 21 Richard Akerman Turner of Christ Church Batr & Lydia Collit at Mrs. Crooks. N.B. They Bevav'd very Vilely, & attempted to run away wth Mrs Crooks gold ring.

Mrs. Crook was the proprietor of the marriage-house, and lent her ring, it seems, for the purposes of the marriage ceremony.

8th Novbr. 1745. Timothy Floyd. Elis Love as under. She a most vile wicked abusive wooman, No: 274. Ash K & all to pay 3s: 6. Clerk and Registr 4 : 8 part copy.

The subjoined extract shows that the Fleet marriages were not always contracted by young and impulsive persons. The wedding recorded took place at Mr. Lilly's "Hand and Pen," and was solemnized by Mr. Ashwell whom we have before mentioned.

1746. Jan. 9. Jno Servt of St Marylebone wr & Ann Page ww He 82 years she 77 both fresh and in perfect senses. Ash.

It may be well in this place to remind the reader that the Fleet parsons, although the majority of them were regularly ordained clergymen, had yet their counterfeits and personators who were no clergymen at all. If we were left to judge of the matter from the references to it in the journals of the day alone, we should almost come to the conclusion that these impostors were as numerous as the actual priests — if not more so; for the journalists constantly mention the Fleet parson as a mock parson altogether. But other evidence leads us to a different conclusion. There is, however, no doubt

that cases did sometimes arise where the garb and office of the clergyman were assumed, and his fees claimed, by individuals who were anything but clergy. But it will not be necessary for us to deal with those exceptional instances; the documents before us, moreover, do not supply us with any special evidence on the subject, there being every reason to believe that the parsons whose names appear in their pages were in all cases actually clergymen.

Our quotations, as the reader will remember, have hitherto been taken from the *pocket-books* of the Fleet parsons, and from those only. We shall now call attention to one of the larger registers, since, unlike most of its class, it contains matter of considerable interest. In order that this remarkable volume may be understood, it should be borne in mind that it is not, like those which we have hitherto been dealing with, a book of a private and personal description, but, on the contrary, one intended for public inspection — a record, in fact, drawn up for the express purpose of being searched by any persons who might be ready to pay a fee for the examination of its contents. The register was evidently the property of a marriage-house proprietor. It dates from July, 1727, to the 25th of March, 1754 — the day before Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act, which finally extinguished clandestine matrimony in England, came into operation. The registrar, having found it convenient to insert in the entries various memoranda respecting fees, &c., which he did not wish to be made public, has written these memoranda partially in Greek characters. This very imperfect precaution was, we suppose, sufficient for its immediate purpose; the great majority of those who were likely to search the volume being probably such as would not know the Greek alphabet. We will quote a few of such entries as may be transcribed without offence, and which will at the same time serve to exemplify some of the customs of the Fleet marriage-trade; but it is not easy to make our selection, since much that is coarse and scandalous is only too faithfully reported in these Greek letters. We shall not attempt to classify our quotations, but shall leave the reader to gather from them as he pleases either corroborations of assertions heretofore made in this article, or information on matters which may be wholly new to him. In the four cases where we insert the Greek characters, our extracts have been transcribed — as indeed have all our foregoing quotations — *literatim* from the originals.

January 1728.

13th	
μαρρ: τhρηη ςhῖλλῖνγς & ονη δ· χηρτῖfη. Τhη βρῖδηγροομ ωας τhη βροτhηρ of τhη μημοραβλη Jονατhαν Wῖλδ Εχηχυτηδ ατ Tyβυρν.	Andrew Wild a Whitesmith of St Sepulchres and Mary Harold of do. Wr & Ww per Jno Floud.

March 1728.

8th	
Nοτhῖνγ βυτ α νοτη of hανδ fορ τhῖς μαρρῖαγη ωhιχh νηνηρ ωας φαῖδ.	William Corps of St James's Clerkenwall Coachmaker & Elizabeth Scott of the Temple Br & Ww per Jno Floud.

August 1728.

27th	
μαρρῖαγη τhῖρτηην σhῖλλῖνγς & ονη & ςῖχφηνχη χηρτιfiχατη τhη ωομαν νοτ χαρῖνγ το βη μαρρῖηδ ῖν τhη φλητ I hαδ τhημ μαρρῖηδ ατ μρ βρουνς ατ μρ Hαρρῖςονς ῖν φεῖδγηονη (sic) χουρτ ιν τhη Oλδ Bαιληy ατ fουρ α χλοχχ ῖν τhη μορνῖνγ.	Christopher Owen, a Smith of St Martins in the Fields & Susannah Dains of St Giles's in the fields B & Sp. pr Jno Floud.

August 1729.

12th	
φδ fῖνη ςhῖλλινγς φηρ τοταλ. N. B. *Τhη* 28th *of* Αφρῖλ 1736 *μρς βηλλ χαμη ανδ* Εαρνηςτλy *ῖντρηατηδ μη το* Εραςη *Τhη μαρρῖαγη ουτ of τhη βοοχ for τhατ hηρ hυςβανδ hαδ βηατ ανδ αβυςηδ hηρ ῖν α βαρβαρους μαννηρ* * * * *I μαδη hηρ βηλιηνη I δῖδ ςο, fορ ωhῖχh I hαδ hαλf α γυῖνηα ανδ ςhη ατ τhη ςαμη τιμη δηλῖνηρηδ μη υφ hηρ χηρτῖfiχατη* No *φηρςον φρηςηντ* (Αχ*χορδινγ το hηρ δηςῖρη*)	Abraham Wells, a Butcher of the psh of Tottenham in Mdex & Susannah Hewitt of Enfield Wr & Ww pr Jno Floud.

The remainder of our quotations from the book under our notice shall be given in English type; but it will be remembered that these entries are inserted in the register in a manner precisely similar to the foregoing. With respect to the marriage (or pretended marriage), dated 13th May, 1734, it will be

observed that the case was one of those we have previously mentioned, in which a man was hired to act the part of bridegroom. It is scarcely necessary to state that on issuing extracts from the book which we are considering, the registrar would ignore the first column altogether.

May 1730.

28th Married at the Globe Tavern Hatton Garden myself had five shillings as clark & gave a certificate on stamped paper (Handsomely Entertained)	William Tew, Gent. & Katherine Skeere, both of St Buttolphs Bishopsgate B. & Sp. pr Robert Cuthbert.

April 1734.

29th Mar: ten shillings & sixpence Clark two & sixpence. Certif: two do Spent ten shillings in Punch.	Joseph Harrison, a Groom Ann Bolt, both of St Mary Cray in Kent Br & Sp. pr J. Gaynam.

May 1734.

13th Mr. Comings gave me half a guinea to find a bridegroom and defray all expenses. Parson two and sixpence Husband do & five & sixpence myself.	Samuel Stewart; a chocolate maker and Mary Nugent; both of St M Ludgate B & Sp pr Ralph Shadwell.

August 1735.

31. Total Thre & six pence but Honest Wigmore * kept all the mony so farewel him.	Mathew Medcalf, a weaver and Ann Hubbard both of Whitechappell B & Ww D. WigmOre.

Enough has now been said and quoted to give a fair general notion of the matrimonial proceedings in the Fleet. A good deal, hovever, remains untold which cannot be recounted in these pages, and which would certainly not modify the opinion that the reader has probably formed as to the iniquity and degradation of the parsons.

*Wigmore was the officiating parson. The note signifies the marriage-house keeper's determination to employ him no longer.

It may appear strange to some that the legislature should have permitted the Fleet scandals to remain undisturbed for the long period of three-quarters of a century. But the fact is that enactments designed to remedy the evil were from time to time passed, which, however, all failed of their object, since, although they punished clandestine matrimony, they did not render such matrimony *invalid*. The penalties which they imposed were evaded by various clever manœuvres, and the mischief which they were intended to allay remained practically unchecked. Thus "the very vitals of the salutary laws which render property and person safe, continued to be brought into danger by the knavish tricks that debauchees and fortune-hunters were enabled to practise through the Fleet clergy;" and it was not until Lord Chancellor Hardwicke brought forward his famous bill that the evil was effectually destroyed. That measure provided that any person solemnizing matrimony otherwise than in a church or public chapel, and without banns or licence, should, on conviction, be adjudged guilty of felony, and be transported for fourteen years; it also provided that all such marriages should be *null and void*. Like all measures, however useful and salutary, which have the appearance of interfering with an established right, this bill met with the strongest opposition. Eventually, however, it passed into law, and began to operate on the 26th March, 1754. The crowd of applicants for marriage at the Fleet must have been enormous, for in one register-book alone 217 weddings are recorded as having been celebrated on that day.

The existence of the Fleet scandals during the three-quarters of a century which we have been reviewing is as strong a proof as can be adduced of the degraded condition of the English Church at that period: and indeed there is too much reason for believing that the Fleet parsons were little worse, although they might be less fortunate, than the majority of their beneficed brethren. Of course we may congratulate ourselves in these days, not only that our Marriage Laws have been so broadened and improved as to leave no reasonable excuse for or indeed possibility of clandestine matrimony; but also that probably not half-a-dozon priests holding orders in our Church could now be found who would lend themselves to irregularities such as those we have been considering, however great the facility, or the pecuniary inducement.

From the Examiner.

The Book of the Sonnet. Edited by Leigh Hunt and S. Adam Lee. Two vols. Low, Son, and Marston.

THIS book was planned some time ago in America and designed for English readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Leigh Hunt was to employ his knowledge of Italian and English poetry, his literary taste, and his keen relish for this form of composition in a preliminary Essay on the Cultivation, History, and Varieties of the Sonnet, and was to select the Sonnets representative of English genius. Mr. Samuel Adams Lee was to add a descriptive Essay upon American Sonnets and Sonnetteers, and provide a collection of the Sonnets which best illustrate the genius of America. Leigh Hunt's part of the work was finished, we believe, a year or two before his death, but it was only in his last days that he found the work, which he had relished greatly and with which, for his own part, he had taken a good deal of pains, was not abandoned, but suspended in consequence of the ill health of his colleague. And after all, it is only now, in 1867, that the book appears, simultaneously published both in England and America. It contains first, in nearly a hundred pages, Leigh Hunt's Essay on the Sonnet now first published. Then comes in forty or fifty pages Mr. Lee's account of the American Sonnet writer. Then follow the two collections of English and American Sonnets, from Wyat and Surrey downward, with occasional notes. This main part of the book occupies the second half of the first volume, and the whole of the second.

The days are changed since Dryden said of Réné Rapin that if all else were lost, yet in his works the critical art of writing could be recovered, since Réné Rapin declared Aristotle (who never heard of a sonnet) to be "the only source whence good sense is to be drawn when one goes about to write," and our critical Rymer, who could find no sense in Shakespeare's soliloquies, translated 'Monsieur Rapin's Reflections on Aristotle's Treatise of Poesie, containing the Necessary, Rational, and Universal Rules for Epick, Dramatick, and the other sorts of Poetry.' The "other sorts" fared ill when they had no classical precedent Rymer, in prefacing his translation of Monsieur Rapin looked back with a lofty condescension on the age of Petrarch and Chaucer. For, said he "the most polite wit of Europe was not in that age sufficient for a great design. That was the age of tales, ballads, and roundelays." Rymer would not have slept for horror if he could have seen the reaction to come when Scott, following a good lead, should hark back on the old tales and ballads of the days when wit was not polite enongh for critics with brains under the cloud of a Frence peruke, when the roundelays were to come in again, and Wordsworth would recover all its ancient honours for the sonnet.

Mr. Leigh Hunt makes no mention of Peter de Vinea to whom at the Sicilian Court of Frederic II., the credit is due of having written the first sonnet upon record. He sets out with the "Friar Guittone of Arezzo" as the first who gave to the sonnet its right workman-like treatment and versification. Guittone was not a Friar, but was 'Fra Guittone' as one of the half-religious military order of the 'Cavalieri Gaudenti.' The previous origin of the Sonnet in Provence he states generally, and derives its name, like that of the piece of music called a sonata, from its being *sounded* or played. The sonnet at first always had a musical accompaniment, and still it is a piece of music as well as poetry. Mr. Capel Lofft imagined recondite analogies between its fourteen lines and the gamut; and of the two parts of the legitimate sonnet, — the major, with its two quatrains, and the minor, with its two terzettes, — a scholarly critic, Quadrio, in the middle of the last century, argued from his different point of view, "that the business of the first quatrain of the sonnet is to state the proposition of it; of the second quatrain, to prove the proposition; of the first terzette, to confirm it, and of the second terzette, to draw the conclusion." The faultless sonnet that "vaut seul un long poème" must, said the refined critic who has left us this essay:

In the first place be a Legitimate Sonnet after the proper Italian fashion; that is to say, with but two rhymes to the octave, and not more than three in the sestette.

Secondly, it must confine itself to one leading idea, thought, or feeling.

Thirdly, it must treat this one leading idea, thought or feeling in such a manner as to leave in the reader's mind no sense of irrelevancy or insufficiency.

Fourthly, it must not have a speck of obscurity.

Fifthly, it must not have a forced rhyme.

Sixthly, it must not have a superfluous word.

Seventhly, it must not have a word too little; that is to say, an omission of a word or words, for the sake of convenience.

Eighthly, it must not have a word out of its place.

Ninthly, it must have no very long word, or any other that tends to lessen the number of accents, and so weaken the verse.

Tenthly, its rhymes must be properly varied and contrasted, and not beat upon the same vowel, — a fault too common with very good sonnets. It must not say, for instance, *rhyme, tide, abide, crime;* or *play, gain, refrain, way;* but contrast *i* with *o*, or with some other strongly opposed vowel, and treat every vowel on the same principle.

Eleventhly, its music, throughout, must be as varied as it is suitable; more or less strong, or sweet, according to the subject; but never weak or monotonous, unless monotony itself be the effect intended.

Twelfthly, it must increase, or, at all events, not decline, in interest, to its close.

Lastly, the close must be equally impressive and unaffected; not epigrammatic, unless where the subject warrants it, or where point of that kind is desirable; but simple, conclusive, and satisfactory; strength being paramount, where such elevation is natural, otherwise on a level with the serenity; flowing in calmness, or grand in the manifestation of power withheld.

From Guittone d' Arezzo, Cino da Pistoia, Guido Cavalcante, Guido Guinicelli, chief among these and praised above them all of Dante, poets whom Leigh Hunt in this Essay does little more than name, we are carried on to Dante and Petrarch. Dante is placed rightly above Petrarch as a sonnet writer; he had, says Leigh Hunt, the advantage "of grace over elegance; that is to say, of the inner spirit of the beautiful over the outer." We can hardly agree that Dante had also the advantage "of unstudied over studied effect." Indeed the Essayist himself quotes from the 'Vita Nuova enough of Dante's hints of technicality in sonnet-making to show by how much study his genius was strengthened. In what is said of Petrarch's variations on the theme of love, Giusto's 'La Bella Mano,' we find even Leigh Hunt sharing the general confusion between these exercises of ingenuity in variations upon what was held to be the only noble theme of song, and that actual love which was distinctly recognized as a quite different matter. Marriage barred love. This doctrine of the old French courts of love, maintained formally by ladies of the highest rank and character, was based upon a womanly sense of delicacy, not on profligacy. It was a condition of all this caraçoling upon Pegasus that it meant only display of skill; and that the lady whose colours were worn by the sonnetteer was never to be confounded with a mistress whom he was prosecuting seriously with a public courtship. Women are women in all ages, and in no age would a woman endure to be seriously courted before all the world, and through a speaking trumpet.

Dante never addressed one sonnet to his wife. Petrarch never addressed one to the mother of his son. The fact seems really to stare one in the face, throughout this early literature, that the variations on the one appointed theme, through which men actually competed for doctorates in the Gay Science, were strictly and carefully separated from the realities of love and marriage. The playful complimenting might no doubt bring about relations that would end in marriage; but when that came to pass, the public singing ceased, or was transferred to another object. It was pleaded before Eleanor of Aquitaine, wife first to Louis VII. of France, and afterwards to our Henry the Second, that a certain lady having promised to take Sieur A for her knight if the Sieur B ever vacated the post, had married the Sieur B; whereby she had made the post vacant and the Sieur A was entitled to the fulfilment of her promise. The right of the Sieur A was thereupon affirmed by the first lady in France. What could this mean but the determination of the women to maintain as a principle that the compliments of the rhymers were mere exercises of wit, that their extravagant phrases meant no more than we now mean by those protestations of obedience and humility with which we to this day end letters to men for whom we care nothing and whom we have no thought of obeying. Empty eighteenth century sentimentalism abounds in nonsensical misreadings of the old conventional strings of sonnets upon love in all positions; and everybody who wrote such a chain was supposed to have been actually elated, dejected, accepted, refused, and generally beside himself in fifty ways, for some lady whose name he associated with his verse because he wished to compliment but did not wish to marry her, and nobody in his own time would for a moment suppose that he did; or if anybody did suppose it, the fact that he wrote public sonnets to her would confute the notion. The Essayist, then glancing lightly at the sonnets of Lorenzo de Medici, Boiardo, Ariosto, and saying more of Giovanni della Casa and Angelo di Costanzo and others, speaks of Tasso. He calls Marini the "celebrated corruptor of Italian poetry," which he did not corrupt, but which he best exemplified in the age of far-fetched conceit to which he was born. Marini was no more the originator of what was called the 'stile Marinesco' than Lyly

of what was called Euphuism. They were but men reflecting in their styles the fashion of their time.

It was twelve years after the death of Marini that Milton visited Manso in Italy. Leigh Hunt then speaks of Redi and others, before turning to the discussion of some absolute forms of the sonnet, and especially the comic sonnet. Of this he gives two specimens, so happily translated that we quote the passage which includes them. Like all the Essay and all the book it is charming, criticize it as we may. Of one of these sonnets

The author was a wit of the noble family of the Pazzi. Varchi, the Florentine critic and historian, who was the subject of it, and who was himself a distinguished writer of sonnets, must have felt inclined to apply to it the epithet which Falstaff gives to the iteration of his bantering Prince Hal. Varchi had used a freedom in criticizing Petrarca's famous Canzoni on the eyes of Laura which gave offence to the poet's admirers; at least so I gather from the story, for I have not seen the criticism. Pazzi took up their cause, and sung the critic's name in his ears after the following provoking fashion:

Le Canzoni degli Occhi ha letto il Varchi,
  Ed ha cavato al buon Petrarca gli occhi;
  E questo lo vedrebbe nn uom senz' occhi;
  Cosa, per certo, non degna del Varchi.
Teneva ogni uomo per fermo, che il Varchi
  Fosse de la Toscana lingua gli occhi,
  E ch' ei sapesse egni cosa a chinsi occhi,
  Tal che ingannato ognun resta del Varchi.
E come già ognun bramava il Varchi,
  E non parea se ne saziasser gli occhi,
  E ogni lingua dicea, Varchi, Varchi;
Così ora non è chi volga gli occhi
  In quella parte dove passa il Varchi;
  Tal che il Varchi vorria non aver occhi.

The "Eyes" of Petrarch have been read by Varchi,
  And Varchi has put out the poor man's eyes,
  As any one may see that has no eyes;
  A thing, I must say, not becoming Varchi.
People used formerly to think that Varchi
  Was of the Tuscan tongue the very eyes;
  One that saw all things, though he shut his eyes;
  A point on which they were deceived in Varchi:
So now, whereas all used to long for Varchi,
  And not a soul could satiate his eyes,
  Or cease vociferating Varchi, Varchi,
Nobody thinks it worth troubling his eyes
  To give, as he goes by, one glance at Varchi;
  So that poor Varchi fain would have no eyes.

Varchi, who was a conscientious critic and a great admirer of Petrarca, was very angry; and Pazzi, who notwithstanding his jest appears to have been a good-natured man, gave him the "soft answer" which "turneth away wrath."

The *Mute Sonnets*, or comic sonnets rhyming in monosyllables, are mostly without the *coda;* tails though frequent adjuncts, not being necessities to sonnets of a comic nature. It is impossible for English readers to be as much entertained by these mute sonnets as Italians are. The abundance and flowing beauty of dissyllables in the Italian language caused their rhymes in general to be dissylabical: English rhymes, on the contrary, are for the most part monosyllabic; and hence, by a curious contrariety in their association of ideas, the Englishman thinks he doubles the jest of his verse by doubling the rhyme, while the Italian, to enforce the point of his, reduces his two syllables to one. The terminating dissyllable, to the Englishman, — at least whenever he chooses to think so, — easily acquires a tone of levity and the ludicrous. He respects the short and decided step, the firmness and *no-nonsense* of his monosyllable. To the Italian, on the other hand, the repetitions of it on these occasions jar against all his feelings of gravity. They affect him much as if he saw a man taking a series of unexpected jolting steps down a stair-case, or receiving — or giving — so many equally unlooked for punches in the stomach. It would take a long residence in England or America to enable an Italian to see the jest of the double rhymes in "Hudibras;" and it would take no less time in Italy to qualify the Englishman for a perception of the fun residing in the monosyllables of Berni or Casti. As imagination however may help the reader in either case, especially if he has a turn for the ludicrous, and as I wish to make this Essay as complete in itself as I can, I here give a specimen of the mute sonnet from this scapegrace Casti. A long poem, all in masterly double rhymes, would be thought a great feat in English verse. Casti has written two hundred sonnets on one subject, all in masterly single rhymes, and in a style which his countrymen admire for its idiomatic purity and its classical correctness. It is a pity he had not written all his works in the like unobjectionable vein. The jovial poet pretends — or perhaps the subject was founded on some actual poetical fact not incredible in the annals of a man of his way of life — that he was dunned by an implacable creditor for the sum of three Giuli; that is to say, for some fifteen pence or thereabouts. A Guilio is a small silver coin of the Popes of that name. — Julius. Casti says that he is waylaid by this creditor at every turn; that the debt mingles with all his thoughts, and has made his life miserable; that he sees no way of escaping from it; that the man's death will not deliver him, because he is a married man with children, therefore will leave heirs to the demand, who from their tenderest infancy will be "little creditors," — *creditorelli,* — all tormenting him for the fifteen pence with hereditary importunity; and so he goes on "piling up the agony" through his two hundred sonnets; which he ends not by paying the debt,

but with bidding his creditor good-night "forever." It is true, he bids farewell to the *Giuli* also, but only as a theme parted with, not as an account settled. To settle the account would have been to destroy its immortality.

Gray, in the course of his 'Long Story,' ingeniously says, "Here five hundred stanzas are lost." A reader of Casti's *Giuli Tre* may wonder that he did not close his book with a sonnet of the species before mentioned, called the sonnet with a tail. It is one commencing with the usual fourteen lines, but possessing an unbounded privilege of adding to their number; so that the poet might have dismissed his book into space, like a paper-kite, furnished with a tail beyond that of a comet.

Of this tailed species of sonnet, more anon. Here follows the sample of Casti:

Ben cento volte ho replicato a te
Questa istessa infallibil verità,
Che a conto mio da certo tempo in quà
La razza de' quattrini si perdè.
Tu, non ostante, vieni intorno a me
Con insoffribile importunità,
E per quei maledetti Giuli Tre
Mi perseguiti senza carità.
Forse in disperazion ridur mi vuo',
Ond' io m' appicchi, e vuoi vedermi in giù
Pender col laccio al collo? Oh questo no.
Risolverommi a non pagarti più,
E in guisa tal te disperar farò,
E vo' piuttosto che ti appicchi tu.

I've said forever, and again I say,
And it's a truth as plain as truth can be,
That from a certain period to this day
Pence are a family quite extinct with me.
And yet you still pursue me, and waylay,
With your insufferable importunity,
And for those d—d infernal Giuli Tre
Haunt me without remorse or decency.
Perhaps you think that you'll torment me so,
You'll make me hang myself? You wish to say,
You saw me *sus. per coll.* — No, Giuli, no.
The fact is, I'll determine not to pay,
And drive *you*, Giuli, to a state so low,
That you shall hang yourself, and I be gay.

After describing more such curiosities, Leigh Hunt turns to the English sonnet, of which these volumes contain so many choice examples. The oldest known sonnet in our language dates no farther back than the reign of Henry VIII. It is a translation from Petrarch by Sir Thomas Wyat. Leigh Hunt's reasons why Chaucer did not write a sonnet are not good; but how do we know that Chaucer wrote no sonnets? 'The land was all fulfilled with his songs,' said Gower, or Venus through him, defining the fulness as —

Of ditties and of songes glade
The which he for my sake made;

and while Chaucer himself tells us that he produced many 'balades, roundels, virelays,' only a very few of these small pieces of his have come down to us. We may discover a collection of them yet, as the only collection of Gower's Balades was discovered. The songs of Laurence Minot, celebrating national victories — Crecy, for example, must have been popular in their day; yet they reach us, so far as we know, in a single MS. which passed unheeded until Tyrwhitt accidentally discovered its contents.

When he comes to Sidney and Stella, Leigh Hunt thinks it a "curious circumstance in the history of Sonnets that so many of them turn upon illegal attachments." Here is the old confusion again that it will take a generation or two of fresh study in opposition to traditional blundering to get rid of. The Essayist here talks of "remarkable reasons for the conduct" of Dante, Petrarch, Casa, Sidney and others, reasons "with which readers are unacquainted." They addressed their Sonnets to married women and no husband resented, nobody in their own day cried Fie. The reason is, as we have seen, a very simple one; and should declare itself by the mere statement of the case, but is demonstrable on ample evidence. Our understanding of many such things is obscured by the intervention between those times and these of the French critical school which, knowing nothing of past nationality, saw in the past only Aristotle and those who filled their lamps from Aristotle's oil. It is only within the last twenty or thirty years that we have begun to read for ourselves upon all lesser points of this kind. Although as to the judgments on great writers the reversal of French blunders began when Addison taught us that there was something after all in Milton, and Pope surprised the town by considering it worth his while to edit Shakespeare, outside the beaten track of every-day readers a whole jungle of French-born blundering remains yet to be cleared.

From the Saturday Review.

THE BOOK OF THE SONNET.*

AMONG the most precious of ancient things that we are in danger of losing is the fine old-fashioned taste for literature proper and pure. We do not love literature as the

* *The Book of the Sonnet.* Edited by Leigh Hunt and Samuel Adams Lee. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

Queen Anne men loved it, nor as some of the Johnsonian set loved it, nor as it was loved by a little group of men scarcely more than a generation back. We are all turned publicists and thinkers and æsthetic philosophers. There do not seem to be left, nor to be springing up, any men of the antique stamp, with a delicate enjoyment of all sorts of books for their own sake, just as men enjoy good wine for its own sake. We dash at a book to eviscerate it as swiftly as we may, and, having got out of it what nutriment we can, rush off pell-mell somewhere else. Where is the man who takes up his book daintily and caressingly, as he would take up a glass of good liquor, ancient and of a rare vintage, turning over here a page and there a page, enjoying a flash of its colour, and prolonging his delighted sense of its fine aroma and boquet? The old heroes who lingered and brooded over a book as a bee lingers in the bell of a flower in the sunshine have nearly all gone, and none others step into their places. This perhaps is only one of the thousand signs that we are fast stripping ourselves of a capacity for pleasure, and that the rich gift of quaint and sober gaiety has passed away from us into space and emptiness. We may get compensation in some shape or other. Of course new books are all constructed on the principle of improving our minds, and make us ashamed of having anything to do with the genial old writers who were innocent of any desire either to improve their own minds or those of other people. Let us be careful only not to improve our very souls out of our bodies.

One is reminded of all this by an edition of the *Book of the Sonnet*, with Leigh Hunt's delicious preliminary essay. The genuine aroma of literature abounds in every page, and he writes about the sonnet as an eloquent epicure might talk about truffles with a fine relish and sensibility as of the physical palate. The unctuous zeal with which he goes through the old Italian sonnet writers is quite glorious to behold, for it is a zeal full of refinement and delicacy and nice feeling. His mind shows itself imbued with a rich knowledge of his subject, and this, illumined by the evidence of a thorough and unaffected liking for it, makes him irresistable. And in the midst of graceful criticism he conveys all possible technical information as to the various ways, legitimate and illegitimate, in which the sonnet has been, and may be, constructed. The reader acquires not only an increased sensibility to the music and sentiment of some of the best sonnets that have ever been written, but he is pleasantly initiated into the mysteries of its composition; the difference between the legitimate Italian sonnet — like "Lawrence, of virtuous father, virtuous son," for instance — where the two quatrains have only two rhymes, and the two terzettes three — and the illegitimate sonnet, such as Shakspeare's, where there is a third quatrain, and a final rhymed couplet. Flippant persons have sneered much and bitterly at the bare idea of the effusive utterance of the poetic heart being forcibly confined within the scanty and inflexible bounds of just fourteen lines, neither more nor less. Let them learn that a sonnet ought to be "a piece of music as well as of poetry; and as every lover of music is sensible of the division even of the smallest air into two parts, the second of which is the consequent or necessary demand of the first, and as these parts consist of phrases and cadences, which have similar sequences and cadences of their own, so the composition called a sonnet, being a long air or melody, becomes naturally divided into two different strains, each of which is subdivided in like manner; and as quatrains constitute the one strain, and terzettes the other, we are to suppose this kind of musical demand the reason why the limitation to fourteen lines became, not a rule without a reason, but an harmonious necessity." After all, there is nothing more absurd, in the nature of things, in having a form of verse which is perfect in a fixed number of syllables, as the heroic couplet, for example. The rhythm, rhyme, and melody are more complex in the first than in the second, and demand a finer ear for the subtle changes, interweavings, recurrences. It is not everybody who has a good enough ear for an Italian sonnet, any more than everybody has a good enough ear for all the interdependent harmonies of a quartet or an ottet or a great orchestral symphony. But anybody who is fortunate enough to have an ear does not need to have the sonnet vindicated. He feels at the close of a sonnet composed with skill and just sentiment, as he might feel at the end of a very perfect melody. The melody has come to its own natural termination. He does not wonder why it was not made longer nor shorter. And so with the sonnet. In the hands of a true composer, like Milton or Wordsworth or Keats or Shakspeare, we never dream of asking why it should stop at the fourteenth line, or how it came to reach the fourteenth line. Let anybody turn to Milton's noble

sonnet on his Blindness, "When I consider how my light is spent." When the end comes —

His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait —

anybody who should be ignorant of what a sonnet is or means, and heard it read, would still, if he had any ear or sensibility, instantly know that this completes the piece. Milton's sonnets are perhaps unsurpassed in this exquisite sense which they give us of musical completeness, whatever faults they may have in other points. Still it is plain enough in Wordsworth's best sonnets also — "Death Conquering and Death Conquered." for instance, or the more familiar sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge. Of course one notices no perfection of melody or anything else in bad sonnets. They might as well be a thousand lines long as fourteen, and they had much better have been seven or two, or none at all.

One of the sonnets in the present collection furnishes an excellent illustration of the too common type of sonnet, where there is true feeling, but where the poet has not been sufficiently inspired with a sense of the *form* or genuine sonnet rhythm. It is from the pen of Anna Seward, and, in spite of its imperfection, deserves a place in the book: —

I love to rise ere gleams the tardy light
(Winter's pale dawn): and as warm fires illume
And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
Through misty windows bend my musing sight,
Where, round the dusky lawn, the mansions white
With shutters closed, peer faintly through the gloom
That slow recedes; while yon gray spires assume
Rising from their dark pile an added height,
By indistinctness given: then to decree
The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
To friendship or the Muse, or seek with glee
Wisdom's rich page. O hours more worth than gold
By whose best use we lengthen life, and free
From drear decays of age, outlive the old.

Nothing can be more excellent than the picture in the quatrains, but one has an idea that the sestette is an artificial appendage, not truly and peculiarly antiphonal to the octave, but what might have been tagged on to nearly anything in the world. What has been called the minor of the sonnet should be, and in good compositions is, exactly responsive and complementary to the major. If the sonnet is composed by a man of genius, you could no more take off the last six lines, as in this case, and fancy them fitted on to anything else than you could imagine the last strains of "Dove sono," fitted on to the first strains of the Old Hundredth. Take, for a single instance, the ending of a famous sonnet: —

Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower;
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

This, by the way, is one of the two of Milton's sonnets of which Johnson graciously thought himself justified in saying that they were not bad; the rest were barely entitled to this slender commendation: — "Milton, Madam, was a genius that could cut a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones." But then Johnson had no patience with the art which he characterized thus disparagingly. He declared that the fabric of the sonnet was unfitted for the English tongue. And yet he must have read Shakspeare's, some of which are nothing less than divine in their beauty and music. For instance, of these in the present collection, the one which begins

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye;

or that other, so inexhaustibly tender —

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell,
Give notice to the world that I am fled.

Again, there is a sonnet of Spenser's of which Leigh Hunt indeed did not think very highly, and yet which strikes us as exquisite. It is not so well known that we need grudge the space required for its transcription: —

Mark — when she smiles with amiable cheare,
And tell me whereto can ye lyken it,
When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
An hundred graces as in shade to sit.
Lykest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fayre sunshine in somer's day,
That when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray;

At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drouping hed,
So my storm-beaten hart likewise is cheared
With that sunshine when cloudy looks are cleared.

"The rhyme," Leigh Hunt says, "seems at once less responsive and always interfering; and the music has no longer its major and minor divisions." And this is just. The final couplet seems to impart a flavour of commonplace. Still the picture is amazingly perfect and sweet, and, as Leigh Hunt says, the single line —

Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray —

"has the strength of Spenser's full hand upon it."

There is a strange bit of criticism on Shelley. *Ozymandyas* Leigh Hunt feels to be very good, having "the right comprehensiveness of treatment, and perfection of close." Then he almost finds fault with Shelley for not being able "to content himself in these sequestered corners of poetry. *He was always, so to speak, for making world-wide circuits of humanity.*" Of course he was. This was the very note of Shelley. One might as well wonder at Beethoven for not contenting himself with ballads and lyric music. It was his "world-wide circuits" that made Shelley what he was, and to the same temper may be attributed his rare use of the sonnet, which Hunt finds so surprising.

We recommend anybody whose soul is weary of personal payment of rates, of Luxemburg, and of Trades' Unions, to turn for an hour, or even half an hour, to this most pleasant book. There are, indeed, far too many sonnets in the collection. But then one can choose. And one advantage of a sonnet is that you can absorb it in a short time and at a short notice. It requires no previous reading or previous thinking. It is short, and yet it is perfect in itself. Brood for half an hour, for example, over Milton's sonnet on his own blindness, and you return to the Franchise Question or anything else with a mind soothed and renewed.

From the Saturday Review

THE CLAVERINGS.*

PEOPLE often complain that they cannot find out why it is that they like Mr. Trollope's novels so much, and are able to read so many of them without being bored. There is never very much movement in his stories. One is not excited by a violent plot, nor thrown into a pleasant meditative mood by light and subtle strokes of thought, nor strung up to an almost religious pitch of fervour by profound conceptions of human destiny and the diverse products of human effort. Perhaps there are two reasons which help to explain one's liking for Mr. Trollope's books. First, his pictures of life and manners and average human nature are exceedingly truthful, so far as they go. The author reproduces the world very much in those aspects which it wears in the eyes of most of us. It is a world where men and women play lightly at cross-purposes with one another about love and money, about sentiment and loaves and fishes; where on the whole, and in the long run, there is a very decently fair distribution of small worries and small bits of happiness; and where anybody who plays his cards as he ought to do can make sure of a competence of cash and a comfortable wife and a thoroughly respectable position before his fellows. In the second place, Mr. Trollope always writes in earnest. He never treats his people as if they were mere puppets, nor his incidents as if they were mere dreams. They are a reality in his own mind while he writes about them; he honestly feels for them as if they were actual neighbours in the flesh; and hence he talks of love-making without any levity, and of little meannesses and small ambitions in the matter of money without any sneering or snarling. The world of smallest things is still a serious place to Mr. Trollope. The tragic side is hidden from him, and the merely funny side he does not care to dwell upon. This simple earnestness, this plain sincerity of thought and vision, has a charm of its own which, added to the verisimilitude of his creations, is what lies at the bottom of the pleasure he gives us.

One of the most conspicuous of his characteristics is his strong belief in the general justice of things. He has a wonderful faith in respectability, and he would think ill of himself if he should write anything to make one suppose that iniquity is ever triumphant.

* *The Claverings*. By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1867.

This may be another reason why his stories are so pleasant. It is a comfort to believe that our suspicions as to the cruelty and injustice stalking around us are, after all, without foundation. In the *Claverings* this presence of the respectable god of social justice is perhaps more remarkable than in any previous book from the same hand. Everything turns out just as our belief in the general comfort of the universe requires that it should do. The heroine, one of the most charming women that even Mr. Trollope has ever drawn, in a very wicked manner marries a debauched peer for the sake of his money and his title, although she is in love all the time with a more interesting commoner, who, like the majority of interesting commoners, has only a very inadequate income. She never disguises her motives for a moment, either from herself or her lover. "Our ages by the register," she tells him, "are the same, but I am ten years older than you by the world. I have two hundred a year, and I owe at this moment six hundred pounds. You have perhaps double as much, and would lose half of that if you married. . . . Now Lord Ongar has — heaven knows what — perhaps sixty thousand a year." This is an example of Mr. Trollope's close reproduction of the actual way of the world. A novelist of the sentimental stamp would have made his heroine the heart-broken victim of cruel and rapacious parents, and very likely we should have been dreadfully moved by the young woman's sorrows. But then our emotion would have been fundamentally artificial; we should have felt that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred parents do not drive their daughters into heart-breaking matches, and then we should have been ashamed of ourselves for being accessible to such sham pathos. Mr. Trollope's Pierian spring gives no beverage which leaves a remorse of this sort, but a sober and reasonable tipple, which pleases us at the time and does not bring repentance afterwards. So we are sorry that Julia Brabazon does a wrong and a wicked thing in marrying a lord who had delirium tremens from time to time, when she was in love with a healthy commoner who had no delirium tremens; still we are sure that it was a very probable thing for such a woman to do, and we know that Mr. Trollope, as the agent of the Providence of respectable virtue, will see that she is punished just enough, and not more than enough, to vindicate the ways of society to women. Hence, though very much interested in her, we are not under the influence of any artificial and unreal excitement. We know that she is in the hands of a writer who, though a fine artist in his own sphere, is never intoxicated by art. We know that a sober and reasonable vengeance will overtake her, of the kind which would overtake her in real life. Perhaps, if anything, she escapes too lightly. But then Mr. Trollope cannot bear to think of uncomfortable severity. Now and then, in his novels, he is obliged to bring some dreadful villain to thorough ruin; but he gets over it as quickly as ever he can, simply putting the villain out of doors and begging us to think no more about him.

On the same principle, Julia Brabazon's sister having married a hard, selfish, unfeeling husband, one would close the book with a certain amount of uncomfortable sentiment if she had been left in his tormenting hands. So the hard husband is "mercifully removed," as good people say, and the two widowed sisters are left to give one another such solace as they can. There is nothing sublimely blissful in such a close for a heroine, but still let us remember that she had sinned, and could not therefore, with any regard to social justice, be allowed to go and live happy ever after; and in the same way, as her sister had not sinned in this particular mode, she might well be relieved of her burdensome lord, on the theory that in this world most things come tolerably right if you will only give them time. All wrong doing, again, is complex, and hence it is impossible to bring things back to what their state had been previously to the wrongdoing. You may modify some of the effects, but some of them will remain beyond control. Thrown overboard by Julia, the hero wins the love of another. Here an element is introduced which at once makes the original perfidy absolutely irretrievable by any amount of repentance. Julia may repent and again repent. Her lord may die and set her free. Her lover may still be as much alive as ever to the old fascination. But the new element makes the problem for ever insoluble. You cannot, as George Eliot says, manipulate human beings as if they were only pawns on a chess-board. And the other woman to whom Harry Clavering had given himself after Julia's perfidy cannot in any way be manipulated off the scene. The lover may throw her over, if he likes, but then he would have felt more or less uncomfortable for the rest of his days if he had thrown her over. The unlucky maiden herself would have been left to wear the willow in misery for at least some long time to come. Julia even would have thought the less of her lover for per-

petrating a sort of imitation of her own selfish perfidy. Besides that, two honest families would have been plunged into uneasiness and misery — the one that the son of the house should have done a shameful thing, the other that the daughter of the house should have suffered a shameful thing. What has been done cannot in these matters be undone without a *deus ex machina*, and Mr. Trollope's whole notions of art forbid him to resort to this inartistic divinity. The social law must take its course. It is one of Mr. Trollope's merits that he knows how to temper judgment with merey. He insists that Harry Clavering shall be true to his honour, but he deos not quite refuse, as Theodore Burton does, to understand how his hero ever came to entertain the notion of being false to his honour. "When a true man has loved with all his heart and soul," he asks, "does he cleanse his heart of that passion when circumstances run against him and he is forced to turn elsewhere for his life's companion? Or is he untrue as a lover in that he does not waste his life in desolation because he has been disappointed? Or does his old love perish and die away because another has crept into his heart?" Mr. Trollope defends his hero, therefore, both for betrothing himself to Florence Burton, and also in a manner for letting his heart stray to his old love "when she returned to him still young, still beautiful, and told him with all her charms and all her flattery how her heart stood towards him." After this we come to a rather over-subtle distinction which Mr. Trollope draws between love and devotion. A man may love many women, he says, but should be devoted only to one. Devotion is independent of love, and is owed by any man to any woman who has promised to be his wife. What does it consist in? In "defending her at all hazards from every misadventure, in struggling ever that she may be happy, in seeing that no wind blows upon her with needless severity, that no ravening wolf of a misery shall come near her, that her path be swept clean for her — as clean as may be, and that her roof-tree be made firm upon a rock." This is no doubt a very sound and wholesome doctrine. Only, if it be so, does not what Mr. Trollope calls devotion lack the one thing needful in a woman's eyes, the one quality that makes her value the rock-like firmness of her roof-tree? Would not most fine-natured women be very ready to sacrifice ever so much of devotion for ever so little of love? However, the side which Mr. Trollope brings into most prominence, the prudential, decorous, roof-tree side, is just that to which men's selfishness or their caprice is most apt to blind them, and therefore his ethical strain is full of value. Yet can we be sure that, in spite of his reservation of devotion, his idea that one may love many women is free from peril? In the present instance, at all events, he convoys his hero through whatever peril there may be, and hands him over loyally to the humbler love who has never played him false. Mr. Trollope is almost spiteful in his resolution to punish Lady Ongar for her first mercenary faithlessness, for he contrives at last to make Clavering the next heir to a baronetcy and a big estate, so that Julia, if she had stuck to her lover, would have got all that she wanted. Nobody can pretend that the author's moral is not good and impressive.

Some of the minor characters are photographs of the most perfect kind. The hard selfish Sir Hugh, and his brother the soft, selfish Archie, and the feebly acute Boodle, are all excellent. Count Peteroff is only a shadow of a character, and his intriguing sister is more conventional and unreal than is usual with the author. The fun of Madame Gordeloup strikes us as forced. We should be disposed to doubt whether Mr. Trollope knows a real Gordeloup; for, in drawing people who must have come under his actual observation, he seldom makes a wrong stroke or inserts a bit of unfitting colour. His characteristic humour is, in truth, only a very strong form of common sense reflecting known and observed realities. This may not produce the greatest works, but it always guarantees us works that are honest, truthful, and artistic.

From the Spectator.

THE CLAVERINGS. *

Mr. Trollope has treated, in both *Can You Forgive Her?* and *The Belton Estate*, the subject of a girl who does not fully know her own mind as to which of two lovers she prefers, and in *The Small House at Allington* he has given us a picture of a commoner situation, — a man vacillating, not indeed between two loves, but between two women one of whom he loves, and the other of whom dazzles his worldly ambition. But he has never, we think, before treated the subject of a man genuinely in love with two women at the same time, virtually en-

* *The Claverings*. By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols.

gaged to both, overpowered with the humiliation and shame of having to confess to either that he loves her rival better, and not indeed honestly knowing in his own mind to which of the two women he should really make that confession. No doubt this is an easier subject than that which made the central interest of *Can You Forgive Her?* and *The Belton Estate.* Men, very ordinary men, are not unfrequently in this position, while it takes peculiar circumstances, and a woman of peculiar, if really refined, nature to entertain even a moment's doubt as to which of two men she should prefer, or to change that preference, if both remain true to her. The subject is easier than that which Mr. Trollope had attempted before, but he has, we think, succeeded more than in proportion to its comparative facility. The delineation of Harry Clavering's state of mind towards his rival loves, Lady Ongar and Miss Burton, is absolutely perfect, so far as it goes. As is customary with Mr. Trollope, it does not go very deep. If any one who knows both stories will compare the struggle in Harry Clavering's mind with the exquisite picture of James Erskine's similar struggle in the only story, *A Lost Love*, which we owe to the genius of the authoress calling herself by the pseudonym of "Ashford Owen," he will see at once where Mr. Trollope's genius stops, as well as how much it can accomplish. In the anonymous story we have mentioned, you see pictured with exquisite delicacy the different class of sentiments excited in the hero's mind by the rival heroines, and also the utterly different species and depth of passion with which each of them regarded him. In *The Claverings* we may see faintly, perhaps, though only faintly, the different species of love with which Harry Clavering was regarded by Lady Ongar and Florence Burton, but even that is rather a difference of manner towards him, a difference of character in expressing it, than a difference of inward feeling. But we see nothing, absolutely nothing, of the conflicting sentiments in Harry Clavering's own mind; we see that something in each of the women attracts him, but we do not see the two currents of feeling in close contrast and comparison, the sort of pang which he would feel in giving up Florence, the different sort of pang which he would feel in giving up Julia. We have to create all that for ourselves, without any help from Mr. Trollope; the two women are drawn with great clearness, and one of them at least with great force, but if we want to know where the special torture of Harry Clavering's position was in each case, we have to fall in love with them as well as we can for ourselves, and discriminate the special sort of affection each was able to inspire. Mr. Trollope does not help us. He does not even represent Harry as feeling that the one woman (Lady Ongar) was superior to him in power and breadth of character, and that, towards her, admiration and a certain delight in the remorse, courage, and boldness of her love, — she had been faithless to him once, — were the predominant elements of attraction. He does not tell us that the other's inferiority of position, and her gentle confiding nature filled him with the protecting pride which a man generally loves best to feel towards the woman of his choice, and made him sensible of that perfect ease in her presence which Harry Clavering could scarcely perhaps have felt with such a one as Lady Ongar. Mr. Trollope leaves this deeper element of sentiment in his plot absolutely to the imagination of his readers. He paints for us truly enough how they spoke and acted, but he does not give us much conception of how they felt. Even after he had made his choice, Harry Clavering must have felt that there was something wanting in Florence which he had loved in Lady Ongar, as he would certainly have felt about Lady Ongar had he chosen her instead of Florence, — and we think there would be much more — for a novelist who chose to describe sentiment as well as manners — to say of his inward regrets, and perhaps even of their occasional effect on his outward manner to Florence, than Mr. Trollope has told us. These, indeed, are the elements of life of which Mr. Trollope seldom attempts to speak at all.

But accepting, as in literature, one must always accept, the limitations which a man of genius either imposes on himself, or recognizes as limitations which he must not often attempt to pass, the art of *The Claverings* strikes us as of a very high class. There are far fewer unconnected side-pictures than is usual in Mr. Trollope's novels. Indeed, almost every side-picture is calculated to heighten the effect of the principal subject of the story. Harry Clavering's rather weak openness to the influence of any attractive woman with whom he is much thrown, is brought out in strong relief against the ungainly curate's (Mr. Saul's) manly dignity and intensity of purpose. Mr. Trollope has contrasted his rather soft, though in relation to all but feminine affairs perfectly manly, hero, with one who in many respects seems but half a man, and yet is, in relation to the dignity, depth, and constancy of his affection, immeasureably Harry Clavering's

superior; and the effect of the contrast is a new force both in the mere vividness of the picture and in the clearness and truthfulness of Mr. Trollope's moral. For there is a moral, and, as we take it, a very high, and in these present days a very rare moral, in Mr. Trollope's tale, which strikes us as one of the healthiest and, without soaring very high, one of the noblest for ordinary men which has been written for many a day. His great moral, — for men at least, — is that the mind, the will, can regulate the affections, as much as any other part of us, — that "no man need cease to love without a cause; a man may maintain his love, and nourish it, and keep it warm by honest, manly effort, as he may his probity, or his courage, or his honour." That is a wholesome and necessary truth in these days of sentimental novels, and it is admirably illustrated in the graphic tale before us. Mr. Trollope is so well known for the artistic force and liveliness of his delineations, that it is only fair sometimes to call attention to the manliness of his morality, and nothing can be manlier than the morality of the following passage: —

"He unconsciously allowed himself to dwell upon the words with which he would seek to excuse his treachery to Florence. He thought how he would tell her, — not to her face with spoken words, for that he could not do, — but with written skill, that he was unworthy of her goodness, that his love for her had fallen off through his own unworthiness, and had returned to one who was in all respects less perfect than she, but who in old days, as she well knew, had been his first love. Yes! he would say all this, and Julia, let her anger be what it might, should know that he had said it. As he planned this, there came to him a little comfort, for he thought there was something grand in such a resolution. Yes! he would do that, even though he should lose Julia also. Miserable clap-trap! He knew in his heart that all his logic was false, and his arguments baseless. Cease to love Florence Burton! He had not ceased to love her, nor is the heart of any man made so like a weathercock that it needs must turn itself hither and thither, as the wind directs, and be altogether beyond the man's control. For Harry, with all his faults, and in spite of his present falseness, was a man. No man ceases to love without a cause. No man need cease to love without a cause. A man may maintain his love, and nourish it, and keep it warm by honest, manly effort, as he may his probity, his courage, or his honour. It was not that he had ceased to love Florence; but that the glare of the candle had been too bright for him, and he had scorched his wings."

On the woman's side, too, the morality is as sound and as vigorous as on the man's. Neither man nor woman, we suppose, will read this novel without thinking the picture of Julia Brabazon, afterwards Lady Ongar, one of the most powerful and, in spite of her deliberate sale of herself for a title and a fortune, one of the most attractive of all Mr. Trollope's feminine portraits. All about her is marked with a certain power and brilliancy. Her wilful worldliness at the beginning of the book, her horror of mean cares and a poverty-stricken career, her determination to sacrifice love for splendour, are all deliberate, and all carried into action with a certain grandeur of purpose, with a clear understanding of the wrong she is doing and that she is clearly responsible for all the evil effects of doing it. Then her self-disgust afterwards at what she has done, her utter failure to enjoy the price of this sale of herself, the proud shame with which she bears the aspersions on her name which are the natural results of having married such a man as Lord Ongar, the misery of her loneliness on her first return to England, the clearly self-avowed purpose with which she determines to make up, — if she may, — to Harry Clavering by her new fortune for having once thrown him over for the sake of money and rank, the proud resentment with which she braves her brother-in-law's (Sir Hugh Clavering's) coldness, the restlessness with which she goes from place to place and is satisfied nowhere, all painted with a master's hand. We fear that few readers will fail to find that, on the whole, there is more that is fascinating in Lady Ongar, in spite of her great, her unwomanly sin in marrying such a man as Lord Ongar for rank and money, than in Florence Burton; — a larger nature at least, capable of great sin and great magnanimity also. But in spite of this, Mr. Trollope draws with a sincerity that never fails him the true and natural punishment of her sin, — first of all, and perhaps deepest of all, the disappearance of that true delicacy which could scarcely survive so deliberate a sale of herself as Julia Brabazon's; then, as its external penalty, the gathering of mean intrigues and meaner intriguers round her, the dirty and rapacious little harpy, Sophie Gordeloup, the selfish and able Count Pateroff, the foolish good-for-nothing Archie Clavering. Archie Clavering's counsellor in his aspirations after Lady Ongar's fortune, Captain Boodle, is a picture of the highest humour and skill, and yet it is not in any sense a diversion from the main object of the story, as so many of Mr. Trollope's cleverest sketches in other tales have been. Many will read the coarse

humour of the chapter, "Let her know that you're there," as if it were merely coarse humour, but in truth the coarse humour contains the highest moral in the story, showing, as it does, how just a retribution women who act as Julia Brabazon acted, bring on themselves, by being made the subject of such coarse speculation. The dialogue we are going to quote should be read in connection with the few words of previous dialogue in which Sir Hugh advises his brother Archie to ask Lady Ongar to marry him, and repudiates angrily the notion that there is any indelicacy in the proposal, though Lord Ongar had been dead only four months: —

"The world still looked askance at Lady Ongar, and Hugh did not wish to take up the armour of a paladin in her favour. If Archie married her, Archie would be the paladin; though, indeed, in that case, no paladin would be needed. 'She has only been a widow, you know, four months,' said Archie, pleading for delay. 'It won't be delicate; will it?' — 'Delicate!' said Sir Hugh. 'I don't know whether there is much of delicacy in it at all.'— 'I don't see why she isn't to be treated like any other woman. If you were to die, you'd think it very odd if any fellow came up to Hermy before the season was over.' — 'Archie, you are a fool,' said Sir Hugh; and Archie could see by his brother's brow that Hugh was angry. 'You say things that for folly and absurdity are beyond belief. If you can't see the peculiarities of Julia's position, I am not going to point them out to you.'"

And as if to illustrate this entire absence of all delicacy in the situation, the conference between Archie Clavering, and his adviser, Captain Boodle, immediately follows: —

"'They say she's been a little queer, don't they?' said the friendly counsellor [Captain Boodle]. — 'Of course people talk, you know.' — 'Talk, yes; they're talking a doosed sight, I should say. There's no mistake about the money, I suppose?' — 'Oh! none,' said Archie, shaking his head vigorously. 'Hugh managed all that for her, so I know it.' — 'She don't lose any of it because she enters herself for running again, does she?' — 'Not a shilling. That's the beauty of it.' — 'Was you ever sweet on her before?' — 'What! before Ongar took her? O laws, no! She hadn't a rap, you know; and knew how to spend money as well as any girl in London.' — 'It's all to begin, then, Clavvy; all the up-hill work to be done?' — 'Well, yes; I don't know about up-hill, Doodles. What do you mean by up-hill?' — 'I mean that seven thousand a year ain't usually to be picked up merely by trotting easy along the flat. And this sort of work is very up-hill generally, I take it; — unless, you know, a fellow has a fancy for it. If a fellow is really sweet on a girl, he likes it, I suppose.' — 'She's a doosed handsome woman, you know, Doodles.' — 'I don't know anything about it, except that I suppose Ongar wouldn't have taken her if she hadn't stood well on her pasterns, and had some breeding about her. I never thought much of her sister — your brother's wife, you know, — that is in the way of looks. No doubt she runs straight, and that's a great thing. She wont go the wrong side of the post.' — 'As for running straight, let me alone for that.' — 'Well, now, Clavvy, I'll tell you what my ideas are. When a man's trying a young filly, his hand can't be too light. A touch too much will bring her on her haunches, or throw her out of her step. She should hardly feel the iron in her mouth. But when I've got to do with a trained mare, I always choose that she shall know that I'm there! Do you understand me?' — 'Yes; I understand you, Doodles.' — 'I always choose that she shall know that I'm there!' And Captain Boodle, as he repeated these manly words with a firm voice, put out his hands as though he were handling the horse's rein. 'Their mouths are never so fine then, and they generally want to be brought up to the bit, d'ye see — up to the bit. When a mare has been trained to her work, and knows what she's at in her running, she's all the better for feeling a fellow's hands as she's going. She likes it rather. It gives her confidence and makes her know where she is. And look here, Clavvy, when she comes to her fences, give her her head; but steady her first, and make her know that you're there. Damme, whatever you do, let her know that you're there! There is nothing like it. She'll think all the more of the fellow that's piloting her. And look here, Clavvy; ride her with spurs. Always ride a trained mare with spurs. Let her know that they're on; and if she tries to get her head, give 'em her. Yes, by George give 'em her!' And Captain Boodle in his energy twisted himself in his chair, and brought his heel round, so that it could be seen by Archie."

We have heard this called coarse, true and powerful as it is. And coarse indeed it is, but the coarseness of the highest morality. What can be more realistic, or more wise in its realism, than to teach women such as Julia Brabazon to what they really lay themselves open, when they act as she acted?

The Claverings has, as we believe, a higher moral, and a more perfect artistic unity of the kind we have indicated, than any of Mr. Trollope's previous tales. There is scarcely a touch in it which does not contribute to the main effect, both artistic and moral, of the story, and not a character introduced, however slightly sketched, which does not produce its own unique and specific effect on the reader's imagination.

From the London Review.

THE RELEASE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The Drama of Revolution in the United States has evolved so many strange and various scenes, since the day when the curtain fell on Lee's surrender at Appomatox Court-house, that the early actors in the great struggle have glided, so to speak, out of sight and memony, at least in Europe. Dim and faded are now the rival reputations once so fiercely canvassed, of M'Clellan and Beauregard, Hooker and Longstreet, Sheridan and Stuart. Even the brilliant names of Jackson and Sherman, Grant and Lee, have lost much of their brightness. Clean forgotton are the infamies rightly or wrongly fixed by one side and the other, on Butler and Forrest, Turchin and McNeill: gone the Copperhead distinction of Fernando Wood and Vallandigham. The fame of Lincoln, consecrated by martyrdom, survives, and will keep its place in the hagiology of freedom; bnt few care to follow the obscurer, if "earthlier happy" fate of his rival and enemy. Four years ago the name of Jefferson Davis was extolled by many, perhaps by the majority of Englishmen. His character as a statesman was extravagantly elevated to the level of Cæsar, Cromwell and Napoleon. But in the rear of failure came oblivion and contempt. From the day when the ex-President of the Slave Republic was captured at Irwinsville, in Georgia, disguised in his wife's attire, his name has been little mentioned in England. When the citizens of the North, naturally and bitterly indignant at the infamous crime of Booth, were urgent to prosecute, upon most baseless suspscions the great chief of the rebellion, a few voices were raised at this side of the Atlantic in favour of the fallen statesman, and from time to time a feeble protest or two has been heard in English jouruals against his incarceration in Fort Monroe. For a long time, indeed until public passion in America had cooled down from its first fever-heat, the State Prison, not demanding close and unhealthy confinement or degrading punishment, was probably the safest place within Federal limits for Mr. Davis. But with fresh struggles in the reunited republic there came forgetfulness of the past and expiated treason of the South. And though a large party in the North was desirous of bringing the question of the ex-President's guilt before a legal tribunal, so many difficulties lay in the path of the prosecution, so much uncertainty and vague dread would inevitably be aroused thereby, so small was the tangible advantage to be hoped for, that in setting free the prisoner no longer dangerous or in danger, scarcely regarded by any party as notable, the majority in the United States may be considered to have obeyed at once the dictates of magnanimity and good sense. Upon a resolution so just and prudent, the American Government and the dominant party in Congress may well receive the congratulations of civilized Europe.

Mr. Davis, we learn by the latest telegrams, has left Richmond for New York. His application for his writ of habeas corpus, laid a few days ago before the Circuit Court of Virginia, was not opposed on behalf of the Government, and was immediately followed by his release on bail, with the obligation, which is, we may be assured, merely formal, of appearing before the court, if required, in November next. His arrival at the Empire City, where but three years ago his name was in every mouth, will probably be little noticed. What a change since the victorious and hopeful days of Bull Run and Chancellorsville! What a retrospect for the baffled leader of a rebellion that might have been a revolution! As the man vanishes from public sight, let us for an instant recall his past life, so full of strange vicissitudes. Mr. Jefferson Davis belonged by birth and association to the class which was most identified with the "peculiar institution" of the South. Brought up in the State of Mississippi, one of those Gulf States which were far more bitterly hostile to freedom than the older and more settled communities of the Border, he had early taken a part in public life. In the Mexican war he had been distinguished as a soldier, and at the same time as a consistant and fervent supporter of the nullifying policy of Calhoun. As Governor of his State, he was a prominent advocate of that system of dishonest repudiation which contributed so much to estrange English feeling from America. As Senator he was a leader in that aggressive action of the coalesced slave power which roused the freesoiler to the resistance that culminated in Lincoln's election and in the great civil war. Under the administration of President Franklin Pierce he held the office of Secretary-at-War, and it was as commissioners despatched by him that M'Clellan and Lee watched the progress of the Crimean war. In the Senate of the United States he pursued throughout Buchanan's presidency a course which proved that secession was with him a foregone conclusion. He procured by legislative enactment, unchecked by the simplicity of the

North and the treacherous apathy of the Government, the distribution of Federal military stores throughout the South. Then he brought forward a Bill making it compulsory on the Central Government to uphold the rights of slaveholders in the territories of the Union, and he enforced this demand with the menace of that secession which had been predetermined. When the division between the Northern Democrats and the Slave Party secured the defeat of both Douglas and Breckinridge, and the triumph of the Republicans by Lincoln's return, Mr. Davis showed no hesitation in choosing his part. On the 20th of December, 1860, four months before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, South Carolina passed her ordinance of secession; three weeks after, Mississippi, with the rest of the Gulf States, followed, and Mr. Davis immediately quitted his place in the Senate. On the 4th of February, 1861, the delegates of the seceding States met at Montgomery in the State of Alabama, and having framed a Constitution, proceeded to elect Jefferson Davis President of the new Confederation for a term of six years. On the 13th of April Fort Sumter was surrendered to Beauregard, and the greatest war of modern times began.

Mr. Davis's character as a statesman has been the subject of much controversy. It cannot be disputed that for the single purpose of awakening Southern enthusiasm and exciting European sympathy, the President of the Confederation was hardly to be matched. An accomplished writer and speaker, he in his messages and despatches did much to veil the inherent vices and weaknesses of the Secession cause. But it may fairly be questioned whether his confident professions of success, his rigorous control of free opinion in the South, his misrepresentations of the resources of the North and of his own people, did not tend to prolong a fatal struggle that might have been better abandoned early in 1863. At all events, there can be but one opinion of the bitter animosity, the foolishly braggart language in which he indulged as the armies of the North closed round the doomed Confederacy. After Sherman's capture of Atlanta, the Southern President ordered thanksgiving services in the churches of Richmond — a proceeding which almost justifies the theory attributed to him in the "Biglow Papers,"—

> "How winning the day
> Consists in triumphantly getting away."

At this time his temper seems to have become soured. "Do you not all know," he said to the army in Georgia, "that the only way to make spaniels civil is to whip them?" Unluckily for him, the whipping was done the other way. As the prospects of the rebellion became more gloomy, Mr. Davis was savagely attacked by a large party in the South. He was accused of improvidence, of favouritism, even of want of courage. Probably Grant's successes before Richmond, and the subsequent ruin of the secession cause, only saved Mr. Davis from deposition at the hands of those by whom he was long looked up to as a hero.

The attempt made by some miserable informers and perjured sycophants to inculpate Mr. Davis with respect to that vile crime of Good Friday, 1865, which has fixed indelible disgrace on the slave-owning party, were happily little regarded by any respectable politicians in the North. President Johnson and some of his immediate advisers were anxious, we believe, to obtain a legal decision in the case of the Confederate leader for the purpose of settling the law of treason, just as some members of the Jamaica Committee urged the prosecution of Mr. Eyre for the same purpose. It seems, however, at once nobler and more consistent to make the amnesty extended to the South complete. The example will not be lost to the world. If ever rebellion deserved punishment as destructive and inexcusable, the revolt that was headed by Mr. Davis should not have escaped. But the tendency of modern progress has been to deal lightly with political offences, to punish rebels only so far as their impunity may be dangerous, and, where their influence has disappeared, to grant them liberty and life. Already even the most docile Englishmen have begun to profit by the example of America. Without exciting many Tory fears, the Government of Lord Derby may surely go so far in the way of "Americanizing out institutions" as to imitate the clemency of the Government of President Johnson.

From the Spectator.

DISRAELI-WORSHIP.

Mr. Bernal Osborne said with his usual cleverness yesterday week, that "the Chancellor of the Exchequer had lugged that great omnibus full of stupid heavy country gentlemen" up the hill of Reform with a spirit for which all true Radicals would return him their heartiest thanks. That was well said, and would make a cap-

tal illustration for *Fun*, but if Mr. Tenniel would again work out for us one of those higher imaginative conceptions which impress on some of his cartoons in *Punch* a character of ideal power, ensuring them a life long beyond the momentary situation that suggests them, let him reverse the image, and draw Mr. Disraeli as the inscrutable Sphynx of Mr. Poynter's great picture, tugged along to be installed as one of the idols of the hour by the same stupid, heavy, country gentlemen, with many a drop of sweat and many a fierce gesticulation, while the wives and daughters of the enslaved squirearchy dance reluctantly before his triumphal path. Mr. Bernal Osborne himself, as one of the Radical leaders, might be stooping from the car curling his long lash at the reluctant team; and Mr. Lowe might appear as the scowling and gasping Israelite who had fallen out of his place, and was evidently launching deep curses at the head both of his taskmasters and their temporary god. For though no doubt in one sense Mr. Disraeli had hoisted up the country gentlemen to their present position, in another and more important sense, they have conveyed him, the inscrutable and enigmatic idol of the moment, to the altar on which he at present stands. The House of Commons, in spite of its thorough distrust of him, which is indeed the usual attitude of idolaters towards the divinities they celebrate and strive to conciliate, is lost in wonder at his great feats. The spirit of criticism is almost paralyzed by his miraculous success. Every taunt flies back like a boomerang at the head of him who launched it. The sword of every one of his opponents enters into his own breast, and the bow of the rash archer who aims at him snaps and lies broken in his hands. People go about on every side crying, "It is a god, it is a god!" Private warnings are given that it is no use attacking Disraeli; he will only cry tush! and suck thereout no small advantage. If you give him what would poison any one else, he thrives upon it. It is a sort of enchantment. Unless any one can get hold of the talisman that will break the spell, the stars in their courses will fight against his foes. Is not the marvel visible to the dullest eyes,— Radicals and high Tories competing together to serve him, while both alike murmur ejaculations of distrust between their teeth? Such is the general talk, and whatever the charms by which Mr. Disraeli has worked hitherto, it is really true that he is now beginning to get that influence over the nerves and imaginations of all parties which, while it is very far indeed from winning their hearts,— indeed probably turning their hearts more and more away from the detestable worship in which they are engaged,— still paralyzes their will and renders opposition hopeless and impotent. Mr. Disraeli is for the time more than an adversary; he is inscrutable, invulnerable,— a powerful, passionless political Sphynx. When he puts on his idiotic mask he is most dangerous of all. Then he is laying up in his high mind some slight to his divinity, and calculating the rate of compound interest at which he will repay it; or he is maturing some spell which shall make his adversaries mistake friends for foes, and fall hotly upon each other, instead of upon him; or he is meditating some fresh and potent charm, which shall prolong the servitude of such slaves of the lamp as Lord Stanley, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, and Sir Stafford Northcote, and make them see their former political thoughts as ghosts gibbering unmeaning reproaches, and hear their former words as dreamers hear the words of those around them. The old Greek Sphynx used to *ask* rather difficult riddles, but this modern political Sphynx *answers* them infallibly,— even though they be of the highest degree of complexity. How to coax the Tory into Radicalism by giving him a number of false hopes and taking them away one by one;— how to utilize the accident of the irrepressible compounder so as to make the Tories think him a final and irresistable obstacle to household suffrage, until at last they are even more sick of the compounder than of household suffrage itself, and see the last wave of the wand which consigns him finally to the receptacle for obsolete machinery with a sigh of something like relief; how to resist and defeat the Liberals with a stern face and even ardent defiance, though the whole battle is to the mind of the leader purely formal,— fought only for the sake of showing the power to beat, and though he means after all to resign the ground for which he fights so hotly;— these are the sort of riddles, hopeless because they would never present themselves to ordinary politicians, which Mr. Disraeli has been solving syllable by syllable with consummate art, and with the enigmatic reticence of an oracle who loves both to bewilder and bewitch his devotees.

We do not wonder at this reluctant Disraeli-worship, though we doubt whether a baser form of Parliamentary idolatry has ever been invented. No doubt there are qualites in the idol which are not, in themselves, ignoble,— a coolness and courage equal to any emergency, a self-confidence

that is almost above the possibility of irritable despondency, an impassiveness that never fails under attack, and a fertility of invention worthy of a demon or a god. But all these qualities, rare as they are, and, apart from the purposes to which they are turned, intellectually admirable as they are, are by no means qualities which it is at all desirable to be always contemplating with wonder and awe. For the most part they are dexterities, even the *abstract* respect for which cannot be cultivated without a constant lessening of respect for great and liberal aims, since admiration for the studied manners and wonderful address of a good manager must inevitably slide into admiration for those happy strokes of mere skill in which the object and purpose of the manœuvre is entirely lost sight of. But when these qualities are worshipped by no means in the abstract, but in the very concrete case of Mr. Disraeli himself, who combines with them a perfect unscrupulousness as to political principle, a readiness to ring the changes on Radicalism and Toryism, on Free-Trade and Protection, on "the Semitic principle" and the-man-of-the-world practice, precisely as is most conducive to his own fortunes as a statesman, the Disraeli-Fetishism which is dominating the imagination of the House of Commons will be seen to foster one of the most degrading of political idolatries. The enigmatic and inscrutable calm of the idol's face, the half-witted expression with which he foils the curiosity of the House when he is pressed for an answer which he wants time to meditate, the practised hesitation with which he announces what he had long determined on, the adroitness with which he prepares for a concession by giving notice of what looks like an aggression but which turns out, to the great disappointment of his enemies, to be only the bold face which a concession should put on, — all these are personal accomplishments which it is but too easy, and exceedingly humiliating, to imitate, but in which imitators are absolutely certain not to succeed. But in one thing the votaries of the new Disraeli-worship will undoubtedly succeed. They will be able, — it is already obvious indeed how able they are, — to rid themselves as completely as their divinity of the superstitions of old convictions and life-long faiths. Nothing could be more striking than the Disraelite self-control with which his Tory devotees only on Monday night refrained from betraying their not yet extinct sympathy with Mr. Lowe's Conservatism, which, expressed as it was in language of wonderful force and dignity, would, if delivered last session, have been cheered to the echo. No doubt there was a visible flutter about their heart-strings, a twitching of their nerves, a yearning of the still unmastered instincts of the past to burst into a generous cheer as he sat down; but there sat the pallid enigma of the new idolatry, with cold, impassive face, silently teaching the lesson of self-mastery to his fascinated followers, and the natural instinct was subdued in a moment, and died away with the last accent of this last appeal. Disraeli-worship will not give tact and subtlety, and craft and counsel to the "brute votes" of the House of Commons, but it will work that revolution of nature which is said to be due only to grace — or its opposite. It will make it easy to throw off the ties of conviction, amusing to desert the faith of a life-time, pleasant to outwit opponents by fairly outbidding them; it will make political dishonesty seem a department of æsthetics, and political thimble-rig a polite study; it will elevate the invention of political machinery for breaking the fall of consciences into a fine art, and make the successful use of such machinery a service of honour. It is time that our Parliament be reformed, if only the new formation could be a regeneration. It has steadily fallen in its ideal of statesmanship from its birth to its death. Lord John Russell, — no great political idol of ours, — was its first and best hero. Narrow, self-important, and in many respects ungenerous, he had still the profoundest love of liberty, and the highest earnestness of which Whig politics were ever capable. To him succeeded Sir Robert Peel, rather a great minister than a great statesman, pompous and ostentatious in manner, limited and shortsighted in his views, but acute in discerning the immediate signs of the times, and capable of great personal sacrifices to achieve what he felt the good of the country imperiously demanded. To him, again, succeeded Lord Palmerston, with less of moral principle than either of his predecessors, flippant, careless of the higher aims of politics, yet very tenacious of the few views he was pleased to regard as principles, always ready to do battle against what he thought un-English, and without a trace of anything sinister in his character. And now at last, in its days of decrepitude and decay, Mr. Disraeli is the object of Parliamentary worship, a statesman with ambiguity for his chief attribute and artifice for the method of his government, — with political principles which no one knows, unless it be the principle of artfully propping aristocratic institutions on the suffrages of the most

ignorant of the mob, — with wonderful proficiency in theatrical counterfeits and also in amphitheatrical feats, such as riding with one foot on the back of each party, — with, no doubt, splendid coolness and courage, which no one can imitate, — and for the rest, made up of superficial and tricky cleverness, which every one can imitate quite sufficiently to humiliate himself. And such is the idol which Parliament is every day adoring with a deeper awe, and for which it deserts Mr. Gladstone, the highest-minded statesman of this generation, if not of any generation since the Restoration.

From the Spectator.

MR. LOWE'S LAST DELIVERANCE.

If Mr. Lowe were always as much in earnest as he is when denouncing democracy, he would, with all his drawbacks, yet be a great Parliamentary chief. There was something of moral as well as intellectual greatness in his attitude on Monday night. He stood up in his place alone and hopeless, with no party and no seconder, no supports save the strength of his own conviction and the power of his own brain, to do battle against both parties in the House of Commons, to argue down an accomplished fact, or if that might not be, to tell an unwilling audience, which hardly gave him a cheer, what manner of fact it had accomplished. If there is one personal victory for which Mr. Lowe cares, it is to elicit that roar of assent which follows a speaker who has expressed the unspoken thought of a great party in the House of Commons, — an acknowledgement of power doubly valuable to one who does not see the faces of those whom he is moving, but in this instance he felt when he began and knew as he concluded that his sympathisers could not cheer. If there is one personal interest for which Mr. Lowe cares deeply it is the safety of his seat, and he had to render it questionable whether he should ever have a seat in the House of Commons again. He is not the man whom counties choose, and in every borough in England or Scotland he will be faced by a majority which he has declared unworthy of the privilege of electing him. Yet he stood up calmly, and for two hours poured out eloquent denunciations of the Revolution which a few minutes after he sat down was accepted in silence and without a division, by the men he had only last year led in a victorious defence against a far milder assault. With his cardinal dogma that the suffrage is wide enough already, we have no sympathy whatever, in most of his vaticinations we have no confidence of any sort, but even in an enemy we honour high intellectual courage and personal disinterestedness. Mr. Lowe's speech did not change a vote, his argument perhaps did not deserve to change a vote, but he did one grand service to the House, he forced it to recognize the magnitude of the change, which, partly from weariness, partly from hopefulness, partly from sheer stupidity, it has at last resolved to accomplish. He showed the members the truth, which from a widely different point of view we have been so constantly reiterating, that with the adoption of Household Suffrage the sovereignty of the British Empire passes away from the hands of the middle class into that of one far below them. The new power may be wiser or less wise, stronger or weaker, less selfish or more corrupt, but it will be new as the power which in 1832 superseded the Peerage in the direct government of the country. The House of Commons is the final executive as well as legislative authority in the British Empire, in India as in London, for the conduct of foreign affairs as for the imposition of parochial taxes. If it orders the conquest of China, or the remission of the sugar duties, the order must be, more or less, heartily obeyed. The Borough members return a clear working majority of the House, and the power of appointing those members passes under the Tory Bill to the non-electors — men, that is, as Mr. Lowe clearly put it, whose politics statesmen do not know, whose ideas no man of all those who have voted for their enthronement even thinks himself able to understand. From the day the bill passes the working classes, skilled and unskilled equally, without selection, natural or other, are whenever they please to exert their authority our masters, ten times more absolute than the Peers ever were, for they lived in danger of revolt; five times as absolute as the middle-class, for they knew that in the last resort physical power lay elsewhere. Every decree will issue from the only class strong enough to resist oppression. If the Householders will to shut Hyde Park they can make short work of any Beales bold enough to threaten the railings. The House has changed by a vote, practically unanimous, the ultimate depositaries of power, changed them, as Mr. Lowe boldly told both parties, without wishing it, without designing it, without knowing aught of the new trustees. It intended, and right-

ly intended to give skilful labour a full share of power, and it has given all power over to unskilled labour, without knowing what unskilled labour wants.

Mr. Lowe knows as little as the rest of us, and this was the weak point of an otherwise most effective and statesmanlike speech. His grand point is the impossibility of stating the political tendencies of the class below the skilled artizans, yet he immediately proceeded to state them as if he possessed the very knowledge he repudiated. Their tendency, he affirmed, would be under various forms to redistribute property, to upset "a state of society in which all evil things are given to them and all good things to others," to realize the wise old Hindoo proverb which tells us that power and money are never separated long. The social facts, he argues, will be in conflict with the political facts, and will certainly be brought into accord. As we put it less eloquently a fortnight since, the uncomfortable will rule the comfortable, and will strive to become comfortable too. There is no harm in that end, if it be wisely pursued, but Mr. Lowe believes that it will be pursued unwisely, under the guidance of mere desires instead of thoughts. With what eyes, he asks, will the new constituencies look upon the 26,000,000*l.* a year raised for a Debt they did not contract, and for which they consider themselves morally irresponsible? Will they not take off all duties from their own luxuries tea, and sugar, tobacco and liquors, and place them upon realized property, in the form of a property-tax, or a graduated income-tax, or both? Will they not, as in Qeensland, clamour for inconvertible currency, and, as in America, strive to raise wages by enormous protective duties? These detailed prophecies these Sybilline leaves, devoted to the future of finance, seem to us a little feeble. It is quite clear the Householders will not do all these things together, for most of them are mutually destructive. They will not certainly repudiate the Debt, while putting it on the shoulders of the rich; they will not abolish indirect taxes, and put on a protective or prohibitory tariff. The Householders may be very silly, but they cannot be silly in two ways at once, and it is exceedingly doubtful if they will be silly in the direction of property rights at all. The very best representative of the new electors, indeed the only visible person who is like them at all, is the average British juryman, and in particular the juryman who sits on a coroner's inquest, and his tendency is towards a morbid appreciation of the sacredness of property. He will never convict anybody who takes life in defence, or fancied defence, of property. He is much more likely to enact savage laws against larceny, and grant extreme rights of self-defence, and pull down local taxation, as Mr. Hodskinson says the municipal voters of Stockport have done, than to make any attack upon property whatever. As to spirit duties, which Mr. Lowe says will be instantly abolished, our fear is that spirit-selling will be made, as in Massachusetts, a highly penal offence, as it certainly would be, in the great cities if the operatives had their own way. The danger is not that they will pillage anybody,—they are quite as honest as the small tradesmen who now hold power,—but that they will in sheer ignorance demand "reforms" the effect of which will be to cripple industry; or expenditures in the shape of public works and relaxations of the Poor Law, the effect of which would be to compel the Haves to provide life annuities for the Have-nots without any compensation. It is their ignorance which we dread, not their dishonesty, and in dreading it we have as few data as Mr. Lowe himself asserts any one else can boast. *There*, and not in any possible aberration about fiscal subjects, lies the solid and in our minds unanswerable objection to the adoption of household suffrage, unchecked and unchequered by new varieties of franchise. We are electing a new Cæsar, an absolute master, without knowing anything about him, except that if he chooses to be foolish wisdom must be silent in presence of irresistible physical force. Very likely he will not choose. If one thing was certain, *a priori*, in 1832, it was that the middle-class would be selfish in the matter of taxation, yet this is the thing in which its unselfishness has been most of all conspicuous, it having deliberately lifted the most painful of all burdens, the income-tax, on to its own shoulders. The history of England for ages shows that there exists somewhere in the national character, in its retentive though slow brain, which accumulates so much and initiates so little, in its heart, with its strong sympathies with all nobleness that it can understand, some antiseptic, some remedy against every form and degree of blundering. The national character is good, and in the long run the householders can only represent the nation, or be in their turn superceded by the nation itself advancing to the front. Leaders in England have almost always been wiser and better than the led, and there is no *a priori* reason why outside the petty boroughs the householders should be worse than the middle class, and in the last resort it is not in the petty boroughs that physical power

lies. The householders of London do not elect bad men, and London is equal in strength to all the petty boroughs put together. We are not afraid, as Mr. Lowe is, for the ultimate result of a measure which at all events removes at once and forever the powerlessness of the Legislature — "interests" had better not play with their new Sovereign — but we complain of this. The House of Commons has, in defiance of all political principle and of its own convictions, without any necessity, without any adequate consideration, transferred all power to a single class, and that the class most likely to be deceived by its pressing necessities, its Utopian hopes, and its unhappy ignorance. A change compared with which every other change is trivial, a radical change in the Constitution, has been sanctioned without willingness, without compulsion, and without knowledge. It is nonsense to talk of willingness, in the face of the debates of last year. It is folly to talk of compulsion when by enfranchising the great cities only we could have bound the only formidable population to our own side, — Wallingford not being exactly prepared to march on London; and as to knowledge, is there a member in either House who even thinks he knows what kind of House of Commons the next one will be? If a measure so carried should work well, it will be a new proof how little human foresight can accomplish towards regulating the march of human affairs. At all events, whether he proves wise or foolish, pure or corrupt, energetic or sleepy, let us, at least, acknowlegde that on Monday night Great Britain elected a new Sovereign — by lot.

From The Spectator.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF DISARMAMENT.

Reports have been flying about Europe for the last fortnight that Lord Stanley had submitted to the Lumexburg Conference a proposal for a general disarmament. So widely were they believed that the Prussian Government took the trouble to contradict them, and every now and then some German or Belgian newspaper revives them with a certain vigour of asseveration. All this while Reuter flashes every day to all capitals a conclusive answer to the story, — the progress which the Emperor Napoleon is making with his Bill for the reorganization of the French Army. The hitch which threatened the Bill, the desire of the Emperor to place the French like the Prussian Army beyond the reach of any Representative Body, has been got over, and it is understood that the Chamber will vote the increase of the minimum strength from 600,000 to 800,000 men, the increase to commence this year. In the teeth of such "preparations for peace" projects of disarmament are worthless, except as expressions of the public conviction that Europe sacrifices too much of her energy, her population, and her treasure to security or ambition. That conviction is in England so strong that Englishmen fail to see the difficulty of acting upon it, are half inclined to believe that kings are raising and peoples enduring vast armaments out of mere wantonness or stupidity. That is not the case, and as the impression produces much mischief it may be as well to point out some few of the difficulties which impede, and we fear for years to come will impede, any serious reduction in the Armies of Europe.

The nations of the Continent regard their armies exactly as we regard our Navy. Englishmen wish to be safe, and to be safe for reasons other than their neighbours' forbearance, and they therefore keep up a Navy sufficient to prevent any two navies from doing them serious harm. They could "Trust" Louis Napoleon just as easily as Prussia could, and with great relief to the finances, but they think it more expedient and more honourable to render that trustfulness unnecessary. Consequently, they pay for their ships every year rather more than Prussia before her aggrandizement paid for her soldiers, and refuse to listen to humanitarian talk upon that subject with some asperity. The Continental peoples have just the same feeling, rational or irrational, and they make just the same calculation. They want armies numerous enough to drive out the troops of any power or combination of powers likely to invade them. The number which seems to them required is usually a good many. Every Continental Power except Russia, which has other necessities, is at this moment, or has been recently, liable to be attacked by two powers, — Austria by Prussia and Italy, France by Prussia and Italy, Prussia by Austria and France. An attack by even one power is a very terrible thing for the attacked nation, as Englishmen would know if a conqueror's soldier had ever been billeted on London, and all nations exposed to invasion are willing to make insurance against it the highest duty both upon their fortunes and their lives. The only point on which dispute is possible is the amount of insurance

necessary, and most unfortunately for Europe there are two fixed data in that calculation neither of which is at present susceptible of any change, — the existence of one nation which is compelled to keep up a vast army for internal purposes, and of another which trains, drills, and provides *matérial* for its whole people, Russia cannot disarm. Her territory is so vast, it contains so many half-civilized warrior races, its people are so little civilized, and its governing machinery is without the bayonet so feeble, that with less than 600,000 men the empire would probably perish from incessant small shocks, attacks, *émeutes*, and rebellions. Without an immense garrison Poland would be lost. Without an immense garrison the recent trouble between nobles and peasants would have resulted in an agrarian war spread over a territory as large as the rest of Europe. Empires never die willingly, and Russia therefore remains armed, just as we remain armed in India. But every army which includes many hundreds of thousands of men, can always spare a considerable force for offensive purposes, say a fourth; and her neighbours must therefore always be either ready to resist 150,000 Russians, or to follow Russian lead. Then Prussia adopted in the past, under special necessity, the system of arming the whole nation, the recent campaign shows that the armament is efficient, and consequently her neigbours have to prepare to meet an entire nation in arms. Without such a force of its own, no nation bordering on Prussia could be tranquillized by any numerical reductions, for no reductions really impair the force at Frederick William's disposal. A hundred thousand men, less or more, actually round the colours make no difference, for every Prussian can be summoned, and every man can within a week appear in full fighting trim. Wherever the nation has been drilled a reduction of *maétriel* is the only efficacious one, and this Governments are most unwilling to make. They want the stores for defence. It is useless, for example, to have dragoons and no horses, artillery and no shells, and selling them off when collected is terribly thriftless work. America has done it, but then the United States is by nature placed beyond any reasonable probability of formidable invasion, and has, moreover, endless funds. Other powers must accumulate stores slowly, and once they have accumulated them, are most reluctant to sanction any flagrant waste of their resources or run any risk of being taken unprepared. Again, the Prussian regular Army, with so many fortresses to garrison, so many provinces to watch, and so many cities to patrol, — all which duties Continental opinion expects of its rulers, — is by no means enormously strong, would but for the immense reserves be rather weak. Were the Prussian Army like ours, unsupported that is by a drilled population, it might, some fine day, in consequence of an agreement between Paris and St. Petersburg, find itself like a grain of corn between two millstones; and such an agreement is not impossible, can never, in the nature of things, become impossible. At all events, it is not more impossible than an attack by France on England, against which we have been providing for about five hundred years. Of course, if the two nations would trust one another reductions would be possible, but so would reductions in the British Navy if we could trust either France or America. We ought, it may be, to do that, but we do not do it. On the contrary, whenever we see our Navy growing weak we build and build in a way which, were our neighbours afraid of maritime attack, would produce incessant and very dangerous interpellations. As long as the French and American Navies exist, so long will England think them the data for her own calculations; as long as the Russian Army and the Prussian organization exist, so long will Austria and France consider them the postulate in the argument.

Again, we habitually under-estimate the number of soldiers which Continental Governments really require for internal purposes. England, having a Government sure to obey the popular will when strongly or deliberately expressed, needs and maintains no garrison. If Birmingham, or Manchester, or Liverpool, or London were likely ever to resist authority as authority has been resisted in Paris, and Lyons, and Vienna, and Berlin, all the British Army at home would not be able to keep one city fairly down. The Continental Governments think it necessary, and, therefore, every city is garrisoned, every magistrate "supported" by troops, every strong post carefully maintained. Half the police duties are done by the Army, till the true analogy is not one between England and a Continental State, but between a Continental State and Ireland. What with soldiers and police, we keep up a force in Ireland equal to more than 1 per cent. of the population, and no Continental State, after deducting one service army, keeps very much more. Russia keeps less, and so does Italy, both of them countries supposed to be heavily burdened with unnecessary sol-

diers. An *émeute* in a great Continental city is always possible, and an *émeute* is a very formidable thing. Even in London men quail at the idea of a riot, and in Paris the population comprises at least 200,000 men who have passed through the military mill, and are as formidable in all except *matériel* as regular soldiers. No Government ever thinks it indispensible to overawe Liverpool, but no Government we are likely to see will venture to leave Lyons unmenaced by a very powerful force. To press the Governments of the Continent to disarm, is equivalent to asking Great Britain to disperse her Navy and leave Ireland to the care of a civil police. We should not comply, and neither will they, and as matters stand they are no more wrong than we are.

Of course we do not question, far less deny, that the existing state of affairs is very bad, very injurious to civilization, to freedom, and to progress, but the remedy, we feel convinced, will be found not in disarmaments, but in making armaments so perfect as not to be burdensome. When every man has been trained to arms, nations will be perfectly safe without great crowds round the colours, and this training may by wise arrangements be secured without great national injury. Two years of drill, gymnastics, and physical instruction, so far from injuring youth, decidedly benefit them, benefit them so much as to repay the whole loss of time; and two years seem, from the Prussian example, to be amply sufficient. To attack a nation so trained is a task which will not be attempted without grave reason, and to secure peace until there is grave reason for breaking peace is all that, in the present condition of the world, statesmen, whatever they hope, will expect to accomplish.

From the Spectator.

A CHINESE REFORM BILL.

The Emperor of China, a lad of fourteen or fifteen, who rules, or is officially supposed to rule, one-third of the human race, issued on the 30th December, 1866, a very curious and a very important decree. Every candidate for office in China is to pass an examination in European astronomy, mathematics, and physical science. It appears that the Chinese mind has of late been dreadfully shaken by a new and very unpleasant doubt. Wisdom of course is a Chinese product, as local as tea; but may not these troublesome Western peoples, who go blundering about the world conquering everybody, who build steamers, and who entered Pekin, have stolen some of it, and applied it very adroitly to the practical work of life? It looks possible, for after all there is a steamer, and she does move very quickly, and does carry heavy guns, and can run against tide, and must have come into existence somehow. A Hindoo would assert that she was an illusion, like everything else, and a Mussulman would not care whether he could build one or not, but a Chinaman has a practical side to his mind. Wisdom began and will end with him, that is clear; but building steamboats being a valuable result of wisdom, he ought to be able to build them. Something is wrong, something has been neglected, or a Westesn barbarian could not do what the child of the Flowery Land is obliged to leave undone. It is very annoying, and there are those Japanese, people to whom wisdom has been given, who are even wiser, and more sedate, and more ritualistic than their Chinese brethren, who are beginning to learn of the Westerns, finding out the philosophy of steamers. The Chinaman does not like it at all, feels like a country squire when a barrister is pleading before him, half doubts if he knows everything in the world, and is actually ready to listen to advice. Prince Kung talked the matter over with the Foreign Comptroller of Customs and the Board of Foreign Affairs, and at last resolved to act. The Chinese mode of action is of the French official kind. The master, Emperor, Regent, or favourite hints that he wants a certain result, and the Ministry in whose department the business lies draws up a statement of reasons why that result is desirable, and offers a series of practical suggestions, beneath which the vermillion pencil writes "sanctioned," and behold there is a new law!

The Foreign Board, instigated by Prince King and aided by the Comptroller of Customs, have in this way drawn up and the Emperor has signed a memorial a translation of which is now before us. It is a most remarkable document, evidently the work of men who see clearly what is wanted, and have a glimmering of the way to arrive at it, but who cannot bear to acknowledge that either way or end is new, and are vaguely puzzled as to the extent to which they are prepared to go. Their wish is that Chinamen should know how to build steamships, but to put it in that brutal way would be impossible, would wound Chinese self-esteem too deeply, perhaps expose them to the imputation of barbarian leanings, or worse still, of latent contempt for philosophy. So

they start with the assertion which no Chinaman will dream of questioning, that the West borrowed from China "the Heaven-sent elements of Chinese knowledge," and the Chinese, in copying their processes, are simply carrying out their own processes one step further. That point being settled satisfactorily, there is at all events no degradation in acquiring Western knowledge. For example, China invented or received from Heaven the science of numbers, and the Western men stealing that, applied and applied it till they produced European mathematics, — wherefore a Chinaman in studying mathematics is but regaining his own. He may even apply his knowledge to shipbuilding, for although the application of thought to useful purpose is in itself perhaps base, still there "is a chapter in the ritual of Chow devoted to the affairs of carriage-building and carpentry, and this in a book which for hundreds and thousands of years the schools have reverenced as a canonical work." Chinamen, moreover, once knew astronomy, even the husbandmen knew it; and in studying astronomy the Chinese mind does but regain its own. The great objection, however still remains to be overcome. To learn these things Chinese must study under foreigners, and to learn wisdom of the foreigner has always struck Chinamen as disgraceful. He alone is wise, and is he to learn of fools? The Board meet this difficulty very boldly, and the paragraph in which it is disposed of is probably the most revolutionary which ever appeared in the *Pekin Gazette*, an official journal to which all *Moniteurs* and *Gazettes* are young: —

"As regards the assertion that it would be disgraceful to study under European teachers, this saying is even still more devoid of truth. Of all the disgrace under Heaven, there is no shame (as Mencius says) greater that of being inferior to others. Now, the nations of Europe for thirty or forty years past have devoted study to the construction of steamers, mutually learning from each other, and new methods of construction are daily developed. Japan also has of late despatched persons to Great Britain to study the English language and investigate mathematical science as a permanent basis for acquiring the art of steamship-building, in which before many years are past, they may be expected to have attained proficiency. Without dwelling upon the various powerful and leading maritime nations of Europe, which mutually treat with each other as equals, — if a mere insignificant State like Japan shows itself capable of eagerly striving to build up its power, whilst China alone adheres immovably to the routine of her long-descended ways, regardless of fresh activity, where, we would ask, will then be the greatest occasion for shame? If, on the contrary, we, though not holding ourselves disgraced as the inferiors of others, strive diligently to bring ourselves on a par with others, it may be, perhaps, in the future that we shall actually outstrip them. If, on the other hand, simply holding that to learn from others is disgraceful, we remain content in our position of inequality, will refraining altogether from study be the means of freeing us from disgrace?"

That paragraph was obviously suggested by a European, but its acceptance and publication in an official document marks the depth of the change which has come over the Chinese mind. It has realized the fact, openly realized it, that there is a possibility of advance, and that step once gained, all the rest is easy. No other Oriental nation has yet gained it. Mohammedans everywhere believe in their hearts that progress is useless, thought as well as religion having ended with the Koran; Hindoos deliberately believe that nothing good can come out of so stupid and barbarous a people as the English. The Chinaman alone seems as yet to have perceived that there is a mind in the West, and to be willing to avail himself of its aid. A regular University has accordingly been established for the study of Western knowledge, and the triennial examinations are to be held, appointments conferred on successful candidates, and "extraordinary promotion to be awarded to graduates taking a first-class." There is no doubt that with these inducements the university will fill, and we may yet find a Chinese Mandarin who is also a Brunel, a white button who has discovered a star, or a blue button who has applied a novel motive power. The Chinese intellect, to reason from analogies, ought to take very kindly to physical science, for they are even now, with their "cram" rules, the best hydraulists, carpenters, and ironworkers in the East; and the Japanese, who so closely resemble them, seem able to learn anything. "God," says an Arab proverb, "has given to Arabs tongues, to Englishmen heads, and to Chinamen hands," and if the English head and the Chinese hand ever come together, the result will probably repay the labour of a generation.

The suspension of mental progress in Asia, after so much had been attained, is one of the most inscrutable problems in all history, the one which of all others oftenest suggests despair. Is it the power of accumulation which has perished, or only the desire? If the power, then mankind has no future, for the European races may be arrest-

ed as the Asiatic races have been. If the desire, how is it to be reawakened? Clearly not by denying that any progress whatever has been made. The late Dr. Ballantyne, whilom Principal of the Benares College, a profound Sanscrit scholar and a man of great originality, always believed that he had discovered the secret of making the Hindoo mind progressive. "We must make the pump suck again," he said, "by pouring in a little water." The moment, as he believed, that a Hindoo scholar could be made to see the connection between his own philosophy and that of the West he would begin to be interested in it to press forward as he would believe, upon his own road. He succeeded in training some very remarkable men, and this Chinese decree is a curious testimony to the truth of his leading principle. Europeans might have derided the Chinese foundation for ever without influencing the Chinese mind, but the moment they propose to build on it the Chinese hesitate, examine, and yield. "The idea," say the foreign Board, "that it is wrong to abandon Chinese methods and to follow in the steps of Europeans may also be dilated upon. It is to be remarked that the germ of Western sciences is in fact originally borrowed from the Heaven-sent elements of Chinese knowledge. The eyes of Western philosophers having been turned towards the East, and the genius of these men being minutely painstaking and apt for diligent thought, they have succeeded in pursuing study to new results. For these they have usurped the name of sciences brought from over-sea; but in reality the methods (of their philosophy) are Chinese methods. This is the case with astronomy and mathematics, and it is equally so with the remaining sciences China has originiated the method, which Europeans have received as an inheritance." The hated notion of adopting a new career is superseded by that of advancing in an old one and the reluctant pupil becomes immediately an eager student.

From the Spectator.

AN ENGLISH ECLOGUE.

TIMOTHY.

Well, here's the cuckoo come again, after the barley-sowing,
The duck-weed white upon the pond, all round the violets blowing,
The gorse has got its coat of gold, and smells as sweet as clover,
The lady-smocks are in the hedge, the primroses nigh over,
And out upon the common there, you see the lambkins leaping,
The very snakes crawl here and there, — but Holy Tommie's sleeping.

JACOB.

Ah, him that used to work with Bourne! Bourne told me how he blunder'd.
He used to preach. I heard him once. Lord, how he groan'd and thunder'd!
The women squeak'd like sucking-pigs, the men roared out like cattle,
And my gray hair stood up on end!

TIMOTHY.

All ignorant stuff and tattle!
He lost his head thro' meddling so with things that don't concern us;
When we go questioning too close, 'tis little God will learn us:
'Tis hard enough to squeeze the crops from His dry ground about us,
But as for serving 'tother world, it gets its crops without us.
Ah, Tommie's was a loss that used to put me out completely!
No man about could plough a field or kill a pig so neatly.

JACOB.

That's where it lies! We get no good by asking questions, neighbour:
Parsons are sent to watch our Souls, while we are hard at labour:
This world needs help to get along, for men feed one another,
And what do we pay parsons for, if not to manage 'tother?

TIMOTHY.

You're right! No man as grumbles so with this here world has thriven;
Mutton won't drop into our mouths, altho' we gape at Heaven.
Why, Tommie was a ruddy lad, as rosy as an apple,
Till Methodism filled his head, and he was seen at chapel;
Found out that he'd received a call, grew dismal, dull, and surly,
Read tracts when working in the fields, prayed wildly late and early,
And by and by, began himself to argue with the doubting,
And tho' he'd scarcely been to school began his public spouting.
And soon I found — I wasn't blind — how he let matters go here, —
While he was at his heavenly work, things suffered down below here:

The hens dropt off for want of feed, horses grew sick and useless,
For lack o' milking presently the cows grew dry and juiceless;
And when I found him out, and swore in rage and consternation,
I'm hang'd if Tommie didn't cry and talk about salvation!
"Salvation's mighty well," says I, right mad with my disaster,
"But since I want my farm-stock saved, you find another master!"
And I was firm, and sent him off, tho' he seem'd broken-hearted;
He popped a tract into my fist the morning he departed;
Aye, got a place next day with Bourne, who knew the lad was clever,
But dawdled still about his work, and preach'd as much as ever.

JACOB.

But Bourne soon sent him packing off — Bourne's just the sort of fellow,
Why, even when the Parson calls, he grumbles and looks yellow!

TIMOTHY.

He got another master, tho' but soon began to tire him,
His wages sunk, and by and by no farmer here would hire him;
And soon between this world and that, poor Tommie grew more mournful,
His strength and cleverness went off — the folk look'd black and scornful —
And soon the blessed Methodists grew tired, and would not hear him,
And bolted when he tried to speak, and shrunk from sitting near him.

JACOB.

It's just the way with Methodists. Give me the High Church, neighbour!

TIMOTHY.

"Why don't you be a man?" said they, "keep clean, and do your labour?"
And what d'ye think that Tommie said? — "I don't play shillyshally,
If I'm to serve the Lord at all, 'twill be continually;
You think that you can grub and cheat from Sunday on to Sunday,
And put the Lord Almighty off by howling out on one day;
But if you want to get to heav'n, your feelings must be stronger;"
And Holy Tommie would not go to chapel any longer.
Learn'd sense? No, no! Reform'd? Not he! But moped and fretted blindly,
Because the blessed Methodists had used him so unkindly.
His life grew hard, his back grew bare, his brain grew dreadful airy,
He thought of t'other world the more 'cause this seem'd so contrary,
Went wandering on the river-side, and in the woods lay lurking,
Gaped at the sky in summer time when other men were working,
And once was spied a-looking up where a wild lark was winging,
And tears a-shining in his eyes, — because the lark was singing!
Last harvest time he came to me, and begged for work so sadly,
And vowed he had reformed so much, and look't so sick and badly,
I had not heart to send him off, but put him out a-reaping,
But, Lord! the same tale o'er again — he worked like one half-sleeping.
"Be off!" says I, "you're good for naught," and all the rest stood sneering;
"Master, you may be right," says he, — "the Lord seems hard o' hearing!
I thought I could fulfil below the call that I had gotten,
But here's the harvest come again, and all my life seems rotten:
The Methodists are little good, the High Church folk are lazy,
And even when I pray alone, the ways o' Heaven seem hazy!
Religion don't appear to keep an honest lad from sad things,
And tho' the world is fine to see, 'tis full of cruel bad things;
Why, I can't walk in fields and lanes, and see the flowers a-growing,
And look upon the bright blue sky, or watch the river flowing,
But even there, where things look fine, out creeps the speckled adder,
Or silver snakes crawl by, and all at once the world looks sadder.
The better I have seem'd to grow, the worse all things have gone with me,
It's all a great d—d mystery! I wish the Lord was done with me!"
And slowly, ever after that, Tommie grew paler, stiller,
And soon he could not work at all, and quickly he grew iller,
And when the early new-year rains were yellowing pool and river,
He closed his eyes, and slept, and gave the puzzle up for ever.

JACOB.

His head was gone, that's clear enough — the chapel set it turning.

TIMOTHY.

Now, this is how I look at it, altho' I have no learning:
In this here world, to do like him is nothing but self-slaughter, —

He went close to the edge o' life, and heard a roar like water,
His head went round, his face grew pale, his blood lost life and motion, —
'Twas just as vi'lets lose their scent when set beside the Ocean.
But there's the Parson riding up, with Doctor Barth, his crony;
Some of these days the Parson's weight will kill that blessed pony!
Ah, he's the man to settle things that made the wits unsteady!
Wife, here's the Parson! Draw some ale, and set the table ready.

CALIBAN.

From the Spectator.

MR. PALGRAVE'S HYMNS. *

THE essential and only question which needs to be asked in order to test either the literary or spiritual value of a hymn is this, — whether the imaginative power and rhythmical or musical feeling of the writer has been so used as to bring the mind of the reader into an attitude in which God and Christ are more vividly seen, and their nature more powerfully realized than it would be without the aid of that imaginative power and that rhythmical measure. There is no different test for the literary and for the spiritual value of a hymn, because a poem which, however beautiful in itself, takes the form of a hymn, when that form turns out to be a spurious one, — when, in other words, the writer overlays the personal relation of the mind to God with distracting imaginative touches or fanciful images, — is in a literary no less than in a spiritual point of view a bad hymn. Just as a drama, however beautiful in its poetical structure, is in a literary sense a bad drama if it does not open a true and vivid insight into the human characters it professes to deal with, so a hymn, however beautiful its poetical structure, is a bad hymn which does not bring us face to face with the object of devotion, and which allows its poetical detail to hang between the soul and God and intercept the view, instead of further revealing Him. Hence many of the most beautiful poems on devotional subjects seem to us very bad hymns, like, for example, George Herbert's, beginning: —

"Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

"Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die."

We do not suppose Herbert ever intended this for a hymn, but it is now often, and we think very unfortunately, used as one. So far from bringing us into the direct presence of God, it hangs a delicate fretwork of fancies, sometimes grotesque, sometimes exquisitely beautiful, before the mind, which as much shuts out the object of devotion as the rich foliage of a tree shuts out the sun.

The great beauty of most of the dozen hymns before us is that they keep so faithfully to the purpose of a hymn, and use the imaginative power and poetical feeling of the writer in absolute subordination to this end. Instead of distracting the mind with beauty, and scattering the poetical glimpses they give us over a wide area of speculative thought or spiritual emotion, they concentrate the rays of thought and feeling to a focus in the one Object of faith and love. Take, for instance, this fine verse in the hymn for morning, —

"O Lord of lights! 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own:
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great Dawn of God! we cry for Thee!"

Here all the associations of the dawn, — the faint glimmer of cold light on the edge of the horizon, the shiver it brings with it over all nature, the tremulous stir of life which attends that chill anticipation of the sun's heat, the sense of intense serenity and silence which this first faint birth of trouble and sorrow brings home to us, — are all pressed into the service of the true purpose of a hymn, and all converge to open our minds to the first touch of God within the spirit. The same impression is made by the whole of the following fine hymn, in which the writer with a certain courage refers to the Oriental splendour of the Apocalyptic Vision for the purpose of deepening the contrast between it and the truer conception of our Lord, that the kingdom of God is "within you:" —

"THE CITY OF GOD.

Ἰδοὺ γὰρ ἡ βασιλεία τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐντὸς ὑμῶν ἐστί.

"O thou not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor wall'd with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,

* *Original Hymns.* By Francis Turner Palgrave. London: Macmillan and Co.

More bright than gold or gem
God's own Jerusalem!

"Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God! thou art.

"Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down;
Where self itself yields up;
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

"Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
When in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God! thou art.

"Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-wall'd afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gather'd are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem!"

The golden walls and gates of precious gems were never used to higher purpose than here, where they are *denied* to the true city of God, and contrasted with the spiritual scenery which witnesses the immediate presence of God.

"Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-wall'd afar,"

— that is in the true poetic spirit of Isaiah crying that "every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low."

The least impressive of these hymns is the second pair of hymns for morning and evening, as the first pair are among the finest, if not the finest of all. There is a limp about the rhythm of the second pair which breaks the train of thought and feeling. Perhaps the finest of all the hymns is that which expresses so powerfully our modern difficulties in finding Christ. We cannot resist the pleasure of extracting this perfect expression of the new belief which prays that its own unbelief may be helped: —

"Faith and Sight in the Latter Days.

"'I prae: sequar.'

"Thou sayst, 'Take up thy cross,
O Man! and follow me:'
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow Thee.

"But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we thy face could see!
Thy blessed face one moment's space —
Then might we follow Thee!

"Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow Thee?

"Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?

"— Ah, sense-bound heart and blind!
Is naught but what we see?
Can time undo what once was true;
Can we not follow Thee?

"Unchanging law binds all,
And Nature all we see:
Thou art a star, far off, too far,
Too far to follow Thee!

"Is what we trace of law
The whole of God's decree?
Does our brief span grasp Nature's plan,
And bid not follow Thee?

"O heavy cross — of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore, thyself restore
And help to follow thee!

"If not as once Thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow Thee.

"Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be;
Set up thy throne within thine own: —
Go, Lord; we follow Thee.

Poetry could scarcely blend more closely with faith than in these beautiful verses, which rise almost steadily towards the simple and yet sublime prayer with which it concludes, —

"Set up thy throne within thine own,"

— a prayer in which the poetic imagination approaches "in nearest nearness" to the spirit of true worship.

From the London Review.

GOOD OLD SAXON.

When Johnson was drawing nigh his sixtieth year, and was actively giving the weight of his great name to the practice of Latinizing English to the utmost, a poor boy in Bristol, who lived in a garret, and often ransacked the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliff's Church, composed a variety of poems, of which the extraordinary vigour was not discovered till, amid the pangs of hunger, he had put an end to his dreary life. They passed under the name of Rowley and were alleged to have been written by an old poet of the age of Edward III. They breathed the very spirit and language of Chaucer; and from the time they came into notice, a reaction in English phraseology began. Our best writers had for a long while been departing from the genius of the language. The classical style had succeeded to that of the dramatists of Elizabeth's reign. The original tendency of English was towards words of of one syllable; but under Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, and Chatham, it tended strongly towards words of many syllables. It was growing weaker when it was thought to be gaining strength. It was more sonorous, but less pregnant with sense; more smooth, but less fibrous. Faith was called "fidelity," drying was "exsiccation," quivering was "tremulousness." The process of the ancients was inverted. They, in their rough Saxon way, used to clip off the end of borrowed words, and crop the first syllable, especially in words that began with a vowel. They dropped the weaker consonants, and retained the stronger, thus boiling the word down as it were, and reducing it to an essence. From *excortico* they got "scratch," from *Hispania* "Spain," from *exscorio* "scour." The poems of Chatterton pointed the way back to this earlier mode. He saw by intuition how great was the agreement between the sound and sense in the native words of our tongue, and how much poetry would lose in point, and music, if its wild rill-like flow were turned into channels cut by the art of pedants. Monosyllables such as jar, twine, plash, twist, curl, crack, crush, and the like, appeared to him to express better than even the compounds of other languages the action signified, to imitate it to the ear when spoken, and to make a picture of it to the age when written. He believed, like Dr. Wallis, that in our "northern guttural" (as Byron calls it), *st* at the beginning of a word generally implies strength and fixity, *str* force and effect, *th* a violent degree of motion, *wr* oblqiuity or distortion, *sw* a gentle agitation, *cl* adhesion or tenacity, *sp* expansion or dissipation, and *sl* a kind of silent fall. Perhaps he had not reasoned much about it, perhaps he had never analyzed the relations between the sound and the sense in the old words he adopted, but poetic instinct led him to conclusions similar to those at which Mr. Mathew Browne has arrived, and explained in his essay on vowel-music. In the English of Chaucer and "Rowley," the force of vowels and consonants too was more concentrated than the English of Johnson. The public began to see this fact when the Ayrshire bard piped so sweetly, but it has taken a century to open their eyes to it thoroughly. There was a strong analogy between broad Scotch and Chaucer's tough and racy dialect. As far as it guided taste at all, it led in a direction opposed to bombast and pedantic diction. Elision was a sharp pruning knife, and lopped off a heap of redundant syllables. George Ellis, who had assisted Canning and Frere in the *Anti-Jacobin* combined a critical spirit with great knowledge of old authors. While Addington was premier, he published his third edition of Specimens of the Early English Poets. Then came his Specimens of Early English Romances in Verse, which with the former work, drew the attention of literary men to the simple and vigorous language in which Anglo-Saxon bards sung the exploits of King Arthur, and Anglo Normans the fiery adventures of King Richard in Palestine. About the same time William Godwin wrote his Life of Chaucer, and Todd that of Spenser, with a glossary to help the readers of the "Faerie Queene." "Childe Harold" appeared a few years later, and was in the outset a partial imitation of the language of Spenser. The "Good Night" also of the first canto was suggested by a similar poem in the "Border Minstrelsy" edited by Scott. Thus one writer unconsciously followed another's lead; and the retrograde movement in this instance was really one in advance. Mr. Evans's "Collection of Old Ballads" was intended as a supplement to Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," and both of these works brought ballads into notice which were remarkable for the great simplicity of their style, and almost exclusive use of monosyllables. Walter Scott compares them to "the grotesque carving on a Gothic niche." They made us acquainted, too,

with many comic and rustic romances of the Middle Ages, which would otherwise have been lost. The constant reading in church of the old translation of the Scriptures has aided materially in keeping alive the taste for pure English as distinguished from Latinized English; and the growing popularity of Shakespeare has been both a cause and effect of the tendency in question. Of all treasures of proverbial wisdom expressed in racy language, these two are the richest and most common among us. They have ably, if not adequately, counteracted the undue and exclusive attention which was long given to Latin and Geeek in our public schools and universities. There were always some, sixty or seventy years ago, who, like Mr Windham in the House of Commons, ran counter to the classical rage, and preferred old pronunciations to new, and "the pure Saxon idiom of our language," as Lord Brougham calls it, to the long-winded refinements then current in St. Stephen's. Thus when some phrase of his provoked a smile or an attack, as if he had fallen into its use unawares, Windham would exclaim, "Why, I said it a purpose!" Ben Jonson, who was a notable scholar, censured the archaisms of Spenser; and Pope, the most Gallican of our poets, said, "Spenser himself affects the obsolete;" but, as Mr. Willmott very justly observes, "The old words of the poet, like the foreign accent of a sweet voice, give a charm to the tone, without, in any large degree, obscuring the sense."

As the present century advanced, the return up the stream to the sources of our language became more decided. In proportion as the age grew practical, fine writing, which is usually mere declamation, lost its charms. The racy style — curt, pointed, and suggestive — rose in value. Science and thought make people exact, and much business makes them brief-spoken. The love of historic truth, and the hatred of shams of every sort, has helped us to speak less vaguely, and to write with more substance and strength. Dean Swift acted on the principle that no Saxon word among us should be allowed to become obsolete; and Dean Hoare, in our own day, has expressed a strong conviction that the writers and speakers who please us most are those whose style is the most Saxon in its character; and he believes, with good reason, that this remark is especially true of poetry. Certainly, those passages in our poets which are most popular among us are crowded with Saxon words. It is so with the description of Queen Mab in "Romeo and Juliet," with that of Cleopatra on the river Cydnus, and Wolsey's farewell to his greatness. It is so with "Ye Mariners of England," the best of Burns's songs and Moore's melodies, and with "Mariana of the Moated Grange." "Enoch Arden," though a poem of two thousand lines, contains scarcely a word that is not of Saxon origin. Barry Cornwall, in speaking of Charles Lamb, says: — "Without doubt, his taste on several matters was peculiar; for instance, there were a few obsolete words, such as *arride*, *agnize*, *burgeon*, *&c.*, which he fancied, and chose to rescue from oblivion." In this he did well. It would have been strange if the man of all others most deeply versed in old English writers had adopted none of their expressions as well as their ideas. Carlyle has done us good service in this respect. His prose resembles poetry in that it is the concentrated essence of language. Thought is condensed on his page, as light is by a burning-glass. His words are pictures — composite, German-like. He is peculiar, always an original, full of old Gothic phrases and quaint terms, always firing straight at the mark, and always hitting it. Take him where you will, in every sentence you shall find the German and the Norman, the Latin and Saxon element, richly represented. It is a beautiful kaleidoscope, varying at every turn. He is a word-king, a magician of language; inimitable — alone.

Affectation of every sort should, of course, be avoided. It may be indulged in reviving old English as well as in quickening dead Latin. Our language, like our constitution, is composite; and in strengthening one branch of it we must be careful not to weaken another. As to obsolete terms, we may but recall a few exiles, and we seldom dare do even this without adducing some precedent for the adoption. Fossil remains are highly valuable, and often ornamental; yet fossils, after all, can fill but a small place in the well-arranged cabinet. Perhaps it may be well to give a few examples, not from the "Morte Arthur" or Sir Robert Ayton, not from Wither or George Herbert, but from writers of our own time, of the happy use of Saxon words, giving to compositions, as old china gives to a room, an antiquated air, and making them vigorous as the gnarled oak and the tough, tortuous, olive-tree. The two first shall be in prose: —

"This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast (a young ass on the leads of Christ's Hospital), not able to fare well but he must needs cry roast meat — happier than Caligula's minion, could he have kept his own counsel, but foolisher, alas, than any of his species in the fables — waxing fat, and kicking, in the fulness of bread, one unlucky minute would needs proclaim his good fortune to the world below; and laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram's-horn blast as, toppling down the walls of his own Jericho, set concealment any longer at defiance." — ("Essays of Elia.")

"In the evening I went with the lasses to the banks of Ouse, and scattered on the dimpling stream, as is their wont at the lamb-ale a thousand odorous flowers, — new-born roses, sweet-williams, and yellow-coxcombs, the small-flowered lady's-slipper, the prince's-feather, and the clustered bell-flower, the sweet basil (the saucy wenches smiled when they furnished me with a bunch thereof), and a great store of midsummer daisies. When with due observance I threw on the water a handful of these golden-tufted and silver-crowned flowerets, I thought of Master Chaucer's lines. . . . . The great store of winsome and graciously-named flowers used that day set me to plan a fair garden, wherein each mouth should yield in its turn to the altar of our secret chapel a pure incense of nature's own furnishing." — ("Constance Sherwood.")

And now for an example or two in verse: —

"A draggled mawkin, thou,
That tends her bristled grunters in the sludge,"
— ("The Princess.")

"Fled like a glittering rivulet to the tarn:
And down the shingly scaur he plunged." —
("Elaine.")

"Whereat Geraint flashed into sudden spleen;
A thousand pips eat up your sparrow-hawk!
Tits, wrens, and all winged nothing, peck him dead!
Ye think that the rustic cackle of your bourg
The murmur of the world! What is it to me?
O wretched set of sparrows, one and all,
Who pipe of nothing but of sparrow-hawks!
Speak, if you be not like the rest hawk mad,
Where can I get me harbourage for the night?" — ("Enid.")

"How say you, reader" — they are the words of Charles Lamb — "do not these verses smack of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein?"

From the Examiner.

Thomas Shillitoe, the Quaker Missionary and Temperance Pioneer. By William Tallack, Author of 'Peter Bedford, the Spitalfields Philanthropist,' &c. S. W. Partridge.

Thomas Shillitoe is said in the first page of this book to have "lived a life of wonderful energy as a univeral philanthropist, and as a Christian minister of almost apostolic activity;" which reminds one of a criticism upon Cowley's 'Davideis,' that while Homer simply opened the 'Iliad' by saying that he was about to tell of the wrath of Achilles, whom he calls barely Achilles, son of Peleus, and never praises except by the relation of his actions, Cowley put all his hero in the opening, where he is set down as the best poet and the best king. Thomas Shillitoe, we are told, however, at the close of the first chapter, was not perfect. He was "often impetuous and irritable, sometimes obstinate, occasionally uncharitable, and always more or less nervous and eccentric." "Twice," he records, "I was confined to my bed by the sudden sight of a mouse." But he was very like the apostles about the legs; which is more than can be said for a bishop when he has his gaiters buttoned on.

The Evangelists repeatedly allude to the journey on foot of that sacred band, foremost amongst whom was their Divine Lord and Leader. And when, on other occasions, they went forth two and two, they received the command "that they should take nothing for their journey save a staff only," inasmuch as those who received the blessing of their services were to supply all needful wants; and when this return was not accorded, the further command was "Shake off the dust under your feet for a testimony against them." In the Acts of the Apostles also there are allusions to the general pedestrian movements of the Apostles. Of Philip, for instance, it is recorded that he "ran" towards the Ethiopian noble, who riding homewards in his chariot, was reading the pages of Isaiah. Other modes of travel were, doubtless, always permissable and often preferable. Nevertheless, for various reasons, the Apostolic missionaries appear to have usually chosen the independence and freedom of walking. Thus of Paul we read that when he had the option of proceeding from Troas to Assos by ship with his companions, or on land without them, he chose the later course, "minding himself to go afoot" (Acts xx. 13). Probably the quiet opportunity thus afforded for meditation and secret prayer, was the deciding motive in the latter instance.

Partly for a similar reason, partly on economical grounds, and also probably from a love of independent and free movement, Thomas Shillitoe very often performed his preaching journeys on foot.

He was characteristically a pedestrian itinerant. His memoranda abounds in such records as the following: — "After meeting I walked to Castleton, ten miles; had a comfortable meeting with a few Friends there next morning. In the afternoon walked to Whitby, fourteen miles over a dreary moor. Afterwards I walked to Russell Dale, and next day to Helmsley; in the afternoon to Bilsdale. Next day walked about thirty-two miles to Knaresborough, and next day to Rawden. I walked to Lothersdale, about twenty-two miles. The great quantity of rain that has fallen of late has made travelling on foot trying: I hope I may be preserved in the patience, apprehending it is the line of conduct I must pursue when time will allow of it. Next day walked to Netherdale, about twenty-four miles."

The continuity of Thomas Shillitoe's pedestrianism was sometimes extraordinary. Thus, in one week he mentions walking on a Saturday evening from Lancaster to Wyersdale; on the Sunday afternoon to Ray; on the Monday twenty-six miles to Hawes; on Tuesday twenty-eight miles to Masham; on Wednesday twenty-three miles to Leyburn; on Thursday eight miles to Aysgarth, and the same afternoon ten miles over the moor to Reeth. On Friday he set out with a horse and chaise to return to Hawes, but finding the dales were at the time flooded in many places owing to the recent heavy rains, he quitted the conveyance and recommenced walking, often coming to places where the usual crossing by stepping-stones was impracticable, and where he had to wade through the rushing streams. However, he reached Hawes safely, and, fortified by a good dinner, boldy struck over the fells to Brigflatts, whence on Saturday he walked to Kendall, and reached Lancaster in the evening. Such was a week's work of this zealous and simple-hearted evangelist!

Repeatedly he proceeded on foot by rapid stages across England at a similar pace to the Yorkshire journey just described. Thus in the same year (1807) he walked from Liverpool to Warrington, thence to Macclesfield, on a Saturday, a journey of twenty-three miles. On the Sabbath morning he walked thirteen miles to Leek, and held a meeting there. He started again on foot on Monday, and performed twenty-nine miles to Derby; then the next day another thirty miles to Leicester; on Wednesday walked twenty-nine miles to Northampton. "The day proving wet, travelling became more difficult; but now drawing so near home operated as a spur to do my best." On Thursday he accomplished twenty-three miles to Woburn, and on Friday walked the remaining *thirty-nine* miles, which brought him safe back to his family.

Thomas Shillitoe's father was Librarian at Gray's Inn, from which office he retired in his old age upon a public-house, and became landlord of the 'Three Tuns' at Islington, when Islington was a village and the Angle was a rural tavern. Thomas became a Quaker against the wish of his parents, and was patronised by a Quaker lady who promoted him from his place of grocer's apprentice to a clerkship in a Quaker banking house. It grieved him to see his employers "going with a multitude to do evil." So he left the bank and put himself apprentice to a shoemaker. "The Almighty Care-taker" prospered him afterwards at Tottenham in making shoes for Quakers. He married, was frugal, and when his savings gave him a fixed income of a hundred a year, though he then had a wife and five children, he forsook his last and "devoted himself to the home and foreign service of his Lord in the churches." Shortly afterwards a woman was found to have left in her will a hundred pounds to Mr. Shillitoe. "This was an acceptable and seasonable gift, which he gratefully ascribed to the interposition of his Heavenly Father." He went to Russia, Prussia and elsewhere, offering personal advice to monarchs, and otherwise making himself useful. He was a temperance apostle, and (p. 130) "would fancy himself a teapot for weeks together." To this excellent man, before he took his journey to heaven, Professor Tholuck wrote that in his company he "tasted fully the sweetness of the presence of Christ."

Damp Walls. — An Ipswich correspondent says: "In reply to 'M. L. F.,' I have just effected a complete cure from damp exuding from a brick wall, upon which no plaster, much less paper, would adhere, on account of its having been several times saturated with sea water. I have done so by using 'Italian plaster.' If your correspondent will try it, I feel certain he would meet with equal success. The cost is but little more than that of Portland cement, and may be papered upon forty-eight hours after being used, without any risk of damp or discolouration."

Cat's Milk. — M. Commaille, who strongly recommends the employment of cat's milk, states, observes the *Lancet*, that it has the following composition. One litre contains: — butter, 33·33 grammes; casein, 31·17 grammes; lactalbumen, 59·64 grammes; lactoprotein, 4·67 grammes; lactose and organic acids, 49·11 grammes; ash, 5·85 grammes; making a total of 183·77 grammes. The cat from which the milk was taken had been fed on flesh exclusively.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Bland as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play;
And, through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The blue bird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O, Mother Nature!" cry,
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free,
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear,
O'erswept from memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul! its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers!

The Night is Mother of the Day,
The winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left his Hope with all.

TO CHALES LAMB.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

Thee I would think one of the many wise;
Who in Eliza's time sat eminent.
To our now world, his Purgatory, sent
To teach us what true English poets prize.
Pasquilant froth and foreign galliardize
Are none of thine; but, when of gay intent,
Thou usest staid old English merriment,
Mannerly mirth, which no one dare despise.
The scoffs and girds of our poor critic rout
Must move thy pity, as amidst their mime,
Monk of Truth's Order, from thy memories
Thou dost updraw sublime simplicities,
Grand thoughts that never can be wearied out,
Showing the unreality of Time.

The following melody, we transcribe from a sheet of lithographed music bought in a fashionable music-store in Richmond. — *Tribune.*

O I'M A GOOD OLD REBEL.

A Chant to the Wild Western Melody, "Joe Bowers."

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE HON. THAD. STEVENS.

O I'm a good old Rebel,
Now that's just what I am:
For this "Fair Land of Freedom"
I do not care *at all;*
I'm glad I fit against it —
I only wish we'd won —
And I don't want no pardon
For anything I've done.

I hates the Constitution,
This Great Republic, too;
I hates the Freedmen's Buro,
In uniforms of blue;
I hates the nasty eagle,
With all his brags and fuss
The lyin', thievin' Yankees,
I hates 'em wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee nation,
And everything they do;
I hates the Declaration
Of Independance, too;
I hates the glorious Union —
'Tis dripping with our blood —
I hates the striped banner:
I fit it all I could.

I followed old Mass' Robert
For four year, near about;
Got wounded in three places,
And starved at Pint Lookout;
I cotch the roomatism
A campin' in the snow;
But I killed a chance o' Yankees —
I'd like to kill some mo'.

Three hundred thousand Yankees
Is stiff in Southern dust;
We *got* three hundred thousand
Before they conquered us:
They died of Southern fever,
And Southern steel and shot:
I wish they was three million
Instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket
And fight 'em now no more,
But I aint a going to love 'em,
Now that is sarten sure;
And I don't want no pardon,
For what I was and am:
I won't be reconstructed;
And I don't care a d—n.

From the Christian Observer.

"ECCE HOMO:" A SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESSAYS ON THE CHURCH."

As I am about to make some remarks on a volume lately published, bearing the above title, it may be as well to state at the outset, that I have not read a single page of that work. Hence what I have to say can be no review, or criticism, or reply; and as to competition or rivalry, that of course will be wholly out of the question, — between a volume, prepared, I suppose, with much care and thought; and a magazine-paper, thrown off in the course of a few hours.

But if I had anything to say with reference to that work, why did I not make myself acquainted with it? A few words of explanation will convey my answer to this question.

When the book alluded to appeared, for the first few weeks it did not fall in my way. But not very long after its publication, I met with a review of it in the High Church newspaper, the *Guardian*, in which it was praised with no common praise. Soon after this, the leading Dissenters' journal, the *British Quarterly Review*, "hailed the work with gratitude and reverence;" and the *North British Review*, founded by Dr. Chalmers, as the organ of the Free Church of Scotland, "expressed hearty delight" at the appearance of a book which "treated the Christian faith in a truly Christian spirit." This unusual concurrence of approval, from three very different quarters, excited my attention; and happening to meet with the work about that time, I took it up with a half-formed intention of reading it. But, glancing at the Preface, I was startled by one or two expressions on which my eye fell, such as — "No theological questions are here discussed. Christ, as the creator of modern theology and religion, will make the subject of another volume; which, however, the author does not hope to publish for some time to come." These words acted with a repelling force. "What!" I mentally exclaimed, "a serious inquiry as to the Incarnate *Theos*, from which all *Theology* is excluded! — is not that a strange idea." And the contents of the book, I found, consisted of discussions as to the words of Christ, while the preliminary question, "Who Christ was?" was postponed to some future occasion. This mode of proceeding seemed to me so utterly unreasonable, that I closed the book at once as one which it could not be worth while to read. And so began and ended my acquaintance with that volume, until I took it up again a day or two since, merely to verify the above quotation from the Preface.

Did I, in so putting it from me, act unjustly or arbitrarily? I think not. I believe that I merely followed the course usually taken among men; by placing the inquiry, Who Christ was? *before*, and not *after*, the inquiry, What Christ said? It seems to me that, in ordinary life, we all seek to learn who the speaker is, before we begin to listen to him.

If I have a dispute with a powerful neighbour, which seems likely to lead to serious consequences, and suddenly receive a visit from a stranger, who proffers his good offices as a mediator, discusses terms, and even makes proposals, my first inquiry is, Who is the person who thus interposes between us? Till I can learn this, I can hardly attend to what he says. I want to understand his motives; I want to know what authority he has to offer terms. Until I can get an answer to these questions, I can scarcely bring myself to listen to anything he utters.

A courteous and accomplished stranger obtains an interview with the Prime Minister, and states to him that he is the bearer of a private and important communication from a great continental sovereign. His appearance and manners may be very much in his favour; but most assuredly the Minister, if he listens to him at all, will, in the very first instance, claim to have the most entire satisfaction as to his real character, and as to his credentials. And if the visitor should express a desire to postpone this point until a future occasion, the reply would certainly be, "No, the question of who you are, and with what authority you are invested, is the very first point to be entered upon. Until these matters are placed beyond a doubt, it is impossible for me to hear, or to utter, a single word."

I see that the writer, in a second Preface, admits the general accuracy of the remark, that "half the truth is commonly a lie;" but endeavours to turn aside its application to the present case, on the ground that he has avowed the fragmentary character of his production, — has offered it merely as an instalment, and has promised to complete his view of the subject on some future occasion. I admit that this is something like an answer; but I do not think that it is a complete or satisfactory answer to the objection.

From the days of Solomon's Judgment down to the present time, it has been seen again and again, that there are numberless

cases in which two halves are far from being equal to the whole. And certainly, when engaged in the portraiture of character, to examine certain parts of a man's life now, intending to consider the remainder a year or two hence, is not a course which commends itself to the judgment. A biographer might, if he liked, offer us a life of George III. considered as a private gentleman, purposely omitting all reference to his acts or words as a reigning sovereign. Or, a memoir of the Duke of Wellington, excluding all his military career, and regarding him merely as a statesman. But what would be the result? Merely the painting of two imaginary portraits; the presenting to the mental gaze two men who never had any existence; two fictions of the imagination. No judicious student of history would attach the slightest value to such productions. The fruit of all the artist's labour would only be the depicting of two men who never really lived upon this earth.

There is, I believe, only one way of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion in any such inquiry. First, collect, with sedulous care, *all the facts of the case*. Then, when you are certain that nothing has been omitted, begin to arrange, and distribute, and set in order; giving to every fact and every word its proper place and due value. Thus, by degrees, certain premises will be thoroughly established, from which inevitable conclusions will follow. But if the inquirer begins by saying, "We will exclude from our present view half the facts of the case, and will reserve them for some future investigation," he will assuredly get, not a truth, or a reality, but a mere fancy portrait.

These reasons for having disregarded the book for all these months past, may be deemed valid or invalid;—I only state them as having had influence with me. Such as they are, they created in my mind, at the outset, an utter carelessness about a book concerning which other men were disputing. I neither read the work itself, nor any of the numerous reviews of it. Only within the last few days have other thoughts arisen. I have fancied that it might be possible, and useful, not only to express an opinion that the author had gone to work in a wrong way; but also to attempt a sketch, a mere outline, of how, in my view, the subject ought to be handled. For the composition of such a work as I could wish to see written, I have neither the leisure nor the requisite ability. But it seems an easier task to indicate, to mark out roughly, a line of inquiry which some one of greater powers may perhaps take. The subject, viewed in its breadth and length, is the highest and noblest that the human intellect can search into. If handled in a suitable spirit, with humility and reverence, it must have a tendency to elevate and expand the mind, and to bring into action the best affections of the soul. And in this way, I would fain hope, some solid benefit may arise, even from a discussion which many good men feared would be perilous and harmful.

The wellknown words, "Ecce Homo," carry the mind back to a time when, and a place wherein, was transacted the greatest event that ever occurred on this earth. To understand its momentous character, and its bearing on the destinies of the human race, let us endeavour to deal with it in the spirit of an impartial and uninformed inquirer. I will ask myself, How should I have regarded this transaction had I been an educated Greek, Egyptian, or Asiatic, visiting Judea at that time. I propose to abstract myself, for a time, from all the ideas acquired in past years, and prepare to examine the question, *de novo*, as one who has everything to learn respecting it.

In the city of Jerusalem, then, in the month of April, in the year 4084 of the earth's present history, the Roman governor, Pontius Pilate, brings forth a bleeding prisoner, whom he has just ordered to be scourged, and, standing in front of the Hall of Judgment, says to the raging multitude, "Behold the Man!" He tells them further that he has found no fault in him. But they, incited by the priests, demand that the prisoner shall instantly be crucified. And when the governor demands why he should be so punished, their reply is, "Whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar." Pilate acquits the prisoner of this charge of treason; but, yielding to the clamour of the people, he, at last, gives the order, that he shall be crucified.

In fact, this charge of treasonable designs was a mere pretext. Searching into the state of mind of the Jews and their rulers, I discover, that they entertained such a hatred of the Roman dominion, that if a man, clothed, as this person appears to have been, with superhuman powers, had really raised the standard of insurrection, the very men who now cry "Crucify him!" would have been foremost among his most enthusiastic followers. I find, on looking a little further, that while they alleged treason against him before Pilate, their more sincere accusation, in the council of the high-priest, was, that he had spoken blasphemy, telling

them that he was "the Son of the Blessed," and that hereafter they should see him sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven. I see, therefore, that the enmity of the Jewish rulers arose from his asserting his Divine character, his Godhead, and his future appearance to judge the world; while their public charge against him before the governor was, that he made or represented himself as a king, and so "spake against Cæsar." In these facts I discover, then, enough to increase my desire to learn something more of his true character.

Carrying my inquiry a little further, I find that these same Jewish priests had been, for years past, expecting some such person, a teacher, ruler, and Saviour, to be sent to them from heaven. This expected prophet, or Redeemer, was commonly spoken of as "the Christ," or "Messiah," or "the Anointed One." The belief in the coming of such a person, about that time, was universal among the Jews; and when John, a preacher who preceded Christ, began to excite attention, the priests sent to him to inquire, "Art thou that prophet? — art thou the Christ?" John also, when he heard of Christ's wonderful works, sent to him to ask, "Art thou He that should come?" But not among the Jews only did this expectation prevail. It had spread even to the most learned and inquiring of the Greeks. And thus, in the Dialogues of Plato, when Socrates sees Alcibiades on his way to the temple of the gods, he raises the question, whether men can really tell how to pray or what to pray for; and suggests, at last, that it might be more prudent to suspend the intended sacrifice till *some one commissioned from heaven* should come to instruct us: to which his friend responds, "And I think he will come, and that before long." Not among the Jews only, then, but even among the wisest of the heathen, did an expectation prevail about that time, that some one would soon appear, sent from heaven, to instruct men in the great question of their relations towards God.

This remarkable fact being placed beyond a doubt, I desire next to learn something of its origin. How did such an expectation as this obtain currency, not among the ignorant multitude merely, but among the wisest and the best of both Jews and Gentiles? Its general prevalence is a striking and important fact; but standing alone, it does not quite content me. Old prophecies abound in all countries; and few great men or great events occur without our being told that their coming had been predicted ages before. In these cases, however, there is generally an entire absence of both parentage and authority for such a prediction. I want, therefore, to know whether any rational account can be given of this expectation; and whether it can be traced to any respectable origin.

The Jews reply, without hesitation, that they have ancient books existing, some 500, some 1000, and some 1500 years before the days of Jesus and of Pontius Pilate, — all of which books, in many passages, written at different times and by different writers, point to a coming Messiah, Deliverer, Redeemer, and Saviour. All these predictions, they aver, were divine; were spoken to, or impressed on the minds of, the writers of these books by God himself. And thus they maintain that the coming of a Christ, or anointed one, to save His people, was a prediction issuing from the throne of God. Let me look, then, with attention into this matter. Is there really any ground for believing that such a promise, or prediction, among the Jews for many hundreds of years before the time of this person's appearing? I ask for the proofs of this fact, and am referred to the following passages: —

It is recorded in the earliest writing of their earliest prophet, Moses, that when the first man transgressed his Maker's commandment, and fell from his favour, (and this fall, I know, is recognized as a fact by many old writers who were not Jews), God, in sentencing him to banishment, did speak of a Seed of the woman who should bruise the head of the serpent, the seducer. This seems to me exceedingly vague, but it does assuredly point to some future strife between the powers of good and evil; of some descendant of Eve, who shall have a contest with the Evil One.

After the lapse of several generations, I am next pointed to Abraham, from whom the Jewish people descended. To him, more than fifteen hundred years before the days of Pilate and of Christ, God is recorded to have made a solemn promise, — "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." The hope here held out is still nebulous and cloudy; but an evident advance is made. A single family of mankind is pointed out, and the patriarch is assured that a blessing to all mankind shall in some way proceed from the people, or some, or some one, among the people, who shall acknowledge him as their forefather and head.

Nearly about the same period of the earth's history, appears another remarkable person, an eastern prince, or great man,

named Job; and he, at a moment of fearful extremity and trouble, utters a remarkable declaration. He says, — "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." These are certainly wonderful words, and they shed a brilliant light on the obscurer predictions which we have already noticed.

Abraham's grandson, Jacob, died in Egypt, nearly two hundred years after his grandfather; and in his last blessing, pronounced over his sons, he singles out Judah, his fourth son, and foretels of his descendants, that "the sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be." "Shiloh," I find, means "He who is sent;" and the phrase is understood by all the Jewish interpreters to mean "the Messiah." And the person condemned by Pilate had always claimed to be the Messiah, and to have been "sent" of God. The prediction of Jacob, then, given in Egypt, when that patriarch had only a dozen sons, and fifty or sixty grandsons, points out Judah as the tribe to whom the sovereignty shall belong, and also as the tribe in which Shiloh or Messiah shall appear.

I now pass over a period of six hundred years, and here I find the children of Jacob, what God promised Abraham to make them — a nation. And I find, also, the first part of Jacob's prediction fulfilled. The sceptre has not been given to a descendant of the elder son, nor of the second, nor of the third. David, of the tribe of Judah, Jacob's fourth son, rules over all Israel, as the dying patriarch had foretold. But David was not to be the Shiloh, or Messiah. This promised Redeemer was not to be "sent" until the monarchy founded by David was coming to its close. David, therefore, who was to be only a progenitor of Messiah, looks forward to him with a prophetic eye. In the 110th Psalm, he hears God saying unto Messiah, "Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool. The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, — Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek." And these words, I learn, were claimed, by the prisoner condemned by Pilate, as belonging to him. David, then, like the former prophets, already cited, looks forward to the Messiah, and sees in Him both a king and a priest.

Three hundred years more elapse, and a great prophet is sent to the children of Israel. Isaiah, writing more than seven hundred years before the days of Pilate and of Christ, throws floods of new light upon the character and attributes of the expected Messiah. He tells us, first, that the Great Deliverer, who has been so long expected, shall not descend from heaven like one of the angels seen by Abraham, by Jacob, by Manoah, or by Elijah, but shall be born among his people as a son, a child. And yet the magnificence and power of His kingdom shall exceed all that former predictions had foretold. "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." In another prophecy he adds, that the child, or son, shall be born of a virgin, and that his name shall be called Immanuel. Twice, therefore, does the prophet describe this expected Messiah, as being both God and man. He is a child born, the son of a virgin, and yet is also "the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, Immanuel."

Once more does Isaiah return to the subject, and now he gives an entirely new description of the Messiah. He is depicted as God's servant, "the sent one," or Shiloh. And He is described as with "visage marred," as "despised and rejected of men," as "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," as "bruised for our iniquities, and bearing the chastisement" due to us; as "led like a lamb to the slaughter," as "cut off out of the land of the living," as "making His grave with the wicked, and with the rich in His death." And yet this same sufferer is still presented as finally triumphant, and as "seeing of the travail of His soul and being satisfied." I remember the scene in the Hall of Judgment, the scourging, and the long scenes of suffering; and I reflect, "If Messiah was to be only a king, a conqueror, and the Mighty God, I should scarcely have understood how such predictions could have applied to Pilate's bleeding prisoner; but this 53rd chapter of Isaiah, if it belongs to the Messiah, certainly reconciles incongruities which otherwise would have been perplexing."

But again, I am told of another prophet — Micah, who lived about Isaiah's time, and who indicated a particular spot in Judea as the place where the Messiah should be born. Writing, like Isaiah, seven hundred years before Christ, he said, "Thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." This prophet, then, like Isaiah, describes the expected one,

as the Everlasting God, and yet as one who, in due time, is to be born in Bethlehem.

Once more, and still later, in the days of the Captivity, I find that one of the greatest of the prophets, Daniel, touches the subject, and throws new light upon it. He speaks, in his ninth chapter, of "Messiah, the Prince." There is, therefore, no doubt as to the subject of his predictions. And he agrees with Isaiah in one important point. Messiah is not only to be a prince, but he is also to be a sufferer. He is to be "cut off, but not for himself." A further prediction is added, that "the people of the prince that shall come shall destroy the city (Jerusalem) and the sanctuary." A time is also indicated. "Seventy weeks are determined, to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to anoint the most Holy." I see that it is impossible to understand this of literal weeks, for in Daniel's days nothing of this kind took place. But in Ezekiel's fourth chapter, I find that God puts "a day for a year" in such cases; and I see that seventy weeks of years would end about the time of the coming of Christ. Thus Daniel's prophecy is clear upon three points: — (1) It relates to the Messiah: (2) It describes him as "cut off, but not for himself," as "making reconciliation;" and (3), as appearing about 490 years after a certain event, the calculation of which brings us down to the days of Pilate and of Christ.

But this same Daniel has also another remarkable prediction. In his seventh chapter, after describing several great monarchies upon earth, he sees in his vision one "like unto the Son of Man," coming with the clouds of heaven, and receiving a kingdom, and everlasting dominion. And I find that this person, who is now about to suffer death at the hands of Pilate, has frequently applied to himself this designation, of "the Son of Man;" and did declare to his judges, the High Priest and chief priests, that they should, one day, "see the Son of Man, sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven."

These, I find, are some of the chief predictions, on which the Jews founded their expectations that a Messiah, an annointed prince and deliverer, might be expected to appear somewhere about the termination of the world's four thousandth year, — somewhere about the time when Augustus ruled over the great Roman empire. Can it be, that all these great prophecies have received their fulfilment in the life and sufferings of this poor man, who has just been exposed to the public scorn and execration, and who is immediately to be sent to a shameful death?

The question is a momentous one. I have asked, why the Jews entertained such an expectation, as they certainly did entertain about this time? I receive my answer. I see that they had books, written by men whom they deemed prophets, in which books, during a period of fifteen hundred years, hopes of a Deliverer, a Prince, a Saviour, had been constantly held out to them.

I see too, on examination, that these promises of a coming Saviour, without falling into any contrariety, were constantly enlarging, and becoming more definite. First, the idea is nothing more than a "seed of the woman" who shall "bruise the serpent's head." Then, it is a descendant of Abraham, in whom all the families of the earth shall be blessed. Then, from among Abraham's great grandsons, one is pointed out, whose descendants shall rule over Israel until Shiloh, or Messiah shall appear. Then, when David, of the tribe of Judah, has fulfilled the first part of this promise, it is revealed to him that from his descendants the Messiah shall arise. Isaiah then shows this Messiah as a child born, a son given, and yet as the Mighty God, the everlasting Father. The same prophet also depicts him as "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and as "led like a lamb to the slaughter." Micah follows, denoting Bethlehem as the place of this child's birth, — a child "whose goings forth have been from everlasting." And Daniel, expressly naming him "Messiah," agrees with Isaiah in describing him as "cut off, but not for himself;" and he indicates a period answering to the days of Augustus, for the time of his appearing. Now, how came all this? What a chain of prediction is it! Could any human art or contrivance bring about the painting of such a picture, and that by the hands of men who lived hundreds of years apart from each other, and at vast distances of time from the appearance of Christ?

But, accepting this fact for what it is worth, I ask, how do these predictions affect Pilate's prisoner? "Behold the Man!" What do we behold in that man? Can it be, that these various prophecies, given during a period of four thousand years, are found to meet and be fulfilled in Him?

"The seed of the woman:" yes, it is said to be the peculiar claim of this "Man," this Jesus, that he is "the seed of a woman," without being the offspring of a man. He

thus fulfils, also, Isaiah's prediction, "A virgin shall conceive, and bear a son." He is also Shiloh, "the sent one" of the tribe of Judah; and he appears, as Jacob had foretold, just when "the sceptre was departing" from Judah's house. He is a son of David also, and fulfils all David's predictions. He was born in Bethlehem, as Micah foretold, and he is "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," as Isaiah had described him. He answers to Daniel's portraiture of the Messiah, who was to be "cut off, but not for himself;" and he appears at the expiration of seventy weeks of years from a decree to rebuild Jerusalem. Thus every lineament given by a succession of prophets is seen in Him; strange, and wonderful, and to man inconceivable, as many of them were.*

The importance of this part of the inquiry presses upon my mind very forcibly, when I remember, that to describe a man, by several features and circumstances, — his lineage, — his birth-place, — the peculiar manner of his birth, and then his treatment and his ultimate fate, — hundreds of years before his appearance, is altogether beyond any human power. Who, for instance, now living, would dream of attempting to describe the king who shall sit on Queen Victoria's throne in the year 1967? Or, if any one could be found to undertake such a task, what rational man could receive such a prediction with anything but derision? Yet here are several plain and positive predictions, said to have been given many centuries before the event, and to have been all fulfilled in this man who now stands by Pilate's side. If this be so, it must be impossible to deny the presence of the finger of God. A succession of prophecies, from the days of Adam down to the time of Daniel, all finding fulfilment in the life and works of this man, must be superhuman and Divine. But if so, then we have, by the side of the Roman governor, a man upon whom, and upon whose fate, the eyes of God have been fixed for 4000 years. Clearly, then, when Pilate utters the words "Ecce Homo," he points to One who is the most remarkable man that ever appeared on this earth. I must try, then, to learn something more of him.

I ask then, next, what have been the circumstances of his life? And here, the first question of all is, May testimony be accepted, when it bears witness to what is supernatural? If not, then we may as well close the inquiry, almost before it is commenced; for all who seem to have any personal knowledge of Pilate's prisoner unite in declaring, that "mighty works" were continually done by him.*

I reflect here, that if this extraordinary person be indeed what Isaiah and Micah deem him, "the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father," — Him "whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting," it is quite natural, and to be expected, that at every step he should manifest Almighty power. A creature, as he passes through the world is limited and bound by natural laws; but the Creator must feel that "all things serve Him." Hence, if a storm arises, he allays it with a word; if a friend dies, by a word he calls him out of the tomb. Nothing is secret to him; he knows the thoughts of men as fully as he knows their words or actions.

Let any man, who is acquainted with poetic legends, ask himself, how he should act if he found himself suddenly invested with the superhuman powers therein described? Had he the means by a magic ring or otherwise, of rendering himself invisible, would he not frequently be passing into men's houses unseen? Had he the means, by some talisman, of instantly removing disease, would he not often be found relieving the sick and the suffering? In a word, nothing seems more natural than that one who is possessed of unlimited powers, should act in consonance with this character of almightiness. To do otherwise, would appear "out of character."

But let me begin at the beginning. First of all, I find that those who have taken the

* All arguments from prophecy are met, in modern times, by what is called "criticism." This "criticism" is merely a device for blunting, or getting rid of, the force of a passage of Scripture. Most leading words, in most languages, have several meanings, and it is of this circumstance that "criticism" takes advantage. A prophecy of Scripture, as we read it in the English Bible, has been translated by twenty learned and honest men, into twenty different languages of Christendom, and all these translations in the main agree. This result ought to establish its meaning. But "criticism" — which is generally an hostile proceeding on the part of some one who denies the Christian faith — finds out that one or two words in an important sentence may be translated differently. He then insists upon it that they shall be translated differently; and in this way he contrives to rob the passage of all meaning. And then he triumphantly says, "There! your boasted prophecy is no prophecy at all, or it is a prophecy which means nothing!" But by the same dishonest system all ancient writings may be stripped of their apparent sense or meaning; and we may be driven to the foolish conclusion, that we know nothing with any certainty, of past times, or of ancient people.

* "The miracles in the Bible," says Bolingbroke, "are not detached pieces; the whole history is founded on them; it consists of little else; and if it were not a history of them, it would be a history of nothing."

most pains to trace out and collect all the facts relating to this extraordinary man, declare, with the greatest explicitness, that he had no human father, but that the prophecy, given seven hundred years before, has been fulfilled in him: "a virgin shall conceive and bear a son." His birth is declared to have been the result of the operation of the Spirit of God. He is therefore properly man, — the "seed of the woman," the "son of David," because he took flesh of his mother; and yet he is "the mighty God," because "God was his father." In this way, then, and in no other way that can be imagined, does he reconcile and fulfil the various and seemingly conflicting predictions of the prophets. Had he been God only, it is scarcely conceivable that he should stand here by Pilate's side. Had he been man only, he could not have been the searcher of hearts; the curer of maladies in patients unseen and far distant; one more ancient than Abraham; one "whose goings forth were of old, from everlasting."

I find, then, that almighty power is his constant attribute. Evil spirits know him, and most reluctantly obey him. Diseases of all kinds vanish at a word. Storms subside, the dead come forth; loaves of bread suddenly multiply themselves, and the fishes of the sea bring money in their mouths at his will. I may reject the testimony of multitudes of witnesses, if I choose; but if testimony is any value at all, then the life and works of this man were those of a person possessed of unlimited knowledge and unlimited power.

Again, I recur to the wonderful concurrence of which I have already spoken. I cannot be mistaken in the fact, that the whole nation of the Jews was at this time anxiously looking for a Messiah, a sent one, a deliverer. And this expectation was not created by a single prediction of some individual prophet, but by a series of prophecies, spreading over hundreds and thousands of years. And here I find a person, born at Bethlehem, of a virgin, at the very time indicated by Daniel, and who unites in himself the two apparently opposing characters, of the Mighty God, and yet a man of sorrows, one led like a lamb to the slaughter. How can I regard him but as a most wonderful person? And when I hear the declaration, "Hereafter ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven;" and learn from numerous witnesses that he has commanded the winds and the waves, opened the eyes of the blind, and raised the dead, what can I think, but that He must be that same Messiah of whom the prophets have spoken, and who was to be both the son of a virgin, and also the Everlasting God?

But what I have just written is merely the result of a week's investigation, carried on at Jerusalem in the spring of the year 4034. The prisoner was carried to the usual place of execution, and was there put to death. A sad and solemn silence followed, and I leave Jerusalem. Just as I was departing, a strange rumour reaches my ears, that the same Jesus, whom I had seen a prisoner, and who unquestionably was executed on that same day, had burst the tomb in which he was laid, and had appeared again among his disciples. One of these, with whom I have had a brief conversation, assures me that this resurrection is in entire accordance with the prisoner's own predictions; for that he had repeatedly told his followers that "the Son of Man must be delivered unto the chief priests, and they shall deliver him to the Gentiles, who shall mock him, and scourge him, and kill him, and the third day he shall rise again." All this is wondrously strange; yet I see that it is quite in accordance with the words of Isaiah and of Daniel, of which I have spoken above.

I returned to my own land, deeply impressed, but not knowing what my own duty was. Several years pass over before I again visit Jerusalem, and I then find a mighty change. At the time of my former visit, there was nothing apparent but a prisoner in the hands of the Roman governor, and a few friends, or disciples of his, scattered among the people, who dared not openly declare themselves, but who followed him at a distance to the place of execution, and afterwards begged his body of the governor, and deposited it in a tomb.

Now, however, I find the city full of adherents to what they call "the faith of Christ." His disciples, it seems, averred everywhere that their head, or lord, Jesus Christ, remained in the tomb only during a part of three days, and on the morning of the third came out of the sepulchre. They declared that he had repeatedly assured his followers, during his life, that he would do so; telling them that he had "power to lay down his life, and power to take it again." They told the people openly, and in all places, that he had risen from the dead; and that many of them, ten or twelve at a time, and at last a large body of them at once, had seen him, spoken with him, had eaten and drank with him, and sometimes touched him. They insisted

strongly on the fact, that while other dead persons had been raised by him, he himself rose from the dead by his own almighty power. They added, that at last, in the presence of many witnesses, he had taken leave of them, and had ascended up to heaven in the sight of them all; while angels appeared and warned them, that as he had thus visibly gone up to heaven in their sight, so he would certainly return, as he had often told them, to be the judge of the living and the dead.

Those declarations, I find, though frequently and openly made, are never met by the Jewish rulers with any sufficient answer. They have often seized and imprisoned the preachers, but they make no attempt to show their statements to be false. The bold assertions of these preachers, the chief of whom are called apostles, remain unrefuted; and not only so, they are accredited and confirmed by deeds of power. These apostles assert that their Lord, claiming to be the Son of God, had not only wrought miracles himself, but had clothed them with the same power. Their ministry, or preaching, commenced a few days after their Lord's departure, when they began, though unlearned and ignorant men, to address the people in many tongues, of which, until that day, they had no knowledge. A few days after, two of them, entering the temple, cured, by a word, a man who had been lame from his birth, and who, in the sight of all the people, who knew him well, leaped and walked. Shortly after this, two of their professed followers attempting to deceive Peter, were detected and rebuked by him, and fell dead at his feet. Then, such a multitude of sick folk were healed, that the High Priest, moved with indignation, seized the apostles, telling them that they had "filled Jerusalem with their doctrine." From prison an angel released them; and one of the Council, a doctor of great reputation, interposed in their behalf, telling the High Priest and Council, "If this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

To this test, or alternative, they submitted; but the result was one which they were far from desiring. A belief in Him that had been crucified spread far and wide. "The number of the disciples," wrote one who recorded the events of these days, "multiplied in Jerusalem greatly, and a great company of the priests adhered to the faith of Christ." One of the preachers, Stephen, became so obnoxious, that he was dragged before the Council, and presently put to death. Over his execution a young zealot of the name of Saul presided, and this man soon became conspicuous as a persecutor. "Haling men and women he committed them to prison." On one of his journeys about this business he became utterly changed. He left Jerusalem for Damascus in quest of fresh victims, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter;" he returned after a few days an earnest preacher of the faith of Christ. What had wrought this change? He himself declared on many occasions, and even before kings and rulers, that "at midday he saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, and heard a voice saying unto him, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." If it were a fiction that he fell to the earth, and rose up blinded by that amazing light, the High Priest had the power of refutation in his hand; for the attendants on that journey might have been produced and confronted with Paul. But what motive had this man for inventing a lie, or for suddenly deserting a cause which he had voluntarily taken up? He left Jerusalem the favourite of those in power; clothed with authority and commission from the chief priests; he returned to it in a few days, a convert to Christ, to suffer bonds, imprisonment, scourging, stoning. A strange change, certainly, for a man to make, upon merely selfish or interested considerations. If I believe Paul's story, that a heavenly vision of the man whom Pilate had crucified appeared to him, the whole history is credible and natural. But if I reject his own account, then his sudden and total change, abandoning all that men deem desirable, and embracing all that they dread and shun, is certainly one of the most wonderful and unaccountable things that ever came to my knowledge.

What shall I say to these things? A poor man, born in humble circumstances, begins, at about his thirtieth year, to preach to the Jewish people. He gathers around him a few (twelve) followers, and traverses Judea and Galilee, preaching "the kingdom of God." He arrests men's attention by the wonderful works which he performs; raising the dead, healing the sick, calming the tempest, removing diseases by a mere volition, even when the sufferers were at a great distance. At last, moved with envy, and filled with indignation, the chief priests seize him, accuse him, and by tumult intimidate the Governor into ordering his execution. Surely, when he dies, his sect or religion must die with him. His followers were mean and despised persons, unletter-

ed, and destitute of influence. They had nothing to offer men, to gain their adherence to a cause so generally contemned. How, then, if their own report of the matter is to be discredited, — how are we to account for their wonderful success?

I know that I may be referred to other religious beliefs, such as those of Brahma and Buddhu, in the populous regions of the East, and may be asked, why the spread of Christianity is to be deemed more surprising or more supernatural than that exhibited in those cases? But I see no resemblance between the two cases. Man everywhere needs and craves a religion. The Asiatic peoples, I apprehend, had nothing in old times, beyond a vague tradition of some kind of Great Invisible Being, handed down from their fathers. Then Brahma first, and Buddhu or Gautama afterwards, offered them a more definite faith, which he pretended to have received by some sort of inspiration. He set himself up as a leader, and a body of priests saw the opportunity of gaining credit and profit by supporting his claims. The Mormons, in our day, have repeated the same imposition on a small scale. But in the East, Brahma or Buddhu had no Christianity or Judaism to contend with, and hence they gained almost full possession of those extensive and populous countries.

That which seems the peculiar and the wonderful characteristic of this faith of Christ, is, that it has arisen in the midst of the intellect and education of Greece and Rome, and is, triumphing alike over the Gods of Ephesus and Athens, and the bigoted and furious opposition of the Jewish preists. How can I account for this in any other way than by giving credit to the narratives of the believers in Christ? If they speak the truth, all is intelligible, and entirely credible. May I believe their story, or must I regard them as a company of conspirators and decievers?

Let me review the whole case, and see what I must reject, — what I must refuse to believe, if I regard them as impostors.

First, I find myself surrounded by evidence of some supernatural powers. Many of these preachers of the faith of Christ seem to have by a word become possessed of the power of speaking in languages which they never acquired by study. Others are able by a word to heal the sick, to make cripples walk, and to give sight to the blind. Proofs of these facts are tendered me, which render it difficult to remain incredulous. And if I ask, how and when these things began to be visible, I am told, that their Master, just before his departure, promised to send the Spirit of God to them, to give them these superhuman powers. They add also, and not by one voice only, but by the united declaration of many, that this "Holy Spirit" did come upon them, and that the power of speaking in hitherto unknown tongues did immediately follow. They refer me also to the fact, which is confirmed by multitudes, that this unusual manifestation was followed by the immediate conversion of three thousand of the people, who, they say, were then added to the Church.

But all these circumstances, and the rapid spread of what they call "the faith," are traced by them to that which they reckon as the grand fact of their religion: — namely, the resurrection of their Master from the dead. This they are never tired of repeating; it seems the chief ground of their faith or reliance. They continually dwell upon three facts, which they declare to be beyond all contradiction. First, that Christ really died: that his death was not a deceit, arranged in a corner; but that it was a public fact, seen and known by multitudes; and that a body of Roman soldiers were not likely to be deceived, on such a question as whether a prisoner were dead or not. Next, they add, that his friends and followers, so far from planning or expecting his return to life, were among the most incredulous; and were only convinced by His actual appearance among them, and his command, "Handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." And lastly, they declare that the whole of the eleven Apostles were taken out by him to a mountain, and that there in their presence, without the possibility of mistake, he was seen by them all to ascend up into Heaven: while angels warned them, that just as he had gone, so should he return, from heaven, to be the judge of all men. These statements seem to be the very basis of this new religion, and I see not how they are to be withstood. The chief priests evidently rage and storm against these new preachers, but they have done nothing to refute them. And that these Apostles, as they are called, do possess power to do many wonderful works, in healing the sick, and even, sometimes, in raising the dead, seems beyond denial. What shall I say to these things?

To accept all their statements is not merely the reception of a new system of morals or philosophy. The facts which they lay at the very foundation of their system, must be either true or false. If false, then the whole system is a fraud. But this is hard

to believe, for the men are of blameless lives. Those who join them, I find, do become virtuous men; and fraud can hardly lead to moral improvement. Nor is it easy to see what these Apostles expect to gain by their invention, — if it be an invention. They have often been seized, whipped, and imprisoned, and two prominent men, James, an apostle, and Stephen, a disciple, have been put to death; and I cannot hear that any one among the number has gained anything by his new religion. Hence, to charge them with sordid or interested schemes, seems unreasonable.

Yet, to accept their faith involves much. They are not mere teachers of morals. Their first principle is, that Christ, their master, is the Son of God, and that he must be worshipped as such: that he was "before the worlds;" that he came from God; that he exerted Divine power during his ministry, and most resplendently when he rose from the dead, and when he ascended up to heaven. All this they preach, as plain matter of fact, and they demand belief in it before they will admit any one into what they call "the Church." In what way, upon what grounds, can I reject the evidence which has been placed before me?

I laid down my pen last night, and now resume it. I have, up to this point, endeavoured to place myself in the position of an inquirer, living in the first century of our present reckoning, and gazing on the wonders of the apostolic days, with a doubtful and inquisitive mind. But it is time that we returned to the thoughts and ponderings of our own generation, and endeavoured to look at Christianity in the light of the nineteenth century.

"I say unto you," counselled the wisest man in the Jewish Sanhedrim — "refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this council or this work be of men, it will come to naught: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." Such was the alternative, such the question, which fact and experience were to decide, in the coming years. Now, eighteen centuries after these words were uttered, we are able to look back upon them, to remember the occasion on which this council was given, and to ask, what has been the verdict, which time and history have recorded, as to the great question, whether this faith was "of man" or "of God?" Ten or eleven men, obscure and unknown, ignorant and unlearned, stood before the High Priest and council of the Jewish Church, and it was gravely discussed whether they should not at once be put to death. The suggestion of Gamaliel saved them; and now we have to ask, whether it appeared, in the end that "the work was of men;" and whether, after a time, "it came to naught?" When we look around, what is the answer? "An upper room," a few weeks before, had held all the disciples. "The sect," as it was called, consisted of about "an hundred and twenty persons." They had not even found a name, for it was at a later period that they "began to be called Christians." In our day, those who are called by that name are reckoned by hundreds of millions.

Mere numerical increase, however, is the least important feature in the case. Far more important is the question, Where has been seen the mental and moral growth of the human race? There can be but one answer: Among the nations called Christian. And of all these, which of the kingdoms are found in the foremost place, in all that renders life useful or valuable? Precisely those which adhere the most carefully to the very faith of Christ, and which guard it with the greatest care from admixture or adulteration. "To the impulse given at Jerusalem eighteen hundred years ago, we owe a system of agencies by which thoughts of God and of His moral government, are stirred up and kept alive. Where-ever these agencies are found, there also we find humanity elevated to a higher moral and religious state than elsewhere; more conscious of a spiritual nature, and of its relationship to the Father of spirits." Thus, if we ask, where man is seen in the lowest condition, scarcely distinguishable from the brute creation by which he is surrounded? the answer must be, In those lands where no tidings of Christ and His Gospel have yet been heard. And if we pass to the other extremity of the scale, and ask, Where is he found to be possessed of the highest culture, of the purest affections, and of the noblest aspirations? equally decided must be the reply: In Christendom, and chiefly in those parts of Christendom where the Bible holds the highest and most absolute sway. Glancing, then, at Gamaliel's alternative once more, we reply, "No, this work was not of man, — it has not come to nought: — it was of God, for its tendency is heavenward."

But shall we make success and numerical extension the chief tests of truth, or place Christianity on ground which may be claimed by several false but prevalent creeds? No, we rest on no such argument. Gam-

aliel himself had no such meaning. He said not, that no delusion or imposture, the "work of man," could ever prosper; but that, looking at these poor, unlearned, and ignorant men, viewing the kind of work which they had taken in hand, and considering also the opposition they must inevitably encounter, there was no prospect, no hope, of their ultimate success, except, indeed, "the work was of God."

And, indeed, what expectation, what possibility, could there be of their success apart from the will and command of God? The struggle upon which they were entering has been well described as "the strangest contest that the world ever saw." On the one side stood all the strength of the world, — the Jews with their records from the hand of Moses; their temple, its splendid ceremonies and golden porch; — the wealth of the powerful, the pride and self-interest of the priests, the indifference of the worldly, the hatred of the wicked, the scorn of the learned, the contempt of the great. With the Jews also, on this question, agreed the Greeks, with their chaos of a religion, still more confounded by the mysteries of the priests and the speculations of the sophists; — Greece, with her arts, her science, her heroes, her muse, voluptuous and sweet. With these two stood also Rome, the queen of nations, with a religion haughty and insolent, — Rome, with her practised skill, her pride, her conquests. Thus, on one side, were ranged all the strength and power of the world, its cherished fables, its wealth, its pride, its folly and its sin. And what see we on the other? A few Jewish fishermen, untaught, rude, despised, — banded together in the name of a young man who lately died the death of a criminal, and whom they declare to be risen from the dead; — men with no learning, no ritual, no money, no philosophy in their minds, or eloquence in their tongues. Well might Gamaliel coolly say, "If this work be of men, it will come to nought." A sceptic would easily foretel how these fanatics would soon fall out and destroy themselves, and so this "detestable superstitution" come to an end. A Jewish priest would scornfully ask, — how long the Sanhedrim would suffer them to go at large, trumpeting the name of "that deceiver," whose body "they stole away in the night"? But there was a power at work at which the Romish sceptic and the Jewish pharisee knew nothing. The "new doctrine" spreads and grows, and finds disciples in Jerusalem, Ephesus, Antioch, Alexandria, Corinth, Rome, until at last it ascends the imperial throne, and kings and sceptres, heathen priests and temples lie prostrate at its feet. The power was "not of men, but of God."

Let us retrace our steps, and again ponder this wonderful history. A poor, helpless man, who had become obnoxious to the chief-priests, is seized and carried before the Roman governor. The governor openly declares his innocence, but yields to clamour, and orders his exection. The centurion entrusted with this duty, appalled by a preternatural darkness, by earthquake, by opening tombs and rending rocks, and the parting veil of the temple, exclaims, "Truly this was the Son of God." But the sufferer's own friends had all forsaken him. Their faith and hope had failed, and they fled from a scene which they had no power to alter or prevent. A few days after, however, their demeanour has wholly changed. They everywhere declare that he has left the grave, and is again alive. Their boldness is now as remarkable as had been their previous timidity. No threats, no punishments can deter them. Everywhere, and always, they persist in preaching "the resurrection of the Lord Jesus," and, very quickly, prodigious results are seen to follow. Thousands join their company. Soon it is declared that "myraids" have enlisted under the banner of the cross. The disciples spread themselves over Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy, and in less than ten years it is laid to their charge that they have "turned the world upside down." Early in the next century, Justin asserts, that "there was not a nation, whether Greek or barbarian, among whom prayers and thanksgivings were not offered in the name of Jesus"; and, fifty years later, Tertullian tells the Roman governors, — "We are but of yesterday, and yet we have filled your cities, your islands, your councils, your palaces, — only your temples are left to you."

Now, whence came this wonderful success? Has the world's history any similar fact? How can it be accounted for? Was the origin of this new "sect" its passport to favour? On the contrary, to the Jews "a Nazarene" was only an epithet of contempt and abhorrence; while to the Greeks all things Jewish were detestable, and the Romans deemed the Jews "a race excessively depraved," and in all things to be abhorred. Was it, then, the popular character of its teachings that gave the Christian faith such access to men's souls? Is it a probable way to win favour, to tell the people, as the apostles always did, that they were totally depraved, utterly helpless, and

justly condemned? Is it a feasible plan to gain popularity, to oppose sternly all the common desires and propensities of the human heart? Yet this was what Christianity did. It found the Jewish, Greek, and Roman world, sensual, proud, avaricious, cruel, revengeful, steeped in divers lusts and pleasures, "hateful, and hating one another." Seneca's description only confirms that of St. Paul, — "Wickedness is no longer secret; it is before our eyes; it has become so public, and exerts such power, that innocence is not only rare, but non-existent." To which Juvenal adds, —

"Nothing is left, nothing for future times
To add to the full catalogue of crimes;
The baffled sons must feel the same desires,
And act the same mad follies as their sires:
Vice has attained its zenith."

To all this, Christianity at once offered the most uncompromising opposition. Men were proud and self-sufficient; it told them that they were weak, and blind, lost, and incapable of delivering themselves. Men were sunk in the mire of sensual enjoyments; Christianity demanded purity, temperance, self-denial. The greatest hero of antiquity is described by the Latin bard in one nervous line: —

"Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer."

To all such, Christianity came with the startling injunction, "Be kind, and tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." "If thine enemy hunger, feel him; if he thirst, give him drink."

And in this utter opposition to all the reigning passions and opinions Christianity was uncompromising. It said to Paganism, "Your priests are jugglers, and your gods a lie." It said to Judaism, "Your mission is fulfilled, your rites are at an end." It told the sage, "Your speculations are vain janglings, and nothing more." It denounced the Epicurean as one who had degraded himself to the level of the beasts; and the Phairsee as a disguised hypocrite. In a word, it declared war against the whole course of this world, and the reception it met with was what might have been, and what was, in fact, foreseen and reckoned upon.

Of the apostles themselves, few, if any, seem to have escaped martyrdom. But we may gather some idea of the success which had attended their labours, when we find, from the testimony of Tacitus, that even in Rome itself, under Nero, "a vast multitude" were subjected to the most cruel deaths, "worried to death by dogs, nailed to crosses, and set fire to by night," as a kind of horrid illumination of the imperial gardens. In like manner, Pliny, in Trajan's day, speaks of the number of culprits (Christians) being so great as to cause embarrassment, and says that the superstition had spread not only through cities, but even into villages and country parts, so that the temples had been nearly deserted. But he, too, together with his master, Trajan, takes for granted that to be a Christian is to be deserving of death.

These conflicts went on, with more or less fury on the part of the prosecutors, for more than two hundred years. The last was probably the most furious and determined effort to extirpate the Christian faith that had ever been seen. People of all ages and all ranks were burned, not by twos or threes, but in large companies. Considering that Christians were now found in great numbers in every province, it is impossible that Diocletian could have so far deceived himself as to imagine that he had entirely destroyed the sect against which he made war, unless he had indeed slain many thousands. When he struck a coin or medal to commemorate the fact that "the name of Christian was abolished," he must have relied upon his own knowledge that whole myraids had been actually put to death. Yet this moment of the Church's darkest night was also the moment which preceded the dawn. A few short years passed over, and this despised and persecuted faith ascends the imperial throne, and Paganism vanishes, at once and for ever, from the precincts of the Roman empire.

Whence, then, I again ask, this astonishing success? The power of Rome, which had broken or bent all nations, cannot overcome a little band of Galilean fishermen, but is conquered by them. Men have celebrated the glories of Alexander, who with thirty thousand men overthrew an empire; but what were the triumphs of the hero of Macedon when compared with the conquests of this little band of apostles. Christianity, without arms, without wealth, without influence, without worldly allurements, goes forth from a lowly shed in Bethlehem, pervades and subdues the various seats of science and of empire; overturns idols, altars, and temples, sweeps away the religious beliefs of centuries, ascends the imperial throne, and gives laws to the nations. Here is a mystery demanding a solution. Here is a stupendous effect, traceable to no

visible or intelligible cause. One way, and one way only, can be pointed out for the solution of this problem. The Church was built by Him who built the worlds. There is this way of accounting for the wonder, and there is no other.

Several lines of inquiry, then, conduct us to the same result. ECCE HOMO! Behold the Man, who was contemplated by prophecy, and announced by the lips of God, thousands of years before His appearance. Behold the Man, who was found to unite in himself, when He did appear, six or eight seemingly dissonant lines of prediction: the Son of God, and yet the Son of a virgin. He whose goings forth were from everlasting, and who, nevertheless, was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; He who was to have a kingdom and dominion exceeding all that earth had ever known, and who yet was led as a lamb to the slaughter, "cut off, but not for himself." Behold him, too, who, by death, destroyed him that had the power of death; "him who had held mankind in bondage." Behold him who is now beginning, by His sufferings in Gethsemane, in the Hall of Judgment, and on Calvary, a kingdom and dominion which shall have no limit, and which shall know no end.

But can we pause here? I have sought to know, when called on to "behold the man," who that man was. And I find abundant reason to accept his own account of himself. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son: that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father." "The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live." "Verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am." In these, and in a multitude of similar passages, Jesus plainly and distinctly asserted His rank and character, as "the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." We hear the words of Pilate, then, "Behold the Man!" and we acknowledge the truth of that Man's own words: "He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father." In beholding "the Man," we behold Him who was "the brightness of His Father's glory, and the express image of His person, and who upholdeth all things by the word of His power." We look on "the Man" whom all the angels of God worship, and before whom shall be gathered all nations, to receive from His lips their final doom. This was "the Man" upon whom hundreds of human eyes then looked, with hatred and cruel anger; while, at the same moment, thousands of angelic eyes were regarding Him with adoring wonder and inexpressible admiration.

But can we quit the scene without asking one more question? The things which "the angels desire to look into," are plainly made known to us. When we see Him "who was before all things, and by whom all things consist," dragged to a human bar, and sentenced to a felon's death, can we help exclaiming, "Why is this?" Do we not exceedingly desire to know, how so strange a thing — a thing which darkened the sun, and made the rocks to quake — came to pass? Can we hear the words of Pilate without being forced to ask, "Who is this?" — and when we learn that it is indeed Him "who laid the foundations of the earth," — can we help exclaiming, "But *how*, then, and *why*, came He here?"

And who can have a better right to be heard on that question than He himself? Who can unfold such an apparent mystery better than He whose claim it is, that it was from "the bosom of the Father" that He came? Let us hear Him, then, calmly tell the Roman governor, "Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above." Let us hear Him quieting His disciple with the remark, "Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how, then, shall the Scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be?" He stood, then, an innocent prisoner, awaiting and expecting a cruel death, because it was His pleasure to do so. He had told his disciples, not long before, "I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself."

It was a voluntary sacrifice, then, — as one of His apostles, not many days after, told the whole multitude of the Jews, saying, "Him being delivered by the determinate counsel and fore-knowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." In another place He is called "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." This whole transaction, then, had been foreseen and foreordained, when God said unto the serpent, "The seed of the woman shall bruise thy head." It had been foretold, centuries before, in those Scriptures of which Christ spoke, as words which "must be fulfilled." And what had those Scriptures said? How had they de-

scribed the transaction, which now, in Pilate's hall of judgment, was being carried on?

Daniel, writing five hundred years before, described a heavenly vision, in which the archangel Gabriel instructed him, that at the end of a certain limited time, "Messiah the Prince" should appear, and "the Most Holy" be anointed. He should be "cut off, but not for himself;" and His mission should be, "to make an end of sin, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness."

In precise accordance with these descriptions, had Isaiah written two centuries before, but with even greater fulness and explicitness. "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." "He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; . . . he was wounded for our trangressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all." "It pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand. He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied; by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities." It is no dream or fancy of Christians of modern times to see in these words "the Man" who stood by Pilate's side. When the eunuch asked Philip, "Of whom speaketh the prophet this?" Philip "began at the same Scripture, and preached unto him Jesus." Nor can we doubt, that when Jesus himself asked the two disciples "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things?" and when he "expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself," this 53rd chapter of Isaiah formed a principal subject of his exposition. Dr. Rowland Williams may indeed argue, that there were no "things concerning him in the Scriptures," and that therefore all this must be a delusion. But it would be more honest and straightforward to assert at once that Christianity is a delusion, and the Bible an old fable, than thus to accept it in name, and to deny it in fact.

I ask, then, once more, and finally, If we admit that this prisoner of Pilate must have been "the Son of God," what meaning, what purport and intent, can we assign to this awful and momentous fact; his standing at a human bar, and submitting to a malefactor's sentence?

We have, without the possibility of mistake, the interpretation put upon it by that Apostle, who saw Christ, after His resurrection, visibly, and heard the words of His mouth, — that apostle who was "caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words." He tells us, again and again, the meaning he attaches to this great transaction. "We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that he, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man." God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." "He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

We have, indeed, I know, even some ordained ministers of the Church of En land amongst us who deem themselves better judges of these things than Isaiah or St. Paul. They deny that any "reconcilation" was needed. "Salvation," to them, is a word without meaning. That the sins of men should be imputed to Christ, and that He should "bear their iniquities," seem to them ideas the most irrational. That "it pleased the Lord to bruise him, and to put him to grief," in order that "by his stripes we might be healed," is an idea positively revolting to them. They look on the awful scene of Gethsemane, and on the mental agonies of Calvary, with a blind and ignorant wonder; because they utterly refuse to admit God's own account. That Christ should be "made sin for us," and viewed as "bruised for our iniquities," is a thought against which their minds are closed and barred. And hence it naturally follows, that the whole history of Christ becomes a problem; to solve which, many attempts have been made in our day, by Strauss, by Ewald, by Rénan, and the authors of *Essays and Reviews*.

But shall we prefer their surmises and theories, to the convictions of that apostle, who himself saw the risen Saviour, and "heard the words of his mouth"? The persecutor, Saul, we see, on one day filled with bitter hatred of Christ and of all his followers. Four days afterwards, having had a vision in the way, and having passed three days in wrapt meditation, he at once began to "preach Christ in the synagogues," to the utter amazement of the Jews. But what was the tenor of his preaching? Did he tell the Jews that he

had at last been convinced that the Crucified One was an innocent man, a great Teacher, Master, and Example? No, "he preached Christ in the synagogues, *that He is the Son of God.*"

Of the tenor of this preaching, we know from his writings. He there describes to us this "Son of God," telling us, that "by Him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by Him, and for Him: and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist. And He is the head of the body, the Church: who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence. For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell; and, having made peace through the blood of His Cross, by Him to reconcile all things in earth, or things in heaven." (Col. i. 16—20.)

Such was the man — *Ecce Homo* — whom Paul worshipped. Is it a light thing? — is it a thing to be hastily ventured, to reduce this representation, and to depict a modified and less exalted Christ? Can we, without impiety, describe Him as another Socrates, or Confucius? Is it less than profane to call Him less than the co-equal Son of God? Dare we reject His own words, uttered but a few days before His death: — "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory. And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left." (Matt. xxv. 31—33.) Yet if we believe these words, can we think without alarm of that great audit-day, and of the account to be then rendered by the authors of such theories as those we have just been describing?

The secret of all these attempts to alter and modify the Christ of the Bible is, that the third chapter of Genesis is not really believed. There is no consciousness of guilt; no confession of sin. And hence it naturally follows, that when the announcement is made, "Thou shalt call his name JESUS, for he shall save his people from their sins," — it is simply unintelligible. The student, in this frame of mind, frankly confesses, "Here is something I do not understand." And hence follows a series of vain attempts, of gropings in the dark, of efforts to find out what this "salvation," this "Gospel," can mean. But, until the history of man's fall is honestly and humbly received into the heart, the solution of the mystery never will be found.

I suppose that I must here end this paper. Several other topics remain, on which I hoped to be able to say a few words, — such as the confirmation of Scripture prophesies, and especially of Christ's own words, which is given in the history of the Jews and in the terrible fate of Jerusalem: — Also, the suitableness of the remedy provided in the Gospel to the wants of the human race, as shown in the recorded experiences of multitudes. But no space remains. I cast my eye over the foregoing pages, with many feelings of regret and humiliation, but no time is left for any attempt at improvement. Still I know that the truth can suffer little from my imperfect handling. Nothing can be more certain, than that no amount of fiction can permanently overlay or obscure the plain Word of God. And it is not to be doubted, that a portrait composed of only a portion of the facts of the case, is a fiction, — is a romance. It presents to view a person who never lived, — who never had any being among men. It would not be difficult to show even more than this, — that the Christ of Rénan or of Strauss is a person who never *could* have had any real existence; — is, in fact, a moral impossibility. The portraits so painted may obtain much applause for the respective artists, — they may exhibit great and varied talents, and may call forth much popular admiration. But, after all, the prophet's description of the gods of the heathen may justly be applied to all these modern idols: "They are laid over with silver and gold, but there is no breath at all in the midst of them."

THE LAY OF THE LITTLE WIFE.

"TREAT me no better than a dog?"
Ay, so he may, and never yet
Her wish deny, her pleasure clog:
Because a dog may be a pet.

On all things good for him to eat
A favourite dog is always fed.
His master never tries to beat
Unpleasant things into his head.

No better than a dog? Called good,
Praised, indulged, fondled! Truth to tell,
Oh, how I wish that HENRY would
Just only treat poor me as well!

—*Punch.*

CHAPTER LI.

GERTRUDE THINKS HERSELF SUPERIOR TO SIR DOUGLAS.

There is a grievous moment in the lives of many who love humbly and sincerely, and think little of themselves; a moment of strange contradiction of all the previous impressions of that love; a dethroning, as it were, of its object. No longer better, wiser, greater than all other mortal creatures: no longer the infallible guide, the crown and glory of life; loved still, but loved in a different way. Something of splendour departed, we know not where: something of security vanished, we know not why: such is the change that comes at such times. It comes to men in the first consciousness of their over-estimation of some fair syren whose song has only lured them to the rocks and shoals of existence. It comes to women whose love has bordered on adoration, when they feel compelled to mingle *pity* with the regard they bestow on their husbands.

When Gertrude read — with strained and amazed eyes — the letter put into her hands that morning, she pressed her lips to the signature with the kiss of passionate pity one bestows on a wounded child.

"Oh my poor Douglas! my husband!" was all she said. But in that one brief grieving sentence, they seemed to change positions forever. He stood lower: she stood higher. Never could *she* have been so deceived! Never, though all the stars in heaven had seemed to shed their light on the deception, could *she* have accepted as against him the wretched forgery of proof he had accepted against *her*. Never!

Poor Douglas! Ay, poor indeed. Beggared of trust, and hope, and belief in human nature; for if he doubted *her*, in whom could he believe?

The sick pang at her heart increased. She rang, and ordered preparations for instant departure; and then she once more sat down to re-read the strange lines penned by that familiar hand. That hand which had clasped hers at the altar; which had detained her with its warm, gentle, almost trembling grasp, when first they stood together on the threshold of her new home at Glenrossie; detained her that he might murmur in her ear, before she entered, his hope that she would be always happy there; his wife, his own for evermore.

She was a girl then. She was a young matron now. If it was not for her handsome schoolboy, Neil, the years had flown so swiftly that it might seem but yesterday she blushed through that bridal hour of love, and heard that welcome Home; that blessed sentence, spoken in music, since spoken by *his* voice.

And now, what had he written? How *could* he write so? Poor Douglas?

"Gertrude," the letter said, "I am spared at least the anguish of explanation, by being enabled to enclose you these papers. Your own letter and" (there was a blur here, as though the name "Kenneth" had been begun and effaced) "*my nephew's*.

"I endeavour to do you justice, and believe that his conduct at Naples and many combining circumstances, made you think it best to reject him, — and accept me.

"I feel certain that no worldly calculations mingled with the arguments of others, or your own thoughts, when you so decided.

"You could not then perhaps test the strength or weakness of your heart. You mated your youth with my age: a gap of long years stretched between us!

"I have the less time remaining to suffer from the remembrance of my bitter loss.

"Whether my life of loneliness to come, shall be longer than I could desire, or brief as I wish, you will see me no more. I shall endeavour to devote myself to the service of my country, as in earlier days.

Not in unmanly despair, but in submission to God, I trust to spend what measure of the future He may allot me.

"For you — you know me too well to doubt my desire that all this should pass without open scandal; and without that bitterness which assumes a right of vengeance for irreparable wrong.

"I am gone. I will not part you from your son. I have seen what that suffering is in other women; that tearing out of the heart by the roots. You will doubtless be much with your mother; but when Neil's holidays come, you will meet him at Glenrossie, and remain with him there. I shall see him — but not now. I make no condition; except that you avoid all explanation with him. Let him — at least in this his happy boyhood — know me *absent*, not *parted*, from home ties. Let all around you think the same.

"I have hesitated to add anything respecting the *cause* of our separation. I will only say that it is a dreary satisfaction to me to believe that, seeing what your first step towards sin has brought about, you will never take a second.

"In leaving you Neil, I leave a hostage against all possibility of actual dishonour.
"DOUGLAS ROSS."

Then followed a very few hurried lines, apparently written after the letter was concluded; the ink paler, the sentence blotted immediately after writing.

"Gertrude — I find it impossible to close this letter, — my last letter to my wife, — and not say" ——

There the lines ended that were decipherable! Pore over them, and turn them which way she would, she could not make out more than the two words "selfish love." Selfish? was it his, was it Kenneth's? Was he relenting to her, even while he sealed her sentence of exile from his heart? Was there LOVE in those blurred lines? love of which she was cheated, by their being so defaced? Or had some phrase of warning, — too severe, in his merciful view of her case, — occupied that last fraction of the fair white sheet of paper, so full of suppressed accusation and stifled regrets?

It was with a shudder that Gertrude thought of Kenneth, and gazed once more at his mad letter. Gazed, too, at the answer, so ingeniously fitted in with its mosaic of forgery! She could not doubt who had betrayed her to this misery. Alice! Alice, and (if it were possible to believe he were again within hail) James Frere! He had been convicted of forgery. He had etched and imitated for Dowager Lady Clochnaben in the early days of their intimacy, with a skill which had been the marvel of all who beheld it. She did not for one moment doubt what had happened: and, strange to say, the more she thought of it, the less miserable she felt. It was all so transparently clear. She had only to get to Douglas — (poor Douglas!) — and explain it, and say, "Half of this letter is indeed mine, but the other half is a forgery; how *could* you believe in it?" and then — then — she would be happier than ever! Happy, with the weight off her heart of all past partial concealments (all attempted for *his* sake — his own dear sake, — to save *him* pain); happy, with the embarrassment of Kenneth's presence removed for good; happy, *alone* in the lovely home of Glenrossie with her husband; without Alice, — cruel, cunning, cat-like Alice. Only her husband, and her boy, and mother, and true friends.

CHAPTER LII.

ON WINGS OF HOPE, A JOURNEY.

EAGER, almost elate, dying to be in Sir Douglas's presence, in his kindly clasping arms, Gertrude tied her bonnet-strings with hurried, trembling fingers; and telling her maid that very important business had called Sir Douglas to London, and that she was to follow him with Lady Charlotte, sent that shrewd abigail to Glenrossie with the message, and continued her preparations, without a word to her mother of the dreadful letter, only that "important business" called them to town; and with an effort at gaiety, which even to that simple-minded parent, seemed strange and hysterical.

Then she suddenly bethought her of the *proof* — the easy proof of forgery, which lay in her desk at Glenrossie, the first rough copy of her letter to Kenneth — not meant, indeed, for a rough copy, but cast aside after writing it, as containing passages, reasonings with him, which were as well omitted. She *must* get that letter. The delay of getting that must be borne, and then she would set out for their London house, and see her husband. Lady Charlotte might wait for her in Edinburgh; it was needless fatigue for that fragile traveller to go to Glenrossie and back. Gertrude could go alone.

She did go alone. Pale and excited, she passed by the good old butler, who had already settled in his own mind that things looked "no canny" in his master's hurried departure. She asked for Neil as she flitted by, and was told he was out with the keeper; then, swift and noiseless as a ghost, she reached the door of her own bright morning-room and opened it wide. It was already occupied.

There in the sunshine — witch-like and spiteful — smiling a smile such as ought never to wreathe woman's lips, sat Alice Ross, curled up and lounging on the green ottoman, Kenneth's favourite resort. She did not immediately perceive Gertrude; she was smiling that evil smile at the maid, who stood in her shawl and bonnet as she had arrived, nervously pinning and unpinning her large pebble brooch, and staring down at Miss Ross, who had just finished a sentence of which the word "packing" was all that reached Gertrude's ear.

The maid uttered an exclamation at sight of her lady, and curtsied: and Alice, started into attention, rose, or rather leaped, with feline activity from her feline attitude of repose.

The pale mistress of Glenrossie Castle looked steadily at her false sister-in-law, on whose lips the odd smile still flickered with a baleful light, and who, having risen, continued mutely standing, neither bidding good-morrow, nor otherwise acknowledging her presence.

"This is *my* room," said Lady Ross, as, unable to restrain her impatience to possess herself of her letter, she advanced to the escritoire.

The proud sentence of dismissal changed Alice's smile to a little audible laugh.

"True, but ye were not expected here," she said; with slow Scotch emphasis on the "*not*."

Then, as Gertrude feverishly searched, and searched in vain, for the purloined paper, and turned at last (paler than ever) to conscious "Ailie," — convinced through whose misdoing it was no longer there — the half-sister of Sir Douglas with mocking bitterness added, —

"Kenneth's off for Edinburgh, like other folk. It's hard to be parted from what one loves."

There was a world of emphasis in the creature's last slow sentence.

"God forgive you, Alice Ross," said Gertrude; "Douglas never will, when he knows all."

"That will be very unchristian," said the imperturbed and imperturbable Ailie. And with a repetition of the audible little laugh, she tossed the ends of her boa together, and glided out of the room, and was down the corridor and up the stair and away to her own tower chamber, before the heavy shivering sigh from Gertrude's heart had died away into silence.

It was perhaps with a wistful excuse for the great and honest anxiety which weighed on his mind, that the old butler came to the door and knocked, though it stood still half open, inquiring doubtfully whether her "Leddyship" would not take some refreshment after her journey.

Gertrude did not at first hear or heed him. She stood with her eyes fixed on the escritoire, and murmured to herself half aloud, "Oh! what shall I do?"

"Trust in God," said the old servant.

He had seen three generations now of this house, and considered himself as much a part of it as the very trees on whose rough branches, when Sir Douglas and Kenneth were boys, their cold step-mother had hung the two dogs.

Trust in God.

Then Gertrude looked up, and said gently, rather absently, "I am going to London. Tell Neil when he comes in."

"When will ye be back, my Leddy?"

The question nearly broke down her resolve to seem calm. She faltered out the words, "I expect we shall be back in a couple of days or so."

WE. The old man looked doubtfully and compassionately at her, and left the apartment. After a minute's pause Gertrude left it also. She looked back as she quitted it. That lovely room, with all its chosen treasures!

The sentence that spoke of her coming to it only as a visitor — that sentence in Sir Douglas's letter which bid her "meet Neil at Glenrossie during his holidays" — rose in her mind with special force. She chased it away, and smiled — a quivering, tender smile. Soon she would see that dear husband, and convince him! Soon all would be well again. They would yet chat and laugh together, by winter hearth and summer sunshine, in that room!

Eyes followed her as she departed: of keen, watchful Alice, peering from her tower; the eyes, faded, wrinkled, and kindly, of the aged butler, who had seen Old Sir Douglas a cradled child! The eyes of her maid, who, neither better nor worse than others of her class, had been listening to all sorts of malevolent gossip and evil prophecy from Alice Ross, and had been prepared for thorough belief in that gossip, by inspection of Sir Douglas's letter before it even reached her lady's hand. For they all had an instinct that something unusual was going on. Why should Sir Douglas write, when in an hour or two her mistress would be home? Why should Lady Ross herself sit half the night before she went to Edinburgh, writing, and forgetting to undress — though her weary maid coughed and sighed, to remind her that she was waiting in the ante-room, the candles burning low, and yawns becoming more and more frequent? Why?

"Sir Douglas and milady were certainly going to part, only milady didn't wish it, because of her reputation; Mr. Kenneth was at the bottom of it all."

How very quickly did the household arrive at this portentous conclusion, which Sir Douglas imagined could be kept a secret from every one! A secret! You may keep a secret from your bosom friend; from your father confessor; but *not* from the man who stands behind your chair at dinner, or the female who "lays out" your dressing things at night. Your looks are their books; your thoughts their principal

subject of speculation; your actions, in *esse* or *posse*, the main topic of their mutual discourse.

Neil dined and supped (most discontentedly) alone with Alice, whom he profoundly disliked, that day; and wondered with the keeper during the rest of his time, what ever could have happened to his father's hand?

And the old keeper shook his head solemnly, and repeated for the fiftieth time that it was "maist surprisin', for gude Sir Douglas hadna a gun oot wi' him the morn'." And it was more surprising still that he had given no account of the accident to any one.

And so they all chatted, and wondered; while Gertrude travelled "on and on," like a princess in a fairy tale, till at length on the morrow the haven was reached, and she stood on the steps of her London home, and entered it.

Yes; Sir Douglas *had* arrived the previous day; he was out just then, but he was *there;* in their usual abode when in town.

And Gertrude also was there! She drew a long breath, a happy sigh; and pressed her mother's anxious little hand with a languid weary smile of joy.

She had only to wait for his coming in; and then all would be well.

Only to wait.

CHAPTER LIII.

WAITING FOR JOY.

Gertrude waited. At first patiently, pleasurably; her soft, glad eyes wandering over familiar objects; all diverse, but all covered by the misty cloud of her one thought.

Then she grew restless, and rose, and walked to and fro over the rich carpet, with that pain at the temples and in the knees which comes to nervous persons who have waited too long in anxiety and suspense.

Then she became exhausted and weary. All day long she had not broken her fast; she could not eat; something seemed to choke her in the attempt. She grew paler and paler, till at last Lady Charlotte's increasing alarm took the shape of words, which framed themselves into a little plaintive scolding.

"Now, Gertrude, *I* can see that whatever news Douglas has sent you, isn't pleasant news; and I don't want to interfere between man and wife, or ask what you don't offer to tell me, though I've been wondering all day what has happened; and whether he has put all his money into a lottery, and lost it; or what; for I know nothing new has happened to Kenneth; — not that Douglas is a likely man to put into a lottery, but still, however superior he may be, he might choose the wrong number, you know, and draw a blank, and you would have to retrench. Indeed, I once knew a man (a very clever man, and a friend of your father's) who was quite ruinen by putting into a lottery. He chose 503, and the winning number was 505 — only two off! — so very distressing and provoking! However, he taught drawing afterwards, in crayons and pastel, and did pretty well, and people were very sorry for him. But what I wanted to say was this — that you really *must* eat something, if only a sandwich, or a biscuit; for I am sure Douglas will be quite vexed when he comes in, to see you looking as you do. And you won't be able to talk matters over with him, or settle what should be done."

The last of these wandering sentences was the one that roused Gertrude. True, she would not be able to talk matters over, if she felt as faint as she did then. She would take something. She rang, and ordered biscuit and wine, and smiled over them at her mother, who, still dissatisfied, pulled her ringlet, and even bit the end of it, (which she only did in great extremities,) saying, "I wish you would tell me, Gertrude: I do so hate mysteries."

"So do I, my little mother; but this is Douglas's secret, not mine;" and with a gentle embrace, Gertrude hushed the querulous little woman; and then turning with a sigh to the window, "It is getting very late," she said, "Douglas must be dining at his club. Call me when he comes, and I will lie down on the sofa meanwhile."

The fatigue and agitation of the day, and the nourishment, light as it was, that Gertrude had taken, together with the increasing stillness and dimness of all things round her soon lulled her senses into torpor, and suspense was lost in a deep, quiet sleep.

Lady Charlotte dozed a little too: but her fatigue was less and her restlessness greater. She was extremely curious to know what had occurred, and was mentally taking an inventory of the objects in the room, with a view to a possible auction — if Sir Douglas had indeed ruined himself by staking his all on a lottery-ticket — when she heard the rapid wheels of his cab drive up to the house, saw him alight, and heard the door of the library open and swing to, as he entered that sanctum.

Lady Charlotte glanced towards her daughter, who was still sleeping profoundly. It was a pity to wake her. She would go down herself and see Sir Douglas, and he could come by and by to Gertrude.

In pursuance of this resolve, she went gently down the broad staircase, somewhat haunted by recollections of days when Eusebia used to sail down them dressed in very full dress for the opera, outshining her hostess and sister-in-law alike in the multiplicity of her gowns and of her conquests, and preceding Gertrude, more simply attired and leaning in dull domesticity on her husband's arm.

"And now only suppose he is ruined; it will be worse even than Kenneth!" thought the bewildered mother, as she pushed the heavy green baize door forward, and came into Sir Douglas's presence.

"Oh, dear!" was all she said when she saw him; and she stood for a moment extremely frightened and perplexed, pulling her long curl to a straight line in her agitation.

For it seemed to her that if ever she saw the image of a ruined man, she saw it now.

The table was loaded with parcels, with parchments, with letters; a hatcase and a swordcase were at one end, and an open paper, looking very like a deed, or a lease, or a swill, by the heavy silver inkstand at the other.

Sir Douglas himself, pale as death, except one bright scarlet spot at his cheekbone — with a grieved determined look on his mouth which she had never seen there before, — was apparently giving final directions to his man of business; and as that person bowed and retired, he turned, with what seemed to poor Lady Charlotte a most haughty and angry stare, to see who was intruding upon him at this other entrance.

Her alarm increased, when with a sudden fire in his eyes (looking, she thought, "so like Kenneth!") he recognised her, and without further welcome than "Good God, Lady Charlotte!" motioned her, as it were to leave him.

Lady Charlotte had a little access of peevish courage at that moment, for she thought, if this was the mood of her daughter's husband, he might disturb and alarm his wife beyond measure. He might really make her quite ill after all her fatigue. Her poor tired Gertrude! It would be very unfair!

Lady Charlotte was a weak woman, but what strength she had, lay in love for her daughter; and though rather afraid of Sir Douglas at all times, she was least afraid when it was a question of Gertrude's well-being. Like the lady in the old ballad, who saw the armed ghost: —

"Love conquered fear" —

even in her. She was, besides, rather angry with her stately son-in-law for being "ruined," (which was her *idée fixée* for the hour,) so she said very bravely, "I do hope, Sir Douglas, before you go up to Gertrude — whatever you have to tell her" ——

But Sir Douglas did not wait for the end of the sentence. He said, in a sort of a hoarse whisper, "Is she *here?*"

"Of course she is here. Good gracious, you might be sure she would come directly; and what I wanted to beg" ——

Again Sir Douglas interrupted. He advanced a few steps, and stood close to Lady Charlotte, looking down on her, as she afterwards expressed it, "most frightfully," while the hot spot vanished out of his cheek, and even his lips grew ashy pale.

"You have come to plead for her?" he said, in a low, strange tone. "Do not attempt it. It would be utterly in vain. My resolves are taken. Tell Gertrude — tell Lady Ross — that all is over forever between us. She may rouse me to wrath, she may rouse me to *madness*" (and he struck his breast wildly with his clenched hand as he spoke), "but the lost love, and the vanished trust, she will never raise to life again while *my* life lasts. Make no scandal of lamenting here, among servants and inferiors. Take her away. Do not speak. I will hear nothing. Do not write. I will read no letter that alludes to her. So far as lies in my power her very name (and, thank God, it is not a common one) shall never be uttered before me again."

He paused, and leaned his hand on the table among those scattered papers, to which Lady Charlotte's terrified and bewildered eyes mechanically followed. Then he resumed, in a stern, unnaturally quiet tone.

"All my arrangements are made. This house will be sold as soon as they can conveniently be carried out. I leave it in a few minutes forever. I have spoken to — to your daughter — about Neil's holidays at Glenrossie. She will have told you. There is war now threatening for England; and chances —— " (of death in battle for men desirous to die — was the thought; but he

did not give it utterance). He broke suddenly off. "I must wish you farewell, Lady Charlotte! I wish you farewell!"

Whether he vanished, or leaped out of the window, or went through one of the library doors like any other mortal Christian man, Lady Charlotte could never have told to her dying day. Gasping with terror and surprise far too real and intense for the little bursts of weeping in the embroidered pocket handkerchief, which were the ordinary safety valves of her emotion; dimly comprehending that it was a dreadful quarrel between him and Gertrude — not "ruin" of fortune, or rash speculation, that caused this bewildering outburst — the poor little woman tottered away, and crept back up the handsome staircase, desecrated by memories of Euesbia's triumphs, as far as the first landing. There she sat down to consider what she could possibly do next. Was she to wake Gertrude only to tell her all this? Her tired Gertrude, who lay slumbering so softly? Surely not! She must think; she must reflect; she could not yet even re-enter the drawing-room. She "didn't know what on earth to do." So Lady Charlotte sat on the landing in the half-lit house, leaning on a great roll of carpeting which was deposited there, "the family being out of town." And the under-housemaid passing that way saw the lady sitting thus strangely on the stairs; and not knowing what else to say, asked "if she would like some tea?" And Lady Charlotte, in an abstacted and despairing sort of way, replied, "Oh! dear no; never again — *never!*" And the under-housemaid told the housekeeper; and the two or three servants at the town-house came to quite as rapid a conclusion as the servants at Glenrossie. "Sir Douglas had come up to London in *such* a fluster; and had gone away without even saying good-by to my lady though she was in the drawing room; and my lady's mother had been sitting on the landing of the stairs, and had said she never would drink tea again!"

What *could* that mean but family disruption, separation, perhaps divorce?

All this while Gertrude slumbered on. Oh! how tranquil, and peaceful, and child-like, were those slumbers! No warning dream mingled with their stillness. She heard no sound of the rushing train speeding along blank lines, and under dull echoing tunnels, in the pale moonlight, to reach the great sea-port of England. No echo of the beating ocean splashing and heaving under the dark steamer, whose powerful revolving machinery was to carry away that grieving, angry heart; that deceived husband! She saw no visions of her Douglas sitting alone on the dim deck, leaning over the ship's side —

"Watching the waves that fled before his face" —

and seeing nothing there but his own sorrow.

She slept: — as children sleep, through a thunder-storm, or with death busy in the house; all outward things sealed from her perceptions; gently barred and shuttered out, — even as the common light was barred, by the closing against it of her smooth white eyelids.

And long after her mother had crept from the landing, up the second short flight of bare uncarpeted steps, into the room she had left, she still slept on!

And Lady Charlotte watched her with fear and trembling; wondering what she should do, and how comport herself when Gertrude should open those serene orbs and ask if Douglas had yet returned?

CHAPTER LIV.

HOW JOY VANISHED.

That moment came. The sweet eyes slowly lifted their long curtained lashes, with the transient bewilderment in them, of one who has slept in a strange place; and then the sweet lips smiled, and with a look of rest and refreshment in her countenance, she sat up and spoke the dreaded words:— "My darling mother, how fagged you look: is it very late? *Is Douglas come in?*"

In a moment more she had started to her feet; for Lady Charlotte looked vaguely at her, trembling, excessively, without attempting to answer the question.

"Mother, dearest mother, he *is* come, and you have seen him. My foolish Douglas! Where is he? Did he frighten you? Oh! it is all so base and bad, I wanted to wait till I had seen him, till all was well again, before you were pained by knowing! Where is he?" and she passed swiftly to the door as if to go to him.

Lady Charlotte flung her arms round her daughter.

"My darling Gertie, you must take patience; you must indeed: he wasn't fit to be spoken to: he wasn't really quite in his right mind; he was raving."

"Mother — do not detain me — I *must* see my husbahd! I had rather he struck

me dead than not attempt to meet now him and try to convince him of the truth. I know him! I know him! I know his inmost soul. He will hear *me*, if he will hear no one else. You don't know what has happened."

"Gertrude, my love, my dearest, — it is of no use — you — you can't see him — he is gone!"

"Gone where? Gone, — rather than meet me! Gone back to Scotland?"

"Oh! dear me, I'm sure I don't know where he is gone, or what he is at! He was as wild as Kenneth at Naples, only not so rude, (but much more dreadful!) and he said all sorts of shocking things about wrath, and madness, and not trusting and never seeing you again; and, that he wouldn't hear me speak of you, — and wouldn't read anything written about you, — and that your name should never be uttered before him as long as he lived!"

"And you let me sleep on!"

Lady Charlotte scarcely heard this exclamation, but continued hurriedly —

"And he said this house was to be sold; and that all his arrangements were made (whatever that might mean), and that he told you already about Glenrossie and Neil, — and" ——

"Oh, mother! oh, mother! oh, mother!" burst from Gertrude in such increasingly, wild hysterical, ascending tones, as thrilled through poor Lady Charlotte's very marrow.

"You let me sleep on! How could you let me sleep on? You have destroyed me! How could you? how *could* you? Oh, God!" and she vehemently disengaged herself from Lady Chatlotte's clinging embrace.

Then Gertrude had to bear what many persons in days of affliction have to bear, — namely, that in the midst of their greatest anguish, some lesser anguish from one they love or are bound to consider, breaks in, and claims their attention from their own misery.

For Lady Charlotte, thunderstruck at the tone of bitter reproach, and the gesture that accompanied it, from her ever-loving daughter, burst into tears on her own account; and kept sobbing out, —

"Oh! dear! oh! good gracious, Gertrude! that I should ever live to hear you speak to me in such a voice as that! your own mother! Oh dear me! If your poor father could have lived to hear such a thing? It isn't my fault that you've married such a violent man; all such violent men they are! Kenneth isn't a bit worse in reality than Douglas and Neil — yes, even dear Neil *has* his tempers! And I did mean to wake you as you bid me; but he alarmed me so, and went away like — like — like a flash of lightning from the sky! And after all he may come back again, just as oddly; and you shouldn't speak to me in that way! Oh! dear! oh dear me! Oh!"

"No; I ought not. You must forgive me, little mother. Don't cry any more — don't; it bewilders me! You do not know what has happened."

"Well, what *has* happened?" said Lady Charlotte, drying her tears, but still questioning in rather a peevish querulous manner. "You ought to have told me before. I ought to have known. I told you this afternoon that you had better tell me."

And she gave two or three final little sobs, and then withdrew the lace handkerchief and listened.

"Douglas has been led to believe that I am false at heart — and for Kenneth!" said Gertrude in a low sad voice, not unmixed with scorn.

"And how dare he believe any such thing? Now that is the man you thought so clever, Gertie; and so superior; and you *would* marry him; and I told you not to spoil, and you *did* spoil him. Nothing spoils a man like making him think that he is always in the right; for then he thinks himself of course in the right when he is entirely in the wrong; and if I were you, instead of grieving" ——

"Oh, mother, have pity on me. Have patience with me. If Douglas and I are really parted, I shall die of grief! I can't live if he thinks ill of me! I can't live if I do not see him. Where is he gone? Did he say where?"

"No, Gertie. He said in his wild way (just like Kenneth), that he was 'gone for ever!' But he can't go for ever; it's all nonsense; and a man *can't* leave home for ever all of a sudden in that sort of way; I dare say he only wanted to frighten me. I *was* very much frightened. Now, my darling Gertie," she added impatiently, "don't stand looking as if you were nothing but a stone image; pray don't! Shall I ask the housekeeper if *she* knows where he is gone? Only you know of course she'll guess there's a quarrel."

"Oh! what does that signify? What does anything signify but seeing him? Let me only see him — and then — come what come may!"

So Saying, Gertrude flung herself on a seat, and covered her face with her hand;

and her mother rang the bell in the second drawing-room, and summoned the housekeeper to the library.

The lamps were extinguished there, and the papers and packages cleared away. Nothing was visible when the housekeeper entered, and set her solitary candle on the high black marble mantlepiece, but a little ghastly litter, like a gleaned field by moonlight.

Lady Charlotte felt exceedingly embarrassed; it was so difficult to tell the servant that her daughter did not know where her husband was. At last she framed her question; with considerable circumlocution, and not without allusion to Sir Douglas's "hasty temper."

The housekeeper's own temper did not seem to be in a very favourable state, for she answered rather tartly that she "didn't know nothing," except that Sir Douglas had told her her services were not required after her month was up, "which was sudden enough, considering;" but as she understood the house was to be sold, there was no help for *that*. And as to where he was gone, she didn't know that, either, for *certain*, but he had been at the Horse Guards "unceasing," the last two days, his man said; and she understood from the same authority, that he was "proceedin' to the seat of war, "which Lady Charlotte knew as well as she did was "somewheres in the Crimera." He was gone by express train that evening, and she hoped my lady would not be offended, but she had orders to show the house for selling or letting as soon as it could be got ready, and it must be left *empty*.

All in a very curt, abrupt displeased manner, as became a housekeeper who comprehended that her "services were no longer required," because her master had quarrelled with his wife.

Lady Charlotte returned to Gertrude. She stammered out the evil news, looking fearfully in her daughter's face, as if expecting further reproaches.

But Gertrude only gave a low moan, and then, kissing her check, bade her go to rest.

"And you, child? and you my Gertie?"

"I will come when I have written to Lorimer Boyd at Vienna."

CHAPTER LV.

LORIMER BOYD.

When Lorimer Boyd got that letter, he behaved exactly like Sir Patrick Spens, in the old Scotch balled, when the King sends him the commission that drowns him and his companions (ships being as ill-built apparently in those days as in our own.)

> "The first line that Sir Patrick read
> A loud laugh laughed he.
> The second line that Sir Patrick read
> The tear blinded his 'ee."

Yes, Lorimer Boyd, laughed hysterically, like a foolish school-girl. Here was this woman, this angel (for though he never breathed it to mortal man, that was Lorimers private estimation of Gertrude Skifton), not only not valued, to the extent of her deserts, but actually thrown off, discarded, suspected, contemned, by the man who had the supreme good fortune to win her affections and marry her. Do hearts go blind, like eyes? and can they be couched, as of a cataract, — of that hard horny veil which grows and grows between them and the clear light of Heaven, obscuring all judgment, and makes them walk to the pit and precipice as though they were following the open road of natural life?

That Douglas should behave thus! Douglas!

But what was the use of pondering and pausing over that? Did not the letter tell him that it was so; and did not that letter — from her for whom Lorimer could have died — beseech his intervention, in order to communicate the real facts — to him for whom Gertrude would have died; and so set all well again between that blind heart, and the heart that was beating and bleeding with grief, in that fair woman's bosom?

In one thing more Lorimer copied the conduct of gallant Sir Patrick Spens. He instantly set about the task proposed to him, whether his own suffering might be involved in it or not.

While Gertrude was yet anxiously hoping a reply to her letter — promising that Lorimer would write those explanations to Sir Douglas which she had failed to make — Lorimer himself stood before her!

In her surprise, in her thankful gladness, to see him — bitter as it was to be better believed by her old tried friend than by her husband — she extended both hands eagerly towards him, and with a little sharp cry burst into tears.

The pulses in Lorimer's brain and heart throbbed loud and hard. Her tears thrilled through him. Sudden memories of her grievous weeping by the dead father she had so loved, whom he had been so kind to, came over him. Tears shed in girlhood when she

was *free* — free to marry whom she pleased, Lorimer himself, or any other man.

He stood mute, gazing at her; and then gave a hurried, hesitating greeting, a little more formal than usual. His longings were so great to take her madly in his arms, that he dared not touch her hand.

"Your letter — surprised me," he said in a thick suffocated voice, as he sat down.

"Yes," she said faintly, in reply.

"I am here to do your bidding. I have leave from my post in spite of this busy war-like, threatening time. I shall be in London quite long enough to get Douglas's reply."

"Yes."

"I would go to him, if you wished it."

She shook her head.

"It would be pleasanter — less painful, I mean — to *him*, to read a letter than to be spoken to — on such a subject — even by — so good and true a friend as you have always been to us."

She spoke with increasing agitation at every word; pausing; looking down.

Then suddenly those unequalled eyes looked up, and met his own.

"Oh! Lorimer Boyd, I feel so ashamed! And yet, you know — you *know*, I ought not. You know how I have loved my husband from first to last. From the days when he was a mere heroic vision, when *you* taught me to admire, to the days when I knew him — and he loved me!"

True. Yes. No doubt, Lorimer himself had turned the young girl's fancy to the ideal of love and bravery he had described to her. *He* had taught her (even while listening to his faithful ungainly self) to picture the stately Highland boy sighing in his alien home, petting and caressing first his brother and then his brother's son; the youth beloved and admired; the soldier of after-life, treading fields of glory where battles were lost and won.

Lorimer himself had taught her to love Douglas! Would he unteach her now, if that were possible? No. The double faith to both was well kept; though neither could ever know the cost. Blind-hearted friend — sweet dream of perfect womanhood — come together again, and be happy once more, if the old true comrade through life can serve you to that end.

Every day to Lady Charlotte's little decorated drawing-room — every evening, and almost mornings, came the familiar step and welcome face. He soothed and occupied those feverish hours of Gertrude's. He read to her. Ah! how his voice, deep, sweet, and melodious, reading passages from favourite authors, reminded *her*, also, of the first sorrow of her life, the illness and death of her father! How thankful she had felt to him then; how thankful she felt to him now. How her heart went out to him the day Neil went back to Eton, and she saw the tears stand in his eyes, holding the unconscious boy's hand in his own; looking at the fair open brow and candid eyes, shadowed by the dark clustering curls, so like her Douglas! Yes, Boyd was a *real* friend, and would help her if he could.

If he could.

But the day came when, from the hard-camp life of mismanaged preparations for war in far distant Crimea, a brief stern letter arrived from Sir Douglas Ross to Lorimer Boyd, returning him his own, and stating that he had perceived, on glancing at the first few lines, that his old friend and companion had touched on a topic of which no man could be the judge but himself, and which neither man or woman should ever moot with him again. That he besought him — by all the tender regard they had for each other from boyhood till the present hour — *not* to break friendship by recurring to it in any way or at any time. That occasional letters from Boyd should be the greatest comfort he could hope for on this side the grave, but if that one forbidden subject were alluded to, Sir Douglas would not read them.

And so the dream of hope ended! And all the comfort Lorimer could give was that, being innocent, the day would surely come when Gertrude would be cleared. That there was nothing so suicidal as hypocrisy, or so short-lived as the bubble blown by lying lips to glitter with many changing colours in the light of day. Lorimer built on some catastrophe to Frere and Alice more than on any effort of Gertrude's; but all trace of Frere was lost again; and what consolation could Gertrude receive from such dreams, when at any moment the precious life might be risked and lost — dearer than her own? Her Douglas dying — if he died — far away and unreconciled, was the haunting thought, the worm that gnawed her heart away.

Every day she pined more and more, and altered more and more in looks; insomuch that she herself, one twilight evening, passing by her own bust executed by Macdonald of Rome, and lit at that moment by the soft misty glow which marks the impeded sunset of a London drawing-room, paused and sighed, and said to herself, "Was I ever like that?"

The deep-lidded, calm eyes — which no modern sculptor ever has given with such

life-like grace and truth — the gentle youthful smile of the mouth — all seemed to mock her with their beauty, and, as the brief rose-tint vanished from the marble in the deepening grey of evening, to say to her, "Pine and fade, pine and fade, for love and joy are gone for ever!"

CHAPTER LVI.

A SEPARATED WIFE.

If the thought of distant Douglas was the worm that gnawed the heart of Gertrude, the worm that gnawed Lady Charlotte was what she termed "her daughter's position."

For it had flown like wild-fire round the town, first in Edinburgh, and then in London, that young Lady Ross and her elderly husband, had separated.

"A most shocking story my dear," with many shakes of the head.

"All the accidents were against her," her complaining parent declared.

Even an event which at first sight seemed a relief, the departure of Kenneth and Eusebia, had an evil result. For neither did that erratic couple depart together. Eusebia, after the most violent and frantic denunciations of Gertrude, whom she had accused of first seducing Kenneth from her, and then getting his uncle to forbid him the house, — declared that she neither could nor would live at Torrieburn. She would return to Spain; she would be free.

Packing therefore into their multifarious cases all the glittering jewels (paid and unpaid) which she had accumulated since her marriage; all the flashing fans, and fringed skirts, and black and white blonde, and Parisian patterns, which formed her study from morning to night, she set forth, as the housekeeper expressed it, "without saying with your leave or by your leave."

She never even inquired what was to become of Effie, or offered to say farewell to Kenneth.

But the latter, enraged more than grieved at her conduct, and doubly enraged at finding that by a singular coincidence Monzies of Craigievar had also chosen this especial time for a foreign tour, resolved to quit a scene so bitter to him as Torrieburn had become, and also to betake himself to Granada, whether for vengeance or reunion he himself could not have told.

Pale Effie, with her large loving eyes, entreated to go with him, but in vain. He would return for her. She must be patient. She must go and stay a little while with his mother. She must be a good girl: he couldn't be troubled with her just then.

With all these arrangements or disarrangements, Gertrude had certainly nothing to do; but the world told a very different story. She was a wily, profligate woman; her husband had renounced her; she had broken Eusebia's heart, and divided Kenneth and his once attached uncle for ever. Most of the ladies had "foreseen what it must come to." They could not think of leaving their cards at the house. They wondered Lady Charlotte should venture to force her daughter on society. They really pitied her for being Lady Ross's mother; they believed she had been a decently conducted wife herself, though an utter idiot, and of course quite an unfit guide for a person of young Lady Ross's propensities.

Some of them *did* hear that Sir Douglas was taking proceedings for a divorce, but the difficulty was that he did not wish to ruin the young man Kenneth Ross, who, indeed, had been "more sinned against than sinning," and that there was very great reluctance on the part of certain witnesses to come forward.

Sir Douglas's sister, for instance, was a very strict, pious, and modest young person, and she had openly declared she would sooner die than be questioned and cross-questioned in a court of justice.

It was a lamentable business altogether, and quite disgraceful.

Lady Charlotte, on the other hand, thought her poor Gertrude abominably ill-used in not being worshipped as a saint, and shrined as a martyr; besides being asked out every evening by the *crême de la crême* of society. She was for ever wailing and lamenting about some call not made, some card not sent in, some rudeness offered or supposed to be offered. She thought the Queen ought personally to interfere for the protection of her daughter. She worried poor Gertrude to death by little whimperings and petitions to "go this once, just to show you are asked," when some more than usually important occasion arose. To all pleadings that it was distasteful, unnecessary, and that even were all other circumstances happy, the absence of the soldier-husband, in a life of privation and danger, was surely excuse enough for not mingling with general society, — Lady Charlotte had her counter-arguments. It would not have signified "if nothing had happened — if nothing had been said;" "it was not for gaiety," it was to uphold her; and she *ought* to consider that it wasn't only herself, it

was Lady Charlotte,—it was the family that had to bear the disgrace.

When Mrs. Cregan endeavoured to console her by saying, "I don't believe any one of these women believe a single word of the stories against Lady Ross, or think the least ill of her in their secret hearts, but I *do* believe there are plenty of them who are delighted to *pretend* that they think ill of her," poor Lady Charlotte confusedly declared that *that* was exactly what pained her. "I wouldn't mind if Gertrude was *really* bad; I mean I should think it quite fair, though of course I suppose I should be vexed, being my own child. But when I *know* her to be so good, and they are all so violent and unreasonable—the Rosses of Glenrossie—I do really think the Queen ought to do something, and you see she does nothing, and there is no justice anywhere. I declare I think the people that abuse Gertrude ought to be punished. I know the tradesmen can't say things, and why should ladies? I mean that they can prosecute each other (tradesmen), because I had once a butcher who prosecuted the miller who served Mr. Skifton's father with flour: he prosecuted for being called 'a false-weighted rascal;' and I should like to know if that is as bad as the things they say of Gertrude? And there is my cousin, Lady Clochnaben; but I've written to Lorimer about *that*. It is too bad—really too bad—and enough to break one's heart."

Mrs. Cregan sighed compassionately.

"Well," she said, "I love my own girl as dearly, I think, as mother can love a child. But I declare that if I knew her to be virtuous, I should care no more for the insolence and slanders of these jealous, worldly, scandal-loving women than I should care for the hail that pattered down on the skylight of the house she was living in."

"Ah! Mrs. Cregan, but you haven't been tried, and you don't know what it is! So proud as I was of my Gertie! But I've written to Lorimer about the Clochnabens; that's one comfort."

It seemed a very slender comfort, for Lady Charlotte continued to apply her handkerchief to her eyes, and murmur to herself; but she had a strong and not misplaced confidence that Lorimer would rebuke his mother for "speaking ill of Gertrude, and refusing to call, and all that."

"I shouldn't wonder if he *made* her call—spiteful and bitter as she is, all because dear Gertie once said to her, 'This is worse than rude, it is cruel,' when she snubbed Mrs. Ross-Heaton! I hope he'll make her call."

Poor Lady Charlotte! why it should be a satisfaction to compel a visit from one "spiteful and bitter," and unwilling, let the great world of mysteries declare!

But Lorimer had written, sternly and somewhat too contemptuously on the subject, to his mother.

His mother did not answer him. The answer, such as it was, came from "the earl," and was worthy of the hand that penned it.

CHAPTER LVII.

SITTING IN JUDGMENT.

"My dear Lorimer,—My mother put your letter into my hands. I don't often write, but as she has requested me to do so on this—I must say disgraceful—business, I do so, and add my own opinion.

"You will bear in mind the *point de départ* whence she views this affair; (very different from your own *manière de voir*). *She* considers Lady Ross an artful woman who, after encouraging and having a *liaison* with a great blackguard (Kenneth Ross), and God knows how many more besides, inveigles you yourself into a similar situation. You were in and out of Lady Charlotte's house like a tame dog when last you were in England; and though, from the bad company Lady Ross has kept generally both at Naples and in Scotland, a *liaison* and intimacy with *you* would rather raise her character than injure it, in the estimation of the world; and though I presume you will insist that the lady has not infringed the seventh commandment, yet my mother feels she has a legitimate right to be astonished at your proposing a visit from *her* under the circumstances.

"She has never doubted but that your remaining unmarried is consequent on some former disappointment with regard to this woman; whose not very prudent sayings, both to and of my mother, are probably unknown to you. My mother has nothing to go upon, to believe in the absence of her criminality; and she considers your own real happiness (which could only be consulted by marriage) marred by this entanglement. She now puts it to you: Do you in proposing this concession of a visit to Lady Ross,—intend to marry? You cannot expect her to call while *your own* intimacy in that quarter subsists. You do not, for your own character's sake, contemplate, *if* you marry, continuing to see Lady Ross? Still less I presume of exacting from your future wife that *she* should visit her? No

girl worthy your seeking would accept you on such terms. The world would not understand it. *I* would not.

"My mother's calling, of course, would be an *éclatant* testimony in Lady Ross's favour, and she has no objection to fulfil your object. But we both feel that had there been no intimacy between you and Lady R., you never could have wished any female members of your family to continue her acquaintance. You would make no excuses for her: you would simply think what THE WORLD thinks; and the opinion of the world is what you have chiefly to bear in mind. Society will of course place her higher the day after LADY CLOCHNABEN has called, than she has stood since her separation from her husband; but my mother will be more easily placated and managed, if she thinks, for the attainment of the object you have in view, you don't go beyond what is absolutely required. None of us would approve of that. The world would not. If she calls *once*, she considers that will be sufficient.

"I won't give way to the apprehension that my letter can annoy you, or that there is anything in it distasteful to you to read. I hope you consider *me* a privileged person.

"Where my mother gets all the gossip from about Lady R., I can't guess. Mother H. I should think: only I doubt her being so well informed.

"Do not think me *pédant*, or dry; I enter, on the contrary, into your present feelings, but I think a year hence you will change your views as to the propriety of the step which my mother is ready to take, *on the express understanding already set forth in my letter;* and I think you have (or rather Lady Ross has) no right not to be satisfied with the conditions. YOU have nothing to answer for, if her character is tainted. The evil was done before *your* time.

"I once more assure you I have no intention to hurt your feelings by these observations. I speak my mind as a looker-on, and as a man who has been, many years since, himself on the verge of making irrecoverable sacrifices, and who now only feels thankful that he was *suffered to escape.*

"Your affectionate Brother,

"CLOCHNABEN."

That Lorimer read this letter through without grinding it under his heel like Kenneth, speaks much for his natural or acquired patience.

YE WORKING-MEN OF ENGLAND.

YE Working-men of England,
Who know how humbug deals,
Whose sense detects its little game
In BRADLAUGH and in BEALES—
To those who'd mould you bone and brain
As Potter's clay, say no,
Nor keep, like the sheep,
The way your leaders go—
Where the spouter spouteth loud and long,
And the penny trumpets blow!

If wiser than your fathers,
Why worse than they behave?
Why be the prey of every fool,
The dupes of every knave?
Where BRIGHT and gallant GLADSTONE fell,
Can BEALES and BRADLAUGH go?
You must creep e'er you leap,
Let fools prate ever so:
Let the spouters spout both loud and long,
And the penny trumpets blow

BRITANNIA loves not humbug,
And big-talk holdeth cheap;
The chartered rights of Englishmen
Law gave and Law will keep.
By roots deep as our native oak's
Secured those rights we know,
King nor nob, still less mob
Those rights can overthrow,—
Nor the spouters, spouting loud and long,
Nor the penny prints that crow!

Then hoist the flag of England,
Red caps and banners burn,
Till the spouters' spouting wins no heed,
And common-sense return.
Then, Working-men of England,
Will *Punch* his trumpet blow,
To the fame of your name
When the BEALES has ceased to blow—
When the fiery BRADLAUGH's heard no more,
And the BEALES has ceased to blow!

—*Punch.*

From the Saturday Review.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

By far the most remarkable of the American works at present before us is one which its author justly describes as being an historical essay rather than a biography, and which is perhaps more truly a study of character than of history. The reader who should take it up with the hope of finding in it anything like a connected account of the reign or life of the extraordinary man whose name is placed on the title-page* would be disappointed with it. But regarded as it should be, simply as an inquiry into one of the most curious psychological problems which history suggests, it is a work of no ordinary interest. Of all the men who played a great and terrible part in the struggle of the sixteenth century, and who, when the passions which animated those struggles had died away, came to be judged by history according to the laws of a new morality and in the light of a civilization to which hey were strangers, none has received a more general or more merciless condemnation than Philip II. of Spain. This was but natural, so long as historians continued to content themselves with the coarse and unmixed colours in which public opinion always paints the heroes and the villains of its fancy, and failed to apply to the men of the past the more enlightened philosophy which all educated and thoughtful persons have learnt to employ in judging their contemporaries, and which has dispelled among them the popular belief in human demigods and incarnate demons. It is only when history comes to make use of the highest lessons of psychology as well as to comprehend the spirit and the ideas of the past ages with which she deals, that it becomes possible, we do not say to render ustice to, but even to conceive, the character of Philip II. There is nothing in that character to attract the enthusiasm of a professional rehabilitator — nothing to awaken he sympathies of those in whose hands the practical power of pronouncing the judgment of posterity is at present reposed. Philip was the champion of a wrong cause — of intolerance, bigotry, and darkness; and his personal conduc and temper had in it nothing to redeem the errors of his political course. He had none of the chivalric brilliancy of Francis, none of the bluff manliness of Henry, none of the imperial spirit and heroic energy of his father, alike terrible in the field, formidable in diplomacy, and imposing amid the pageantry of a Court. His domestic life was as gloomy, dreary, and bigoted, his demeanour and temper as dark and repulsive, as his public policy. It is easy, even for comparatively tolerant and catholic students of history, to believe him to have been in truth the utterly wicked and hateful being that historical prejudice paints him. And the present essayist has done wisely, therefore, in prefixing to his inquiry into the life and character of such a man the story of his death — the one scene in his history which exhibits him in a favourable light. Philip II. died amid such torments of body as have very rarely indeed intensified the horrors of death — in such suffering as the rack and the wheel, the axe and the faggot, never inflicted on his victims. For days and weeks he lay in indescribable anguish, amid squalor and fetor, which we will not sicken our readers by endeavouring to portray, his body rotting away while the mind was still alive in all its strength and all its susceptibility to suffering and yet no murmur of impatience, no expression that did not breathe the most perfect resignation to the will of God, escaped from his lips. Dying a death which reminded his enemies of the end of Herod, he was never haunted by the spectres of the men whom he had caused to die by fire and sword, by the axe and the gibbet; he had no remorseful thoughts of those whom he had caused to be assassinated by shot or steel or poison; he died as full of Christian hope and patience, so far as his own demeanour and the observation of all around him could testify, as the most innocent and most faithful of the thousand martyrs who had suffered by his command. It needs such a proof of sincerity to induce us to listen with any degree of belief to the theory that all the crimes of this man — crimes which every religion and every code of morality, royal or popular, Catholic or Protestant, heathen or Christian, has alike condemned, secret murders as well as judicial atrocities, the assassination of friends and relatives as well as of public enemies — were in his own estimation acts of Christian virtue; that this remorseless tyrant was at the same time a devout and earnest believer. It is difficult to account for his character on any other supposition than that indicated by the writer; that he was firmly possessed with a conviction of his own royal superiority to all secular laws and rights, as well as of the infallibility of the Church, and that

* *Philip II. of Spain.* By Charles Gayarre, Author of "History of Louisiana, under the French, Spanish, and American Domination," &c., &c. With an Introductory Letter by George Bancroft. New York: W. T. Widdleton. 1866. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

be really and consistently carried out to the full extent of which it is capable the doctrine that the end justifies the means — a doctrine which probably no other man ever pushed to its logical consequences. The study of such a character, and of the various questions which arise from its contemplation, cannot fail to have a deep interest for a very large number of readers, and Mr. Gayarré's work is likely to enjoy a wider popularity than books of so limited and peculiar a scope commonly attain.

Of the numberless volumes which the American civil war has produced, certainly not the least interesting, according to its very limited size and pretensions, is the narrative of an officer who served "With Sheridan in Lee's last Campaign."* A certain flippancy and boastfulness which at times disfigures it, and which is peculiarly offensive when it is employed to express a kind of contempt for the brave men who adhered to the falling cause to the last, and who in the darkest hour of its fortunes still maintained a hopeless struggle against four-fold odds, is its worst fault. But, when writing seriously, the author is not ungenerous in his treatment of the defeated Confederates, and his lively sketch of a brief but very exciting episode in the war, beginning with the movement which threatened to cut Lee off from the South, and compelled the evacuation of Richmond, and ending with the surrender of the Virginian army, will be read without irritation by the warmest friends of the defeated party. It is the history of a few days, but those few days were the most eventful in the war. A particularly interesting passage, and one marked by unusual good taste and feeling, is the brief account of the surrender. The writer was not actually present at the interview, but he was on the spot, and was seated with others in the verandah in front of the house where it took place, when the Confederate Commander-in-Chief quitted it: —

In a moment Colonel Babcock came out, smiling, whirled his hat round his head once, and beckoned Generals Ord and Sheridan to come in. They walked the floor silently, as people do who have first peep at a baby, and after a while General Lee came out and signalled to his orderly to bridle his horse. While this was being done, he stood on the lowest step of the piazza (we had all risen respectfully as he passed down), and looking over into the valley towards his army, smote his hands together several times in an absent sort of way, utterly unconscious of the people about him, and seeming to see nothing till his horse was led in front of him. As he stood there he appeared to be about sixty years of age; a tall, soldierly figure of a man, with a full gray beard, a new suit of gray clothes, a high gray felt hat, with a cord, long buckskin gauntlets, high riding boots, and a beautiful sword. He was all that our fancy had painted him, and he had the sympathy of us all as he rode away.

An able and interesting account of the battle of Chancellorsville,* from the pens of two Confederate officers of rank appears to belong to a series of narratives describing the principle battles in which the Army of Northern Virginia — at first commanded by General Joseph Johnstone, and afterwards by General Lee — was engaged. To this is added a simple and matter-of-fact but not on that account the less touching, history of the last hours of the great and good man to whose skill and daring that brilliant success was mainly due, and who fell by the fire of his own men in the moment of victory. It appears that the first suggestion of the daring march around the enemy's flank, in violation of all the established rules of war, by which the day was won, was due to Stonewall Jackson. But the courage and discipline which rendered it possible — which made it safe for General Lee to divide his army in face of a vastly superior enemy, and to undertake with 15,000 men to hold 60,000 at bay during the whole time occupied by Jackson's manœuvre — reflect as much honour on the Virginian army as the strategy which put it to such use confers upon the memory of its favourite hero. A report from General Hooker renders justice to the admirable discipline of his enemy, while it very unduly depreciates the personal qualities of the Southern soldiery. There can be no doubt that the troops which conquered at Manassas before they had been enrolled three months, which held their own on every occasion against enormous odds, and compelled the North three or four times to renew and re-organize the army of the Potomac, were equal in natural military virtues to any soldiery in the world; at the same time we may freely accept General Hooker's assertion that they were greatly superior in discipline, not only to their adversaries, but to

* *With General Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign.* By a Staff Officer Philadelphia: T. B. Lippincott & Co. London: Samson Low & Co. 1866.

* *The Battle-fields of Virginia. Chancellorsville; embracing the operations of the Army of Northern Virginia, form the first battle of Fredericksburg to the Death of Lieutenant-General Jackson* — By Jed. Hotchkiss, late Captain and Topographical Engineer, Second Corps, A.N.V. and William Allen, late Lieutenant-Colonel and Chief of Ordnance Second Corps, A. N. V. New York: D. Van Nostrand. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

any other of the Southern armies. We may also observe that the army of the Potomac had been so badly handled at Manassas, on the Chickahominy, at Centreville, and at Fredericsburg, that it was thoroughly demoralized; that of all its generals up to this time M'Clellan alone had contrived to secure the respect and confidence of his men; and that troops which had been commanded by braggarts like Pope and Hooker, and hurled against the Confederate batteries by Burnside, were sure to distrust their commander, while their unvaried series of disasters must have shaken their faith in themselves. On the other hand the Confederates had a confidence in Lee, Longstreet, and Jackson which amounted to wild enthusiasm. It does honour to the natural bravery and devotion of the Northern soldiers, that, under commanders who deserved their trust, they always behaved well. Under Sheridan, and Pleasanton, under Meade and Grant, even under M'Clellan, they were often beaten, but never disgraced. When we find that, when Hooker took the command, 2,000 officers and 80,000 men were missing from the army as deserters or on furlough, it is not difficult to believe that even a better general might have lost the battle at Chancellorsville.

Three Years in the Field Hospitals * is an account of the experience of a lady, who being brought by circumstances in contact with the wounded from the field of Antietam, was induced to devote herself to a nurse's duties during the remainder of the war. It is, unhappily marked, by a temper more patriotic than generous. The authoress may have been distinguished in works of patriotism and charity, but she can certainly claim no exemption from the narrowness of spirit and pettiness of malice which ill-nature attributes to feminine patriots.

Mr. Whipple's *Character and Characteristic Men* † is a series of reprinted essays or lectures on different types of human or national character, and on individual men of general or local distinction, which are perhaps a little heavy for the ordinary reader, but are enlivened by a number of striking incidents and sayings, some of them familiar, but nearly all amusing or interesting, and display a good deal of thought and study of an original kind. The paper on Thackeray brings out clearly and forcibly that peculiarity of the great humourist's writings which his friends endeavour to excuse when they deny the charge of cynicism, and which gives to his novels in particular that painful influence which they certainly possess — that power of damping enthusiasm and inspiring a sad and depreciatory estimate of human nature and human affairs, which all who have read them before they have learnt the same lessons from the experience of life must have felt. As Mr. Whipple justly observes, the characteristic quality of Thackeray's writing ought not so much to be called cynicism as scepticism — a scepticism applied, not to theology, but to humanity, and tending from a distrust in mankind to a disbelief in, or indifference to, all human aims and aspirations. The critic justly remarks that we must judge a writer by his writings, and not by his life; and that, if such be the tendency of Thackeray's works, it is no answer to say that his private character was genial, generous, and untinged by cynicism. Perhaps the most remarkable of the papers are those on the American Mind, on the English Mind, and on General Washington. In accusing English literature and thought of coarseness and want of refinement, and English politics of violence and rudeness, we know not whence Mr. Whipple takes his standard of comparison; assuredly, if the comparison intended is between England and America, the censure is wholly unwarranted. We rather fancy that, respecting literature, Mr. Whipple's notions are derived from Shakspeare and Fielding, in which case he has made the clumsy mistake of attributing to a nation the qualities of an age. His estimate of his own countrymen is more valuable, though it would have been much more interesting had he shown more at length the circumstances which have given its peculiar bent to the genius and thought of America, and turned it from war, politics, science, and literature to mechanics and commerce. In the address upon Washington he enters an indignant protest against a tendency in which we recognise the worst vice of democracy — the tendency of orators to flatter the commonplace majority by representing great men as commonplace in character and intellect, and great by force of will or of circumstances: implying that what they did any of the speaker's hearers might in their place have accomplished. Mr. Whipple's vindication of the genius and moral and intellectual grandeur of the American hero is eloquent and just. We should observe that nearly all these essays were written before the civil war — a circumstance which gives to some of them

* *Three Years in Field Hospitals of the Army of the Potomac.* By Mrs. H. Philadelphia: T. B. Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

† *Character and Characteristic Men* By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Tickuor & Fields. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

as obsolete an air as would attach among ourselves to similar papers written before the Reform Act of 1832.

Historical Memoirs of the Society of Friends * is a species of abridged history of the earlier part of the existence and growth of a religious body which appears by this time to have passed the culminating point of its fortunes and influence. The narrative is given in the form of personal memoirs of the most eminent members of the sect. The tone and temper of the writer indicate a degree of bigotry which is not, we should fancy, now very common among his fellow-sectaries; but as a certain degree of hero-worship is almost essential to a good biography, so the historian of a sect is likely to do all the more justice to the character and conduct of its founders and confessors if he attaches an exaggerated importance to the forms and doctrines which they established, to the peculiar principles for which they laboured and suffered. A man would not make the story of early Quakerism attractive who believed, with Macaulay, that Penn was a hypocrite and Fox a madman.

The Knights Templars of Pennsylvania † is an account of a peculiar Masonic society having branches in Europe as well as in America, which claims descent from the Orders of the Temple and St. John, as well as a close relation to Freemasonry, all the Knights Templars being obliged to show a diploma as Royal Arch Masons. The Book is written for the Order, and to its members the pretensions which it upholds may possibly appear interesting and credible.

Our Artist in Peru ‡ is the title of a series of clever little comic sketches, representing some of the incidents of a voyage to Lima by way of Panama, by Mr. Carleton, author of *Our Artist in Cuba*. Mr. Miller, of Broadway publishes a guide-book * to New York, which seems likely to be of service to the traveller who knows what he wants to do or to see, but it falls far short of those excellent works of Murray's which tell him what he ought to wish to see, and even the general American Handbook which we recently noticed.

Some volumes of poetry are among the productions of last month, of which by far the most interesting is an exquisitely illustrated and beautifully printed edition of *The Culprit Fay*, † written by Mr. J. R. Drake, in 1819, suggested, is is said, by a question as to the possibility of constructing a fairy tale whose interest should not be derived from human actors. The poem itself is not very familiar to English readers, and its intrinsic attractions are greatly enhanced by the admirable drawings which embellish the present edition. *The Tent on the Beach* ‡ is the title of a new poem by Mr. J. G. Whittier, including a variety of minor pieces, introduced in the course of its simple story. In addition to these we find, among others a very large and various collection of poems, American and English, compiled by C. A. Dana, under the title of *The Household Book of Poetry*. §

From the Cornhill Magazine.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

I.

Fairy times, gifts, music and dances are said to be over, or, as it has been said, they come to us disguised and made familiar by habit that they do not seem to us strange. H. and I, on either side of the hearth, these long past winter evenings could sit without fear of fiery dwarfs skipping out of the ashes, of black puddings coming down the chimney to molest us. The clock ticked,

* *Select Historical Memoirs of the Religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers*; being a succinct account of their Character and Course during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By William Hodgson. Second Edition. Philadelphia: T. B. Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

† *History of the Knights Templar of the State of Pennsylvania, from February, 14th*, A.D. 1794, *A.O.* 676, *to November* 13*th*, A.D. 1866, *A.O.* 748, *A. O. E. P* 69. Prepared and arranged from Original Papers, together with the Constitution, Divisions, Resolutions, and Forms of the R. E. Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania. Alfred Creigh, LL.D., T. E. T. 33°, Historiographer of Knights Templar of Pennsylvania and of the United States; Author of "Masonry and Anti-Masonry," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

‡ *Our artist in Peru*. (Fifty Drawings on Wood.) Leaves from the Sketch-book of a Traveller during the Winter of 1865-6. By George H. Carleton, Author of "Our Artist in Cuba," &c. New York: Carleton. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1866.

* *Miller's New York as it it; or Stranger's Guide-book to the Cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Adjacent Places.* Comprising notices of every object of interest to Strangers, including Public-Buildings, Churches, Hotels, Places of Amusement, Literary Institutions, &c. New York: J. Miller. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

† *The Culprit Fay*. A Poem. By Joseph Rodman Drake. With One Hundred Illustrations by Arthur Lumley. New York: Carleton. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

‡ *The Tent on the Beach, and other Poems*. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Trubner & Co. 1867.

§ *The Household Book of Poetry*. Collected and Edited by Charles A. Dana. Eleventh Edition, revised and enlarged. New York: D. Appleton, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

the window-pane rattled. It was only the wind. The hearth-brush remained motionless on its hook. Pussy dozing on the hearth with her claws quietly opening to the warmth of the blaze, purred on and never once startled us out of our usual placidity by addressing us in human tones. The children sleeping peacefully upstairs were not suddenly whisked away and changelings deposited in their cribs. If H. or I opened our mouths pearls and diamonds did not drop out of them, but neither did frogs and tadpoles fall from between our lips. The looking-glass tranquilly reflecting the comfortable little sitting-room, and the stiff ends of H.'s cap-ribbons, spared us visions of wreathing clouds parting to reveal distant scenes of horror and treachery. Poor H.! I am not sure but that she would have gladly looked in a mirror in which she could have sometimes seen the images of those she loved; but our chimney-glass, with its gilt-moulding and bright polished surface, reflects only such homely scenes as two old women at work by the fire, some little Indian children at play upon the rug, the door opening and Susan bringing in the tea-things. As for wishing-cloths and little boiling pots, and such like, we have discovered that instead of rubbing lamps, or spreading magic tablecloths upon the floor, we have but to ring an invisible bell (which is even less trouble), and a smiling genius in a white cap and apron brings in anything we happen to fancy. When the clock strikes twelve, H. puts up her work and lights her candle; she has not yet been transformed into a beautiful princess all twinkling with jewels, neither does a scullion ever stand before me in rags; she does not murmur farewell for ever and melt through the key-hole, but "Good-night," as she closes the door. One night at twelve o'clock, just after she had left me, there was indeed a loud orthodox ring at the bell, which startled us both a little; H. came running down again without her cap, Susan appeared in a great alarm from the kitchen. "It is the back-door bell, ma'am," said the girl, who had been sitting up over her new Sunday gown, but who was too frightened to see who was ringing.

I may as well explain that our little house is in a street, but that our back windows have the advantage of overlooking the grounds of the villa belonging to our good neighbour and friend Mr. Griffiths in Castle Gardens, and that a door opens out of our little back garden into his big one, of which we are allowed to keep the key. This door had been a postern gate once upon a time, for a pit of the old wall of the park is still standing, against which our succeeding bricks have been piled. It was a fortunate chance for us when our old ivy-tree died and we found the quaint little door-way behind it. Old Mr. Griffiths was alive then, and when I told him of my discovery he good-naturedly cleared the way on his side, and so the oak turned once more upon its rusty hinges to let the children pass through, and the nursemaid, instead of pages and secret emissaries and men-at-arms; and about three times a year young Mr. Griffiths stoops under the arch on his way to call upon us. I say young Mr. Griffiths, but I suppose he is over thirty now, for it is more than ten years since his father died.

When I opened the door, in a burst of wind and wet, I found that it was Guy Griffiths who stood outside bareheaded in the rain, ringing the bell that winter night. "Are you up?" he said. "For heaven's sake come to my mother, she's fainted; her maid is away; the doctor doesn't come. I thought you might know what to do." And then he led the way through the dark garden, hurrying along before me.

Poor lady, when I saw her I knew that it was no fainting-fit, but a paralytic stroke, from which she might perhaps recover in time; I could not tell. For the present there was little to be done: the maids were young and frightened; poor Guy wanted some word of sympathy and encouragement. So far I was able to be of use. We got her to bed and took off her finery,—she had been out at a dinner-party, and had been stricken on her return home,—Guy had discovered her speechless in the library. The poor fellow, frightened and overcome, waited about, trying to be of help, but he was so nervous that he tumbled over us all, and knocked over the chairs and bottles in his anxiety, and was of worse than no use. His kind old shaggy face looked pale, and his brown eyes *ringed* with anxiousness. I was touched by the young fellow's concern, for Mrs. Griffiths had not been a tender mother to him. How she had snapped and laughed at him, and frightened him with her quick sarcastic tongue and hard unmotherlike ways. I wondered if she thought of this as she lay there cold, rigid, watching us with glassy senseless eyes.

The payments and debts and returns of affection are at all times hard to reckon. Some people pay a whole treasury of love in return for a stone, others deal out their affection at interest, others again take everything, to the uttermost farthing, and cast it into the ditch and go their way and leave their

benefactor penniless and a beggar. Guy himself, hard-headed as he was, and keen over his ledgers in Moorgate Street, could not have calculated such sums as these. All that she had had to give, all the best part of her shallow store, poor Julia Griffiths had paid to her husband, who did not love her: to her second son, whose whole life was a sorrow to his parents. When he died she could never forgive poor Guy for living still, for being his father's friend and right hand, and sole successor. She had been a real mother to Hugh, who was gone; to Guy, who was alive still and patiently waiting to do her bidding, she had shown herself only a stepdame; and yet I am sure no life-devoted mother could have been more anxiously watched and tended by her son. Perhaps — how shall I say what I mean? — if he had loved her more and been more entirely one with her now, his dismay would have been less, his power greater to bear her pain, to look on at her struggling agony of impotence. Even pain does not come between the love of people who really love.

The doctor came and went, leaving some comfort behind him. Guy sat up all that night burning logs on the fire in the dressing room, out of the bedroom in which Mrs. Griffiths was lying. Every now and then I went into him and found him sitting over the hearth shaking his great shaggy head, as he had a way of doing, and biting his fingers, and muttering, "Poor soul, poor mother." Sometimes he would come in creaking on tiptoe; but his presence seemed to agitate the poor woman, and I was obliged to motion him back again. Once when I went in and sat down for a few minutes in an arm-chair beside him, he suddenly began to tell me that there had been trouble between them that morning. "It made it very hard to bear," he said. I asked him what the trouble had been. "I told her I thought I should like to marry," Guy confessed with a rueful face. (Even then I could hardly help smiling.) "Selfish beast that I am. I upset her, poor soul. I behaved like a brute." His distress was so great that it was almost impossible to console him, and it was in vain to assure him that the attack had been produced by physical causes. "Do you want to marry any one in particular?" I asked at last, to divert his thoughts, if I could, from the present. "No," said he; "at least — of course she is out the question — only I thought perhaps some day I should have liked to have a wife and children and a home of my own. Why, the counting-house is not so dreary as this place sometimes seems to me." And then, though it was indeed no time for love-confidences, I could not help asking him who it was that was out of the question.

Guy Griffiths shrugged his great round shoulders impatiently, and gave something between a groan and sigh, and a smile, — (dark and sulky as he looked at times, a smile brightened up his grim face very pleasantly).

"She don't even know my name," he said. "I saw her one night at the play, and then in a lane in the country a little time after. — I found out who she was. She's a daughter of old Barly the stock-broker. Belinda they call her — Miss Belinda. It's rather a silly name, isn't it?" (This, of course, I politely denied.) "I'm sure I don't know what there is about her," he went on in a gentle voice; "all the fellows down there were head over ears in love with her. I asked — in fact I went down to Farmborough in hopes of meeting her again. I never saw such a sweet young creature — never. I never spoke to her in my life." "But you know her father?" I asked. "Old Barly? — Yes," said Guy. "His wife was my father's cousin, and we are each other's trustees for some money which was divided between me and Mrs. Barly. My parents never kept up with them much, but I was named trustee in my father's place when he died. I didn't like to refuse. I had never seen Belinda then. Do you like sweet sleepy eyes that wake up now and then? Was that my mother calling?" For a minute he had forgotten the dreary present. It all came rushing back again. The bed creaked, the patient had moved a little on her pillow, aud there was a gleam of some intelligence in her pinched face. The clock struck four in quick tinkling tones; the rain seemed to have ceased, and the clouds to be parting; the rooms turned suddenly chill though the fires were burning.

When I went home, about five o'clock, all the stars had come out and were shooting brilliantly overhead. The garden seemed full of a sudden freshness and of secret life stirring in the darkness; the sick woman's light was burning faintly, and in my own window the little bright lamp was flickering which H.'s kind fingers had trimmed and put there ready for me when I should return. When we reached the little gate Guy opened it and let me pass under some dripping green creeper which had been blown loose from the wall. He took my old hand in both his big ones, and began to say something that ended in a sort of in-

articulate sound as he turned away and trudged back to his post again. I thought of the many meetings and partings at this postern gate, and last words and protestations. Some may have been more sentimental perhaps than this one, but Guy's grunt of gratitude was more affecting to me than many a long string of words. I felt very sorry for him, poor old fellow, as I barred the door and climbed upstairs to my room. He sat up watching till the morning. But I was tired and soon went to sleep.

II.

Some people do very well for a time. Chances are propitious, the way lies straight before them up a gentle inclined plane, with a pleasant prospect on either side. They go rolling straight on, they don't exactly know how, and take it for granted that it is their own prudence and good driving and deserts which have brought them prosperously so far upon their journey. And then one day they come to a turnpike and destiny pops out of its little box and demands a toll, or prudence trips, or good sense shies at a scarecrow put up by the wayside, — or nobody knows why, but the whole machine breaks down on the road and can't be set going again. And then other vehicles go past it, hand-trucks, perambulators, cabs, omnibuses, and great prosperous barouches, and the people who were sitting in the broken-down equipage get out and walk away on foot.

On that celebrated and melancholy Black Monday of which we have all heard, poor John Barly and his three daughters came down the carpeted steps of their comfortable sociable for the last time and disappeared at the wicket of a little suburban cottage, — disappeared out of the prosperous, pompous, highly-respectable circle in which they had gyrated, dragged about by two fat bay horses, in the greatest decorum and respectability; dining out, receiving their friends, returning their civilities. Miss Barlys had left large cards with their names engraved upon them in return for other large cards upon which were inscribed equllay respectable names, and the addresses of other equally commodious family mansions. A mansion — so the house-agents tell us — is a house like another with the addition of a back staircase. The Barlys and all their friends had back staircases to their houses and to their daily life as well. They only wished to contemplate the broad, swept, carpeted drawing-room flights. Indeed to Anna and Fanny Barly this making the best of things, card-leaving and visiting, seemed a business of vital importance. The youngest of the girls, who had been christened by the pretty silly name of Belinda, had only lately come home from school, and did not value these splendours and proprieties so highly as her sisters did. She had no great love for the life they led. Sometimes looking over the balusters of their great house in Capulet Square she had yawned out loud from very weariness, and then she would hear the sound echoing all the way up to the skylight and reverberating down from baluster to baluster. If she went into the drawing-room, instead of the yawning echoes the shrill voices of Anna and of Fanny were vibrating monotonously as they complimented Lady Ogden upon her new barouche, until Belinda could bear it no longer and would jump up and run away to her bedroom to escape it all. She had a handsome bedroom, draped in green damask, becarpeted, four-posted, with an enormous mahogany wardrobe of which poor Belle was dreadfully afraid, for the doors would fly open of their own accord in the dead of night, revealing dark abysses and depths unknown, with black ghosts hovering suspended or motionless and biding their time. There were other horrors: shrouds waving in the blackness, feet stirring, and low creakings of garotters, which she did not dare to dwell upon as she hastily locked the doors and pushed the writing-table against them.

It must therefore be confessed, that to Belinda the days had been long and oppressive sometimes in this handsomely appointed Tyburnean palace. Anna, the eldest sister, was queen-regnant; she had both ability and inclination to take the lead. She was short, broad, and dignified, and some years older than either of her sisters. Her father respected her business-like mind, admired her ambition, regretted sometimes secretly that she had never been able to make up her mind to accept any of the eligible young junior partners, the doctor, the curate, who had severally proposed to her. But then of course, as Anna often said, they could not possibly have got on without her at home. She had been in no hurry to leave the comfortable kingdom where she reigned in undisputed authority, ratifying the decisions of the ministry downstairs, appealed to by the butler, respectfully dreaded by both the housemaids. Who was there to go against her? Mr. Barly was in town all day and left everything to her; Fanny, the second sister, was her

faithful ally. Fanny was sprightly, twenty-one, with black eyes and a curl that was much admired. She was fond of fashion, flirting, and finery, inquisitive, talkative, feeble-minded, and entirely devoted to Anna. As for Belle, she had only come back from school the other day. Anna could not quite understand her at times. Fanny was of age and content to do as she was bid; here was Belle at eighteen asserting herself very strangely. Anna and Fanny seemed to pair off somehow, and Belle always had to hold her own without any assistance, unless, indeed, her father was present. He had a great tenderness and affection for his youngest child, and the happiest hour of the day to Belinda was when she heard him come home and call for her in his cheerful quavering voice. By degrees it seemed to her as she listened, that the cheerfulness seemed to be dying away out of his voice, and only the quaver remained; but that may have been fancy and because she had taken a childish dislike to the echoes in the house.

At dinner-time Anna used to ask her father how things were going on in the City, and whether shirtings had risen any higher, and at what premium the Tre Rosas shares were held in the market. These were some shares in a Cornish mine company of which Mr. Barly was a director. Anna thought so highly of the whole concern that she had been anxious to invest a portion of her own and her sister Fanny's money in it. They had some small inheritance from their mother, of part of which they had the control when they came of age; the rest was invested in the Funds in Mr. Griffiths' name, and could not be touched. Poor Belle, being a minor, had to be content with sixty pounds a year for her pin-money, which was all she could get for her two thousand pounds.

When Anna talked business Mr. Barly used to be quite dazzled by her practical clear-headedness, her calm foresight and powers of rapid calculation. Fanny used to prick up her ears and ask, shaking her curl playfully, how much girls must have to be heiresses, and did Anna think they should ever be heiresses? Anna would smile and nod her head, in a calm and chastened sort of way, at this childish impatience. "You should be very thankful, Frances, for all you have to look to, and for your excellent prospects. Emily Ogden, with all her fine airs, would not be sorry to be in your place." At which Fanny blushed up bright red, and Belinda jumped impatiently upon her chair, blinked her white eyelids impatiently over her clear grey eyes, as she had a way of doing. "I can't bear talking about money," said she; "anything is better . . . ." Then she too stopped short and blushed.

"Papa," interrupted Fanny playfully, "when will you escort us to the pantomime again? The Ogdens are all going next Tuesday, and you have been most naughty and not taken us anywhere for such a long time."

Mr. Barly, who rarely refused anything anybody asked him, pushed his chair away from the table and answered, with strange impatience for him, — "My dear, I have had no time lately for plays and amusements of any sort. After working from morning to night for you all I am tired, and want a little peace of an evening. I have neither spirits nor"——

"Dear papa," said Belinda eagerly, "come up into the drawing-room and sit in the easy-chair, and let me play you to sleep." As she spoke, Belinda smiled a delightful fresh, sweet, tender smile, like sunshine falling on a fair landscape. No wonder the little stockbroker was fond of his youngest daughter. Frances was pouting. Anna frowned slightly as she locked up the wine and turned over in her mind whether she might not write to the Ogdens and ask them to let Frances join their party; as for Belinda, playing Mozart to her father in the dim drawing-room upstairs, she was struck by the worn and harassed look in his face as he slept, snoring gently in accompaniment to her music. It was the last time Belle ever played upon the old piano. Three or four days after the crash came. The great Tre Rosas Mining Company (Limited) had failed, and the old-established house Barly and Co. unexpectedly stopped payment.

If poor Mr. Barly had done it on purpose, his ruin could not have been more complete and ingenious. When his affairs came to be looked into, and his liabilities had been met, it was found that an immense fortune had been muddled away, and that scarcely anything would be left but a small furnished cottage, which had been given for her life to an old aunt just deceased, and which reverted to Fanny, her godchild, and the small sum which still remained in the three per cents., of which mention has been made, and which could not be touched until Belle, the youngest of of three daughters, should come of age.

After two or three miserable days of confusion — during which the machine which had been set going with so much

trouble still revolved once or twice with the force of its own impetus, the butler answering the bell, the footman bringing up the coals, the cook sending up the dinner as usual — suddenly everything collapsed, and the great mass of furniture, servants, human creatures, animals, carriages, business and pleasure engagements, seemed overthrown together in a great struggling mass, panting and bewildered and trying to get free from the confusion of particles that no longer belonged to one another.

First, the cook packed up her things and some nice damask table-cloths and napkins, a pair of sheets, and Miss Barly's umbrella, which happened to be hanging in the hall; then the three ladies drove off with their father to the cottage, where it was decided they should go to be out of the way of any unpleasantness. He had no heart to begin again, and was determined to give up the battle. Belle sat with her father on the back seat of the carriage, looking up into his haggard face a little wistfully, and trying to be as miserable as the others. She could not help it, — a cottage in the country, ruin, roses, novelty, clean chintzes instead of damask, a little room with mignonette, cocks crowing, had a wicked, morbid attraction for her which she could not overcome. She had longed for such a life when she had gone down to stay with the Ogdens at Farmborough last month, and had seen several haystacks and lovely little thatched cottages, where she had felt she would have liked to spend the rest of her days; one in particular had taken her fancy, with dear little latticed windows and a pigeon-cote, and two rosy little babies with a kitten toddling out from the ivy porch; but a great rough-looking man had come up in a slouched wide-awake and frightened Emily Ogden so much that she had pulled Belinda away in a hurry . . . but here a sob from Fanny brought Belle back to her place in the barouche.

Anna felt she must bear up, and nerved herself to the effort. Upon her the blow fell more heavily than upon any of the others. Indignant, injured, angry with her father, furious with the managers, the directors, the shareholders, the secretary, the unfortunate company, with the Bankruptcy Court, the Ogdens, the laws of fate, the world in general, with Fanny for sobbing, and with Belle for looking placid, she sat blankly staring out of windows as they drove past the houses where they had visited, and where she had been entertained an honoured guest; and now — she put the hateful thought away — bankrupt, disgraced! Her bonnet was crushed in, she did not say a word, but her face looked quite fierce and old, and frightened Fanny into fresh lamentations. These hysterics had been first brought on by the sight of Emily Ogden driving by in the new barouche. This was quite too much for her poor friend's fortitude. "Emily will drop us, I know she will," sobbed Fanny. "Oh, Anna! will they ever come and ask us to their Thursday luncheon-parties any more?"

"My children," said Mr. Barly, with a placid groan, pulling up the window, "we are disgraced; we can only hide our heads away from the world. Do not expect that any one will ever come near us again." At which announcement Fanny went off into new tears and bewailings. As for the kind, bewildered, weak-headed, soft-hearted little man, he had. been so utterly worn out, harassed, worried and wearied of late, that it was almost a relief to him to think that this was indeed the case. He sat holding Belle's hand in his, stroking and patting it, and wondering that people so near London did not keep the roads in better repair. "We must be getting near our new abode," said he at last almost cheerfully.

"You speak as if you were glad of our shame, papa," said Anna, suddenly, turning round upon him.

"Oh, hush!" cried Belle indignantly. Fortunately the coachman stopped at this moment on a spot a very long way off from Capulet Square; and leaning from his box, asked if it was that there little box across the common.

"Oh, what a sweet little place!" cried Belinda. But her heart rather sank as she told this dreadful story.

Myrtle Cottage was a melancholy little tumbledown place, looking over Dumbleton Common, which they had been crossing all this time. It was covered with stucco, cracked and stained and mouldy. There was a stained-glass window, which was broken. The verandah wanted painting. From outside it was evident that the white muslin curtains were not so fresh as they might have been. There was a little garden in front, planted with durable materials. Even out of doors, in the gardens in the suburbs, the box-edges, the laurel-bushes, and the fusty old jessamines are apt to look shabby in time, if they are never renewed. A certain amount of time and money might, perhaps, have made Myrtle Cottage into a pleasant little habitation; but (judging from appearances) its last inhabitants seemed to have been in some want of both these

commodities. Its helpless new occupants were not likely to have much of either to spare. A little dining-room, with glass drop candlesticks and a rickety table, and a print of a church and a Dissenting minister on the wall. A little drawing-room, with a great horsehair sofa, a huge round table in the middle of the room, and more glass drop candlesticks, also a small work-table of glass over faded worsted embroidery. Four little bedrooms, mousey, musty, snuffy, with four-posts as terrific as any they had left behind, and a small black dungeon for a maid-servant. This was the little paradise which Belle had been picturing to herself all along the road, and at which she looked round, half sighing half dismayed. Their bundles, baskets, blankets, were handed in, and a cart full of boxes had arrived. Fanny's parrot was shrieking at the top of its voice on the narrow landing.

"What fun!" cried Belinda sturdily, instantly setting to work to get things into some order while Fanny lay exhausted upon the horsehair sofa; and Anna, in her haughtiest tones, desired the coachman to drive home, and stood watching the receding carriage until it had dwindled away into the distance — coachman, hammer-cloth, bay horses, respectability, and all. When she re-entered the house, the parrot was screeching still, and Martha the under-housemaid — now transformed into a sort of extract of butler, footman, ladies'-maid, and cook — was frying some sausages, of which the vulgar smell pervaded the place.

III.

Belle exclaimed, but it required all her courage and natural brightness of spirit to go on looking at the bright side of things, praising the cottage, working in the garden, giving secret assistance to the two bewildered maids who waited on the reduced little family, cheering her father, smiling, and putting the best face on things, as her sisters used to do at home. If it had been all front stairs in Capulet Square, it was all back staircase at the cottage. Rural roses, calm sunsets, long shadows across the common are all very well; but when puffs of smoke come out of the chimney and fill the little place; when, if the window is opened, a rush of wind and dust — worse almost than the smoke — comes eddying into the room, and careers round the four narrow walls; when poor little Fanny coughs and shudders, and wraps her shawl more closely round her with a groan; when the smell of the kitchen frying-pan perfumes the house, and a mouse scampers out of the cupboard, and blackbeetles lie struggling in the milk-jugs, and the pump runs dry, and spiders crawl out of the tea-caddy, and so forth; then, indeed, Belle deserves some credit for being cheerful under difficulties. She could not pretend to very high spirits, but she was brisk and willing, and ready to smile at her father's little occasional puns and feeble attempts at jocularity. Anna, who had been so admirable as a general, broke down under the fatigue of the actual labour in the trenches which belonged to their new life. A great many people can order others about very brilliantly and satisfactorily, who fail when they have to do the work themselves.

Some of the neighbours called upon them, but the Ogdens never appeared. Poor little Fanny used to take her lace-work and sit stitching and looping her thread at the window which overlooked the common and its broad roads, crossing and recrossing the plain; carriages came rolling along, people came walking, children ran past the windows of the little cottage, but the Ogdens never. Once Fanny thought she recognized the barouche — Lady Ogden and Emily sitting in front, Matthew Ogden on the back seat; surely, yes, surely it was him. But the carriage rolled off in a cloud of dust, and disappeared behind the wall of the neighbouring park; and Frances finished the loop, and passed her needle in and out of the muslin, feeling as if it was through her poor little heart that she was piercing and sticking; she pulled out a long thread, and it seemed to her as if the sunset stained it red like blood.

In the meanwhile Belle's voice had been singing away overhead, and Fanny, going upstairs presently, found her, with one of the maids, clearing out one of the upper rooms. The window was open, the furniture was piled up in the middle. Belle with her sleeves tucked up and her dress carefully pinned out of the dust, was standing on a chair, hammer in hand, and fixing up some dimity curtains against the window. Tablecloths, brooms, pails, and brushes were lying about, and everything looked in perfect confusion. As Fanny stood looking and exclaiming, Anna also came to the door from her own room, where she had been taking a melancholy nap.

"What a mess you are making here," cried the elder sister, very angrily. How can you take up Martha's time Belinda? And oh! how can you forget yourself to this degree? You seem to *exult* in your father's disgrace." Belinda flushed up.

"Really, Anna, I do not know what you mean," said she, turning round, vexed for a minute, and clasping a long curtain in both arms. "I could not bear to see my father's room looking so shabby and neglected; there is no disgrace in attending to his comfort. See, we have taken down those dusty curtains, and we are going to put up some others," said the girl, springing down from the chair and exhibiting her treasures.

"And pray where is the money to come from," said Anna, "to pay for these wonderful changes?"

"They cost no money," said Belinda, laughing. "I made them myself with my own two hands. Don't you remember my old white dress that you never liked, Anna? Look how I have pricked my finger. Now, go down," said the girl, in her pretty imperative way, "and don't come up again till I call you."

Go down at Belle's bidding. . . . .

Anna went off fuming, and immediately set to work also, but in a different fashion. She unfortunately found that her father had returned, and was sitting in the little sitting-room down below by himself, with a limp paper of the day before open upon his knees. He was not reading. He seemed out of spirits, and was gazing in a melancholy way at the smouldering fire, and rubbing his bald head in a perplexed and troubled manner. Seeing this, the silly woman, by way of cheering and comforting the poor old man, began so exclaim at Belinda's behaviour, to irritate him, and overwhelm him with allusions and reproaches.

"Scrubbing and slaving with her own hands," said Anna. "Forgetting herself; bringing us down lower indeed than we are already sunk. Papa, she will not listen to me. You should tell her that you forbid her to put us all to shame by her behaviour."

When Belle, panting, weary, triumphant, and with a blackened nose and rosy cheek, opened the door of the room presently and called her father exultingly, she did not notice, as she ran upstairs before him, how wearily he followed her. A flood of light came from the dreary little room overhead. It had been transformed into a bower of white dimity, bright windows, clean muslin blinds. The fusty old carpet was gone, and a clean crumb-cloth had been put down, with a comfortable rug before the fire-place. A nosegay of jessamine stood on the chimney, and at each corner of the four-post bed the absurd young decorator had stuck a smart bow, made out of some of her own blue ribbons, in place of the terrible plumes and tassels which had waved there in dust and darkness before. One of the two arm-chairs which blocked up the wall of the dining-room had been also covered out of some of Belinda's stores, and stood comfortably near the open window. The sun was setting over the great common outside, behind the mill and the distant fringe of elm-trees. Martha, standing all illuminated by the sunshine, with her mop in her hand, was grinning from ear to ear, and Belle turned and rushed into her father's arms. But Mr. Barly was quite overcome. "My child," he said, "why do you trouble yourself so much for me? Your sister has told me all. I don't deserve it. I cannot bear that you should be brought to this. My Belle working and slaving with your own hands through my fault — through my fault." The old man sat down on the side of the bed by which he had been standing, and laid his face in his hands, in a perfect agony of remorse and regret. Belinda was dismayed by the result of her labours. In vain she tried to cheer him and comfort him. The sweeter she seemed in his eyes, the more miserable the poor father grew at the condition to which he had brought her.

For many days after he went about in a sort of despair, thinking what he could do to retrieve his ruined fortunes, and if Belinda still rose betimes to see to his comfort and the better ordering of the confused little household, she took care not to let it be known. Anna came down at nine, Fanny at ten. Anna would then spend several hours regretting her former dignities, reading the newspaper and the fashionable intelligence, while the dismal strains of Fanny's piano (there was a jangling piano in the little drawing-room,) streamed across the common. To a stormy spring, with wind flying, and dust dashing against the window-panes, and grey clouds swiftly bearing across the wide open country, had succeeded a warm and brilliant summer, with sunshine flooding and spreading over the country. Anna and Fanny were able to get out a little now, but they were soon tired, and would sit down under a tree and remark to one another how greatly they missed their accustomed drives. Belinda, who had sometimes at first disappeared now and then to cry mysteriously a little bit by herself over her troubles, now discovered that at eighteen, with good health and plenty to do, happiness is possible, even without a carriage.

One day Mr. Barly, who still went into the City from habit, came home with some news which had greatly excited him. Wheal

Tre Rosas, of which he still held a great many shares, which he had never been able to dispose of, had been giving some signs of life. A fresh call was to be made: some capitalist, with more money than he evidently knew what to do with, had been buying up a great deal of the stock. The works were to be resumed. Mr. Barly had always been satisfied that the concern was a good one. He would give everything he had, he told Anna that evening, to be able to raise enough money now to buy up more of the shares. His fortune was made if he could do so; his children replaced in their proper position, and his name restored. Anna was in a state of greater flutter, if possible, than her father himself. Belle sighed; she could not help feeling doubtful, but she did not like to say much on the subject.

"Papa, this Wheal has proved a very treacherous wheel of fortune to us," she hazarded, blushing, and bending over her sewing; "we are very, very happy as we are."

"Happy?" said Anna with a sneer.

"Really, Belinda, you are too romantic," said Fanny with a titter; while Mr. Barly cried out in an excited way, "that she should be happier yet, and all her goodness and dutifulness should be rewarded in time." A sort of presentiment of evil came over Belinda, and her eyes filled up with tears; but she stitched them away and said no more.

Unfortunately the only money Mr. Barly could think of to lay his hands upon was that sum in the three per cents. upon which they were now living; and even if he chose he could not touch any of it, until Belinda came of age; unless, indeed, young Mr. Griffiths would give him permission to do so.

"Go to him, papa," cried Anna, enthusiastically. "Go to him; entreat, insist upon it, if necessary."

All that evening Anna and Frances talked over their brilliant prospects. "I should like to see the Ogdens again," said poor little Fanny. "Perhaps we shall if we go back to Capulet Square." "Certainly, certainly," said Anna. "I have heard that this Mr. Griffiths is a most uncouth and uncivilized person to deal with," continued Miss Barly, with her finger on her chin. "Papa, wouldn't it be better for me to go to Mr. Griffiths instead of you?" This, however, Mr. Barly would not consent to.

Anna could hardly contain her vexation and spite when he came back next day dispirited, crestfallen, and utterly wretched and disappointed. Mr. Griffiths would have nothing to say to it.

"What's the good of a trustee," said he to Mr. Barly, "if he were to let you invest your money in such a speculative chance as that. Take my advice, and sell out your shares now if you can for anything you can get."

"A surly, disagreeable fellow," said poor old Mr. Barly. "I heartily wish he had nothing to do with our affairs."

Anna fairly stamped with rage. "What insolence, when it is our own. Papa, you have no spirit to allow such interference."

Mr. Barly looked at her gravely, and said he should not allow it. Anna did not know what he meant.

Belinda was not easy about her father all this time. He came and went in an odd excited sort of way, stopping short sometimes as he was walking across the room, and standing absorbed in thought. One day he went into the City unexpectedly about the middle of the day, and came back looking quite odd, pale, with curious eyes; something was wrong, she could not tell what. In the meantime Wheal Tre Rosas seemed, spite of Mr. Griffiths' prophecies, to be steadily rising in the world. More business had been done, the shares were a trifle higher. A meeting of directors was convened, and actually a small dividend was declared at Midsummer. It really seemed as if there was some chance after all that Anna should be reinstated in the barouche, in Capulet Square, and her place in society. She and Fanny were half wild with delight. "When we leave," was the beginning of every sentence they uttered. Fanny wrote the good news to her friend Miss Ogden, and, under these circumstances, to Fanny's unfeigned delight, Emily Ogden thought herself justified in driving over to the village one fine afternoon and affably partaking of a cracked cupful of five-o'clock tea. It was slightly smoked, and the milk was turned. Belinda had gone out for a walk and was not there to see to it all; I am afraid she did not quite forgive Emily the part she had played, and could not make up her mind to meet her.

One morning Anna was much excited by the arrival of a letter directed to Mr. Barly in great round hand writing, and with a huge seal, all over bears and griffins. Her father was forever expecting news of his beloved Tre Rosas, and he broke the seal with some curiosity. But this was only an invitation to dine and sleep at Castle Gardens from Mr. Griffiths, who said he had an offer to make Mr. Barly, and concluded by

saying that he hoped Mr. Barly forgave him for the ungracious part he had been obliged to play the other day, and that, in like circumstances, he would do the same by him.

"I shan't go," said Mr. Barly, a little doggedly, putting the letter down.

"Not go, papa! Why, you may be able to talk him over if you get him quietly to yourself. Certainly you must go, papa," said Anna. "Oh! I'm sure he means to relent — how nice!" said Fanny. Even Belinda thought it was a pity he should not accept the invitation, and Mr. Barly gave way as usual. He asked them if they had any commands for him in town.

"Oh, thank you, papa," said Frances. "If you are going shopping, I wish you would bring me back a blue alpaca, and a white grenadine, and a pink sou-polt, and a' ——

"My dear Fanny, that will be quite sufficient for the short time you remain here," interrupted Anna, who went on to give her father several commissions of her own — some writing-paper stamped with Barly Lodge and their crest in one corner; a jacket with buttons for the knife-boy they had lately engaged upon the strength of their coming good fortune; a new umbrella, house-agent's list of mansions in the neighbourhood of Capulet Square, the *Journal des Modes*, and *New Court Guide*. "Let me see, there was something else," said Anna.

"Belle," said Mr. Barly, "how comes it you ask for nothing? What can I bring you, my child?"

Belle looked up with one of her bright melancholy smiles and replied, "If you should see any roses, papa, I think I should like a bunch of roses. We have none in the garden."

"Roses!" cried Fanny, laughing. "I didn't know you cared for anything but what was useful, Belle."

"I quite expected you would ask for a sauce-pan, or a mustard-pot," said Anna, with a sneer.

Belle sighed again, and then the three went and stood at the garden-gate to see their father off. It made a pretty little group for the geese on the common to contemplate, — the two young sisters at the wicket, the elder under the shade of the verandah, Belle upright, smiling, waving her slim hand; she was above the middle height, she had fair hair and dark eyebrows and gray eyes, over which she had a peculiar way of blinking her smooth white eyelids; — and all about, the birds, the soft winds, the great green common with its gorgeous furze-blossom blazing against the low bank of clouds in the horizon. Close at hand a white pony was tranquilly cropping the grass, and two little village children were standing outside the railings, gazing up open-mouthed at the pretty ladies who lived at the cottage.

IV.

The clouds which had been gathering all the afternoon broke shortly before Mr. Barly reached his entertainer's house. He had tried to get there through Kensington Gardens, but could not make out the way, and went wandering round and round in some perplexity under the great trees with their creaking branches. The storm did not last long and the clouds dispersed at sunset. When Mr. Barly rang at the gate of the villa in Castle Gardens at last that evening he was weary, wet through, and far less triumphant than he had been when he left home in the morning. The butler who let him in gave the bag which he had been carrying to the footman and showed him the way upstairs immediately, to the comfortable room which had been made ready for him. Upholsterers had done the work on the whole better than Belle with all her loving labour. The chairs were softer than her print-covered horsehair cushions. The wax-lights were burning although it was broad daylight. Mr. Barly went to the bay-window. The garden outside was a sight to see; smooth lawns, arches, roses in profusion and abundance, hanging and climbing and clustering everywhere, a distant gleam of a fountain, of a golden sky, a chirruping and rustling in the bushes and trellises after the storm. The sunset which was lighting up the fern on the rain-sprinkled common was twinkling through the rose-petals here, bringing out odors and aromas and whiffs of delicious scent. Mr. Barly thought of Belle, and how he should like to see her flitting about in the garden and picking roses to her heart's content. As he stood there he thought too with a pang of his wife whom he had lost, and sighed in a sort of despair at the troubles which had fallen upon him of late; what would he not give to undo the work of the last few months, he thought — nay, of the last few days? He had once come to this very house with his wife in their early days of marriage. He remembered it now, although he had not thought of it before.

Sometimes it happens to us all that things which happened ever so long ago seem to make a start out of their proper places in

the course of time, and come after us, until they catch us up, as it were, and surround us, so that one can hear the voices, and see the faces and colours, and feel the old sensations and thrills as keenly as at the time they occurred — all so curiously and strangely vivid that one can scarcely conceive it possible that years and years perhaps have passed since it all happened, and that their present shock proceeds from ancient and almost forgotten impulse. And so as Mr. Barly looked and remembered and thought of the past, a sudden remorse and shame came over him. He seemed to see his wife standing in the garden, holding the roses up over her head, looking like Belle; like, yet unlike. Why it should have been so, at the thought of his wife among the flowers, I cannot tell; but as he remembered her he began to think of what he had done, — that he was there in the house of the man he had defrauded, — he began to ask himself how could he face him? how could he sit down beside him at table, and break his bread? The poor old fellow fell back with a groan in one of the comfortable armchairs. Should he confess? Oh, no — no, that would be the most terrible of all!

What he had done is simply told. When Guy Griffiths refused to let Mr. Barly lay hands on any of the money which he had in trust for his daughters the foolish and angry old man had sold out a portion of the sum belonging to Mr. Griffiths which still remained in his own name. It had not seemed like dishonesty at the time, but now he would have gladly, — oh, how gladly! awakened to find it all a dream. He dressed mechanically, turning over every possible chance in his own mind. Let Wheal Tre Rosas go on and prosper, the first money should go to repay his loan, and no one would be the wiser. He went down into the library again when he was ready. It was empty still, and to his relief, the master of the house had not yet come back. He waited a very long time, looking at the clock, at the reviews on the table, at the picture of Mrs. Griffiths, whom he could remember in her youth, upon the wall. The butler came in again to say his master had not yet returned. Some message had come by a boy, which was not very intelligible, — he had been detained in the city. Mrs. Griffiths was not well enough to leave her room, but she hoped Mr. Barly would order dinner, — anything he required, — and that her son would shortly return.

It was very late. There was nothing else to be done. Mr. Barly found a fire lighted in the great dining-room, dinner laid, one plate and one knife and fork, at the end of the long table. The dinner was excellent, so was the wine. The butler uncorked a bottle of champagne, the cook sent up chickens and all sorts of good things. Mr. Barly almost felt as if he by some strange metempsychosis, had been converted into the owner of this handsome dwelling, and all that belonged to it. At twelve o'clock Mr. Griffiths had not yet returned, and his guest, after a somewhat perplexed and solitary meal, retired to rest.

Mr. Barly breakfasted by himself again next morning. Mr. Griffiths had not returned all night. In his secret heart Mr. Griffiths' guest was almost relieved by the absence of his entertainer: it seemed like a respite. Perhaps, after all, everything would go well, and the confession which he had contemplated with such terror the night before need never be made. For the present it was clearly no use to wait any longer at the house. Mr. Barly asked for a cab to take him to the station, left his compliments and regrets and a small sum of money behind him, and then, as the cab delayed, strolled out into the front garden to wait for it.

Even in the front court the roses were all abloom; a great snow cluster was growing over the doorway, a pretty tea-rose was hanging its head over the scraper; against the outer railing which separated the house from the road rose-trees had been planted. The beautiful pink fragrant heads were pushing through the iron railings, and a delicious little rose-wind came blowing in the poor old fellow's face. He began to think — no wonder — of Bell and her fancy for roses, and mechanically, without much reflecting upon what he was about, he stopped and inhaled the ravishing sweet smell of the great dewy flowers, and then put out his hand and gathered one; and as he gathered it, a sharp thorn ran into his finger, and a heavy grasp was laid upon his shoulder. . . . . .

"So it is you, is it, who sneak in and steal my roses?" said an angry voice. "Now that I know who it is, I shall give you in charge."

Mr. Barly looked round greatly startled. He met the fierce glare of two dark brown eyes under shaggy brows that were frowning very fiercely. A broad, thick-set round-shouldered young man of forbidding aspect had laid hold of him. The young man let go his grasp when he saw the mistake he had made, but did not cease frowning.

"Oh! it is you, Mr. Barly," he said.

"I was just going," said the stockbroker,

meekly. "I am glad you have returned in time for me to see you, Mr. Griffiths. I am sorry I took your rose. My youngest daughter is fond of them and I thought I might, out of all this garden-full, you would not — she had asked" ——

There was something so stern and unforgiving in Mr. Griffiths' face that the merchant stumbled in his words, and stopped short surprised, in the midst of his explanations.

"The roses were not yours, not if there were ten gardens full. I won't have my roses broken off," said Griffiths. "They should be cut with a knife. Come back with me ; I want to have a little talk with you, Mr. Barly."

Somehow the old fellow's heart began to beat, and he felt himself turn rather sick.

"I was detained last night by some trouble in my office. One of my clerks, in whom I thought I could have trusted, absconded yesterday afternoon. I have been all the way to Liverpool in pursuit of him. What do you think should be done with him?" And Mr. Griffiths, from under his thick eyebrows, gave a quick glance at his present victim, and seemed to expect some sort of answer.

"You prosperous men cannot realize what it is to be greatly tempted," said Mr. Barly, with a faint smile.

"Do you know that Wheal Tre Rosas has come to grief a second time?" said young Mr. Griffiths abruptly, holding out the morning's *Times*, as they walked along. I am *not* a prosperous man; I had a great many shares in that unlucky concern."

Poor Barley stopped short and turned quite pale and began to shake so that he had to put his hand out and lean against the wall. Failed! Was he doomed to misfortune? Then there was never any chance for him, — never. No hope! No hope of paying back the debt which weighed his conscience. He could not realize it. Failed! The rose had fallen to the ground; — the poor unlucky man stood still, staring blankly in the other's grim, unrelenting face. "I am ruined," he said.

"You are ruined! Is that the worst you have to tell me?" said Mr. Griffiths, still looking piercingly at him. Then the other felt that he knew all.

"I have been unfortunate — and very much to blame," said Mr. Barly, still trembling; —"terribly to blame,—Mr. Griffiths. I can only throw myself upon your clemency."

"My clemency! my mercy! I am no philanthropist," said Guy, savagely. "I am a man of business, and you have defrauded me!"

"Sir," said the stockbroker, finding some odd comfort in braving the worst, "you refused to let me take what was my own; — I have sold out some of your money to invest in this fatal concern. Heaven knows it was not for myself, but for the sake of — of — others; and I thought to repay you ere long. You can repay yourself now. You need not reproach me any more. You can send me to prison if you like. I — I — don't much care what happens. My Belle, my poor Belle, — my poor girls!"

All this time Guy said never a word. He motioned Mr. Barly to follow him into the library. Mr. Barly obeyed, and stood meekly waiting for the coming onslaught. He stood in the full glare of the morning sun, which was pouring through the unblinded window. His poor old scanty head was bent, and his hair stood on end in the sunshine.

His eyes, avoiding the glare, went vacantly travelling along the scroll work on the fender, and so to the coal-scuttle, and to the skirting on the wall, and back again. Dishonoured, — yes. Bankrupt — yes. Threescore years had brought him to this, — to shame, to trouble. It was a hard world for unlucky people, but Mr. Barly was too much broken, too weary and indifferent to feel very bitterly even against the world. Meanwhile Guy was going on with his reflections, and like those amongst us who are still young and strong, he could put more life and energy into his condemnation and judgment of actions done, than the unlucky perpetrators had to give to the very deeds themselves. Some folks do wrong as well as right, with scarcely more than half a mind to it.

"How could you do such a thing?" cried the young man indignantly, beginning to rush up and down the room in his hasty, clumsy way, knocking against tables and chairs as he went along. "How could you do it?" he repeated. "I learnt it yesterday by chance. What can I say to you that your own conscience should not have told you already? How could you do it?" Guy had reached the great end window, and stamped with vexation and a mixture of anger and sorrow. For all his fierceness and gruffness, he was sorry for the poor feeble old man whose fate he held in his hand. There was the garden outside, and its treasure and glory of roses; there was the rose, lying on the ground, that old Barly had taken. It was lying broken and shining upon the gravel — one rose out of the hundreds that were bursting, and blooming, and faint-

ing and falling on their spreading stems. It was like the wrong old Barly had done his kinsman — one little wrong Guy thought, one little handful out of all his abundance. He looked back, and by chance caught sight of their two figures reflected in the glass at the other end of the room, — his own image, the strong, rounded-back, broad-shouldered, young man, with gleaming white teeth and black bristling hair; the feeble and uncertain culprit, with his broken wandering looks, waiting his sentence. It was not Guy who delivered it. It came — no very terrible one after all — prompted by some unaccountable secret voice and impulse. Have we not all of us sometimes suddenly felt ashamed in our lives in the face of misfortune and sorrow? Are we Pharisees, standing in the market-place, with our phylacteries displayed to the world? We ask ourselves, in dismay, does this man go home justified rather than we? Guy was not the less worthy of his Belinda, poor fellow, because a thought of her crossed his mind, and because he blushed up, and a gentle look came into his eyes, and a shame into his heart — a shame of his strength and prosperousness, of his probity and high honour. When had he been tempted? What was it but a chance that he had been born what he was? And yet old Barly, in all his troubles, had a treasure in his possession for which Guy felt he would give all his good fortune and good repute, his roses — red, white, and golden — his best heart's devotion, which he secretly felt to be worth all the rest. Now was the time, the young man thought, to make that proposition which he had in his mind.

"Look here," said Guy, hanging his great shaggy head, and speaking quickly and thickly as if he was the culprit instead of the accuser. "You imply it was for your daughter's sake that you cheated me. I cannot consent to act as you would have me do, and take your daughters' money to pay myself back. But if one of them, — Miss Belinda, since she likes roses, — chooses to come here and work the debt off, she can do so. My mother is in bad health and wants a companion; she will engage her at — let me see, a hundred guineas a year, and in this way, by degrees, the debt will be cleared off."

"In twenty years," said Mr. Barly, bewildered, relieved, astonished.

"Yes, in twenty years," said Guy, as if that was the most natural thing in the world. "Go home and consult her, and come back and give me the answer."

And as he spoke, the butler came in to say that the hansom was at the door.

Poor old Barly bent his worn meek head and went out. He was shaken and utterly puzzled. If Guy had told him to climb up the chimney he would have obeyed. He could only do as he was bid. As it was, he clambered with difficulty into the hansom, told the man to go to the station for Dumbleton, and he was driving off gladly when some one called after the cab. The old man peered out anxiously. Had Griffiths changed his mind? Was his heart hardened like Pharaoh's at the eleventh hour?

It was certainly Guy who came hastily after the cab, looking more awkward and sulky than ever. "Hoy! Stop! You have forgotton the roses for your daughter," said he, thrusting in a great bunch of sweet foam and freshness. As the cab drove along, people passing by looked up and envied the man who was carrying such loveliness through the black and dreary London streets. Could they have seen the face looking out behind the roses, they might have ceased to envy.

Belle was on the watch for her father at the garden-gate, and exclaimed with delight, as she saw him toiling up the hill from the station with his huge bunch of flowers. She came running to meet him with fluttering skirts and outstretched hands, and sweet smiles gladdening her face. "Oh, papa, how lovely! Have you had a pleasant time?" Her father hardly responded, "Take the roses, Belle," he said. "I have paid for them dearly enough." He went into the house wearily, and sat down in the shabby arm-chair. And then he turned and called Belinda to him wistfully, and put his trembling arm round about her. Poor old Barly was no mighty Jephtha; but his feeble old head bent with some such pathetic longing and remorse over his Belle as he drew her to him, and, told her, in a few simple broken words, all the story of what had befallen him in those few hours since he went away. He could not part from her. "I can't, I can't," he said, as the girl put her tender arms round his neck. . . .

Guy came to see me a few days after his interview with old Mr. Barly, and told me his mother had surprised him by her willing acquiescence in the scheme. I could have explained matters to him a little, but I thought it best to say nothing. Mrs. Griffiths had overheard, and understood a word or two of what he had said to me that night, when she was taken ill. Was it some sudden remorse for the past? was it a new-born moth-

er's tenderness stirring in her cold heart which made her question and cross-question me the next time that I was alone with her? There had often been a talk of some companion or better sort of attendant. When the news came of poor old Barly's failure, it was Mrs. Griffiths herself who first vaguely alluded again to this scheme.

"I might engage one of those girls — the — the — Belinda, I think you called her?"

I was touched, and took her cold hand and kissed it.

"I am sure she would be an immense comfort to you," I said. "You would never regret your kindness."

The sick woman sighed and turned away impatiently, and the result was the invitation to dinner, which turned out so disasterously.

V.

When Mr. Barly came down to breakfast the morning after he found another of those square official looking letters upon the table, there was a cheque in it for 100*l*. "You will have to meet heavy expenses," the young man wrote. "I am not sorry to have an opportunity of proving to you that it was not the money which you have taken from me I grudged, but the maner in which you took it. The only reparation you can make me is by keeping the enclosed for your present necessity."

In truth the family prospects were not very brilliant. Myrtle Cottage was resplendent with clean windows and well-scrubbed door steps, but the furniture wanted repairing, the larder refilling. Belle could not darn up the broken flap of the dining-room table, nor conjure legs of mutton out of bare bones, though she got up ever so early; sweeping would not mend the hole in the carpet, nor could she dust the mildew-stains off the walls, the cracks out of the looking-glass.

Anna was morose, helpless, and jealous of the younger girl's influence over her father. Fanny was delicate; one gleam of happiness, however streaked her horizon! Emily Ogden had written to invite her to spend a few days there. When Mr. Barly and his daughter had talked over Mr. Griffiths' proposition, Belle's own good sense told her that it would be folly to throw away this good chance. Let Mrs. Griffith be ever so trying and difficult to deal with, and her son a thousand times sterner and ruder than he had already shown himself, she was determined to bear it all. Belinda knew her own powers, and felt as if she could endure anything, and that she should never forget the generosity and forbearance he had shown her poor father. Anna was delighted that her sister should go; she threw off the shawl in which she had muffled herself up ever since their reverses, brightened up wonderfully, talked mysteriously of Fanny's prospects as she helped both the girls to pack, made believe to shed a few tears as Belinda set off, and bustled back into the house with renewed importance. Belinda looked back and waved her hand, but Anna's back was already turned upon her.

Poor Belinda! For all her courage and cheerfulness her heart sank a little as they reached the great bronze gates in Castle Gardens. She would have been more unhappy still if she had not had to keep up her father's spirits. It was almost dinner-time, and Mrs. Griffiths' maid came down with a message. Her mistress was tired, and just going to bed, and would see her in the morning; Mr. Griffiths was dining in town; Miss Williamson would call upon Miss Barly that evening.

Dinner had been laid as usual in the great dining-room, with its marble columns and draperies, and Dutch pictures of game and of birds and flowers. Three servants were in waiting, a great silver chandelier lighted the dismal meal, hugh dish-covers were upheaved, decanters of wine were handed round, all the *entrées* and delicacies came over again. Belle tried to eat to keep her father in company. She even made little jokes, and whispered to him that they evidently meant to fatten her up. The poor old fellow cheered up by degrees; the good claret warmed his feeble pulse, the good care comforted and strengthened him. "I wish Martha would make us ice-puddings," said Bell, helping him to a glittering mass of pale-coloured cream, with nutmeg and vanilla, and all sorts of delicious spices. He had just finished the last mouthful when the butler started and rushed out of the room, a door banged, a bell rang violently, a loud scraping was heard in the hall, and an echoing voice said, "Are they come?" Are they in the dining room?" And the crimson curtain was lifted up, and the master of the house entered the room carrying a bag and a great-coat over his arm. As he passed the sideboard the button of the coat caught in the fringe of a cloth which was spread upon it, and in a minute the cloth and all the glasses and plates which had been left there came to the ground with a wild crash, which would have made Belle

laugh, if she had not been too nervous even to smile.

Guy merely told the servants to pick it all up, and put down the things he was carrying and walked straight across the room to the two frightened people at the far end of the table. Poor fellow! After shaking hands with old Barly and giving Belle an abrupt little nod, all he could find to say was, —

"I hope you came of your own free will, Miss Barly?" and as he spoke he gave a shy scowl and eyed her all over.

"Yes," Belle answered, blinking her soft eyes to see him more clearly.

"Then I'm very much obliged to you," said Guy.

This was such an astonishingly civil answer that Belinda's courage rose.

Poor Belinda's heart failed her again when Griffiths, still in an agony of shyness, then turned to her father, and in his roughest voice said, —

"You leave early in the morning, but I hope we shall keep your daughter for a very long time."

Poor fellow! he meant no harm and only intended this by way of conversation. Belle in her secret heart said to herself that he was a cruel brute; and poor Guy, having made this impression, broken a dozen wine-glasses, and gone through untold struggles of shyness, now wished them both good-night.

"Good-night, Mr. Barly; good-night, Miss Belle," said he. Something in his voice caused Belle to relent a little.

"Good-night, Mr. Griffiths," said the girl, standing up, a slight graceful figure, simple and nymph-like, amidst all this pomp of circumstance. As Griffiths shuffled out of the room he saw her still; all night he saw her in his dreams. That bright winsome young creature dressed in white soft folds, with all the gorgeous gildings and draperies, and the lights burning, and the pictures and gold cups glimmering round about her. They were his, and as many more of them as he chose: the inanimate, costly, sickening pomps and possessions; but a pure spirit like that, to be a bright living companion for him? Ah, no! that was not to be — not for him, not for such as him. Guy, for the first time in his life, as he went downstairs next morning, stopped and looked at himself attentively in the great glass on the staircase. He saw a great loutish, round-backed fellow, with a shaggy head and brown glittering eyes, and little strong white teeth like a dog's; he gave an uncouth sudden caper of rage and regret at his own appearance. "To think that happiness and life itself and love eternal depend upon tailors and hair-oil," groaned poor Guy, as he went down to his room to write letters.

Mrs. Griffiths had not seen Belle the night before; she was always nervously averse to seeing strangers, but she had sent for me that evening, and as I was leaving she asked me to go down and speak to Miss Barly before I went. Belinda was already in her room, but I ventured to knock at the door. She came to meet me with a bright puzzled face and all her pretty hair falling loose about her face. She had not a notion who I was, but begged me to come in. When I had explained things a little, she pulled out a chair for me to sit down.

"This house seems to me so mysterious and unlike anything else I have ever known," said she, "that I'm very grateful to any one who will tell me what I'm to do here — please sit down a little while."

I told her that she would have to write notes, to add up bills, to read to Mrs. Griffiths, and to come to me whenever she wanted any help or comfort. "You were quite right to come," said I. "They are excellent people. Guy is the kindest, best fellow in the whole world, and I have long heard of you, Miss Barly, and I'm sure such a good daughter as you have been will be rewarded some day."

Belle looked puzzled, grateful, a little proud, and very charming. She told me afterwards that it had been a great comfort to her father to hear of my little visit to her, and that she had succeeded in getting him away without any very painful scene.

Poor Belle! I wonder how many tears she shed that day after her father was gone! While she was waiting to be let in to Mrs. Griffiths she amused herself by wandering about the house, dropping a little tear here and there as she went along, and trying to think that it amused her to see so many yards of damask and stair-carpeting, all exactly alike, so many acres of chintz of the same pattern.

"Mr. Griffiths desired me to say that this tower room was to be made ready for you to sit in, ma'am," said the respectful butler, meeting her and opening a door. "It has not been used before." And he gave her the key, to which a label was affixed, with "MISS BARLY'S ROOM" written upon it, in the housekeeper's scrawling handwriting.

Belle gave a little shriek of admiration. It was a square room, with four windows, overlooking the gardens, the distant park,

and the broad cheerful road which ran past the house. An ivy screen had been trained over one of the windows, roses were clustering in garlands round the deep sill casements. There was an Indian carpet, and pretty silk curtains, and comfortable chintz chairs and sofas, upon which beautiful birds were flying and lilies wreathing. There was an old-fashioned-looking piano too, and a great book-case filled with books and music. "They certainly treat me in the most magnificent way," thought Belle, sinking down upon the sofa in the window which overlooked the rose-garden, and inhaling a delicious breath of fragrant air. "They can't mean to be very unkind." Belle, who was a little curious, it must be confessed, looked at everything, made secret notes in her mind, read the titles of the books, examined the china, discovered a balcony to her turret. There was a little writing-table, too, with paper and pens and inks of various colours, which especially pleased her. A glass cup of cut roses had been placed upon it, and two dear little green books, in one of which some one had left a paper-cutter.

The first was a book of fairy tales, from which I hope the good fairy editress will forgive me for stealing a sentence or two.

The other little green book was called the *Golden Treasury;* and when Belle took it up, it opened where the paper-cutter had been left, at the seventh page, and some one had scored the sonnet there. Belle read it, and somehow, as she read, the tears in her eyes started afresh.

> Being your slave, what should I do but tend
> Upon the hours and times of your desire?

it began. "To"—— had been scrawled underneath; and then the letter following the "To" erased. Belle blinked her eyes over it, but could make nothing out. A little further on she found another scoring—

> O, my love's like a red, red rose,
> That's newly sprung in June!
> O, my love's like the melody,
> That's sweetly played in tune!

and this was signed with a G.

"Love! That is not for me; but I wish I had a slave," thought poor Belle, hanging her head over the book as it lay open in her lap, "and that he was clever enough to tell me what my father is doing at this minute." She could imagine it for herself, alas! without any magic interference. She could see the dreary little cottage, and her poor old father wearily returning alone. She nearly broke down at the thought, but some one knocked at the door at that instant, and she forced herself to be calm as one of the servants came in with a telegram. Belinda tore open her telegram in some alarm and trembling terror of bad news from home; and then smiled a sweet loving smile of relief. The telegram came from Guy. It was dated from his office. "Your father desires me to send word that he is safe home. He sends his love. I have been to D. on business, and travelled down with him."

Belinda could not help saying to herself that Mr. Griffiths was very kind to have thought of her. His kindness gave her courage to meet his mother.

It was not very much that she had to do; but whatever it was she accomplished well and thoroughly, as was her way. Whatever the girl put her hand to she put her whole heart to at the same time. Her energy, sweetness, and good spirits cheered the sick woman and did her infinite good. Mrs. Griffiths took a great fancy to her, and liked to have her about her. Belle lunched with her the first day. She had better dine down below, Mrs. Griffiths said; and when dinner-time came the girl dressed herself, smoothed her yellow curls, and went shyly down the great staircase into the dining-room. It must be confessed that she glanced a little curiously at the table, wandering whether she was to dine alone or in company. This problem was soon solved; a side-door burst open, and Guy made his appearance, looking shy and ashamed of it as he came up and shook hands with her.

"Miss Belinda," said he, "will you allow me to dine with you?"

"You must do as you like," said Belinda, quickly, starting back.

"Not at all," said Mr. Griffiths. "It is entirely as you shall decide. If you don't like my company, you need only say so. I shall not be offended. Well, shall we dine together?"

"Oh, certainly," laughed Belinda, confused in her turn.

So the two sat down to dine together. For the first time in his life Guy thought the great room light enough and bright and comfortable. The gold and silver plate didn't seem to crush him, nor the draperies to suffocate, nor the great columns ready to fall upon him. There was Belinda picking her grapes and playing with the sugar-plums. He could hardly believe it possible. His poor old heart gave great wistful thumps (if such a thing is possible) at the sound of her voice. She had lost much of her shyness, and they were talking of any-

thing that came into their heads. She had been telling him about Myrtle Cottage, and the spiders there, and looking up, laughing, she was surprised to see him staring at her very sadly and kindly. He turned away abruptly, and began to help himself to all sorts of things out of the silver dishes.

"It's very good of you," Guy said, looking away, "to come and brighten this dismal house, and to stay with a poor suffering woman and a great uncouth fellow like myself."

"But you are both so very kind," said Belinda, simply. "I shall never forget" ———

"Kind!" cried Guy, very roughly. "I behaved like a brute to you and your father yesterday. I am not used to ladies' society. I am stupid and shy and awkward."

"If you were very stupid," said Belle, smiling, "you would not have said that, Mr. Griffiths. Stupid people always think themselves charming."

When Guy said good-night immediately after dinner as usual, he sighed again, and looked at her with such kind and melancholy eyes that Belle felt an odd affection and compassion for him. "I never should have thought it possible to like him so much," thought the girl, as she slowly went along the passage to Mrs. Griffiths' door.

It was an odd life this young creature led in the great silent stifling house, with uncouth Guy for her playfellow, the sick woman's complaints and fancies for her duty in life. The silence of it all, its very comfort and splendidness, oppressed Belinda more at times than a simpler and more busy life. But the garden was an endless pleasure and refreshment, and she used to stroll about, skim over the terraces and walks, smell the roses, feed the birds and the gold fishes. Sometimes I have stood at my window watching the active figure flitting by in and out under the trellis, fifteen times round the pond, thirty-two times along the terrace walk. Belle was obliged to set herself tasks, or she would have got tired sometimes of wandering about by herself. All this time she never thought of Guy except as a curious sort of companion; any thought of sentiment had never once occurred to her.

VI.

One day that Belle had been in the garden longer than usual, she remembered a note for Mrs. Griffiths that she had forgotten to write, and springing up the steps into the hall, on the way, with some roses in her apron, she suddenly almost ran up against Guy, who had come home earlier than usual. The girl stood blushing and looking more charming than ever. The young fellow stood quite still too, looking with such expressive and admiring glances that Belinda blushed deeper still, and made haste to escape to her room. Presently the gong sounded, and there was no help for it, and she had to go down again. Guy was in the dining-room as polite and as shy as usual, and Belinda gradually forgot the passing impression. The butler put the dessert on the table and left them, and when she had finished her fruit Belinda got up to say good-by. As she was leaving the room she heard Guy's footsteps following. She stopped short. He came up to her. He looked very pale, and said suddenly in a quick, husky voice, "Belle, will you marry me?" Poor Belinda opened her grey eyes full in his face. She could hardly believe she had heard aright. She was startled, taken aback, but she followed her impulse of the moment, and answered gravely, "No, Guy."

He wasn't angry or surprised. He had known it all along, poor fellow, and expected nothing else. He only sighed, looked at her once again, and then went away out of the room.

Poor Belle, she stood there where he had left her, — the lights burnt, the great table glittered, the curtains waved. It was like a strange dream. She clasped her hands together, and then suddenly ran and fled away up to her own room, — frightened, utterly puzzled, bewildered, not knowing what to do or to whom to speak. It was a comfort to be summoned as usual to read to Mrs. Griffiths. She longed to pour out her story to the poor lady, but she dreaded agitating her. She read as she was bid. Once she stopped short, but her mistress impatiently motioned her to go on. She obeyed, stumbling and tumbling over the words before her, until there came a knock at the door, and, contrary to his custom, Guy entered the room. He looked very pale, poor fellow, and sad and subdued. "I wanted to see you, Miss Belinda," he said aloud, "and to tell you that I hope this will make no difference, and that you will remain with us as if nothing had happened. You warned me, mamma, but I could not help myself. It's my own fault. Good-night. That is all I had to say."

Belle turned wistfully to Mrs. Griffiths. The thin hand was impatiently twisting the coverlet. "Of course — Who would have anything to say to him? Foolish fellow,"

she muttered in her indistinct way. "Go on, Miss Barly."

"Oh, but tell me first, ought I remain here?" Belle asked, imploringly.

"Certainly, unless you are unhappy with us," the sick woman answered, peevishly. Mrs. Griffiths never made any other allusion to what had happened. I think the truth was that she did not care very much for anything outside the doors of her sick-room. Perhaps she thought her son had been over-hasty, and that in time Belinda might change her mind. To people lying on their last sick-beds, the terrors, anxieties, longings of life seem very curious and strange. They seem to forget that they were once anxious, hopeful, eager themselves, as they lie gazing at the awful veil which will so soon be withdrawn from before their fading eyes.

A sort of constraint came between Guy and Belinda at first, but it wore away by degrees. He often alluded to his proposal, but in so hopeless and gentle a way that she could not be angry, still she was disquieted and unhappy. She felt that it was a false and awkward position. She could not bear to see him looking ill and sad, as he did at times, with great black rings under his dark eyes. It was worse still when she saw him brighten up with happiness at some chance word she let fall now and then — speaking inadvertently of home, as he did, or of the roses next year. He must not mistake her. She could not bear to pain him by hard words, and yet sometimes she felt it was her duty to speak them. One day she met him in the street, on her way back to the house. The roll of the passing carriage-wheels gave Guy confidence, and, walking by her side, he began to say, "Now I never know what delightful surprise may not be waiting for me at every street corner. Ah, Miss Belle, my whole life might be one long dream of wonder and happiness, if . . . ." "Don't speak like this ever again; I shall go away," said Belle, interrupting, and crossing the road, in her agitation, under the very noses of two omnibus horses. "I wish I could like you enough to marry you. I shall always love you enough to be your friend; please don't talk of anything else." Belle said this in a bright brisk imploring decided way, and hoped to have put an end to the matter. That day she came to me and told her little story. There were almost as many reasons for her staying as for her leaving, the poor child thought. I could not advise her to go, for the assistance that she was able to send home was very valuable. (Guy laughed, and utterly refused to accept a sixpence of her salary.) Mrs. Griffiths evidently wanted her; Guy, poor fellow, would have given all he had to keep her, as we all knew too well.

Circumstance orders events sometimes, when people themselves, with all their powers and knowledge of good and of evil, are but passive instruments in the hands of fate. News came that Mr. Barly was ill, and little Belinda, with an anxious face, and a note in her trembling hand, came into Mrs. Griffiths' room one day to say she must go to him directly. "Your father is ill," wrote Anna. "Circumstances demand your immediate return to him." Guy happened to be present, and when Belle left the room he followed her out into the passage.

"You are going?" he said.

"I don't know what Anna means by circumstances, but papa is ill, and wants me," said Belinda, almost crying.

"And I want you," said Guy; "but that don't matter of course. Go — go, since you wish it."

After all, perhaps it was well she was going, thought Belle, as she went to pack up her boxes. Poor Guy's sad face haunted her. She seemed to carry it away in her box with her other possessions.

It would be difficult to describe what he felt, poor fellow, when he came upon the luggage standing ready corded in the hall, and he found that Belle had taken him at his word. He was so silent a man, so self-contained, so diffident of his own strength to win her love in time, so unused to the ways of the world and of women, that he could be judged by no ordinary rule. His utter despair and bewilderment would have been laughable almost, if they had not been so genuine. He paced about the garden with hasty uncertain footsteps, muttering to himself as he went along, and angrily cutting at the rose-hedges. "Of course she must go, since she wished it; — of course she must — of course, of course. What would the house be like when she was gone?" For an instant a vision of a great dull vault without warmth, or light or colour, or possible comfort anywhere, rose before him. He tried to imagine what his life would be if she never came back into it; but as he stood still trying to seize the picture, it seemed to him that it was a thing not to be imagined or thought of. Wherever he looked he saw her, everywhere and in everything. He had imagined himself unhappy; now he discovered that for the last few weeks, since little Belinda had come, he had basked in the summer she had brought, and found new life in the sunshine of her presence. Of

an evening he had come home eagerly from his daily toil looking to find her. When he left early in the morning he would look up with kind eyes at her windows as he drove away. Once, early one morning, he had passed her near the lodge-gate, standing in the shadow of the great aspen-tree, and making way for the horses to go by. Belle was holding back the clean stiff folds of her pink muslin dress; she looked up with that peculiar blink of her grey eyes, smiled and nodded her bright head, and shrunk away from the horses. Every morning Guy used to look under the tree after that to see if she were there by chance, even if he had parted from her but a minute before. Good stupid old fellow! he used to smile to himself at his own foolishness. One of his fancies about her was that Belinda was a bird who would fly away some day, and perch up in the branches of one of the great trees, far, far beyond his reach. And now was this fancy coming true? was she going — leaving him — flying away where he could not follow her? He gave an inarticulate sound of mingled anger and sorrow and tenderness which relieved his heart, but which puzzled Belle herself, who was coming down the garden walk to meet him.

"I was looking for you, Mr. Griffiths," said Belle. "Your mother wants to speak to you. I too wanted to ask you something," the girl went on, blushing. "She is kind enough to wish me to come back . . . . But" ——

Bell stopped short, blushed up, and began pulling at the leaves sprouting on either side of the narrow alley. When she looked up after a minute, with one of her quick short-sighted-glances, she found that Guy's two little brown eyes were fixed upon her steadily.

"Don't be afraid that I shall trouble you," he said, reddening. "If you knew — if you had the smallest conception what your presence is to me, you would come back. I think you would."

Miss Barly didn't answer, but blushed up again and walked on in silence, hanging her head to conceal the two bright tears which had come into her eyes. She was so sorry, so very sorry. But what could she do? Guy had walked on to the end of the rose-garden, and Belle had followed. Now, instead of turning towards the house, he had come out into the bright-looking kitchen-garden, with its red brick walls hung with their various draperies of lichen and mosses, and garlands of clambering fruit. Four little paths led up to the turf carpet which had been laid down in the centre of the garden: here a fountain plashed with a tranquil fall of waters upon water; all sorts of sweet kitchen-herbs, mint and thyme and parsley, were growing along the straight-cut beds. Birds were pecking at the nets along the walls; one little sparrow that had been drinking at the fountain flew away as they approached. The few bright-coloured straggling flowers caught the sunlight and reflected it in sparks like the water.

The master of this pleasant place put out his great clumsy hand, and took hold of Belle's soft reluctant fingers. "Ah, Belle," he said, "Is there no hope for me? Will there never be any chance?"

"I wish with all my heart there was a chance," said poor Belle, pulling away her hand impatiently. "Why do you wound and pain me by speaking again and again of what is far best forgotten? Dear Mr. Griffiths, I will marry you to-morrow, if you desire it," said the girl, with a sudden impulse turning pale and remembering all that she owed to his forbearance and gentleness; "but please, please don't ask it." She looked so frightened and desperate that poor Guy felt that this was worse than anything, and sadly shook his head.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "I don't want to marry you against your will, or keep you here. Yes, you shall go home, and I will stop here alone, and cut my throat if I find I cannot bear the place without you. I am only joking. I daresay I shall do very well," said Griffiths with a sigh; and he turned away and began stamping off in his clumsy way. Then he suddenly stopped and looked back. Belle was standing in the sunshine with her face hidden in her hands. She was so puzzled, and sorry, and hopeless, and mournful. The only thing she could do was to cry, poor child, — and by some instinct Griffiths guessed that she was crying; he knew it, — his heart melted with pity. The poor fellow came back trembling. "My dearest," he said, "don't cry. What a brute I am to make you cry. Tell me anything in the whole world I can do to make you happy."

"If I could only do anything for you," said Belle, "that would make me happier."

"Then come back, my dear," said Guy, "and don't fly away yet for ever, as you threatened just now. Come back and cheer up my mother, and make tea and a little sunshine for me, until — until some confounded fellow comes and carries you off," said poor Griffiths.

"Oh, that will never be. Yes; I'll come," said Belle, earnestly. "I'll go home for a week and come back; indeed I will."

"Only let me know," said Mr. Griffiths, "and my mother will send the carriage for you. Shall we say a week?" he added, anxious to drive a hard bargain.

"Yes," said Belinda, smiling; "I'll write and tell you the day."

Nothing would induce Griffiths to order the carriage until after dinner, and it was quite late at night when Belle got home.

VII.

Poor little Myrtle Cottage looked very small and shabby as she drove up in the darkness to the door. A brilliant illumination streamed from all the windows. Martha rubbed her elbows at the sight of the gorgeous equipage. Fanny came to the door surprised, laughing, giggling, mysterious. Everything looked much as usual, except that a large and pompous-looking gentleman was sitting on the drawing-room sofa, and beside him Anna, with a huge ring on her fourth finger, attempting to blush as Belle came into the room. Belle saw that she was not wanted, and ran upstairs to her father, who was better, and sitting in the arm-chair by his bedside. The poor old man nearly cried with delight and surprise, held out both his shaking hands to her, and clung tenderly to the bright young daughter. Belle sat beside him, holding his hand, asking him a hundred questions, kissing his wrinkled face and cheeks, and telling him all that had happened. Mr. Barly, too, had news to give. The fat gentleman downstairs, he told Belle, was no other than Anna's old admirer, the doctor, of whom mention has been made. He had re-proposed the day before, and was now sitting on the sofa on probation. Fanny's prospects, too, seemed satisfactory. "She assures me," said Mr. Barly, "that young Ogden is on the point of coming forward. An old man like me, my dear, is naturally anxious to see his children settled in life and comfortably provided for. I don't know who would be good enough for my Belinda. Not that awkward lout of a Griffiths. No, no; we must look out better than that."

"Oh, papa, if you knew how good and how kind he is!" said Belle, with a sudden revulsion of feeling; but she broke off abruptly, and spoke of something else.

The other maid, who had already gone to bed the night before when Belle arrived at the cottage, gave a loud shriek when she went into the room next morning and found some one asleep in the bed. Belle awoke, laughed and explained, and asked her to bring up her things.

"Bring 'em hup?" said the girl. "What, all them 'ampers that's come by the cart? No, miss, that's more than me and Martha have the strength for. I should crick my back if I were to attempt for to do such a thing."

"Hampers,—what hampers?" Belle asked; but when she went down she found the little passage piled with cases, flowers and game and preserves, and some fine old port for Mr. Barly, and some roses for Belle. As Belinda came downstairs, in her fresh morning dress, Anna, who had been poking about and examining the various packages, looked up with offended dignity.

"I think, considering that I am mistress here," said she, "these hampers should have been directed to me, instead of to you, Belinda. Mr. Griffiths strangely forgets. Indeed, I fear that you too are wanting in any great sense of ladylike propriety."

"Prunes, prism, propriety," said Belle, gaily. "Never mind, dear Anna; he's sent the things for all of us. Mr. Griffiths certainly never meant me to drink two dozen bottles of port wine in a week."

"You are evading the question," said Anna. "I have been wishing to talk to you for some time past,—come into the dining-room, if you please."

It seems almost impossible to believe, and yet I cannot help fearing that out of sheer spite and envy Anna Barly had even then determined that if she could prevent it, Belinda should never go back to Castle Gardens again, but remain in the cottage. The sight of the pretty things which had been given her there, all the evidences which told of the esteem and love in which she was held, maddened the foolish woman. I can give no other reason for the way in which she opposed Belinda's return to Mrs. Griffiths. "Her duty is at home," said Anna. "I myself shall be greatly engaged with Thomas,"—so she had already learnt to call Dr. Robinson. "Fanny also is preoccupied; Belinda must remain."

When Belle demurred and said that for the next few weeks she would like to return as she had promised, and stay until Mrs. Griffiths was suited with another companion, Anna's indignation rose and overpowered her dignity. Was it *her* sister who was so oblivious of the laws of society, propriety, modesty. Anna feared that Belinda had not reflected upon the strange appearance her conduct must have to others, to the Ogdens, to them all. What was the secret attraction which took her back? Anna

said she had rather not inquire, and went on with her oration. "Unmaidenly, — not to be thought of, — the advice of those whose experience might be trusted" — does one not know the rigmarole by heart? When even the father, who had been previously talked to, sided with his eldest daughter, when Thomas, who was also called into the family conclave, nodded his head in an ominous manner, poor little Belinda, frightened, shaken, undecided, almost promised that she would do as they desired; and as she promised, the thought of poor Guy's grief and wistful haggard face came before her, and her poor little heart ached and sank at the thought. But not even Belinda, with all her courage, could resist the decision of so much experience, or Anna's hints and inuendoes, or, more insurmountable than all the rest, a sudden shyness and consciousness which had come over the poor little maiden, who turned crimson with shame and annoyance.

Belinda had decided as she was told — had done as her conscience bid her, — and yet there was but little satisfaction in this duty accomplished. For about half an hour she went about feeling like a heroine, and then without any reason or occasion, it seemed to her that the mask had come off her face, that she had discovered herself to be a traitoress, that she had betrayed and abandoned her kindest friends; she called herself a selfish, ungrateful wretch, she wondered what Guy would think of her; she was out of temper, out of spirits, out of patience with herself, and the click of the blind swinging in the draft was unendurable. The complacent expression of Anna's handsome face put her teeth on edge. When Fanny tumbled over the footstool with a playful shriek, to everybody's surprise Belinda burst out crying.

Those few days were endless, slow, dull, unbearable — every second brought its pang of regret and discomfort and remorse. It seemed to Belinda that her ears listened, her mouth talked, her eyes looked at the four walls of the cottage, at the furze on the common, at the faces of her sisters, with a sort of mechanical effort. As if she were acting her daily life, not living it naturally and without effort. Only when she was with her father did she feel unconstrained; but even then there was an unexpressed reproach in her heart like a dull pain that she could not quiet. And so the long days lagged. Although Dr. Robinson enlivened them with his presence, and the Ogdens drove up to carry Fanny off to the happy regions of Capulet Square (E. for Elysium Anna I think would have docketed the district), to Belinda those days seemed slow, and dark and dim, and almost hopeless at times.

On the day on which Belinda was to have returned there came a letter to me telling her story plainly enough: — "I must not come back, my dearest Miss Williamson," she wrote. "I am going to write to Mrs. Griffiths and dear kind Mr. Guy to-morrow to tell them so. Anna does not think it is right. Papa clings to me and wants me, now that both my sisters are going to leave him. How often I shall think of you all — of all your goodness to me, of the beautiful roses, and my dear little room! Do you think Mr. Guy would let me take one or two books as a remembrance — Hume's *History of England*, Porteous's *Sermons*, and *Essays on Reform?* I should like to have something to remind me of you all, and to look at sometimes, since they say I am not to see you all again. Good-by, and thank you and Mrs. H. a thousand thousand times. — Your ever, ever affectionate BELINDA.
P.S. — Might I also ask for that little green volume of the *Golden Treasury* which is up in the tower room?"

This was what Guy had feared all along. Once she was gone, he knew by instinct she would never come back. I hardly know how it fared with the poor fellow all this time. He kept out of our way, and would try to escape me, but once by chance I met him, and I was shocked by the change which had come over him. I had my own opinion, as we all have at times. H. and I had talked it over, — for old women are good for something after all, and can sometimes play a sentimental part in life as well as young ones. It seemed to us impossible that Belinda should not relent to so much goodness and unselfishness, and come back again some day never to go any more. We knew enough of Anna Barly to guess the part *she* had played, nor did we despair of seeing Belinda among us once more. But some one must help her, she could not reach us unassisted; and so I told Mrs. Griffiths, who had remarked upon her son's distress and altered looks.

"If you will lend us the carriage," I said, "either H. or I will go over to Dumbleton to-morrow, and I doubt not that we shall bring her." H. went. She told me about it afterwards. Anna was fortunately absent. Mr. Barly was downstairs, and H. was able to talk to him a little bit before Belinda came down. The poor old man always thought as he was told to think, and since his illness he was more uncertain and broken than ever. He was dismayed when H. told

him in her decided way that he was probably sacrificing two people's happiness for life by his ill-timed interference. When at last Belinda came down, she looked almost as ill as Griffiths himself. She rushed into H.'s arms with a scream of delight, and eagerly asked a hundred questions. "How were they all — what were they all doing?"

H. was very decided. Everybody was very ill and wanted Belinda back. "Your father says he can spare you very well," said she. "Why not come back with me this afternoon, if only for a time? It is your duty," H. continued, in her dry way. "You should not leave them in this uncertainty." "Go, my child — pray go," urged Mr. Barly. And at last Belinda consented shyly, nothing loth.

H. began to question her when she had got her safe in the carriage. Belinda said she had not been well. She could not sleep, she said. She had had bad dreams. She blushed and confessed that she had dreamt of Guy lying dead in the kitchen-garden. She had gone about the house trying, indeed she had tried to be cheerful and busy as usual, but she felt unhappy, ungrateful. "Oh, what a foolish girl I am," she said. All the lights were burning in the little town, the west was glowing and reflected in the river, the boats trembled and shot through the shiny waters, and the people were out upon the banks, as they crossed the bridge again on their way from Dumbleton. Belle was happier certainly, but crying from agitation.

"Have I made him miserable, poor fellow? Oh, I think I shall blame myself all my life," said she, covering her face with her hands. "Oh, H.! H.! what shall I do?"

H. dryly replied that she must be guided by circumstances, and when they reached Castle Gardens, kissed her and set her down at the great gate, while she herself went home in the carriage.

It was all twilight by this time among the roses. Belinda met the gate-keeper, who touched his hat and told her his master was in the garden; and so instead of going into the house she flitted away towards the garden, crossed the lawns, and went in and out among the bowers and trellises looking for him — frightened by her own temerity at first, gaining courage by degrees. It was so still, so sweet, so dark; the stars were coming out in the evening sky, a meteor went flashing from east to west, a bat flew across her path; all the scent hung heavy in the air. Twice Belinda called out timidly, "Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Griffiths!" but no one answered. Then she remembered her dream in sudden terror, and hurried into the kitchen-garden to the fountain where they had parted.

What had happened? Some one was lying on the grass. Was this her dream? was it Guy? was he dead? had she killed him? Belinda ran up to him, seized his hand, and called him Guy — dear Guy; and Guy, who had fallen asleep from very weariness and sadness of heart, opened his eyes to hear himself called by the voice he loved best in the world; while the sweetest eyes, full of tender tears, were gazing anxiously into his ugly face. Ugly? Fairy tales have told us this at least, that ugliness and dulness do not exist for those who truly love. Had she ever thought him rough, uncouth, unlovable? Ah! she had been blind in those days; she knew better now. As they walked back through the twilight garden that night, Guy said humbly, —

"I shan't do you any credit, Belinda; I can only love you."

"*Only!*" said Belinda.

She didn't finish her sentence; but he understood very well what she meant.

From the London Review, June 1st.

THE LEAGUE OF PEACE.

The Exposition in the Champs de Mars, however it may realize in material grandeur the glowing anticipations of the French Emperor, has certainly failed to attain the moral prestige which distinguished the Crystal Palace of 1851. Few now see in these huge collections of arts and manufactures a hopeful guarantee of universal happiness and tranquillity; and even while the great Show at Paris is highest in the interest of novelty and reputation, rumours and menaces of war are rife enough to dismay the most sanguine and zealous of humanitarians. By a notable coincidence, however, a pacific movement is now making its way on the Continent which, inasmuch as it is based on less purely sentimental grounds, is likely to be more durable and strong than any similar tendency that has been manifested of late years. The International League of Peace, aiming, as it does, at the extinction of war and a general disarmament of nations, is not likely, for a time, to produce any immediately beneficial result; but much will be achieved if the industrial classes throughout Europe, who are daily becoming more and

more the ultimate arbiters and depositaries of political power, can be brought to recognise principles which have long received the sanction of the soundest and most liberal thinkers in England, France, and Germany. The Peace Society of England — a body which, from peculiar circumstances, has not been eminently successful, but which has done in a quiet way an amount of good work that deserves all grateful recognition — at the fifty-first anniversary meeting, held on the 21st ult., brought forward some facts relative to the Continental movement which are highly interesting and instructive. The Rev. Henry Richard, secretary to the Society, has further illustrated the history of the agitation, its progress and its success, in a series of letters to a contemporary. In every point of view, the facts which he brings forward are most worthy of notice, and, however chimerical we may deem the hopes of the chief leaders of the "Ligue de la Paix," we are bound to pay some regard to the introduction of a new and, as it may prove, a most potent element into the complications of French political ideas.

It has been readily believed in England that for a year or more the mass of the French people have been profoundly incensed against Prussia, have revived the militant ardour of the First Empire, and have been with difficulty restrained from embroiling all Europe in a war to which any that we have witnessed in the present generation would be no more than child's play. Without doubt, there was much reason for this belief. Certain numerous and powerful classes in France, and those the most demonstrative and presumptuous, led the cry for war. Out-of-date politicians, like M. Thiers — disappointed and conceited politicians, like Emile de Girardin — with the military classes and the clerical champions of Austria, were too successful in rousing the least intelligent and the vainest part of the proletariat to a bitter hatred of Germany. But these classes do not make up the French nation; otherwise than numerically, they are but the insignificant section of the nation. The two great classes in which the real strength of a people consists — the thinkers and the skilled artisans — were all but unanimous in favour of peace. That the first class should be so is not surprising, is indeed almost necessary in France, where, since the Revolution, theories of human brotherhood have exercised so wide a sway. The adhesion of the artisans to the cause is perhaps to be explained by that powerful leaven of Socialist views which has already wrought such strange mutations of opinion and developments of ideas in the French mind. Unfortunately, neither the thinkers nor the artisans have been specially favoured by the Imperial rule. Both are suspected as tainted with Republican views, and neither class has yet frankly accepted the Buonaparte dynasty. The Emperor, then, falling back upon other support, is likely to be less influenced than he otherwise might have been by the growth of a peace movement under his military monarchy; but we have no reason to believe him personally desirous of war. In the absence of any aggressive disposition on his part, we feel convinced that the bold and sincere action of the "Ligue de la Paix" must have a good effect upon public opinion in France and throughout Europe.

It was the colision of sentiment and prejudice, culminating in the dangerous crisis of the Luxembourg bargain and negotiations, which aroused the friends of peace in France to a vigorous course of action. *Le Temps*, which has always been a calm and moderate advocate of liberal and peaceful progress, and to which the pen of Louis Blanc has added deserved honour, became in the first instance the means of promulgating the views which have been formulated by the League. M. Nettzer, the editor of *Le Temps*, declined at first to pledge his paper to the opinions of the Peace party; but he published some very able letters from MM. Charles Dolphus, Gustave d'Eichthal, and Martier Paschond, in which the necessity of averting the great calamity of a European war about a paltry question of frontier was forcibly urged. Immediately, unexpectedly, and rapidly, there appeared strong symptoms that the feelings expressed in these letters were shared by a large section of the French people. M. Frédéric Passy, who has, we believe, been long connected with the Peace Society in this country, was the first to take the question out of the region of mere temporary palliatives, and to suggest the formation of a League for the discouragement and ultimate suppression of war. To his eloquent appeal, answers poured in from every part of the country. The Working Men's Associations adopted addresses in favour of the League. Commercial and even agricultural bodies gave their adhesion. Distinguished literary men, such as MM. Léonce de Lavergne and Charles Lemonnier, spoke out in decided language. The French Protestants, headed by MM. Coquerel and Paschond, were unanimous in their approval. Kindly declarations of sympathy were sent in day by day from Germany, from Belgium, and from England;

the last coming not only from the Peace Society, but from eminent writers who hold Positivist views — Mr. G. H. Lewes, Mr. Frederick Harrison, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Bridges, Professor Beesley, and others. A still more important feature in the movement is the manifestation of a *solidarité* between the working classes of the western part of the European continent. The organ of the co-operative societies, *La Coöperation*, an able journal published at Brussels, is filled with addresses and answers that have passed between Associations of Artisans in France and Germany, all of which adopt without modification the entire creed of the "Ligne de la Paix." The same exhibitions of unity of feeling and abnegation of national jealousies have taken place on the part of the students and professors in the universities, colleges, and professional schools on either bank of the Rhine. Indeed, one of the most encouraging signs in the whole movement has been the tendency of the younger generation in France — that which might be supposed especially subject to fits of war fever — to accept the principles of universal peace.

The first Conference of the League was held on April 23d, in the splendid amphitheatre of the Ecole de Médecine, and has proved, we believe, a complete success. *Le Temps*, and the other journals throughout France and Belgium that have joined the League publish almost daily very copious lists of the names of new supporters, and there are indications that an International Union will grow out of M. Frédéric Passy's idea. It is too soon, of course, to predict anything of an enterprise apparently so desperate as the extinction of war, especially when that enterprise originates among the most warlike people in the world. But we should guard ourselves from the easy triumph of sneering at a sincere and a determined effort of a few honest men to paralyze the pernicions influence of that passion for military glory which has done so much to retard the advance of Europe in the path of civilization and prosperity. We have little doubt that the numerical majority of the French nation is still, as in the days of Napoleon I., intoxicated with the splendour of the battle-field; but we are quite certain that the number and the influence of those who believe in the opposite doctrine — who regard war as an unholy and brutal thing, to be justified only by the most stringent necessity — are increasing and will continue to increase. Anything with respect to which the brain and the hands of a people are at one must ultimately become the law for that people; and though neither the thinkers nor the workers in France are as yet unanimous in detestation of war, the current of opinions flows in that direction. The truest French Liberals believe that the "solidarity of peoples" was one of the most vital principles developed by the Great Revolution. Only those who, like M. Thiers, hang to the skirts of an effete Orleanism, a spurious constitutionalism which would ignore the people, still preach the maintenance of a balance of power by the sword. To the ignorant peasant, blinded by the glitter of arms and deluded by the fanaticism of priestly teachers as ignorant as himself, the dream of European domination which dazzled even the greatEmperor, and led him to his ruin, may yet have vague and alluring charms; but the intelligent *ouvrier* of the great towns, who probably believes in Fourier, who no doubt has read Cabet and Louis Blanc and the Economist, knows as well as Mr. Cobden or Mr. Gladstone what war really is, and what it really does. He knows that war means to him harder fare and slacker work, with no unlikely prospect of starvation for his wife and children in the background. He will not readily accept this fate to serve the purposes of others — to prop a falling cause, or to cover marshals and generals with "glory."

Sybil's Second Love. By Julia Kavanagh. Three vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) — Miss Kavanagh ought not to spoil a genuine style by attempts at sensation. Her forte lies in quiet portraiture, as she has shown in some novels of high merit. But since other lady writers have earned a transient fame, and money which we hope they have invested more profitably, Miss Kavanagh has also tried her hand at murder and mystery. We say murder, though we are not sure that a murder is intended, but we never arrive at a satisfactory solution of the great riddle in *Sybil's Second Love.* Sybil herself is a charming character, and there is power in the portrait of her husband, as well as in that of her bosom friend and false stepmother. But both of these last suffer from the mystery to which we have alluded, and while Miss Kavanagh makes them scheme she thinks herself absolved from the necessity of keeping them natural. We regret these blemishes, for the novel is good in many points, and may occupy a conspicuous place in the list of those to be ordered from Mudie's. — *Spectator.*

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